

# Sources for Latin

## Entry Level Certificate in Latin

OCR Entry Level Certificate in Latin: R445

This Booklet is designed to accompany the OCR Entry Level Certificate in Latin specification for teaching from September 2010.

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# Section 1: Sources in translation

## Introduction

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The items of primary source material in this booklet can be used as evidence for various aspects of Roman civilisation. They are the same sources that form the core sources for A405 Latin GCSE unit, enabling co-teaching of this GCSE unit and Latin Entry Level if this is desired.

The list below indicates which items of translated source material are relevant to which aspect of Roman civilisation. See the Introduction to Section 2 for a similar listing for the inscriptions. The sources will often include evidence for more than one aspect, as well as for aspects not listed in the Specification. Questions in the examination may offer scope for candidates to show what they have learned about these other aspects from the sources they have studied.

These sources are intended as a resource only and should not be considered to be prescriptive. Teachers are encouraged to capitalise on their own knowledge and enthusiasms and explore sources which in their professional judgment their students will enjoy and respond to. There is scope for using materials from school visits to museums and classical collections as well as from literature texts.

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# Translations

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## 1 Apuleius *The Golden Ass* 9.12 Lucius at the mill

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*Lucius has been turned into a donkey by magic. He is put to work in a flour mill and bakery.*

Now it was late in the day and I was almost completely worn out, when they untied the rope, released me from the harness attaching me to the mill and tied me to the manger. I was extremely tired and very much needed to revive my strength, and I was absolutely dying from hunger. Even so, I was struck by my usual curiosity and took care to observe, with a kind of fascination, the way this unpleasant workplace was run – and so I put off eating the generous supply of food in front of me.

Good gods! What wretched creatures were there, their skin picked out all over with dark bruises, and their backs scarred where they had been whipped, shaded rather than covered by torn and patchwork clothing, some with just a scanty loin cloth to make them decent, but all were so ragged that you could see their bodies through the tears. There were foreheads branded with letters, hair half shaved off, ankles in shackles; their faces were yellow, their eyes damaged by the thick smoke and the clouds of steam from the ovens, so that they were barely able to see. A layer of flour, like ash, made them a dirty white colour, so that they looked like boxers who fight after being sprinkled with dust.

## 2 Augustine *Confessions* 6.8 Addiction to the Games

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Alypius rejected and detested gladiatorial shows, but some friends and fellow students of his happened to bump into him when they were returning from dinner, and took him to the amphitheatre on one of the days devoted to those cruel and deadly shows. They applied all the force of friendship, in spite of his strong objections and fierce resistance. ‘If you drag my body to that place’, he said, ‘can you turn my mind and eyes to those sights? No! So I shall be present but absent, and thus I shall defeat both you and them.’ On hearing this they still took him there with them, perhaps wanting to put this very thing to the test, whether he could do what he said.

When they got there and sat themselves down where they could, the whole place was boiling with monstrous pleasures. Alypius closed the doors of his eyes and forbade his mind to go to meet such evils. If only he had hardened his ears too! For as one competitor fell in a fight, a great shout of the whole crowd knocked him back. He was overcome by curiosity and, as if prepared to despise and overcome whatever it was, even after seeing it, he opened his eyes. He was struck by a wound in his soul which was deeper than the one in the body of the gladiator, whom he had longed to see, and he fell more miserably than the man whose fall had caused the shout... For when he saw that blood, at the same time he drank down something savage; and he did not turn away, but fixed his gaze, and drank his fill of the madness unawares, and derived pleasure from the wickedness of the contest, and became drunk with bloodlust. And now he was no longer the same man as the man who had come, but was one of the crowd, to which he had come, and a true companion of those who had brought him. What is there to add? He watched, he shouted, he burned, he took away with him the obsession that goaded him into returning, not only in the company of the men who had dragged him off to the show, but actually ahead of them, and dragging others with him.

### 3 Augustus *Res Gestae* 22 Games put on by the Emperor

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Three times I gave gladiatorial games in my own name and five times in the name of my sons or grandsons. At these games there were about ten thousand fighters. Twice, in my own name, I presented to the people a show of fighters summoned from all places, and I presented a third show in the name of my grandson. I put on games in my own name four times, and in place of other magistrates twenty-three times. For the college of the *quindecimviri*, as master of the college, with M. Agrippa as colleague, I held the Secular Games in the consulship of C. Furnius and C. Silanus. When I was consul for the thirteenth time I was the first to hold games in honour of Mars, which after that time and then in following years were held by the consuls by decree of the senate and by law. I gave to the people hunts of African beasts in my own name or in the name of my sons and grandsons in the Circus or the Forum or in amphitheatres twenty-six times, at which about 3,500 beasts were killed.

### 4 Cicero *De Officiis* 1.42.150-151 Cicero on occupations

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We more or less accept the view on which trades and occupations we should regard as fit for a free man, and which we should regard as beneath him. First, occupations are ruled out that arouse people's hatred, such as those of tax collectors and money-lenders. The occupations of all hired workers, who are paid for their manual labour, not for their skill, are base and unfit for a free man. For in these the very payment is the wage of slavery. We should also regard as base those who buy goods from merchants to sell on at once, for they would make no profit unless they told a pack of lies. And there is nothing more disgraceful than deception. All craftsmen are involved in base trade, for a workshop can have nothing worthy of a free man about it. Trades which provide for bodily pleasures are least acceptable:

*fishmongers, butchers, cooks, poulterers, fishermen*

as Terence says. Add to these, if you like, perfume sellers, dancers and the whole dice game.

Those professions in which a greater degree of intelligence is found, or in which considerable benefit is looked for, such as medicine, or architecture, or teaching respectable subjects – these occupations are fit for those who have the right social rank. Trading, if it is on a small scale, must be regarded as base: but if it is on a large scale and brings in plenty of money, and imports large quantities of goods from all over the world, and distributes them to many people without deception, it should not be much criticised, and it even seems that it can perfectly justifiably be praised, if the traders have their fill of profit or rather are satisfied by it, and then make their way from port to their lands and estates, as they often have done from the sea to the harbour: of all things which are done for gain, nothing is better than agriculture, nothing more productive, nothing more delightful, nothing more fitting for a free man.

### 5 Cicero *De Officiis* 2.25.89 Cato's opinion of farming

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When Cato was asked what was of greatest advantage in estate management, he replied: 'Feeding your cattle properly.' What was second? 'Feeding them quite well.' What was third? 'Feeding them badly.' What was fourth? 'Ploughing fields.' And when his questioner asked, 'What about money-lending?' Cato said 'What about murder?'

## 6 Cicero *Tusculan Disputations* 2.17.41 Training and discipline of a gladiator

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Gladiators are either desperate men with nothing to lose or foreigners: what blows they endure! Consider how men who have had a good training prefer to receive a blow rather than avoid it and so bring shame on themselves! How often it is clear that they like nothing better than to satisfy their owner or the people! Even when they are finished off by wounds, they send to their owners to ask what they want. If they have satisfied them, they are willing to fall. What gladiator, even an ordinary one, has ever groaned or changed his expression? Which of them has acted shamefully while he was still standing or even when he has fallen? What gladiator, after falling and being told to receive the sword, withdrew his neck? Such is the power of training, practice, habit. So since this is possible for

*the Samnite, a filthy man, worthy of that life and station,*

will a man born for distinction have any part of his mind so soft that it cannot be strengthened by practice and judgment? Gladiatorial shows tend to seem cruel and inhuman to some people, and perhaps they are, such as they are today. But when it was criminals who fought to the death with the sword, there could be no more effective training against pain and death for the eyes, though for the ears perhaps there could be many.

## 7 Columella: extracts from *On Agriculture* 1.6.1-11 The villa

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The size and the number of parts should be fitted to the villa as a whole, and should be divided into three parts, the landlord's living quarters, the farmhouse, and the storehouse. The living quarters should in turn be divided into the winter and summer rooms in such a way that the winter bedrooms face the sunrise at the winter solstice, and the winter dining rooms face the sunset at the equinox. Again, the summer bedrooms should face south at the equinox, but the dining rooms of the same season should face the rising sun in the winter. The baths should face sunset in summer, so that they have the light in the afternoon up until evening. Walking areas should be exposed to the midday sun at the equinox, so that they get most sun in winter and least in summer. In the farmhouse will be placed a large, high kitchen, so that the rafters will not be in danger of fire, and so that the household of slaves can conveniently pass time there at every time of the year. For slaves who are not chained, sleeping quarters will be best built facing the midday sun at the equinox. For those who are chained, there will be an underground prison, as healthy as possible, lighted through narrow windows which are far enough above the ground that they cannot be reached by hands.

For cattle there should be cattle sheds that will not be attacked by cold or heat; for tamed animals there should be double stalls, for winter and summer; for the other animals, which need to be kept inside the villa, there should be places partly roofed, partly open to the sky, fenced round with high walls, so that they can rest without being attacked by wild beasts, in the covered areas in winter and in the open areas in summer. But the cattle sheds should be spacious and designed so that no water can flow in and so that water from the sheds will flow away as quickly as possible; this will prevent the foundations of the walls and the hooves of the cattle from rotting. The ox-stalls will need to be ten feet wide, or at least nine feet, a width which will give room for the animal to lie down and for the oxherd to move around the animals. The mangers will not be too high for an ox or a pack animal to be able to eat while standing without difficulty. The quarters for the foreman should be built next to the door, so that he can see who goes in and out, and quarters for the manager over the door for the same reasons. He however should keep a watch on the foreman from close at hand, and next to both of them should be the barn, into which all farm equipment can be collected, and inside the barn a locked room where iron implements can be stored.

For herdsmen and shepherds, rooms should be placed next to their herds and flocks, so that they can easily get out to look after them. However, they should all live as close to each other as possible, lest the diligence of the foreman, going around all the different places, be overstretched, and so that they might be witnesses of each other's hard work or carelessness.

The storehouse is divided into rooms for oil, for presses, for wine, for boiling down must, hay lofts, chaff lofts, storerooms and granaries, so that those of them on the ground floor can accommodate liquid products for selling such as wine and oil, whilst dry products should be collected in lofts, such as grain, hay, leaves, chaff and other fodder. But granaries, as I have said, should be accessible by ladders and should be ventilated by small windows facing north. For that aspect is most cold and least wet, both of which help to preserve stored grain. The same principle applies on the ground floor to the placing of the wine room. This should be a long way from the baths, oven, manure and other dirty places which give off a foul smell, and equally from cisterns and springs, from which moisture is given off which spoils wine.

## 8 Columella: extracts from *On Agriculture* 1.6.18-24 Processing and storage of produce

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The press-rooms particularly and the oil rooms should be warm, because every liquid is made thin by heat and thickens when it is very cold. If oil freezes, which rarely happens, it goes bad. But it is natural heat that is needed, which is provided by the aspect and the climate, so there is no need for fire or flames, since the taste of oil is spoiled by smoke and soot. For this reason the press-room should be lit up from the south, so that we do not have to use fires and lanterns when the oil is pressed.

The cauldron room, where wine is boiled down, should be neither narrow nor dark, so that the workman who boils down the must can move around without difficulty. The smoke-room too, in which timber is dried out quickly, if it has not been cut long before, can be built in a part of the farmhouse next to the farmhouse baths – for it is important that there should be such baths, in which the household slaves can bathe, but only on holidays: for frequent bathing does not contribute towards physical energy. Wine stores will rightly be built over places from which smoke usually rises, since wines age more quickly when they reach an early maturity because of a certain sort of smoke. But because of the risk of their being tainted by too much smoke, there will have to be another floor to which they can be removed.

Enough has been said about the situation of the villa and the arrangement of its parts. There should be the following things around the villa: an oven and mill for grinding corn, its size to be determined by the number of people farming; at least two ponds, one for the use of geese and cattle, the other for soaking lupines, elm withes, twigs, and other things useful for our needs. There should also be two pits for manure, one to receive fresh dung and keep it for a year, the other for the old dung to be taken from, but each of them should be like the ponds and slope gently, built and packed hard with earth so that water does not escape. For it is very important that the moisture should not dry out, so that the manure keeps its strength, that it should constantly be moistened, so that, if any seeds of thorns or grass fall among the straw or the chaff, they will die and will not be carried to the fields and make the crops full of weeds. For this reason skilled farmers, when they sweep up refuse from sheepfolds and stables, cover it with twigs and do not let it dry out or be burned by the sun beating down on it.

If possible, the threshing-floor should be built so that either the owner or at least the manager can look down on it. It is best if the surface is hard stone, because this means that the grain is threshed quickly, and the surface does not sink beneath the pressure of hooves and sledges. The grain is then cleaner and does not contain bits of grit and clods, which an earthen floor usually produces during the threshing. Next to this there should be a shed, especially in Italy because of the unpredictable weather, where half-threshed grain can be collected and covered, in case of sudden rain. In some areas overseas, where there is no summer rain, it is not needed. The orchards too and the gardens should be fenced round and be nearby, and be in a place to which all sewage from barnyard and baths and the lees pressed from olives can flow. For both vegetables and trees enjoy this sort of nourishment.

## 9 Columella: extracts from *On Agriculture* 1.8.1-2, 5-6 The foreman

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I advise you not to appoint as foreman one of those slaves who are physically attractive, nor one who has practised the occupations of the city connected with luxury. This lazy and sleepy type of slave is used to idleness, waiting around at the exercise ground, the Circus, the theatres, gambling establishments, snack bars, brothels, and he is forever dreaming of these frivolous pleasures. When he carries them over to farming, the owner suffers a loss not so much in the slave himself as in the whole estate. You must choose a man hardened to farm-work from childhood and proved by experience...

But whatever the foreman is like, a woman should be given to him to live with, both to keep him settled and in certain things to help him... He should not perform sacrifices, except by order of the owner. He should not admit soothsayers or witches; both of these, by means of their empty superstition, drive uneducated minds to expense and then to crime. He should have nothing to do with the city or market-days, except in order to buy or sell something relevant to his job.

## 10 Columella: extracts from *On agriculture* 1.8.9-11, 16, 18-19 Care and supervision of slaves

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In looking after and clothing the household slaves the foreman should think in terms of utility rather than appearance. They should be carefully protected from the wind, cold and rain, all of which are kept off by skins with long sleeves, or by patchwork or by hooded cloaks. If he does this, no day is so unbearable that some work at least cannot be done in the open air. He should not be skilled only in farm-work, but should also be equipped with mental qualities, as far as his slave's nature allows, so that he gives orders neither casually nor brutally... This will happen if he prefers to guard those set under him against doing wrong rather than by his own negligence be obliged to punish them for offending. There is no greater way of watching over even the worst man than demanding work of him...

All careful landowners should adopt the custom of checking up on the slaves in the prison and finding out whether they are properly chained, whether the places of custody are safe enough and properly guarded, whether the foreman has chained anyone or loosed anyone from chains without the owner's knowledge....

The careful owner tests the quality of his slaves' bread and drink by tasting it, and he checks their clothing, their mittens and their foot coverings. Often he gives them the opportunity to complain about those who are either cruel to them or cheat them. Sometimes I compensate those who have a just grievance, as I punish those who stir the household to revolt or slander their masters. On the other hand, I reward those who show energy and industry. To women who are more fertile, who should be rewarded for producing a specific number of children, I have given exemption from work and even freedom sometimes, when they have brought up several children. A woman who had three sons got exemption from work, one who had more than that got her freedom.

## 11 Columella: extracts from *On agriculture* 12.3.5-6, 8-9 The housekeeper

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The housekeeper will have to be concerned not just with locking up and guarding things which have been brought into the house and put in her care; but from time to time she should take account of them and inspect them, so that no item of furniture or of clothing that has been hidden away should disintegrate from decay, or that produce or useful things are spoiled by her negligence or laziness.

On rainy days, or when it is cold or frosty, a woman cannot go about her farm-work in the open air. So that she can get back to her wool-work, there should be an amount of fleece ready prepared and combed, so that she can more easily carry out spinning and weaving that is required,

as well as demand it from others. For it will do no harm if clothing is made at home for herself and for the foremen and other privileged slaves, to lessen the burden on her master's finances.

The housekeeper should stay in one place as little as possible (for her job is not to stay sitting down). Now she should visit the loom and teach whatever skill she has; if she has little, she should learn from one who knows more; now she should go to see those who prepare food for the family; now she will have to make sure that the kitchen and the cow sheds are cleaned, and the mangers too; she should open the sick bays from time to time, even if there are no sick people there, and keep them clean, so that when they are needed they should provide well-ordered and hygienic surroundings for the sick.

When stewards and cellar men weigh something she should be in attendance, and she should also be with shepherds when they are milking in the pens, or setting the lambs or the calves to the udder. She should especially be present at the shearing of the sheep, and she should carefully examine the wool, and count the fleeces against the number of sheep in the flock. Then she should insist to the hall slaves that they should take the furniture outside for airing, that metal objects are rubbed and polished and freed from rust, and that other things which need mending should be given to the craftsmen to repair.

## 12 Horace *Satires* 2.6.79-117 Town and country

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There's a story that once a country mouse entertained a town mouse in his poor hole, an old host and an old friend. The country mouse lived a rough life and careful with his stores, although he did relax his thriftiness when entertaining. In short, he begrudged his guest neither the chick-peas he had stored up nor the long oats; he brought a dried grape and half-eaten scraps of bacon, carrying them in his mouth, wishing with a varied dinner to overcome the choosiness of his friend who barely touched the individual items with his haughty teeth. Meanwhile, the master of the house himself, stretching himself out on fresh straw, ate grain and weeds, leaving the better bits of the feast.

At length the town mouse said to him 'My friend, how can you put up with living on the ridge of a steep wood? Wouldn't you prefer humans and the city to wild woods? Take to the road with me: trust me. Earthly creatures have been allotted mortal souls, and there is no escape from death for either great or small. So, my good chap, while it is possible, live happily in the midst of pleasant things; live remembering how short-lived you are.'

These words spurred on the country mouse, and he nimbly jumped out of his house. Then they both pressed on to the end of the journey they had decided upon, eager to creep under the walls of the city by night. And now night was keeping the middle space of the sky, when each of them set foot in a wealthy house, where coverlets, dyed with bright scarlet, gleamed above ivory couches, and many of yesterday's dishes, in heaped baskets nearby, were left over from a great dinner. Therefore when the town mouse has put the country mouse, stretched out, on a purple coverlet, he takes the role of host like a waiter with tucked-up clothes. He runs about and keeps supplying food, and indeed, he performs every single duty of the home-bred slave, tasting everything he brings in advance. His friend from the country, reclining, enjoys his changed luck. In his good fortune he is playing the part of a happy guest, when suddenly a loud creaking of doors shook both of them off the couch. In terror they ran though the whole room, and they were more petrified and alarmed as the high house resounded with the barking of Molossian dogs. Then the country mouse said, 'I don't need this type of life. Farewell: the wood and my mouse-hole, safe from traps, will console me as I eat my bit of vetch.'

## 13 Juvenal *Satires* 3.180 – 248 Life in Rome

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'Here people wear smart clothes beyond their means, here people sometimes borrow somewhat more than they need from the savings of other people. It is a common fault: here we all live in a poverty which is pretentious. In short, everything in Rome costs money. What will you pay to go to give Cossus his morning greeting, or to get a tight-lipped glance from Veiento ... ?

'Who worries, or has ever worried about his house falling down in icy Praeneste, or in Volsinii amongst its wooded hills, or simple Gabii, or Tibur on its slope? We live in a city that is mostly supported by thin props: that's how the house-agent keeps buildings upright and, whenever

he covers the gape of an old crack, he tells the inhabitants to sleep soundly – when the building is on the point of crashing down. We should live where there are no fires, nothing to be afraid of at night. Now Ucalegon shouts “Fire!”, now he’s trying to rescue his paltry possessions, now your third storey is smoking: but you are unaware of this: for if the alarm is raised at the foot of the stairs, it is the man protected from the rain by nothing but tiles, where gentle doves lay their eggs, who will be the last to catch fire. Codrus had a couch too small for Procula, six jugs to adorn his sideboard, and a tiny drinking-cup underneath, and a recumbent Chiron under the same marble, and a chest, already old, kept his little Greek books, and barbarous mice gnawed away at the divine poems. Codrus owned nothing – who denies it? And yet the poor man lost it, all that nothing. The crowning addition to his suffering is the fact that when he has no clothes and is asking for scraps, no one will give him food, no one gives him shelter. If the great house of Asturicus falls down, the mother is dishevelled, the upper classes wear black, the praetor suspends all business. It’s then that we lament disasters in the city, then that we curse fires. The house still burns, and now someone runs up to offer new marble, to provide building materials. One man will give brilliant statues of nudes, another some masterpiece of Euphranor and bronzes of Polyclitus, ancient memorials of the Asian gods, another will give books and a book-case and a Minerva to put in the middle, another a great weight of silver. He replaces what he has lost with more and better, this Persicus, this wealthiest of childless men, is now quite rightly suspected of setting fire to his house himself.

‘If you can tear yourself away from the races, you can buy outright an excellent house in Sora or Fabrateria or Frusino for the same price as you now pay to rent your dark little room for a year. In the country you’d have a little garden and a shallow well which needs no rope, and you can easily water your feeble plants. Live, in love with your hoe, manager of the garden you tend yourself, from which you can give a banquet to a hundred Pythagoreans. It really is something, wherever you are, however remote, to have made yourself master of a single lizard.

‘Many an invalid in Rome dies through lack of sleep (but the sickness itself was produced by undigested food stuck fast in his burning stomach); for what hired lodgings make sleep possible? You need to be rich to sleep in Rome. There’s the source of disease. The noise of passing carriages in the narrow winding streets and the oaths of the drayman caught in a traffic jam – these would keep awake Drusus and sea seals. But if the tycoon has a call to make, the crowd yields and through he goes, carried along quickly over everyone’s heads in a litter as big as a battleship. On the way he can read or write or sleep inside: the litter with its window shut is perfect for sleep. But *he* will get there first; when *we* hurry we are blocked by the wave of people ahead of us, while the huge crowd behind presses on our backsides. One man jabs his elbow into me, another knocks me with the hard pole of a litter, this one smashes a beam onto my head, another a jar. My legs get richly covered with mud, I’m soon trampled on by huge feet coming from all directions, and sticking in my toe is a nail from a soldier’s boot.’

## 14 Juvenal *Satires* 6.103-113

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But what was the beauty which inflamed Eppia, what was the youthfulness which captivated her? What did she see in him so that she put up with being called a gladiator’s mistress? For her pretty Sergius had already begun to shave and to look forward to a rest thanks to the wound in his arm. Besides, many things about his face were ugly, such as a place rubbed sore by his helmet, a huge growth right on his nose, and a nasty discharge from a constantly running eye. But he was a gladiator. This turns them into Hyacinthuses. This she preferred to her children and her country, this to her sister and her husband. It’s steel that they love. This same Sergius, once he retired, would have begun to look like Veiento.

## 15 Martial *Epigrams: Patrons and Clients* 3.60

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Since I am no longer paid for coming to dinner as before, why am I not given the same dinner as you? You eat oysters fattened in the Lucrine pool, I suck a mussel and cut my mouth doing so. You get mushrooms, I eat pig fungi; you have to deal with a turbot, I with bream. A golden turtle dove fills you with its huge rump, I have a magpie that died in its cage put in front of me. Why do I dine without you when I dine with you, Ponticus? Let’s turn the fact that there is no hand-out to advantage: let’s eat the same food.

## 16 Martial *Epigrams*: Patrons and Clients 5.22

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If I did not want and deserve to see you early this morning at your home, Paulus, may your house on the Esquiline be further away from me. But I live next door to the Tiburtine pillar, where rustic Flora watches ancient Juppiter. I have to struggle up the high path of the Suburan slope, over the dirty stones and the steps that are never dry, and I can scarcely break through the long droves of mules and the marble blocks which you see being dragged by many a rope. What's even worse is that when I am exhausted after a thousand labours, Paulus, the doorkeeper tells me that you are not at home. That's the result of my pointless task and my poor soaking toga: hardly was it worth while to see Paulus so early. Will the dutiful client always cultivate friends that are so discourteous? You cannot rule me if I cannot even find you asleep at this early hour.

## 17 Martial *Epigrams*: Patrons and Clients 6.88

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This morning by chance I greeted you with your real name, Caecilianus, and did not call you 'my lord.' Do you ask what the price is of this great liberty? It robbed me of 100 quarters.

## 18 Martial *Epigrams*: Patrons and Clients 10.74

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Now spare the weary congratulator, Rome, the weary client. How long shall I be a caller amongst the forerunners and the petty clients, earning 100 lead coins for a whole day's work, when Scopus the charioteer in a single hour walks off as winner with fifteen heavy bags of hot gold? I would not want the plains of Apulia as a reward for my little books – for what do they deserve? I am not attracted by Hybla or grain-bearing Nile, or by the delicate grape that overlooks the Pomptine marshes from the top of Setia's slope. So you ask what I really long for? Sleep.

## 19 Martial *Epigrams*: Patrons and Clients 12.82 Looking for a dinner invitation

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To escape Menogenes in the public baths and around the private baths is impossible, however clever you are. He will try to catch the ball with right and left hand, so that he can more than once give you the points for the balls he catches. He will pick up and bring back from the dust the loose punch-ball, even though he has already bathed, and already put on his slippers. If you pick up your towels, he will say they are whiter than snow, even if they are more filthy than a baby's bib. When you are combing your few hairs, he will say that the locks you have arranged are like those of Achilles. He will bring you a drink from the dregs of a smoky flagon and will continually mop the sweat from your forehead. He will praise everything, he will express amazement at everything, until after suffering a thousand irritations you say 'Come to dinner!'

## 20 Martial *Epigrams*: Games 5.24 A gladiator

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Hermes, favourite fighter of the age,  
Hermes, skilled in every type of weapon,  
Hermes, both gladiator and trainer,  
Hermes, whirlwind and terror of his school,  
Hermes, who frightens Helios (and is the only man who does)  
Hermes, who knocks down Advolans (and is the only man who does),  
Hermes, taught to win and not to strike,  
Hermes, himself his own substitute,  
Hermes, money-maker for ticket touts,  
Hermes, darling and distress of gladiators' women,  
Hermes, proud with war-waging spear,  
Hermes, threatening with the sea trident,

Hermes, fearsome in drooping helmet,  
Hermes, the glory of all forms of war,  
Hermes, all things in one and three times unique.

## 21 Martial *Epigrams*: Food and dining 5.78 A dinner invitation

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If you are unhappy about a gloomy dinner at home, Toranius, you can go hungry with me. If you are in the habit of having a starter, there will be no shortage of cheap Cappadocian lettuce and smelly leeks, and tunny will lie hidden in egg-halves. A green cabbage, which only a little while ago left the cold garden, will be set before you on a black plate (you'll burn your fingers!), along with a sausage lying on white boiled wheat, and pale beans with red bacon. If you want the gifts of the second course, withered grapes will be offered to you, and pears which bear the name Syrian, and chestnuts grown in learned Naples and roasted in a slow fire. You will make the wine good by drinking it. After all this, if by chance Bacchus stirs the appetite which he tends to, to your relief will come noble olives, recently borne by boughs in Picenum, and hot chickpeas and warm lupines.

It's a tiny little meal – who can deny it? – but you will neither say nor hear anything false, and you will recline calmly with your own expression on your face. The host will not read out some thick volume, nor will some girls from sleazy Gades, just itching for it, endlessly shake (and they know how to do it) their sexy backsides. But the flute of little Condylus will play something light and not unamusing. This is my little dinner.

## 22 Martial *Epigrams*: Chariot racing 10.53 Epitaph on a charioteer

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I am the famous Scopus, the idol of the cheering Circus; you applauded me, Rome, your darling for too short a time. For Fate was jealous and carried me off before I was thirty: she counted up my palms – and thought I must be old.

## 23 Ovid *Amores* 3.2 Ovid at the races

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'I am not sitting here because I am interested in thoroughbred horses (though I hope that the one you support will win): I came to talk with you and to sit with you, so that the love you cause should not be unknown to you. You look at the races, I look at you: let's each of us look at what we like and each feast our eyes. O lucky horse rider, whoever it is you support! So has he had the good luck to interest you? If only I could have that luck, if only they were my horses released from the gate! Now I shall press on eagerly, now I shall slacken the reins, now I shall mark their backs with the whip, now I shall graze the turning-post with my inner wheel: if I catch sight of you as I speed by, I shall slow down, and the reins will go slack and drop from my hands...

'Why do you edge away from me? It's no good, the seat boundary forces us together – a great advantage this in the rules of the Circus. But you, whoever you are, on her right, get away from my girl: she doesn't like you pressing against her. You too, behind us, pull in your legs, if you have any manners, and stop digging your knobby knees into her back. But your dress is hanging down loose, it's on the ground: gather it up, or, look, I'm lifting it myself. You were a jealous dress, to be covering such good legs: the more you look - you *were* a jealous dress! ... Even before I saw these legs I was on fire; what effect will the real thing have on me? You pour fire on fire, water into the sea. From your legs I guess that I might like the rest of you, which lies well hidden beneath your delicate clothing. Meanwhile would you like me to summon gentle breezes, by waving the programme? Or does this heat come from my heart, not from the air, and is it the love of a woman that burns my captive breast?

'As I speak, your white dress has been sprinkled lightly with dust: filthy dust, leave her snow-white body! But now the procession comes. Silence! Pay attention! It is the time to clap: the golden procession comes. First comes Victory, with wings spread wide: come to me, goddess, and bring victory to my love. Now clap Neptune, you who put your trust, too much, in the waves. I have nothing to do with the sea, I'm happy with land. Soldiers, clap Mars: I hate fighting. What I like is peace and the love that is found in the midst of peace. Let Phoebus come to augurs, let Phoebe

come to hunters. Minerva, welcome the applause of craftsmen. Country-dwellers, rise up to honour Ceres and young Bacchus. Let boxers appease Pollux, and horsemen appease Castor. As for me, I clap you, beguiling Venus, and your Cupids, powerful with their bows. Nod with favour, goddess, on my enterprise, give my new mistress this thought – let her allow herself to be loved. She nodded, and with the gesture she gave the sign of her favour! What the goddess has promised, I ask that you should promise yourself. May Venus permit me to say it – you will be the greater goddess. I swear to you by all these witnesses and the procession of the gods, that you are the mistress whom I have sought to be mine for ever. But your legs are dangling: if you like, you can rest your toes on the rail.

'Now is the great event, the Circus is cleared, the praetor has released the four-horse chariots at the starting line. I see the team you support. Whoever you favour will win. The horses themselves seem to know what you want. Oh no! He has driven too wide around the post. What are you doing? The next man is right behind you. What are you doing, you wretch? You are wrecking the hope of my girl; please, pull strongly on the left reins. We've backed a loser. But call them back, Romans, give the sign! Flap your togas everyone! Look, they are calling them back! Now, to prevent the togas disturbing your hair, you can hide yourself in my toga's folds.

'Now the doors are open again, the horses are released, the multi-coloured line flies out. Be the winner now, at least, and make for the clear field. Bring my prayers, bring the prayers of my mistress to fulfilment. The prayers of my mistress are fulfilled, my prayers still wait. He holds the palm, my palm is still to be won. She laughed and promised something with her bright eyes. That's enough for here; give me the rest elsewhere!'

## 24 Ovid *Fasti* 2.533-570 Remembering the dead

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Honour is given to tombs as well. Placate the souls of your fathers and bring small gifts to the pyres after they have died down. The dead want only small gifts, piety pleases them more than a rich gift: the gods in the depths of the Styx are not greedy. A tile wreathed in garlands you offer is enough, along with sprinkled corn and a few grains of salt, and bread softened in wine and loose violets. Put these in the jar left in the middle of the road. I do not forbid larger gifts, but a ghost can be placated even by these. Add prayers and appropriate words at the hearths you have set up.

This was the custom which Aeneas, fit source of piety, brought to your lands, righteous Latinus. He used to bring solemn gifts to the spirit of his father; from this the peoples learned the pious rites. But once upon time, while they waged long wars with fighting weapons, they abandoned the Parental Days. This did not go unpunished; for it is said that it was from that omen that Rome grew hot with the pyres of the dead outside the city. In fact I scarcely believe this: they say that our ancestors came out of their graves and uttered groans during the silent night, and they say that through the city streets and the wide fields howled ugly spirits, a ghostly crowd. After that, the honours they had neglected were given to the tombs, and the prodigies and funerals came to an end.

Yet while these things are being done, hang back, you girls without a husband: the pine torch should wait for days that are pure, and you who will seem ripe to your eager mother should not have your maiden's hair combed by a curved spear. Hide your torches, Hymenaeus, take them away from the black fires. Sad graves have different torches. Let the gods be hidden away behind closed temple doors. Let there be no incense on the altars, no fire in the hearths. Now insubstantial spirits and buried bodies go wandering, now the soul feeds on the food laid down for it. However this does not go on any longer than when there are as many days left in the month as the eleven feet in my couplets. This day they called Feralia, because they carry what is due. That day is the last for placating the dead.

## 25 Ovid *Fasti* 2.639-662 Terminus, god of boundaries

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When night has passed, may the customary honour be paid to the god who divides fields with his mark. Terminus, whether you are a stone or a stump buried in a field, from ancient times you too have divine power. You are crowned by two landowners on opposite sides, and they bring you two garlands and two cakes. Let an altar be built. Here the rustic farmer's wife in a broken pot brings fire which she has taken from the warm hearth. The old man chops up some wood and skilfully builds up what he has chopped and struggles to fix the branches in the hard earth. Then he coaxes

the first flames with some dry bark, while the boy stands by holding the broad basket in his hands. Then, when three times he has thrown grain into the middle of the fire, his small daughter holds out the cut honeycombs. Others are holding jars of wine. One by one they are offered to the flames. The onlookers, dressed in white, watch the spectacle and keep silence. The Terminus they share is sprinkled with the blood of a slaughtered lamb, and does not complain when a sucking pig is given to him. The simple neighbours congregate and celebrate the feast, and sing your praises, holy Terminus: 'You set bounds to peoples and cities and huge kingdoms: without you every field will be disputed. You seek no votes, you are not bribed by gold, in good faith you guard the countryside entrusted to you.'

## 26 Ovid *Fasti* 3.523-542 The feast of Anna Perenna

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On the Ides of March is the joyous festival of Anna Perenna, not far from your banks, Tiber, as you flow in. Ordinary folk come and spread themselves all over the green grass to drink, and every man reclines with his wife. Some tough it out under the open sky, a few pitch tents, some make a leafy hut out of branches. Some, after setting up reeds to act as columns, put on them their togas after stretching them out. But they grow warm with the sun and the wine and pray for as many years as the cups they take, and they count as they drink. You will find there a man who will drink as many cups as Nestor's years, a woman who will make herself the Sibyl with her cups. There they sing whatever they have learned in the theatres, and wave their nimble hands in time with their words. They set down the wine-mixing bowl and perform rough dances, while the smart girlfriend dances with her hair streaming. When they return, they stagger, they are a sight for the public, and they are called blest by the crowd that meets them. Recently I came across such a procession (it seemed worth reporting): a drunken old woman was dragging along a drunken old man.

## 27 Seneca *Letters* 7.2-5 Executions as spectacle

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Nothing however is more damaging to good character than to settle down at some show. For then vice steals up on us easily through pleasure. What do you think I am saying? Do I come back more greedy, more selfish, more self-indulgent? No, more cruel and inhuman, because I have been among humans. I happened to go to a midday show, expecting to see games and amusements and some respite whereby men's eyes could have a rest from human gore. The opposite is the case: the fights before are positively merciful. Now the light entertainment is forgotten, and it is murder pure and simple. They have nothing to defend themselves with; their bodies are wholly exposed to blows and they never make a thrust in vain.

Most people prefer this to the regular pairs and the special requests. Of course they do. There is no helmet, no shield to ward off the sword. What is the point of defensive armour, of skill? All these simply delay death. In the morning men are exposed to lions and bears, at noon they are exposed to their own spectators. They order those who have killed to be exposed to those who will kill them, and keep the winner for another slaughter. The only escape for fighters is death. The whole business needs fire and steel to keep it going. This happens when the arena is empty. 'But so and so committed robbery, or killed a man.' What of that? Because he killed, he deserved to suffer this; what did you do to deserve, you wretch, having to watch this? 'Kill, strike, burn! Why does he run so timidly at the sword? Why does he kill so tentatively? Why is he so unhappy about dying? Let him be driven onto the sword by whips, let them receive blows from each other on their defenceless chests.' There is a break in the show. 'In the mean time let men have their throats cut, so that at least something is happening.' Come, do you not understand even this, that bad examples overflow onto those who carry them out?

## 28 Seneca the Younger *Letters* 56.1-2 Public baths

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May I perish if silence is as necessary as it seems for a man who has withdrawn to study. Listen, on all sides noises of every sort resound about me. I am living right above a public bath. Imagine now every sort of voice which can sicken the ears. When strong men train and lift dumb-bells,

when they are in pain or pretend they are, I hear groans; whenever they let out their breath I hear whistling and laboured gasping. When I chance upon some lazy fellow who is happy with a cheap rub-down, I hear the slap of a hand laid on his shoulders, which makes different sounds depending on whether it is flat or hollow. If the scorer turns up and begins to count the balls, I am done for. Add now the man kicking up a row and the thief who is caught and the man who thinks he sounds good singing in the bath, add those who jump into the pool with an enormous splash. Besides those whose voices are, if nothing else, at least natural, think of the hair-plucker repeatedly calling out in his thin and high-pitched voice to attract customers, who never shuts up except when he is pulling hairs out of armpits and makes someone else shout out instead of him. Think of the different shouts of the drinks-seller and the sausage-seller and the pastry-seller and all the cook-shop hawkers selling their wares, each with his own personal cry.

## 29 Suetonius *Caligula* 35.2

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Whenever Caligula came across handsome men with a full head of hair, he ruined their appearance by shaving the back of their heads. There was a certain Aesius Proculus, son of a senior centurion, called Colosseros because of his great size and good looks; at a gladiatorial show he dragged him all of a sudden from his seat and took him down to the arena. He set him against a Thracian and soon a heavy-armed gladiator, and after he had beaten both of them he ordered that he be tied up at once, covered in rags, led through the streets, displayed to women and killed.

## 30 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 1.1 Superiority of the Roman military training

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For we see that the Roman people have subdued the world by no other means than training in arms, camp discipline and military experience. For what strength would the small number of Romans have had against the great number of Gauls? What could the shortness of Romans have dared to do against the tallness of Germans? It is clear that the Spanish were superior to our men not only numerically but also in physical strength. We have always been unequal to the craftiness and wealth of the Africans. No one has doubted that the Greeks are superior to us in the arts and wisdom. But in the face of all of these, it was to our advantage to select a resourceful recruit, teach him the law of arms, so to speak, strengthen him by daily training, to accustom him, by means of practice on the training ground, to everything that can happen in the battle line and in engagements, and inflict severe punishments on slackers. For knowledge of warfare feeds boldness in fighting: no one fears to do what he believes he has learned well. Again, in the field of human conflict a small number of trained men is more likely to win, whilst a large force that is rough and untrained mob is always at risk of being slaughtered.

### 31 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 1. 9-11 Basic skills for recruits

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So, at the beginning of training, recruits must be taught the military step. For nothing needs to be preserved more on the march or in the battle line than that all soldiers keep in order as they march. This can only be achieved if they learn by constant practice to walk quickly and in step. For an army with broken lines or lacking formation always faces the most serious danger from the enemy. The pace must be 20 miles at military step in five hours, at least in the summer. They must complete 23 miles in the same number of hours. At full step, which is faster, the pace is 23 miles in the same number of hours. Faster than that is a run, and the distance for running cannot be defined. But younger recruits must be accustomed above all to running, so that they can charge the enemy with greater momentum, and quickly seize advantageous positions, when this is needed, or seize them before the enemy if they want to do the same...

The recruit must be trained for jumping, by which ditches are jumped over or some high obstacle can be overcome, so that, whenever this sort of difficulty occurs, they can cross over without trouble...

Every recruit alike must learn how to swim in the summer months. For it is not always possible to cross rivers by a bridge: an army is often forced to swim both when retreating and when in pursuit. Rivers often tend to overflow because of sudden rain or snow falls, and an inability to swim brings danger not only from the enemy but also from the water itself...

Our ancestors, as we find in books, trained recruits in this way. Shields were made from branches in the manner of wicker-work baskets, made round and covered, so that the structure had double the weight than was customary for an ordinary shield. They gave the recruits wooden dummies of double weight instead of swords. In this way they would train at the stakes not only in the morning but also in the afternoon. For practice with the stake is highly profitable not just for soldiers but also for gladiators... Against this stake, as though against an opponent, the recruit trained with that wicker work and dummy as though with a sword and shield..

### 32 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 1.14

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The recruit who trains with a dummy at the stake is also made to throw spears, of greater weight than the real weapons will be, at that stake as though at an opponent. In this the weapons instructor ensures that he hurls the spear with great strength, so that he throws it either at the stake or near it with the required force. For it is by means of this training that a man's arms get stronger, and that skill and experience in spear-throwing is acquired.

### 33 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 1.18-19

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An ability to jump on and off horses is always strictly required not only of legionary recruits but also from mercenaries. It is clear this practice has survived up to the present age, even though with an element of pretence. Wooden horses were set up, in winter under cover, in summer on the training ground. The younger recruits were forced to mount these, first unarmed, until they became proficient, then armed. So much attention was paid to this that they learned both to mount and to dismount not only from the right but also from the left, even while holding swords or lances unsheathed. They trained at this continuously, obviously so that men who had so carefully practised in peace should be able to mount without delay in the chaos of war.

Younger recruits are very often forced to carry a weight of up to sixty pounds and march at military pace, and in these tough exercises they have to carry weapons and provisions. This should not be thought difficult, if they are used to it. For there is nothing that is not made easy by continuous practice...

### 34 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 1.21

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The recruit also needs to learn how to build a camp. No greater source of security and nothing more essential is found in war than this. This is because if the camp is constructed correctly, the soldiers can spend their nights and days inside the wall without any worries, even if the enemy is besieging them; it is as if they seemed to be carrying a walled city around with them everywhere...

### 35 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 2. 23 Keeping in training

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They were forced to aim missiles also or lead-weighted balls non-stop in a continuous exercise, to such an extent that in winter the colonnades were covered in tiles, and if there were no tiles, certainly with reeds and rushes or stalks, for the horsemen, and likewise as it were halls for the infantry, in which during bad weather or strong winds the army did weapons training under cover. On the other days of winter, whenever there was a break in snow and rain, they were forced to practise on the training ground, lest a break in the habit should weaken the soldiers' bodies and minds. It is appropriate for them frequently to chop wood, carry loads, jump over ditches, swim in the sea or in rivers, walk at full step or run, even under arms, with their loads, so that they grow used to daily labour in peace-time and it does not seem difficult in war. So whether they are legionaries or auxiliaries, they should be trained continually. For just as a well-trained soldier looks forward to war, so he fears it if he is untaught. Finally, one must realise that in battle experience is more useful than strength: for if education in arms were to cease, then the civilian is no different from the soldier.

### 36 Vegetius: extracts from *Epitoma rei militaris* 2.25 Equipment

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The legion has grappling hooks, which they call wolves, and iron scythes fixed on very long poles, and, to make ditches, two-pronged mattocks, spades, shovels, and troughs for carrying earth. It also has picks, axes and saws with which timber and stakes are chopped and sawn. It has besides craftsmen with every type of tool, who make wooden tortoise screens to attack enemy towns, mantelets, battering rams, penthouses, as they call them, even mobile towers. However, so as not to get bogged down in details, a legion should everywhere carry with it everything which is thought necessary in whatever type of warfare, so that, wherever it pitches camp, it thereby creates an armed town.

### 37 Vitruvius *On Architecture* 8.6.1-2 The water supply

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When the water comes to the walls, a reservoir should be built and, joined to the reservoir to receive the water, a triple storage tank, and in the reservoir should be placed three pipes of the same size, leading to the adjacent tanks, so that, when the water overflows at the extremities, it is discharged into the middle tank.

So in the middle one are put the pipes leading into all pools and fountains, in the second one are the pipes for the baths, in order to provide an annual public revenue, in the third one are the pipes for private houses. This is to make sure that there is never a shortage of water for public use. For the owners of private houses will not be able to divert it, when they have their supply from their own tank. The reason why I have divided these up is so that those who draw water privately to their homes should pay for the upkeep of the aqueducts through paying taxes to the tax-collectors.

# Section 2: Inscriptions

## Introduction

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This selection is intended to indicate the range of aspects of the Roman world for which inscriptions provide evidence. For further guidance on reading Latin inscriptions (with reference to Roman Britain) see the *Cambridge Latin Course Book* (4th edn Cambridge, Cambridge University Press 2001 0 521 79794 2) Book III pp.140f and *On the margin* by M Balme and J Morwood (Oxford, Oxford University Press 2003, 978 0 19 912400 8) p.8.

The language of inscriptions is sometimes different from that of the literary language. To enable candidates to recognise in the inscriptions the Latin vocabulary and syntax they are studying, some words and phrases have been adapted. Some inscriptions have been slightly abridged. To avoid breaks in words, the original line structure has not been preserved.

Where letters or words are missing or where there are abbreviations, the omissions have been inserted in square brackets, or the meaning is made clear in the translation that follows. The letter U is reproduced as V in the Latin text.

### Content

Some areas are more generously represented, if inscriptions on a particular theme are common (e.g. religion or occupations), or if evidence of other kinds is thin (e.g. women, slaves and freedmen). Many also provide evidence of life expectancy.

The inscriptions are not in a particular order and have not been grouped by topic, as they often provide evidence for more than one aspect of Roman life. The following list indicates the content of the inscriptions.

## Key to contents list

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The Circus	1
The Games	4
Religion	2, 6, 11, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21
Occupations	3, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14
Soldiers	17, 18
Women	3, 7, 11, 12, 14, 21
Slaves	5, 9, 10, 13
Freedmen	1, 8, 10, 13
Roman Britain	16, 17, 18
Water supply	10

# Inscriptions

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## 1

ILS 5282  
Rome

D[IS] M[ANIBVS]  
EPAPHRODITVS  
AGITATOR F[ACTIONIS] R[VSSATAE]  
VIC[IT] CLXXVIII ET  
APVD PVRPVREAM [FACTIONEM]  
LIBER[TVS] VIC[IT] VIII  
BEIA FELICVLA  
F[ECIT] CONIVGI SVO  
B[ENE] MERENTI

To the spirits of the departed. Epaphroditus, charioteer of the Red faction, won 178 times and with the Purples as a freedman he won 8 times. Beia Felicula made this for her well-deserving husband.

*Domitian founded the Purple and Gold factions in addition to the Red, White, Blue and Green, but they were short-lived.*

## 2

CIL 6. 2162  
Rome

D[IS] M[ANIBVS]  
L. CAEENNI[I]  
SOSPITIANI  
EX ORDINE  
HARVSP[ICVM] LX  
ANN[OS] XXV  
PARENTES FILIO  
OPTIMO

To the spirits of the departed Lucius Caesennius Sospitianus, of the 60th order of haruspices, [who lived] 25 years. His parents [set this up] to their excellent son.

3

CIL 13. 2019  
Lyon

METILIA DONATA MEDIC[A]  
DE SVA PECVNIA DEDI[T]...

Metilia Donata, a doctor, gave [this] out of her own money.

4

ILS 5111  
Dalmatia

AMABILI SECVTORI  
NAT[VS] DACVS PVG[NARVM] XIII  
FATO DECEPTVS  
NON AB HOMINE

To Amabilis, a light-armed gladiator, born a Dacian, a man of 13 fights, cheated by Fate, not by man.

5

CIL 13. 2032  
Lyon

D[IS] M[ANIBVS]  
TERMINALIS TREVERI  
VIXIT ANNOS XII  
M. SEXTIVS MARIVS  
DOMINVS ALVMNO  
P[ONENDVM] C[VRAVIT]...

To the spirits of the departed Terminalis, of the tribe of the Treveri. He lived 12 years. His master, Marcus Sextius Marius, had this set up to the slave he brought up...

6

CIL 6. 35887  
Rome

CARA MEIS VIXI VIRGO VITAM REDDIDI  
MORTVA HIC SVM CINIS IS CINIS TERRA [E]ST  
SIN EST TERRA DEA EGO SVM DEA MORTVA NON SVM  
ROGO TE HOSPES NOLI OSSA MEA VIOLARE  
MVS VIXIT ANNOS XIII

I lived, dear to my parents. As a young girl I gave up my life. Here I am, dead. I am ash. The ash is earth. But if earth is a goddess, I am a goddess. I am not dead. I ask you, stranger, do not disturb my bones. Mus (= Mouse) lived 13 years.

## 7

ILS 8461  
Etruria

D[IS] M[ANIBVS]  
SCRIBONIAE HEDONE  
Q. TAMPIVS HERMEROS  
CONIVGI CARISSIMAE FEC[IT]  
CVM QVA VIXIT AN[NOS] XVIII SIN[E]  
QVERELLA CVIVS DESIDERIO  
IVRATVS SE POST EAM  
VXOREM NON HABITVRVM

To the spirits of the departed Scribonia Hedone. Quintus Tampus Hermeros made this for his dearest wife, with whom he lived for 18 years without any quarrels. In his grief for her, he vowed that he would not have a wife after her.

## 8

ILS 7695  
Rome

D[IS] M[ANIBVS]  
M. CANVLEI  
ZOSIMI  
VIX[IT] ANN[OS] XXVIII  
FECIT PATRONVS  
LIB[ERTO] BENE MERENTI  
HIC IN VITA SVA NVLLI MALEDIXIT  
SINE VOLVNTATE PATRONI NIHIL FECIT  
MVLTVM PONDERIS  
AVRI ARG[ENTI] PENES EVM  
SEMPER FVIT  
CONCVPIIT EX EO  
NIHIL VMQVAM.

To the spirits of the departed Marcus Canuleius Zosimus. He lived 28 years. His patron willingly made this for his well-deserving freedman. In his life he never spoke a bad word to anyone. He did nothing against the will of his patron. A great weight of gold and silver was always in his hands, but he was never greedy for any of it.

9

CIL. 9. 3028  
Teate

HIPPOCRATI  
PLAVTI VILIC[O]  
FAMILIA RVST[ICA]  
QVIBVS IMPERAVIT MODESTE

To Hippocrates, the foreman of Plautus. The farm slaves (country household) to whom he gave reasonable orders [set this up].

10

CIL 6. 2344  
Rome

D[IS] M[ANIBVS]  
SOTER SERVVS PUBLICVS  
CASTELLAR[IVS] FECIT CONIVGI BENE  
MERENTI ET L. CALPVRNIVS  
FLAVIANVS MATRI BENE  
MERENTI SIBI ET SVIS  
POSTERISQVE EORVM

To the spirits of the departed. Soter, public slave, superintendent of the reservoir, made this for his well-deserving wife, and Lucius Calpurnius Flavianus made this for his well-deserving mother, for himself and for their descendants.

11

ILS 6368  
Pompeii

EVMACHIAE L. F[ILIAE]  
SACERDOTI PVBLICAE  
FVLLONES [DEDICAVERVNT]

The fullers dedicated this to Eumachia, the daughter of Lucius, and public priestess.

12

ILS 8402  
Rome

HIC SITA EST AMYMONE [CONIVNX] MARCI OPTIMA ET PVLCHERRIMA  
LANIFICA PIA PVDICA FRVGI CASTA DOMISEDA

Here lies Amymone, wife of Marcus, best and most beautiful of women. She made wool, she was devoted to the gods and her family. She was modest, careful with money, faithful to her husband. She stayed at home.

13

ILS 7479  
Macedonia

VITALIS C. LAVI FAVSTI SER[VVS] IDEM F[ILIVS]  
VERNA DOMO NATVS HIC SITVS EST  
VIXIT ANNOS XVI INSTITOR TABERNAE  
ROGO VOS VIATORES  
SI QUID MINVS DEDI MENSURA VT PATRI MEO ADICEREM IGNOSCATIS...

Vitalis, slave and then son of Gaius. Lavius Faustus, born in his home, lies here. He lived 16 years, a salesman in a shop. You who pass by, if I have given you short measure in order to give my father more profit, I ask you to forgive me.

14

ILS 7668  
Beneventum

P. MARCIVS P. L[IBERTVS] PHILODAMVS TECTOR  
SIBI SVISQUE [HOC POSVIT].  
HIC IVCVNDATA SEPVLTA EST DELICIA EIVS

Publius Marcius, freedman of Publius, a plasterer, set this up for himself and his family. His darling Lucunda is buried here.

15

ILS 3091  
N Africa

IOVI OPTIMO MAXIMO IVNONI REGINAE  
MINERVAE SANCTAE  
SOLI MITHRAE  
HERCVLI MARTI MERCVRIO  
GENIO LOCI  
DIIS DEABVSQVE OMNIBVS  
MARCVS AVRELIVS DECIMVS...  
VOTVM SOLVIT

To Jupiter best and greatest, to queen Juno, to sacred Minerva, to the sun-god Mithras, to Hercules, to Mars, to Mercury, to the spirit of the place, to all the gods and goddesses, Marcus Aurelius Decimus paid his vow.

16

Burn 82  
Bath

DEAE SVLI  
L. MARCIVS MEMOR  
HARVSP[EX]  
D[ONVM] D[EDIT]

To the goddess Sulis. Lucius Marcius Memor haruspex gave this gift.

17

RIB 544  
Chester

...OPTIONIS AD SPEM  
ORDINIS LVCILI  
INGENVI QVI  
NAVFRAGIO PERIT  
S[ITVS] E[ST]

...of an optio, awaiting promotion to centurion, serving in the century of Lucilius Ingenuus, who died in a shipwreck. .... he lies.

*A space was left for H (HIC) in case the body lost in the shipwreck was found for burial, but the letter was never added.*

18

RIB 121  
Gloucester

RVFVS SITA EQVES C[O]HO[RS] VI  
T[H]RACVM ANN[ORVM] XL STIP XXII  
HEREDES EX TEST[AMENTO] F[ACIENDVM] CVRAVE[RVNT]  
H[IC] S[ITVS] E[ST]

Here lies Rufus Sita, cavalryman in the sixth cohort of Thracians. He lived for 40 years and served for 22 years. His heirs had this set up, according to his will.

19

ILS 4363  
Gaul

ISIDI MATRI  
SEX[TIVS] CLAVDIANVS VALERIANVS  
ARAM CVM SVIS ORNAMENTIS  
VT VOVERAT D[ONVM] D[EDIT]

To Mother Isis Sextius Claudianus Valerianus gave an altar with its ornaments as a gift, as he had vowed.

20

ILCV 3383  
Rome

PIENTIA QVAE VIXIT  
ANNOS N[VMERO] VI M[ENSES] IIII DIES III  
MANET IN PACE ET IN CHRISTO

Pientia, who lived for 6 years 4 months and 3 days, remains in peace and in Christ.

21

ILCV 4927  
Istria

AVR[ELIVS] SOTER ET AVR[ELIVS] STEPHANVS  
AVR[ELIAE] SOTERIAE  
MATRI PIENTISSIMAE  
RELIGIONI IVDEICAE METVENTI F[ILII] P[OSVERVNT]

Aurelius Soter and Aurelius Stephanus to Aurelia Soteria, their most devout mother, who was a fearer of the Jewish religion. Her sons set this up.

# Resources

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## For visual material

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## Background material particularly suitable for candidates

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- ILS        *Inscriptiones Latinae Selectae* ed. H Dessau (1892-)
- ILCV      *Inscriptiones Latinae Christianae Veteres* ed. E Diehl (1961)
- RIB        *Roman inscriptions of Britain* vol. 1 ed. R G Collingwood & R P Wright, Oxford, Clarendon Press 1965; 2nd edn 1995 07509091-7
- Burn      *The Romans in Britain: an anthology of inscriptions* ed. A R Burn, Blackwell, Oxford 2nd edn Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1969. ISBN-10: 087249142-0; ISBN-13: 978-087249142-7

Inscriptions in translation can be found in collections of primary source material, for example:

Parkin, T G and Pomeroy, A J *Roman social history: a sourcebook* (Routledge Source Books for the Ancient World) London and New York, Routledge 2007. 0-415-42675-8

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