

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level ½ and 1--Passage 1

Niobe Challenges Latona

Niobē, rēgīna superba, in Graeciā habitābat. Niobē erat superba quod septem filiōs et septem filiās habēbat. Apollō deus erat filius Lātōnae, et Diāna erat filia. Aliōs liberōs Lātōna nōn habēbat.

Sacra Lātōnae ā populō suscipiēbantur. Superba Niobē adfuit et rogāvit:

“Cūr sacra mātīrī duōrum liberōrum suscipitis? Hoc nōn permittam. Etiam Niobē dea est; septem, nōn duōs, liberōs habet. Lātōna glōriam nōn meret—Niobē esse prīma dēbet. Vōbīs liberīsq̄ue vestrīs exemplum ēgregium prōpōnō. Sī sententia mea ā vōbīs nōn probāta erit, poenā afficiēminī.”

Superba verba rēgīnae ā Lātōnā audīta sunt. Fīlium vocāvit et officium permīsit:

“Tē iubeō septem filiōs Niobae interficere.”

“Niobe,” *Latin for Americans* (1945), pp. 170-1, abridged

Niobe, an arrogant queen, was living in Greece. Niobe was arrogant because she had seven sons and seven daughters. The god Apollo was the son of Latona, and Diana was her daughter. Latona did not have other children. Sacred rites for Latona were being performed by the people. The arrogant Niobe was there and asked: “Why do you perform sacred rites for the mother of two children? I will not allow this. Niobe is also a goddess; she has seven, not two children. Latona does not deserve glory—Niobe ought to be first. I put forth for you all and your children an outstanding example. If my opinion will not be approved by you also, you all will be afflicted with punishment.” The haughty words of the queen were heard by Latona. She called her son and gave a task: “I order you to kill the seven sons of Niobe.”

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level ½ and 1--Passage 2

Horace Encounters a “Friend”

Ambulābam in Viā Sacrā et dē nūgīs meīs cōgitābam. Accurrit homō tantum nōmine mihi nōtus. Is brachium meum capit atque dīcit: “Quid agis, dulcissime rērum?” “Bene,” dīcō, “et cupiō omnia quae tū cupis.” Tum discēdō. Is tamen mēcum ambulat. Eum rogō: “Quid prō tē facere possum?” “Nōlī fugere,” dīcit importūnus, “sed mēcum manē!” “Nōn mihi licet;” respondeō, “dēbeō enim amīcum trāns Tiberim invīsere. Valē!” “Audī mē,” dīcit importūnus, “Nihil aliud facere dēbeō et nōn sum piger. Tē relinquere nōlō. Tēcum venīre possum.” Miser ambulābam; nam eum ā mē discēdere cupiēbam.

Tunc homō ad nōs subitō venit et importūnum vocat: “Quō ambulās? Mēcum ad iūdicem venīre dēbēs.” Deinde importūnum ad iūdicem dūcit et mē servat.

“Dē homine importūnō,” *Latin for the New Millenium*, pp. 220-1, abridged

I was walking in the Via Sacra and was thinking about nothing important. A person, known only by name to me, runs up. That person takes my arm and says, “How are you doing, sweetest of things?” “Well,” I say, “and I wish all the things which you wish.” Then I leave. He, nevertheless, walks with me. I ask him: “What can I do for you?” “Don’t run away,” says the troublesome one, “but stay with me!” “It is not permitted for me;” I respond, “for I should see a friend across the Tiber. Goodbye!” “Listen to me,” says the troublesome one, “I have nothing else to do and I am not slow. I do not want to leave you. I can come with you.” I was walking miserably; for I was wanting him to depart from me. Then a person comes to us suddenly and calls the troublesome one: “Where are you walking to? You should come with me to the judge.” Then he leads the troublesome one to the judge and saves me.

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level 2--Passage 1

A Step Too Far

Servius, quī trepidō nūntiō generum suum in soliō sedēre excitātus est, intervēnit. Statim ā vestibulō Cūriae magnā vōce “Quid hoc,” inquit, “Tarquinī, reī est? Quā tū audāciā vocāre ausus es Patrēs aut in sēde sedēre meā?” Ubi ille ferōciter ad haec respondet sē patris suī tenēre sēdem, sē filium rēgis rēgnī hērēdem esse, clāmor ab ūtrīusque fautōribus orītur, et concursus undique populī in Cūriam. Tum Tarquinius necessitāte iam etiam ipsā coactus est dīrum facinus facere, quī, ut rēgī et aetāte et vīribus multō praestābat, medium arripuit Servium et ē Cūriā extulit et dē Cūriae gradibus humum dēiēcit. Inde Senātōrēs coactum in Cūriam rediit. Fūgērunt rēgis appāritōrēs atque comitēs.

“The Overthrow of Servius Tullius,” *Jenney’s First Year Latin* (1990), pp.413-14
(adapted)

Servius, who was aroused by a trembling messenger that his son-in-law was sitting on the throne, rushed in. Immediately from the hallway of the Senate House he said with a loud voice “What’s going on here, Tarquin? With what audacity have you dared to summon the Senators or sit on my throne?” When he (Servius) replied fiercely to these words that he was holding his father’s throne, that he was the heir of the kingdom as the son of the king, a shout arose from the supporters on each side, and a crowd of people from everywhere went into the Senate House. Then Tarquin was now forced by necessity itself to commit a heinous crime. As he greatly surpassed the king in both youth and strength, he grabbed Servius by the waist, carried him out of the Senate House, and threw him down the Senate’s steps to the ground. Then he returned to the Senate House to gather the senators. The servants of the king and his friends fled.

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level 2--Passage 2

Veturia Saves The City

Quā rē urbe expulsus ad Volscōs, ācerrimōs Rōmānōrum hostēs, contendit; ā quibus dux exercitūs factus Rōmānōs saepe vīcit. Iam usque ad quīntum milliārium urbis accesserat, nec ūllīs cīvium suōrum lēgātiōnibus clēmētiam prō patriā rogantium flectī poterat. Dēnique cum Volumniā uxōre aliīsque mātērōnīs Veturia mātēr ex urbe ad eum vēnit, quae filiō sē complectī cupientī “Priusquam,” inquit, “complexum accipiō, dīc mihi: utrum ad hostem an ad filiū vēnī? Captīva an mātēr in castrīs tuīs sum?” Cuius flētū et prēcibus commōtus, exercitum remōvit Coriolānus patriaeque pepercit, quam ob rem ā Volscīs ut prōditor occīsus esse dīcitur.

From “A Fable and a Woman Save Rome,” *Jenney’s Second Year Latin* (1990), p. 11

And so, driven out of the city, he (Coriolanus) hurried to the most bitter enemy of the Romans, the Volsci; having been made a leader of the army by them, he often conquered the Romans. Now he had advanced all the way to the fifth milestone of the city, and he could not be swayed by any embassies of his own citizens asking for mercy for their country. Finally when Veturia, his mother, along with Volumnia, his wife, and other women came from the city to him, she said to her son when he wanted to embrace her, “Before I receive an embrace tell me: whether I have come to an enemy or to a son? Am I a prisoner or a mother in your camp?” Coriolanus, moved by her weeping and prayers, removed his army and spared his country, therefore he is said to have been killed by the Volsci as a traitor.

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Prose--Passage 1

Pliny Expresses His Disdain for the Horse Races

Quō magis mīror tot mīlia virōrum tam puerīliter identidem cupere currentēs equōs, īnsistentēs curribus hominēs vidēre. Sī tamen aut vĕlōcitāte equōrum aut hominum arte traherentur, esset ratiō nōnnūlla; nunc favent pannō, pannum amant, et sī in ipsō cursū mediōque certāmine hic color illūc ille hūc trānsferātur, studium favorque trānsībit, et repente agitātōrēs illōs equōs illōs, quōs procul nōscitant, quōrum clāmitant nōmina relinquent. Tanta grātia, tanta auctōritās in ūnā vīlissima tunicā, mittō apud vulgus, quod vīlius tunicā, sed apud quōsdam gravēs hominēs; quōs ego cum recordor, in rē inānī frīgidā assiduā, tam īnsatiābiliter dēsīdere, capiō aliquam voluptātem, quod hāc voluptāte nōn capior.

Pliny, *Epistulae*, IX.6 2-3

How much more I am amazed that thousands of men, so sillily, constantly, want to see running horses, people standing up on the tracks. If nevertheless they were drawn in by the speed of the horses or the skill of the people, there would be some reason; now they favor a piece of cloth, they love the piece of cloth, and if on the course itself and in the middle of the match this color should trade places with that one, their passion and favor will cross over, and suddenly they will leave behind those charioteers, those horses that they recognized far off, whose names they keep shouting. Such popularity, such authority in one very cheap tunic, I don't say among the common crowd, which is worth less than the tunic, but among certain serious men; when I think about them sitting so insatiably in a matter which is so futile, purposeless, and unceasing, I take some pleasure, because I am not overtaken by this pleasure.

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Prose--Passage 2

Tanaquil Instructs Servius Tullius

Clāmor inde concursusque populī, mīrantium quid reī esset. Tanaquil inter tumultum claudī rēgiam iubet, arbitrōs ēiēcīt. ... Serviō properē accītō cum paene exsanguem virum ostendisset, dextram tenēns ōrat nē inultam mortem socerī, nē socrum inimīcīs lūdibriō esse sinat. "Tuum est," inquit, "Servī, sī vir es, rēgnum, nōn eōrum quī aliēnīs manibus pessimum facinus fēcēre. Ērige tē deōsque ducēs sequere quī clārum hoc fore caput dīvinō quondam circumfūsō ignī portendērunt. Nunc tē illa caelestis excitet flamma; nunc expergīscere vērē. Et nōs peregrīnī rēgnāvimus; quī sīs, nōn unde nātus sīs reputā. Sī tua rē subitā cōnsilia torpent, at tū mea cōnsilia sequere!"

Livy, *Ab Urbe Condita* I.41 (abridged)

Then [there was] a shout and a gathering of people wondering what was going on. In the midst of this uproar Tanaquil ordered the palace to be closed, evicted the witnesses. ... When she had shown her nearly bloodless husband to Servius, who had been hastily summoned, holding his right hand, she begged that his father-in-law's death not go unavenged, that he not let his father-in-law to be a butt-of-jokes for his enemies. "The kingdom is yours, Servius," she said, "if you are a man, not of those who have committed this heinous crime with foreign hands. Rouse yourself and follow as your leaders the gods who once predicted when a divine flame surrounded it that this head of yours would be famous. Now let that heavenly flame arouse you; now truly wake up! We have ruled even though we were foreigners. Consider who you are, not where you were born. If your own plans are dull because of this sudden accident, at least follow mine!"

**2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Poetry--Passage 1**

Camilla Fells Ornytus

hīs addit Amastrum

Hippotadēn, sequiturque incumbēns ēminus hastā
Tēreaque Harpalycumque et Dēmophoonta Chromimque; 675
quotque ēmissa manū contorsit spīcula virgō,
tot Phrygiī cecidēre virī. procul Ornytus armīs
ignōtīs et equō vēnātor Iāpyge fertur.
Cui pellis lātōs umerōs ērepta iuencō
pugnātōrī operit, caput ingēns ōris hiātus 680
et mālae tēxēre lupī cum dentibus albīs,
agrestisque manūs armat sparus; ipse catervīs
vertitur in mediīs et tōtō vertice suprā est.
hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine versō)
trāicit et super haec inimicō pectore fātur: 685
“silvīs tē, Tyrrhēne, ferās agitāre putāstī?
advēnit quī vestra diēs muliebribus armīs
verba redargueret. nōmen tamen haud leve patrum
mānibus hōc referēs, tēlō cecidisse Camillae.”

Virgil, *Aeneid* XI. 673-689

She adds to these Amastrus, son of Hippotas, and leaning on her long spear, she follows Tereus and Harpalycus and Demophoon and Chromis; as many Phrygian men fell as the young woman sent javelins out, twisting them from her hand. Far off the hunter Ornytus with unknown armor and is carried by an Iapygian horse. A pelt, torn from a youthful fighter, covers his wide shoulders, the gaping mouth and jaws of a wolf with its white teeth cover his huge head, and a rustic hunting spear equips his hands; he himself turns about in the middle of the crowd and towers above it with his entire head. She pierces this man whom she has intercepted (and indeed it was not hard with the battle line turned), and in addition she said these things with her hostile heart: “Did you think you were chasing wild beasts in the woods, Tuscan? The day has arrived which will disprove your words with the weapons of a woman. However you will bring back to the shades of your ancestors this not at all trivial reputation, that you were killed by the weapon of Camilla.”

2024 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Poetry--Passage 2

Catullus Convinces Himself He Has Moved On

Miser Catulle, dēsinās ineptīre,
et quod vidēs perisse perditum dūcās.
fulsēre quondam candidī tibi solēs,
cum ventitābās quō puella dūcēbat
amāta nōbīs quantum amābitur nūlla.
ibi illa multā cum iocōsā fiēbant,
quae tū volēbās nec puella nōlēbat,
fulsēre vērē candidī tibi solēs.
nunc iam illa nōn vult: tū quoque impotēns nōlī,
nec quae fugit sectāre, nec miser vīve,
sed obstinātā mente perfer, obdūrā.
valē puella, iam Catullus obdūrat,
nec tē requīret nec rogābit invītam.
at tū dolēbis, cum rogāberis nūlla.
scelesta, vae tē, quae tibī manet vīta?
quis nunc tē adībit? cui vidēberis bella?
quem nunc amābis? cuius esse dīceris?
quem bāsiābis? cui labella mordēbis?
at tū, Catulle, dēstinātus obdūrā.

Catullus, *Carmen* 8

Wretched Catullus, may you cease being foolish, and what you see has died may you consider it dead. Bright suns once shone for you, when you were continuing to go where the girl was leading you, (the girl) loved by me as much as no girl will be loved. There those things were happening with much joking, which you desired and the girl did not reject, truly bright suns shone for you. Now she is no longer willing: you also, do not be powerless, and do not chase after one who flees, and do not live miserably, but carry through with a firm mind, endure. Goodbye girl, now Catullus is standing firm, and he will neither seek you out again nor ask for you, since you are unwilling. But you will regret it when you will not be asked. Wicked one, woe is you, what life remains for you? Who will now go to you? To whom will you seem beautiful? Whom will you now love? Whose will you be said to be? Whom will you kiss? For whom will you bite your lips? But you, Catullus, now determined, persevere.