

Rem pūblicam, Quirītēs, vītamque omnium vestrum, bona, fortūnās, coniugēs, līberōsque
vestrōs atque hoc domicilium clārissimī imperiī, fortūnātissimam pulcherrimamque urbem,
hodiernō diē deōrum immortalīum summō ergā vōs amōre, labōribus, cōnsiliīs, perīculīs meīs
...cōservātam ... vidētis. ... Nam tōtī urbī, templīs, dēlūbrīs, tēctīs ac moenibus subiectōs
prope iam ignīs circumdatōsque restīnximus, īdemque gladiōs in rem pūblicam dēstrictōs
rettudimus mūcrōnēsque eōrum ā iugulīs vestrīs dēiēcimus.

Cicero, *In Catilīnam* III.1-2 (abridged)

Roman citizens, you see our state, and the life of you all, your blessings, your fortunes, your wives and children and the seat of a most glorious empire, a very fortunate and beautiful city, saved this very day by the utmost love of the immortal gods toward you and by my labors, plans, and perils. ... For we have now extinguished the fires which nearly surrounded us and were lit below this whole city, its temples, shrines, roofs and walls, and likewise we have turned back the swords which have been drawn against the state and we have removed their blades from your throats.

Cf: NJCL 2013 Latin Oratory Latin ½ and I

“Nōbīs est domī inopia, forīs aes aliēnum, mala rēs, spēs multō asperior. Dēnique, quid reliquī habēmus praeter miseram animam? ... Ēn illa, illa, quam saepe optāstis, libertās, praetereā dīvitiae, decus, glōria in oculīs sita sunt; fortūna omnia ea victōribus praemia posuit. Rēs, tempus, perīcula, egestās, bellī spolia magnifica magis quam ōrātiō mea vōs hortantur. Vel imperātōre vel mīlite mē ūtiminī! Neque animus neque corpus ā vōbīs aberit. Haec ipsa, ut spērō, vōbīscum ūnā cōsul agam, nisi forte mē animus fallit et vōs servīre magis quam imperāre parātī estis.”

Sallust, *Dē Coniūrātiōne Catilīnae* 20

“We have poverty at home, outdoors we have debt, bad luck, much harsher hopes. Finally, what do we have left except a miserable life? ... Look! That, that freedom which you have often wished for, not to mention riches, fame, glory, are placed in our view; luck has put all these rewards up for the winners. Circumstance, the time, dangers, need, the magnificent spoils of war spur you on more than my speech. Use me either as your commander or as a soldier! Neither my spirit nor my body will be absent from you. I will accomplish these very things together with you, I hope, as your consul, unless by chance my mind deceives me and you all are ready to serve rather than to command.

Quō ūsque tandem abūtēre, Catilīna, patientiā nostrā? Quam diū etiam furor iste tuus nōs ēlūdet? Quem ad finem sēsē effrēnāta iactābit audācia? Nihilne tē nocturnum praesidium Palātī, nihil urbis vigiliae, nihil timor populī, nihil concursus bonōrum omnium, nihil hic mūnitissimus habendī senātūs locus, nihil hōrum ōra vultūsque mōvērunt? Patēre tua cōnsilia nōn sentīs? Cōnstrictam iam hōrum omnium scientiā tenērī cōniūrātiōnem tuam nōn vides?

Quid proximā, quid superiōre nocte ēgerīs, ubi fuerīs, quōs convocāverīs, quid cōnsilī cēperīs, quem nostrum ignōrāre arbitraris?

Ō tempora! Ō mōrēs! Senātus haec intellegit, cōnsul videt, hic tamen vīvit. Vīvit? Immō vērō etiam in senātum venit, fit pūblicī cōnsilī particeps, notat et dēsīgnat oculīs ad caedem ūnum quemque nostrum. Nōs autem, fortēs virī, satis facere reī pūblīcae vidēmur sī istīus furōrem ac tēla vītāmus.

Cicero, *In Catilīnam* I.1

How far, pray tell, Catiline, will you abuse our patience? How long will that madness of yours elude us as well? To what end will your unbridled audacity hurl itself? Haven't the nightly guard of the Palatine, the night-watches of the city, the fear of the people, the assembly of all good citizens, this very fortified place of holding the senate, the expressions and the faces of these men moved you? Do you not sense that your plans are exposed? Don't you see that your conspiracy is held strangled now by the knowledge of all these men? What you did last night, what you did the night before, where you were, whom you called together, what plan you adopted,..which one of us do you thank in ignorant? O these times! O these customs! The senate understands these things, the consul sees them, but this man still lives. Lives? No, to the contrary, he even comes into the senate, becomes a participant in public deliberation, notes and designates with his eyes for murder each one of us. We, however, brave men, seem to do enough for the state if we avoid that man's fury and weapons.

Nympha, precor, Pēnēi, manē! nōn īnsequor hostis;
 nympha, manē! Sīc agna lupum, sīc cerva leōnem, 505
 sīc aquilam pennā fugiunt trepidante columbae,
 hostēs quaeque suōs: amor est mihi causa sequendī!
 mē miserum! nē prōna cadās indignave laedī
 crūra notent sentēs et sim tibi causa dolōris!
 aspera, quā properās, loca sunt: moderātius, ōrō, 510
 curre fugamque inhibē, moderātius īnsequar ipse.
 Cui placeās, inquīre tamen: nōn incola montis,
 nōn ego sum pāstor, nōn hīc armenta gregēsque
 horridus observō. Nescīs, temerāria, nescīs,
 quem fugiās, ideōque fugis: mihi Delphica tellūs 515
 et Claros et Tenedos Patarēaque rēgia servit;
 Iuppiter est genitor; per mē, quod eritque fuitque
 estque, patet; per mē concordant carmina nervīs.
 Certa quidem nostra est, nostrā tamen ūna sagitta
 certior, in vacuō quae vulnera pectore fēcit! 520

“Apollo’s Plea to Daphne,” Ovid, *Metamorphoses* I.504-518/20

“Nymph, daughter of Peneus, I pray thee, stay! I do not chase you as an enemy; Nymph, hold up! Thus a lamb flees a wolf, thus a deer flees a lion, thus on trembling wings doves flee an eagle. Each victim flees its own enemies. Love is my reason for chasing you! Poor me! Don’t fall forward or let the briars scratch your legs, which are unworthy to be harmed, nor let me be the cause of your pain! The places where you are rushing are rough. I beg you, run more slowly and check your flight, and I myself will chase you more slowly. At least ask to whom you are so appealing! I am not a mountaineer, I am not a shepherd, I am not some hairy dude watching over herds and flocks here. You don’t know, rash girl, you don’t know whom you are fleeing, and so you flee. The land of Delphi and Claros and Tenedos and royal Patara serve me; Jupiter is my father; through me lie open that which will be and has been and is. Through me songs resonate to strings. My arrow is indeed accurate, but one arrow is more accurate than mine, an arrow which has made wounds in my empty chest.”

Dramatic Interpretation

Boys

OJCL 2013

Source: *Augustus: a Novel* (John Williams)

Speaker: Marcus Junius Brutus

Audience: Octavius Caesar

Scene: Brutus writes to Octavius from Smyrna in 42 B.C.E. in the midst of the civil strife and collapse of the Roman Republic to beg that they work together for Rome.

I cannot believe that you truly apprehend the gravity of your position. I know that you bear me no love, and I would be foolish if I pretended that I bore you much more; I do not write you out of regard for your person, but out of regard for our nation. I cannot write to Antonius, for he is a madman; I cannot write to Lepidus, for he is a fool. I hope that I may be heard by you, who are neither.

I know that it is through your influence that Cassius and I have been declared outlaws and condemned to exile; but let neither of us believe that such a condemnation has more permanent force of law than can be sustained by a flustered and demoralised Senate. Let neither of us pretend that such an edict has any kind of permanence or validity. Let us speak practically.

All of Syria, all of Macedonia, all of Epirus, all of Greece, all of Asia are ours. All of the East is against you, and the power and wealth of the East is not inconsiderable. We control absolutely the eastern Mediterranean; therefore you can expect no aid from your late uncle's Egyptian mistress, who might otherwise furnish wealth and manpower to your cause. And though I bear him no love, I know that the pirate, Sextus Pompeius, is nipping at your heels from the west. Thus I do not fear for myself or my forces the war that now seems imminent.

But I do fear for Rome, and for the future of the state. The proscriptions that you and your friends have instituted in Rome bear witness to that fear, to which my personal grief must be subordinate.

So let us forget proscriptions and assassinations; if you can forgive me the death of Caesar, perhaps I can forgive you the death of Cicero. We cannot be friends to each other; neither of us needs that. But perhaps we can be friends to Rome.

I implore you, do not march with Marcus Antonius, another battle between Romans would, I fear, destroy what little virtue remains in our state. And Antonius will not march without you. If you do not march, I assure you that you will have my respect and my thanks; and your future will be assured. If we cannot work together out of friendship to each other, yet we may work together for the good of Rome.

But let me hasten to add this. If you reject this offer of amity, I shall resist with all my strength; and you will be destroyed. I say this with sadness; but I say it.

Dramatic Interpretation

Girls

OJCL 2013

Source: Book 10, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Mandelbaum

Speaker: Atalanta

Audience: To herself

Scene: Hippomenes has just challenged Atalanta to a race and she is filled with conflicting thoughts.

Is there some god who, wishing to destroy
Fair youths, has willed the ruin of this boy
And prods him now to seek me out as wife
And risk his own dear life? Were I to judge
I'd hardly say that I was worth that much.
It's not his self that stirs me—its his years:
He's young—and yet he's bold, a fearless soul!
He's young, yet he can claim that he is fourth
Within the line of sons descended from
The monarch of the seas! And he loves me
And wants so much to marry me that if
An evil fate should foil him, he will live
No more! No, stranger, leave while you still can;
Forget this savage marriage; wedding me
Means sure fatality. No woman would
Refuse to marry you; you'll surely find
A wiser girl to welcome you. But why
Must I, who've sent so many to their deaths,
Feel such distress for you? He can take care
Of his own self. Then let him perish, too,
Since after all, the death of those who wooed
Was not enough to warn him off; he must
Be weary of this life. But that would mean
He died because he wished to live with me
Is that a just, a seemly penalty
To pay for having loved? My victory—
If I should win—is not a thing to envy.
Yet that is not my fault. Can't you renounce?
But if you're mad enough to try, I would
That you might be more swift than me. Yes, yes
His gaze, his face have charm and tenderness.
Ah, poor Hippomenes, I would that you
Had not set eyes on me. You were so worthy
Of life. If I were just more fortunate,
If wretched fate had not forbidden me
To marry, you would be the only one
With whom I'd ever want to share my couch.

Monologue

OJCL 2013

Topic: Orpheus and Eurydice