

**No Virtue in Exile**

Hae lacrimae Milōnem nōn movent. Incrēdibilem rōborem animi habet. Nisi locus est virtūtī, ibi exsilium esse putat. Mors est nātūrae finis, nōn poena. Sīc semper eā mente fuit. Quid vōs, iūdicēs? Quō tandem animō eritis? Memoriam Milōnis retinēbitis, ipsum ēiciētis? Et erit dignior ūllus locus in terrīs quam qui hanc virtūtem excipiat quam hīc, quī prōcreāvit?

Based on Cicero, *Prō Milōne*,  
XXXVII, 101

These tears do not move Milo. He has an unbelievable strength of mind. If there is no place for virtue, that place he considered to be exile. Death is the end of nature, not a punishment. He has always been of this opinion. What about you, judges? Of what mind, pray tell, will you be? Will you retain Milo's memory, but take Milo himself? And will there be any more worthy place on earth which would welcome his virtue than in this one, which produced him?

**Cicero Urges Catiline to Depart**

Quae cum ita sint, Catilīna, perge, quō coepistī, ēgredere aliquandō ex urbe; patent portae; proficīscere. Nimium diū tē imperātōrem tua illa Mānliāna castra dēsīderant. Ēdūc tēcum etiam omnēs tuōs, sī minus, quam plūrimōs; purgā urbem. Magnō mē metū liberābis, dum modo inter mē atque tē mūrus intersit. Nōbīscum versārī iam diūtius nōn potes; nōn feram, nōn patiar, nōn sinam. Magna dīs immortalibus habenda est atque huic ipsī Iovī Statōrī, antīquissimō cūstōdī huius urbis, grātia, quod hanc tam taetram, tam horribilem tamque īnfestam reī pūblicaē pestem totiēns iam effūgimus.

*Cicero, In Catilīnam I, 5*

Therefore, Catiline, keep going where you have begun to go, finally get out of the city; the gates are open, leave! Too long that camp of yours under Manlius has desired you as its commander. Lead out with you also all your followers, if less, as many as possible; clean out the city. You will free me from great fear provided that there may be a wall between me and you. You cannot linger with us any longer. I won't tolerate it, I won't endure it, I won't permit it. Great gratitude should be paid to the immortal gods and to this very Jupiter Stator, the most ancient guardian of this city, because we have now escaped so many times this menace, so foul, so horrible, and so dangerous to the republic.

**Calgacus Addresses His People in Anticipation of a Roman Invasion**

"Quotiēns causās bellī et necessitātem nostram intueor, magnus mihi animus est hodiernum diem cōnsēsumque vestrum initium libertātis tōtī Britanniae fore: nam et ūniversī coistis et servitūtis expertēs, et nūllae ultrā terrae ac nē mare quidem sēcūrum imminente nōbīs classe Rōmānā. ... Nunc terminus Britanniae patet, atque omne ignōtum prō magnificō est; sed nūlla iam ultrā gēns, nihil nisi fluctūs ac saxa, et īfestiōrēs Rōmānī, quōrum superbiam frūstrā per obsequium ac modestiam effugiās. Raptōrēs orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus dēfuēre terrae, mare scrūtantur: sī locūplēs hostis est, avārī, si pauper, ambitiōsī, quōs nōn Oriēns, nōn Occidēns satiāverit: sōlī omnium opēs atque inopiam pārī adfectū concupiscunt. Auferre trucidāre rapere falsīs nōminibus imperium, atque ubi sōlitūdinem faciunt, pācem appellant."

Tacitus, *Agricola*, 30 (abridged)

"As often as I survey the causes of this war and our current problems, I have a great spirit that today and your agreement will be the beginning of freedom for all of Britain: for you have come together and free from slavery, and no lands beyond, not even the sea, will be free while the Roman fleet threatens us. ... Now the uttermost parts of Britain lie exposed, and everything unknown seems great; but there is now no nation beyond us, nothing except waves and rocks, and the more hostile Romans, whose haughtiness you may flee in vain through obedience and self-restraint. These plunderers of the world investigate the sea after lands were lacking to them who were destroying everything. If the enemy is rich, they are greedy; if poor, they are ambitious. Neither East nor West will have satisfied them. Alone of all peoples they desire wealth and poverty with equal feeling. To carry off, to butcher, to take by force is power under false names, and where they create a wasteland, they call it peace."

## Narcissus's Lament to his Reflection

"Et placet et videō; sed quod videōque placetque,  
 nōn tamen inveniō" -- tantus tenet error amantem --  
 "quōque magis doleam, nec nōs mare sēparat ingēns  
 nec via nec montēs nec clausīs moenia portīs;  
 exiguā prohibēmur aquā! Cupit ipse tenērī: 450  
 nam quotiēns liquidīs porrēximus ōscula lymphīs,  
 hic totiēns ad mē resupīnō nītitur ōre.  
 Posse putēs tangī: minimum est, quod amantibus obstat.  
 Quisquis es, hūc exī! Quid mē, puer ūnice, fallis  
 quōve petītus abīs? Certē nec forma nec aetās 455  
 est mea, quam fugiās, et amārunt mē quoque nymphae!  
 Spem mihi nescio quam vultū prōmittis amīcō,  
 cumque ego porrēxī tibi bracchia, porrigis ultrō.  
 Cum rīsī, adrīdēs; lacrimās quoque saepe notāvī  
 mē lacrimante tuās; nūtū quoque signa remittis 460  
 et, quantum mōtū formōsī suspicor ōris,  
 verba refers aurēs nōn pervenientia nostrās!"

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* III. 446-462

"He charms me and I see him, but what I see and charms me I cannot find" --such a great delusion holds this lover --  
 "and that I may grieve even more, what separates us is not a huge sea, nor a road, nor mountains, nor walls with  
 closed gates. We are kept apart by the tiniest water! My lover himself desires to be held: for he struggles toward me  
 with his mouth facing mine as often as I offer kisses to these liquid waters. You would think he could be touched. It is  
 a very small thing which blocks lovers. Whoever you are, come out to here! Why, O boy unlike any other, do you  
 elude me? Or where do you go when you are sought? Surely, it's neither my physique nor my age that you flee, and  
 nymphs have also loved me! You promise me some sort of hope with your friendly face, and when I have offered you  
 my arms, you offer yours voluntarily. When I have laughed, you laugh back at me. I have often noted your tears as  
 well when I was weeping. You also signal back to me with your nod, and how much I suspect from the movement of  
 your sweet mouth, you return words which do not reach my ears!"