

Post mortem scrībae mīlitēs Etrūscī Mūcium ad rēgem trāxērunt.	1
“Quis es?” rogāvit Porsena. “Cūr scrībam meum necāvistī?”	2
“Rōmānus sum,” inquit Mūcius, “cīvis, Gāius Mūcius nōmine	3
Ego hostem patriae meae necāre cupiēbam, Tū audī mē. Ego	4
nōn sōlus sum. Multī adulēscentēs Rōmānī tē necāre temptābunt,	5
nisi cōpiās ab urbe remōveris et patriam meam obsidione	6
līberāveris. Sī ex finibus nostrōs discesseris, incolumis eris.”	7
“Mīlitēs meī,” inquit rēx, “tē vīvum incedent.”	8
“Nōn facile est Rōmānum terrēre,” respondit Mūcius.	9
Rōmānī corpora sua nōn amant. Spectā!”	10

“Dē Mūciō”

from Our Living Heritage book I, 1982.

After the death of the secretary, the Etruscan soldiers dragged Mucius to the king. “Who are you?” asked Porsena. “Why did you kill my secretary?”

“I am a Roman citizen named Gaius Mucius,” said Mucius. “I wanted to kill the enemy of my fatherland. Listen to me. I am not alone. Many young Romans will try to kill you, unless you remove your troops from the city and free my country from siege. If you leave our country, you will be safe.”

“My soldiers will burn you alive,” said the king.

“It is not easy to frighten a Roman,” replied Mucius. “Romans have no regard for their bodies (*lit.* do not love their bodies). Look!”

Tū pete etiam certāmen equōrum nōbīlium: multa commoda	1
capāx populī Cricus habet. Proximus ā dominā sedē; nēmō	2
prohībete. Iunge latus tuum laterī Rius quā potes usque. “Cuius	3
equī faves?” studiōsē rogā et sine morā favē cuicui favet illa.	4
Utque fit, in gremium puellae pulvis sī forte dēciderit, digitīs eum	5
excute. Etsī nūllus est pulvis, tamen excute nūllum; quaelibet	6
causa sit apta officiō tuō. Parva animōs levēs puellārum capiunt:	7
est ūtile multīs virīs pulvīnum compōnere facilī manū; et prōdest	8
ventōs movēre tenuī tabellā et et scamna dare sub tenerum pedem	9
puellae.	10

“Finding a Date in Ancient Rome”
from The Romans Speak for Themselves

Seek also the competition of famous horses; the Circus that holds a lot of people has many opportunities. Sit right next to a lady; no one prevents you. Join your side to her side as close as you can. “Whose horses are you favoring?” ask eagerly and favor without delay whomever she favors. And as it happens, if dust by chance falls down into the girl’s lap, brush it off with your fingers. Even if there is no dust, nevertheless brush off the nothing! let any excuse be suitable for your service (to the girl). Little things seize the carefree minds of girls: it is useful to many men to arrange a cushion with a skillful hand and it is useful to move the winds with a thin tablet and to put a stool under the girl’s tender foot.

Vix cōnsiderāmus, et nox, nōn quālis illūnis aut nūbila, sed quālis 1
in locīs clausīs, lūmine exstīctō. Audīrēs ululātūs fēminārum, 2
īnfantium quirītātūs, clāmōrēs virōrum: aliī parentēs, aliī liberōs, 3
aliī coniugēs vōcibus requirēbant, vōcibus nōscitābant: hī suum 4
cāsum, illī suōrum miserābantur: erant quī metū mortis mortem 5
precārentur: multī ad deōs manūs tollēre. 6
Mox diēs vērus, sōl etiam effulsit, lūridus tamen, quālis esse, cum 7
dēficit, solet. Regressī Mīsēnum, suspēnsam dubiamque noctem 8
spē ac metū exēgimus. Metus praevalēbat: nam tremor terrae 9
persevērābat. Nōbīs tamen nē tunc quidem, quamquam et 10
expertīs perīculum et exspectantibus, abeundī cōnsilium, dōnec 11
dē avunculō nūntius.

Selection from Pliny's letters (6.20)
from Our Living Heritage book II, 1982.

We had scarcely sat down when darkness fell, not that of a moonless or cloudy night, but such as is found in a closed room when the lamp has been put out. You might hear the cries of women, the whimpering of infants, and the shouting of men; some were calling their parents, some their children, some their wives, trying to recognize them by their voices; some lamented their own fate, others that of relatives; there were some who in fear of death prayed for death; many raised their hands to the gods.

Then there was genuine daylight, and the sun actually shone forth, but wan as it generally is when it is in eclipse. Returning to Misenum, we spent an anxious night alternating between hope and fear. Fear prevailed, for the earthquakes went on. Yet, in spite of the danger we had experienced and were expecting, we had no thought of leaving until we could receive some news of my uncle.

Latin Recitation**Advanced Poetry****OJCL 2010**

Heu nihil invītīs fās quemquam fidere dīvīs!	1
Ecce trahēbātur passīs Priamēia virgō	2
crīnibus ā templō Cassandra adytisque Minervae	3
ad caelum tendēns ardentia lūmina frūstrā,	4
lūmina, nam tenerās arcēbant uincula palmās.	5
Nōn tulit hanc speciem furiātā mente Coroebus	6
et sēsē medium injēcit peritūrus in agmen;	7
Cōnsequimur cūctī et dēnsīs incurrimus armīs.	8
Hīc prīmum ex altō dēlūbrī culmine tēlis	9
nostrōrum obruimur oriturque miserrima caedēs	10
armōrum faciē et Grajārum errōre jubārum.	11
Tum Danaī gemitū atque ēreptae uirginis irā	12
undique collēctī invādunt, ācerrimus Ajāx	13
et geminī Atrīdae Dolopumque exercitus omnis:	14
adversī ruptō ceu quondam turbine ventī	15
cōnfligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eōīs	16
Eurus equīs; strīdunt siluae saeuitque tridenti	17
spūmeus atque imō Nēreus ciet aequora fundō.	18
Illī etiam, sī quōs obscurā nocte per umbram	19
fūdimus insidiīs totaque agitāvimus urbe,	20
appārent; prīmī clipeōs mentītaque tēla	21
agnōscunt atque ōra sonō discordia signant.	22

from Vergil's *Aeneid* (II. 402-424)

Alas, it is not right for anyone to trust reluctant gods! For there the virgin Cassandra, Priam's daughter, hair disheveled, was dragged out from the temple, from Minerva's shrine, and her eyes were raised in vain to heaven—her eyes, for chains held fast her gentle hands. Coroebus, maddened, could not stand the sight. He threw himself, about to die, against the very center of the Grecian line. We follow close behind him, charging thick. Here from the shrine's high roof, we are struck down for the first time by our own Trojan weapons: the image of our arms, the error of our Danaan helmets, starts a wretched slaughter. But then the Grecians groan with indignation because the virgin is rescued. From all sides they muster to attack us: Ajax most ferociously, and both of Atreus' sons, and all the army of Dolopians: as when a hurricane has burst, the crosswinds will clash together—West and South and East, exulting in his oriental steeds—the woods are shrill, and foam-washed Nereus rages, his trident stirs the seas up from their deeps. And any whom our stratagems had driven beneath the shades of dark night, whom we had chased across the city, now appears and first they recognize our shields, our miming weapons, then note our speech that does not sound like theirs.

Dramatic Interpretation

Boys

OJCL 2010

Source: Adapted from *The Iliad*, Lattimore Translation, Book III

Speaker: Hector

Audience: Paris, Agamemnon, and the troops.

Scene: In the beginning of book III, the Trojan army has marched to the Achaian troops. Paris challenged the Greeks to a one-on-one battle and then Menelaus stepped forward. At the sight of him, Paris steps back to hid within his troops. Hector, angry at this, chastises him.

Evil Paris, beautiful, woman-crazy, cajoling, better had you never been born, or killed unwedded. Truly I could have wished it so; it would be far better than to have you with us to our shame, for others to sneer at.

Surely, now the flowing-haired Achaians laugh at us, thinking you are our bravest champion, only because your looks are handsome, but there is no strength in your heart, no courage.

Were you like this that time when you assembled sea-wandering vessels and oarsmen to help you sail over the water? And when you mixed with the outlanders, and carried away a fair woman from a remote land, who's husband's family were spearmen and fighters? You brought a huge sorrow to your father, your city, and all your people! You brought shame to yourself and brought joy to our enemy! And now you would not stand up against warlike Menelaus?

Thus you would learn of the man whose blossoming wife you have taken. The ylre would not help you then, nor the favors of Aphrodite, nor your locks, when you rolled in the dust, nor all your beauty. No, but the Trojans are cowards in truth, else long before this you had worn a mantle of flying stones for the wrong you did us.

Hear from me, Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians the word of Paris, for whose sake this strife has arisen. He would have all the rest of the Trojans and all the Achaians lay aside on the bountiful earth their splendid armor while he himself in the middle and warlike Menelaus. That one of them who wins and is proved stronger, let him take the possessions fairly and the woman, and lead her home while the rest of us cut our oaths of faith and friendship.

Dramatic Interpretation

Girls

OJCL 2010

Source: Adapted from Robert Graves, *I, Claudius*, Chapter 25

Speaker: Livia, wife of Augustus

Audience: Claudius, her grandson

Scene: During the reign of Tiberius, Livia is having dinner with Claudius and discussing what is to come now that she no longer has much power over Tiberius.

You can't fight against Fate. Now and that Rome has been ungrateful and mad enough to allow my insolent son, Tiberius to put me on the shelf, and insult me—me, can you imagine it, perhaps the greatest ruler that the world has ever known and his mother, too!

Claudius let me explain. It's not so much my fame on earth that I'm thinking about as the position I am to occupy in Heave. I have done many impious things—no great ruler can do otherwise. I have put the good of the Empire before all-human considerations. To keep the Empire free from factions I have had to commit many crimes. Augustus did his best to wreck the Empire by his ridiculous favoritism: Marcellus against Agrippa, Gaius against Tiberius. Who saved Rome from renewed Civil War? I did! The unpleasant and difficult task of removing Marcellus and Gaius fell on me. Yes, I don't pretend you haven't ever suspected me of poisoning them. And what is the proper reward for a ruler who commits such crimes for the good of his subjects? The proper reward, obviously, is to be deified.

Do you believe that the souls of criminals are eternally tormented? Of course, you do! But the Immortal Gods are free from any fear of punishment, however many crimes they commit. Jove deposed his father and killed one of his grandsons and incestuously married his sister and ... none of them have a good moral reputation. And certainly the Judges of Mortal Dead have no jurisdiction over them. It is all that I think about, now that my work is over. And why not? If Augustus is a God, it's absurd for me to be merely his priestess. I did all the work, didn't I? He no more had it in him to be a great ruler than Tiberius has.

You see now why it's all-important for me to become a goddess. And this, if you must know, is the reason why I tolerate Caligula. He has sworn that if I keep his secret he will make a Goddess of me as soon as he's Emperor. And I want you to swear that you'll do al in your power to see that I become a Goddess as soon as possible, because—oh, don't you see? --until he makes me a Goddess, I'll be in Hades, suffering the most frightful torments, the most exquisite ineluctable torments! Will you swear to do as I ask? Claudius, will you swear by your own head?

Monologue

OJCL 2010

Topic: The Aeneas and Dido affair.