

## Cicero Questions Clodia

Mulier, quid tibi cum Caeliō, quid cum homine adulēscēntulō, quid cum aliēnō?  
Cūr aut tam familiāris huic fuistī ... aut tam inimīca ...? Nōn patrem tuum vīderās, nōn  
patrum, nōn avum, nōn proavum, nōn abavum, nōn atavum audierās cōsulēs fuisse;  
nōn dēnique modo tē Q. Metellī mātrimōnium tenuisse sciēbās, clārissimī ac fortissimī  
virī patriaeque amantissimī...? Sī ex amplissimō genere in familiam clārissimam  
nūpsistī, cūr tibi Caelius tam coniūctus fuit?

Cicero, *Prō Caeliō* XIV.34 (abridged and adapted)

Woman, what business do you have with Caelius, what business do you have with so young a gentleman, what business do you have with a stranger? Why have you been either so friendly to him -- or so hostile? Had you not seen that your father was a consul? Had you not heard that your uncle, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, your great-great-grandfather, and your great-great-great-grandfather had been consuls? As if that were not enough, didn't you know that you just married Quintus Metellus (Celer), a very famous and very brave man who is most patriotic? If you married from the most noble family into the most illustrious family, why was Caelius so closely connected with/to you?

Cf: NJCL 2016 Latin Oratory Latin ½ and I

**Julius Caesar to his Troops**

Nōs sumus mīlitēs meliōrēs quam Helvētiī, sed Helvētiī eōsdem Germānōs saepe superāvērunt nōn solum in fīnibus suīs, sed etiam in fīnibus ipsīs Germānōrum.

Mīlitēs Rōmānī quī dīcunt sē hostēs nōn timēre, sed angustiās itineris et magnitudinem silvārum, sunt ignāvissimī. Haec est cūra ducis, nōn mīlitum. Multae gentēs Galliae frūmentum nōbīs dabunt; vōs ipsī brevī tempore dē periculīs itineris iūdicābitis. Quārtā vigiliā castra movēbimus. Legiō decima nōn timet -- ego cum decimā legiōne sōlā contrā Ariovistum ībō; ea legiō mihi erit praetōria cohors.

*Using Latin I (1954), p. 337 (abridged)*

We are better soldiers than the Helvetians, but the Helvetians have often overcome the same Germans, not only in their own boundaries, but also in the very boundaries of the Germans. Roman soldiers who say that they don't fear the enemy but (rather) the narrow passageways of the march and the great size of the forests are cowardly. This is the concern of a leader, not of the soldiers. Many tribes of Gaul will give us grain; you yourselves will soon pass judgment on the dangers of our journey. We will break camp during the fourth watch. The tenth legion is not afraid -- I will go against Ariovistus with the 10th legion alone; that legion will be my praetorian cohort.

**Roman consul to his soldiers before fighting Hannibal**

Atque utinam prō decore tantum hoc vōbīs et nōn prō salūte esset certāmen: nōn dē possessiōne Siciliae ac Sardiniae, dē quibus quondam agēbātur, sed prō Italiā vōbīs est pugnandum. Nec est alius ab tergō exercitus quī, nisi nōs vincimus, hostī obsistat, nec Alpēs aliae sunt, quās dum superant, comparārī nova possint praesidia; hīc est obstandum, mīlitēs, velut sī ante Rōmāna moenia pugnēmus. Ūnus quisque sē non corpus suum, sed coniugem ac liberōs parvōs, armīs prōtegere putet; nec domesticās solum agitet cūrās sed identidem hōc animō reputet nostrās nunc intuērī manūs senātum populumque Rōmānum: quālis nostra vīs virtūsque fuerit, tālem deinde fortūnam illīus urbis ac Rōmānī imperiī fore.

Livy, *Ab Urbe Conditā* XXI

I wish that this struggle were only for your glory and not for your existence. You must fight not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, about which it was formerly disputed, but for Italy. There is no other army at our backs to block the enemy if we do not prevail; nor are there any other Alps, which they are now conquering, [to stop them] while new defenses may be prepared. Here, soldiers, we must make our stand, just as if we should fight in front of the walls of Rome. Let each and every one think that he is protecting with his weapons not only his own body, but his wife and little children; let him not stir up concerns of his home alone [however], but let him repeatedly consider with this [same] mindset that the senate and the people of Rome are looking upon our hands: and, as great as our strength and valor has been, such then will be the fortune of that distinguished city and the Roman world.

## Dido Pleads with Aeneas

... Mēne fugis? Per ego hās lacrimās dextramque tuam tē  
 (quandō aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa relīquī), 315  
 per cōnūbia nostra, per inceptōs hymenaeōs,  
 sī bene quid dē tē meruī, fuit aut tibi quicquam  
 dulce meum, miserēre domūs lābentis et istam,  
 ōrō, sī quis adhūc precibus locus, exue mentem.  
 Tē propter Libycae gentēs Nomadumque tyrannī 320  
 ōdēre, īnfēnsī Tyriī; tē propter eundem  
 exstīnctus pudor et, quā sōlā sīdera adībam,  
 fāma prior. Cui mē moribundam dēseris – hospes  
 (hoc solum nōmen quoniam dē coniuge restat)?  
 Quid moror? An mea Pygmalion dum moenia frāter 325  
 dēstruat aut captam dūcat Gaetūlus Iarbās?  
 Saltem sī qua mihi dē tē suscepta fuisset  
 ante fugam subolēs, sī quis mihi parvulus aulā  
 lūderet Aenēās, quī tē tamen ōre referret,  
 nōn equidem omnīnō capta ac dēserta vidērer. 330

Vergil, *Aeneid* IV. 314-330

Are you fleeing me? I beg you through these tears and through your pledge (since I myself now have left nothing else to poor me), through our marriage, through our wedding once begun, if I have deserved anything well from you, or if anything of mine has ever been sweet to you, take pity on my collapsing home and change that mindset, I pray thee, if there still is any place for prayers. Because of you the Libyan tribes and the tyrants of the Nomads hate me, as are the Tyrians hostile. Because of that same you, my sense of modesty/shame has been eradicated and my former reputation, by which alone I was approaching the stars/immortality. For what are you deserting me, who am doomed to die, -- guest (since only this title remains from our marriage)? What am I delaying for? Until my brother Pygmalion should destroy my walls or Gaetulian Iarbas should take me captive? At least if some offspring had been undertaken for me from you before your flight, if some little Aeneas were to play for me in my hall, who would at least remind me of you by his appearance, I would certainly not seem altogether taken and deserted.