

Ō tempora, ō mōrēs! Senātus haec intellegit. Cōnsul videt; hic tamen vīvit. Vīvit?
Immō vērō etiam in senātum venit, fit pūblicī cōsilī particeps, notat et dēsīgnat oculīs
ad caedem ūnum quemque nostrum. Nōs autem fortēs virī satis facere reīpūblicae
vidēmur, sī istīus furōrem ac tēla vītēmus. Ad mortem tē, Catilīna, dūcī iussū cōnsulis
iam prīdem oportēbat, in tē cōferrī pestem, quam tū in nōs omnēs iam diū māchināris.

Cicero, *In Catilīnam* I.2

Oh, these times! Oh these customs! The senate understands these things. The consul sees them. This man, however, lives. He lives? On the contrary he even comes into the senate, he becomes a participant in public discussion, he notes and designates with his eyes for slaughter each one of us. We, however, brave men, seem to do enough for the state if we should avoid that man's madness and weapons. Catiline, you ought to have been led to death long ago now by the order of the consul, and the scourge which you are plotting against all of us ought to have been brought upon you.

Dīcō tē priōre nocte vēnisse inter falcāriōs--nōn agam obscūrē--in M. Laecae domum; convēnisse eōdem complūrēs eiusdem āmentiae scelerisque sociōs. Num negāre audēs? Quid tacēs? Convincam, sī negās. Videō enim esse hīc in senātū quōsdam, quī tēcum ūnā fuērunt. Ō dī immortalēs! Ubinam gentium sumus? In quā urbe vīvimus? Quam repūblicam habēmus? Hīc, hīc sunt in nostrō numerō, patrēs cōnscrīptī, in hōc orbis terrae sanctissimō gravissimōque cōnsiliō, quī dē nostrō omnium interitū, quī dē huius urbis atque adeō dē orbis terrārum exitiō cōgitent!

Cicero, *In Catilīnam*. Liv.8-9.

I say that you came last night among the scythe-makers – I shall not say this vaguely – into the house of Marcus Laeca; that several companions of the same madness and crime came together at the same place. You do not dare to deny this, do you? Why are you silent? I will prove it, if you deny it. For I see that there are here in the senate certain people who were together with you there. O immortal gods! Where in the world are we? In what city are we living? What sort of a state do we have? Here, here, there are in our number, Senators, in this most sacred and serious assembly of the world, those who plot about the destruction of all of us, who plot about the end of this city and even about the end of the world!

Ego enim sic existimō, in summō imperātōre quattuor hās rēs inesse oportēre: scientiam rei militāris, virtūtem, auctōritātem, fēlicitātem. Quis igitur hōc homine scientior umquam aut fuit aut esse dēbuit? quī ē lūdō atque ē pueritiae disciplīnīs bellō maximō atque acerrimīs hostibus ad patris exercitum atque in militiae disciplīnam profectus est; quī extrēmā pueritiā miles in exercitū fuit summī imperātōris, ineunte adulēscentiā maximī ipse exercitūs imperātor; quī saepius cum hoste cōflīxit quam quisquam cum inimicō concertāvit, plūra bellō gessit quam ceterī lēgērunt, plūrēs prōvinciās cōnfēcit quam aliī concupivērunt; cuius adulēscētia ad scientiam rei militāris nōn aliēnīs praeceptīs sed suīs imperiīs, nōn offēnsiōnibus bellī sed victōriīs, nōn stīpendiīs sed triumphīs est ērudīta.

Cicero, *Prō Lēge Maniliā*, 28

For I am of this opinion, that in the chief commander there should be these four qualities: a knowledge of military matters, courage, authority, and luck. Who therefore ever either has been or ought to be more knowledgeable than this man? (He is a man) who started out from school days and the lessons of boyhood to his father's army and into the training of the military during a very great war with the fiercest enemy; who from earliest boyhood has been a soldier in the army of the chief commander, and as he was becoming a young man was himself the commander of a very great army; who has contended with a national enemy more often than anyone has fought with a personal foe, has accomplished more in war than all other men have read about, has established more provinces than others have dreamed of; whose young manhood was trained for knowledge of military matters, not by someone else's lessons, but by his own commands, not by the disasters of war, but by victories, not by mere campaigns, but by triumphs.

Dramatic Interpretation

Boys

OJCL 2015

Source: *Marius' Mules I: The Invasion of Gaul* by S. J. A. Turney

Speaker: Caesar

Audience: Caesar's legates (officers of the legions)

Scene: Caesar is addressing his officers after receiving word about a tribe moving through Gaul. Caesar will use this tribe's movement as a reason to get senatorial approval to begin the Gallic Wars.

I expect you're all aware by now that a messenger reached the camp tonight. He has come from the north, where he was accompanying a trader dealing with the Helvetii. There has been a disturbance among the tribe's leadership. Orgetorix, whose name you might remember, tried to arrange a coup for control of the tribe, in association with other ambitious men of the Aedui and Sequani tribes. I gather that this failed, as Orgetorix mysteriously died four days ago while on trial. Normally, this would stand well for Rome. The man was a rabble-rouser and could conceivably have united three tribes into a confederation. Unfortunately, the latest news is that villages of the Helvetii are burning across the mountains. You know that the Helvetii are by far the strongest group, and are unlikely to have been bested by anyone but us. It is a strange custom of these peoples to destroy what they leave behind to prevent them being used by erstwhile enemies, but to help bind the tribe together and provide the impetus needed to keep such a group moving with a purpose.

Gentlemen, the Helvetii are moving. The whole tribe. As you can see they are bordered to the east by Lake Geneva. To the north lie the Rhine and the powerful German tribes. To the west is only a narrow route between the Jura Mountain and the Rhone, through unstable territory held by other tribes. And of course, to the south: Rome. Wherever the Helvetii plan to go, if they are bringing their whole tribe and all of their possessions, they cannot realistically attempt any route other than through our lands.

The Helvetii are one of the most powerful tribes in all the Gauls, and have become complacent and over-familiar in recent years. They constantly cross our border, in small groups for mercantile reasons. They have no respect for the frontier and no fear of the might of Rome. Regardless of the tribe's intentions, I will not countenance their crossing into Roman territory and, should they make any attempt to do so, I will meet such a move with equal force.

Dramatic Interpretation

Girls

OJCL 2015

Source: *Ab Urbe Condita* 2.40 Livy

Speaker: Veturia

Audience: Veturia addresses her son, Coriolanus outside the gates of Rome

Scene: Veturia addresses her son, Coriolanus outside the gates of Rome. Coriolanus, recently exiled from Rome, is leading an army of Volscii, enemies of Rome, to attack the city.

“Suffer me to learn, before I accept your embrace, whether I have come to an enemy or a son; whether I am a captive or a mother in your camp. Is it this to which long life and an unhappy old age have brought me, that I should behold in you an exile and then an enemy? Could you bring yourself to ravage this country, which gave you birth and reared you? Did not your anger fall from you, no matter how hostile and threatening your spirit when you came, as you passed the boundary? Did it not come over you, when Rome lay before your eyes: ' Within those walls are my home and my gods, my mother, my wife, and my children?' So then, had I not been a mother Rome would not now be besieged! Had I no son I should have died a free woman, in a free land! But I can have nothing now to suffer which could be more disgraceful to you or more miserable for myself; nor, wretched though I am, shall I be so for long: it is these you must consider, for whom, if you keep on, untimely death or long enslavement is in store.”