

Livy, The Early History of Rome Bk I.

Selections on the overthrow of  
Tarquin King by Brutus, following  
the rape of Lucretia by Sextus Tarquinius

The reign of Servius Tullius lasted forty-four years. It was a good reign, and even the best and most moderate successor would not easily have emulated it. One of its most notable marks was the fact that with Servius true kingship came to an end; never again was a Roman king to rule in accordance with humanity and justice. Nevertheless, however mild and moderate his rule he intended, according to some writers, to abdicate in favour of a republican government, simply because he disapproved in principle of monarchy; but treachery within his family circle prevented him from carrying his purpose into effect.

Now began the reign of Tarquinius Superbus - Tarquin the Proud. His conduct merited the name. In spite of the ties of kin, he refused Servius the rite of burial, saying, in brutal jest, that Romulus's body had not been buried either. He executed the leading senators who he thought had supported Servius. Well aware that his treachery and violence might form a precedent to his own disadvantage, he employed a bodyguard. His anxiety was justified; for he had usurped by force the throne to which he had no title whatever: the people had not elected him, the Senate had not sanctioned his accession. Without hope of his subjects' affection, he could rule only by fear; and to make himself feared as widely as possible he began the practice of trying capital causes without consultation and by his own sole authority. He was thus enabled to punish with death, exile, or confiscation of property not only such men as he happened to suspect or dislike, but also innocent people from whose conviction he had nothing to gain

but their money. Those of senatorial rank were the worst sufferers from this procedure; their numbers were reduced, and no new appointments made, in the hope, no doubt, that sheer numerical weakness might bring the order into contempt, and the surviving members be readier to acquiesce in political impotence. Tarquin was the first king to break the established tradition of consulting the Senate on all matters of public business, and to govern by the mere authority of himself and his household. In questions of war and peace he was his own sole master; he made and unmade treaties and alliances with whom he pleased without any reference whatever either to the commons or to the Senate. He made particular efforts to win the friendship of the Latins, in the hope that any power or influence he could obtain abroad might give him greater security at home. With this in view he went beyond mere official friendly relations with the Latin nobility, and married his daughter to Octavius Mamilius of Tusculum, by far the most distinguished bearer of the Latin name, and descended, we are told, from Ulysses and the goddess Circe. By this marriage he attached to his interest Mamilius's numerous relatives and friends.

However lawless and tyrannical Tarquin may have been as monarch in his own country, as a war leader he did fine work. Indeed, his fame as a soldier might have equalled that of his predecessors, had not his degeneracy in other things obscured its lustre. It was Tarquin who began the long, two-hundred years of war with the Volscians. From them he took by storm the town of Suessa Pometia, where the sale of captured material realized forty talents of silver. This sum he allocated to the building of the Temple of Jupiter, which he had conceived on a magnificent scale, worthy of the king of gods and men, of the might of Rome, and of the majesty of the place where it was to stand. He was next engaged in hostilities with the neighbouring town of Gabii. This time, progress was slower than he expected: his assault proved abortive; the subsequent siege operations failed, and he was forced to retire; so he finally had recourse to the un-Roman, and disgraceful, method of deceit and treachery.

Pretending to have abandoned hostilities in order to devote himself to laying the foundations of the temple of Jupiter and to various other improvements in the city, he arranged for Sextus, the youngest of his three sons, to go to Gabii in the assumed character of a fugitive from the intolerable cruelty of his father. On his arrival in the town Sextus began to pour out his complaints: Tarquin, he declared, had ceased to persecute strangers and was now turning his lust for dominion against his own family; he had too many children, and was heartily sick of them; his one desire was to leave no descendants, no heir to his throne, and before long was likely to repeat in his own home what he had

already done in the Senate, and leave it a desert and a solitude. 'I myself,' he continued, 'escaped with my life through the bristling weapons of my father's guard; and I knew that nowhere but in the homes of the tyrant's enemies should I be able to find safety. Make no mistake: the suspension of hostilities is a feint only; war still awaits you, and as soon as he thinks fit Tarquin will attack you unawares. You have no room in Gabii for suppliants? Very well then; I will try my luck through the whole of Latium; I will visit in turn Volscians, Aequians, Hernicans – seeking and seeking until I find some friend who knows how to protect a son from a father's impious savagery. Who knows but I may find, too, some spark of true manhood, some readiness to take up arms against the proudest of kings and the most insolent of peoples?'

The men of Gabii gave Sextus a friendly welcome, knowing as they did, that any show of indifference would provoke him to leave the town at once. In their view, they declared, there was no cause for surprise that Tarquin should be treating his children as brutally as he had treated first the Romans and then his allies – brutality was his nature, and for lack of other objects he would end by exercising it against himself. For their part, they were glad Sextus had come, and it would not be long before, with him to help them, the scene of battle would shift from the gates of Gabii to the walls of Rome.

Sextus was soon admitted to the councils of state, where he made it his business to express agreement on all matters of local politics which the men of Gabii might be expected to understand better than himself. On one issue, however – war with Rome – he took the lead. The advisability of this he urged repeatedly, pointing out that he was specially competent to do so because of his knowledge of the resources of both parties, and of his certainty that Tarquin, whose arrogance even his own children found insufferable, had brought upon himself the hatred of all his subjects.

Sextus's words gradually took effect, and the leading men in Gabii were soon in favour of reopening hostilities. Sextus himself meanwhile with small bodies of picked troops began a series of raids on Roman territory; everything he said or did was so nicely calculated to deceive, that confidence in him grew and grew, until he was finally appointed commander of the armed forces. War was declared; minor engagements took place, nearly always to the advantage of Gabii. Of what was really happening nobody had the smallest suspicion, and the

*The Early History of Rome*

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result of these apparent successes was that everyone in Gabii, from the highest to the lowest, was soon convinced that Sextus had been sent from heaven to lead them to victory. The common soldiers, too, finding him ready to share their dangers and hardships, and generous in distributing plunder, came to love him with such devotion that his influence in Gabii was as great as his father's was in Rome.

At last he was able to feel that he had the town, as it were, in his pocket, and was ready for anything. Accordingly he sent a confidential messenger to Rome, to ask his father what step he should next take, his power in Gabii being, by God's grace, by this time absolute. Tarquin, I suppose, was not sure of the messenger's good faith: in any case, he said not a word in reply to his question, but with a thoughtful air went out into the garden. The man followed him, and Tarquin, strolling up and down in silence, began knocking off poppy-heads with his stick. The messenger at last wearied of putting his question and waiting for the reply, so he returned to Gabii supposing his mission to have failed. He told Sextus what he had said and what he had seen his father do: the king, he declared, whether from anger, or hatred, or natural arrogance, had not uttered a single word. Sextus realized that though his father had not spoken, he had, by his action, indirectly expressed his meaning clearly enough; so he proceeded at once to act upon his murderous instructions. All the influential men in Gabii were got rid of – some being brought to public trial, others executed for no better reason than that they were generally disliked. Many were openly put to death; some, against whom any charge would be inconvenient to attempt to prove, were secretly assassinated. A few were either allowed, or forced, to leave the country, and their property was confiscated as in the case of those who had been executed. The confiscations enriched the more fortunate – those, namely, to whom Sextus chose to be generous – with the result that in the sweetness of personal gain public calamity was forgotten, until at long last the whole community, such as it now remained, with none to advise or help it, passed without a struggle into Tarquin's hands.

About this time an alarming and ominous event occurred: a snake slid out from a crack in a wooden pillar in the palace. Everyone ran from it in a fright; even the king was scared, though in his case it was not fear so much as foreboding. About signs and omens of public import the custom had always been to consult only Etruscan soothsayers; this, however, was a different matter: it was in the king's own house that the portentous sight had been seen; and that, Tarquin felt, justified the unusual step of sending to Delphi, to consult the most famous oracle in the world. Unwilling to entrust the answer of the oracle to anybody else, he sent on the mission two of his sons, Titus and Arruns, who accordingly set out for Greece through country which Roman feet had seldom trod and over seas which Roman ships had never sailed. With them went Lucius Junius Brutus, son of the king's sister Tarquinia.

Now Brutus had deliberately assumed a mask to hide his true character. When he learned of the murder by Tarquin of the Roman aristocrats, one of the victims being his own brother, he had come to the conclusion that the only way of saving himself was to appear in the king's eyes as a person of no account. If there were nothing in his character for Tarquin to fear, and nothing in his fortune to covet, then the sheer contempt in which he was held would be a better protection than his own rights could ever be. Accordingly he pretended to be a half-wit and made no protest at the seizure by Tarquin of everything he possessed. He even submitted to being known publicly as the 'Dullard' (which is what his name signifies), that under cover of that opprobrious title the great spirit which gave Rome her freedom might be able to bide its time. On this occasion he was taken by Arruns and

Titus to Delphi less as a companion than as a butt for their amusement; and he is said to have carried with him, as his gift to Apollo, a rod of gold inserted into a hollow stick of cornel-wood – symbolic, it may be, of his own character.

The three young men reached Delphi, and carried out the king's instructions. That done, Titus and Arruns found themselves unable to resist putting a further question to the oracle. Which of them, they asked, would be the next king of Rome? From the depths of the cavern came the mysterious answer: 'He who shall be the first to kiss his mother shall hold in Rome supreme authority.' Titus and Arruns were determined to keep the prophecy absolutely secret, to prevent their other brother, Tarquin, who had been left in Rome, from knowing anything about it. Thus he, at any rate, would be out of the running. For themselves, they drew lots to determine which of them, on their return, should kiss his mother first.

Brutus, however, interpreted the words of Apollo's priestess in a different way. Pretending to trip, he fell flat on his face, and his lips touched the Earth – the mother of all living things.

Back in Rome, they found vigorous preparations in progress for war with the Rutuli. The chief town of the Rutuli was Ardea, and they were a people, for that place and period, of very considerable wealth. Their wealth was, indeed, the reason for Tarquin's preparations: he needed money to repair the drain on his resources resulting from his ambitious schemes of public building and he knew, moreover, that the commons were growing ever more restive, not only in view of his tyrannical behaviour generally but also, and especially, because they had been so long employed in manual labour such as belonged properly to slaves, and the distribution of plunder from a captured town would do much to soften their resentment.

The attempt was made to take Ardea by assault. It failed; siege operations were begun, and the army settled down into permanent quarters. With little prospect of any decisive action, the war looked like being a long one, and in these circumstances leave was granted, quite naturally, with considerable freedom, especially to officers. Indeed, the young princes, at any rate, spent most of their leisure enjoying themselves in entertainments on the most lavish scale. They were drinking one day in the quarters of Sextus Tarquinius – Collatinus, son of Egerius, was also present – when someone chanced to mention the subject of wives. Each of them, of course, extravagantly praised

his own; and the rivalry got hotter and hotter, until Collatinus suddenly cried: 'Stop! What need is there of words, when in a few hours we can prove beyond doubt the incomparable superiority of my Lucretia? We are all young and strong: why shouldn't we ride to Rome and see with our own eyes what kind of women our wives are? There is no better evidence, I assure you, than what a man finds when he enters his wife's room unexpectedly.'

They had all drunk a good deal, and the proposal appealed to them; so they mounted their horses and galloped off to Rome. They reached the city as dusk was falling; and there the wives of the royal princes were found enjoying themselves with a group of young friends at a dinner-party, in the greatest luxury. The riders then went on to Collatia, where they found Lucretia very differently employed: it was already late at night, but there, in the hall of her house, surrounded by her busy maid-servants, she was still hard at work by lamplight upon her spinning. Which wife had won the contest in womanly virtue was no longer in doubt.

With all courtesy Lucretia rose to bid her husband and the princes welcome, and Collatinus, pleased with his success, invited his friends to sup with him. It was at that fatal supper that Lucretia's beauty, and proven chastity, kindled in Sextus Tarquinius the flame of lust, and determined him to debauch her.

Nothing further occurred that night. The little jaunt was over, and the young men rode back to camp.

A few days later Sextus, without Collatinus's knowledge, returned with one companion to Collatia, where he was hospitably welcomed in Lucretia's house, and, after supper, escorted, like the honoured visitor he was thought to be, to the guest-chamber. Here he waited till the house was asleep, and then, when all was quiet, he drew his sword and made his way to Lucretia's room determined to rape her. She was asleep. Laying his left hand on her breast, 'Lucretia,' he whispered, 'not a sound! I am Sextus Tarquinius. I am armed - if you utter a word, I will kill you.' Lucretia opened her eyes in terror; death was imminent, no help at hand. Sextus urged his love, begged her to submit, pleaded, threatened, used every weapon that might conquer a woman's heart. But all in vain; not even the fear of death could bend her will. 'If death will not move you,' Sextus cried, 'dishonour shall. I will kill you first, then cut the throat of a slave and lay his naked body by your side. Will they not believe that you have been

caught in adultery with a servant - and paid the price?' Even the most resolute chastity could not have stood against this dreadful threat.

Lucretia yielded. Sextus enjoyed her, and rode away, proud of his success.

The unhappy girl wrote to her father in Rome and to her husband in Ardea, urging them both to come at once with a trusted friend - and quickly, for a frightful thing had happened. Her father came with Valerius, Volesus's son, her husband with Brutus, with whom he was returning to Rome when he was met by the messenger. They found Lucretia sitting in her room, in deep distress. Tears rose to her eyes as they entered, and to her husband's question, 'Is it well with you?' she answered, 'No. What can be well with a woman who has lost her honour? In your bed, Collatinus, is the impress of another man. My body only has been violated. My heart is innocent, and death will be my witness. Give me your solemn promise that the adulterer shall be punished - he is Sextus Tarquinius. He it is who last night came as my enemy disguised as my guest, and took his pleasure of me. That pleasure will be my death - and his, too, if you are men.'

The promise was given. One after another they tried to comfort her. They told her she was helpless, and therefore innocent; that he alone was guilty. It was the mind, they said, that sinned, not the body: without intention there could never be guilt.

'What is due to *him*,' Lucretia said, 'is for you to decide. As for me I am innocent of fault, but I will take my punishment. Never shall Lucretia provide a precedent for unchaste women to escape what they deserve.' With these words she drew a knife from under her robe, drove it into her heart, and fell forward, dead.

Her father and husband were overwhelmed with grief. While they stood weeping helplessly, Brutus drew the bloody knife from Lucretia's body, and holding it before him cried: 'By this girl's blood - none more chaste till a tyrant wronged her - and by the gods, I swear that with sword and fire, and whatever else can lend strength to my arm, I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and all his children, and never again will I let them or any other man be King in Rome.'

He put the knife into Collatinus's hands, then passed it to Lucretius, then to Valerius. All looked at him in astonishment: a miracle had happened - he was a changed man. Obedient to his command, they swore their oath. Grief was forgotten in the sudden surge of anger, and

when Brutus called upon them to make war, from that instant, upon the tyrant's throne, they took him for their leader.

Lucretia's body was carried from the house into the public square. Crowds gathered, as crowds will, to gape and wonder – and the sight was unexpected enough, and horrible enough, to attract them. Anger at the criminal brutality of the king's son and sympathy with the father's grief stirred every heart; and when Brutus cried out that it was time for deeds not tears, and urged them, like true Romans, to take up arms against the tyrants who had dared to treat them as a vanquished enemy, not a man amongst them could resist the call. The boldest spirits offered themselves at once for service; the rest soon followed their lead. Lucretia's father was left to hold Collatia; guards were posted to prevent news of the rising from reaching the palace, and with Brutus in command the armed populace began their march on Rome.

In the city the first effect of their appearance was alarm and confusion, but the sight of Brutus, and others of equal distinction, at the head of the mob, soon convinced people that this was, at least, no mere popular demonstration. Moreover the horrible story of Lucretia had had hardly less effect in Rome than in Collatia. In a moment the Forum was packed, and the crowds, by Brutus's order, were immediately summoned to attend the Tribune of Knights – an office held at the time by Brutus himself. There, publicly throwing off the mask under which he had hitherto concealed his real character and feelings, he made a speech painting in vivid colours the brutal and unbridled lust of Sextus Tarquinius, the hideous rape of the innocent Lucretia and her pitiful death, and the bereavement of her father, for whom the cause of her death was an even bitterer and more dreadful thing than the death itself. He went on to speak of the king's arrogant and tyrannical behaviour; of the sufferings of the commons condemned to labour underground clearing or constructing ditches and sewers; of gallant Romans – soldiers who had beaten in battle all neighbouring peoples – robbed of their swords and turned into stone-cutters and artisans. He reminded them of the foul murder of Servius Tullius, of the daughter who drove her carriage over her father's corpse, in violation of the most sacred of relationships – a crime which God alone could punish. Doubtless he told them of other, and worse, things, brought to his mind in the heat of the moment and by the sense of this latest outrage, which still lived in his eye and pressed upon his heart; but a mere historian can hardly record them.

The effect of his words was immediate: the populace took fire, and were brought to demand the abrogation of the king's authority and the exile of himself and his family.

With an armed body of volunteers Brutus then marched for Ardea to rouse the army to revolt. Lucretius, who some time previously had been appointed by the king Prefect of the City, was left in command in Rome. Tullia fled from the palace during the disturbances; wherever she went she was met with curses; everyone, men and women alike, called down upon her head the vengeance of the furies who punish sinners against the sacred ties of blood.

When news of the rebellion reached Ardea, the king immediately started for Rome, to restore order. Brutus got wind of his approach, and changed his route to avoid meeting him, finally reaching Ardea almost at the same moment as Tarquin arrived at Rome. Tarquin found the city gates shut against him and his exile decreed. Brutus the Liberator was enthusiastically welcomed by the troops, and Tarquin's sons were expelled from the camp. Two of them followed their father into exile at Caere in Etruria. Sextus Tarquinius went to Gabii – his own territory, as he doubtless hoped; but his previous record there of robbery and violence had made him many enemies, who now took their revenge and assassinated him.

Tarquin the Proud reigned for twenty-five years. The whole period of monarchical government, from the founding of Rome to its liberation, was 244 years. After the liberation two consuls were elected by popular vote, under the presidency of the Prefect of the City; the voting was by 'centuries', according to the classification of Servius Tullius. The two consuls were Lucius Junius Brutus and Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus.

TRANSLATION

Coluccio Salutati, Declamatio Lucretiae  
(between 1367 and 1391)

Collucio fiorentino

Lucretia, daughter of Lucretius Spurius and wife of Collatinus Tarquinius, was raped by Sextus Tarquinius, son of the king Tarquin. She consented only for fear of infamy, lest Tarquin kill her and unite her in bed to a servant with his throat cut, as he was threatening. She calls her father and husband to her and narates the event to them. She makes them promise to avenge the injury and then wants to kill herself. But her father and husband forbid it:

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Don't torment yourself, Lucretia. You have clearly provided the greatest evidence that you did not consent to the adulterer and that force was inflicted upon you. What punishment do you expect of it, besides that you publicly call to account what you could have concealed? Your previous life helps you in this; you have protected your frugality and chastity not only in the eyes of men but even in the most secret chambers of the house. Will you not recall, my Lucretia, how a few days ago we came here along with that vile adulterer, who saw you then for the first time? You were found surprised, unguarded among the servants, intent upon your weaving, expecting then neither your husband nor a guest. On that day, that discovery gave you the victory of chastity. We discovered the daughters and daughters-in-law of the king busy reveling. You surpassed the others, and the glory of incorruptible chastity was granted you. We will avenge the injury for you, who unhappily bore the violent embraces of that vile youth, while he was seizing his evil pleasures against your will. You will see happily the deserved punishment of the royal progeny. Why do you, who were forced to satisfy his abominable lust, wish to satisfy his savage spirit with your death and your blood? Are not the cruelty of the father and the monstrosity of his children well known to you? How much slaughter did he perform in Gabii, this corruptor of your body? How many innocents perished there? If you hate him, if you truly desire his punishment, make sure you live; let him see you exulting in his punishment. When he sees himself detested and disgraced and about to die, let him see you, whose body he assaulted, outlive him in the undiminished light of fame. Lucretia, do not wish to make your husband a widow, to deprive your father of his child, to make your children orphans. Wish to see your life one day avenged. You have

no reason you should wish to die. Your body has been violated, but your soul is untouched; no blame is contracted without consent. Who does not know that you could not resist him? You were sleeping, unguarded and nude, as one fearing nothing from such a youth, armed for murder, prepared for adultery. He was able to fondle anybody he wanted and draw her into his enticements by virtue of his blooming youth and royal authority. But he was not able to soften your rigid breast. He alone, although there were two of you, was violent and designed and performed adultery on your body. And you bore the injury of female fragility. But you kept your mind most chaste during the violence of copulation. If you seek glory, you can add nothing to this glory: you satisfied a young and greedy lover, but in sating his lust, instead of granting him a woman of flesh, you offered a marble statue. Add to that, illustrious Lucretia, that by consenting to that violent one, you did not wish to escape death but infamy. For you submitted to a tyrant's lust only when he threatened that he was going to cut your throat, murder a servant, and place him nude beside your body. Your father and husband absolve you from blame. Don't wish to condemn yourself alone for this fault which you lack. We will escape infamy when we take death into our hands. You spoil your renown. We will end the grief of life when we inflict death. You should be preparing the joys of an avenged one, not longing for death. Finally, we expiate the crime to some degree, as we lay our hands on you. You, seized by death, are about to mar your innocence. Your father, Brutus, and other kindred, who absolve you from blame, forbid you to kill yourself. Why do you condemn the judgment of these people by killing yourself? If you kill yourself, you will bring upon yourself blame, which either you lack or you flee. A woman will not be thought to be innocent who afflicts herself with punishment as a criminal.

The other part of the declamation, namely, the response of Lucretia:

Do not wish, o most venerable father and you, my husband, once dearer to me than light, to forbid me to die. Unless I kill myself, never will you trust that I preferred to escape infamy than death. Who will ever believe that he terrified me with the killing of the slave and that I feared more the possible disgrace of a slave joined to me than death, unless, by the strength and courage of dying, I will prove it? My wretched self will conserve the shameful disgrace of infamy, that Lucretia preferred to live as an adulteress rather than to die chaste. Don't you see that you wish to preserve me not for life but for infamy? Consider that you promised to keep our marriage bed inviolable to insult. See to it that he also renders other women's sleep safe from so much burning shame. If you are too negligently lacking in this, unrestrained lust will spread, and the

Roman women, not only while their husbands are absent but even in the embraces of their husbands, will be pressed by the violence of shameless youth. For indeed, what woman will be safe if Lucretia has been raped? And you, dearest husband, how will you be able to enter my embraces if you think that you are holding not your own wife but the whore of Tarquin? And you, most venerable father, how will you call me your daughter if I have unhappily lost and unjustly corrupted the chastity which I have learned under your excellent discipline? Shall I dare, indeed, to look upon my wretched self or my children whose womb an adulterer pressed? What if his unpropitious seed adhered in my womb? Or shall I wait until I become a mother from adultery? Don't wish to place before my eyes the splendor of a scrupulous life, for I once preserved everything sincere and unstained for so many years, until, in one most unhappy night, I received a guest but sent away an enemy. My life is no longer happy. I feel that my appropriate desire of chastity did me an injury. The abominable adulterer wanted to assault not my beauty but my chastity. If I bore this fruit of continence, what awaits me as an adulteress, contaminated and raped? If I will not be closed in as a whore in the brothels, I will be established as a disgraced one, flying far and wide in every direction. Alas for me! Will such a righteous soul as mine be able to endure anymore in this corrupted body without the blame of disgrace? Don't you think I will discover some pleasure in chastity of a corrupt body? O hidden shame! Spare me, father, and spare me, husband and you gods of chaste young women. Allow me not to harbor so much grief in my soul and not to recall so much the feeling of that embrace without the enticements of my disobedient members assailing me, without remembering the traces of the marriage flame. That sad and unpleasing pleasure, of whatever sort it was, must be avenged by the sword. And it will be your responsibility, if there is anything in you of Roman spirit, to avenge such a crime. Let the feeling be extinguished; too great are the powers of Venus for anyone who has had some experience of pleasure. I don't ever want the image of such a crime to be brought before the eyes of the mind. Nothing softens grief and emotions in a woman more quickly than time which extinguishes them; if I delay, perhaps shameful acts will begin to please me. Let me pierce with a sword this breast which that violent one loved, feeling first my nipples with his fingers impressed for the purpose of exciting lust. Don't even wish to urge me to feel compassion for myself. If I spare adultery, soon adultery will be pleasing, and then an adulterer will be welcome. A disgraceful thing has begun in me. Permit me, by death, to prevent the thing begun from living to be complete one day. Never will this crime remain where it began. All will believe that I feared infamy, not

death. Because I am unable to prove my innocence with witnesses, with my blood as a witness, I will prove the certainty of my incorrupt, unstained soul before the court of Minos and Rhadamantus. There you will accuse the royal descendant of violated chastity and a contaminated body. You, earthly body, who produced the cause and occasion of adultery with your former beauty, give up your soul; pour forth this blood as an omen that from this point, the overthrow of the arrogant king and his unfortunate progeny may begin. You, my dearest husband, and you, my father, whose glances I flee with modesty, happily and willingly, and you, my friends, goodbye; carry out the revenge you promised not less courageously than I will perform my murder. Let not Lucretia be given as an example to Roman women, so that, on account of my life, they may convince themselves that life is lawful for the unchaste.

End