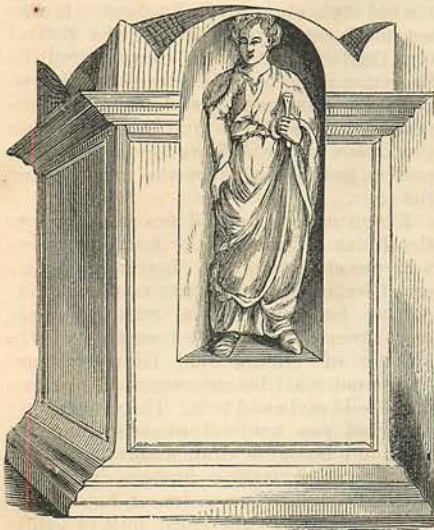


THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME.

[Letter K.]



TOMB OF SECUNDUS.

CADALLAN IN ROME TO PENDA IN BRITAIN.

Xth day of Quinctilis,
Year of Rome DCCCXXXV.

BELOVED FRIEND,—See how I keep my promise to tell you, by letter, all about the home life of Romans, who are just now our masters. I write on triple-weft charta Augusta, as smooth as a lady's cheek, and which takes the color for my drawings more kindly than does any other sort of the paper of Egypt.

I have come, as you know, as a messenger from Agricola, now among the hills of Caledonia, bearing a laurel-decked letter to his late consular associate, Titus Flavius Domitian, for whom the soldiers shouted Imperator! and he now wears the purple. It is our best policy, dear Penda, to serve well when we can not reign; and it is for that reason that I joined the army and am now here. I am lodged in the house of the young patrician Caius Cornelius Tacitus, who, you know, married Julia, the sweet daughter of Agricola, in the very year when her father was made governor of Britain.

I will not now tell you of our perilous journey through Gaul. I will only write that I crossed the Channel from the chalk cliffs to Gessoriacum in a large galley on a calm day, with ten horsemen who composed my guard, and their spirited little beasts and mine from the pastures of Flavia Cæsariensis, as our masters call the country of our beloved Iceni. Across broad plains and dismal marshes, and over great wooded hills and lofty mountains, we made our way into

Italy, and entered Rome by the Flavian Way, which is lined with tombs or sepulchral urns. The laws of the Twelve Tables forbid all burials within the city, and so the graves of the poor and the stately urns holding the ashes of the rich (for they burn the bodies) are by the way-side. These tombs are sometimes made at the public expense. I send you a drawing of one of the plainer sort. It is that of Marcus Aurelius Secundus, one of Augustus Cæsar's veteran soldiers. It bears his effigy, by which you may see how honored men dress on public occasions. I also send you one of an elegant urn that stands upon a pedestal of porphyry, not far distant from the other. It is wrought of black marble, such as the statue of Seneca has just been made of. Upon the lid stands a sorrowing boy with a torch inverted so as to extinguish it. This is a favorite way here of symbolizing the end of life.

So soon as we had entered Rome my guards, before partaking of refreshments, hurried to the Temple of Concord, on the slope of the Capitoline, to pay their vows to their gods; while I, with better knowledge, learned from the venerated priests of the groves, breathed a silent hymn of gratitude to the Omnipotent One whose chief minister



MONUMENTAL URN.

rules the day. After ablutions at the *thermæ* on the *Via Lata*, I passed slowly along the *Via Sacra* in meridian heat, resting a little in the shade of the Arch of Titus, and thence to the audience chamber of the imperial home on the Palatine. I put *Agricola's* dispatches into the hands of the emperor, and then sought the house of *Tacitus* in the *Carinæ*, at the corner of a little *angiportus*.

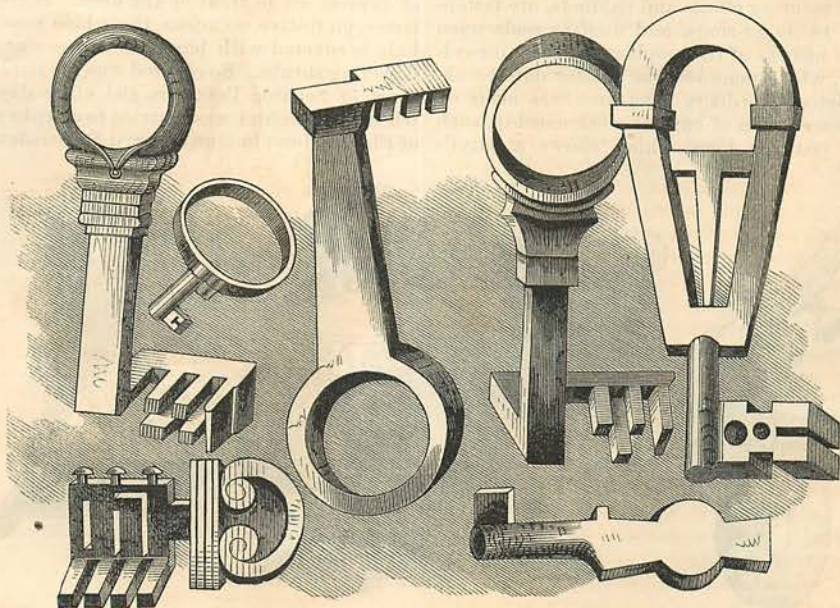
The emperor treats me kindly, for I bore him good news. He commended me to senators and nobles, who call me *Cadallan* the *Pictor*; and sometimes, in good nature, they fondle me as they would a girl, for I am fair and ruddy, and they look upon picture-making, in which I delight, as effeminate business, fitting for the occupation of the despised Greeks only. But it suits my fancy and serves us both, for by a few lines and a little color I can tell you more about the home life of this people than by writing over many leaves.

I have been a welcome guest in some of the best houses in Rome; and with the bright young *Caius Plinius Cecilius Secundus*, who pleads so eloquently before the courts of the *centumviri* and the senate, I have visited his country house at *Laurentum*, seventeen miles from the city, which belonged to his uncle and foster-father, the admiral who lost his life at *Stabiæ* when *Pompeii* and *Herculanæum* were buried in lava and ashes seven years ago. He is enlarging and adorning it. I have also been to *Varro's* villa at *Casinum*, which *Antony* plundered and greatly injured; but it is magnificent even now. I

have learned much of Roman life by continued observation and inquiry, and what I have learned I will now tell you.

There are two sorts of houses in Rome. One is for the common people, merchants and mechanics, and they are called *insula*, because there are several of them in a group, like little islands. Those of each group are generally owned by one man, who hires the houses to others. In one of these, close by the *Appian Way*, lived that *Paulus*, a Jew (whom your father, as he told me, saw here), who was brought to Rome a prisoner about twenty years ago, accused by his countrymen of sedition, because he proclaimed a new religion started in *Judæa* by a man who, they say, declared himself to be King of the Jews, and which has made so great a stir there and here that the emperor has forbidden these *Christians*, as they are called, assembling together. These plainer houses are usually one story in height, with only three, and sometimes four, rooms.

The other sort of houses, belonging to people of quality, is called *domus*. Some of these are magnificent, and have as many as four floors, one above the other. The first floor is for the use of the servants, and the bath. The second floor contains the grand apartments for guests and the family, including the great eating-hall. The new city will be much more magnificent than the old one was when *Nero*, as many believe, set it on fire eighteen years ago. The streets are made wider, and are kept clean by great sewers, and rivers of water that flow through it from the distant hills



KEYS.



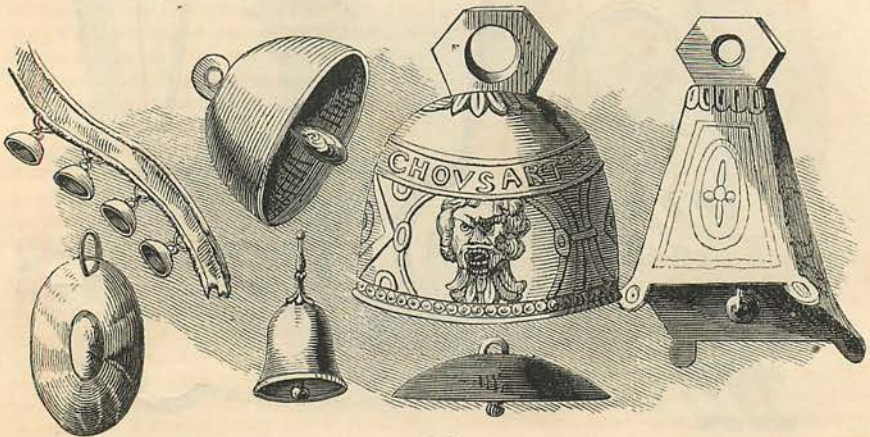
KNOCKER.

along magnificent aqueducts. The houses are larger than before, and many are built of Alban stone, and are so made fire-proof.

Before the better sort of houses are vestibules, or open courts, adjoining the street. Each house incloses a vestibule on three sides. In the middle portion is the front-door, two-leaved in form, furnished with a movable lock, and also bolts and bars. Some of these doors are very elegant. I have seen one made of polished marble, and two others were of bronze. Such is the *jauna* of the son of Nero's wealthy freedman on the *Vicus Tuscus*. Rich ornaments cover many of them, and the locks also bear beautiful devices. The keys are multiform, as the drawings show. Some smaller keys, for securing chests and cabinets, are fastened to finger-rings, and used as seals upon the mouths of the amphoræ of the wine-cellar, which none but the master dare break. Most of the doors have knockers made of bronze, often of curious workmanship, such as you see here, which shows a satyr's

head. Many have bells hanging outside. These knockers and bells summon the porter, who is chained within the ostium, or front hall, close to the door (with a fettered dog for his companion), and has a little room within reach of his tether. Some of these bells are beautifully wrought, as you see; and on one of them, used in this hospitable house, is a Greek inscription in Roman letters that signifies Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, which, Seneca taught, are the four elements of nature. The same bells are used for calling the family from bed and to their meals. They are also hung at the gates of the temples, and smaller ones are often fastened to the necks of horses, oxen, and sheep, attached to straps. The city watchmen carry them at night. I give you the forms of some of them, but I can not send you their sweet sounds, which often rival the melody of the nightingale in your own dear *Canti*. I am told that in Athens the doors of houses close upon the streets open outward, and that persons about to go out knock on the inside to notify the passer-by on the narrow pavement to get out of the way.

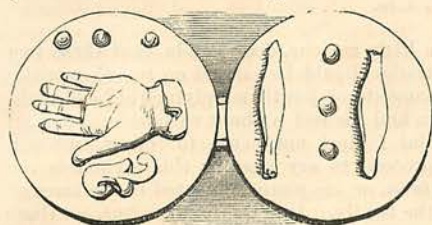
In the event of a marriage the doors here are adorned with pots and wreaths of bay and myrtle, and musicians play in the vestibule, while the people stand in crowds at the gate, and there receive each a little bride-cake, made of white flour from the corn of Dalmatia, mixed with anise and new wine. A birth is announced by suspending a chaplet of sweet flowers, such as the rose of Persia and the heliotrope of Sicily, upon the front-door. A death is indicated by pots of cypress set in front of the door. Sometimes, on festive occasions, the whole vestibule is covered with branches of trees and flowering shrubs. So covered was the street court of Senator *Dentatus*, the other day, when his daughter was married to a nephew of *Flavius Josephus*, an honored Roman Jew



BELLS.

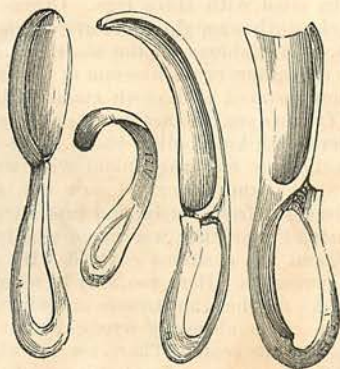
now living here, and a great favorite of the Empress Domitia. In the evening the whole space was lighted by many-colored lanterns, which made the falling waters of the fountain appear like a shower of precious stones.

I have spoken of the bath on the lower floor. There is one in every good house, for the Romans have learned from the Greeks the advantages of cleanliness. They never fail to bathe just before the evening meal, the principal one of the day, which is partaken of by the higher classes at about the ninth hour. There are magnificent public baths open every day from sunrise till sunset to all classes of people. Connected with these are ample places for exercise and amusement, schools, and halls for eating, where the bathers pay for what they consume. The price for a bath is only one quadrans, the smallest copper coin in use



A QUADRANS.

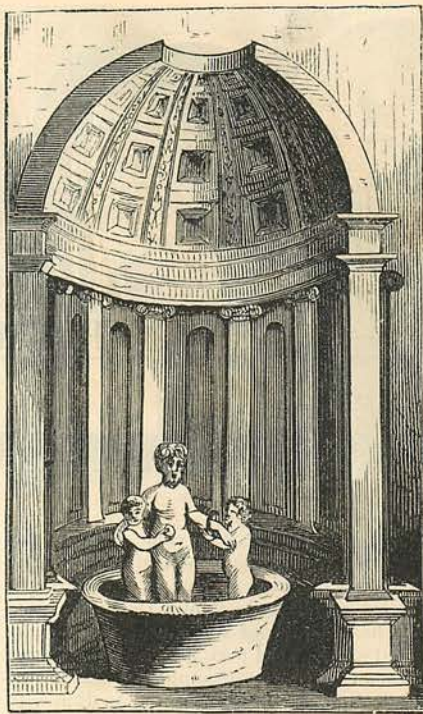
here. Children are admitted free. Men and women have generally bathed together; but a more decent way has been introduced in the new *thermæ*, where they have separate apartments. Bathers who can afford it hire men or boys to rub them with pumice,



STRIGILS.

or with an iron instrument called a strigil, and also with a sponge or towel. The poor rub themselves.

The baths are generally divided into five compartments. The bather first enters a cold room called the *frigidarium*, where the disrobing is done. From this he passes into the *tepidarium*, or warm room. Out of the warm-air room he goes into the *sudatio*, or

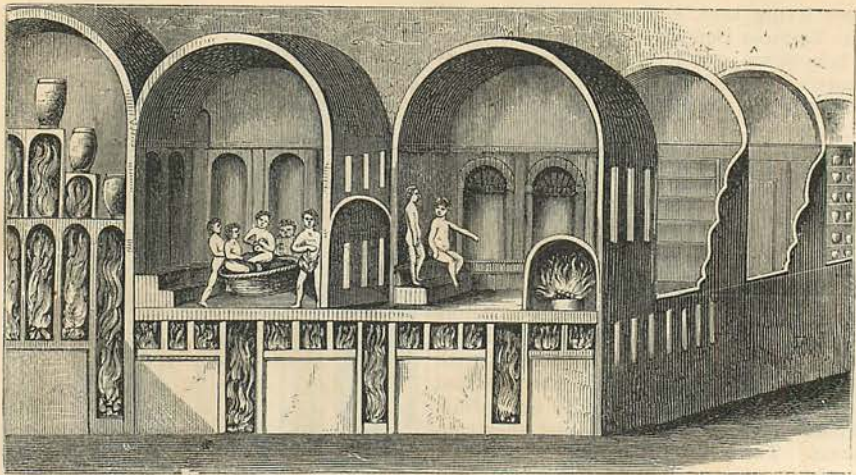


INTERIOR OF BATHING-ROOM.

sweating-room, which is filled with warm vapor, and thence into the bath-room, which is furnished with a large marble basin with a wide rim, whereon the bathers sit waiting their turn to be rubbed, or rub themselves. Under the sweating and bath rooms are the fires that give heat to the air and water.

After leaving the bath the bather passes slowly through the sweating-room into the tepidarium. There he is anointed with perfumed oils brought from a room back of the frigidarium, where it is kept in jars on shelves like those in the shop of an apothecary. After remaining in the tepidarium long enough to become cool, the bather goes into the frigidarium and dresses himself. The several rooms which form a complete bath may be seen in the drawing, beginning with the hot bath on the left, and passing to the right, through the sweating, the warm, and the cold room, to the perfume chamber. Very rich women sometimes bathe in milk, because it makes the skin soft and white. Nero's queen, Poppæa Sabina, the marvelously beautiful as well as the marvelously wicked usurper of Octavia's bed, kept fifty she-asses, even when journeying, which were milked to furnish her with the means for a daily bath in the fluid.

The *atrium*, or large family apartment, is the most important room in the house. The rich fit it up in great splendor sometimes, for in it they receive their guests, and also



ROOMS IN A BATH.

the train of people who come daily to pay their respects to the master of the house, or to accept presents of food or money, or favors of some kind. Many rich and great men have a host of such retainers, who are called clients, and take pride in the number of them. In the more simple days of the republic they were often invited to dine with the master, but now they accept food, which they carry away in a basket, or take an equivalent in money. With this custom the wits are making merry.

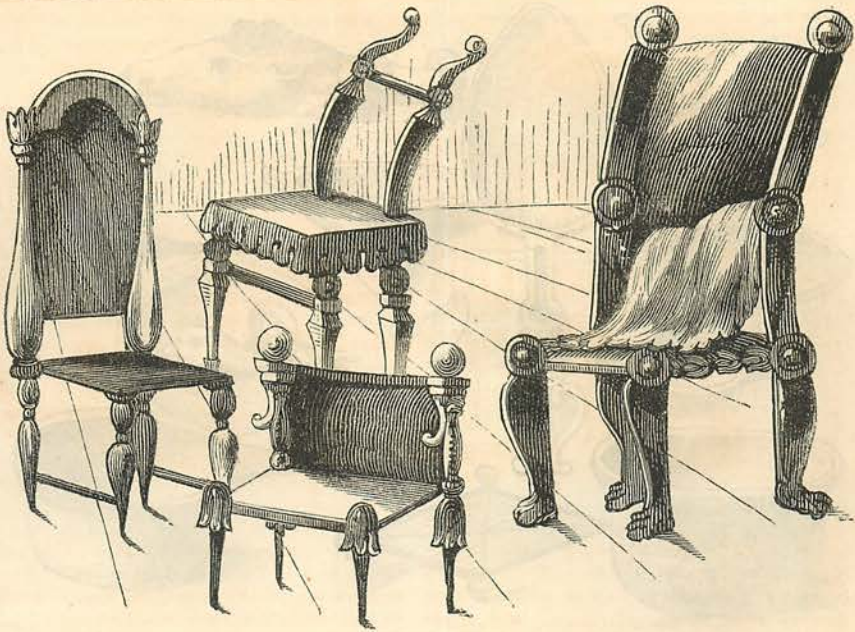
Sometimes the ceiling of the atrium may be seen painted in gay colors, or covered with beaten gold. The walls have pictures painted on them representing the gods, or scenes of love, war, and of the chase, or are hung with rich stuffs from the looms of Persia and Ind, while the floors are often made of many-colored stones in beautiful forms. In niches stand marble statues, and upon brackets are busts, and from the ceiling hangs a lamp of excellent workmanship. In this room the family daily assemble, and here the morning sacrifice is made at a little altar. Here also the wax figures of the ancestors of the family are kept. In the atrium the pedagogue often teaches the children grammar, and there the mother, if she be faithful, instructs them in the higher moralities of life. Alas! there are few Cornelias now. Most of the Roman matrons ought to blush if they look upon her statue when they cross the Forum Romanum.

The spinning and weaving implements of the household may be often found in the atrium, and scattered about are the toys of children. In one corner, covered with a curtain, may be seen a case filled with books from Greece, and a few from the pens of Romans, and to these the booksellers from the Vicus Sandalarius—where the shoe-makers abound—often make additions. It seems

a little curious, dear Penda, that these two trades should be carried on together in the same street, jointly supplying the head within and the feet without with needful things. But I must not pause to reflect, but will proceed to say that in this atrium is the *focus*, or fire-place, dedicated to the lares of the family. It is the family altar, for these people really worship fire under gross symbols, as we do in more ethereal similitudes. Until the reign of Tiberius Cæsar the cooking was done at the fire in the atrium, for there was none elsewhere; but now there is a separate apartment for that business.

In the atrium you may also see many seats, some very plain, and nothing more than a wooden stool with three legs. Others are more elegantly wrought, and have cushioned backs, with cushions on the seats, made of down or feathers or the blossom of the sweet calamus, covered with cloth made brilliant with Tyrian dyes. Sometimes they are made of osiers, with high hollow backs, and sometimes they are curiously inlaid with wood, ivory, gold, and silver. I saw one that was brought from Persia, and presented to Augustus Cæsar, that was made wholly of ivory, and has cushions covered with silk from Damascus. Here, too, may be seen little tables for the seamstresses and for other purposes, some elegantly wrought after the manner of the seats. There, too, are chests with drawers, presses for clothing, and caskets with jewels; and at wedding times the nuptial couch is placed in the atrium—the room most sacred to the family—opposite to the entrance door.

The *culina*, or kitchen, is near the eating-hall. There all the cooking is done, and from it the filled dishes are carried to the eating-hall or to the *diæta*. The utensils in the kitchen are many in number and kind, from the little short-handled spoon to the

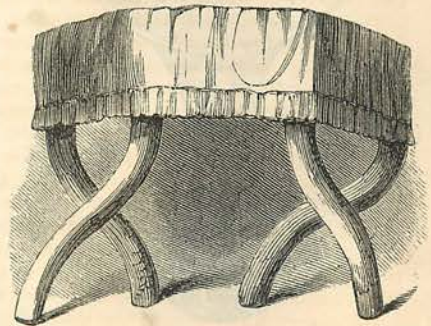
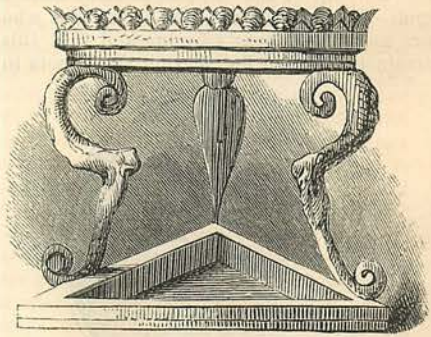


CHAIRS.

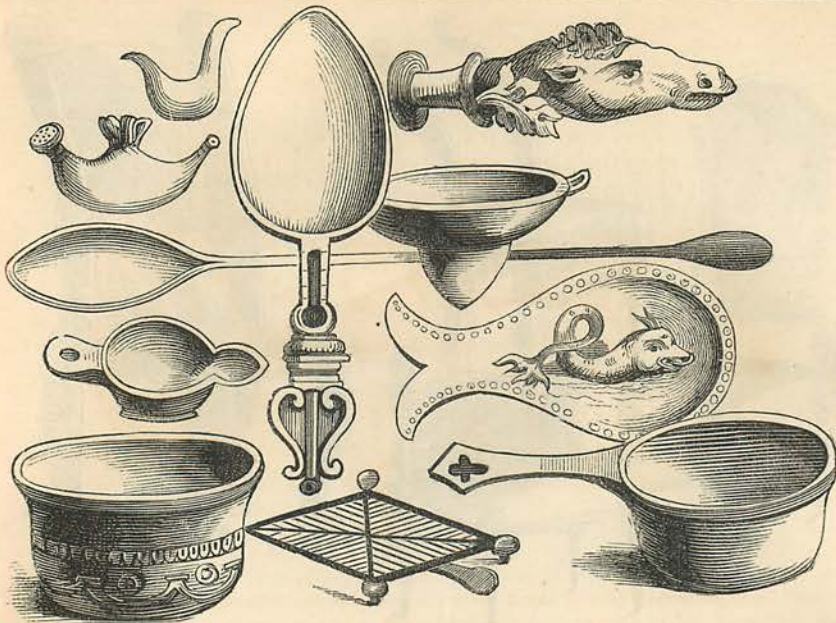
great long-handled one (with which the chief cook, sitting like a king upon a high stool, reaches to every kettle and tastes the broth), or the stately caldron in which the meats and vegetables are seethed. The cooks here require a great number of utensils, for they have a larger variety of food from the earth, air, and water to prepare than those of Britain, where diet is simple. Some of the caldrons, made of copper, are of enormous size. The saucepans are also made of copper, and often have ornamented handles. There are skillets of pottery and iron; small pots and kettles; frying-pans, broilers, and steamers; ladles, flesh-hooks, colanders, and fine strainers; salt-cups, and boxes filled with powdered spices from the East; jars of honey; knives with curiously wrought handles of wood, stags' horns, and ivory; dishes for gravy, sometimes made of silver; broad plates for the flesh, and deep dishes for soups; and vases for oil, vinegar, and liquors. I might mention other things; but what I have said, with the drawings and explanations, will give you an idea of the furnishing of a Roman kitchen for cooking, with a kind of stove made of baked earth, and a charcoal fire.

Among the drawings is one of a beautiful strainer, which a client of Cossus gave to that master of oratory not more than a month ago. It came from a Corinthian kitchen; and as you are little acquainted with the religion of the Greeks, I will explain the figures in the device, which are made of raised silver, on the handle. At the lower end is the god Pan, with a goat's ears, horns, and

legs, pushing a full goat that is standing upon its hinder feet. Between them is a Pan's pipe, an instrument of music made of reed, on which is a horn full of fruit, denoting plenty. Above them are two wild-boars, and again above these is a sheep. Near the



TABLES.



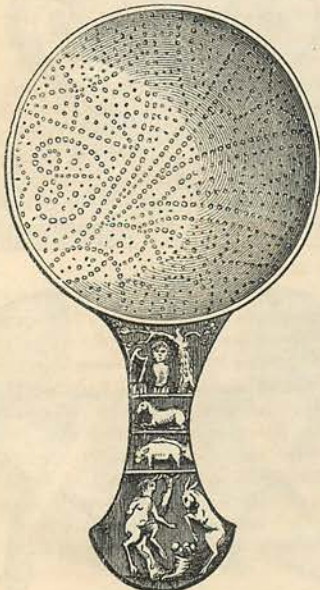
KITCHEN UTENSILS.

strainer is an idol fixed upon a stick, at the foot of a tree, in front of an altar on which are two pomegranates; by it are seen a spear and harp. Cossus tells me that his client says these figures have a symbolical relation to some religious rites of the Greeks in the worship of Bacchus, an ancient Indian god—the god of wine, and drunkards who are made half beasts by it—and that this strainer was used for clearing the liquors in

the kitchen by the butler before the cup-bearer carried them to the master and his guests at table.

The ordinary meats used here are veal, beef, lamb, mutton, pork, the flesh of goats, and poultry, such as geese, hens, ducks, capons, and pullets. The deer, hare, rabbit, and dormouse rank among the delicacies. So also do peacocks, partridges, hens from Africa, pigeons, and several smaller kinds of birds, such as the thrush, woodcock, and turtle-dove. The wild-boar is occasionally seen upon table; so also is the flesh of the bear. Fish of many kinds are plentiful; and some are regarded not only as delicacies, but as luxuries. The turbot is a favorite on the royal table, where it is drowned in olive-oil from Venafrum. Mulletts are dainties, and herrings from Lipara are eagerly sought. Lampreys from the Sicilian whirlpool are eaten only by the rich, and delight the epicure. Lobsters and crabs are eaten cold, with sliced eggs; and oysters from Pelorus are great dainties. They have a variety of sauces; and at the table of Licetus I partook of a dish highly seasoned with pepper from the Indian isles and salt from Sarmatia. It was composed of flesh small minced, and mixed with vinegar, blood, toasted cheese, parsley, cummin, thyme, coriander, and other odoriferous herbs and seeds, onions roasted in ashes, poppies, dried grapes, honey, and pomegranate kernels, and made into the consistency of a pudding or sausage.

Here we have vegetables unknown in our dear Britain. The delicious asparagus from the gardens of Laurentum, radishes from



A WINE STRAINER.



LYING AT TABLE.

Martinæ, turnips from Thebes, beets from Ascera, cabbages, mushrooms, and truffles from the surrounding fields, are all plentiful in their season. Cucumbers and water-melons abound. Peaches come from the Levant, and delicious apples from the orchards of Tivoli. Nuts, and cakes rich with butter, fine-flavored with almonds, or sweet with honey, are served with the wine, which is often spiced and sweetened and cooled into delicious draughts by snow brought from the Apennines, which is carried about the streets in little chariots lined with straw. The cooks are mostly Greeks or Sicilians, and are very expert. It is said that one in the emperor's kitchen has boiled and roasted the two halves of a pig at the same time without dividing it; and another has made pork appear to the taste like fish and wood-pigeon; while a third, from Syracuse, so disguised a herring that Domitian thought it was a lamprey. But the emperor is no epicure, and is as easily served as deceived. He cares not whether he washes down his Malian apple with a draught of cold water or of the costliest wine.

And now, dear Penda, having shown you the kitchen and the food there prepared for the table, I will lead you into the great banquet-hall, that you may see in what manner the patricians of Rome take their meals.

In ancient days the eating-hall was on the lower floor; but in the course of time, when luxury brought in new manners, and the soft Greek habit of lying upon a couch at table, instead of sitting upright as the sturdier old Romans and the Greeks' own sturdier ancestors did, became fashionable, the dining-room was placed on the same floor with the atrium. It was anciently called the *cenaculum*, or room to dine in, but now

it is called the *triclinium*, because the table-couches are generally made to hold three persons each. There is also in each house a smaller room for children and others to eat in, called the *diata*. Sometimes this contains a sleeping-bed, and is used as a sort of nursery; and herein little games and amusements are carried on.

That the Greeks, from whom the Romans learned the use of the bath and the lazy custom of lying down to eat, sat upright in their olden time, I learned only yesterday, when the master now teaching the little children of Cossus read to me the account given by an old Greek poet of the arrival of Ulysses, a celebrated prince, at the palace of Alcinous of Phœacia, after a shipwreck, who caused his guest to sit at table in a magnificent chair. And it was not until the end of the second Punic war, two hundred and fifty years ago, I am told, that the Romans adopted the luxurious habit of lying at meat. It soon became fashionable all over the Roman empire; and now, when luxury in every form and voluptuous ease have taken the place of simplicity, frugality, and useful activity, it is practiced even by the common people, who lie upon benches when they eat their brown bread and acorns and fish from the Tiber. This custom began with the daily use of the bath, which was taken just before the evening meal, when the bathers lay down upon a couch and there received food from their attendants.

The eating-bed, or couch, as I have said, was usually made for three persons. I send you a drawing of one with only two persons upon it—Cossus and his wife—with the little table in general use before them, on which is a small loaf of bread, a vase of mixed wine and milk, and a lamprey. They are reclin-

ing at the head of the banquet. Their guests are three, six, or nine in number, upon one, two, or three couches. And here I will give you the reason for each couch holding three persons. The rule laid down by Varro, the most learned and elegant of the Romans, they tell me, was that the number of guests should never be less than the Graces (three) nor more than the Muses, or nine. This rule is sometimes disregarded, for I have seen twelve guests at supper. In the *frigidarium* of the baths of Tiberius Cæsar, which the great fire spared, I have seen a painting on the wall of eleven guests at a feast with the master and mistress of the house, all on one long couch of semicircular form. There is a sort of battlement in front of the feasters, beautifully cushioned, on which they lean and receive their food and wine, and under them is a soft mattress. Attendants are in waiting. Among them is a woman giving them musical entertainment with a double flute, such as are used in the theatres.

The greatest luxury and extravagance are sometimes displayed by the rich at their banquets. Sometimes the table-beds are made of costly wood, adorned with tortoise-shells, ivory, or some more valuable thing, and glitter with precious stones. Rich quilts or mattresses, purple in color, embroidered with gold, and adorned with leaves and flowers of all colors, cover the couches. Cups and goblets of silver, gold, and crystal, and drinking-horns adorned with the heads of animals, abound, and are arranged in perfect order. Glasses, vials, vases, and other objects, curiously wrought, stand before the guests with sauces and spices; and beautiful boys are usually em-

ployed as cup-bearers and waiters, often not so much for real service as for the pleasure which their sweet faces and graceful forms give to the guests. Some pour out the wine, and others bear it to the company. Their faces are painted to heighten their beauty, and the hair of each is arranged in a pleasing manner, sometimes with a wreath of laurel, fastened with a sparkling buckle. Their tunics are fine and thin, so as to display all motions of the body, and are girt about the waist with ribbons, and tucked up in such a manner as to leave them hanging in folds on all sides, so that they do not fall quite to the knee. There are sometimes as many as seven courses, each served upon a different table to each guest. The feast ends with pastry and fruit as a dessert. The tables are brought in, at each course, fully set, and the guest may choose what he pleases from that which is before him. The guests are often enlivened by the music of the flute and lyre.

Public banquets are given on occasions. At these one of the company is chosen to preside as *rex convivii*, or king of the feast, whose business is to assign to each guest his place according to rank and circumstance. His will is law during the feast, which every one is compelled to obey. Sometimes he plays the petty tyrant, and exercises his caprice in a most annoying manner, such as pouring wine upon the head of a guest who may refuse to drink. All of the great banquets are given in the evening, as well as private suppers. The breakfast and dinner are slight repasts taken by the family in the *diæta*. The Egyptians, I am told, had a strange custom at their public feasts and the entertainments of the rich in the elder ages of the nation. At the end of the feast a bier with a small wooden or clay figure of a dead corpse was brought in, and the bearer of it went to each guest and said, "Look upon this. Eat, drink, and be merry; but know that you shall one day be like it." I have seen here in the booksellers' shops little earthen figures of such corpses, a span long, that were placed upon the tables of the Egyptians at the end of their feasts. This may be pleasant to the spirits of that strange people, who neither burn nor bury their dead, but perfume them and box them up in wooden cases for preservation, as we do salted sturgeon for the Levantine market. But we, dear Penda, do not like the intrusion of such reminders of destiny, and would regard a death's-head where there is good cheer as an impertinence.

The furniture of the tables of rich Romans shows a great variety of forms and workmanship. It consists chiefly of vases of all sizes for liquors, oils, and perfumes; *flagons*, bottles, goblets, pitchers, salvers, plates, bowls, milk and honey pots, dishes for meats and vegetables, gravy dishes, drinking cups and



A CUP-BEARER.

pots, standing cups, chalices, vials, craters, knives, spoons, small flesh-hooks; fruit dishes of wood, clay, and metal; and linen napkins and towels, sometimes richly embroidered. The vessels are made of brass, bronze, wood, clay, stone, glass, silver, gold, and precious stones, such as onyx, agate, jasper, and carnelian. Among the vessels of his table most prized by Nero were his magnificent goblets of rock-crystal wrought by the best Etruscan artists.

The most beautiful of the vases that I have seen were brought from Corinth long after Mummius burned that city. They were found buried in ruins. One of these, made of terra cotta, with the figures of the nine Muses in relief on the sides, belongs to Trebius, a senator. I send you a drawing



CORINTHIAN VASE.

of it. Most of the other vases, large and small, seen on tables are the work of the old Etruscans or their Roman imitators. The earthen ones are painted in subdued colors. I give you a drawing of one used for water at the banquet that is made of a kind of jasper, with a lid bearing the image of a man's head. I have seen six little table vases which Pompey brought among his trophies of triumph in the East, and dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. They are made of a curious mineral found in Parthia, that has the dim lustre of the pearl, but is of a bright flame-color.

There are also seen upon tables little vases for oils, called *gutti*, because of their narrow throats, through which the fluid trickles, a single drop at a time. Pitchers of curious and elegant forms abound; and you will see every where, in private houses, public re-



JASPER VASE.

sorts, and in temples, vessels called craters, in which wine is mixed with water, for the pure juice of the grape is seldom used. These craters are of various sizes, according to the number of guests or other uses to which they are put. They are employed in the dedication of temples, and in making offerings of wine, milk, and honey. Sailors take libations from them in cups, and pour them into the sea before departing on a voyage. They have been used in Greece for at least a thousand years. Livius Andronius says in a book I have seen that Agamemnon returned from Troy with no less than three



PITCHER AND GUTTUS.



A CRATER.

thousand craters as a part of his spoil. They are often highly ornamented, and are made in curious forms. I give you a drawing of one made in the shape of a human head, which Drusus, a friend of Tacitus, and a centurion, brought from Syracuse last year. It is made of red earth hard baked.

Vessels of glass, particularly those used for drinking, are common, and some of them are very elegant. I have seen glass goblets the colors of which changed in different lights as do those of the feathers on the neck of a pigeon. Others are ornamented with figures cut by a revolving wheel in a curious manner, and others have glittering bands of gold around them, and are marked with their owners' names, and expressions such as "I thirst." So, also, were their great earthen vessels. The names are stamped upon the soft clay before it is baked, with seals of metal and wood. These seals are sometimes made quite fanciful in shape. That of the human foot is a favorite form, giving the idea that the impression was made by the pedal pressure.

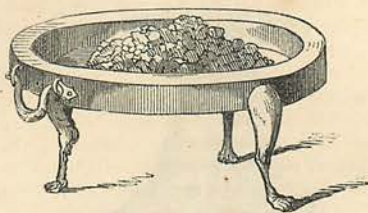


A STAMP.

I have told you of several principal apartments of a fine Roman house. I will now write of others.

The *cubiculum*, or bed-chamber, is very small, and there are separate ones for the day and night. They are placed, if possible, in the eastern part of the house, so that the sleeper may have the light and warmth of the morning sun, which excites his gratitude to adoration. Sometimes they are connected with a little dressing-room. In the most remote part of the house is the *conclavia*, appropri-

ated to the use of the women, where much of the spinning and needle-work is done. Near the triclinium is the *credæ*, or small room for conversation and other social purposes. Another room, more spacious than the eating-hall, with columns, and often highly ornamented, is devoted to the occasional gatherings of a large number of friends, and sometimes as a dining-hall. The winter apartments are on the upper floor at the south side of the house, where the heat of the sun is generally sufficient to make them comfortable in this mild climate. Into these, on the coldest days, a *foculus*, or small portable fire-place, is carried, with hot ashes or burning charcoal, whose fumes escape by the windows or an opening in the roof.



PORTABLE FIRE-PLACE.

The *peristylum* is a pleasant part of the house. It is an inner court, open to the sky, with columns and a gallery, and the area planted with flowers and shrubbery, among which the family take delight, for it is a little garden, bright and sweet. On the tops of houses are often seen small terraces for basking in the sun, called *solaria*, and a few have little gardens on their roofs. On one near the Porta Flaminia is a small fish-pond.

And now, dear Penda, go with me in imagination, as you read this portion of my letter, to a villa not far from Rome where nature and art conspire to delight the senses in a marvelous manner. A week ago I went with the young Plinius to his country house, to which I have alluded. Being only three miles from Laurentum, he calls it Laurentinum. We rode out in a small chariot along the highway to Ostia, six miles from the villa, where we took a common country road that led us through woods and open fields abounding with flowery meadows and rich pastures, where flocks and herds were grazing. We approached the villa by a pleasant shaded avenue that leads to a large circular space they call a portico. Around this are the buildings or apartments, one story in height, which compose the villa. These are built in various styles for various uses. The triclinium, or grand eating-hall, is upon the sea-shore, and when the south wind blows from Africa the waves wash its walls. The room has on all sides spacious doors and windows, from which, as it is upon a point of land, you may look out and seem to behold three different seas.

From another front you have a view of an inner court, the portico, the avenue, and the near woods and distant mountains.

Not far from this hall, across a court, is a large and small bedroom with east and west windows, from which you have a prospect of the sea. These chambers and the triclinium make an angle, upon which the rays of the sun fall all the day long, making the apartments warm in winter, when the domestics occupy them, and the master is away from the chilling fogs of the sea-shore in his house in the city. In a room at that angle, connecting by a wainscoted passage with the larger bed-chamber, is a library. Other lodgings are on the same side, which the slaves and freedmen occupy. Near these, separated only by a court, are two spacious rooms, illuminated by the sunlight direct, and reflected from the sea. From one of these, which is used for an eating-hall, you pass into the bathing-rooms, arranged after the manner of the public baths in the city. In one of these are two bathing basins large enough to swim in, and are so situated that the bathers may look out upon the sea.

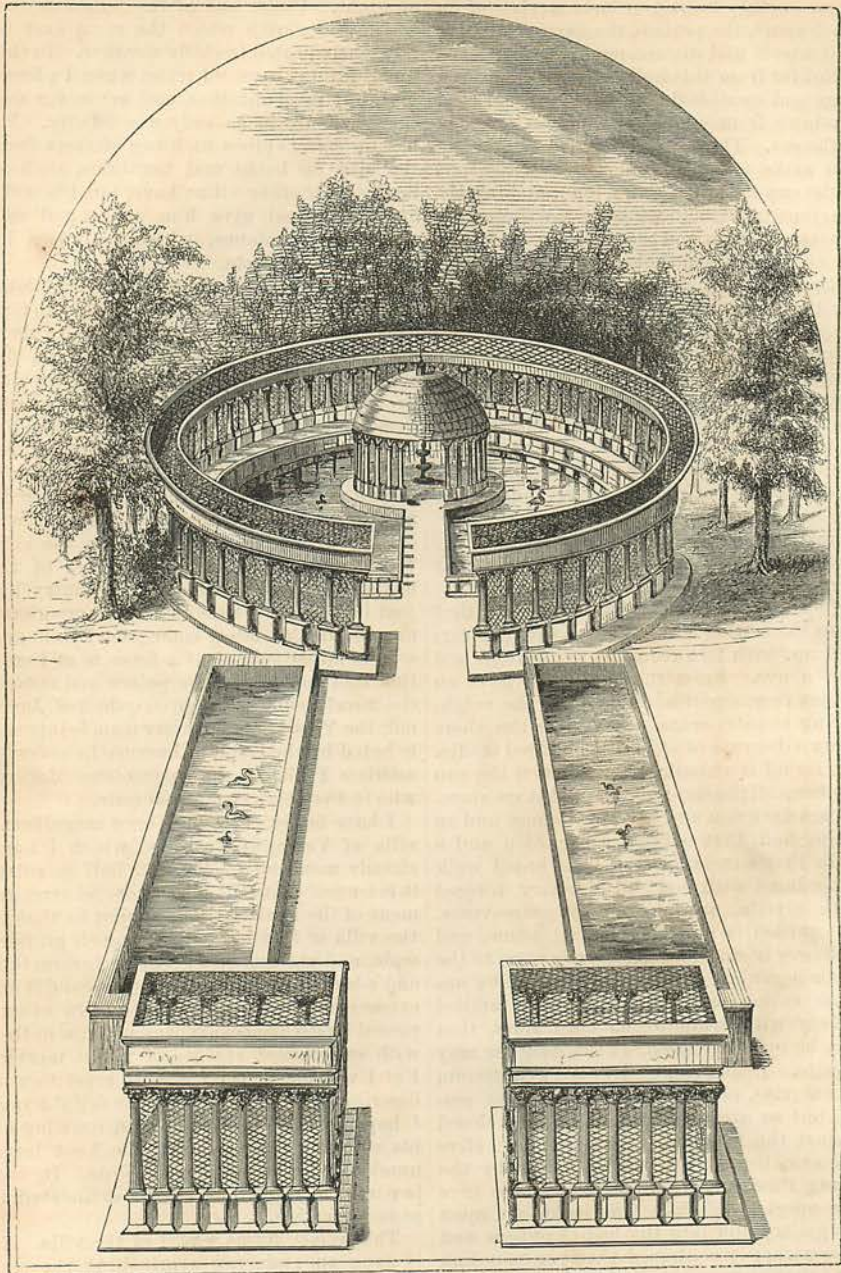
Close by the baths is a tennis-court that faces the setting sun. There a tower is carried up, with two rooms at the bottom and two above. From the latter you have an extensive prospect of the sea and the neighboring country-seats, which line the shore along a distance of at least a hundred stadia. Not far off is a similar tower, which the sun lights up all the day; and beyond it are store-houses for grain and servants' rooms, and an eating-hall that overlooks a garden and a walk that surrounds it. That broad walk is bordered with box and rosemary, fringed with myrtle, and shaded by grape-vines. The garden is planted with fig, plane, and mulberry trees. Passing on, you come to the kitchen-garden, which is overlooked by another eating-hall. Close by is an arched gallery with windows on both sides, that may be open or closed, as the weather may require. Before this gallery is a gymnasium for exercise, pleasantly exposed to the sea-air, but so arranged that it may be closed against the frequent chilling winds. Here are sun-heated apartments, built by the young Plinius but a year ago. These give him special delight. One looks out upon the gallery and into the bed-chambers, and is so curiously contrived that you may join it to that chamber as one room, or separate them with ease by transparent stone tablets or curtains. The chamber contains two chairs and a bed, and from its open windows you may look out upon both the sea and the country. It is in so quiet a place that the noise of the servants when they keep the Saturnalian feast, and even the roar of the sea, can not be heard. The windows may be so tightly closed as to keep out the sunbeams in the daytime, and the lightning

at night. Under one of the windows is a small stove, with which the room may be pleasantly heated in chilly weather. In this room, Plinius says, "I retire when I please, for study or meditation, and am never disturbed." He lacks only one felicity. He has no water-pipes to bring streams from the hills for baths and fountains, such as most of the other villas have, but his wells are many, and give him sweet and soft water in abundance, which is drawn by swapes and buckets.

Such, my dear Penda, is one of the plainest of the country houses of rich Roman citizens that line the sea-shore. Some of them are truly magnificent—almost beyond description. Every one has a tower from which to look over wide ranges of land and sea. Some have fountains, cascades, and pebbly brooks. Some have extensive gardens filled with fruits and vegetables, but many are houses and grounds for pleasure only, with neither fruit nor kitchen garden, whose owners buy all they need for food in the city. This folly of buying the products of the fields in a town for use in the country has just been sharply ridiculed by a young poet named Martial, lately come from Spain, and who is already so great a favorite of Domitian that he lives in the palace and eats at the royal table, while grizzly-haired Juvenal, the Volscian, a far wiser man, is intensely hated by the emperor because he severely satirizes Paris, a young pantomime dancer, who is Domitia's special favorite.

I have lately visited the once magnificent villa of Varro, at Casinum, which I have already mentioned. Though half in ruins, it is magnificent still. The general arrangement of the apartments is similar to that in the villa of Plinius, but on a much grander scale, and one more gorgeous in its structure and adornments. The grounds around it are extensive. They were laid out in unsurpassed landscape beauty, and are now dotted with overturned statues of white marble. But I will not weary you with repetition in describing this villa, but rather delight you, I hope, with a description and drawing of his superb aviary, wherein he kept large numbers of rare and costly birds. It, too, is partly in ruins, but I have delineated it as in perfection.

This aviary forms a part of the villa. It is upon an eminence overlooking the sea. At the entrance are two porticoes, or large cages, with columns all around, and covered with wire netting at top and sides, so as to give the birds plenty of air and freedom, but not their natural liberty. Between these immense cages is the entrance to the court, on each side of which is a long pool for water-fowl. From this court you pass to a large double colonnade, the outward circumference of which is built of Alban stone, and the inner one of fir from the Apennines.



THE AVIARY OF VARRO'S VILLA.

The space between them is about five feet, and is covered, like the cages at the entrance, with a wire netting. This space was filled with the rarest singing-birds from many lands. The colonnade rested upon a substantial stone quay that projected several feet beyond the inner circle, and was raised two feet above the inclosed pool. This projection afforded a pleasant walk for the

guests from which to view the singing-birds and the water-fowl.

In the centre of the pool is a round island covered by a dome supported by columns. Here Varro and his friends ate and conversed. Under the centre of the dome is a round table that moves upon an axis, by which the boys in attendance might turn to each guest such viands as he might

choose. Within the dome is a hemisphere, upon which was delineated in bright colors the celestial sphere; but those colors are now dim and the lines obscure. There was also a picture of the winds, so arranged upon an axle that when a vane on the top of the dome was turned in the direction it might be blowing at any time, the finger of a hand within pointed toward the picture of that wind. Over the table was a water-clock made of glass by which to count the hours at day or night; and at the entrance to the dome is a brazen sun-dial, whose gnomon was solid silver. This gnomon was carried away when Antony plundered the villa. I will only add that Varro had here an extensive museum of curious objects of nature and art, and many strange animals from foreign lands, with which he some-

times supplied the circus in Rome on great show days.

I expect to stay here until the next spring, having leave of absence from Agricola, and the permission of the emperor to do so. This letter I send by the hand of Caius Sulpitius, a trusty freedman, who will start two days hence with imperial dispatches for the governor. Another messenger will leave at about the beginning of the vintage, when I will send you another letter, in which I will tell you more about the home life of these Romans: their manner of dressing, both men and women; their personal adornments, domestic employments, courtships, weddings, funerals, amusements and other things that may interest you.

Salute all our friends.

Vale!

CADALLAN.

OLD KENSINGTON.

BY MISS THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNBORN TO-MORROW, AND DEAD YESTERDAY.

WHATEVER Lady Sarah may have thought, Mrs. Palmer used to consider Dolly a most fortunate girl, and she used to say so, not a little to Lady Sarah's annoyance.

"Extremely fortunate," repeats Dolly's mamma, looking thoughtfully at her fat satin shoes. "What a lottery life is! I was as pretty as Dolly, and yet dear Stanham had not any thing like Robert's excellent prospects. Even the Ad— Don't go, Sarah."

Poor Lady Sarah would start up, with an impatient movement, and walk across the

room to get away from Philippa's retrospections. They were almost more than she had patience for just then. She could scarcely have found patience for Philippa herself, if it had not been that she was Dolly's mother. What did she mean by her purring and self-congratulations? Lady Sarah used to feel most doubtful about Dolly's good fortune just when Philippa was most enthusiastic on the subject, or when Robert himself was pointing out his excellent prospects in his lucid way.

Philippa would listen, nodding languid approbation. Dolly would make believe to laugh at Robert's accounts of his coming honors; but it was easy to see that it was only make-believe incredulity.

Her aunt could read the girl's sweet conviction in her eyes, and she loved her for it. Once, remembering her own youth, this fantastic woman had made a vow never, so long as she lived, to interfere in the course of true love. True love! Is this true love, when one person is in love with a phantom, another with an image reflected in a glass? True love is something more than phantoms, than images and shadows; and yet, stirred by phantoms and living among shadows, its faint dreams come to life.

Lady Sarah was standing by the bookcase, in a sort of zigzag mind of her own old times and of Dolly's to-day. She had taken a book from the shelf—a dusty volume of Burns's poems—upon the fly-leaf of which the name of another Robert Henley was written. She holds the book in her hand, looks at the crooked writing—"S. V., from Robert Henley, May, 1808." She beats the two dusty covers together, and puts it back into its place again. That is all her story. Philippa never heard of it; Robert

THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME.

[Letter K.]



SPINNING.—[SEE PAGE 184.]

CADALLAN IN ROME TO PENDA IN BRITAIN.

XIXth day of September,
Year of Rome DCCCXXXV.

BELOVED FRIEND,—Petronius, one of the *sexillarii* of the Seventh Legion, arrived two days ago with dispatches for the emperor, salutations for me from Agricola, affectionate messages from my aged father and mother, and a precious love-token from Cymbelena, who is in camp with her brother. I was disappointed in not hearing from you aught else but tidings that you are earning fame as a soldier, and when Petronius left were with a cohort of the Tenth Legion far away in the land of the *Damnii*. The messenger will soon return; so on this beautiful autumnal morning I begin another letter to you, to tell you more about the home life of these wonderful Romans. They are indeed a wonderful people. Our country will greatly profit by their rule if our people shall be wise in acting upon the lessons taught by what has seemed to be our adversity.

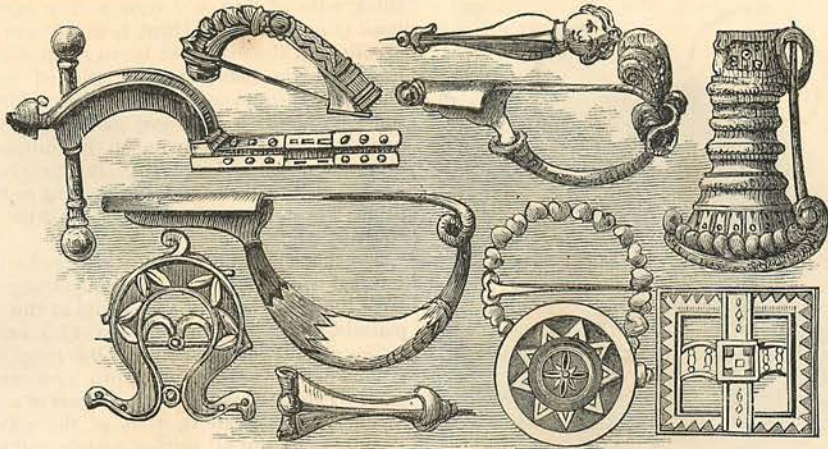
To-morrow I am to take part in the nuptial ceremonies, when *Lesbia*, the eldest daughter of *Decius Vitellius*, the questor, and the son of the rich *Licinus* will be wedded. To-day I will write only about wooing and betrothing, and leave the description of the wedding until another time.

Once the law forbade Romans marrying any but Romans. The statute was repealed long ago, and many Britons have already

wedded some of the best of the Roman maidens.

As with us, so here men woo. The moral restraints of society are frightfully loose here, yet custom ranks a wooing woman among the harlots. Her sex holds the veto power. Man proposes, woman disposes. She soon decides the question. The wooing season is short and definite. When the suitor has won, and obtained the consent of parents or guardians, then follows the espousals. Mutual friends meet at the home of the maiden and arrange the marriage contract. It is written upon tablets by a notary, stamped with his official signet, and signed by the contracting parties. The betrothal is made complete when the man places a token of fidelity, in the form of a plain iron ring, upon the fourth finger of the left hand of the maiden, from which they say an artery extends directly to the heart, and is a medium of spiritual communication between the espoused.

Betrothals are seldom made in May, or at the kalends, nones, and ides of any month, because such times are considered unpropitious, and they are forbidden on any holy-day of feasting or fasting unless the woman be a widow. They are generally made in the night, but now extremely fashionable people have the ceremony at dawn, or cock-crowing. Such was the hour on the 20th day of *Sextilis* when, at the house of *Vitellius*, *Lesbia* and *Licinus* the younger were



BUCKLES.

espoused. When the tablets were signed, and the pledge-ring was upon the white finger, sweetened wine, and cakes full of raisins and dried fruit from Corinth, were brought in by black eunuchs from Nubia upon silver salvers, and offered to the espoused and their friends. Then the company sang the *Talasius*, while damsels in white robes played the flute and lyre, and upon a small altar incense was burned and a bird was sacrificed to render the gods propitious, and to obtain presages concerning the success of the marriage.

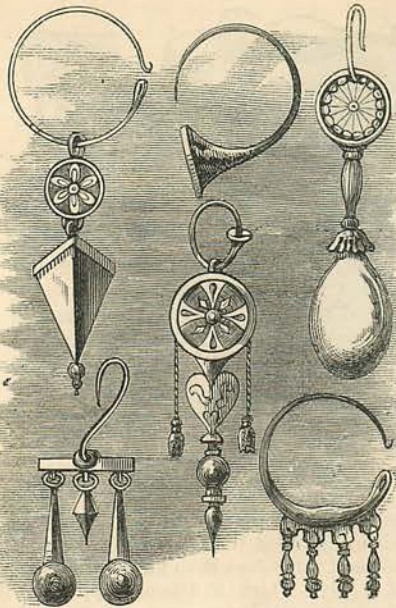
XXIII^d day.

The wedding is over, and so is the storm of the autumnal equinox, which came fiercely on the day after the nuptials. Omens and weather were auspicious during the ceremony, for the voice of a turtle-dove at sunrise, and the flight of a crow, with pure air and bright sunshine, made all hearts glad. The ceremonies began at early dawn, and ended long after darkness had fallen, when the wife was conducted to the house of her husband.

The bride is twenty years of age. She was dressed in a long white robe that reached from her neck to her feet. It was adorned with purple fringe and many colored ribbons, and was bound about the waist with a crimson girdle, which was secured in front by a graceful knot and a glittering buckle in the form of a bent bow, made of gold and precious stones. Many of the other ladies wore similar buckles on the fillets that bound their hair, and on shoulder-knots and girdles. I send you drawings of some of the buckles to show you the variety of their forms.

From the head of the bride hung a veil of a bright yellow color. Her feet were covered with high soft shoes of the same tint, made of the dressed skin of a kid, and trimmed at top with falls of fine white lin-

en. These shoes sparkled at each instep with a jeweled buckle. Her golden hair, soft and thick, had been parted by the point of a spear which had been dipped in the blood of a gladiator, as a sort of prophecy that she would be a mother of valiant children. Her hair was disposed in six curled tresses, after the manner of that of the vestal virgins, indicative of her chastity. She had also been crowned with a chaplet of vervain, which she had gathered with her own hands, and carried under her robe until the moment when it was to be put on her head. From her ears hung jewels, rich and rare. So also were many of the other ladies adorned. Large sums are spent for these ear jewels. Indeed, they rank as one of the greatest extravagances of the time among the Roman women. A satirist has lately said, "If I had a daughter, I would cut off her ears;" and added, "What plenty we should have of all things if there were no women!" A grave scribe has just written that "women go to seek for pearls at the bottom of the Red Sea, and search the depths of the earth for emeralds, and all to adorn their ears." Sneering Juvenal, who derides the empress and the courtesan with equal sharpness of wit, in satires which he dare show only in private to his friends, has written within a month that "there is nothing a woman will not allow herself, nothing she holds disgraceful, when she has encircled her neck with emeralds, and inserted earrings of great size in her ears, stretched with their weight." Just before he died Seneca wrote that some ear-rings worn by women were so costly that a single pair was worth the revenue of a large estate. All women wear them, and so do many men. Some are of cheaper substances, such as the baser metals, amber, and glass. The drawings I here send will give you an idea of their forms. That showing a circular top and



EAR-RINGS.

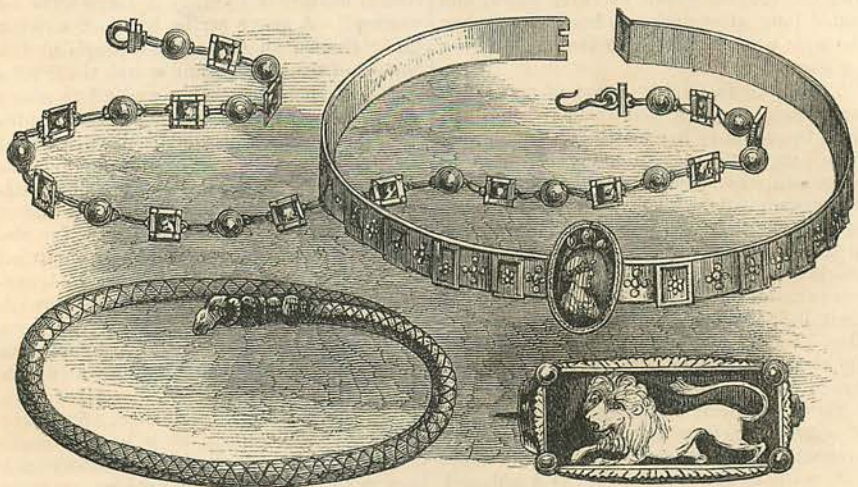
pear-shaped pendant (the latter being an enormous pearl) is of one worn by the bride, whose necklace was also charming and very costly, it being composed of large pearls and emeralds, made into a string by links of pure gold.

The bride's arms were bare almost to the shoulders when her veil was thrown back, and were encircled with bracelets above and below the elbows. These were made of gold, some plain, and others set with precious stones. One of them represented a coiled serpent, glittering with jewels, and passing three times around the arm. Another, of which I give you a drawing, was a

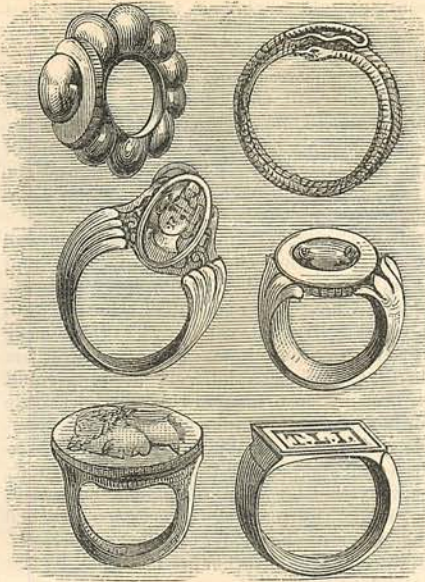
thick wire of fine gold terminating in the head of a ram; and a third, here delineated, excelled all the others in beauty and costliness, being a band of gold studded with emeralds, turquoises, rubies, and sapphires, some of them so arranged as to form the name of LESBIA, and bearing on the embossed clasp an effigy of Domitian. It was given by the emperor as a wedding present to the bride, whose father is a great favorite at court.

The fingers of the bride also glittered with jeweled rings, which contrasted strangely with the plain hoop of iron given at the espousals, and which she will never lay aside unless she becomes a widow. But rings for ornament and use are not worn by women only. They are seen upon the fingers of men of every degree above that of the slave. They are made of all sorts of metals, and set with gems, such as agate, jasper, carnelian, turquoise, sapphire, garnet, emerald, topaz, beryl, amethyst, onyx, and other stones of less value, upon which seals are often engraved. The emperor has a ring of gold bearing a gem brought from the East, as brilliant as a star, and so hard that it can not be cut by any other substance. The Greeks call it diamond, and it is very rare. Rings are given as rewards of valor, and noblemen bestow them upon their freedmen in acknowledgment of their good deeds.

Fops, in these degenerate times, are plentiful, and wear rings in abundance, sometimes covering every finger with them. Some have carried their folly so far as to wear the same rings only a week, and then replace them with new ones. Oh, Penda! were it not for the sturdy, virtuous provinces, what would become of imperial Rome? Men here, in the great city, are turning first into women, and then into birds and beasts. They dote on trinkets like women, on fine



NECKLACE, BRACELETS, AND BROOCH.



FINGER-RINGS.

dress as the bird does upon its plumage, and by excessive lust become beasts. The fops disgust you at every turn. They wear scarlet tunics and blue cloaks, and sometimes the feminine toga, clasped with rich buckles that serve as brooches. They defy the sun with parasols brought from India, paint their eyelids and faces like the Corinthian harlots, curl their hair into ringlets glossed

with perfumed oils, and even display the bodkin among their tresses. They lisp in soft whispers, and in every way they ape silly women in manners and personal ornaments. Flattery of the rich and powerful has taken the place of manly conversation. Only yesterday Fabricius, a courtier, laid a turbot at the feet of Domitian, and declared that the fish insisted upon being caught for the royal table. But I am wandering a little, yet not beyond the domain of the home life of these Romans. I have told you about the bride, her attire, and her ornaments; now I will tell you of the wedding and what followed.

The nuptial rites were few and simple, and were performed in the peristylum of Vitellius's house, among the flowers and under the blue sky, just at the break of day. Near a fountain stood a little altar, at which a priest sacrificed a sheep, and spread its skin over two chairs. Upon these the bride and groom were seated on the soft wool, with heads covered, and with one habited like Juno Pronuba, the divine marriage-maker, laying her hands upon their shoulders in a gentle embrace, denoting their unity. Then the company sang the Talasius, accompanied by the sweet music of the double flute. The priest, with uncovered head, invoked the blessings of the gods upon the wedded pair, and then sacrificed a lamb. So ended the religious ceremonies, and so the young Licinus and Lesbia were united as husband and wife. The bride was then divested of her ornaments, and the day was



NUPTIAL CEREMONY.



TOGA PRÆTEXTA.

spent by the whole company in feasting and amusement until the twilight had faded, when the final and more imposing ceremonies were begun.

At sunset preparations were made for conducting the bride to the house of her husband. During the gathering twilight a procession was formed in the peristylum, composed of the bride's nearest relations and guests who had participated in the pleasures of the day. Then the bride, who was sitting in her mother's lap, was forced from her maternal embrace and carried out to the head of the procession, where she was closely veiled, and had rich sandals placed upon her feet. On each side of her was a boy whose father and mother were both living. They were robed in the white toga praetexta, with purple borders. These supported the bride by her arms. Before her was another boy dressed in the same manner, and who was of the same social condition, who bore a torch of white thorn. Behind the bride followed a boy carrying a covered vase, in which were her jewels and other trinkets, and also toys for children. Another carried a distaff and spindle, in memory of Caia Cæcilia, wife of Tarquinius Priscus, who is held to be a pattern of conjugal fidelity and skilled industry. These implements signified that she was to preside over the household and labor with her hands.

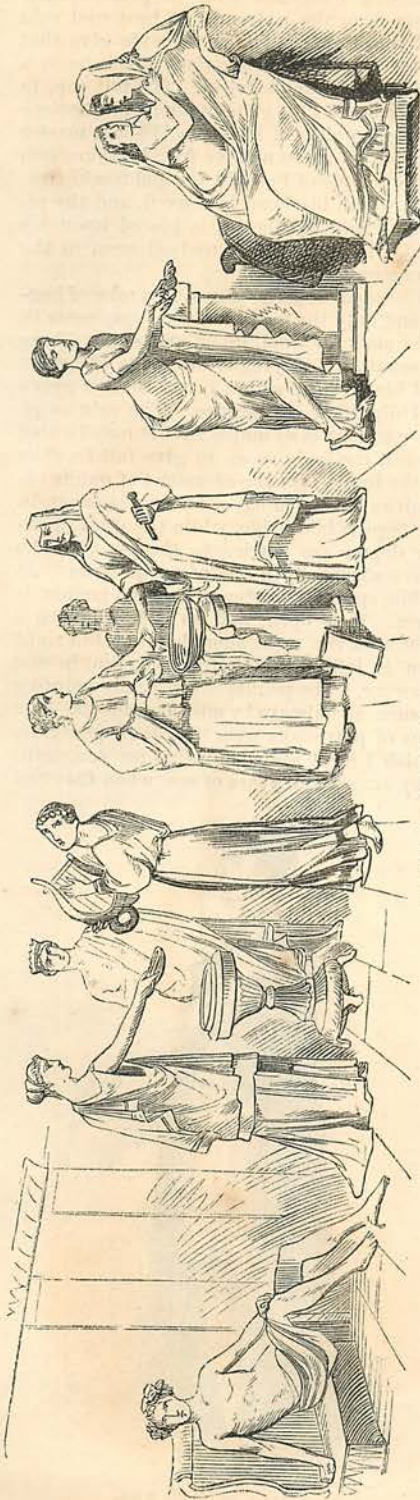
The white thorn torch was now lighted, and so also was one of pine that was carried by the mother of the bride. These were followed by the whole wedding company,

some of whom carried burning wax-candles, and in this way the procession moved through the vestibulum to the street, and so on to the dwelling of the waiting husband, slaves at the same time distributing bride-cakes among the multitude of spectators. The air was filled with the music of the flute, lyre, harp, cymbal, drum, and sistrum, and of all voices chanting the Talasius.

It is the custom for the bridegroom and bride to assume the names of Caius and Caia, in honor of the noted spinner and royal wife I have just mentioned, whose distaff, covered with wool, yet hangs in the temple of Sanctus, where it was deposited after her death, and whose handiwork as spinner and weaver is seen in a royal robe that she made for her husband, which yet hangs in the temple of Fortune, where it was put six hundred years ago, after it had been worn by Servius Tullius, her husband's successor. So, when the marriage procession reached the house of the bridegroom, they were introduced to each other at the door by her attendants, when she said, in a clear voice, "Where you are Caius, I am Caia," signifying that she entered the house as an equal partaker in the government of the family. It was as much as to say, "Where you are paterfamilias, I am materfamilias." Then fire and water, placed at the door, were



THE BRIDE VEILED.



NUPTIAL CEREMONIES IN THE ATRIUM.

touched by the bridegroom and bride, in token of mutual purity, when she was sprinkled with water and covered with a veil, signifying that after these ceremonies she is to be seen only by her husband. Now she was lifted by attendants over the threshold, which is sacred to the penates and the goddess Vesta, and may not be touched. The friends reverently followed, and in the atrium, or great family room of the house, brilliantly lighted with a central lamp and the wax-candles that had been carried in the streets, the husband gave to his wife the keys of the mansion, by which she was installed as its mistress. With these she took her seat upon a fleece of wool, in token that spinning was to be her employment.

The musicians now entered, and the whole company sang the *Talarius*, and uttered words of extravagant praise of the bride. A little sacrifice was then made to *Priapus*, the god of fruitfulness in all nature, followed by a sumptuous feast, at which the emperor and several nobles were guests. During the supper little clay medals, impressed with images of the bride and bridegroom, were distributed among the company. At a late hour we all retired, each saluting the bride with a parting kiss.

In the elder times, before the republic, and when kings ruled over Rome—the times of *Tarquinius Priscus* and the good *Caia*—other ceremonies followed the departure of the guests. The custom still prevails in certain ancient families. In the atrium the veiled bride, seated at one end of the room, and the bridegroom, crowned with grape leaves, at the other, were subjects of some final religious rites, which the drawing I send you will better explain than much writing. I copied it from a painting on a wall in the lesser palace of *Augustus Caesar*. You see the veiled bride seated upon a *triclinium*, or couch, caressed by an attendant, who is crowned with laurel and partially disrobed. The bridegroom is seen at the other end of the room, half reclining upon a sort of footstool before a couch. Not far from the bride and her attendant is a young woman leaning upon a short column, performing some ceremony to avert witchcraft and enchantments. Near the centre of the room are three women standing by a short column, on which is a basin of water and a napkin. One of them is a veiled priestess, performing acts of lustration and expiation. Another appears to be an assistant. Leaning against the foot of the column is a tablet bearing the marriage record. A little further on you see three other women at a small family altar. One, with a radiated crown, is the *Regina Sacrorum*, or Queen of the Sacred Nuptial Sacrifice, and represents the chaste *Vesta*—the family deity—the goddess of fire, or the personified sun, which the radiated crown typifies. An attendant is pouring a sacri-



PHRYGIAN CAP.

facial libation upon the altar, while another makes music with a lyre. So ended the marriage ceremonies in the time of the old monarchs, when the *Talasis* was first sung, for that is a very ancient nuptial song, the origin of which is clear. At the time the Sabine women were seized in Rome for wives for the Romans, there was a citizen named *Talasis*, who was renowned for his valor and other virtues. A plebeian, assisted by his friends, the better to secure a beautiful maiden he had seized, cried out in the streets that he was carrying her to *Talasis*. The people shouted their approbation. The damsel married the plebeian, and the union proved to be a very happy one. It became a custom to sing a song at nuptials, called *Talasis*, as the Greeks do their *Hymenæus*.

I will now tell you how men and women in Rome dress on ordinary occasions, first remarking that each class, from the slave to the senator, has its peculiar fashions, and that the patrician class has different kinds of dresses for different occasions, such as feasts, the sports, weddings, and funerals.

Slaves, common people, and children wear only a woolen tunic or shirt that falls from the neck to the knees, with long or short sleeves. It is girded about the waists of the common people with a cord; but the higher classes use sashes or girdles made of silks or other rich stuffs dyed with gay colors. In winter the common people wear a shorter woolen tunic next the skin, and long woolen hose for their legs, and heavy shoes for their feet. Some of the outer tunics of the patricians are of fine white linen, ornamented with a purple stripe that extends down from the throat to the lower hem of the garment.

It is fashionable in the city to go bare-headed, but the common people, who labor all day here, or work in the country, and

mariners, wear felt hats to protect their heads from the extremes of heat and cold and the storms. The city people give that protection by covering their heads with a fold of their ample togas. The felt cap, in the form the Phrygians wear it, has become here an emblem of liberty. When a master is about to make a slave free, he takes him to the temple of *Feronia*, the goddess of freedom, where his head is shaved, and the pileus, or cap of liberty, is placed upon his head. It is made of undyed wool in the form seen in the drawing.

The toga, or large gown, is a robe of honor, and only the patrician class may wear it. It is made of wool, linen, and silk. Those of senators and judges are made of brown and black silk, which gives them a grave and dignified appearance. The volume of the garment is so ample that it may be tied around the body so as to give full freedom to the limbs. On the occasions of public calamities or mourning, of feasts and funerals, the toga is laid aside, while the dead of every degree are carried to the pyre, or the grave shrouded, in one of white linen. At public sports a shorter one, called *penula*, is worn. It is open, and so fastened with a buckle to the right shoulder that the right arm is left perfectly free, as seen in the drawing. The *penula* is sometimes worn by women, and always by military officers. The sons of patricians wear the toga *prætexta*, which I have already drawn for you, until they are sixteen years of age, when they put



PENULA, OR SHORT TOGA.

on the toga virilis. This varies from the other only in not having a purple border.

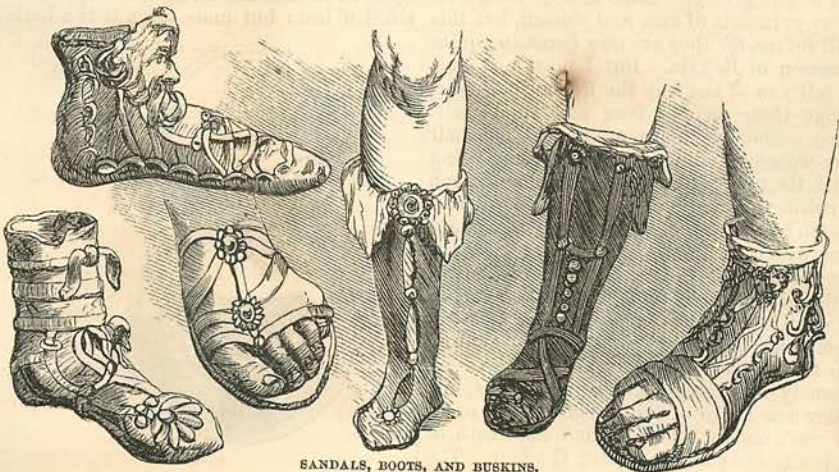
The feet and legs of men are dressed in various forms, having a general resemblance, from the sandal—a simple sole, made of wood, palm leaves, leather, brass, iron, and copper, fastened to the bare foot and leg by thongs—to the highly ornamented shoe and boot, made of soft deer-skin. Some of these boots or buskins, worn by both men and women, are very costly, for they are ornamented with gold and precious stones. They are dyed with bright colors, and often have high heels. Senators wear a boot the foot of which is red and the leg black. There is a very pretty buskin made of soft white leather, which is worn by women and effeminate men, in the same form of that of the bride which I have written about. In the drawing of sandals, shoes, and boots here given it is distinguished by the jeweled buckle at the middle of the foot and of the leg.

The women wear long outer garments of wool, linen, and silk, which fall to their feet, and are so arranged by the more modest persons that they nearly cover their arms as if with broad sleeves. These robes are of various hues, the most fashionable just now being murrey-colored, or the tint of the vine leaves in autumn. In the drawing I here give you of a senator and his wife you may see the prevailing costume of the sensible people of the better sort here. She has a modest fillet formed of her own hair, and wears plain sandals on her feet. Her husband has the tight shoe or boot. Over her tunic, which falls in thick folds to her feet, and is bound by a plain girdle at the waist, she wears an open cloak. The external tunic of women is often made of the finest linen, and displays the form in every motion. It is sometimes bound at the waist by a gold chain, with handsome ornaments at its falling ends



SENATOR AND WIFE.

The fops of both sexes here run into great extravagances in dress in form and colors; and just now some of the foolish sons of rich men are spending much time and money with the gay chlamys, a kind of long scarf borrowed from the Greeks, which is often made of many colors, embroidered with gold and silver, and fastened to the shoulder with costly buckles. It is made of dyed wool, and is worn in a score of ways according to the caprice of the wearer. It is usually so fastened to the shoulder that the shorter end may hang down behind to the



SANDALS, BOOTS, AND BUSKINS.



HEAD-DRESSES.

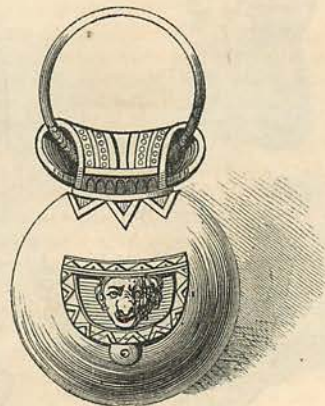
calves, and the longer be thrown over the arm in graceful folds, and displayed with jeweled hands. It is sometimes made thin, so that it flutters in the wind. In the drawing of dancers which I send you the man and one of the women have the chlamys, which floats out with their motions, and makes the wearer a most conspicuous object. Women of loose morals sometimes wear an almost transparent robe made of silk, and ornamented with stripes of gold, called *coa vestis*.

I might give you more minute details of other garments of men and women, but this will suffice, for they are now becoming quite common in Britain. But I must not omit to tell you of the way the Roman ladies arrange their usually long and thick hair. They seldom use many ornaments, for their tire-women produce a more pleasing effect with the tresses than any thing that art can furnish. I send you drawings of four heads, which I made at the Amphitheatre a few days ago, which will give you a better idea of the prevailing fashions than any words can. I will only add that the simple fillet generally worn is usually of some gay color, and that combs are beginning to be used for holding up the great pile of curls which some extremely fashionable ladies now display. They are made of ivory, handsomely ornamented, and have coarse and fine teeth at opposite ends for smoothing the hair. The

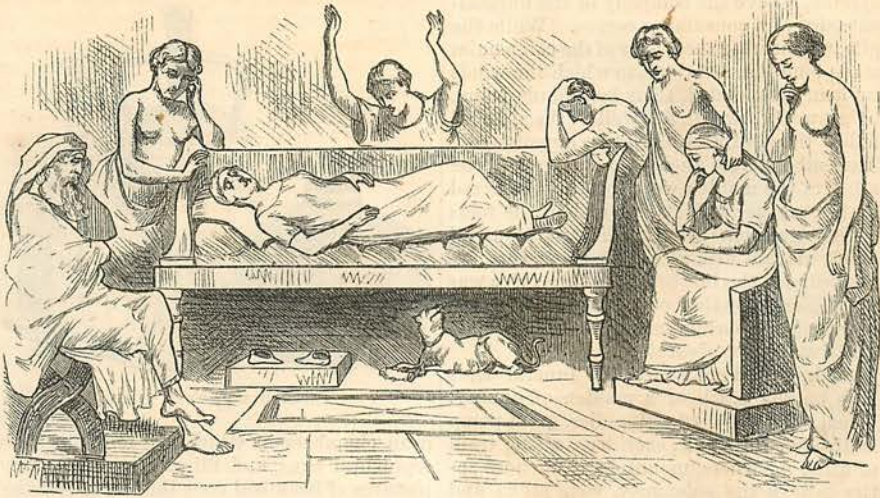
wits are making fun of this new fashion. Juvenal read a piece to a few friends the other evening, in which he satirizes a court favorite in this wise: "Into so many tiers she forms her curls, so many stages high she builds her head: in front you will look upon an Andromache, behind she is a dwarf: you would imagine her another person. Excuse her, pray, if nature has assigned her but a short back, and if, without the aid of high-heeled buskins, she looks shorter than a pigmy's maiden, and must spring lightly up on tiptoe for a kiss."

I must also say a few words about the babies and young children. They are made bond-slaves at birth, for the first thing the nurse does after the ablution is to wind around the infant—arms, body, and legs—swaddling-cloths, and these usually indicate the rank of the parents. Some are wrapped in very costly stuffs tied with a golden band; others with a purple scarf fastened by a glittering buckle; others with a fine white shawl, such as the wealthy ladies wear in cold weather in their houses, fastened with scarlet strings; while the poor wrap their babes in broad fillets of common cloth. The old Lacedemonians seem to have been wiser, for they only wrapped a broad fillet of linen around the body, and left the arms and legs full liberty.

These Romans put their babies into cradles of various forms. The most common are those of a boat and a hollow shield. Josephus, the Jew I have mentioned, tells me that the infant life of the great law-giver of his people was saved by his having been concealed among the osiers of the Nile by his mother in a boat-cradle. Sometimes, when the baby is a year old, the mother shaves its head and puts jewels in its ears, if it be a girl; and so soon as it begins to walk an ornament called *bulla* is hung about its neck. This is often only a disk of metal, with the name of the child's family engraved upon it, so that the little one may be identified if lost; but more often it is a hollow



A BULLA.



THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

metal case, sometimes highly ornamented, which contains charms against evil spirits. The children of the poor have disks of leather so marked that the babe may be identified. These bullæ (of one of which I have given you a drawing the size of the original) were at first given only to the little sons of noblemen, but now they are used by all classes. They are generally laid aside when the boy puts on the toga prætexta; but sometimes a gold one is given to a youth because of some virtuous or valorous act of his, and he wears it as a badge of honor until he puts on the toga virilis. A bulla in the form of a disk of lead or wax, and stamped with the emperor's seal, is now suspended to all royal proclamations and diplomas and new statutes. In my drawing of the boy with the toga prætexta you may see how the bulla is worn.

Yesterday I attended the funeral of a charming maiden, daughter of a wealthy friend of this family, who died seven days ago. I was one of the few who went to condole with the family immediately after her death. She was laid upon a couch, with her ordinary dress of white linen, the weather being yet very warm, and had the appearance of one in a sweet slumber. At the head of the bed sat her father, upon a folding-chair, his head covered with a portion of his toga. At the foot sat her mother, in a large backed chair, with her head covered. Around the couch were sorrowing relations, friends, and domestics, weeping bitterly, for she was an extremely amiable and virtuous girl. On a footstool were her slippers, and under the bed was her favorite dog, with a paw upon a chaplet of olive leaves with which she was about to be crowned, in accordance with the injunction of the Twelve Tables, which directs such honor to be paid

to those who have led virtuous lives. The rings had already been removed from her fingers, and her body anointed with perfumed oil.

The body was kept seven days, awaiting signs of life. Meanwhile every thing necessary for the funeral had been purchased in the temple of Libitina, and at the time appointed for the body to be carried from the house to the pyre it was placed with its feet near the threshold, the attitude in which it was to be borne. Then it was decorated with cypress boughs. A vase of pure water stood near, with which all who came to the house of mourning were sprinkled as they went out.

The funeral procession moved from the house at twilight. The body was borne upon a mattress by eight young men. The face, sweet in expression even in death, was uncovered, and was fully revealed by the lighted wax-candles carried before and after the bier. Hired mourning women followed, making loud lamentations, and shedding tears accustomed to flowing when bidden. Relations, dressed in white, the women veiled, showed signs of great grief by gestures and disheveled hair, until the funeral pile, on the borders of the Via Appia, outside the city, was reached, when all gathered around the structure in silence. It was made of four courses of yew and pine alternate, and surrounded by cypress-trees. The body was laid upon it as it was borne with the mattress from the bier. The eyes were then opened, a small coin for ferriage fee at the Styx was put into the mouth, and then, from a crater filled with wine, milk, and honey, libations were poured over the body. At the same time two vases of perfumed oil were emptied upon the body and the wood to facilitate the burning, and, with the scorched

cypress, relieve the company of the unpleasant odor of a consuming corpse. While the pile was burning the leader of the ceremonies made loud lamentations, to which the whole company responded, their last words being, "Farewell, farewell, farewell! We shall all follow thee in the order Nature appoints us." The embers were then quenched, when the ashes of the maiden were carefully gathered by her mother and sisters, and in the folds of their garments were carried to a beautiful black marble urn, in which they were deposited, and the lid sealed. This service was not difficult, for the body had been wrapped in incombustible amianthus linen, and so the ashes were kept separate.

Such, dear Penda, are the funeral rites here on the death of a maiden of quality. When a man of distinction dies, great pomp is displayed. Music, sacrifices, a long train of hired mourners, mountebanks, whose antics relieve the solemnity, rich stuffs and costly liquors and perfumed oils cast upon the body and the often costly wood of the pile, are the accompaniments of the simple act of disposing of the dead. The bodies of the poor are burned in walled inclosures outside of the city, and the ashes are buried in shallow graves. Such was the fate of Nero's corpse.

Games and banquets for the people sometimes follow the public funeral rites. They are often attended with great expense, and none but the very rich or the monarchs can afford them. To the games the people all come dressed in black; to the banquets they come in white garments. On some occasions of this kind all Rome has been invited. It is said that when Julius Cæsar gave a public banquet in honor of his dead father he ordered twenty thousand tables to be set for the Romans.

Much care is taken for the preservation of monumental urns and their contents. Heavy curses upon violators of them are inscribed upon them, such as, "If any one shall take away this monument, or cause it to be taken away, let there be none of his race to succeed him." They are often inscribed with the usual prayer for the dead, "May the earth lie light upon thee," and also the wish that the dead may have cold water to drink. The epitaphs are sometimes curious, for they make the dead speak of themselves. Here is one which I copied this morning:

"To the gods, Manes. My name is Olympia. I died at the age of twenty-two, and was laid in this tomb. I am a Greek by nation; my country is Apamea; I have injured nobody; I have offended neither any great nor mean person. I, Sotus, have made this epitaph to my dear wife Olympia, whom I married a virgin; I speak it, weeping; our mutual love never decreased; it continued in its full vigor till the Parcae took her from me. Out of love to you, dear wife, I have erected this monument, and give water to thy thirsty soul."

I might tell you of vaults and subterra-

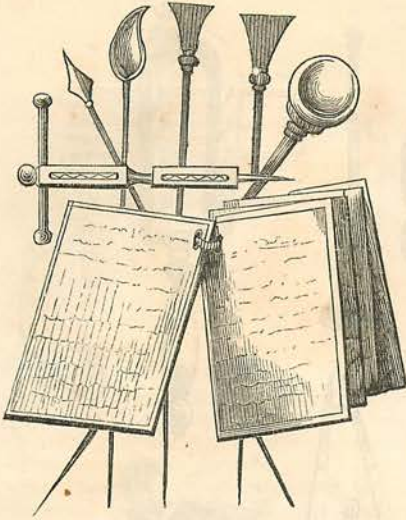


LACHRYMAL OR TEAR VASES.

nean chambers in which are long lines of sepulchral urns, and fill many leaves with pictures of beautiful ones that stand by the highways, but I should make my letter too long and tiresome, and so I will forbear, after telling you that little lachrymal vases and vials, that hold the tears of relations shed at the funeral, are usually mixed with perfumes, and placed in the urns holding the ashes of the dead.

In Rome labor is honorable and idleness a shame. The women of every degree are patterns of industry. The chief employments of a matron and grown daughters of the better class are spinning and weaving, and sometimes plain embroidering; and in almost every house you may see a distaff, spindle, and loom, especially in the country. The method of spinning is simple. Into a loose ball of flax or wool the broad, flat end of the distaff—a light stick or reed three feet long—is inserted. The distaff is held in the left hand and steadied by the arm, while with the fingers of the right hand the fibre is drawn out and twisted spirally into a thread. This first thread is fastened to a spindle made of light wood or reed, with a slit at one end into which the thread is placed. By twirling this spindle as the fibres are drawn out the thread is hard twisted. The work is continued until the lengthening thread allows the spindle to touch the ground, when the former is wound upon the latter. This spinning and winding are repeated until the spindle is full, when the thread is cut off, the spindle laid in a basket for use in a loom, and another one employed. The drawing on page 174 shows you how spinning is done in Rome. The weaving is by a simple method much like ours.

The educated women here are all fond of writing letters to their friends and copying books. It is a passion. They are the chief teachers of their children in the art, yet there are writing-schools for boys. Paper, pen, ink, penknife, and stylus may be seen in every house of the citizen classes, for edu-



TABLETS AND STYLL.

cation is compulsory. The paper is made from the inner bark of the papyrus plant, carefully peeled off by needles, and made thinner or thicker, under pressure, by alternate layers of the bark placed transversely to each other. The black ink is made chiefly from the soot of various burned substances, mixed with gum and the liquid of the cuttle-fish, and vinegar is used to make the color permanent. Vermilion, cedar, and cinnabar compose red inks, with which titles, capital letters, and the royal signatures are written. Sometimes gold is used for letters, and in books you may often see drawings of things and events in different colors; and on parchment diplomas really very fine pictures may sometimes be seen.

The pen is generally made of the reed called calamus, but of late the quill of the goose has been used by some. I have used one of the latter for my drawings.

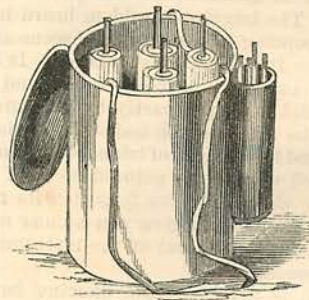
The stylus is an instrument made of bone, ivory, or hard wood, with a sharp point for tracing upon a tablet of wood, ivory, or lead, covered with wax. These, tied together as I have represented them, like the famous Twelve Tables, form a volume. The blunt end of the stylus is used for erasures. This implement was once made of metal; but the serious accidents with them which occurred among school-boys caused them to be made of bone. Sometimes they are very plain, and sometimes highly ornamented, as seen in the drawing. It was doubtless a heavy metal one with which Julius Cæsar, when attacked, pierced through the arm of Casca. These implements, with rolls of paper, are all kept in a cylindrical box with lock and key, which every boy carries with him to school. This box, called *scrinium*, is also

used for keeping rolls of writing in exclusively.

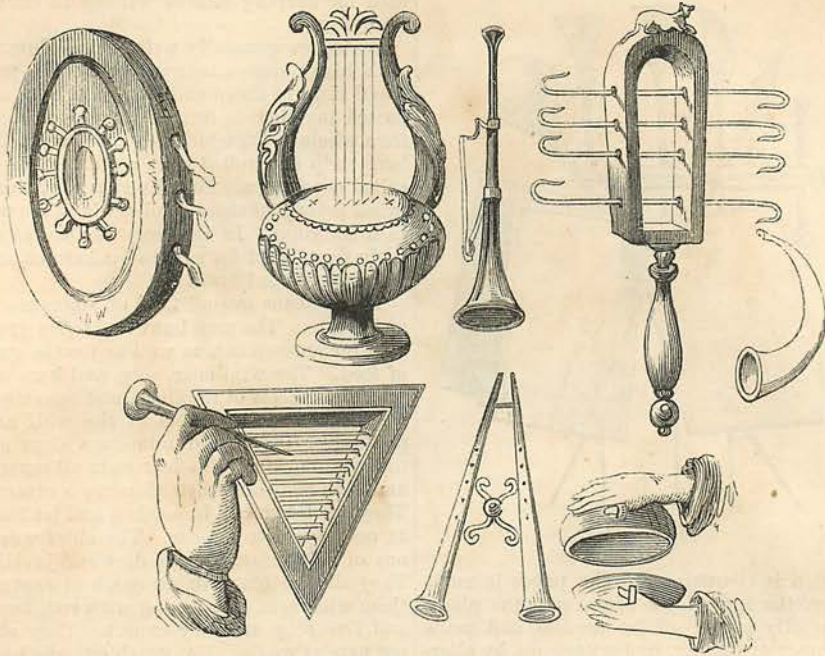
Books are generally written in columns, with blank spaces between, upon the prepared skins of sheep and calves. Pieces are pasted together to form a length sufficient for a whole book, which is written upon the long strip and rolled over a staff. This is called a *volumen*. Sometimes a work comprises several of these scrolls, which are put in a *scrinium*. In this way the works of authors are kept for sale in bookstores, and are arranged in libraries.

The Romans are all fond of amusements and sports. The men hunt and fish a great deal for amusement, as well as for the gain of food. The wild-boar, stag, and hare are the chief objects of the chase, and sometimes there are exciting hunts of the wolf and panther. Horses and numerous dogs are used in hunting. The latter are all named, and each responds when his name is uttered. They are taken out in leashes, and let loose as occasion may require. The chief weapons of the hunter are the dart and javelin. They shoot birds with arrows, and capture them with nets. In fishing with rod, hook, and line they are very expert. They also use nets as we do. Many rich citizens have fish-ponds at their country-seats, and some are of salt-water that flows in from the sea through canals, often dug at great expense. The value of these seats is often determined by the size and productiveness of the fish-pond.

The Roman women have in-door amusements for the family and friends, consisting chiefly of games of chance played with dice. The favorite game is *latrunculi*, and has a warlike aspect in the method of playing. A table is checkered with two colors, and upon nearly every square is placed a counter or figure. These are called *men*, and are thirty in number, and divided equally by two colors. The game is played by two persons, each having fifteen *men*. Each party has a king, who is never moved excepting on urgent occasions. The rest of the *men* are moved in attitudes of contention, and when those of a king have all fallen into the hands of his enemy he is considered as conquered,



A SCRINIUM.



DRUM, LYRE, TRUMPET, SISTRUM, FLUTE, AND CYMBAL.

and the game is won by the other. This was the game that Nero played, it is said, while Rome was burning.

The Romans are very fond of music and dancing. They have a variety of wind instruments, such as the flute, pipe, horn, trumpet, bagpipe, and syrinx. The principal stringed instruments are the lyre and harp; and they have a variety of others, which are beaten, such as the cymbal, drum, and crotalum. The syrinx is called "Pan's pipe," or organ. It is made of seven reeds of different lengths placed parallel, and is played upon by wind from the mouth. The crotalum is made of split reeds that clatter in harmony with the motion of the dancer, who holds them between her fingers and shakes them. The sistrum is a sort of oval-shaped instrument with four loose rods, which give out musical sounds when shaken. This instrument is generally used at public solemnities. The bagpipe is seldom heard in the city, excepting in some pastoral scene at the theatre. It is used by shepherds. It is an inflated bag with a mouth-piece and two flutes, and is played partly by pressure between the arm and the body. There is also a stringed instrument of triangular form that is played upon by a pointed piece of iron, bone, or wood. I have forgotten its name. The drawings will give you a clear notion of the forms of several of the instruments I have named.

There is much private dancing here, to the music of the flute and lyre, in the houses

of the citizens; but this amusement is principally displayed in the circus, where it is seen in every variety of motion of men and women, boys and girls. Some of the public dancing is decent and attractive, and some is indecent and revolting. The latter is most common, for it better suits the depraved public taste. I give you a drawing of two decent dancers (young man and woman), and one of another sort. The modestly dressed maiden holds the crotalum in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other, which has been cast upon the stage by some admiring spectator. The other is beating the hollow disks of the cymbal. I might give you a long description of the several dances in the circus, such as the scenic, adapted to either a tragic, comic, or satiric tone. These also accompany the plays at the theatre, and the kind last named is the most popular, for the performers sing out toward the spectators on all sides taunts and sarcasms, sometimes witty, sometimes coarse, and too often indecent; and yet, strange as it may seem, these dancers are often employed at the funerals of the rich, when their satires exceed in extravagance and vulgarity those thrown out at the circus or theatre.

I should be glad, dear Penda, to tell you all about the more public customs of these Romans (which are but a part of their home life) in carrying on their worship of the many gods and goddesses, and their amusements, for I have been busy in making notes



PUBLIC DANCERS.

and drawings of all these in much detail; but I fear I shall weary you, and so I will forbear. I might tell you about the inner arrangement of their temples, and how their solemn rites are performed; reveal to you the secrets of nature as represented in their symbols; tell you how the priests lead the people in the chains of superstition; how oracles and divines make predictions without knowledge, and lay up money by their craft; of the grand Amphitheatre and its dreadful sports, such as the deadly fights of gladiators, and of men with bulls and wild beasts; of the sports of the circus, where may be seen almost every day races of horses and chariots, and of men afoot, and sometimes of elephants, dromedaries,

and the tall, swift ostrich from Africa; of the wrestlings and other athletic performances; of bear, dog, and cock fights; after which the victors, men or beasts, are crowned with laurel and cheered by the acclamations of the multitude; of the great public shows in the circus, where sometimes trained lions, tigers, and leopards draw chariots; and of many games of strength and skill conducted by champions, whose friends or factions are distinguished by the colors green, red, white, and blue. Perhaps I may send you another letter, telling you all about these things. If not, I will describe them when we meet in the spring. Until then, Vale!

CADALLAN.

PRISCILLA.

My little Love sits in the shade
Beneath the climbing roses,
And gravely sews in a half-dream
The dainty measures of her seam
Until the twilight closes.

I look and long, yet have no care
To break her maiden musing;
I idly toss my book away,
And watch her pretty fingers stray
Along their task confusing.

The dews fall, and the sunset light
Goes creeping o'er the meadows,
And still, with serious eyes cast down,
She gravely sews her wedding-gown
Among the growing shadows.

I needs must gaze, though on her cheek
The bashful roses quiver—
She is so modest, simple, sweet,
That I, poor pilgrim, at her feet
Would fain adore forever.

A heavenly peace dwells in her heart;
Her love is yet half duty.
Serene and serious, still and quaint,
She's partly woman, partly saint,
This Presbyterian beauty.

She is so shy that all my prayers
Scarce win a few small kisses—
She lifts her lovely eyes to mine
And softly grants, with blush divine,
Such slender grace as this is.

I watch her with a tender care
And joy not free from sadness—
For what am I that I should take
This gentle soul and think to make
Its future days all gladness?

Can I fulfill those maiden dreams
In some imperfect fashion?
I am no hero, but I know
I love you, Dear—the rest I throw
Upon your sweet compassion.