



UNIVERSITY OF
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Eduqas Latin GCSE

Resource material for Component 3B:
Roman Civilisation

Daily Life in a Roman Town

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Contents

Introduction.....	4
Houses and flats.....	5
Daily routine for Roman citizens and their wives.....	8
Slaves, freed slaves and patronage.....	11
The forum.....	14
Shops, businesses and streets.....	17

Introduction

This booklet of sources on Daily Life in a Roman Town is intended to support teachers and students preparing for Component 3B of the WJEC Eduqas GCSE in Latin.

Important notice: the purpose and status of this booklet

The purpose of this booklet is to provide teachers with a wide range of sources for their teaching. It should therefore be considered only as a teaching support publication. Such booklets are not intended to be definitive catalogues of sources which may be used in the examination and students should not attempt, nor be encouraged, to 'rote learn' the sources contained within. Although examiners may use some of the sources in the booklets, other similar sources may also be used in the GCSE examination.

Likewise, teachers should feel under no obligation to study any or all of the sources contained herein with their students.

Relevant Stages of the *Cambridge Latin Course*

The *Cambridge Latin Course* and the accompanying *Teacher's Guide* contain a significant amount of primary source material, together with explanatory texts, to support this topic:

Book I

Stage 1: Town houses

Stage 2: Daily routine for men and women

Stage 4: The forum

Stage 6: Slaves and freedmen

Stage 9: Daily routine for men and women – the baths

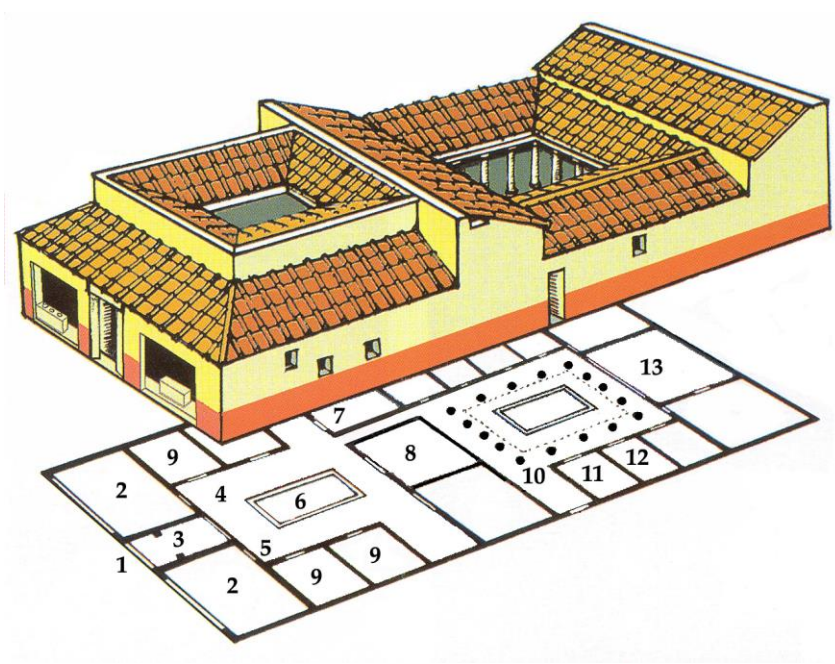
Book IV

Stage 30: Flats (insulae)

Stage 31: Patronage

Stage 34: Freedmen

Houses and flats



- 1 *ianua* front door
- 2 *shops*
- 3 *fauces* entrance hall
- 4 *atrium* main room
- 5 *lararium* shrine of the household gods
- 6 *impluvium* pool for rain water
- 7 *triclinium* dining-room
- 8 *tablinum* study
- 9 *cubiculum* bedroom
- 10 *peristylium* garden court
- 11 *latrina* lavatory
- 12 *culina* kitchen
- 13 *summer triclinium*

Plan of a Pompeian house



House of the Wooden Partition, Herculaneum

Juvenal, Satires III.180

Here in Rome we live in a city that's propped up with matchsticks – most of it anyway. That's the way the landlord stops the building from falling down, papering over the cracks in the old walls, telling us all not to worry, to sleep easy, and all the time the place is about to collapse around us. I think I'd rather live somewhere where there aren't any fires or sudden alarms in the middle of the night. The man on the ground floor is already calling for water and moving his bits and pieces to safety; your third-floor flat is already smoking, but you're blissfully unaware; for if the alarm is sounded at ground level, the last to burn will be the man in the attic, whose neighbours are nesting pigeons, with only the roof tiles between him and the rain.



Garden, Herculaneum

Daily routine for Roman citizens and their wives

Martial, Epigrams IV.8

The first and second hours wear out clients;
the third keeps hoarse lawyers busy;
Rome continues in her various labours to the end of the fifth hour.
The sixth will be the siesta for the weary, the seventh will be the end of work.
The eighth up to the ninth provides enough time for the glistening exercise grounds.
The ninth orders men to rumple cushions piled high on couches.
The tenth, Euphemus, is the hour for my little books
when you take care of organising the ambrosial feasts
and the Emperor Domitian is relaxed by heavenly nectar
and he holds a small cup in his mighty hand.
Then bring in witty poems: my Muse of comedy is scared to approach Jupiter
in the morning with her cheeky walk.

Martial, Epigrams XI.52

You'll have a nice meal, Julius, at my house; do come if you've nothing better to do. Keep the eighth hour (two o'clock) free; we'll go to Stephanus' baths beforehand, just next door. For starters you'll get lettuce, fresh young leeks, then salted tunny-fish a little bigger than a mackerel and garnished with eggs done up with rue; then more eggs, this time baked to a turn in a moderate oven with cheese and olives. For the main course, you can have fish and oysters, sow-belly, chicken and duck. I promise I won't recite anything, but you can read me your poem 'The Giants' again, or recite some of the ones about the countryside.

Pliny, Letters I.15

What do you mean by accepting my invitation to dinner and then not turning up? It was all set out, a lettuce each, three snails, two eggs, barley-water, wine with honey, chilled with snow (an expensive item, please note, since it disappears in the dish!), some olives, beetroots, gherkins, onions and plenty of other delicacies as well. You could have had a comic play, a poetry reading, or a singer. But no, instead you preferred to go where you could have oysters, sow's innards, sea-urchins and Spanish dancing girls!



Wall-painting depicting people shopping for bread, from a bakery in Pompeii



The Palaestra, Stabian Baths, Pompeii

Seneca Letter 56

Imagine all these kinds of voices . . . While the sporting types take exercise with dumbbells, either working hard or pretending to do so, I hear groans; every time they release the breath they have been holding, I hear hissing and jarring respiration. When I meet some idle fellow content with a cheap massage, I hear the smack of a hand on the shoulders, and, according to if it is open or closed when it strikes, it gives a different sound. If a ball-player appears on the scene and begins to count the scores, I'm finished! Suppose there is also some brawler, and a thief caught in the act, and a man who likes the sound of his own voice while taking his bath. Then there are the bathers who leap into the pool, making a mighty splash. But all these people at least have a natural voice. Just imagine the shrill and strident cries of the attendants who pluck the hair from the bathers' bodies, who never cease their noise except when they are plucking the hair from somebody's armpits and making another scream instead of themselves. Then there are various cries of the pastry cooks, the sausage-sellers, and all the sellers from the cookshops, who advertise their products with a sing-song all their own.

Slaves, freed slaves and patronage



Relief showing a slave caring for a child, gravestone, Cologne, third century AD



Relief showing a slave working as a scribe



Relief showing slaves on the treadmill operating a crane. Monument of the Haterii, Rome

Martial, Epigrams X.74

How much longer have I got to turn up to these early-morning buttering-up sessions, mingling with the mob of followers and little men all done up in their posh togas? And for what? A handful of brass for a full day's work.

Martial, Epigrams III.36

You order me to perform for you the duties of a new and recent friend, Fabianus; that at first light, shivering, I should greet you and that your litter should drag me through the middle of the mud; that when I am worn out, I should follow you at the tenth hour or later to the baths of Agrippa ... Is this what I have deserved, Fabianus, that, when my toga is threadbare, you think I have not yet earned my discharge?

Seneca, Moral Letters 47

I am really pleased to hear that you get on well with your slaves and treat them in a kindly way: that's just what I would expect from someone with your sensible attitude and intelligence.

People are always saying: 'They're only slaves.' I say, they are men. 'Just slaves!' Not at all; they live under the same roof. 'Slaves!' No, simple friends. 'Slaves!' Think for a moment and you'll realise they're our fellow slaves: Fate can do just what she likes with us and with them.

That's why I find it very amusing to hear people say that it is undignified for a man to have a meal with his slave. So why is it undignified? Because 'smart society' says that a master must be surrounded by crowds of slaves at the dinner table. They must stand there while he stuffs so much food down his throat that his stomach can hardly bear the load and finally rebels: he wears himself out more by throwing the whole lot up than he did by shoving it all down. While this is going on, the slaves must stand absolutely silent: not a word must pass their lips – and no food, either. The smallest noise is beaten back with a stick; the slaves are even beaten for letting slip a cough or a sneeze or a hiccup.

The slightest sound is punished most severely. And they have to stand there all night long, starving and mute.

The outcome of all this is a household of slaves who cannot speak in front of their master's face – so they all talk behind his back. In the good old days, when slaves could talk quite freely in front of their master, even enjoy a conversation with him, they were quite prepared to face the executioner on his behalf and bear the brunt of any danger that might be threatening him. At dinner they were always willing to talk; under torture they never uttered a word. You must have heard the saying 'count every slave your enemy' – well, it's arrogance like this which started that one on its rounds. They are not our enemies when they join our households: we turn them into our enemies.

So treat your slaves kindly and politely; talk to them, discuss things with them, associate with them.

'He's a slave!' people say. But he may think and feel like a free man. 'He's a slave!' they say. Should that be his disgrace? Is there anyone who isn't a slave? Sex is one man's master, money another's, ambition another's. We are all slaves to hope and fear.

The forum



Key

1. Modern plan of the Forum
2. Market buildings
3. Temples
4. Civic buildings including Basilica
5. Public amenities (toilet and measuring table)

Graffito, Pompeii

Innkeepers, vote for Sallustius Capito!

Graffito, Pompeii

Vote for Gnaeus Helvius Sabinus as aedile. He deserves public office.

Graffito, Pompeii

Macerior requests the aedile to stop people from making a noise and disturbing decent folk who are asleep.



The forum at Pompeii

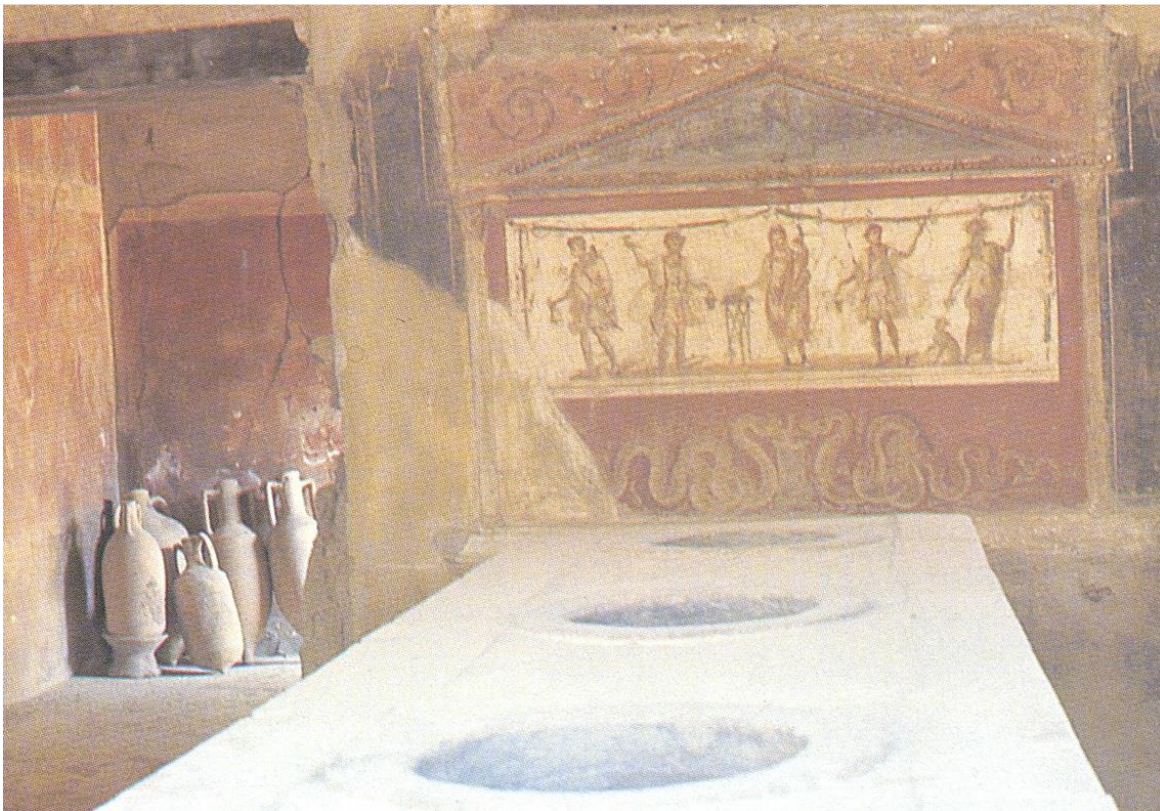


Weights and measures table on the south-west side of the forum at Pompeii

Shops, businesses and streets



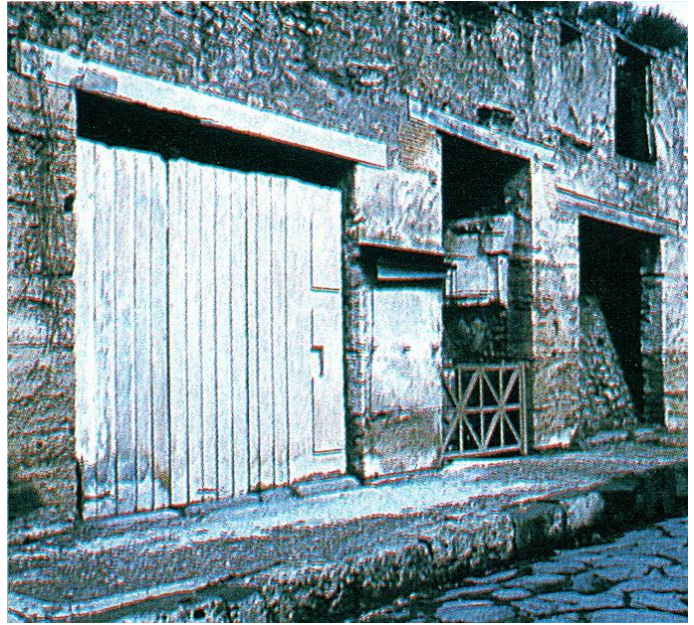
Typical street in Pompeii



Asellina's bar, Pompeii



Shop sign of a dairy, Pompeii



Cast of the shutters of a shop, Pompeii



A bakery in Pompeii showing the flour mills and oven

Stephanus' laundry in Pompeii: the impluvium has been altered to provide a place to wash clothes

