

**A king in trouble**

110 BC

(from: Colleen McCullough: The First Man in Rome, London, Arrows, 1990) (p.30f.; audio 1.22-2.02)

The trouble with being an anointed sovereign visiting the city of Rome was that one could not cross its pomerium, its sacred boundary. So Jugurtha, King of Numidia, was forced to spend his new Year's Day kicking his heels in the outrageously expensive villa he was renting on the higher slopes of the Pincian Hill, overlooking the huge bend in the Tiber which enclosed the Campus Martius. The agent who had secured the villa for him had raved about its outlook, the view into the distance of the Janiculum and the Vatican Hill, the green sward of both the little Tiber-bounded plains, Martius and Vaticanus, the broad blue band of the big river. Bet there were no rivers the size of dear old Father Tiber in Numidia! The presumptuous little agent had burred, all the while concealing the fact that he was acting for a senator who professed undying loyalty to Jugurtha's cause, yet was mighty anxious to close a deal for his villa that would keep him well supplied with the most costly of freshwater eels for months to come. Why did they think any man - let alone a king! - who was not a Roman was automatically a fool and a dupe? Jugurtha was well aware of who owned the villa, well aware, too, that he was being swindled in the matter of its rent; but there were times and places for frankness, and Rome at the moment when he closed the deal for the villa was not a place or a time for frankness.

From where he sat on the loggia in front of the vast peristyle-garden, his view was unimpeded. But to Jugurtha it was a small view, and when the wind was right the stench of the nightsoil fertilizing the market gardens of the outer Campus Martius around the Via Recta was strong enough to make him wish he had elected to live further out, somewhere around Bovillae or Tusculum. Used to the enormous distances of Numidia, he thought the fifteen-mile ride from Bovillae or Tusculum into Rome a mere trifle. And - since it turned out he could not enter the city anyway - what was the point in being housed close enough to spit over their accursed sacred boundary?

If he turned ninety degrees, he could, of course, see the back cliffs of the Capitol and the wrong end of the mighty temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus - in which, at this very moment, his agents assured him, the new consuls were hold-

ing the first senatorial meeting of their year in office.

How did one deal with the Romans? If he only knew that, he wouldn't be the worried man he admitted to himself he was.

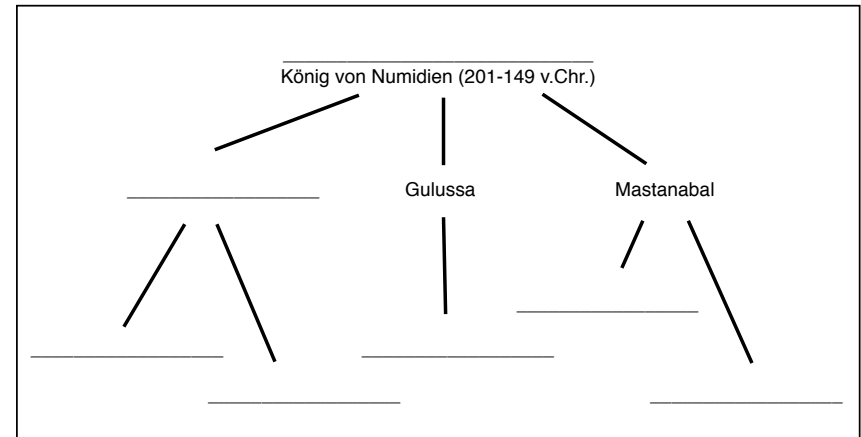
In the beginning it had seemed simple enough. His grandfather had been the great Masinissa, who had forged the Kingdom of Numidia out of the wreckage left strewn up and down two thousand miles of North African coast by Rome's defeat of Punic Carthage. At first Masinissa's gathering of power to himself had been with the open connivance of Rome; though later, when he had grown uncomfortably powerful and the Punic flavour of his organization gave Rome flutters of disquiet about the rise of a new Carthage, Rome turned somewhat against him. Luckily for Numidia, Masinissa had died at the right moment, and, understanding only too well that a strong king is always succeeded by a weakling, he left Numidia to be divided by Scipio Aemilianus among his three sons. Clever Scipio Aemilianus! He didn't carve up Numidia's territory into thirds; he carved up the kingly duties instead. The eldest got custody of the treasury and the palaces; the middle son was appointed Numidia's war leader; and the youngest inherited all the functions of law and justice. Which meant the son with the army didn't have the money to foment rebellion, the son with the money didn't have the law on his side had neither money nor army to foment rebellion.

Before time and accumulating resentment might have fomented rebellion anyway, the two younger sons died, leaving the oldest son, Micipsa, to rule on alone. However, both his dead brothers had left children to complicate the future: two legitimate sons, and a bastard named Jugurtha. One of these young men would ascend the throne when Micipsa died - but which one? Then late in his life the hitherto childless Micipsa produced two sons of his own, Adherbal and Hiempsal. Thus did the court seethe with rivalries, for the ages of all these potential heirs were skewed exactly the wrong way. Jugurtha the bastard was the oldest of them all, and the sons of the reigning king were mere babies.

His grandfather Masinissa had despised Jugurtha, not so much because he was a bastard as because his mother was of the humblest stock in the kingdom: she was a nomad ... (p.t.o.)

Inhalt:

1. Wo befindet sich König Jugurtha von Numidien zum Zeitpunkt des Textausschnitts?
2. Warum ist der Neujahrstag für das politische Rom interessant?
3. Von wessen Untergang profitierte König Masinissa?
4. Stelle Recherchen zu Scipio Aemilianus (185-129 v.Chr.) an!
5. Fülle den Stammbaum aus!



6. Zeichne in die Karte die Namen folgender Städte ein: Carthago, Utica, Cirta, Capsa, Zama, Hadrumetum, Hippo Regius, Lambaesis!



Berber girl. Micipsa inherited Masinissa's dislike of Jugurtha, and when he saw what a fine-looking and intelligent fellow Jugurtha had grown into, he found a way to eliminate this oldest potential contender for the throne. Scipio Aemilianus had demanded that Numidia send auxiliary troops to assist him at the siege of Numantia, so Micipsa dispatched his military levy under the command of Jugurtha, thinking Jugurtha would die in Spain.

It didn't turn out that way. Jugurtha took to war as born warriors do; besides which, he made immediate friends among the Romans, two of whom he was to prize as his best and dearest friends. They were junior military tribunes attached to the staff of Scipio Aemilianus, and their names were Gaius Marius and Publius Rutilius Rufus. All three were the same age, twenty-three.

At the close of the campaign, when Scipio Aemilianus summoned Jugurtha into his command tent to deliver a homily on the subject of dealing honourably with Rome rather than with any particular Romans, Jugurtha managed to keep a straight face. For if his exposure to Romans during the siege of Numantia had taught him anything about them, it was that almost all Romans who aspired to high public office were chronically short of money. In other words, they could be bought.

On his return to Numidia, Jugurtha carried a letter from Scipio Aemilianus to King Micipsa. It extolled the bravery, good sense, and superior intelligence of Jugurtha so much that old Micipsa put away the dislike he had inherited from his father. And about the time that Gaius Sempronius Gracchus died in the Grove of Furrina behind the Janiculan Hill, King Micipsa formally adopted Jugurtha and raised him to senior status among the heirs to the Numidian throne. However, he was careful to indicate that Jugurtha must never become king; his role was to assume the guardianship of Micipsa's own sons, now entering their early adolescence.

Almost as soon as he had set this situation up, King Micipsa died, leaving two underage heirs to his throne and Jugurtha as regent. Within a year Micipsa's younger son, Hiempsal, was assassinated at Jugurtha's instigation; the older son, Adherbal, escaped Jugurtha's net and fled to Rome, where he presented himself to the Senate and demanded that Rome settle the affairs of Numidia and strip Jugurtha of all authority.

"Why are we so afraid of them?" Jugurtha demanded, turning from his thoughts back to the present moment, the veil of soft rain drifting

across the exercise fields and market gardens and obscuring the far bank of the Tiber completely.

There were some twenty men on the loggia, but all save one were bodyguards. These were not gladiatorial hirelings, but Jugurtha's own men of Numidia - the same men, in fact, who had brought Jugurtha the head of young Prince Hiempsal seven years before and followed up that gift five years later with the head of Prince Adherbal.

The sole exception - and the man to whom Jugurtha had addressed his question - was a big, Semitic-looking man not far short of Jugurtha in size, sitting in a comfortable chair alongside his king. An outsider might have deemed them closely related by blood, which in actual fact they were; though it was a fact the King preferred to forget. Jugurtha's despised mother had been a simple nomad girl from a backward tribe of the Gaetuli Berbers, a mere nothing of a girl who by some quirk of fate had owned a face and body akin to Helen of Troy's. And the King's companion on this miserable New Year's Day was his half-brother, son of his humble mother and the court baron to whom Jugurtha's father had married her for the sake of convenience. The half-brothers' name was Bomilcar, and he was very loyal.

"Why are we so afraid of them?" Jugurtha asked again, more urgently, more despairingly.

Bomilcar sighed. "The answer's simple, I would think," he said. "It wears a steel helmet a bit like a basin turned upside down, a brownish-red tunic, and over that a long shirt of knitted chain mail. It carries a silly little short sword, a dagger almost as big, and one or two tiny-headed spears. It isn't a mercenary, it isn't even a pauper. It's called a Roman infantryman."

Jugurtha grunted, ended in shaking his head. "Only a part of the answer, Baron. Roman soldiers are perishable; they die."

"They die very hard," said Bomilcar.

"No, there's more to it than that. I don't understand! You can buy them like bread in a bakery, and that ought to mean they're as soft inside as bread. But they aren't."

"Their leaders you mean?"

"Their leaders. The eminent Conscript Fathers of the Senate. They are utterly corrupt! Therefore, they ought to be crawling with decay. Soft to melting, insubstantial. But they aren't. They're as hard as flint, as cold as ice, as subtle as a Parthian satrap. They never give up. Take hold of one, tame him to servility, and the next mo-

ment he's gone, you're dealing with a different face in a different set of circumstances."

"Not to mention that all of a sudden there's one you need whom you can't buy - not because he doesn't have a price, but because whatever his price is, you don't have it - and I'm not referring to money," said Bomilcar.

"I loathe them all," said Jugurtha between his teeth.

"So do I. Which doesn't get rid of them, does it?"

"Numidia is mine!" cried its king. "They don't even want it, you know! All they want to do is interfere. Meddle!"

Bomilcar spread out his hands. "Don't ask me, Jugurtha, because I don't know. All I do know is that you are sitting here in Rome, and the outcome is on the laps of the gods."

Indeed it is, thought the King of Numidia, returning to his thoughts.

When young Adherbal had escaped and gone to Rome six years ago, Jugurtha had known what to do, and had done it quickly. Off to Rome went a team of his ambassadors bearing gold, silver, jewels, works of art, whatever was likely to tickle a Roman noble's fancy. Interesting that you could never bribe them with women or boys. Only with negotiable goods. The outcome of his embassy had been reasonably satisfactory, giving the circumstances.

They were obsessed with committees and commissions, the Romans, and enjoyed nothing better than to send off a small party of officials to the remotest ends of the earth, there to investigate, pontificate, adjudicate, ameliorate. Anyone else would just march in at the head of an army, but the Romans would turn up in togas escorted only by lictors, nary a soldier within emergency call; they would proceed to issue their orders, and expect to be obeyed just as if they had arrived at the head of an army. And mostly they were obeyed.

Which returned him to his original question: Why are we so afraid of them? Because we are. We are. But why? Maybe because there's always a Marcus Aemilius Scaurus among them?

It had been Scaurus who prevented the Senate from deciding in favour of Jugurtha when Adherbal had gone bleating to Rome. A lone voice in a body of three hundred men! Yet, he had prevailed, kept hammering away at them until he, the lone voice, actually won the lot of them over to his side. Thus it had been Scaurus who forced a compromise acceptable neither to Jugurtha nor to Adherbal: a committee of ten Roman senators led

by the consular Lucius Opimius was to travel to Numidia and there - after investigations made on the spot - decide what to do. So what did the committee do? It divided the kingdom. Adherbal got the eastern end with Cirta as his capital, more closely populated and commercialized than, yet not as rich as, the western end. The western end had gone to Jugurtha, who found himself sandwiched between Adherbal and the Kingdom of Mauretania. Pleased with their solution, the Romans went home. Jugurtha promptly settled down to watch his mouse Adherbal, waiting his moment to pounce. And to protect himself on his west, he married the daughter of the King of Mauretania.

He waited patiently for four years, then attacked Adherbal and his army between Cirta and its seaport. Beaten, Adherbal fell back on Cirta and organized its defence, assisted by a large and influential contingent of Roman and Italian merchants who formed the backbone of the business sector in Numidia. There was nothing odd about their presence in the country; wherever you went in the world, you would find a contingent of Roman and Italian businessmen running the local commercial sector, even in places with little connection to Rome and no protection.

Of course, the news of the outbreak of war between Jugurtha and Adherbal had reached the ears of the Senate in short order; the Senate responded by dispatching a committee of three charming young sons of senators (it would give the younger generation a bit of valuable experience; there was nothing really important in this squabble) to rap the Numidian knuckles. Jugurtha got to them first, manoeuvred them out of any contact with Adherbal or the inhabitants of Cirta, and sent them home laden with expensive gifts.

Then Adherbal managed to smuggle a letter out to Rome, a letter begging for help; always on Adherbal's side, Marcus Aemilius Scaurus immediately set out himself for Numidia, at the head of yet another committee of investigation. But so dangerous was the situation they found in all Africa that they were to remain inside the boundaries of the Roman African province, and eventually were obliged to return to Rome without interviewing either of the rivals for the throne, or influencing the course of the war. Jugurtha then went ahead and captured Cirta. Understandably, Adherbal was executed at once. Less understandably, Jugurtha took out his spleen at Rome by executing the Roman and Italian businessmen of Cirta down to the last man; (p.t.o.)

for in so doing, he outraged Rome beyond any hope of conciliation.

News of the massacre of the Romans and Italians resident in Cirta had reached Rome fifteen months ago, during autumn. And one of the tribunes-elect of the plebs, Gaius Memmius, created such a howl in the Forum that no amount of bribing by Jugurtha could avert catastrophe. The junior consul-elect, Lucius Calpurnius Bestia, was ordered to go to Numidia at the beginning of his term in office to show Jugurtha that he could not freely slaughter Romans and Italians.

Bestia, however, had been a bribable man, so Jugurtha bribed, with the result that six months ago he had managed to negotiate a peace with Rome, and hand over thirty war elephants to Bestia along with a small gift of money for the Roman treasury - and a much larger, undisclosed sum which found its way into Bestia's private coffers. Rome appeared to be satisfied; Jugurtha was undisputed King of all Numidia at last.

But Gaius Memmius, oblivious to the fact that his term as a tribune of the plebs was finished, never shut up. Day after day he pursued his campaign to have the whole Numidian question gone into under the harshest light; day after day he accused Bestia of extorting money from Jugurtha in return for tenure of the throne; and finally Gaius Memmius achieved his aim, which was to browbeat the Senate into acting. Off to Numidia the Senate sent the praetor Lucius Cassius Longinus, under instructions to bring King Jugurtha in person to Rome, where he was to be made to provide Gaius Memmius with the names of all those he had bribed throughout the years. Had he been required to answer before the Senate, the situation would not have been so perilous; but Jugurtha was to answer before the People.

When Cassius the praetor arrived in Cirta and served the King with his summons, Jugurtha could not refuse to accompany him back to Rome. Only why? Why were they all so afraid? What could Rome actually do? Invade Numidia? There were always more Bestias in office than there were Gaius Memmii! Why then were they all so afraid? Was it the gall of the Romans that they could calmly dispatch a single man to snap his fingers at the ruler of a great and rich land, and bring him to heel?

Jugurtha had come to heel, meekly packed his trunks, tapped a few barons on the shoulder to accompany him, selected the fifty best men in the Royal Numidian Guard, and taken ship with Cassius the praetor. That had been two months ago. Two months in which very little had happened.

Oh, Gaius Memmius had lived up to his word! He had summoned an Assembly of the Plebs in the Circus Flaminius, which lay outside the pomerium, the sacred boundary of the city and, therefore, constituted a venue Jugurtha, the anointed sovereign, could attend in person. The purpose of the meeting was to enable every interested Roman from highest to lowest personally to hear the King of Numidia answer Gaius Memmius's questions: Whom had he bribed, how much money had he paid over? Everyone in Rome knew exactly the sort of questions Gaius Memmius was going to ask. So the Assembly in the Circus Flaminius was extremely well attended, the arena crowded, with latecomers accommodated in the wooden tiers of seats hoping even at that distance to be able to hear.

However, Jugurtha still knew how to go about his defence; Spain and the years since had taught him too well ever to forget. He bought himself a tribune of the plebs.

On the face of it, tribunes of the plebs were junior in the magisterial hierarchy and in senatorial rank. Tribunes of the plebs had no imperium - now there was a word the Numidian language had no equivalent for! Imperium! Imperium meant - well, the kind of authority a god on earth might possess. It was why a lone praetor could summon a great king to go with him. Provincial governors had imperium. Consuls had imperium. Praetors had imperium. The curule aediles had imperium. But each possessed a different strength or kind of imperium. The only tangible evidence of imperium was the lictor. Lictors were professional attendants who walked ahead of the owner of imperium to clear a path for him, carrying on their left shoulders the fasces, the bundles of rods lashed together with crimson cords.

The censors didn't have imperium. Nor did the plebeian aediles. Nor - most important for Jugurtha's purposes - did the tribunes of the plebs. These last were the elected representatives of the plebs, that vast bulk of the Roman citizen body unable to claim the high distinction of being a patricius, a patrician. The patrician was the antique aristocrat, one whose family was listed among the Fathers of Rome. Four hundred years ago, when the Republic had been brand new, only the patrician had mattered. But as some plebeians gained money and power, and forced their way into Senate and curule chair, they wanted to be aristocrats, too. The result: the nobilis, the nobleman. Thus was the patrician joined by the nobleman in a dual aristocra-

cy. To be a nobleman, all that was necessary was to have a consul in the family, and there was nothing to stop a plebeian's becoming consul. Plebeian honour - and ambition - were satisfied.

The plebs had their own assembly of government; no patrician could attend it, or vote in it. Yet, so powerful had the plebs become - and so eclipsed the patricians - that this young body, the Plebeian Assembly, passed almost all the laws. Ten tribunes of the plebs were elected to look after the interests of the plebs. New ones every year. That was the worst feature of Roman government: its magistrates served for only a year, which meant you could never buy yourself one man who was going to last long enough to be of real service. Every year, you had to buy yourself another man. And usually you had to buy yourself several.

No, a tribune of the plebs didn't have imperium, nor was he a senior magistrate; on the surface, he didn't seem to count for much at all. And yet he had managed to make himself the most significant magistrate of the lot. In his hands was true power, for he alone possessed the power of the veto. His veto affected everyone; no one save a dictator was immune from it, and there had not been a dictator in office for nearly a hundred years. A tribune of the plebs could veto a censor, a consul, a praetor, the Senate, his fellow nine tribunes of the plebs, meetings, assemblies, elections - you name it, he could veto it - and probably had. Also, his person was sacrosanct, which meant he could not be physically impeded in the execution of his duties. Besides which, he made the laws. The Senate could not make a law; all the Senate could do was to recommend that a law be made.

Of course, it was all designed to impose a system of checks and balances aimed at curbing the potential political power of any one body or any one individual. If the Romans had been a superior breed of political animal, the system would have worked, too; but since they were not, it mostly didn't work. For of all the people in the history of the world, the Romans were the most adept at finding ostensibly legal ways around the law.

So King Jugurtha of Numidia bought himself a tribune of the plebs - a nobody really, not a member of one of the Famous Families, nor a wealthy man. However, Gaius Baebius was a duly elected tribune of the plebs, and when the stream of silver denarii was poured out on the table in front of him he silently scooped his treasure trove into a dozen big bags and became the property of the King of Numidia.

As the old year wore itself down, Gaius Memmius had convened his big meeting in the Circus Flaminius, and haled Jugurtha before it. Then, with the King standing submissively on the Flaminian rostra and the crowd of some thousands utterly silent, Gaius Memmius asked his first question.

"Did you bribe Lucius Opimius?" he asked the King.

And before the King could answer, Gaius Baebius piped up. "I forbid you to answer Gaius Memmius, King Jugurtha!" was all Gaius Baebius said. He didn't need to say a single word more.

It was a veto. Directed by a tribune of the plebs not to answer, Jugurtha could not legally be made to answer. So the Assembly of the Plebs broke up; the disappointed thousands went home muttering; Gaius Memmius was so angry his friends had to lead him away under restraint; and Gaius Baebius trotted off exuding an air of great virtue which fooled no one.

Yet, the Senate hadn't given Jugurtha permission to return home, so here on New Year's Day he sat on his rented, hideously expensive loggia, cursing Rome, and cursing the Romans. Neither of the new consuls had yet given any indication that he might be interested in accepting a private donation; none of the new praetors was worth the effort of bribing, and the new tribunes of the plebs weren't inspiring either.

The trouble with bribery was that it could not just be cast upon the waters; your fish first had to rise to the surface and make gobbling motions, thus assuring you that he was interested in swallowing a gilded bait. If no one swam up to mouth his interest at you, then you had to float your line and sit back and wait with every ounce of patience you could possibly muster.

Yet - how could he sit back and wait patiently when his kingdom was already a target of several greedy pretenders? Gauda, the legitimate son of Mastanabal, and Massiva the son of Gullussa, had strong claims, though they were by no means the only claimants. To get home was vital. Yet, here he sat, impotent. Were he to leave without the Senate's permission, his departure might be viewed as an act of war. As far as he knew, no one in Rome wanted war, but he didn't have enough evidence to tell him which way the Senate might jump if he did leave. And though it could no pass laws, the Senate had all the say in foreign affairs, from declaring war to governing the Roman provinces. His agents had reported that Marcus Aemilius Scaurus... (p.t.o.)

was furious at Gaius Baebius's veto. And Scaurus had enormous clout in the Senate, had once already swung it around single-handedly. Scaurus was of the opinion that Jugurtha boded no good for Rome.

Bomilcar, the half-brother, sat quietly, waiting for Jugurtha to abandon his brooding. He had news to impart, but he knew his king better than to broach it which the storm signs were showing. A wonderful man, Jugurtha. So much innate ability! And how hard had his lot been because of the accident of his low birth. Why did heredity matter so much? The Punic Carthaginian blood in all the Numidian nobility was very marked in Jugurtha, but so, too, was the Berber blood he got from his mother. Both were Semitic peoples, but the Berber had lived far longer in North Africa than the Punic.

In Jugurtha the two strains of Semite were perfectly married. From his mother's Berber fairness he had inherited his light grey eyes, his straight nose, and his long, gaunt-cheeked face, and from her, too, he had inherited his height. But from his father Mastanabal's Punic blood came his corkscrew-curl black locks, his dense black body hair, his swarthy skin, and his big-boned frame. Perhaps that was why he was so impressive. The eyes were a shock to see in one so dark, and frightening, too. Hellenized by centuries of exposure to the Greeks, the Numidian upper classes wore Greek dress, which did not really suit Jugurtha, who looked his best in helmet and cuirass and greaves, sword at his side, war-horse champing. A pity, thought Bomilcar, that the Romans in Rome had never seen the King garbed for war; and then he shivered, horrified at the thought. A temptation of fate, to think that! Better offer the goddess Fortuna a sacrifice tomorrow, that the Romans never did see Jugurtha garbed for war.

The King was relaxing; his face had softened. Awful, to have to banish this hard-earned peace, burden him with a fresh worry. But better he should hear it from his loyalist baron, his own brother, than have the news blurted out to him by some idiot agent avid to cause a maximum of consternation.

"My lord king?" asked Bomilcar tentatively.

The grey eyes turned his way immediately. "Yes?"

"I heard a rumour yesterday, at the house of Quintus Caecilius Metellus."

That flicked Jugurtha on the raw, of course; Bomilcar could go where liked inside Rome, for

he wasn't an anointed king. It was Bomilcar who was invited to dine, not Jugurtha.

"What?" asked the King curtly.

"Massiva has turned up here in Rome. What's more, he's managed to interest the consul Spurius Postumius Albinus in his case, and intends to have Albinus petition the Senate."

The King sat up quickly, swinging his chair around so he could look directly into Bomilcar's face. "I wondered where the miserable little worm had wriggled off to," he said. "Now I know, don't I? But why him, and not me? Albinus must know I'll pay him more than Massiva ever could."

"Not according to my sources," said Bomilcar uneasily. "I suspect they've made a deal which depends upon Albinus's being awarded Africa Province as his governorship. You're stuck here in Rome; Albinus hies himself off to Africa Province with a neat little army, a quick march across the border to Cirta, and - all hail King Massiva of Numidia! I imagine King Massiva of Numidia will be very willing to pay Albinus pretty much what he asks."

"I've got to get home" the King cried.

"I know! But how, tell me how!"

"You don't think there's any chance I could sway Albinus? I've still got money on hand, I can get more!"

Bomilcar shook his head emphatically. "The new consul does not like you," he said. "You neglected to send him a gift on his birthday, which was last month. Massiva didn't neglect to send him a gift. In fact, he sent Albinus a gift when he was elected consul, then another for the birthday."

"That's my agents, curse them!" Jugurtha bared his teeth. "They're beginning to think I'm going to lose, so they're not even trying." He chewed his lip, wet it with his tongue. "Am I going to lose?"

Bomilcar smiled: "You? Never!"

"I don't know .... Massiva! Do you realize I'd forgotten all about him? I thought he was in Cyrenaica with Ptolemy Apion." Jugurtha shrugged, visibly pulled himself together. "It might be a false rumour. Who exactly told you?"

"Metellus himself. He'd know. His ears permanently to the ground these days, he's planning to run for consul next year. Not that he approves of the deal Albinus is making. If he did, he'd not have breathed a word of it to me. But you know Metellus - one of the upright virtuous Romans, not a bribe in mind. And he dislikes seeing kings camped on Rome's doorstep."

"Metellus can afford the luxury of virtuous uprightness!" said Jugurtha tartly. "What Caecilius

Metellus isn't as rich as Croesus? They've carved up Spain and Asia between them. Well, they'll not carve up Numidia! Nor will Spurius Postumius Albinus, if I have anything to do with it." The King sat stiff in his chair. "Massiva is definitely here?"

"According to Metellus, yes."

"We must wait until we hear which consul is going out to govern Africa, and which to Macedonia."

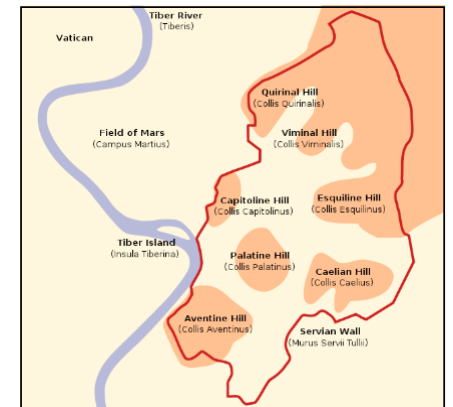
Bomilcar snorted derisively: "Don't tell me you believe in the lots!"

"I don't know what I believe about the Romans," said the King sombrely. "Maybe I think it's already decided, maybe I wonder if the drawing of the lots isn't that one time they're laughing at us, and actually have left it up to chance. So I will wait, Bomilcar. When I hear the result of the lots, I'll decide what to do."

With that, he turned his chair around again and went back to his contemplation of the rain. [...]

#### Inhalt:

1. Informiere dich über Numantia!
2. Was hat - laut Textaussage - Jugurtha in Numantia vor allem gelernt?
3. Wer war in dieser Zeit König von Numidien?
4. Was geschah nach dem Tod dieses Königs (ca. 118 v.Chr.)?
5. Wer ist Bomilcar?
6. Der im Text erwähnt M. Aemilius Scaurus war 29 Jahre, von 115 zu seinem Tod im Jahr 86 v.Chr., *princeps senatus*. Informiere dich über diesen Titel!
7. Der römische Senat schickte auf Initiative des M. Aemilius Scaurus eine Gesandtschaft nach Numidien, die die Thronstreitigkeiten zwischen Adherbal und Jugurtha schlichten sollten. Wann war das und was war das Ergebnis?
8. Wie reagierte Jugurtha auf dieses Ergebnis?
9. Wer ist Gaius Memmius?
10. Wer ist Lucius Calpurnius Bestia?
11. Welche Aufgabe hatte der Praetor Lucius Cassius Longinus zu erfüllen?
12. Wie lange befindet sich der König zum gegenwärtigen Zeitpunkt vor den Toren Roms?
13. Informiere dich über den Begriff "Pomerium"!
14. Informiere dich über den Begriff "Imperium"!
15. Warum durften die Patrizier nicht an der Volksversammlung teilnehmen?
16. Gegen wen konnte ein Volkstribun sein Veto einlegen?
17. Fasse zusammen, was an dem beschriebenen Tag des Jahres 110 v.Chr. im Circus Flaminius geschah!
18. Ein weiteres Mitglied des numidischen Königshauses ist in Rom aufgetaucht. Wer?
19. Wer ist Consul in diesem Jahr 110 v.Chr.?
20. Q. Caecilius Metellus erhielt später den Beinamen Numidicus. Informiere dich über die Hintergründe!



(Audio 4.33-4.40)  
 [...] The lot which gave the province of Roman Africa to Spurius Postumius Albinus was drawn on New Year's Day; not twenty-four hours later, he nailed his colours to the mast, and they were the colours of Prince Massiva of Numidia.

Spurius Albinus had a brother, Aulus, ten years younger than himself, newly admitted to the Senate, and eager to make a name. So while Spurius Albinus lobbied strenuously, yet behind the scenes, for his new client Prince Massiva, it fell to Aulus Albinus to escort Prince Massiva through all the most important public places of the city, introducing him to every Roman of note, and whispering to Massiva's agents what sort of gift would be appropriate to send to every Roman of note Massiva met. Like most members of the Numidian royal house, Massiva was a well-set-up and good-looking Semite with a brain between his ears, capable of exerting charm, and lavish in the distribution of largesse. His chief advantage lay not in the undeniable legitimacy of his claim, but rather in the Roman delight of a divided camp; there was no thrill in a united Senate, no spice in a series of unanimous votes, no reputations to be made in amicable co-operation.

At the end of the first week of the New Year, Aulus Albinus formally presented the case of Prince Massiva to the House, and, on his behalf, claimed the throne of Numidia for the legitimate branch. It was Aulus Albinus's maiden speech, and a good one. Every Caecilius Metellus sat up and listened, then applauded at the end of it, and Marcus Aemilius Scaurus was delighted to speak in support of Massiva's petition. This, he said, was the answer to the vexed question as to what to do about Numidia - get it back on the right path with a lawful king at the reins, not a desperate pretender whose bloodline was not good enough to unite the whole country behind him, and who had established his tenure of the throne by murder and bribery. Before Spurius Albinus dismissed the meeting, the Senate was making noises indicating it was very ready to vote in favour of dismissing the present king, and replacing him with Massiva.

"We're up to our necks in boiling water," said Bomilcar to Jugurtha. "All of a sudden I'm not being invited to dine anywhere, and our agents can't find any ears prepared to listen."

"When is the Senate going to vote?" asked the King, his voice calm and steady.

"The fourteenth day before the Kalends of February is the next meeting scheduled for the House - that is seven days from tomorrow, Sire."

The King straightened his shoulders. "It will go

against me, won't it?"

"Yes, Sire," said Bomilcar.

"In that case, it is pointless my trying to continue to do things the Roman way." Jugurtha was visibly growing in size, an awful majesty swelling him now that had been kept hidden since he came with Lucius Cassius to Italy. "From now on, I will do things my way - the Numidian way."

The rain had cleared, a cold sun shone; Jugurtha's bones longed for the warmer winds of Numidia, his body longed for the friendly and unvarnished comfort of his harem, his mind longed for the ruthless logic of Numidian plain dealing. Time to go home! Time to start recruiting and training an army, for the Romans were never going to let go.

He paced up and down the colonnade flanking the gigantic peristyle-garden, then beckoned to Bomilcar and strode with him to the centre of the open air, by the loudly splashing fountain.

"Not even a bird can hear us," he said then.

Bomilcar stiffened, prepared himself.

"Massiva must go," said the King.

"Here? In Rome?"

"Yes, and within the next seven days. If Massiva is not dead before the Senate takes its vote, our task will be that much harder. With Massiva dead, there can be no vote. It will buy us time."

"I'll kill him myself," said Bomilcar.

But Jugurtha shook his head violently. "No! No! The assassin must be a Roman," he said. "Your job is to find the Roman assassin who will kill Massiva for us."

Bomilcar stared, aghast. "My Lord King, we're in a foreign country! We don't know where or how, let alone who!"

"Ask one of our agents. Surely there's one we can trust," said Jugurtha.

That was more concrete; Bomilcar worked at it for some moments, nipping at the short hairs of his beard beneath his bottom lip with strong teeth. "Agelastus," he said at last. "Marcus Servilius Agelastus, the man who never smiles. His father is Roman, he was born and bred here, but his heart is with his Numidian mother, of that I'm sure."

"I leave it to you. Do it," said the King, and walked away down the path. Agelastus looked stunned. "Here? In Rome?"

"Not only here, but within the next seven days," said Bomilcar. "Once the Senate votes for Massiva - as it will! - we'll have a civil war on our hands in Numidia. Jugurtha won't let go, you know that. Even if he were willing to let go, the Gaetuli wouldn't let him.

"But I haven't the faintest idea how to find an assassin!"

"Then do the job yourself."

"I couldn't!" wailed Agelastus.

"It has to be done! Surely in a city this size there are plenty of people willing to do murder for a good sum of money," Bomilcar persisted.

"Of course, there are! Half the proletariat, if the truth is known. But I don't mix in those circles, I don't know any of the proletarii! After all, I can't just approach the first seedy-looking fellow I see,

clink a bag of gold at him, and ask him to kill a prince of Numidia!" moaned Agelastus.

"Why not?" asked Bomilcar.

"He might report me to the urban praetor, that's why!"

"Show him the gold first, and I guarantee he won't. In this city, everyone has his price."

"Maybe that is indeed so, Baron," said Agelastus, "but I for one am not prepared to put your theory to the test."

And from that stand he would not be budged.

#### Inhalt:

1. Erkläre den Inhalt des ersten Abschnitts!
2. In welchem Verwandtschaftsverhältnis steht Prinz Massiva zu König Jugurtha (vgl. ggf. S.2)?
3. "At the end of the first week of the New Year, Aulus Albinus formally presented the case of Prince Massiva to the House, and, on his behalf, claimed the throne of Numidia for the legitimate branch." (3. Absatz) - Erkläre den Inhalt!
4. In welchem Zusammenhang wurden Caecilius Metellus und Marcus Aemilius Scaurus vorher genannt?
5. "The fourteenth day before the Kalends of February is the next meeting scheduled for the House" (linke Spalte, unten) - Was ist das für ein Datum in heutiger Schreibweise?
6. Wie sieht der Plan aus, mit dem Jugurtha seinen Kopf aus der Schlinge ziehen will?
7. Nenne sieben Adjektive, die du nach der Lektüre dieser Einführung mit Jugurtha verbindest!
8. Stelle dir vor, du wolltest einen Film drehen. Besetze die Rolle des Jugurtha! Begründe deine Wahl!