

towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception. May I one day have it in my power to make him a return for those generous services which I shall ever most gratefully remember.

"I am just going to embark and purpose to pass through Macedonia on my way to Cyzicum. And now, my dearest Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a means of forwarding my return; if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none, come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible; for never can I think myself completely ruined while I enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourself must consider for as to my part I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of holding him forever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen for a few moments; my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

"I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune. I hope Piso will always continue, what you represent him to be, entirely ours. As to the transmission of the slaves, I think you have no occasion to be uneasy.

For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they deserved it; but excepting Arpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favour. As to mine I told them if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided that I could obtain them the confirmation of that grant; but, if I preserved my estate, they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

"With regard to the advice you give me of keeping my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country, I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the meantime, I am greatly miserable in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place, but the master of the ship on which I am going to embark, could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

"I entreat you to take all possible care of your health and be assured your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! adieu. And thou my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you both most tenderly farewell." Brundisium, April 30th.

This is only part of one of a number of letters written to his wife during this period of exile, all of them in much the same strain of unmanly bewailing. Cicero's whole attitude at this time is hard to reconcile with his previous record. Bolingbroke has ably described it in his *Reflections on Exile*: "This great man," he says, "who had been the saviour of his coun-