

“Prīnceps it Horātius, trium frātrum spolia ante sē gerēns. Cui obvia est soror, quae spōnsa fuit Cūriātī; sed ubi super umerum frātris vestem spōnsī videt, quam ipsa cōnfēcit, flēre et crīnēs solvere incipit. Movent ferōcis iuvenis animum lacrimae sorōris ubi omnēs exsultant; itaque stringit gladium et puellam occīdit, simul eī obiciēns: “Abī hinc, tū et immātūrus amor ad spōnsum, oblīta frātrum, oblīta patriae. Sīc tū et omnēs Rōmānae quae mortem hostis dolent!”

Chickering, *First Latin Reader* (1917), p. 22 (adapted)

“Horatius goes as the leader, carrying in front of him the spoils of the three brothers. In his way is his sister, who was the betrothed of a Curiatian; but when she sees above her brother’s shoulder the cloak of her fiancé, which she herself made, she begins to weep and to tear her hair. His sister’s tears move the mind of the fierce young man when everyone else is rejoicing; and so he unsheathes his sword and kills the girl, casting at her these words at the same time: “Go away from here, you and your immature love for your betrothed, forgetful of your brothers, forgetful of your country. Thus you and all Roman women who mourn the death of an enemy (shall perish)!”

Pūblius Claudius Pulcher, bellō Pūnicō prīmō cōnsul factus, magnā cum classe ab Italiā abiit. Apud Siciliam, quod proelium nāvāle inīre volēbat, auspicia mōre māiōrum petīvit. At malum ōmen nūntiāvit is quī pullōs sacrōs cūrābat: “Pullī,” inquit, “neque exeunt ē caveā neque edunt.”

Claudius tamen iacī eōs in mare iussit. “Fortasse bibent,” ait, “quia ēsse nōlunt.”

Deinde proelium nāvāle iniit. Itaque Claudius, quod contrā auspicia pugnāverat, ā Carthāginiēnsibus victus est. Praetereā, octō mīlia hominum occīsa sunt, vīgintī mīlia capta. Hāc dē rē multī scrīpsērunt; apud ūnum ex hīs Claudius nōn modo classem āmīsīt sed etiam ipse periit.

*Dolphin Latin Reader, p. 62 (adapted)*

Publius Claudius Pulcher, made consul in the 1<sup>st</sup> Punic War, went from Italy with a large fleet. Near Sicily, because he wanted to enter a naval battle, he sought the auspices according the custom of his ancestors. But the man who took care of the sacred chickens announced a bad omen: “The chickens,” he said, “neither leave their cage nor eat.”

Claudius nevertheless ordered them to be thrown into the sea. “Maybe they will drink,” he said, “because they do not wish to eat.”

Then he began the naval battle. And so Claudius, because he had fought contrary to the omens, was defeated by the Carthaginians. Furthermore, 8000 men were killed, 20,000 captured. Many have written about this matter; according to one of these writers Claudius not only lost his fleet but also perished himself.

Rōmānōs in illīs ulteriōribus mūnitiōnibus animīne causā cotīdiē exercērī putātis? Sī illōrum nūntiīs cōfirmārī nōn potestis omnī aditū praesaeptō, hīs ūtiminī testibus appropinquāre eōrum adventum; cuius reī timōre exterritī diem noctemque in opere versantur. Quid ergō meī cōsilī est? Facere, quod nostrī maiōrēs nēquāquam parī bellō Cimbrōrum Teutonumque fēcērunt; quī in oppida compulsī ac similī inopiā subāctī eōrum corporibus quī aetāte ad bellum inūtilēs vidēbantur vītam tolerāvērunt neque sē hostibus trādidērunt. Cuius reī sī exemplum nōn habērēmus, tamen lībertātis causā īstituī et posterīs prōdī pulcherrimum iūdicārem. Nam quid illī simile bellō fuit? Dēpopulātā Galliā Cimbrī magnāque illātā calamitāte fīnibus quidem nostrīs aliquandō excessērunt atque aliās terrās petiērunt; iūra, lēgēs, agrōs, lībertātem nōbīs relīquērunt.

Caesar, *Dē Bellō Gallicō* VII.77

Do you suppose that the Romans are employed every day in the outer fortifications for mere amusement? If you cannot be assured by their dispatches, since every avenue is blocked up, take the Romans as evidence that their approach is drawing near; since they, intimidated by alarm at this, labor night and day at their works. So what is my advice? To do that which our ancestors did to no avail in a similar war of the Cimbrians and the Teutons; who, when driven into their towns, and oppressed by similar lack of provisions, supported life by the corpses of those who appeared useless for war on account of their age and did not hand themselves over to the enemy. If we did not have an example of this matter, I would nevertheless judge it to be most beautiful to be established for the sake of freedom and to be passed down to our descendants. For what has been similar to that war? Once Gaul was devastated and that great calamity brought upon them, the Cimbri departed at last from our borders and sought other lands; they left behind for us our rights, laws, fields, freedom.

Audiit exanimis trepidōque exterrita cursū  
 unguibus ōra soror foedāns et pectora pugnīs  
 per mediōs ruit, ac morientem nōmine clāmat:  
 “Hoc illud, germāna, fuit? Mē fraude petēbās? 675  
 Hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignēs āraeque parābant?  
 Quid prīmum dēserta querar? Comitemne sorōrem  
 sprēvistī moriēns? Eadem mē ad fāta vocāssēs,  
 īdem ambās ferrō dolor atque eadem hōra tulisset.  
 Hīs etiam strūxī manibus patriōsque vocāvī 680  
 vōce deōs, sīc tē ut positā, crūdēlis, abessem?  
 Exstīnxī tē mēque, soror, populumque patrēsque  
 Sīdoniōs urbemque tuam. Date, vulnera lymphīs  
 abluam et, extrēmum sī quis super halitus errat,  
 ōre legam.” Sīc fāta gradūs ēvāserat altos, 685  
 sēmianimemque sinū germānam amplexa fovēbat  
 cum gemitū atque ātrōs siccābat veste cruōrēs.

“Anna’s Reaction to Dido’s Suicide,” Vergil, Aeneid IV.672-687

Her sister heard her. Breathless and terrified on her trembling course and defiling her face with her nails and her chest with her fists, she rushes through the crowd and calls her dying sister by name: “Is this what that was all about, sister? Were you seeking me with guile? Is this what that pyre was preparing for me, is this what those fires and altars were preparing? What should I lament first, now that I have been deserted? Did you spurn your sister as your companion as you were dying? You should have called me to the same fates; the same pain and the same hour should have taken us both. Did I even build (this pyre) with my own hands and call our country’s gods with my voice just so I would be absent when you were positioned thus, cruel one? You have destroyed yourself and me, sister, and our people and our Sidonian ancestors and your city. Give me the chance to wash your wounds with water and, if any last breath is wandering above (you), to gather it with my mouth.” Having spoken thus, she had passed over the high steps, and cherished her half-dead sister, embracing her with a groan, and dried the dark blood with her clothing.

## Dramatic Interpretation

Boys

OJCL 2013

**Source:** Sallust's *Bellum Catilinae* translated by J.C. Rolfe

**Speaker:** Caesar

**Audience:** The Roman Senate

**Scene:** Caesar is asked his opinion on the fate of the Catilinarian conspirators who have been apprehended trying to overthrow the government.

Fathers of the Senate, all men who deliberate upon difficult questions ought to be free from hatred and friendship, anger and pity. When these feelings stand in the way they cannot easily discern the truth, and no mortal man has ever served at the same time his passions and his best interests.

The greater number of those who have expressed their opinions today regarding the punishment of those, who took part in the conspiracy, have deplored the fate of our state in polished and noble phrases; they have dwelt upon the horrors of war, the wretched destiny of the conquered, the rape of maidens and boys, children torn from their parents' arms, temples and homes pillaged, bloodshed and fire; in short, weapons and corpses everywhere, gore and grief. But, O Immortal Gods! What was the purpose of such speeches? Was it to make you detest the conspiracy? No mortal man thinks that his own wrongs are unimportant; many, indeed, resent them even more than is right.

I have no doubt that Decimus Silanus, a gallant and brave man, was led by patriotism to say what he did, and that in a matter of such moment he showed neither favor nor enmity so well do I know the man's character and moderation. Yet his proposal seems to me, I will not say cruel (for what could be cruel in the case of such men?) but unheard of in regards to the customs of our country. So far as the penalty is concerned, I can say with truth that amid grief and wretchedness death is a relief from woes, not a punishment; that it puts an end to all mortal ills and leaves no room for either sorrow or for joy.

Do I then recommend that the prisoners be allowed to depart and swell Cataline's force? By no means! This, rather, is my advice: that their goods be confiscated and that they themselves be kept imprisoned in the strongest of the free towns; further, that no one hereafter shall refer to their case to the senate or before the people, under pain of being considered by the senate to have designs against the welfare of the state and the safety of all.

**Source:** *Cassandra, a Tale of Troy* (Thomas Ochiltree)

**Speaker:** Cassandra

**Audience:** reader/unstated/herself

**Scene:** The evening after they Trojans have taken the Horse into the city. Cassandra is going to a banquet to celebrate.

As evening fell, and we had won, the great Horse towered over the city. There was dancing in the streets. Men and women sang, people hugged one another—strange men even hugged respectable women and no one minded. It was as if spring had come, but better, for our winter had lasted ten long years.

Then it came upon me: the vision that told me everything, the images that poured into my soul like water being poured from a jug into a basin. “Father!” I cried out to Priam, “the end of Troy! This is the end of Troy! I see the Greeks in the streets! I see you dead and Mother a captive! I see the city in flames, and our people slaughtered! The Greeks! The Greeks, and Odysseus!”

My father wore a look of deep concern on his face. Concern for his beloved daughter whose dreadful curse of madness had broken out again. The other glances at me were less forgiving than those of my father. After all, hadn’t the gods just punished Laocoon with death for blaspheming the Horse?

Again, I cried, “The Horse! The Greeks are in the Horse! They are in the horse! Just search the Horse!” I was utterly beside myself. All my self-control was gone, and I was screaming with tears pouring down my cheeks as the horrible images – and with them the horrible certainty – flooded my consciousness.

Andromache led me out of the banquet hall to my room, and let down my hair for sleeping. She told me that everything would be all right. The horrible knowledge hadn’t left me, if only I could share it, I could save Troy, save Andromache, save her son and Hector’s.

After she left, I lay in my bed, having fail to convince anyone about the Greeks, it was almost a relief after hours of waiting, when I heard the first sounds. They were indistinct at first, for the main entrance to the palace—which is what the Greeks were assaulting—was some distance from my chamber. The sounds grew louder, and there was a blowing of trumpets and a sounding of gongs, and the guard was called. It was too late, of course. I knew that, and closed my eyes, waiting for death.

**Monologue**

**OJCL 2014**

**Topic:** Medea and Jason