**Priam’s last words**

Hīc Priamus, quamquam in mediā iam morte tenētur,

nōn tamen abstinuit nec vōcī īraeque pepercit:

'At tibi prō scelere,' exclāmat, 'prō tālibus ausīs 535

dī, sī qua est caelō pietās quae tālia cūret,

persolvant grātēs dignās et praemia reddant

dēbita, quī nātī cōram mē cernere lētum

fēcistī et patriōs foedāstī fūnere vultūs.

At nōn ille, satum quō tē mentīris, Achillēs 540

tālis in hoste fuit Priamō; sed iūra fidemque

supplicis ērubuit corpusque exsangue sepulcrō

reddidit Hectoreum mēque in mea rēgna remīsit.'

Sīc fātus senior tēlumque imbelle sine ictū

coniēcit, raucō quod prōtinus aere repulsum, 545

et summō clipeī nēquīquam umbōne pependit.

Virgil, *Aeneid* II, 533-546

Here Priam, although he is now held in the midst of death, nevertheless did not hold back nor spare the anger of his voice: “But for your crime,” he exclaims, “for such daring deeds, if there is any sense of duty in heaven which cares for such things, may the gods pay you worthy thanks and return due rewards to you who have made me see the death of my son before my eyes and have defiled the face of a father with death. But not even that Achilles, from whom you falsely claim that you are born, was like this in the case of his enemy Priam; but he respected the rights and faith of a suppliant and returned the lifeless body of Hector for burial and sent me back into my kingdom.” Having spoken thus, the old man hurled his useless weapon without any force, which was immediately stopped by the noisy bronze and hung uselessly from the top of the boss of the shield.

**Lucretia’s Suicide**

Collātīnus cum L. Iūniō Brūtō vēnit …. Adventū suōrum lacrimae obortae, quaerentīque virō "Satin salvē?" "Minimē" inquit; … “Vestigia virī aliēnī, Collātīne, in lectō sunt tuō; cēterum corpus est tantum violātum, animus īnsōns; mors testis erit. Sed date dexterās fidemque haud impūne adulterō fore. Sex. est Tarquīnius quī hostis prō hospite priōre nocte vī armātus mihi sibique, sī vōs virī estis, pestiferum hinc abstulit gaudium. … Vōs … vīderitis quid illī dēbeātur: ego mē etsi peccātō absolvō, suppliciō nōn līberō; nec ūlla deinde impūdica Lucrētiae exemplō vīvet." Cultrum, quem sub veste abditum habēbat, eum in corde dēfīgit, prōlāpsaque in vulnus moribunda cecidit.

*Livy, Ab Urbe Condita I.58*

Collatinus came with Lucius Junius Brutus …. At their arrival tears arose, and she said to her husband, inquiring “Are you okay?” “Not at all, the traces of someone else’s husband, Collatinus, are in your bed; only the rest of my body has been violated, but my mind is innocent; death will be my witness. But give me your right hands and your pledge that the adulterer will by no means find impunity. It is Sextus Tarquin who as an enemy in the disguise of a guest last night, armed with force, carried away from here foul joy for me and for himself, IF you be men! You will have seen what is due to him: although I absolve myself from the sin, I do not free myself from the punishment. Nor will any unchaste woman henceforth remain alive by the example of Lucretia.” The knife which she had hidden under her clothing she plunged in her heart, and having slipped forward, fell dying onto the wound.