



CLASSICAL WISDOM SOCIETY PRESENTS

SELECTIONS FROM....  
CICERO'S LETTERS AND  
ORATIONS

BY CICERO

INTRODUCTION BY  
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CLASSICAL WISDOM WEEKLY

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# FOREWORD

BY BEN POTTER

So copious are they in number, broad in content, illuminating in context and high in quality, that it was no easy task to decide which of the orations and letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43BC) should be selected to make an easily digestible compendium for the discerning readers of this Classical Wisdom ebook.

The temptation simply to pick the ‘best’ in terms of quality would have been a near-impossible task – being as it is a rather subjective qualification. However, before we can even make a judgement of quality we have to think about what we’re interested in learning from these scribblings. Even if we restricted ourselves simply to orations, we would have to decide if we wished to look for the power of the argument, for a ‘classical’ example of its type, for the beauty of the language, for something practical, instructive and educational, for a glimpse at the character of the man himself, or for an insight into the historical context.

Whilst all of these different aspects inevitably come to the fore at one point or another, it is the latter point on which we have primarily chosen to focus.

In terms of history, the period at which Cicero lived is generally considered to be the most fascinating and dramatic in all the annals the Roman Empire. Even a casual glance at the names of those involved in proceedings is like a who’s who of the good, the bad and the ugly of the ancient world: Julius Caesar, Pompey the Great, Marc Antony, Octavian, Cato, Brutus, Cleopatra, Cassius, Lepidus, Chief Vercingetorix and, of course, Cicero himself. Indeed, there are very good reasons why the popular (and largely accurate) HBO series Rome chose to set itself in this period. Not that this era was some mere red-carpet love-in; these people were famous because they lived through a defining time of great upheaval and drama, a time at which the very fabric of the empire was being rent a twain by warring and self-interested factions with only a few good men willing to dig their heels in and resist a seemingly inevitable change – men like Marcus Tullius Cicero.

And on this note we should perhaps poke our nose into this ebook’s selections.

We have decided to bookend some letters of Cicero – some personal (his letters to his wife, Terentia, and his slave, Tiro, are quite touching), many to his closest

confidant, Atticus, most deeply political, but all of great importance – with a speech attempting to persuade the people to grant proconsular (i.e. military) powers to Pompey the Great so that he might put down an insurgency in the East, and two speeches attempting to have Marc Antony first shackled and discredited, and then declared an enemy of the state.

Cicero's decision to champion Pompey was, for him, very much a lesser of two evils: one as the prolific commander was jostling with Julius Caesar for position to become the number one commander in Rome (and, perhaps, dictator). Though Pompey's actions often disgusted Cicero and he came close to abandoning him altogether on several occasions (as is suggested in some of the letters), he decided that, though Pompey may be equally as tyrannous as Caesar, he was not equally intelligent. In other words, Cicero seemed to believe he could manipulate Pompey whilst he had no such illusions about the cunning and ambitious Caesar.

And so our book starts in 66BC with Cicero firmly nailing his colours to Pompey's mast. From there the letters proceed chronologically marking the preamble to Cicero's exile from Rome in 58BC along with his frustrations at being politically emasculated and away from Rome.

From 54BC, with the death of Caesar's daughter and Pompey's wife, Julia, we are gearing up to a civil war that comes into effect in 49BC when Caesar crosses the Rubicon (i.e. enters Italy) under arms. Pompey and the Senate, together with Cicero, flee the city and Pompey is slain a year later in Egypt.

Caesar as victor grants amnesty to all his former enemies. However, none of these – including Cicero – feel secure enough to give any official opposition to the man in their midst who they think is destroying their beloved Republic. Thus, our man Cicero is a politically negligible force until the 15th February 44BC – the ides of March!

After Caesar's assassination, Cicero becomes the *de facto* leader of the Senate and, in his attempt to restore the Republic to its former self, makes a series of speeches (fourteen in all) looking to shackle Caesar's political heir-apparent, Marc Antony.

It is these 'philippics' (a joke, of sorts, recalling Demosthenes' orations against Philip II of Macedon) against Antony, together with Cicero (like most of Rome) not taking seriously the potential of the teenage Octavian, that ultimately came to cost him his life in 43BC. By this time, Octavian and Antony had formed

an alliance with another loyal comrade of Caesar's, Lepidus, in an attempt to root out and kill Caesar's assassins and conspirators and, though not actually involved in the plot himself, Marc Antony made sure Cicero was top of the list for those who needed to be removed.

The hands that had written and the head that had spoken the orations against Antony were cut off and nailed to the Rostra in the Forum – it is even reported that Antony's wife pricked with needles the words that had spoken such damning and defaming words.

We hope you'll agree that a speech such as that is well worth a read!

-Ben Potter (March, 2016)

ORATION: ON THE COMMAND OF GNAEUS  
POMPEIUS  
(IN SUPPORT OF THE MANILIAN LAW)

TRANSLATED BY C.D. YONGE

Although, O Romans, your numerous assembly has always seemed to me the most agreeable body that any one can address, and this place, which is most honourable to plead in, has also seemed always the most distinguished place for delivering an oration in, still I have been prevented from trying this road to glory, which has at all times been entirely open to every virtuous man, not indeed by my own will, but by the system of life which I have adopted from my earliest years. For as hitherto I have not dared, on account of my youth, to intrude upon the authority of this place, and as I considered that no arguments ought to be brought to this place except such as were the fruit of great ability, and worked up with the greatest industry, I have thought it fit to devote all my time to the necessities of my friends. <sup>2</sup>And accordingly, this place has never been unoccupied by men who were defending your cause, and my industry, which has been virtuously and honestly employed about the dangers of private individuals, has received its most honourable reward in your approbation. For when, on account of the adjournment of the comitia, I was three times elected the first praetor by all the centuries, I easily perceived, O Romans, what your opinion of me was, and what conduct you enjoined to others. Now, when there is that authority in me which you, by conferring honours on me, have chosen that there should be, and all that facility in pleading which almost daily practice in speaking can give a vigilant man who has habituated himself to the forum, at all events, if I have any authority, I will employ it before those who have given it to me; and if I can accomplish anything by speaking, I will display it to those men above all others, who have thought fit, by their decision, to confer honours on that qualification. And, above all things, I see that I have reason to rejoice on this account, that, since I am speaking in this place, to which I am so entirely unaccustomed, I have a cause to advocate in which eloquence can hardly fail any one; for I have to speak of the eminent and extraordinary virtue of Cnaeus Pompey; and it is harder for me to find out how to end a discourse on such a subject, than how to begin one. So that what I have to seek for is not so much a variety of arguments, as moderation in employing them.

And, that my oration may take its origin from the same source from which all this cause is to be maintained; an important war, and one perilous to your revenues and to your allies, is being waged against you by two most powerful kings, Mithridates and Tigranes. One of these having been left to himself, and the other having been attacked, thinks that an opportunity offers itself to him to occupy all Asia. Letters are brought from Asia every day to Roman knights, most honourable men, who have great property at stake, which is all employed in the collection of your revenues; and they, in consequence of the intimate connection which I have with their order, have come to me and entrusted me with the task of pleading the cause of the republic, and warding off danger from their private fortunes. They say that many of the villages of Bithynia, which is at present a province belonging to you, have been burnt; that the kingdom of Ariobarzanes, which borders on those districts from which you derive a revenue, is wholly in the power of the enemy; that Lucullus, after having performed great exploits, is departing from that war; that it is not enough that whoever succeeds him should be prepared for the conduct of so important a war; that one general is demanded and required by all men, both allies and citizens, for that war; that he alone is feared by the enemy, and that no one else is.

You see what the case is; now consider what you ought to do. It seems to me that I ought to speak in the first place of the sort of war that exists; in the second place, of its importance; and lastly, of the selection of a general. The kind of war is such as ought above all others to excite and inflame your minds to a determination to persevere in it. It is a war in which the glory of the Roman people is at stake; that glory which has been handed down to you from your ancestors, great indeed in everything, but most especially in military affairs. The safety of our friends and allies is at stake, in behalf of which your ancestors have waged many most important wars. The most certain and the largest revenues of the Roman people are at stake; and if they be lost, you will be at a loss for the luxuries of peace, and the sinews of war. The property of many citizens is at stake, which you ought greatly to regard, both for your own sake, and for that of the republic.

And since you have at all times been covetous of glory and greedy of praise beyond all other nations, you have to wipe out that stain, received in the former Mithridates War, which has now fixed itself deeply and eaten its way into the Roman name, the stain arising from the fact that he, who in one day marked down by one order, and one single letter, all the Roman citizens in all Asia, scattered as they were over so many cities, for slaughter and butchery, has not only never yet suffered any chastisement worthy of his wickedness, but now, twenty-three years after that time, is still a king, and a king in such a way that

he is not content to hide himself in Pontus, or in the recesses of Cappadocia, but he seeks to emerge from his hereditary kingdom, and to range among your revenues, in the broad light of Asia. Indeed up to this time your generals have been, contending with the king so as to carry off tokens of victory rather than actual victory. Lucius Sulla has triumphed, Lucius Murena has triumphed over Mithridates, two most gallant men, and most consummate generals; but yet they have triumphed in such a way that he, though routed and defeated, was still king. Not but what praise is to be given to those generals for what they did. Pardon must be conceded to them for what they left undone; because the republic recalled Sulla from that war into Italy, and Sulla recalled Murena.

But Mithridates employed all the time which he had left to him, not in forgetting the old war, but in preparing for a new one; and, after he had built and equipped very large fleets, and had got together mighty armies from every nation he could, and had pretended to be preparing war against the tribes of the Bosphorus, his neighbours, sent ambassadors and letters as far as Spain to those chiefs with whom we were at war at the time, in order that, as you would by that means have war waged against you in the two parts of the world the furthest separated and most remote of all from one another, by two separate enemies warring against you with one uniform plan, you, hampered by the double enmity, might find that you were fighting for the empire itself. However; the danger on one side, the danger from Sertorius and from Spain, which had much the most solid foundation and the most formidable strength, was warded off by the divine wisdom and extraordinary valour of Cnaeus Pompeius. And on the other side of the empire, affairs were so managed by Lucilius Lucullus, that most illustrious of men, that the beginning, of all those achievements in those countries, great and eminent as they were, deserve to be attributed not to his good fortune but to his valour; but the latter events which have taken place lately, ought to be imputed not to his fault, but to his ill-fortune. However, of Lucullus I will speak hereafter, and I will speak, O Romans, in such a manner, that his true glory shall not appear to be at all disparaged by my pleading, nor, on the other hand, shall any undeserved credit seem to be given to him. At present, when we are speaking of the dignity and glory of your empire, since that is the beginning of my oration, consider what feelings you think you ought to entertain.

Your ancestors have often waged war on account of their merchants and seafaring men having been injuriously treated. What ought to be your feelings when so many thousand Roman citizens have been put to death by one order and at one time? Because their ambassadors had been spoken to with insolence, your ancestors determined that Corinth, the light of all Greece, should be destroyed.



Will you allow that king to remain unpunished, who has murdered a lieutenant of the Roman people of consular rank, having tortured him with chains and scourging, and every sort of punishment? They would not allow the freedom of Roman citizens to be diminished; will you be indifferent to their lives being taken? They avenged the privileges of our embassy when they were violated by a word; will you abandon an ambassador who has been put to death with every sort of cruelty? Take care lest, as it was a most glorious thing for them, to leave you such wide renown and such a powerful empire, it should be a most discreditable thing for you, not to be able to defend and preserve that which you have received. What more shall I say? Shall I say, that the safety of our allies is involved in the greatest hazard and danger? King Ariobarzanes has been driven from his kingdom, an ally and friend of the Roman people; two kings are threatening all Asia, who are not only most hostile to you, but also to your friends and allies. And every city throughout all Asia, and throughout all Greece, is compelled by the magnitude of the danger to put its whole trust in the expectation of your assistance. They do not dare to beg of you any particular general, especially since you have sent them another, nor do they think that they can do this without extreme danger. They see and feel this, the same thing which you too see and feel,—that there is one man in whom all qualities are in the highest perfection, and that he is near, (which circumstance makes it seem harder to be deprived of him,) by whose mere arrival and name, although it was a maritime war for which he came, they are nevertheless aware that the attacks of the enemy were retarded and repressed. They then, since they cannot speak freely, silently entreat you to think them (as you have thought your allies in the other provinces) worthy of having their safety recommended to such a man; and to think them worthy even more than others, because we often send men with absolute authority into such a province as theirs, of such character, that, even if they protect them from the enemy, still their arrival among the cities of the allies is not very different from an invasion of the enemy. They used to hear of him before, now they see him among them; a man of such moderation, such mildness, such humanity, that those seem to be the happiest people among whom he remains for the longest time.

Wherefore, if on account of their allies, though they themselves had not been roused by any injuries, your ancestors waged war against Antiochus, against Philip, against the Aetolians, and against the Carthaginians; with how much earnestness ought you, when you yourselves have been provoked by injurious treatment, to defend the safety of the allies, and at the same time, the dignity of your empire? especially when your greatest revenues are at stake. For the revenues of the other provinces, O Romans, are such that we can scarcely derive enough from them for the protection of the provinces themselves. But Asia is

so rich and so productive, that in the fertility of its soil, and in the variety of its fruits, and in the vastness of its pasture lands, and in the multitude of all those things which are matters of exportation, it is greatly superior to all other countries. Therefore, O Romans, this province, if you have any regard for what tends to your advantage in time of war, and to your dignity in time of peace, must be defended by you, not only from all calamity, but from all fear of calamity. For in other matters when calamity comes on one, then damage is sustained; but in the case of revenues, not only the arrival of evil, but the bare dread of it, brings disaster. For when the troops of the enemy are not far off, even though no actual irruption takes place, still the flocks are abandoned, agriculture is relinquished, the sailing of merchants is at an end. And accordingly, neither from harbour dues, nor from tenths, nor from the tax on pasture lands, can any revenue be maintained. And therefore it often happens that the produce of an entire year is lost by one rumour of danger, and by one alarm of war. What do you think ought to be the feelings of those who pay us tribute, or of those who get it in, and exact it, when two kings with very numerous armies are all but on the spot? when one inroad of cavalry may in a very short time carry off the revenue of a whole year? when the publicans think that they retain the large households of slaves which they have in the salt-works, in the fields, in the harbours, and custom-houses, at the greatest risk? Do you think that you can enjoy these advantages unless you preserve those men who are productive to you, free not only, as I said before, from calamity, but even from the dread of calamity?

And even this must not be neglected by you, which I had proposed to myself as the last thing to be mentioned, when I was to speak of the kind of war, for it concerns the property of many Roman citizens; whom you, as becomes your wisdom, O Romans, must regard with the most careful solicitude. The publicans, most honourable and accomplished men, have taken all their resources and all their wealth into that province; and their property and fortunes ought, by themselves, to be an object of your special care. In truth, if we have always considered the revenues as the sinews of the republic, certainly we shall be right if we call that order of men which collects them, the prop and support of all the other orders. In the next place, clever and industrious men, of all the other orders of the state, are some of them actually trading themselves in Asia, and you ought to show a regard for their interests in their absence; and others of them have large sums invested in that province. It will, therefore become your humanity to protect a large number of those citizens from misfortune; it will become your wisdom to perceive that the misfortune of many citizens cannot be separated from the misfortune of the republic. In truth, firstly, it is of but little consequence for you afterwards to recover for the publicans revenues which have been once

lost; for the same men have not afterwards the same power of contracting for them, and others have not the inclination, through fear. In the next place, that which the same Asia, and that same Mithridates taught us, at the beginning of the Asiatic war that, at all events, we, having learnt by disaster, ought to keep in our recollection. For we know that then, when many had lost large fortunes in Asia, all credit failed at Rome, from payments being hindered. For it is not possible for many men to lose their property and fortunes in one city, without drawing many along with them into the same vortex of disaster. But do you now preserve the republic from this misfortune; and believe me, (you yourselves see that it is the case,) this credit, and this state of the money-market which exists at Rome and in the forum, is bound up with, and is inseparable from, those fortunes which are invested in Asia. Those fortunes cannot fall without credit here being undermined by the same blow, and perishing along with them. Consider, then, whether you ought to hesitate to apply yourselves with all zeal to that war, in which the glory of your name, the safety of your allies, your greatest revenues, and the fortunes of numbers of your citizens, will be protected at the same time as the republic.

Since I have spoken of the description of war, I will now say a few words about its magnitude. For this may be said of it,—that it is a kind of war so necessary, that it must absolutely be waged, and yet not one of such magnitude as to be formidable. And in this we must take the greatest care that those things do not appear to you contemptible which require to be most diligently guarded against. And that all men may understand that I give Lucius Lucullus all the praise that is due to a gallant man, and most wise man, and to a most consummate general, I say that when he first arrived in Asia, the forces of Mithridates were most numerous, well appointed, and provided with every requisite; and that the finest city in Asia, and the one, too, that was most friendly to us, the city of Cyzicus, was besieged by the king in person, with an enormous army, and that the siege had been pressed most vigorously, when Lucius Lucullus, by his valour, and perseverance, and wisdom, relieved it from the most extreme danger. I say that he also, when general, defeated and destroyed that great and well-appointed fleet, which the chiefs of Sertorius's party were leading against Italy with furious zeal; I say besides, that by him numerous armies of the enemy were destroyed in several battles, and that Pontus was opened to our legions, which before his time had been closed against the Roman people on every side; and that Sinope and Amisus, towns in which the king had palaces, adorned and furnished with every kind of magnificence, and many other cities of Pontus and Cappadocia, were taken by his mere approach and arrival near them; that the king himself was stripped of the kingdom possessed by his father and his grandfather, and

forced to betake himself as a suppliant to other kings and other nations; and that all these great deeds were achieved without any injury to the allies of the Roman people, or any diminution of its revenues. I think that this is praise enough;—such praise that you must see, O Romans, that Lucius Lucullus has not been praised as much from this rostrum by any one of these men who are objecting to this law and arguing against our cause.

Perhaps now it will be asked, how, when all this has been already done, there can be any great war left behind. I will explain this, O Romans; for this does not seem an unreasonable question. At first Mithridates fled from his kingdom, as Medea is formerly said to have fled from the same region of Pontus; for they say that she, in her flight, strewed about the limbs of her brother in those places along which her father was likely to pursue her, in order that the collection of them, dispersed as they were, and the grief which would afflict his father, might delay the rapidity of his pursuit. Mithridates, flying in the same manner, left in Pontus the whole of the vast quantity of gold and silver, and of beautiful things which he had inherited from his ancestors, and which he himself had collected and brought into his own kingdom, having obtained them by plunder in the former war from all Asia. While our men were diligently occupied in collecting all this, the king himself escaped out of their hands. And so grief retarded the father of Medea in his pursuit, but delight delayed our men. In this alarm and flight of his, Tigranes, the king of Armenia, received him, encouraged him while despairing of his fortunes, gave him new spirit in his depression, and recruited with new strength his powerless condition. And after Lucius Lucullus arrived in his kingdom, very many tribes were excited to hostilities against our general. For those nations which the Roman people never had thought either of attacking in war or tampering with, had been inspired with fear. There was, besides, a general opinion which had taken deep root, and had spread over all the barbarian tribes in those districts, that our army had been led into those countries with the object of plundering a very wealthy and most religiously worshipped temple. And so, many powerful nations were roused against us by a fresh dread and alarm. But our army although it had taken a city of Tigranes's kingdom, and had fought some successful battles, still was out of spirits at its immense distance from Rome, and its separation from its friends. At present I will not say more; for the result of these feelings of theirs was, that they were more anxious for a speedy return home than for any further advance into the enemies' country. But Mithridates had by this time strengthened his army by reinforcements of those men belonging to his own dominions who had assembled together, and by large promiscuous forces belonging to many other kings and tribes. And we see that this is almost invariably the case, that kings when in misfortune easily induce

many to pity and assist them, especially such as are either kings themselves, or who live under kingly power, because to them the name of king appears something great and sacred. And accordingly he, when conquered, was able to accomplish what, when he was in the full enjoyment of his powers, he never dared even to wish for. For when he had returned to his kingdom, he was not content (though that had happened to him beyond all his hopes) with again setting his foot on that land after he had been expelled from it; but he even volunteered an attack on your army, flushed as it was with glory and victory. Allow me, in this place, O Romans, (just as poets do who write of Roman affairs,) to pass over our disaster, which was so great that it came to Lucius Lucullus's ears, not by means of a messenger despatched from the scene of action, but through the report of common conversation. At the very time of this misfortune,—of this most terrible disaster in the whole war, Lucius Lucullus, who might have been able, to a great extent, to remedy the calamity, being compelled by your orders, because you thought, according to the old principle of your ancestors, that limits ought to be put to length of command, discharged a part of his soldiers who had served their appointed time, and delivered over part to Glabrio. I pass over many things designedly; but you yourselves can easily conjecture how important you ought to consider that war which most powerful kings are uniting in,—which disturbed nations are renewing,—which nations, whose strength is unimpaired, are undertaking, and which anew general of yours has to encounter after a veteran army has been defeated.

I appear to have said enough to make you see why this war is in its very nature unavoidable, in its magnitude dangerous. It remains for me to speak of the general who ought to be selected for that war, and appointed to the management of such important affairs.

I wish, O Romans, that you had such an abundance of brave and honest men, that it was a difficult subject for your deliberations, whom you thought most desirable to be appointed to the conduct of such important affairs, and so vast a war. But now, when there is Cnaeus Pompeius alone, who has exceeded in valour, not only the glory of these men who are now alive, but even all recollections of antiquity, what is there that, in this case, can raise a doubt in the mind of any one? For I think that these four qualities are indispensable in a great general,—knowledge of military affairs, valour, authority and good fortune. Who, then, ever was, or ought to have been, better acquainted with military affairs than this man? who, the moment that he left school and finished his education as a boy, at a time when there was a most important war going on, and most active enemies were banded against us, went to his father's army and to the discipline

of the camp; who, when scarcely out of his boyhood, became a soldier of a consummate general,—when entering on manhood, became himself the general of a mighty army; who has been more frequently engaged with the enemy, than any one else has ever disputed with an adversary; who has himself, as general, conducted more wars than other men have read of; who has subdued more provinces than other men have wished for; whose youth was trained to the knowledge of military affairs, not by the precepts of others, but by commanding himself,—not by the disasters of war, but by victories,—not by campaigns, but by triumphs. In short, what description of war can there be in which the fortune of the republic has not given him practice? Civil war, African war, Transalpine war, Spanish war, promiscuous war of the most warlike cities and nations, servile war, naval war, every variety and diversity of wars and of enemies, has not only been encountered by this one man, but encountered victoriously; and these exploits show plainly that there is no circumstance, in military practice which can elude the knowledge of this man.

But now, what language can be found equal to the valour of Cnaeus Pompeius? What statement can any one make which shall be either worthy of him, or new to you, or unknown to any one? For those are not the only virtues of a general which are usually thought so,—namely, industry in business, fortitude amid dangers, energy in acting, rapidity in executing, wisdom in foreseeing; which all exist in as great perfection in that one man as in all the other generals put together whom we have either seen or heard of. Italy is my witness, which that illustrious conqueror himself, Lucius Sulla, confessed had been delivered by this man's valour and ready assistance. Sicily is my witness, which he released when it was surrounded on all sides by many dangers, not by the dread of his power, but by the promptitude of his wisdom. Africa is my witness, which, having been overwhelmed by numerous armies of enemies, overflowed with the blood of those same enemies. Gaul is my witness, through which a road into Spain was laid open to our legions by the destruction of the Gauls. Spain is my witness, which has repeatedly seen our many enemies there defeated and subdued by this man. Again and again, Italy is my witness, which, when it was weighed down by the disgraceful and perilous servile war, entreated aid from this man, though he, was at a distance; and that war, having dwindled down and wasted away at the expectation of Pompeius, was destroyed and buried by his arrival. But now, also every coast, all foreign nations and countries, all seas, both in their open waters and in every bay, and creek, and harbour, are my witnesses. For during these last years, what place in any part of the sea had so strong a garrison as to be safe from him? what place was so much hidden as to escape his notice? Whoever put to sea without being aware that he was committing himself to the hazard of

death or slavery, either from storms or from the sea being crowded with pirates? Who would ever have supposed that a war of such extent, so mean, so old a war, a war so extensive in its theatre and so widely scattered, could have been terminated by all our generals put together in one year, or by one general in all the years of his life? In all these later years what province have you had free from pirates? what revenue has been safe? what ally have you been able to protect? to whom have your fleets been any defence? How many islands do you suppose have been deserted? how many cities of the allies do you think have been either abandoned out of fear of the pirates, or have been taken by them?

But why do I speak of distant events? It was—it was, indeed, formerly—a characteristic of the Roman people to carry on its wars at a distance from home, and to defend by the bulwarks of its power not its own homes, but the fortunes of its allies. Need I say, that the sea has during all these latter years been closed against your allies, when even our own armies never ventured to cross over from Brundisium, except in the depth of winter? Need I complain that men who were coming to you from foreign nations were taken prisoners, when even the ambassadors of the Roman people were forced to be ransomed? Need I say, that the sea was not safe for merchants, when twelve axes came into the power of the pirates? Need I mention, how Cnidus, and Colophon, and Samos, most noble cities, and others too in countless numbers, were taken by them, when you know that your own harbours, and those harbours too from which you derive, as it were, your very life and breath, were in the power of the pirates? Are you ignorant that the harbour of Caieta, that illustrious harbour, when full of ships, was plundered by the pirates under the very eyes of the praetor? and that from Misenum, the children of the very man who had before that waged war against the pirates in that place, were carried off by the pirates? For why should I complain of the disaster of Ostia, and of that stain and blot on the republic, when almost under your very eyes, that fleet which was under the command of a Roman consul was taken and destroyed by the pirates? O ye immortal gods! could the incredible and godlike virtue of one man in so short a time bring so much light to the republic, that you who had lately been used to see a fleet of the enemy before the mouth of the Tiber, should now hear that there is not one ship belonging to the pirates on this side of the Atlantic? And although you have seen with what rapidity these things were done, still that rapidity ought not to be passed over by me in speaking of them.—For who ever, even if he were only going for the purpose of transacting business or making profit, contrived in so short a time to visit so many places, and to perform such long journeys, with as great celerity as Cnaeus Pompeius has performed his voyage, bearing with him the terrors of war as our general? He, when the weather could hardly be called open for sailing, went to Sicily, ex-

plored the coasts of Africa; from thence he came with his fleet to Sardinia, and these three great granaries of the republic he fortified with powerful garrisons and fleets; when, leaving Sardinia, he came to Italy, having secured the two Spains and Cisalpine Gaul with garrisons and ships. Having sent vessels also to the coast of Illyricum, and to every part of Achaia and Greece, he also adorned the two seas of Italy with very large fleets, and very sufficient garrisons; and he himself going in person, added all Cilicia to the dominions of the Roman people, on the forty-ninth day after he set out from Brundisium. Will the pirates who were anywhere to be found, were either taken prisoners and put to death, or else had surrendered themselves voluntarily to the power and authority of this one man. Also, when the Cretans had sent ambassadors to implore his mercy even into Pamphylia to him, he did not deny them hopes of being allowed to surrender, and he exacted hostages from them. And thus Cnaeus Pompeius at the end of winter prepared, at the beginning of spring undertook, and by the middle of summer terminated, this most important war, which had lasted so long, which was scattered in such distant and such various places, and by which every nation and country was incessantly distressed.

This is the godlike and incredible virtue of that general. What more shall I say? How many and how great are his other exploits which I began to mention a short time back; for we are not only to seek for skill in war in a consummate and perfect general, but there are many other eminent qualities which are the satellites and companions of this virtue. And first of all, how great should be the incorruptibility of generals! How great should be their moderation in everything! How perfect their good faith! How universal should be their affability! how brilliant their genius! how tender their humanity! And let us briefly consider to what extent these qualities exist in Cnaeus Pompeius. For they are all of the highest importance, O Romans, but yet they are to be seen and ascertained more by comparison with the conduct of others than by any display which they make of themselves. For how can we rank a man among generals of any class at all, if centurionships are sold, and have been constantly sold in his army? What great or honourable thoughts can we suppose that that man cherishes concerning the republic, who has either distributed the money which was taken from the treasury for the conduct of the war among the magistrates, out of ambition to keep his province, or, out of avarice, has left it behind him at Rome, invested for his own advantage? Your murmurs show, O Romans, that you recognise, in my description, men who have done these things. But I name no one, so that no one can be angry with me, without making confession beforehand of his own malpractices. But who is there who is ignorant what terrible distresses our armies suffer wherever they go, through this covetousness of our generals? Recollect the marches



which, during these latter years, our generals have made in Italy, through the lands and towns of the Roman citizens; then you will more easily imagine what is the course pursued among foreign nations. Do you think that of late years more cities of the enemy have been destroyed by the arms of your soldiers, or more cities of your own allies by their winter campaigns? For that general who does not restrain himself can never restrain his army; nor can he be strict in judging others who is unwilling for others to be strict in judging him. Do we wonder now that this man should be so far superior to all others, when his legions arrived in Asia in such order that not only no man's hand in so numerous an army, but not even any man's footstep was said to have done the least injury to any peaceful inhabitant? But now we have daily rumours—yes, and letters too—brought to Rome about the way in which the soldiers are behaving in their winter quarters; not only is no one compelled to spend money on the entertainment of the troops, but he is not permitted to do so, even if he wish. For our ancestors thought fit that the houses of our allies and friends should be a shelter to our soldiers from the winter, not a theatre for the exercise of their avarice.

Come now, consider also what moderation he has displayed in other matters also. How was it, do you suppose, that he was able to display that excessive rapidity, and to perform that incredible voyage? For it was no unexampled number of rowers, no hitherto unknown skill in navigation, no new winds, which bore him so swiftly to the most distant lands; but those circumstances which are wont to delay other men did not delay him. No avarice turned him aside from his intended route in pursuit of some plunder or other; no lust led him away in pursuit of pleasure; no luxury allured him to seek its delights; the illustrious reputation of no city tempted him to make its acquaintance; even labour did not turn him aside to seek rest. Lastly, as for the statues, and pictures, and other embellishments of Greek cities, which other men think worth carrying away, he did not think them worthy even of a visit from him. And, therefore, every one in those countries looks upon Cnaeus Pompeius as some one descended from heaven, not as some one sent out from this city. Now they begin to believe that there really were formerly Romans of the same moderation; which hitherto has seemed to foreign nations a thing incredible, a false and ridiculous tradition. Now the splendour of your dominion is really brilliant in the eyes of those nations. Now they understand that it was not without reason that, when we had magistrates of the same moderation, their ancestors preferred being subject to the Roman people to being themselves lords of other nations. But now the access of all private individuals to him is so easy, their complaints of the injuries received from others are so little checked, that he who in dignity is superior to the noblest men, in affability seems to be on a par with the meanest. How great his wisdom

is, how great his authority and fluency in speaking,—and that too is a quality in which the dignity of a general is greatly concerned,—you, O Romans, have often experienced yourselves in this very place. But how great do you think his good faith must have been towards your allies, when the enemies of all nations have placed implicit confidence in it? His humanity is such that it is difficult to say, whether the enemy feared his valour more when fighting against him, or loved his mildness more when they had been conquered by him. And will any one doubt, that this important war ought to be entrusted to him, who seems to have been born by some especial design and favour of the gods for the express purpose of finishing all the wars which have existed in their own recollection?

And since authority has great weight in conducting wars, and in discharging the duties of military command, it certainly is not doubtful to any one that in that point this same general is especially preeminent. And who is ignorant that it is of great importance in the conduct of wars, what opinion the enemy, and what opinion the allies have of your generals, when we know that men are not less influenced in such serious affairs, to despise, or fear, or hate, or love a man by common opinion and common report, than by sure grounds and principles? What name, then, in the whole world has ever been more illustrious than his? whose achievements have ever been equal to his? And, what gives authority in the highest degree, concerning whom have you ever passed such numerous and such honourable resolutions? Do you believe that there is anywhere in the whole world any place so desert that the renown of that day has not reached it, when the whole Roman people, the forum being crowded, and all the adjacent temples from which this place can be seen being completely filled,—the whole Roman people, I say, demanded Cnaeus Pompeius alone as their general in the war in which the common interests of all nations were at stake? Therefore, not to say more on the subject, nor to confirm what I say by instances of others as to the influence which authority has in war, all our instances of splendid exploits in war must be taken from this same Cnaeus Pompeius. The very day that he was appointed by you commander-in-chief of the maritime war, in a moment such a cheapness of provisions ensued, (though previously there had been a great scarcity of corn, and the price had been exceedingly high,) owing to the hope conceived of one single man, and his high reputation, as could scarcely have been produced by a most productive harvest after a long period of peace. Now, too, after the disaster which befell us in Pontus, from the result of that battle, of which, sorely against my will, I just now reminded you, when our allies were in a state of alarm, when the power and spirits of our enemies had risen, and the province was in a very insufficient state of defence, you would have entirely lost Asia, O Romans, if the fortune of the Roman people had not, by some divine

interposition, brought Cnaeus Pompeius at that particular moment into those regions. His arrival both checked Mithridates, elated with his unusual victory, and delayed Tigranes, who was threatening Asia with a formidable army. And can any one doubt what he will accomplish by his valour, when he did so much by his authority and reputation? or how easily he will preserve our allies and our revenues by his power and his army, when he defended them by the mere, terror of his name?

Come, now; what a great proof does this circumstance afford us of the influence of the same man on the enemies of the Roman people, that all of them, living in countries so far distant from us and from each other, surrendered themselves to him alone in so short a time? that the ambassadors of the Cretans, though there was at the time a general and an army of ours in their island came almost to the end of the world to Cnaeus Pompeius, and said, all the cities of the Cretans were willing to surrender themselves to him? What did Mithridates himself do? Did he not send an ambassador into Spain to the same Cnaeus Pompeius? a man whom Pompeius has always considered an ambassador, but who that party, to whom it has always been a source of annoyance that he was sent to him particularly, have contended was sent as a spy rather than as an ambassador. You can now, then, O Romans, form an accurate judgment how much weight you must suppose that this authority of his—now, too, that it has been further increased by many subsequent exploits, and by many commendatory resolutions of your own—will have with those kings and among foreign nations.

It remains for me timidly and briefly to speak of his good fortune, a quality which no man ought to boast of in his own case, but which we may remember and commemorate an happening to another, just as a man may extol the power of the gods. For my judgment is this, that very often commands have been conferred upon, and armies have been entrusted to Maximus, to Marcellus, to Scipio, to Marius, and to other great generals, not only on account of their valour, but also on account of their good fortune. For there has been, in truth, in the case of some most illustrious men, good fortune added as some contribution of the gods to their honour and glory, and as a means of performing mighty achievements. But concerning the good fortune of this man of whom we are now speaking, I will use so much moderation as not to say that good fortune was actually placed in his power, but I will so speak as to appear to remember what is past, to have good hope of what is to come; so that my speech may, on the one hand, not appear to the immortal gods to be arrogant, nor, on the other hand, to be ungrateful. Accordingly, I do not intend to mention, O Romans, what great exploits he has achieved both at home and in war, by land and by sea, and with what

invariable felicity he has achieved them; how, not only the citizens have always consented to his wishes,—the allies complied with them,—the enemy obeyed them, but how even the winds and weather have seconded them. I will only say this, most briefly,—that no one has ever been so impudent as to dare in silence to wish for so many and such great favours as the immortal gods have showered upon Cnaeus Pompeius. And that this favour may continue his, and be perpetual, you, O Romans, ought to wish and pray (as, indeed, you do), both for the sake of the common safety and prosperity, and for the sake of the man himself

Wherefore, as the war is at the same time so necessary that it cannot be neglected, so important that it must be conducted with the greatest care; and since you have it in your power to appoint a general to conduct it, in whom there is the most perfect knowledge of war, the most extraordinary valour, the most splendid personal influence, and the most eminent good fortune, can you hesitate, O Romans, to apply this wonderful advantage which is offered you and given you by the immortal gods, to the preservation and increase of the power of the republic?

But, if Cnaeus Pompeius were a private individual at Rome at this present time, still he would be the man who ought to be selected and sent out to so great a war. But now, when to all the other exceeding advantages of the appointment, this opportunity is also added,—that he is in those very countries already,—that he has an army with him,—that there is another army there which can at once be made over to him by those who are in command of it,—why do we delay? or why do we not, under the guidance of the immortal gods themselves, commit this royal war also to him to whom all the other wars in those parts have been already entrusted to the greatest advantage, to the very safety of the republic?

But, to be sure, that most illustrious man, Quintus Catulus, a man most honestly attached to the republic, and loaded with your kindness in a way most honourable to him; and also Quintus Hortensius, a man endowed with the highest qualities of honour, and fortune, and virtue, and genius, disagree to this proposal. And I admit that their authority has in many instances had the greatest weight with you, and that it ought to have the greatest weight; but in this cause, although you are aware that the opinions of many very brave and illustrious men are unfavourable to us, still it is possible for us, disregarding those authorities, to arrive at the truth by the circumstances of the case and by reason. And so much the more easily, because those very men admit that everything which has been said by me up to this time is true,—that the war is necessary, that it is an important war, and that all the requisite qualifications are in the highest perfection in Cnaeus Pompeius. What, then, does Hortensius say? “That if the whole power must

be given to one man, Pompeius alone is most worthy to have it, but that, nevertheless, the power ought not to be entrusted to one individual.” That argument, however, has now become obsolete, having been refuted much more by facts than by words. For you, also, Quintus Hortensius, said many things with great force and fluency (as might be expected from your exceeding ability, and eminent facility as an orator) in the senate against that brave man, Aulus Gabinius, when he had brought forward the law about appointing one commander-in-chief against the pirates; and also from this place where I now stand, you made a long speech against that law. What then? By the immortal gods, if your authority had had greater weight with the Roman people than the safety and real interests of the Roman people itself, should we have been this day in possession of our present glory, and of the empire of the whole earth? Did this, then, appear to you to be dominion, when it was a common thing for the ambassadors, and praetors, and quaestors of the Roman people to be taken prisoners? when we were cut off from all supplies, both public and private, from all our provinces? when all the seas were so closed against us, that we could neither visit any private estate of our own, nor any public domain beyond the sea?

What city ever was there before this time,—I speak not of the city of the Athenians, which is said formerly to have had a sufficiently extensive naval dominion; nor of that of the Carthaginians, who had great power with their fleet and maritime resources; nor of those of the Rhodians, whose naval discipline and naval renown has lasted even to our recollection,—but was there ever any city before this time so insignificant, if it was only a small island, as not to be able by its own power to defend its harbours, and its lands, and some part of its country and maritime coast? But, forsooth, for many years before the Gabinian law was passed, the Roman people, whose name, till within our own memory remained invincible in naval battles, was deprived not only of a great, aye, of much the greatest part of its usefulness, but also of its dignity and dominion. We, whose ancestors conquered with our fleets Antiochus the king, and Perses, and in every naval engagement defeated the Carthaginians, the best practiced and best equipped of all men in maritime affairs; we could now in no place prove ourselves equal to the pirates. We, who formerly had not only all Italy in safety, but who were able by the authority of our empire to secure the safety of all our allies in the most distant countries, so that even the island of Delos, situated so far from us in the Aegean sea, at which all men were in the habit of touching with their merchandise and their freights, full of riches as it was, little and un-walled as it was, still was in no alarm; we, I say, were cut off, not only from our provinces, and from the sea-coast of Italy, and from our harbours, but even from the Appian road; and at this time, the magistrates of the Roman people were not

ashamed to come up into this very rostrum where I am standing, which your ancestors had bequeathed to you adorned with nautical trophies, and the spoils of the enemy's fleet.

When you opposed that law, the Roman people, O Quintus Hortensius, thought that you, and the others who held the same opinion with you, delivered your sentiments in a bold and gallant spirit. But still, in a matter affecting the safety of the commonwealth, the Roman people preferred consulting its own feelings of indignation to your authority. Accordingly, one law, one man, and one year, delivered us not only from that misery and disgrace, but also caused us again at length to appear really to be the masters of all nations and countries by land and sea. And on this account the endeavour to detract, shall I say from Gabinus, or from Pompeius, or (what would be truer still) from both? appears to me particularly unworthy; being done in order that Aulus Gabinus might not be appointed lieutenant to Cnaeus Pompeius, though he requested and begged it. Is he who begs for a particular lieutenant in so important a war unworthy to obtain any one whom he desires, when all other generals have taken whatever lieutenants they chose, to assist them in pillaging the allies and plundering the provinces? or ought he, by whose law safety and dignity has been given to the Roman people, and to all nations, to be prevented from sharing in the glory of that commander and that army, which exists through his wisdom and was appointed at his risk? Was it allowed to Caius Falcidius, to Quintus Metellus, to Quintus Caelius Laterensis, and to Cnaeus Lentulus, all of whom I name to do them honour, to be lieutenants the year after they had been tribunes of the people; and shall men be so exact in the case of Gabinus alone, who, in this war which is carried on under the provisions of the Gabinian law, and in the case of this commander and this army which he himself appointed with your assistance, ought to have the first right of any one? And concerning whose appointment as lieutenant I hope that the consuls will bring forward a motion in the senate; and if they hesitate, or are unwilling to do so, I undertake to bring it forward myself; nor, O Romans, shall the hostile edict of any one deter me from relying on you and defending your privileges and your kindness. Nor will I listen to anything except the interposition of the tribunes; and as to that, those very men who threaten it, will, I apprehend, consider over and over again what they have a right to do. In my own opinion, O Romans, Aulus Gabinus alone has a right to be put by the side of Cnaeus Pompeius as a partner of the glory of his exploits in the maritime war; because the one, with the assistance of your votes, gave to that man alone the task of undertaking that war, and the other, when it entrusted to him, undertook it and terminated it.

It remains for me to speak of the authority and opinion of Quintus Catulus; who, when he asked of you, if you thus placed all your dependence on Cnaeus Pompeius, in whom you would have any hope, if anything were to happen to him, received a splendid reward for his own virtue and worth, when you all, with almost one voice, cried out that you would, in that case, put your trust in him. In truth he is such a man, that no affair can be so important, or so difficult, that, he cannot manage it by his wisdom, or defend it by his integrity, or terminate it by his valour. But, in this case, I entirely differ from him; because, the less certain and the less lasting the life of man is, the more ought the republic to avail itself of the life and valour of any admirable man, as long as the immortal gods allow it to do so. But let no innovation be established contrary to the precedents and principles of our ancestors.—I will not say, at this moment, that our ancestors in peace always obeyed usage, but in war were always guided by expediency, and always accommodated themselves with new plans to the new emergencies of the times. I will not say that two most important wars, the Punic war and the Spanish war, were put an end to by one general; that two most powerful cities, which threatened the greatest danger to this empire—Carthage and Numantia, were destroyed by the same Scipio. I will not remind you that it was but lately determined by you and by your ancestors, to rest all the hopes of the empire on Caius Marius, so that the same man conducted the war against Jugurtha, and against the Cimbri, and against the Teutones. But recollect, in the case of Cnaeus Pompeius himself, with reference to whom Catulus objects to having any new regulations introduced, how many new laws have been made with the most willing consent of Quintus Catulus.

For what can be so unprecedented as for a young man in a private capacity to levy an army at a most critical time of the republic? He levied one.—To command it? He did command it.—To succeed gloriously in his undertaking? He did succeed. What can be so entirely contrary to usage, as for a very young man, whose age fell far short of that required for the rank of a senator, to have a command and an army entrusted to him? to have Sicily committed to his care, and Africa, and the war which was to be carried on there? He conducted himself in these provinces with singular blamelessness, dignity, and valour; he terminated a most serious war in Africa, and brought away his army victorious. But what was ever so unheard of as for a Roman knight to have a triumph? But even that circumstance the Roman people not only say, but they thought that it deserved to be thronged to and honoured with all possible zeal. What was ever so unusual, as, when there were two most gallant and most illustrious consuls, for a Roman knight to be sent as proconsul to a most important and formidable war? He was so sent—on which occasion, indeed, when some one in the senate said that a

private individual ought not to be sent as proconsul, Lucius Philippus is reported to have answered, that if he had his will he should be sent not for one consul, but for both the consuls. Such great hope was entertained that the affairs of the republic would be prosperously managed by him, that the charge which properly belonged to the two consuls was entrusted to the valour of one young man. What was ever so extraordinary as for a man to be released from all laws by a formal resolution of the senate, and made consul before he was of an age to undertake any other magistracy according to the laws? What could be so incredible, as for a Roman knight to celebrate a second triumph in pursuance of a resolution of the senate? All the unusual circumstances which in the memory of man have ever happened to all other men put together, are not so many as these which we see have occurred in the history of this one man. And all these instances, numerous, important and novel as they are, have all occurred in the case of the same man, taking their rise in the authority of Quintus Catulus himself and by that of other most honourable men of the same rank.

Wherefore, let them take care that it is not considered a most unjust and intolerable thing, that their authority in matters affecting the dignity of Cnaeus Pompeius should hitherto have been constantly approved of by you, but that your judgment, and the authority of the Roman people in the case of the same man, should be disregarded by them. Especially when the Roman people can now, of its own right, defend its own authority with respect to this man against all who dispute it,—because, when those very same men objected, you chose him alone of all men to appoint to the management of the war against the pirates. If you did this at random, and had but little regard for the interests of the republic, then they are right to endeavour to guide your party spirit by their wisdom; but if you at that time showed more foresight in the affairs of the state than they did; if you, in spite of their resistance, by yourselves conferred dignity on the empire, safety on the whole world; then at last let those noble men confess that both they and all other men must obey the authority of the universal Roman people. And in this Asiatic and royal war, not only is that military valour required, which exists in a singular degree in Cnaeus Pompeius, but many other great virtues of mind are also demanded. It is difficult for your commander-in-chief in Asia, Cilicia, Syria, and all the kingdoms of the inland nations, to behave in such a manner as to think of nothing else but the enemy and glory. Then, even if there be some men moderate and addicted to the practice of modesty and self-government, still, such is the multitude of covetous and licentious men, that no one thinks that these are such men. It is difficult to tell you, O Romans, how great our unpopularity is among foreign nations, on account of the injurious and licentious behaviour of those whom we have of late years sent among them with military



command. For, in all those countries which are now under our dominion, what temple do you think has had a sufficiently holy reputation, what city has been sufficiently sacred, what private house has been sufficiently closed and fortified, to be safe from them? They seek out wealthy and splendid cities to find presence for making war on them for the sake of plundering them. I would willingly argue this with those most eminent and illustrious men, Quintus Catulus and Quintus Hortensius; for they know the distresses of the allies, they see their calamities, they hear their complaints. Do you think that you are sending an army in defence of your allies against their enemies, or rather, under presence of the existence of enemies, against your allies and friends themselves? What city is there in Asia which can stand the ferocity and arrogance, I will not say of the, army, of a commander-in-chief, or of a lieutenant, but of even the brigade of one single military tribune?

So that even if you have any one who may appear able to cope in terms of advantage with the king's armies, still, unless he be also a man who can keep his hands, and eyes, and desires from the treasures of the allies, from their wives and children, from the ornaments of their temples and cities, from the gold and jewels of the king, he will not be a fit person to be sent to this Asiatic and royal war. Do you think that there is any city there peacefully inclined towards us which is rich? Do you think that there is any rich city there, which will appear to those men to be peacefully inclined towards us? The sea-coast, O Romans, begged for Cnaeus Pompeius, not only on account of his renown for military achievements, but also because of the moderation of his disposition. For it saw that it was not the Roman people that was enriched every year by the public money, but only a few individuals, and that we did nothing more by the name of our fleets beyond sustaining losses, and so covering ourselves with additional disgrace. But now, are these men, who think that all these honours and offices are not to be conferred on one person, ignorant with what desires, with what hope of retrieving past losses, and on what conditions, these men go to the provinces? As if Cnaeus Pompeius did not appear great in our eyes, not only on account of his own positive virtues, but by a comparison with the vices of others. And, therefore, do not you doubt to entrust everything to him alone, when he has been found to be the only man for many years whom the allies are glad to see come to their cities with an army. And if you think that our side of the argument, O Romans, should be confirmed by authorities, you have the authority of Publius Servilius, a man of the greatest skill in all wars, and in affairs of the greatest importance, who has performed such mighty achievements by land and sea, that, when you are deliberating about war, no one's authority ought to have more weight with you. You have the authority of Caius Curio, a man who has received great kindnesses

from you, who has performed great exploits, who is endued with the highest abilities and wisdom; and of Cnaeus Lentulus, in whom all of you know there is (as, indeed, there ought to be from the ample honours which you have heaped upon him) the most eminent wisdom, and the greatest dignity of character; and of Caius Cassius, a man of extraordinary integrity, and valour, and virtue. Consider, therefore, whether we do not seem by the authority of these men to give a sufficient answer to the speeches of those men who differ from us.

And as this is the case, O Caius Manilius, in the first place, I exceedingly praise and approve of that law of yours, and of your purpose, and of your sentiments. And in the second place, I exhort you, having the approbation of the Roman people, to persevere in those sentiments, and not to fear the violence or threats of any one. And, first of all, I think you have the requisite courage and perseverance; and, secondly, when we see such a multitude present displaying such zeal in our cause as we now see displayed for the second time, in appointing the same man to the supreme command how can we doubt in the matter, or question our power of carrying our point? As for me, all the zeal, and wisdom, and industry, and ability of which I am possessed, all the influence which I have through the kindness shown for me by the Roman people, and through my power as praetor, as also, through my reputation for authority, good faith, and virtue, all of it I pledge to you and the Roman people, and devote to the object of carrying this resolution. And I call all the gods, to witness, and especially those who preside over this place and temple, who see into the minds of all those who apply themselves to affairs of state, that I am not doing this at the request of any one, nor because I think to conciliate the favour of Cnaeus Pompeius by taking this side, nor in order, through the greatness of any one else, to seek for myself protection against dangers, or aids in the acquirement of honours; because, as for dangers, we shall easily repel them, as a man ought to do, protected by our own innocence; and as for honours, we shall not gain them by the favour of any men, nor by anything that happens in this place, but by the same laborious course of life which I have hitherto adopted, if your favourable inclination assists me. Wherefore, whatever I have undertaken in this cause, O Romans, I assure you that I have undertaken wholly for the sake of the republic; and I am so far from thinking that I have gained by it the favour of any influential man, that I know, on the other hand, that I have brought on myself many enmities, some secret, some undisguised, which I never need have incurred, and which get will not be mischievous to you. But I have considered that I, invested with my present honours, and loaded with so many kindnesses from you, ought to prefer your inclination, and the dignity of the republic, and the safety of our provinces and allies, to all considerations of my own private interest.

v.7  
TO CN. POMPEIUS MAGNUS

ROME, APRIL 62 BC  
TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

*M. Tullius Cicero, son of Marcus, greets Cn. Pompeius, son of Cneius, Imperator.*

If you and the army are well I shall be glad. From your official despatch I have, in common with everyone else, received the liveliest satisfaction; for you have given us that strong hope of peace, of which, in sole reliance on you, I was assuring everyone. But I must inform you that your old enemies—now posing as your friends—have received a stunning blow by this despatch, and, being disappointed in the high hopes they were entertaining, are thoroughly depressed. Though your private letter to me contained a somewhat slight expression of your affection, yet I can assure you it gave me pleasure: for there is nothing in which I habitually find greater satisfaction than in the consciousness of serving my friends; and if on any occasion I do not meet with an adequate return, I am not at all sorry to have the balance of kindness in my favour. Of this I feel no doubt—even if my extraordinary zeal in your behalf has failed to unite you to me—that the interests of the state will certainly effect a mutual attachment and coalition between us. To let you know, however, what I missed in your letter I will write with the candour which my own disposition and our common friendship demand. I did expect *some* congratulation in your letter on my achievements, for the sake at once of the ties between us and of the Republic. This I presume to have been omitted by you from a fear of hurting anyone's feelings. But let me tell you that what I did for the salvation of the country is approved by the judgment and testimony of the whole world. You are a much greater man than Africanus, but I am not much inferior to Lælius either; and when you come home you will recognize that I have acted with such prudence and spirit, that you will not be ashamed of being coupled with me in politics as well as in private friendship.

# I.14

## CICERO TO ATTICUS IN EPIRUS

ROME, 13 FEBRUARY 61 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

I fear it may seem affectation to tell you how occupied I have been; but I am so distracted with business that I have only just found time for this short letter, and that has been stolen from the most urgent engagements. I have already described to you Pompey's first public speech—it did not please the poor, nor satisfy the disloyal, nor find favour with the wealthy, nor appear sound to the loyalists; accordingly, he is down in the world. Presently, on the instigation of the consul Piso, that most insignificant of tribunes, Fufius, brought Pompey on to the platform. The meeting was in the circus Flaminius, and there was in the same place that day a crowd of market people—a kind of *tiers état*. He asked him to say whether he approved of the jurymen being selected by the praetor, to form a panel for the praetor himself to employ. That was the regulation made by the senate in the matter of Clodius's sacrilege. Thereupon Pompey made a highly "aristocratic" speech, and replied (and at great length) that in all matters the authority of the senate was of the greatest weight in his eyes and had always been so. Later on the consul Messalla in the senate asked Pompey his opinion as to the sacrilege and the bill that had been published. His speech in the senate amounted to a general commendation of all decrees of the house, and when he sat down he said to me, "I think my answer covers your case also." When Crassus observed that Pompey had got a cheer from the idea in men's minds that he approved my consulship, he rose also to his feet and delivered a speech in the most complimentary terms on my consulship, going so far as to say that he owed it to me that he was still a senator, a citizen, nay, a free man; and that he never beheld wife, home, or country without beholding the fruits of my conduct. In short: that whole topic, which I am wont to paint in various colours in my speeches (of which you are the Aristarchus), the fire, the sword—you know my paint-pots—he elaborated to the highest pitch. I was sitting next to Pompey. I noticed that he was agitated, either at Crassus earning the gratitude which he had himself neglected, or to think that my achievements were, after all, of such magnitude that the senate was so glad to hear them praised, especially by a man who was the less under an obligation to praise me, because in everything I ever wrote my praise of Pompey was practically a reflection on him. This day has brought me very close to Crassus, and yet in spite of all I accepted with pleasure any compliment—open or covert—from Pompey. But as for my own

speech, good heavens! how I did “put it on” for the benefit of my new auditor Pompey! If I ever did bring every art into play, I did then—period, transition, enthymeme, deduction—everything. In short, I was cheered to the echo. For the subject of my speech was the dignity of the senate, its harmony with the equites, the unanimity of Italy, the dying embers of the conspiracy, the fall in prices, the establishment of peace. You know my thunder when these are my themes. It was so loud, in fact, that I may cut short my description, as I think you must have heard it even in Epirus.

The state of things at Rome is this: the senate is a perfect Areopagus. You cannot conceive anything firmer, more grave, or more high-spirited. For when the day came for proposing the bill in accordance with the vote of the senate, a crowd of our dandies with their chin-tufts assembled, all the Catiline set, with Curio’s girlish son at their head, and implored the people to reject it. Moreover, Piso the consul, who formally introduced the bill, spoke against it. Clodius’s hired ruffians had filled up the entrances to the voting boxes. The voting tickets were so manipulated that no “ayes” were distributed. Hereupon imagine Cato hurrying to the rostra, delivering an admirable invective against the consul, if we can call that an “invective” which was really a speech of the utmost weight and authority, and in fact containing the most salutary advice. He is followed to the same effect by your friend Hortensius, and many loyalists besides, among whom, however, the contribution of Favonius was conspicuous. By this rally of the Optimates the comitia is dissolved, the senate summoned. On the question being put in a full house—in spite of the opposition of Piso, and in spite of Clodius throwing himself at the feet of the senators one after the other—that the consuls should exhort the people to pass the bill, about fifteen voted with Curio, who was against any decree being passed; on the other side there were fully four hundred. So the vote passed. The tribune Fufius then gave in. Clodius delivered some wretched speeches to the people, in which he bestowed some injurious epithets on Lucullus, Hortensius, C. Piso, and the consul Messalla; me he only charged with having “discovered” everything. In regard to the assignation of provinces to the praetors, the hearing legations, and other business, the senate voted that nothing should be brought before it till the bill had been brought before the people. There is the state of things at Rome for you. Yet pray listen to this one thing more which has surpassed my hopes. Messalla is a superlatively good consul, courageous, firm, painstaking; he praises, shows attachment to, and imitates me. That other one (Piso) is the less mischievous because of one vice—he is lazy, sleepy, unbusinesslike, an utter fainéant, but in intention he is so disaffected that he has begun to loathe Pompey since he made the speech in which some praise was bestowed on the senate. Accordingly, he has alienated all the loyalists to a

remarkable degree. And his action is not dictated by love for Clodius more than by a taste for a profligate policy and a profligate party. But he has nobody among the magistrates like himself, with the single exception of the tribune Fufius. The tribunes are excellent, and in Cornutus we have a quasi-Cato. Can I say more?

Now to return to private matters. "Teucris" has fulfilled her promise. Pray execute the commission you undertook. My brother Quintus, who purchased the remaining three-fourths of the house in the Argiletum sestertia, is now trying to sell his Tusculan property, in order to purchase, if he can, the town house of Pacilius. Make it up with Lucceius! I see that he is all agog to stand for the consulship. I will do my best. Be careful to let me know exactly how you are, where you are, and how your business goes on.

## II.21

### CICERO TO ATTICUS IN EPIRUS

ROME, AFTER 25 JULY 59 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

Why should I write to you on the Republic in detail? It is utterly ruined; and is, so far, in a worse state than when you left it, that then a despotism seemed to be oppressing it which was popular with the multitude, and though offensive to the loyalists, yet short of actual mischief; but now all on a sudden they have become so universally hated, that I tremble to think what will be the end of it. For we have had experience of those men's resentment and violence, who have ruined everything in their anger against Cato; yet they were employing such slow poisons, that it seemed as though our end might be painless. Now, however, I fear they have been exasperated by the hisses of the crowd, the talk of the respectable classes, and the murmurs of Italy. For my part, I was in hopes, as I often used actually to say to you, that the wheel of the state chariot had made its revolution with scarcely any noise and leaving scarcely any visible rut; and it would have been so, if people could only have waited till the storm had blown over. But after sighing in secret for a long time they all began, first to groan, and at last to talk and shout. Accordingly, that friend of ours, unaccustomed to being unpopular, always used to an atmosphere of praise, and revelling in glory, now disfigured in body and broken in spirit, does not know which way to turn; sees that to go on is dangerous, to return a betrayal of vacillation; has the loyalists his enemies, the disloyal themselves not his friends. Yet see how soft-hearted I am. I could not refrain from tears when, on the 25th of July, I saw him making a speech on the edicts of Bibulus. The man who in old times had been used to bear himself in that place with the utmost confidence and dignity, surrounded by the warmest affection of the people, amidst universal favour—how humble, how cast down he was then! How ill-content with himself, to say nothing of how unpleasing to his audience! Oh, what a spectacle! No one could have liked it but Crassus--no one else in the world! Not I, for considering his headlong descent from the stars, he seemed to me have lost his footing rather than to have been deliberately following a path; and, as Apelles, if he had seen his Venus, or Protogenes his Ialysus daubed with mud, would, I presume, have felt great sorrow, so neither could I behold without great sorrow a man, portrayed and embellished with all the colours of my art, suddenly disfigured. Although no one thought, in view of the Clodius business, that I was bound to be his friend, yet so great was my affection

for him, that no amount of injury was capable of making it run dry. The result is that those Archilochian edicts of Bibulus against him are so popular, that one can't get past the place where they are put up for the crowd of readers, and so deeply annoying to himself that he is pining with vexation. To me, by Hercules, they are distressing, both because they give excessive pain to a man whom I have always loved, and because I fear lest one so impulsive and so quick to strike, and so unaccustomed to personal abuse, may, in his passionate resentment, obey the dictates of indignation and anger. I don't know what is to be the end of Bibulus. As things stand at present he is enjoying a wonderful reputation. For on his having postponed the comitia to October, as that is a measure which is always against the popular feeling, Caesar had imagined that the assembly could be induced by a speech of his to go to Bibulus's house; but after a long harangue full of seditious suggestions, he failed to extract a word from any-one. In short, they feel that they do not possess the cordial goodwill of any section: all the more must we fear some act of violence. Clodius is hostile to us. Pompey persists in asserting that he will do nothing against me. It is risky for me to believe that, and I am preparing myself to meet his attack. I hope to have the warmest feelings of all orders on my side. I have personally a longing for you, and circumstances also demand your presence at that time. I shall feel it a very great addition to my policy, to my courage, and, in a word, to my safety, if I see you in time. Varro does all I can expect. Pompey talks like an angel. I have hopes that I shall come off with flying colours, or at any rate without being molested. Be sure and tell me how you are, how you are amusing yourself, and what settlement you have come to with the Sicyonians.



### III.3

## CICERO TO ATTICUS AT ROME

APRIL 58 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

I hope I may see the day when I shall thank you for having compelled me to remain alive! At present I thoroughly repent it. But I beg you to come and see me at Vibo at once, to which town I have for several reasons directed my journey. But if you will only come there, I shall be able to consult you about my entire journey and exile. If you don't do so, I shall be surprised, but I feel sure you will.

# XIV.4

## TO TERENTIA, TULLIOLA, AND YOUNG CICERO (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 29 APRIL 58 BC  
TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

Yes, I do write to you less often than I might, because, though I am always wretched, yet when I write to you or read a letter from you, I am in such floods of tears that I cannot endure it. Oh, that I had clung less to life! I should at least never have known real sorrow, or not much of it, in my life. Yet if fortune has reserved for me *any* hope of recovering at any time any position again, I was not utterly wrong to do so: if these miseries are to be permanent, I only wish, my dear, to see you as soon as possible and to die in your arms, since neither gods, whom you have worshipped with such pure devotion, nor men, whom I have ever served, have made us any return. I have been thirteen days at Brundisium in the house of M. Lænius Flaccus, a very excellent man, who has despised the risk to his fortunes and civil existence in comparison to keeping me safe, nor has been induced by the penalty of a most iniquitous law to refuse me the rights and good offices of hospitality and friendship. May I some time have the opportunity of repaying him! Feel gratitude I always shall. I set out from Brundisium on the 29th of April, and intend going through Macedonia to Cyzicus. What a fall! What a disaster! What can I say? Should I ask you to come—a woman of weak health and broken spirit? Should I refrain from asking you? Am I to be without you, then? I think the best course is this: if there is any hope of my restoration, stay to promote it and push the thing on: but if, as I fear, it proves hopeless, pray come to me by any means in your power. Be sure of this, that if I have you I shall not think myself wholly lost. But what is to become of my darling Tullia? You must see to that now: I can think of nothing. But certainly, however things turn out, we must do everything to promote that poor little girl's married happiness and reputation. Again, what is my boy Cicero to do? Let him, at any rate, be ever in my bosom and in my arms. I can't write more. A fit of weeping hinders me. I don't know how you have got on; whether you are left in possession of anything, or have been, as I fear, entirely plundered. Piso, as you say, I hope will always be our friend. As to the manumission of the slaves you need not be uneasy. To begin with, the promise made to yours was that you would treat them according as each severally deserved. So far Orpheus has behaved well, besides him no

one very markedly so. With the rest of the slaves the arrangement is that, if my property is forfeited, they should become my freedmen, supposing them to be able to maintain at law that status. But if my property remained in my ownership, they were to continue slaves, with the exception of a very few. But these are trifles. To return to your advice, that I should keep up my courage and not give up hope of recovering my position, I only wish that there were any good grounds for entertaining such a hope. As it is, when, alas! shall I get a letter from you? Who will bring it me? I would have waited for it at Brundisium, but the sailors would not allow it, being unwilling to lose a favourable wind. For the rest, put as dignified a face on the matter as you can, my dear Terentia. Our life is over: we have had our day: it is not any fault of ours that has ruined us, but our virtue. I have made no false step, except in not losing my life when I lost my honours. But since our children preferred my living, let us bear everything else, however intolerable. And yet I, who encourage you, cannot encourage myself. I have sent that faithful fellow Clodius Philhetærus home, because he was hampered with weakness of the eyes. Sallustius seems likely to outdo everybody in his attentions. Pescennius is exceedingly kind to me; and I have hopes that he will always be attentive to you. Sica had said that he would accompany me; but he has left Brundisium. Take the greatest possible care of your health, and believe me that I am more affected by your distress than my own. My dear Terentia, most faithful and best of wives, and my darling little daughter, and that last hope of my race, Cicero, good-bye!

## I.3

### CICERO TO HIS BROTHER

THESSALONICA, 13 JUNE 58 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

Brother! Brother! Brother! did you really fear that I had been induced by some angry feeling to send slaves to you without a letter? Or even that I did not wish to see you? I to be angry with you! Is it possible for me to be angry with you? Why, one would think that it was you that brought me low! Your enemies, your unpopularity, that miserably ruined me, and not I that unhappily ruined you! The fact is, the much-praised consulate of mine has deprived me of you, of children, country, fortune; from you I should hope it will have taken nothing but myself. Certainly on your side I have experienced nothing but what was honourable and gratifying: on mine you have grief for my fall and fear for your own, regret, mourning, desertion. Not wish to see you? The truth is rather that I was unwilling to be seen by you. For you would not have seen your brother-not the brother you had left, not the brother you knew, not him to whom you had with mutual tears bidden farewell as he followed you on your departure for your province: not a trace even or faint image of him, but rather what I may call the likeness of a living corpse. And oh that you had sooner seen me or heard of me as a corpse! Oh that I could have left you to survive, not my life merely, but my undiminished rank! But I call all the gods to witness that the one argument which recalled me from death was, that all declared that to some extent your life depended upon mine. In which matter I made an error and acted Culpably. For if I had died, that death itself would have given clear evidence of my fidelity and love to you. As it is, I have allowed you to be deprived of my aid, though I am alive, and with me still living to need the help of others; and my voice, of all others, to fail when dangers threatened my family, which had so often been successfully used in the defence of the merest strangers. For as to the slaves coming to you without a letter, the real reason (for you see that it was not anger) was a deadness of my faculties, and a seemingly endless deluge of tears and sorrows. How many tears do you suppose these very words have Cost me? As many as I know they will cost you to read them! Can I ever refrain from thinking of you or ever think of you without tears? For when I miss you, is it only a brother that I miss? Rather it is a brother of almost my own age in the charm of his companionship, a son in his consideration for my wishes, a father in the wisdom of his advice! What pleasure did I ever have without you, or you without me? And what must my case

be when at the same time I miss a daughter: How affectionate! how modest! how clever! The express image of my face, of my speech, of my very soul! Or again a son, the prettiest boy, the very joy of my heart? Cruel inhuman monster that I am, I dismissed him from my arms better schooled in the world than I could have wished: for the poor child began to understand what was going on. So, too, your own son, your own image, whom my little Cicero loved as a brother, and was now beginning to respect as an elder brother! Need I mention also how I refused to allow my unhappy wife--the truest of helpmates--to accompany me, that there might be some one to protect the wrecks of the calamity which had fallen on us both, and guard our common children? Nevertheless, to the best of my ability, I did write a letter to you, and gave it to your freedman Philogonus, which, I believe, was delivered to you later on; and in this I repeated the advice and entreaty, which had been already transmitted to you as a message from me by my slaves, that you should go on with your journey and hasten to Rome. For, in the first place, I desired your protection, in case there were any of my enemies whose cruelty was not yet satisfied by my fall. In the next place, I dreaded the renewed lamentation which our meeting would cause : while I could not have borne your departure, and was afraid of the very thing you mention in your letter--that you would be unable to tear yourself away. For these reasons the supreme pain of not seeing you--and nothing more painful or more wretched could, I think, have happened to the most affectionate and united of brothers--was a less misery than would have been such a meeting followed by such a parting. Now, if you can, though I, whom you always regarded as a brave man, cannot do so, rouse yourself and collect your energies in view of any contest you may have to confront. I hope, if my hope has anything to go upon, that your own spotless character and the love of your fellow citizens, and even remorse for my treatment, may prove a certain protection to you. But if it turns out that you are free from personal danger, you will doubtless do whatever you think can be done for me. In that matter, indeed, many write to me at great length and declare that they have hopes; but I personally cannot see what hope there is, since my enemies have the greatest influence, while my friends have in some cases deserted, in others even betrayed me, fearing perhaps in my restoration a censure on their own treacherous conduct. But how matters stand with you I would have you ascertain and report to me. In any case I shall continue to live as long as you shall need me, in view of any danger you may have to undergo: longer than that I cannot go on in this kind of life. For there is neither wisdom nor philosophy with sufficient strength to sustain such a weight of grief. I know that there has been a time for dying, more honourable and more advantageous; and this is not the only one of my many omissions, which, if I should choose to bewail, I should merely be increasing your sorrow and emphasizing my own stupidity. But one thing I

am not bound to do, and it is in fact impossible--remain in a life so wretched and so dishonoured any longer than your necessities, or some well-grounded hope, shall demand. For I, who was lately supremely blessed in brother, children, wife, wealth, and in the very nature of that wealth, while in position, influence, reputation, and popularity, I was inferior to none, however distinguished--I cannot, I repeat, go on longer lamenting over myself and those dear to me in a life of such humiliation as this, and in a state of such utter ruin. Wherefore, what do you mean by writing to me about negotiating a bill of exchange? As though I were not now wholly dependent on your means! And that is just the very thing in which I see and feel, to my misery, of what a culpable act I have been guilty in squandering to no purpose the money which I received from the treasury in your name, while you have to satisfy your creditors out of the very vitals of yourself and your son. However, the sum mentioned in your letter has been paid to M. Antonius, and the same amount to Caepio. For me the sum at present in my hands is sufficient for what I contemplate doing. For in either case--whether I am restored or given up in despair--I shall not want any more money. For yourself, if you are molested, I think you should apply to Crassus and Calidius. I don't know how far Hortensius is to be trusted. Myself, with the most elaborate pretence of affection and the closest daily intimacy, he treated with the most utter want of principle and the most consummate treachery, and Q. Arrius helped him in it: acting under whose advice, promises, and injunctions, I was left helpless to fall into this disaster. But this you will keep dark for fear they might injure you. Take care also--and it is on this account that I think you should Cultivate Hortensius himself by means of Pomponius--that the epigram on the *lex Aurelia* attributed to you when Candidate for the aedileship is not proved by false testimony to be yours. For there is nothing that I am so afraid of as that, when people understand how much pity for me your prayers and your acquittal will rouse, they may attack you with all the greater violence. Messalla I reckon as really attached to you : Pompey I regard as still pretending only. But may you never have to put these things to the test! And that prayer I would have offered to the gods had they not ceased to listen to prayers of mine. However, I do pray that they may be content with these endless miseries of ours; among which, after all, there is no discredit for any wrong thing done--sorrow is the beginning and end, sorrow that punishment is most severe when our conduct has been most unexceptionable. As to my daughter and yours and my young Cicero, why should I recommend them to you, my dear brother? Rather I grieve that their orphan state will cause you no less sorrow than it does me. Yet as long as you are uncondemned they will not be fatherless. The rest, by my hopes of restoration and the privilege of dying in my fatherland, my tears will not allow me to write! Terentia also I would ask you to protect, and to write me word on every subject. Be as brave as the nature of the case admits.

### III.13

## CICERO TO ATTICUS AT ROME

THESSALONICA, 5 AUGUST 58 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

As to my having written you word that I meant to go to Epirus, I changed my plan when I saw that my hope was vanishing and fading away, and did not remove from Thessalonica. I resolved to remain there until I heard from you on the subject mentioned in your last letter, namely, that there was going to be some motion made in the senate on my case immediately after the elections, and that Pompey had told you so. Wherefore, as the elections are over and I have no letter from you, I shall consider it as though you had written to say that nothing has come of it, and I shall not feel annoyed at having been buoyed up by a hope which did not keep me long in suspense. But the movement, which you said in your letter that you foresaw as likely to be to my advantage, people arriving here tell me will not occur. My sole remaining hope is in the tribunes-designate: and if I wait to see how that turns out, you will have no reason to think of me as having been wanting to my own cause or the wishes of my friends. As to your constantly finding fault with me for being so overwhelmed by my misfortune, you ought to pardon me when you see that I have sustained a more crushing blow than anyone you have ever seen or heard of. As to your saying that you are told that my intellect is even affected by grief, that is not so; my intellect is quite sound. Oh that it had been as much so in the hour of danger! when I found those, to whom I thought my safety was the dearest object of their life, most bitterly and unfeelingly hostile: who, when they saw that I had somewhat lost my balance from fear, left nothing undone which malice and treachery could suggest in giving me the final push, to my utter ruin. Now, as I must go to Cyzicus, where I shall get letters more rarely, I beg you to write me word all the more carefully of everything you may think I ought to know. Be sure you are affectionate to my brother Quintus: if in all my misery I still leave him with rights undiminished, I shall not Consider myself utterly ruined.

## IV.1

### CICERO TO ATTICUS IN EPIRUS

ROME, ABOUT 10 SEPTEMBER 57 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

Directly I arrived at Rome, and there was anyone to whom I could safely intrust a letter for you, I thought the very first thing I ought to do was to congratulate you in your absence on my return. For I knew, to speak candidly, that though in giving me advice you had not been more courageous or far-seeing than myself, nor-considering my devotion to you in the past-too careful in protecting me from disaster, yet that you—though sharing in the first instance in my mistake, or rather madness, and in my groundless terror—had nevertheless been deeply grieved at our separation, and had bestowed immense pains, zeal, care, and labour in securing my return. Accordingly, I can truly assure you of this, that in the midst of supreme joy and the most gratifying congratulations, the one thing wanting to fill my cup of happiness to the brim is the sight of you, or rather your embrace; and if I ever forfeit that again, when I have once got possession of it, and if, too, I do not exact the full delights of your charming society that have fallen into arrear in the past, I shall certainly consider myself unworthy of this renewal of my good fortune. In regard to my political position, I have resumed what I thought there would be the utmost difficulty in recovering—my brilliant standing at the bar, my influence in the senate, and a popularity with the loyalists even greater than I desired. In regard, however, to my private property—as to which you are well aware to what an extent it has been crippled, scattered, and plundered—I am in great difficulties, and stand in need, not so much of your means (which I look upon as my own), as of your advice for collecting and restoring to a sound state the fragments that remain. For the present, though I believe everything finds its way to you in the letters of your friends, or even by messengers and rumour, yet I will write briefly what I think you would like to learn from my letters above all others. On the 4th of August I started from Dyrrachium, the very day on which the law about me was carried. I arrived at Brundisium on the 5th of August. There my dear Tulliola met me on what was her own birthday, which happened also to be the name-day of the colony of Brundisium and of the temple of Safety, near your house. This coincidence was noticed and celebrated with warm congratulations by the citizens of Brundisium. On the 8th of August, while still at Brundisium, I learnt by a letter from Quintus that the law had been passed at the *comilta centuriata* with a surprising



enthusiasm on the part of all ages and ranks, and with an incredible influx of voters from Italy. I then commenced my journey, amidst the compliments of the men of highest consideration at Brundisium, and was met at every point by legates bearing congratulations. My arrival in the neighbourhood of the city was the signal for every soul of every order known to my *nomenclator* coming out to meet me, except those enemies who could not either dissemble or deny the fact of their being such. On my arrival at the Porta Capena, the steps of the temples were already thronged from top to bottom by the populace; and while their congratulations were displayed by the loudest possible applause, a similar throng and similar applause accompanied me right up to the Capitol, and in the forum and on the Capitol itself there was again a wonderful crowd. Next day, in the senate, that is, the 5th of September, I spoke my thanks to the senators. Two days after that—there having been a very heavy rise in the price of corn, and great crowds having flocked first to the theatre and then to the senate-house, shouting out, at the instigation of Clodius, that the scarcity of corn was my doing—meetings of the senate being held on those days to discuss the corn question, and Pompey being called upon to undertake the management of its supply in the common talk not only of the *plebs*, but of the aristocrats also, and being himself desirous of the commission, when the people at large called upon me by name to support a decree to that effect, I did so, and gave my vote in a carefully-worded speech. The other consulars, except Messalla and Afranius, having absented themselves on the ground that they could not vote with safety to themselves, a decree of the senate was passed in the sense of my motion, namely, that Pompey should be appealed to to undertake the business, and that a law should be proposed to that effect. This decree of the senate having been publicly read, and the people having, after the senseless and new-fangled custom that now prevails, applauded the mention of my name, I delivered a speech. All the magistrates present, except one praetor and two tribunes, called on me to speak. Next day a full senate, including all the consulars, granted everything that Pompey asked for. Having demanded fifteen legates, he named me first in the list, and said that he should regard me in all things as a second self. The consuls drew up a law by which complete control over the corn-supply for five years throughout the whole world was given to Pompey. A second law is drawn up by Messius, granting him power over all money, and adding a fleet and army, and an *imperium* in the provinces superior to that of their governors. After that our consular law seems moderate indeed: that of Messius is quite intolerable. Pompey professes to prefer the former; his friends the latter. The consulars led by Favonius murmur: I hold my tongue, the more so that the *pontifices* have as yet given no answer in regard to my house. If they annul the consecration I shall have a splendid site. The consuls, in accordance with a decree of the senate, will value the cost of the

building that stood upon it; but if the pontifices decide otherwise, they will pull down the Clodian building, give out a contract in their own name (for a temple), and value to me the cost of a site and house. So our affairs are For happy though but ill, for ill not worst. In regard to money matters I am, as you know, much embarrassed. Besides, there are certain domestic troubles, which I do not intrust to writing. My brother Quintus I love as he deserves for his eminent qualities of loyalty, virtue, and good faith. I am longing to see you, and beg you to hasten your return, resolved not to allow me to be without the benefit of your advice. I am on the threshold, as it were, of a second life. Already certain persons who defended me in my absence begin to nurse a secret grudge at me now that I am here, and to make no secret of their jealousy. I want you very much.

## II.15

### CICERO TO HIS BROTHER IN BRITAIN

ROME, LATE AUGUST 54 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

When you receive a letter from me by the hand of an *amanuensis*, you may be sure that I have not even a little leisure; when by my own—a little. For let me tell you that in regard to causes and trials in court, I have never been closer tied, and that, too, at the most unhealthy season of the year, and in the most oppressively hot weather. But these things, since you so direct me, I must put up with, and must not seem to have come short of the ideas and expectations which you and [Caesar](#) entertain of me, especially since, even if it were somewhat difficult not to do that, I am yet likely from this labour to reap great popularity and prestige. Accordingly, as you wish me to do, I take great pains not to hurt anyone's feelings, and to secure being liked even by those very men who are vexed at my close friendship with Caesar, while by those who are impartial, or even inclined to this side, I may be warmly courted and loved. When some very violent debates took place in the senate on the subject of bribery for several days, because the candidates for the consulship had gone to such lengths as to be past all bearing, I was not in the house. I have made up my mind not to attempt any cure of the political situation without powerful protection. The day I write this Drusus has been acquitted on a charge of collusion by the *tribuni aerarii*, in the grand total by four votes, for the majority of [senators](#) and *equites* were for condemnation. On the same day I am to defend [Vatinius](#). That is an easy matter. The *comitia* have been put off to September. [Scaurus](#)'s trial will take place immediately, and I shall not fail to appear for him. I don't like your "Sophoclean Banqueters" at all, though I see that you played your part with a good grace. I come now to a subject which, perhaps, ought to have been my first. How glad I was to get your letter from [Britain](#)! I was afraid of the ocean, afraid of the coast of the island. The other parts of the enterprise I do not underrate; but yet they inspire more hope than fear, and it is the suspense rather than any positive alarm that renders me uneasy. You, however, I can see, have a splendid subject for description, topography, natural features of things and places, manners, races, battles, your commander himself—what themes for your pen! I will gladly, as you request, assist you in the points you mention, and will send you the verses you ask for, that is, "An owl to Athens". But, look you! I think you are keeping me in the dark. Tell me, my dear brother, what Caesar thinks of my verses. For he wrote

before to tell me he had read my first book. Of the first part, he said that he had never read anything better even in Greek: the rest, up to a particular passage, somewhat “careless”—that is his word. Tell me the truth—is it the subject-matter or the “style” that he does not like? You needn’t be afraid: I shall not admire myself one whit the less. On this subject speak like a lover of truth, and with your usual brotherly frankness.

# XVI.10

## CICERO TO TIRO

CUMÆ, 19 MAY 53 BC

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH

I of course wish you to come to me, but I dread the journey for you. You have been most seriously ill: you have been much reduced by a low diet and purgatives, and the ravages of the disease itself. After dangerous illnesses, if some mistake is made, drawbacks are usually dangerous. Moreover, to the two days on the road which it will have taken you to reach Cumæ, there will have to be added at once five more for your return journey to Rome. I mean to be at Formiæ on the 30th: be sure, my dear Tiro, that I find you there strong and well. My poor studies, or rather *ours*, have been in a very bad way owing to your absence. However, they have looked up a little owing to this letter from you brought by Acastus. Pompey is staying with me at the moment of writing this, and seems to be cheerful and enjoying himself. He asks me to read him something of ours, but I told him that without you the oracle was dumb. Pray prepare to renew your services to our Muses. My promise shall be *performed* on the day named: for I have taught you the etymology of *fides*. Take care to make a complete recovery. I shall be with you directly. Good-bye.

## VII.6

### CICERO TO ATTICUS

FORMIAE, 18 DECEMBER 50

TRANSLATED BY E.O. WINSTEDT, M.A.

“Dionysius, an excellent fellow—as I too have found him—a good scholar and your very staunch friend, arrived in Rome on the 16th of December, and gave me a letter from you.” That’s all you say about Dionysius in your letter. You do not add “and he expressed his gratitude to you.” Yet certainly he ought to have done so, and, if he had, you would have added it with your usual good nature. I cannot make a *volte face* about him, owing to the character I gave him in the former letter. Let us call him then an honest fellow. He has done me one kindness at any rate in giving me this further chance to know him thoroughly. Philogenes is correct in what he wrote: he duly settled his debt. I wanted him to use the money as long as he could; so he has used it for 14 months. I hope Pomptinus is getting well. You mention his entrance into town. I am somewhat anxious as to what it means: he would not have entered the city except for some good reason. As the 2nd of January is a holiday, I don’t wish to reach Pompey’s Alban villa on that date for fear I should be a nuisance to his household. I shall go there on the 3rd, and then visit the city on the 4th. I forget on what day the fever will attack you again; but I would not have you stir to the damage of your health.

As for my triumph, unless Caesar has been secretly intriguing through his tribune partisans, all else seems smooth and easy. My mind is absolutely at ease, and I regard the whole business with indifference, especially as many people tell me that Pompey and his advisers have determined to send me to Sicily, because I still have military powers. That is a muddle-headed plan. For neither has the House decreed, nor the people authorized me to have military power in Sicily. If the state delegates the appointment to Pompey, why should he send me rather than any unofficial person? So, if this military power is going to be a nuisance, I shall get rid of it by entering the first city gate I see. As for your news that there is a wonderful interest in my arrival and that none of the “right or right enough party” doubt as to my future action, I don’t understand your phrase “the right party.” I don’t know of such a party, that is if we look for a class; of course there are individuals. But in political splits it is classes and parties we want. Do you think the Senate is “right,” when it has left our provinces without military rule? For Curio could never have held out, if there had been negotiations with him—a

proposal rejected by the House, which left Caesar without a successor. Is it the tax-collectors, who have never been loyal and are now very friendly with Caesar? Or is it the financiers or the farmers, whose chief desire is peace? Do you suppose they will fear a king, when they never declined one so long as they were left in peace? Well then, do I approve of the candidature of a man who keeps his army beyond the legal term? No, not even of his candidature in absence. But when the one privilege was granted, the other went with it. Do I then approve of the extension of his military power for ten years, and that carried as it was carried? Then I should have to approve of my own banishment, the throwing away of the Campanian land on the people, the adoption of a patrician by a plebeian, of that gentleman of Gades by the man of Mytilene. And I should have to approve of the wealth of Labienus and Mamurra and the gardens and Tusculan estate of Balbus. But the source of all these evils is one. We ought to have resisted him when he was weak: that would have been easy. Now there are eleven legions, cavalry as much as he wants, the northern tribes across the Po, the city riff-raff, all the tribunes of the people, the young profligates, a leader of such influence and daring. We must either fight him or allow his candidature according to the law. "Fight," say you, "rather than be slaves." The result will be proscription if beaten and slavery even if one wins. "What shall I do then?" What the cattle do, who when scattered follow flocks of their own kind. As an ox follows the herd, so shall I follow the "right party," or whoever are said to be the "right party," even if they rush to destruction. The best course in our straits is clear to me. No one can tell the issue of war: but every one can tell that, if the right party are beaten, Caesar will not be more merciful than Cinna in slaying the nobility, nor more moderate than Sulla in robbing the rich. I have discussed *la haute politique* long enough, and I would do so longer, had not my lamp gone out. The end is "Your vote, Marcus Tullius." I vote with Pompey, that is with Titus Pomponius. Please remember me to Alexis, a very clever boy, unless perhaps in my absence he has become a man, as he threatened to do.

## VIII.3

### CICERO TO ATTICUS

CALES, FEBRUARY 49 BC  
TRANSLATOR E. O. WINSTEDT, M.A.

Upset by this grave and most calamitous crisis, though I have no opportunity of consulting you personally, still I wish to enjoy your advice. The whole question under debate is this. What do you think I should do, if Pompey leaves Italy, as I expect he will? To help you to a decision, I will briefly recount what occurs to me on both sides of the question.

Not only Pompey's great services in bringing about my restoration and his intimacy with me, but the public welfare, leads me to think that my policy and his or, if you will, my fortunes and his should be one. And another thing, if I remain in Italy and desert the company of loyal and distinguished citizens, I must fall into the power of one man, and, though he gives me many tokens of regard (and you know well I took good care that it should be so with this crisis in view), yet he still leaves me a twofold problem; how much trust can be put in his promises, and, if I am positive of his good will, is it proper for a man of courage and loyalty to remain in Rome and lose his position for the future where he has enjoyed the highest distinctions and commands, performed deeds of importance, been invested with the highest seat in the sacred college, and to suffer risks and perhaps some shame, if ever Pompey restore the constitution? So much for the arguments on one side.

Now look at those on the other. There is not an atom of prudence or courage in Pompey's policy—and besides nothing that is not clean contrary to my counsel and advice. I pass over the old grievance, how Caesar was Pompey's man: Pompey raised him to place and military power, assisted him in passing laws by force and despite bad omens, granted him Further Gaul in addition to his province; Pompey married his daughter, Pompey was augur at the adoption of Clodius; Pompey was more active in effecting my restoration than in preventing my banishment; Pompey prolonged the tenure of Caesar's provincial government; Pompey championed his cause in absence; and again in his third consulship, when he began to be the defender of the constitution, struggled to get the ten tribunes to propose a bill admitting Caesar's candidature in absence; ratified that privilege by a law of his own; and opposed M. Marcellus the consul, when Mar-



cellus would have concluded Caesar's government of the provinces of Gaul on the 1st of March. Putting all this on one side, is not this departure or rather this disgraceful and iniquitous flight from Rome a most shameful sign of panic? Any compromise ought to have been accepted in preference to abandoning our country. I admit the terms were bad, but could anything be worse than this? If you say he will restore the constitution, I ask you when and what preparation has been made to that end? We have lost Picenum: the road lies open to Rome: the funds of the state and of individuals have been delivered to our enemy. Finally we have no policy, no forces, no rendezvous for patriots; Apulia has been chosen, the least populous district in Italy and the most removed from the brunt of this war, and clearly chosen in despair for the opportunity of flight which the sea affords. With reluctance I took charge of Capua, not that I would shirk the duty, but with the reluctance which one would have in a cause in which neither ranks nor individuals had expressed any feeling, though there was some feeling amongst the loyalists, sluggish as usual. Besides, as I felt, the crowd and the dregs of the populace were inclined to the other side, and many were merely desirous of revolution. I told Pompey himself that I could undertake nothing without a garrison and without funds. So I have had nothing at all to do, since I saw from the first, that his only object was flight. If I would share his flight, whither am I to go? With him I cannot go; for, when I set out, I learned that Caesar was so posted that I could not reach Luceria with safety. I should have to go by the Lower Sea in the depth of winter and with no certain destination. Moreover am I to take my brother, or leave him and take my son? But how? Either course would cause me the greatest trouble and the greatest grief: and how he will wreak his rage on me and my property in my absence! More vindictively perhaps than in the case of others, because he will think that vengeance on me will please the people. Consider too my fetters, I mean my laurelled fasces. How awkward it will be to take them out of Italy! Suppose I enjoy a calm passage, what place will be safe for me till I join Pompey? I have no idea of how or where to go. But, if I stand my ground and find a place on Caesar's side, I shall follow the example of L. Philippus under the tyranny of Cinna, of L. Flaccus and of Q. Mucius. Though it ended unfortunately in the case of Q. Mucius, yet he was wont to say he foresaw the issue, but preferred it to taking arms against his country. Thrasybulus took the other and perhaps happier course. But Mucius' decision and views were quite definite, and so were those of Philippus; that one might do some time-serving, when it was necessary, but when one's time came, one should not miss it. But, in that event, still my fasces are a nuisance. I do not know if Caesar will be friendly; but suppose he is, he will offer me a triumph. To refuse would damage my chances with Caesar, to accept would annoy the loyalists. It is a hard and insoluble question; and yet solve it I must. What else can I do? I have said most

in favour of staying in Italy: but do not infer that I have any particular inclination towards so doing: it may be, as often happens, that there are more words on one side and more worth on the other. Then please give me your advice, counting me openminded on the important question. There is a boat ready for me at Caieta and at Brundisium.

But, here are messengers arriving as I write this letter at night in Cales; and here is a letter saying that Caesar has reached Corfinium and that Domitius is there with a strong force anxious to fight. I do not think that Pompey will go so far as to abandon Domitius, though he sent Scipio ahead to Brundisium with two squadrons, and has informed the consuls that he wants one of them to take the legion raised for Faustus into Sicily. But it were base to desert Domitius, when he entreats for help. There is some hope, small enough to my mind, but favoured in this district, that Afranius has fought with Trebonius in the Pyrenees and driven him back, and that your friend Fabius too has gone over to Pompey with his squadrons: and high hope, that Afranius is marching hither with large forces. If that is true, we may stay in Italy. But since no one knows Caesar's route, as he was supposed to be going towards Capua or Luceria, I am sending Lepta to Pompey with a letter. Myself I return to Formiae for fear I should stumble on anyone. I wanted you to know the news, and I write with more composure than I stated above. I advance no views of my own, but ask for yours.

# XIV.12

## CICERO TO ATTICUS

PUTEOLI, 22 APRIL 44  
TRANSLATOR E. O. WINSTEDT, M.A.

Yes, I think you are right to hedge, and stay in Apulia and Sipontum: nor do I consider that your case is the same as mine. Of course in the matter of the constitution the right course is the same for both of us: but the constitution is not now in question. It is a struggle between two kings, in which defeat has overtaken the more moderate king, the one who is more upright and honest, the one whose failure means that the very name of the Roman people must be wiped out, though, if he wins the victory, he will use it after the manner and example of Sulla. Therefore in a contest like this you must not openly express your sentiments for either side, but must await the event. My case however is different. I am under the bond of an obligation, and cannot show ingratitude. But yet I do not fancy that I shall be found in the line of battle, but at Malta or some other similar place. You may say I do not help the man to whom I am loth to show ingratitude. No. Perhaps he would have been glad if I had helped him less. But that we shall see. Let me only get away. A fair opportunity is offered now that Dolabella is in the Adriatic and Curio in the straits of Sicily.

I have conceived some hope that Servius Sulpicius wishes to see me. I have dispatched Philotimus, my freedman, to him with a letter. If he wishes to play the man, we shall have a fine time together. But if not, well, I shall be my own old self. Curio stayed with me. He thinks that Caesar is falling in popular esteem and he is mistrustful about going to Sicily, if Pompey should begin a naval action.

The boy Quintus got it hot when he came. I see it was greed and the hope of a large bounty. This is a great evil; but disloyalty, which I feared, there was I hope none. But this flaw, I fancy you will gather, did not proceed from my spoiling him, but from his own temperament. Still, I must teach him discipline.

As to the Oppii of Velia, you will arrange with Philotimus as you think fit. Your place in Epirus I shall regard as my own; but it seems I shall go on another tack.

## XII.3

### CICERO TO CASSIUS

ROME, EARLY OCTOBER 44  
TRANSLATED BY W.G. WILLIAMS

Your friend [Antonius] gives more rein to his insanity every day; to begin with, he has had the statue, which he set up on the rostra, inscribed with the words “To the Father, for his glorious services,” so that you are condemned not only as assassins, but now as parricides also. But why do I say “you are so condemned”? “We are condemned” is the better phrase; for that lunatic declares that I was the ringleader in that splendid achievement of yours. Would to heaven I had been! He would not now be troubling us. But for all that you are responsible; and now that it is past and done with, I only wish I knew what advice to give you. But I cannot even think what I myself ought to do. For what can be done against force without force?

Now the whole trend of these men’s policy is to avenge the death of Caesar. Consequently on the 2nd of October, Antonius was brought forward at a public meeting by Cannutius, and though it is true he left the platform in sore disgrace, yet he referred to the saviours of the country in terms that should have been applied to traitors. As to myself indeed he had no hesitation in declaring that all you had done and Cannutius was doing was the result of my advice. Of the rest of their conduct you may judge from the fact that they have robbed your legate of his travelling allowance. What explanation do you suppose they offer when they do this? Why, if you please, that the money is being conveyed to an enemy of the State! What a pitiful state of affairs! We, who could not brook the master, are the slaves of a fellow-slave. And yet, though my wishes are stronger than my hopes, even now there is a residue of hope to be found in your valour. But our forces, where are they? As to what remains, I prefer that you should consult your own heart, rather than listen to any words of mine.

# ORATION: THE FIRST PHILIPIC AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

TRANSLATED BY C.D. YONGE, M.A.

I. Before, O conscript fathers, I say those things concerning the republic which I think myself bound to say at the present time, I will explain to you briefly the cause of my departure from, and of my return to the city. When I hoped that the republic was at last recalled to a proper respect for your wisdom and for your authority, I thought that it became me to remain in a sort of sentinelship, which was imposed upon me by my position as a senator and a man of consular rank. Nor did I depart anywhere, nor did I ever take my eyes off from the republic, from the day on which we were summoned to meet in the temple of Tellus, in which temple, I, as far as was in my power, laid the foundations of peace, and renewed the ancient precedent set by the Athenians, I even used the Greek word, which that city employed in those times in allaying discords, and gave my vote that all recollection of the existing dissensions ought to be effaced by everlasting oblivion.

The oration then made by Marcus Antonius was an admirable one, his disposition, too, appeared excellent, and lastly, by his means and by his sons', peace was ratified with the most illustrious of the citizens, and everything else was consistent with this beginning. He invited the chief men of the state to those deliberations which he held at his own house concerning the state of the republic, he referred all the most important matters to this order. Nothing was at that time found among the papers of Caius Caesar except what was already well known to everybody, and he gave answers to every question that was asked of him with the greatest consistency. Were any exiles restored? He said that one was, and only one. Were any immunities granted? He answered, None. He wished us even to adopt the proposition of Servius Sulpicius, that most illustrious man, that no tablet purporting to contain any decree or grant of Caesar's should be published after the Ides of March were expired. I pass over many other things, all excellent--for I am hastening to come to a very extraordinary act of virtue of Marcus Antonius. He utterly abolished from the constitution of the republic the Dictatorship, which had by this time attained to the authority of regal power. And that measure was not even offered to us for discussion. He brought with him a decree of the senate, ready drawn up, ordering what he chose to have done: and when it

had been read, we all submitted to his authority in the matter with the greatest eagerness; and, by another resolution of the senate, we returned him thanks in the most honourable and complimentary language.

II. A new light, as it were, seemed to be brought over us, now that not only the kingly power which we had endured, but all fear of such power for the future, was taken away from us; and a great pledge appeared to have been given by him to the republic that he did wish the city to be free, when he utterly abolished out of the republic the name of dictator, which had often been a legitimate title, on account of our late recollection of a perpetual dictatorship. A few days afterwards the senate was delivered from the danger of bloodshed, and a hook was fixed into that runaway slave who had usurped the name of Caius Marius. And all these things he did in concert with his colleague. Some other things that were done were the acts of Dolabella alone; but, if his colleague had not been absent, would, I believe, have been done by both of them in concert.

For when enormous evil was insinuating itself into the republic, and was gaining more strength day by day; and when the same men were erecting a tomb in the forum, who had performed that irregular funeral; and when abandoned men, with slaves like themselves, were every day threatening with more and more vehemence all the houses and temples of the city; so severe was the rigour of Dolabella, not only towards the audacious and wicked slaves, but also towards the profligate and unprincipled freemen, and so prompt was his overthrow of that accursed pillar, that it seems marvellous to me that the subsequent time has been so different from that one day.

For behold, on the first of June, on which day they had given notice that we were all to attend the senate, everything was changed. Nothing was done by the senate, but many and important measures were transacted by the agency of the people, though that people was both absent and disapproving. The consuls elect said, that they did not dare to come into the senate. The liberators of their country were absent from that city from the neck of which they had removed the yoke of slavery; though the very consuls themselves professed to praise them in their public harangues and in all their conversation. Those who were called Veterans, men of whose safety this order had been most particularly careful, were instigated not to the preservation of those things which they had, but to cherish hopes of new booty. And as I preferred hearing of those things to seeing them, and as I had an honorary commission as lieutenant, I went away, intending to be present on the first of January, which appeared likely to be the first day of assembling the senate.

III. I have now explained to you, O conscript fathers, my design in leaving the city. Now I will briefly set before you, also, my intention in returning, which may perhaps appear more unaccountable. As I had avoided Brundisium, and the ordinary route into Greece, not without good reason, on the first of August I arrived at Syracuse, because the passage from that city into Greece was said to be a good one. And that city, with which I had so intimate a connexion, could not, though it was very eager to do so, detain me more than one night. I was afraid that my sudden arrival among my friends might cause some suspicion if I remained there at all. But after the winds had driven me, on my departure from Sicily, to Leucopetra, which is a promontory of the Rhegian district, I went up the gulf from that point, with the view of crossing over. And I had not advanced far before I was driven back by a foul wind to the very place which I had just quitted. And as the night was stormy, and as I had lodged that night in the villa of Publius Valerius, my companion and intimate friend, and as I remained all the next day at his house waiting for a fair wind, many of the citizens of the municipality of Rhegium came to me. And of them there were some who had lately arrived from Rome; from them I first heard of the harangue of Marcus Antonius, with which I was so much pleased that, after I had read it, I began for the first time to think of returning. And not long afterwards the edict of Brutus and Cassius is brought to me; which (perhaps because I love those men, even more for the sake of the republic than of my own friendship for them) appeared to me, indeed, to be full of equity. They added besides, (for it is a very common thing for those who are desirous of bringing good news to invent something to make the news which they bring seem more joyful,) that parties were coming to an agreement; that the senate was to meet on the first of August; that Antonius having discarded all evil counsellors, and having given up the provinces of Gaul, was about to return to submission to the authority of the senate.

IV. But on this I was inflamed with such eagerness to return, that no oars or winds could be fast enough for me; not that I thought that I should not arrive in time, but lest I should be later than I wished in congratulating the republic; and I quickly arrived at Velia, where I saw Brutus; how grieved I was, I cannot express. For it seemed to be a discreditable thing for me myself, that I should venture to return into that city from which Brutus was departing, and that I should be willing to live safely in a place where he could not. But he himself was not agitated in the same manner that I was; for, being elevated with the consciousness of his great and glorious exploit, he had no complaints to make of what had befallen him, though he lamented your fate exceedingly. And it was from him that I first heard what had been the language of Lucius Piso, in the senate of August; who, although he was but little assisted (for that I heard from Brutus himself) by those

who ought to have seconded him, still according to the testimony of Brutus, (and what evidence can be more trustworthy?) and to the avowal of every one whom I saw afterwards, appeared to me to have gained great credit. I hastened hither, therefore, in order that as those who were present had not seconded him, I might do so; not with the hope of doing any good, for I neither hoped for that, nor did I well see how it was possible; but in order that if anything happened to me, (and many things appeared to be threatening me out of the regular course of nature, and even of destiny,) I might still leave my speech on this day as a witness to the republic of my everlasting attachment to its interests.

Since, then, O conscript fathers, I trust that the reason of my adopting each determination appears praiseworthy to you, before I begin to speak of the republic, I will make a brief complaint of the injury which Marcus Antonius did me yesterday, to whom I am friendly, and I have at all times admitted having received some services from him which make it my duty to be so.

V. What reason had he then for endeavouring, with such bitter hostility, to force me into the senate yesterday? Was I the only person who was absent? Have you not repeatedly had thinner houses than yesterday? Or was a matter of such importance under discussion, that it was desirable for even sick men to be brought down? Hannibal, I suppose, was at the gates, or there was to be a debate about peace with Pyrrhus, on which occasion it is related that even the great Appius, old and blind as he was, was brought down to the senate-house. There was a motion being made about some supplications, a kind of measure when senators are not usually wanting, for they are under the compulsion, not of pledges, but of the influence of those men whose honour is being complimented, and the case is the same when the motion has reference to a triumph. The consuls are so free from anxiety at these times, that it is almost entirely free for a senator to absent himself if he pleases. And as the general custom of our body was well known to me, and as I was hardly recovered from the fatigue of my journey, and was vexed with myself, I sent a man to him, out of regard for my friendship to him, to tell him that I should not be there. But he, in the hearing of you all, declared that he would come with masons to my house; this was said with too much passion and very intemperately. For, for what crime is there such a heavy punishment appointed as that, that any one should venture to say in this assembly that he, with the assistance of a lot of common operatives, would pull down a house which had been built at the public expense in accordance with a vote of the senate? And who ever employed such compulsion as the threat of such an injury as to a senator? or what severer punishment has ever been he himself was unable to perform? As, in fact, he has failed to perform many promises made to many people.



And a great many more of those promises have been found since his death, than the number of all the services which he conferred on and did to people during all the years that he was alive would amount to.

But all those things I do not change, I do not meddle with. Nay, I defend all his good acts with the greatest earnestness. Would that the money remained in the temple of Opis! Bloodstained, indeed, it may be, but still needful at these times, since it is not restored to those to whom it really belongs. Let that, however, be squandered too, if it is so written in his acts. Is there anything whatever that can be called so peculiarly the act of that man who, while clad in the robe of peace, was yet invested with both civil and military command in the republic, as a law of his? Ask for the acts of Gracchus, the Sempronian laws will be brought forward; ask for those of Sylla, you will have the Cornelian laws. What more? In what acts did the third consulship of Cnaeus Pompeius consist? Why, in his laws. And if you could ask Caesar himself what he had done in the city and in the garb of peace, he would reply that he had passed many excellent laws; but his memoranda he would either alter or not produce at all; or, if he did produce them, he would not class them among his acts. But, however, I allow even these things to pass for acts; at some things I am content to wink; but I think it intolerable that the acts of Caesar in the most important instances, that is to say, in his laws, are to be annulled for their sake.

VIII. What law was ever better, more advantageous, more frequently demanded in the best ages of the republic, than the one which forbade the praetorian provinces to be retained more than a year, and the consular provinces more than two? If this law be abrogated, do you think that the acts of Caesar are maintained? What? are not all the laws of Caesar respecting judicial proceedings abrogated by the law which has been proposed concerning the third decury? And are you the defenders of the acts of Caesar who overturn his laws? Unless, indeed, anything which, for the purpose of recollecting it, he entered in a note-book, is to be counted among his acts, and defended, however unjust or useless it may be; and that which he proposed to the people in the comitia centuriata and carried, is not to be accounted one of the acts of Caesar. But what is that third decury? The decury of centurions, says he. What? was not the judicature open to that order by the Julian law, and even before that by the Pompeian and Aurelian laws? The income of the men, says he, was exactly defined. Certainly, not only in the case of a centurion, but in the case, too, of a Roman knight. Therefore, men of the highest honour and of the greatest bravery, who have acted as centurions, are and have been judges. I am not asking about those men, says he. Whoever has acted as centurion, let him be a judge. But if you were to propose a law, that

whoever had served in the cavalry, which is a higher post, should be a judge, you would not be able to induce any one to approve of that; for a man's fortune and worth ought to be regarded in a judge. I am not asking about those points, says he; I am going to add as judges, common soldiers of the legion of Alaudae; for our friends say, that that is the only measure by which they can be saved. Oh what an insulting compliment it is to those men whom you summon to act as judges though they never expected it! For the effect of the law is, to make those men judges in the third decury who do not dare to judge with freedom. And in that how great, O ye immortal gods! is the error of those men who have desired that law. For the meaner the condition of each judge is, the greater will be the severity of judgment with which he will seek to efface the idea of his meanness; and he will strive rather to appear worthy of being classed in the honourable decuries, than to have deservedly ranked in a disreputable one.

IX. Another law was proposed, that men who had been condemned of violence and treason may appeal to the public if they please. Is this now a law, or rather an abrogation of all laws? For who is there at this day to whom it is an object that that law should stand? No one is accused under those laws; there is no one whom we think likely to be so accused. For measures which have been carried by force of arms will certainly never be impeached in a court of justice. But the measure is a popular one. I wish, indeed, that you were willing to promote any popular measure; for, at present, all the citizens agree with one mind and one voice in their view of its bearing on the safety of the republic.

What is the meaning, then, of the eagerness to pass the law which brings with it the greatest possible infamy, and no popularity at all? For what can be more discreditable than for a man who has committed treason against the Roman people by acts of violence, after he has been condemned by a legal decision, to be able to return to that very course of violence, on account of which he has been condemned? But why do I argue any more about this law? as if the object aimed at were to enable any one to appeal? The object is, the inevitable consequence must be, that no one can ever be prosecuted under those laws. For what prosecutor will be found insane enough to be willing, after the defendant has been condemned, to expose himself to the fury of a hired mob? or what judge will be bold enough to venture to condemn a criminal, knowing that he will immediately be dragged before a gang of hireling operatives? It is not, therefore, a right of appeal that is given by that law, but two most salutary laws and modes of judicial investigation that are abolished. And what is this but exhorting young men to be turbulent, seditious, mischievous citizens?

To what extent of mischief will it not be possible to instigate the frenzy of the tribunes now that these two rights of impeachment for violence and for treason are annulled? What more? Is not this a substitution of a new law for the laws of Caesar, which enact that every man who has been convicted of violence, and also every man who has been convicted of treason, shall be interdicted from fire and water? And, when those men have a right of appeal given them, are not the acts of Caesar rescinded? And those acts, O conscript fathers, I, who never approved of them, have still thought it advisable to maintain for the sake of concord, so that I not only did not think that the laws which Caesar had passed in his lifetime ought to be repealed, but I did not approve of meddling with those even which since the death of Caesar you have seen produced and published.

X. Men have been recalled from banishment by a dead man; the freedom of the city has been conferred, not only on individuals, but on entire nations and provinces by a dead man; our revenues have been diminished by the granting of countless exemptions by a dead man. Therefore, do we defend these measures which have been brought from his house on the authority of a single, but, I admit, a very excellent individual, and as for the laws which he, in your presence, read, and declared, and passed,--in the passing of which he gloried, and on which he believed that the safety of the republic depended, especially those concerning provinces and concerning judicial proceedings,--can we, I say, we who defend the acts of Caesar, think that those laws deserve to be upset?

And yet, concerning those laws which were proposed, we have, at all events, the power of complaining, but concerning those which are actually passed we have not even had that privilege. For they, without any proposal of them to the people, were passed before they were framed. Men ask, what is the reason why I, or why any one of you, O conscript fathers, should be afraid of bad laws while we have virtuous tribunes of the people? We have men ready to interpose their veto, ready to defend the republic with the sanctions of religion. We ought to be strangers to fear. What do you mean by interposing the veto? says he, what are all these sanctions of religion which you are talking about? Those, forsooth, on which the safety of the republic depends. We are neglecting those things, and thinking them too old-fashioned and foolish. The forum will be surrounded, every entrance of it will be blocked up, armed men will be placed in garrison, as it were, at many points. What then?--whatever is accomplished by those means will be law. And you will order, I suppose, all those regularly passed decrees to be engraved on brazen tablets "The consuls consulted the people in regular form," (Is this the way of consulting the people that we have received from our ancestors?) "and the people voted it with due regularity" What people? that

which was excluded from the forum? Under what law did they do so? under that which has been wholly abrogated by violence and arms? But I am saying all this with reference to the future, because it is the part of a friend to point out evils which may be avoided and if they never ensue, that will be the best refutation of my speech. I am speaking of laws which have been proposed, concerning which you have still full power to decide either way. I am pointing out the defects, away with them! I am denouncing violence and arms, away with them too!

XI. You and your colleague, O Dolabella, ought not, indeed, to be angry with me for speaking in defense of the republic. Although I do not think that you yourself will be; I know your willingness to listen to reason. They say that your colleague, in this fortune of his, which he himself thinks so good, but which would seem to me more favourable if (not to use any harsh language) he were to imitate the example set him by the consulship of his grandfathers and of his uncle,--they say that he has been exceedingly offended. And I see what a formidable thing it is to have the same man angry with me and also armed; especially at a time when men can use their swords with such impunity. But I will propose a condition which I myself think reasonable, and which I do not imagine Marcus Antonius will reject. If I have said anything insulting against his way of life or against his morals, I will not object to his being my bitterest enemy. But if I have maintained the same habits that I have already adopted in the republic,--that is, if I have spoken my opinions concerning the affairs of the republic with freedom,--in the first place, I beg that he will not be angry with me for that; but, in the next place, if I cannot obtain my first request, I beg at least that he will show his anger only as he legitimately may show it to a fellow-citizen.

Let him employ arms, if it is necessary, as he says it is, for his own defence: only let not those arms injure those men who have declared their honest sentiments in the affairs of the republic. Now, what can be more reasonable than this demand? But if, as has been said to me by some of his intimate friends, every speech which is at all contrary to his inclination is violently offensive to him, even if there be no insult in it whatever; then we will bear with the natural disposition of our friend. But those men, at the same time, say to me, "You will not have the same license granted to you who are the adversary of Caesar as might be claimed by Piso his father-in-law." And then they warn me of something which I must guard against; and certainly, the excuse which sickness supplies me with, for not coming to the senate, will not be a more valid one than that which is furnished by death.

XII. But, in the name of the immortal gods! for while I look upon you, O Dolabella, who are most dear to me, it is impossible for me to keep silence respecting

the error into which you are both falling; for I believe that you, being both men of high birth, entertaining lofty views, have been eager to acquire, not money, as some too credulous people suspect, a thing which has at all times been scorned by every honourable and illustrious man, nor power procured by violence and authority such as never ought to be endured by the Roman people, but the affection of your fellow-citizens, and glory. But glory is praise for deeds which have been done, and the fame earned by great services to the republic; which is approved of by the testimony borne in its favour, not only by every virtuous man, but also by the multitude. I would tell you, O Dolabella, what the fruit of good actions is, if I did not see that you have already learnt it by experience beyond all other men.

What day can you recollect in your whole life, as ever having beamed on you with a more joyful light than the one on which, having purified the forum, having routed the throng of wicked men, having inflicted due punishment on the ringleaders in wickedness, and having delivered the city from conflagration and from fear of massacre, you returned to your house? What order of society, what class of people, what rank of nobles even was there who did not then show their zeal in praising and congratulating you? Even I, too, because men thought that you had been acting by my advice in those transactions, received the thanks and congratulations of good men in your name. Remember, I pray you, O Dolabella, the unanimity displayed on that day in the theatre, when every one, forgetful of the causes on account of which they had been previously offended with you, showed that in consequence of your recent service they had banished all recollection of their former indignation. Could you, O Dolabella, (it is with great concern that I speak,)--could you, I say, forfeit this dignity with equanimity?

XIII. And you, O Marcus Antonius, (I address myself to you, though in your absence,) do you not prefer that day on which the senate was assembled in the temple of Tellus, to all those months during which some who differ greatly in opinion from me think that you have been happy? What a noble speech was that of yours about unanimity! From what apprehensions were the veterans, and from what anxiety was the whole state relieved by you on that occasion! when, having laid aside your enmity against him, you on that day first consented that your present colleague should be your colleague, forgetting that the auspices had been announced by yourself as augur of the Roman people; and when your little son was sent by you to the Capitol to be a hostage for peace. On what day was the senate ever more joyful than on that day? or when was the Roman people more delighted? which had never met in greater numbers in any assembly whatever. Then, at last, we did appear to have been really delivered by brave men, because, as they had willed it to be, peace was following liberty On the next day,

on the day after that, on the third day, and on all the following days, you went on without intermission giving every day, as it were, some fresh present to the republic, but the greatest of all presents was that, when you abolished the name of the dictatorship. This was in effect branding the name of the dead Caesar with everlasting ignominy, and it was your doing,--yours, I say. For as, on account of the wickedness of one Marcus Manlius, by a resolution of the Manlian family it is unlawful that any patrician should be called Manlius, so you, on account of the hatred excited by one dictator, have utterly abolished the name of dictator.

When you had done these mighty exploits for the safety of the republic, did you repent of your fortune, or of the dignity and renown and glory which you had acquired? Whence then is this sudden change? I cannot be induced to suspect that you have been caught by the desire of acquiring money; every one may say what he pleases, but we are not bound to believe such a thing; for I never saw anything sordid or anything mean in you. Although a man's intimate friends do sometimes corrupt his natural disposition, still I know your firmness; and I only wish that, as you avoid that fault, you had been able also to escape all suspicion of it.

XIV. What I am more afraid of is lest, being ignorant of the true path to glory, you should think it glorious for you to have more power by yourself than all the rest of the people put together, and lest you should prefer being feared by your fellow-citizens to being loved by them. And if you do think so, you are ignorant of the road to glory. For a citizen to be dear to his fellow-citizens, to deserve well of the republic, to be praised, to be respected, to be loved, is glorious; but to be feared, and to be an object of hatred, is odious, detestable; and moreover, pregnant with weakness and decay. And we see that, even in the play, the very man who said, "What care I though all men should hate my name, So long as fear accompanies their hate?" found that it was a mischievous principle to act upon.

I wish, O Antonius, that you could recollect your grand father of whom, however, you have repeatedly heard me speak. Do you think that he would have been willing to deserve even immortality, at the price of being feared in consequence of his licentious use of arms? What he considered life, what he considered prosperity, was the being equal to the rest of the citizens in freedom, and chief of them all in worth. Therefore, to say no more of the prosperity of your grandfather, I should prefer that most bitter day of his death to the domination of Lucius Cinna, by whom he was most barbarously slain.

But why should I seek to make an impression on you by my speech? For, if the end of Caius Caesar cannot influence you to prefer being loved to being feared,

no speech of any one will do any good or have any influence with you; and those who think him happy are themselves miserable. No one is happy who lives on such terms that he may be put to death not merely with impunity, but even to the great glory of his slayer. Wherefore, change your mind, I entreat you, and look back upon your ancestors, and govern the republic in such a way that your fellow-citizens may rejoice that you were born; without which no one can be happy nor illustrious.

XV. And, indeed, you have both of you had many judgments delivered respecting you by the Roman people, by which I am greatly concerned that you are not sufficiently influenced. For what was the meaning of the shouts of the innumerable crowd of citizens collected at the gladiatorial games? or of the verses made by the people? or of the extraordinary applause at the sight of the statue of Pompeius? and at that sight of the two tribunes of the people who are opposed to you? Are these things a feeble indication of the incredible unanimity of the entire Roman people? What more? Did the applause at the games of Apollo, or, I should rather say, testimony and judgment there given by the Roman people, appear to you of small importance? Oh! happy are those men who, though they themselves were unable to be present on account of the violence of arms, still were present in spirit, and had a place in the breasts and hearts of the Roman people. Unless, perhaps, you think that it was Accius who was applauded on that occasion, and who bore off the palm sixty years after his first appearance, and not Brutus, who was absent from the games which he himself was exhibiting, while at that most splendid spectacle the Roman people showed their zeal in his favour though he was absent, and soothed their own regret for their deliverer by uninterrupted applause and clamour.

I myself, indeed, am a man who have at all times despised that applause which is bestowed by the vulgar crowd, but at the same time, when it is bestowed by those of the highest, and of the middle, and of the lowest rank, and, in short, by all ranks together, and when those men who were previously accustomed to aim at nothing but the favour of the people keep aloof, I then think that, not mere applause, but a deliberate verdict. If this appears to you unimportant, which is in reality most significant, do you also despise the fact of which you have had experience,--namely, that the life of Aulus Hirtius is so dear to the Roman people? For it was sufficient for him to be esteemed by the Roman people as he is; to be popular among his friends, in which respect he surpasses everybody; to be beloved by his own kinsmen, who do love him beyond measure; but in whose case before do we ever recollect such anxiety and such fear being manifested? Certainly in no one's.

What, then, are we to do? In the name of the immortal gods, can you interpret these facts, and see what is their purport? What do you think that those men think of your lives, to whom the lives of those men who they hope will consult the welfare of the republic are so dear? I have reaped, O conscript fathers, the reward of my return, since I have said enough to bear testimony of my consistency whatever event may befall me, and since I have been kindly and attentively listened to by you. And if I have such opportunities frequently without exposing both myself and you to danger, I shall avail myself of them. If not, as far as I can I shall reserve myself not for myself, but rather for the republic. I have lived long enough for the course of human life, or for my own glory. If any additional life is granted to me, it shall be bestowed not so much on myself as on you and on the republic.



# ORATION: THE FORTH PHILIPPIC AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS

TRANSLATED BY C.D. YONGE, M.A.

I. The great numbers in which you are here met this day, O Romans, and this assembly, greater than, it seems to me, I ever remember, inspires me with both an exceeding eagerness to defend the republic, and with a great hope of reestablishing it. Although my courage indeed has never failed; what has been unfavourable is the time; and the moment that that has appeared to show any dawn of light, I at once have been the leader in the defence of your liberty. And if I had attempted to have done so before, I should not be able to do so now. For this day, O Romans, (that you may not think it is but a trifling business in which we have been engaged,) the foundations have been laid for future actions. For the senate has no longer been content with styling Antonius an enemy in words, but it has shown by actions that it thinks him one. And now I am much more elated still, because you too with such great unanimity and with such a clamour have sanctioned our declaration that he is an enemy.

And indeed, O Romans, it is impossible but that either the men must be impious who have levied armies against the consul, or else that he must be an enemy against whom they have rightly taken arms. And this doubt the senate has this day removed--not indeed that there really was any; but it has prevented the possibility of there being any. Caius Caesar, who has upheld and who is still upholding the republic and your freedom by his seal and wisdom, and at the expense of his patrimonial estate, has been complimented with the highest praises of the senate. I praise you,--yes, I praise you greatly, O Romans, when you follow with the most grateful minds the name of that most illustrious youth, or rather boy; for his actions belong to immortality, the name of youth only to his age. I can recollect many things; I have heard of many things; I have read of many things; but in the whole history of the whole world I have never known anything like this. For, when we were weighed down with slavery, when the evil was daily increasing, when we had no defence, while we were in dread of the pernicious and fatal return of Marcus Antonius from Brundisium, this young man adopted the design which none of us had ventured to hope for, which beyond all question none of us were acquainted with, of raising an invincible army of his father's soldiers, and so hindering the frenzy of Antonius, spurred on as it was by the most inhuman counsels, from the power of doing mischief to the republic.

II. For who is there who does not see clearly that, if Caesar had not prepared an army, the return of Antonius must have been accompanied by our destruction? For, in truth, he returned in such a state of mind, burning with hatred of you all, stained with the blood of the Roman citizens, whom he had murdered at Suessa and at Brundisium, that he thought of nothing but the utter destruction of the republic. And what protection could have been found for your safety and for your liberty if the army of Caius Caesar had not been composed of the bravest of his father's soldiers? And with respect to his praises and honours,--and he is entitled to divine and everlasting honours for his godlike and undying services,--the senate has just consented to my proposals, and has decreed that a motion be submitted to it at the very earliest opportunity.

Now who is there who does not see that by this decree Antonius has been adjudged to be an enemy? For what else can we call him, when the senate decides that extraordinary honours are to be devised for those men who are leading armies against him? What? did not the Martial legion (which appears to me by some divine permission to have derived its name from that god from whom we have heard that the Roman people descended) decide by its resolutions that Antonius was an enemy before the senate had come to any resolution? For if he be not an enemy, we must inevitably decide that those men who have deserted the consul are enemies. Admirably and seasonably, O Romans, have you by your cries sanctioned the noble conduct of the men of the Martial legion, who have come over to the authority of the senate, to your liberty, and to the whole republic; and have abandoned that enemy and robber and parricide of his country. Nor did they display only their spirit and courage in doing this, but their caution and wisdom also. They encamped at Alba, in a city convenient, fortified, near, full of brave men and loyal and virtuous citizens. The fourth legion imitating the virtue of this Martial legion, under the leadership of Lucius Egnatuleius, whom the senate deservedly praised a little while ago, has also joined the army of Caius Caesar.

III. What more adverse decisions, O Marcus Antonius, can you want? Caesar, who has levied an army against you, is extolled to the skies. The legions are praised in the most complimentary language, which have abandoned you, which were sent for into Italy by you; and which, if you had chosen to be a consul rather than an enemy, were wholly devoted to you. And the fearless and honest decision of those legions is confirmed by the senate, is approved of by the whole Roman people,--unless, indeed, you to-day, O Romans, decide that Antonius is a consul and not an enemy. I thought, O Romans, that you did think as you show you do. What? do you suppose that the municipal towns, and the colonies, and

the prefectures have any other opinion? All men are agreed with one mind; so that every one who wishes the state to be saved must take up every sort of arms against that pestilence. What? does, I should like to know, does the opinion of Decimus Brutus, O Romans, which you can gather from his edict, which has this day reached us, appear to any one deserving of being lightly esteemed? Rightly and truly do you say No, O Romans. For the family and name of Brutus has been by some especial kindness and liberality of the immortal gods given to the republic, for the purpose of at one time establishing, and at another of recovering, the liberty of the Roman people. What then has been the opinion which Decimus Brutus has formed of Marcus Antonius? He excludes him from his province. He opposes him with his army. He rouses all Gaul to war, which is already used of its own accord, and in consequence of the judgment which it has itself formed. If Antonius be consul, Brutus is an enemy. Can we then doubt which of these alternatives is the fact?

IV. And just as you now with one mind and one voice affirm that you entertain no doubt, so did the senate just now decree that Decimus Brutus deserved excellently well of the republic, inasmuch as he was defending the authority of the senate and the liberty and empire of the Roman people. Defending it against whom? Why, against an enemy. For what other sort of defence deserves praise? In the next place the province of Gaul is praised, and is deservedly complimented in most honourable language by the senate for resisting Antonius. But if that province considered him the consul, and still refused to receive him, it would be guilty of great wickedness. For all the provinces belong to the consul of right, and are bound to obey him. Decimus Brutus, imperator and consul elect, a citizen born for the republic, denies that he is consul; Gaul denies it; all Italy denies it; the senate denies it; you deny it. Who then think that he is consul except a few robbers? Although even they themselves do not believe what they say; nor is it possible that they should differ from the judgment of all men, impious and desperate men though they be. But the hope of plunder and booty blinds their minds; men whom no gifts of money, no allotment of land, nor even that interminable auction has satisfied; who have proposed to themselves the city, the properties and fortunes of all the citizens as their booty; and who, as long as there is something for them to seize and carry off, think that nothing will be wanting to them; among whom Marcus Antonius (O ye immortal gods, avert, I pray you, and efface this omen,) has promised to divide this city. May things rather happen, O Romans, as you pray that they should, and may the chastisement of this frenzy fall on him and on his friend. And, indeed, I feel sure that it will be so. For I think that at present not only men but the immortal gods have all united together to preserve this republic. For if the immortal gods foreshow us the future,

by means of portents and prodigies, then it has been openly revealed to us that punishment is near at hand to him, and liberty to us. Or if it was impossible for such unanimity on the part of all men to exist without the inspiration of the gods, in either case how can we doubt as to the inclinations of the heavenly deities? It only remains, O Romans, for you to persevere in the sentiments which you at present display.

V. I will act, therefore, as commanders are in the habit of doing when their army is ready for battle, who, although they see their soldiers ready to engage, still address an exhortation to them; and in like manner I will exhort you who are already eager and burning to recover your liberty. You have not--you have not, indeed, O Romans, to war against an enemy with whom it is possible to make peace on any terms whatever. For he does not now desire your slavery, as he did before, but he is angry now and thirsts for your blood. No sport appears more delightful to him than bloodshed, and slaughter, and the massacre of citizens before his eyes. You have not, O Romans, to deal with a wicked and profligate man, but with an unnatural and savage beast. And, since he has fallen into a well, let him be buried in it. For if he escapes out of it, there will be no inhumanity of torture which it will be possible to avoid. But he is at present hemmed in, pressed, and besieged by those troops which we already have, and will soon be still more so by those which in a few days the new consuls will levy. Apply yourselves then to this business, as you are doing. Never have you shown greater unanimity in any cause; never have you been so cordially united with the senate. And no wonder. For the question now is not in what condition we are to live, but whether we are to live at all, or to perish with torture and ignominy.

Although nature, indeed, has appointed death for all men: but valour is accustomed to ward off any cruelty or disgrace in death. And that is an inalienable possession of the Roman race and name. Preserve, I beseech you, O Romans, this attribute which your ancestors have left you as a sort of inheritance. Although all other things are uncertain, fleeting, transitory; virtue alone is planted firm with very deep roots; it cannot be undermined by any violence; it can never be moved from its position. By it your ancestors first subdued the whole of Italy; then destroyed Carthage, overthrew Numantia, and reduced the most mighty kings and most warlike nations under the dominion of this empire.

VI. And your ancestors, O Romans, had to deal with an enemy who had also a republic, a senate-house, a treasury, harmonious and united citizens, and with whom, if fortune had so willed it, there might have been peace and treaties on settled principles. But this enemy of yours is attacking your republic, but has

none himself; is eager to destroy the senate, that is to say, the council of the whole world, but has no public council himself; he has exhausted your treasury, and has none of his own. For how can a man be supported by the unanimity of his citizens, who has no city at all? And what principles of peace can there be with that man who is full of incredible cruelty, and destitute of faith?

The whole then of the contest, O Romans, which is now before the Roman people, the conqueror of all nations, is with an assassin, a robber, a Spartacus. For as to his habitual boast of being like Catilina, he is equal to him in wickedness, but inferior in energy. He, though he had no army, rapidly levied one. This man has lost that very army which he had. As, therefore, by my diligence, and the authority of the senate, and your own zeal and valour, you crushed Catilina, so you will very soon hear that this infamous piratical enterprise of Antonius has been put down by your own perfect and unexampled harmony with the senate, and by the good fortune and valour of your armies and generals. I, for my part, as far as I am able to labour, and to effect anything by my care, and exertions, and vigilance, and authority, and counsel, will omit nothing which I may think serviceable to your liberty. Nor could I omit it without wickedness after all your most ample and honourable kindness to me. However, on this day, encouraged by the motion of a most gallant man, and one most firmly attached to you, Marcus Servilius, whom you see before you, and his colleagues also, most distinguished men, and most virtuous citizens; and partly, too, by my advice and my example, we have, for the first time after a long interval, fired up again with a hope of liberty.