

Anchoring Aeneas: Character and Seamanship in Vergil's *Aeneid*

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A	una Eurusque Notusque runt creberque procellis (1.85) Africus et uastos uolunt ad litora fluctus. insequitur clamorque uirum stridorque rudentum. eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra. intonuere poli et crebris micat ignibus aether, (1.90) praesentemque uiris intentant omnia mortem. extemplo Aeneae soluuntur frigore membra; ingemit et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas taliam uoce refert: 'o terque quaterque beati, quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis (1.95) contigit oppetere.	The east wind and the south and the south-west with squall upon squall fell upon the sea at once, whipping it up from its bottom-most depths and rolling huge waves towards its shores. Men shouted, ropes screamed, clouds suddenly blotted out the light of the sky from the eyes of the Trojans and black night brooded on the sea as the heavens thundered and lightning flashed again and again across the sky. Wherever the Trojans looked, death stared them in the face. A sudden chill went through Aeneas and his limbs grew weak. Groaning, he lifted his hands palms upward to the stars and cried: 'Those whose fate it was to die beneath the high walls of Troy with their fathers looking down on them were many, many times more fortunate than I.
B	defessi Aeneadae quae proxima litora cursu (1.157) contendunt petere, et Libyae uertuntur ad oras.	The Trojans were exhausted, and making what speed they could for the nearest land, they set course for the coast of Libya.
C	quassatam uentis liceat subducere classem (1.551) et siluis aptare trabes et stringere remos, si datur Italiam sociis et rege recepto tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus:	'Allow us to draw up our storm-battered ships, to hew timbers in your woods and shape new oars, so that we can make for Italy and Latium with joy in our hearts [...].'
D	[...] uix prima inceperat aestas (3.8) Et pater Anchises dare fatis uela iubebat, Litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo Et campos ubi Troia fuit. Feror exsul in altum Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis.	The summer had barely started and Father Anchises was bidding us to hoist sail with the aid of our Fate. I wept as I left the shores of my native land and her harbours and the plains where once had stood the city of Troy. I was an exile carried away on the high seas with my comrades and my son, with the gods of our house and the great gods of our people.
E	Interea magnum sol cicumuoluitur annum, (3.284) Et glacialis hiems aquilonibus asperat undas [...] Linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris. (3.289) Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt.	In due course the sun rolled on round the great circle of the year. Icy winter came and the north winds were roughening the seas. [...] Then I gave orders to leave port and told the rowers to sit to their benches. They vied with one another to strike the sea and sweep the surface of it with their oars.
F	Progredior portu, classes et litora linquens, (3.300) Sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona Ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam Libabat cineri Andromache manisue uocabat [...]	I was walking away from the harbour, leaving ships and shore behind me, when I caught sight of Andromache, offering a ritual meal and performing a ritual to the dead in a grove in front of a city on the banks of a river Simois, but not the true Simois of Troy.
G	[...] quae prima pericula uito (3.367) Quidue sequens tantos possim superare labores?	Come tell me now, what dangers am I to avoid as I start upon this journey? And as it goes on, what must I do to overcome such adversities?
H	Praecipitis metus acer agit quocumque rudentis (3.682) Excute et uentis intendere uela secundis. Contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim (inter utramque uiam leti discrimine paruo) (3.685) Ni teneant cursus; certum est dare lintea retro. Ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori Missus adest: [...]	With terror driving us along we let the sheets full out and filled our sails with whatever wind was blowing. This is what Helenus had told us not to do. He had advised us that it was a narrow passage between Scylla and Charybdis with death on either side if I did not hold a steady course. I resolved to turn about, and sure enough the north wind came to our rescue.
I	[...] et inde (3.697) Exupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori. Hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni Radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moueri (3.700) Adparet Camerina procul campique Geloi Inmanisque Gela fluuii cognomine dicta. Arduos inde Agragas ostentat maxima longe Moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum; Teque datis linquo uentis palmosa Selinus (3.705) Et uada dura lego saxis Ligybeia caecis.	I then sailed on leaving behind the rich lands around the marshy river Helorus. From here we rounded Cape Pachynus, keeping close to its jutting cliffs of rock, and Camarina came into view in the distance, the place the Fates forbade to move, and then the Geloan plains and Gela itself, called after its turbulent river. Then in the far distance appeared the great walls of Agragas on its crag, once famous for the breeding of high-mettled horses. Next the winds carried me past Selinus, named after the parsley it gave to crown the victors in Greek games, and I steered past the dangerous shoals and hidden rocks of Lilybaeum.
J	[...] hic me pater optime fessum (3.710)	[...] This is where you left me, O best of fathers, whom I

	Deseris, heu tantis nequiquam erepte pericilis. [...] Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta uiarum, (3.714) Hinc me digressum uestris deus appulit oris. Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus Fata renarrabat dium cursuque docebat. Contiuit tandem factoque hic fine quieuit.	rescued from so many dangers and all to no purpose. [...] This was the last of my labours. With this my long course was run. From here I sailed, and God drove me upon your shores.' In these words did Father Aeneas recount his wanderings and the fates the gods had sent him, and they all listened. At last he was silent. Here he made an end and was at peace.
J2	hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis (4.252f) constitit: [...]	This is where Mercury the god of Mount Cyllene first landed, fanning out his wings to check his flight.
K	Primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestris (5.676) Ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petiuit Castra, nec exanimis possunt retinere magistri.	Ascanius was happily leading the cavalry manoeuvres, so he made off to the troubled camp at full gallop although the breathless trainers tried in vain to hold him. 'Look at me! I am your own Ascanius!'
L	qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat (5.674).	He had been wearing a helmet as he stirred the images of war.
M	'quis furor iste nouus?' (5.670)	'What strange madness is this?'
N	Aeneam fundantem arces ac tecta nouantem (4.260) Conspicit. Atque illi stellatus iaspide fulua Esis erat Tyrioque ardebat murice laena Demissa ex umeris, diues quae munera Dido Fecerat, et tenui telas discreuerat auro. (4.264)	[he saw] Aeneas laying the foundations of the citadel and putting up buildings. His sword was studded with yellow stars of jasper, and glowing with Tyrian purple there hung from his shoulders a rich cloak given him by Dido into which she had woven a fine cross-thread of gold.
O	Tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere uestem (5.685) Auxilioque uocare deos et tendere palmas: 'Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores Respicit humanos, da flammam euadere classi Nunc, pater, et tenuis Teucrum res eripe leto.' (5.690)	This was when the devout Aeneas tore the cloak off his shoulders and called upon the gods for help, stretching out his hands and praying: 'All-powerful Jupiter, if you do not yet abhor the whole race of Trojans, if your loving-kindness still looks as of old on the labours of men, grant now, O Father, that our fleet escape the flames. Save from destruction what little remains to the Trojans [...]
P	At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem (4.393) Solando cupit et dictis auertere curas, Multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore Iussa tamen diuum exsequitur classemque reuisit.(4.396)	But Aeneas was faithful to his duty. Much as he longed to soothe her and console her sorrow, to talk to her and take away her pain, with many a groan and with a heart shaken by his great love, he nevertheless carried out the commands of the gods and went back to his ships.
Q	Interea magno misceri murmure caelum (4.160) Incipit, insequitur commixta grandine nimbus, Et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuuentus Dardaniusque nepos Ueneris diuersa per agros Tecta metu petiere; runt de montibus amnes. Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem (4.165) Deueniunt. [...]	While all this was happening a great rumble of thunder began to stir in the sky. Down came the rain and the hail, and Tyrian huntsmen, men of Troy and Ascanius of the line of Dardanus and grandson of Venus, scattered in fright all over the fields, making for shelter as rivers of water came rushing down the mountains. Dido and the leader of the Trojans took refuge together in the same cave.
R	[...] semusta madescent robora, (5.697) reinctus donec uapor omnis et omnes quattuor amissis seruatae a peste carinae	[...] and soaked the charred timbers till all the fire was quenched and, except for four that were lost, all the ships were saved from destruction.
S	pectore [...]/[...] uersans, Siculisne resideret aruis (5.701) oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras	[his heart was heavy] as he turned his thoughts this way and that, wondering whether he should forget about his destiny and settle in the fields of Sicily, or whether he ought to make for the shores of Italy.
T	heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum! (4.267)	'Have you entirely forgotten your own kingdom and your own destiny?'
U	At uero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens, (4.279) arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit. ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras, attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum. heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem	But the sight of him left Aeneas dumb and senseless. His hair stood on end with horror and the voice stuck in his throat. He longed to be away and leave behind him this land he had found so sweet. The warning, the command from the gods, had struck him like a thunderbolt. But what, oh what, was he to do? What

	audeat adfatu? quae prima exordia sumat? atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc (4.285) in partisque rapit uarias perque omnia uersat.	words dare he use to approach the queen in all her passion? How could he begin to speak to her? His thoughts moved swiftly now here, now there, darting in every possible direction and turning to every possible event.
V	<u>incensus</u> dictis senioris amici (5.719)	Aeneas was fired by these words from his old friend.
W	‘quo deinde ruis? Quo proripis?’ (5.741)	‘Where are you going in such haste? Who are you escaping from?’
X	Interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro (5.755) Sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam Esse iubet. Gaudet regno Troianus Acestes Indicique forum et patribus dat iura uocatis.	Meanwhile, Aeneas was ploughing the city bounds and allotting homes to his people. This was to be Ilium, and this was to be Troy. Trojan Acestes was delighting in his kingdom, choosing a site for his forum, summoning a senate and laying down a code of laws.
Y	Tris Eryci uitulos et Tempestatibus agnam (5.772) Caedere <u>deinde iubet soluique ex ordine funem.</u> Ipse caput tonsae foliis euinctus oliuae Stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos (775) Proicit in fluctus ac uina liquentia fundit. Certatim socii feriant mare aequora uerrunt; Prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis.	At last came the command to sacrifice three calves to Eryx and a lamb to the Storms and to cast off their moorings in due order. There stood Aeneas alone on the prow, his head bound with a wreath of trimmed olive leaves and holding a goblet in his hand as he scattered the sacrificial entrails and poured the streaming wine into the salt sea. His men vied with one another to strike the waves, sweeping them with their oars as a freshening wind from astern helped them on their way.
Z	Mnesthea Sergestumque uocat fortemque Serestum, (4.288) Classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant, Arma parent et quae rebus sit causa nouandis Dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido Nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores, Temptatum aditus et quae mollissima fandi Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. ocius omnes imperio laeti parent et iussa facessunt.	He called Mnestheus, Sergestus and brave Seretus and ordered them to fit out the fleet and tell no one, to muster the men on the shore with their equipment at the ready, and keep secret the reason for the change of plan. In the meantime, since the good queen knew nothing and the last thing she expected was the shattering of such a great love, he himself would try to make approaches to her and find the kindest time to speak and the best way to handle the matter. They were delighted to receive their orders and carried them out immediately.
1	Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? (4.565)	Why do you not go now with all speed while speed you may?
2	Tum uero Aeneas subitis <u>exterritus</u> umbris (4.571) Corripit e somno corpus sociosque <u>fatigat</u> Praecipitis: ‘uigilate, uiri, et considite transtris; Soluite uela citi. Deus aethere missus ab alto Festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis (4.575) Ecce iterum <u>instimulat.</u> [...]’ [...] dixit et uaginaque eripit ensem (4.579) fulmineum stritoque ferit retinacula ferro. Idem omnis simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque; Litora deseruere, latet sub classibus aequor, Adnixa torquent spumas et caerula uerunt. (4.583)	[...] into the blackness of the night and Aeneas was immediately awake, terrified by the sudden apparition. There was no more rest for his men, as he roused them to instant action: ‘Wake up and sit to your benches,’ he shouted. ‘Let out the sails and quick about it. A god has been sent down again from the heights of heaven – I have just seen him – spurring us on to cut our plaited ropes and run from here. [...]’ As he spoke he drew his sword from its scabbard like a flash of lightning and struck the mooring cables with the naked steel. In that instant they were all seized by the same ardour and set to, hauling and hustling. The shore was emptied. The sea could not be seen for ships. Bending to the oars they whipped up the foam and swept the blue surface of the ocean.

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