FAMOUS MEN OF ROME
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BY

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YESTERDAY’S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
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Yesterday’s Classics
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The study of history, like the study of a landscape, should begin with the most conspicuous features. Not until these have been fixed in memory will the lesser features fall into their appropriate places and assume their right proportions.

In order to attract and hold the child’s attention, each conspicuous feature of history presented to him should have an individual for its center. The child identifies himself with the personage presented. It is not Romulus or Hercules or Cæsar or Alexander that the child has in mind when he reads, but himself, acting under the prescribed conditions.

Prominent educators, appreciating these truths, have long recognized the value of biography as a preparation for the study of history and have given it an important place in their scheme of studies.

The former practice in many elementary schools of beginning the detailed study of American history without any previous knowledge of general history limited the pupil’s range of vision, restricted his sympathies, and left him without material for
comparisons. Moreover, it denied to him a knowledge of his inheritance from the Greek philosopher, the Roman lawgiver, the Teutonic lover of freedom. Hence the recommendation so strongly urged in the report of the Committee of Ten—and emphasized, also, in the report of the Committee of Fifteen—that the study of Greek, Roman and modern European history in the form of biography should precede the study of detailed American history in our elementary schools. The Committee of Ten recommends an eight years’ course in history, beginning with the fifth year in school and continuing to the end of the high school course. The first two years of this course are given wholly to the study of biography and mythology. The Committee of Fifteen recommends that history be taught in all the grades of the elementary school and emphasizes the value of biography and of general history.

The series of historical stories to which this volume belongs was prepared in conformity with the foregoing recommendations and with the best practice of leading schools.

Teachers often find it impracticable to give to the study of mythology and biography a place of its own in an already overcrowded curriculum. In such cases they prefer to correlate history with reading and for this purpose the volumes of this series supply most desirable text-books. It has been the aim of the authors to make an interesting story of each man’s life and to tell these stories in a style so simple that pupils in the lower grades will read them
with pleasure, and so dignified that they may be used with profit as text-books for reading.

The value of the illustrations can scarcely be overestimated. They will be found to surpass in number and excellence anything heretofore offered in a school-book. For the most part they are reproductions of world-famous pictures, and for that reason the artists’ names are generally affixed.
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ROMULUS

I

Many, many years ago, in the pleasant land of Italy, there was a little city called Alba. It stood on the sunny side of a mountain, near the River Tiber and not far from the Mediterranean Sea. In this city and around the mountain lived a brave, intelligent people known as Latins. Several other tribes inhabited the adjacent mountains and plains.

The Latins were ruled by kings, and one of their kings in very early times was named Aeneas. He was a famous Trojan chief who had come over the seas to Italy and settled there with his family and friends after Troy was destroyed by the Greeks.

A great many years after the death of Aeneas one of his descendants named Procas was king of Alba. He ruled wisely and well for a long time, and his rather small kingdom on the mountain side, with its wheat-fields and vineyards, was very prosperous. He had two sons, one named Numitor, and the other Amulius. As Numitor was the elder he was heir to his father’s throne, but when King Procas died Amulius seized the kingdom by force and made himself king.
Then Numitor, with his two children, a boy and a girl, left the king’s palace at Alba and went to reside on a farm a short distance away.

II

Amulius was now king, but he did not feel quite happy. He was much troubled about Numitor’s son and daughter. The son, he thought, might some day claim the right to be king as heir of his father, or the daughter might marry and have a son who could become king as grandchild of Numitor.

To prevent either of these things from happening Amulius had Numitor’s son secretly put to death, and he appointed the daughter Sylvia to be a priestess, or an attendant, in the temple of the goddess Vesta. Only young girls were appointed attendants in this temple, and they had to take a vow
that they would not marry for thirty years. They were called Vestal Virgins. It was their duty to keep a fire burning continually on the altar of the goddess. This was called the Sacred Fire, and it was believed that if it went out some great disaster would happen to the city.

Amulius now thought there was nothing to hinder him from being king of Alba all his life. But one day the god Mars came down to the city from his palace on a high mountain top and saw Sylvia as she went out of the temple to get water at a well. He fell deeply in love with her. She also fell in love with the god, for he had the appearance of a handsome young man. They were married secretly, and in course of time Sylvia had beautiful twin boys. When Amulius heard of this he gave orders that Sylvia should be put to death for breaking her vow and that the two infants should be thrown into the Tiber. These wicked orders were carried out, for no one dared to disobey the king.

Fortunately, however, the babes had been placed in a stout basket, which floated along the Tiber until it was carried by the waters to the foot of a hill called Palatine Hill. Here the huge roots of a wild fig-tree upset the basket, and the little ones were thrown out upon the river bank.

At this moment a great she-wolf came strolling down the hill to drink at the river’s edge. She heard the feeble cries of the infants and went to the place where they lay helpless on the wet sands. She touched them gently with her rough paws,
turned them over and licked their faces and plump bodies. Perhaps she thought they were some of her own cubs. At any rate, she carried the babes up the hill to her cave under a large rock. There she fed them as she fed her own cubs and seemed pleased to have them near her. It is said that a woodpecker flew in and out of the cave many times a day, bringing berries for the boys to eat.

One morning, as Faustulus, the herdsman of King Amulius, was going over Palatine Hill looking for cattle that had gone astray he saw the boys playing with the wolf at the mouth of her cave. He frightened the wolf away and took the boys to his home. His wife pitied the little foundlings and cared for them as though they were her own children.

The herdsman named them Romulus and Remus. They grew up to be strong, handsome youths, brave and kind. Until they were twenty years
old they lived with the herdsman and helped him in his work, and roamed over the hills light-hearted and free.

During all these years Numitor lived on his farm and his brother Amulius remained king of Alba. Numitor did not know that his two grandsons had been saved from a watery grave and were living so near to him.

But one day Remus had a quarrel with some of the herdsmen of Numitor and they took him prisoner. They then brought him before Numitor, who was much impressed with the noble appearance of the youth and asked him who he was.

Remus told all he knew about himself and Romulus; how they had been found at the cave of the she-wolf and had been reared by the king's herdsmen. Just then Faustulus and Romulus came searching for Remus, and were full of joy when they found that no harm had come to him. Numitor questioned the herdsmen about the finding of the twins, and after hearing his story was convinced that Romulus and Remus were Sylvia's boys, who had been strangely saved from the wrath of their cruel uncle. He was very happy at finding his grandsons and he thanked the herdsmen for his good care of them.

Romulus and Remus were also very happy at finding a grandfather and at the sudden change of their fortune. When they were told about Amulius and his wicked deeds, they resolved to punish him for the murder of their mother. So with a few
followers they rushed to the palace at Alba and entered the king’s chamber.

“Behold! we are Sylvia’s sons whom you thought you had killed,” they shouted to Amulius, as he started up in alarm at their entrance. “You killed our mother and you shall die for it.”

Before he could utter a word they sprang on him with drawn swords and cut his head off. Then they brought Numitor to the palace, and the people welcomed him as the rightful king of Alba.

III

After a little time the two brothers thought they would build a city on Palatine Hill, where the she-wolf had nursed them. So they went to the hill and selected a site. Then they began to talk of a name for their city.

“I will be king and give the new city my name,” said Romulus.

“No,” cried Remus. “I will be the king and name the city after myself. I have just as much right as you have.”

So the brothers argued for a while, but at last they agreed to settle the matter in this way:

At midnight Romulus was to stand on Palatine Hill, and Remus was to stand on another hill a short distance off. Then they were to ask the gods to show them a sign of favor in the sky, and the first
who should see anything very remarkable was to name the new city and be its king.

So they went to watch, but nothing appeared until sunrise of the second day, when Remus saw six great vultures flying across the sky from north to south. He ran swiftly to Palatine Hill and told Romulus of what he had seen. But just then twelve vultures, one after another, flew high over the head of Romulus in an almost unbroken line and were soon lost to view.

Then Romulus claimed that he had the favor of the gods, as more birds had appeared to him, but Remus claimed that the gods favored him, as the birds had appeared to him first. Romulus asked the opinion of some of his friends, and as they all agreed that he was right in his claim he paid no further attention to Remus, but began to lay out the new city. He gave it the name of Roma, or Rome, after himself. With a plow he marked out the space on Palatine Hill and along the banks of the Tiber, and he built a low wall round about to protect the city from invaders.

One day while the work was going on Remus came by in a very bitter mood. He was still angry with Romulus. He laughed scornfully at the little wall and said to his brother:

“Shall such a defence as this keep your city? It may prevent children from getting in, but not men, for they can jump over it.”

So saying, Remus put his hands on the wall and sprang over it, to show that his words were true.
Romulus, in a sudden outburst of rage, struck him on the head with a spade and instantly killed him, at the same time crying out:

“So perish any one who shall hereafter attempt to leap over my wall.”

Then Romulus continued his work. While he was building his wall he also built some houses. The first houses were nothing more than wood huts covered with mud and straw. But in course of time the Romans had houses of stone, and they built fine temples and theatres and streets and squares, and at last Rome became the greatest and grandest city in the whole world.

IV

Romulus founded Rome in the year 753 B.C. After he had built his city he had some difficulty in getting people to live in it. He had only a few followers and was not able to obtain any more. He decided, therefore, to make Rome a place of refuge, to which people who had got into trouble in other countries might come for safety.

And so when those who had committed crime in other places, and had to flee to escape punishment, found out that Romulus would give them a refuge, they came in large numbers to his city. People also came who had been driven from home by enemies, or had run away for one reason or another. It was not long, therefore, until Rome was
full of men. There were men from many different tribes and countries. Thus the Roman nation began, and for years it steadily grew and prospered.

But the Romans were much troubled about one thing. A great many of them had no wives, and they could not get any, because the women of the neighboring tribes would not marry them, for the Romans had a bad name. Romulus was very anxious that his people should have good wives, but how they should get them greatly puzzled him for a long time. At last he hit upon a plan and began at once to carry it out.

He sent messengers to the cities all around to announce that on a certain day a great festival in honor of the god Jupiter would be held on the plain in front of Rome. There were to be games, combats, horse-racing, and other sports. The people were invited to attend the festival and also to take part in the contests for the prizes.

When the festival day came a multitude of men and women from far and near assembled before the walls of Rome. Hundreds of pretty girls were there in fine dresses. A great many came from the Sabine tribe. This was a tribe of warriors that lived on a mountain near Rome.

Suddenly Romulus blew a loud blast upon a horn. Then, quick as a flash, the Romans seized the girls and bore them off to Rome.

The Sabines were greatly enraged at this, and their king, Titus Tatius, raised a large army and at once began a war against the Romans. The war went
on for three years, but the Sabines were so strong that Romulus could not defeat them in the field. He therefore withdrew his army into the city. King Tatius quickly marched after him, resolved to take Rome or perish in the attempt.

Now Romulus had erected a strong fortress on a hill near the Palatine, to keep invaders from Rome. The hill was called the Saturnian Hill, and the fortress was in charge of a brave Roman captain, who had a daughter named Tarpeia.

When the Sabines reached this fortress they could go no further. They marched up and down seeking for a spot where they might force an entrance, but they could find none. There was a small, barred gate in the fortress, and through this gate Tarpeia came out to get water. King Tatius saw her. He at once stepped forward and said:
“Fair maiden, open the gate and let us in. If you do you shall have for your reward anything you ask.”

Tarpeia was gazing with admiration at the bracelets of gold which the Sabines wore on their arms.

“I will open the gate,” said she, “if you will give me some of those things which your soldiers wear upon their arms.”

King Tatius agreed, and Tarpeia opened the gate. As the Sabines strode past the silly maiden each threw at her, not his bracelet, but his shield.

The shield then used was round or oblong and made of bronze, or of wicker-work or ox-hide covered with metal plates. It had two handles at the back, and the soldier held it with his left hand and arm so that he could move it up or down to save his head or breast from blows.

Tarpeia stood in amazement as the heavy shields began to pile up around her. One struck her, and then another and another. At last she fell to the ground and was soon crushed to death.

When the soldiers saw that Tarpeia was dead, they took up the shields they had thrown at her. Then they hurled her body from the top of a great rock that was near the gate she had opened. The rock was afterwards known as the Tarpeian Rock, and for hundreds of years the punishment for traitors in Rome was to be thrown from this rock.
As soon as they passed the fortress the Sabines ran down the Saturnian Hill to make an attack on Rome. But Romulus and his band of warriors bravely came out of the city to drive back the enemy. The two forces met in the valley, and then a fierce battle began.

But while they were fighting a crowd of excited women came running from the city. They were the Sabine women whom the Romans had carried off. Some of them had their infants in their arms and they rushed between the lines of soldiers and begged that the fight should stop.

“Do not fight any more for us,” they said to their fathers and brothers. “We love the Romans we have married. They have been good to us, and we do not wish to leave them.”
Of course, this settled the matter. Romulus had a talk with King Tatius, and they agreed not to fight any more. They also agreed that the two nations should be as one. They joined their governments and their armies, and each of the kings had equal power.

Soon afterwards King Tatius died. Then Romulus ruled alone for nearly forty years. He was a wise and just king, and did a great deal of good for his people. He established a body called the Senate, to help him in important affairs of government. It was called the Senate from *senex*, the Latin word for an *old man*. It was formed of the chiefs or *old men* of the earliest settlers in Rome. The descendants of those settlers were called *patricians*, or fathers, from the Latin word *pater*, a father. They were the nobles, or upper class, in Rome. The ordinary citizens were called *plebeians*, from *plebs*, the Latin word for the *common people*.

Romulus took care to train up the young Romans to be good soldiers. Outside the city, along the bank of the Tiber, there was a great plain which in later times was called Campus Martius, or Field of Mars. Here the Roman soldiers were drilled. They were taught how to use the spear and the javelin and the sword and the shield. They were also exercised in running and jumping, and wrestling and swimming, and carrying heavy loads. Thus the young men were made fit to bear the hardships of war and to fight and win battles for their country.
It is related that in his old age Romulus suddenly disappeared from the earth. He called his people together on a great field one day, and while he was speaking to them a violent storm came on. The rain fell in torrents, and the lightning and thunder were so terrible that the people fled to their homes.

When the storm was over the people went back to the field, but Romulus was nowhere to be found. Then it was said that his father, the god Mars, had taken him up to the clouds in a golden chariot.

Next morning at early dawn a Roman citizen named Julius saw a figure descending from the heavens. It had the appearance of Romulus, and it approached Julius and said:

“Go and tell my people that it is the will of the gods that Rome shall be the greatest city of the world. Let them be brave and warlike, and no human power shall be able to conquer them.”

Afterwards the Romans worshiped Romulus as a god. They worshiped him under the name Quirinus, which was one of the names of the god Mars, and they built a temple to him on a hill which was called the Quirinal Hill.
NUMA POMPILIUS

I

For a year after the disappearance of Romulus there was no king of Rome. The city was ruled by the Senate. But the people were not satisfied. They preferred to be ruled by one man, and, though they had the right to elect a king themselves they left the choice to the Senate. The Senate chose Numa Pompilius, a very good and wise man, who belonged to the nation of the Sabines.

The first thing that Numa did after learning that he had been chosen king was to consult the augurs, to find out if it was the will of the gods that he should be the ruler of Rome.

The augurs were what we should call fortune-tellers. A number of them lived in Rome. They were much respected and occupied a large temple at the expense of the public. They pretended that by watching the sky and observing how birds and animals acted they could tell what would happen to people and to nations. Then when they were alone they would have a great deal of fun over the tricks they played upon the foolish people.
Numa made many important changes at the very beginning of his rule. Before he came to the throne Roman young men were brought up to no business but war. It was considered disgraceful for a Roman citizen, whether rich or poor, to work at any trade or manufacture. The slaves, who were persons taken prisoners in wars, did all the hard work. They made all the clothing, tools, arms, and household articles. They cooked and served the meals, and were general servants for the Roman families. Roman citizens might, however, without being degraded work on farms and vineyards, and many of them made their living in this way.
Shortly after King Numa began his reign he divided some of the public lands into small farms and gave one of these farms to every poor Roman. The public lands were lands that belonged to the nation and not to private persons.

It was rather hard at first for the new-made farmers to be contented on their farms and to do good work. They were mostly soldiers and had very little knowledge of anything except marching and fighting. But it was not long before they began to understand what a blessing it is to be self-supporting and independent. Their little farms were pleasant homes. They began to love their new life and soon were able to raise enough for the support of themselves and their families, with something to spare.

II

King Numa made many good laws. These laws were engraved on tablets of brass and at certain times were read and explained to the people by lawyers.

Numa was very friendly with the people of the countries surrounding Rome. He gave them help in times of trouble, and would never listen to any talk of war with them. During the many years that he was king Rome had no enemies and no wars.

In a sacred grove, just outside the walls of Rome, there lived in a handsome grotto, or cavern, a
beautiful woman named Egeria. Some persons called her a goddess, while others thought she was a fairy. She seemed to have a great knowledge of magic and could do wonderful things. Whenever she called to the song-birds they would come flying around her. They would also perch on her head and shoulders and hands, and sing their sweetest songs. Even the fierce animals of the woods were her friends, and great bears and wolves would lie at her feet for hours and purr like cats.

This mysterious woman-goddess, or fairy, or whatever she was, greatly loved and honored good King Numa, and at last they were married. Then she taught him many of the magical secrets she possessed. He carefully studied the lessons she gave him, and in time he was able to do wonderful things himself.

III

The Romans were earnest worshipers of the gods and goddesses. They believed that there were many such beings, and they had many grand temples for religious service.

King Numa always paid great attention to religion. He appointed a large number of officials to take care of the temples, and to see that all the sacred ceremonies were properly carried out. He was constant and faithful in his own worship and thus, by his example, gradually induced the whole Roman people to become attentive to their religion.
The greatest of the gods that the Romans believed in was the god Jupiter. He was supposed to rule both the sky and the earth. He was so powerful that he could send thunderbolts from the heavens, and make the earth tremble by his nod. He had a wife named Juno who had a great deal to do with managing the affairs of the earth. It was at one time believed that Jupiter resided with many other gods on the top of a high mountain in Greece. This mountain was so thickly covered by clouds that the gods could not be seen. But they could see everything that took place on the earth.

Jupiter had two brothers named Neptune and Pluto. Neptune was the god of the sea. He lived in a grand, golden palace at the bottom of the Mediterranean. He ruled everything under and upon the waters of the world. Now and then he sailed over the ocean in a grand chariot drawn by large fish called dolphins. When he was angry he caused the sea to rise in huge waves.

Pluto, the other brother of Jupiter, was the god of Hades, or the land of the dead. His home was far down in the earth, where all was dark and gloomy. The Romans believed that when people died they were borne away to the gloomy kingdom of Pluto.

The other principal gods were Mars, Mercury, Vulcan, Apollo, and Janus.

Mars was the god of war, and was especially honored in Rome because it was believed that he was the father of Romulus. Certain days of the year
were made festival days in his honor, and then there were splendid processions, songs of praise, and religious dances.

Mercury, the son of Jupiter, was the god of eloquence and commerce. He was also the messenger of the other gods. He was generally represented as flying swiftly through the air, carrying messages from place to place. On his head and feet were small wings, and in his hand he bore a golden staff with serpents twined around it.

Vulcan was a skillful worker in metals. He had a great forge in the heart of a burning mountain, where he made wonderful things of iron, copper, and gold. He looked after the welfare of blacksmiths, coppersmiths, and goldsmiths, and was their special god.

Apollo, also called Phoebus, which meant the sun, was the god of day. He gave light and heat to the world. He was also the god of music, archery, and

MARS

DIANA
NUMA POMPILIUS

medicine. His sister Diana was the moon goddess or goddess of the night. She was also the goddess of hunting. In pictures she is sometimes represented with a quiver of arrows over her shoulder and holding a stag by the horns.

The god Janus was very much honored by the Romans. It was believed that this god presided over the beginning of every undertaking, and so when the Romans began any important work or business they prayed first to Janus. For this reason the first month or beginning of the year was called the month of Janus, or January. Janus was also the god of gates and doors. In statuary and pictures he is often shown with two faces looking in opposite directions, because every door faces two ways—outward and inward.

Numa Pompilius built a temple in honor of Janus. The door of this temple was always open in time of war, as a sign that the god had gone out to help the Romans. In time of peace the door was shut.

The Romans also believed in Venus, the goddess of love; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Flora, the goddess of flowers, and many others.
The Romans had no special day, such as our Sunday, for religious service, but their temples (except the temple of Janus) were open every day. They had prayers and songs, and sometimes what they called sacred dances. They also made offerings to the gods, such as fruits or vegetables, and oxen, lambs, or goats. The offerings went finally into the hands of the priests of the temples.

Numa Pompilius reigned for nearly half a century, and under him the Romans were a peaceful, prosperous, and happy people.
THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII

I

The third king of Rome was Tullus Hostilius. In his reign a remarkable combat took place between three Roman brothers and three Latin brothers. The combat came about in this way:

For years the people of Rome and the people of Alba, also called Latins, as has been already said, were continually quarreling. They would invade and plunder each other’s lands. At last, after many petty contests, war was declared between the two nations.

King Tullus marched the Roman army to the border of Alba, but here his progress was stopped by a great force of Latins, under the command of Mettius, the Alban king.

Tullus looked at the strong lines of Latin soldiers, standing firm and resolute to resist the advance of the Romans, and thought that it might be well to have a talk with Mettius to see whether they could not agree on some way of settling the quarrel without a fight between the two armies. So he sent for Mettius and they talked the matter over. Mettius
also wished very much to avoid a battle, and he said to Tullus:

“Would it not be well to fight in such a way that only a few of our soldiers would be killed instead of many? My plan is this: You shall select three of the best fighting men in the Roman army, and I will select the best three in the army of Alba. The six men shall fight in the presence of the two armies. If the Romans win Alba will submit to Rome; but if the Latins win then Rome must submit to Alba. What say you to the plan?”

“It is a good one,” said King Tullus, “and I agree to it. May the best men win!”

With these words they separated, and went to prepare for the combat on which was to depend the fate of the two nations.

II

THE Romans selected as their champions three brothers belonging to a family known as the Horatius family. The brothers were called the Horatii because this word is the plural form of Horatius. The Horatii brothers were tall, handsome men, with wonderful strength, endurance, and courage.

The Albans also selected three brothers as their champions. They were called the Curiatii. They were bold, skillful soldiers, famous for manly beauty and strength, and were champions well worthy to fight for a nation.
THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII

When all was ready the Horatii and the Curiatii advanced to the centre of a large field and took their places. They carried short, thick swords and large, round shields made of stout leather and metal. The two armies gathered around the six champions, but at a distance, so as to leave them plenty of room to fight.

There was silence for a few moments, and then the shrill notes of a trumpet rang out as a signal for the battle. Clash! clang! went the swords upon the shields, and the fight began.

Quick, skillful blows were given for a short time, but no one was seriously hurt. Suddenly the
Latins shouted in intense excitement. Lo! one of the Horatii, after a fierce struggle with one of the Curiatii, was stricken down dead! The Romans groaned, hung their heads, and looked in anxious doubt at their remaining two champions.

Bravely the Horatii stood—two to three—and fought with all their might. Step by step they drove the Curiatii back across the field. Cheers rang out from the Romans at this heroic effort. The victory might yet be theirs!

But alas! one of the Curiatii, with a swift, sly sword-thrust, killed another of the Horatii. Then the Latins shouted:

“We have won! We have won! We have won! Hail to the brave Curiatii!”

The Romans were wild with grief and rage. They had now but one champion left—Horatius, the last of the heroic Horatii—and he was running from the field, as if he had given up the fight. He was followed by the Curiatii, though they were all wounded. One of them, running ahead of the others, came up to Horatius and was raising his sword when the Roman turned upon him quickly and slew him.

The cries of the two armies were now hushed, as if by magic. All eyes were upon the champions, and there was a painful silence.

Another of the Curiatii now came up and began to fight Horatius. But the Roman met the attack with great coolness and skill, and soon killed the second Latin. Thus, under the pretence of
running away, Horatius separated the Curiatii and slew two of them. Then he advanced in a furious manner on the other Latin and began a desperate fight with him. Soon he struck him down with a deadly blow. Rome was victorious! From the whole Roman army now came the cry, as if from one man:

“Hail to the brave Horatius! Hail to the champion and savior of his country!”

Then they seized Horatius in their arms and bore him in triumph to King Tullus, who placed on his head the laurel wreath of victory. This was one of the ways by which the Romans honored any of their soldiers who had been very brave in battle. But they also honored Horatius by erecting a statue of him in one of the temples of the city.

III

With songs of joy the army marched back to Rome. Horatius walked by the side of the king. A throng of women came forth from the gates of the city, eager to greet the soldiers and to rejoice with them over the great victory. The sister of Horatius was in the throng. She had been secretly engaged to be married to one of the Curiatii, for the Romans and Albans were near neighbors and frequently visited one another in times of peace. When she learned that her brother had slain her lover she began to weep bitterly. Then pointing at Horatius she cried out:
“You have killed my lover. Do not come near me. I hate and curse you.”

Horatius, in a fit of anger, suddenly drew his sword and stabbed her to the heart. As she fell dead at his feet he cried in a loud voice:

“So perish the Roman maiden who weeps for her country’s enemy!”

For this shocking murder Horatius was tried and sentenced to death. But the people would not allow the sentence to be carried out. He was made to do a certain penance for the crime and afterwards was set free.
THE TARQUINS

The next king of Rome was Ancus Marcius. He was a grandson of Numa Pompilius, and a very good king. He thought that it would be an advantage to Rome to have a sea harbor for ships. So he founded a city at one of the mouths of the Tiber, on the coast of the Mediterranean, about fifteen miles from Rome. The city was called Ostia, which is a Latin word meaning *mouths*. Latin was the language spoken by the Roman people.

During the reign of Ancus Marcius, a rich man named Lucumo came to live in Rome. He came from Tarquinii, a town some miles distant from Rome, in a district or country called Etruria, so the Romans called him Tarquinius, which in English is Tarquin.

A very wonderful thing happened to Tarquin while he was on his way to Rome. He drove in a chariot, with his wife Tanaquil seated beside him, and their servants following behind. As they were approaching the city an eagle which appeared in the sky above them came gently down and snatched the cap from Tarquin’s head with its beak. After
hovering around for a few moments the eagle replaced the cap and with loud screams flew away.

Tarquin was much surprised at this strange event. He did not know what to think of it. But Tanaquil was much pleased. She said to her husband that it was a sign sent by the gods and meant that he was to be a great man—perhaps a king.

Tarquin was not long in Rome before he became a favorite with everybody. The people liked him because he spent a great deal of money in doing good. The king also liked him and often asked his advice in affairs of government, for Tarquin was a man of great knowledge and wisdom. And when King Ancus became old and felt that his death was near, he appointed Tarquin the guardian of his two sons who were then but boys.

Soon afterwards Ancus died, and the people elected Tarquin king. He reigned for nearly forty years and did a great deal for the good of the city.
II

It was King Tarquin who began the building of the famous temple of Jupiter on the Saturnian Hill—the same hill on which stood the fortress that Romulus built. While the workmen were digging for the foundations of the temple they found a man’s head so well preserved that it looked as if it had been buried quite recently. This was so strange a thing that the augurs were asked about it, and they said it was a sign that Rome would become the head or chief city of the world. So the new building was called the Capitol, from caput, the Latin word for head, and the hill was called the Capitoline Hill. This has given our language a word. We call the building in which our Congress meets—as well as that in which a state legislature meets—the Capitol.

It took a long time to finish the Capitol, but when finished it was a great and beautiful building. It covered more than eight acres. Its gates or doors were of solid brass, thickly plated with gold. The walls inside were all marble, ornamented with beautiful figures engraved in silver.

Tarquin also began several other works in Rome, which were too great and costly to be finished in a lifetime. One of them was a wall round the city. The wall that Romulus made was only round Palatine Hill. But since then the city had been much enlarged. In course of time it covered seven hills. This is why Rome is often called the seven-
The seven hills were the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Cælian, the Quirinal, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Aventine.

One of the other things Tarquin did was to establish a kind of police called *lictors*. These were officers who always walked before the king whenever he appeared in public. Each lictor bore upon his shoulder an ax enclosed in a bundle of rods tied with a red strap. This was called the *fasces*. It was a mark of the power of the king. The ax meant that the king might order criminals to be beheaded, and the rods meant that he might punish offenders by flogging.

Another work of Tarquin was the Circus, afterwards called the Circus Maximus (*great circus*). This was a place where horse-races and games and shows of various kinds were held. The Romans were very fond of such amusements. Great numbers of them always went to the shows, but it was easy for them to go, for they did not have to pay for admission. The cost of the shows was paid often by rich Romans who wanted to gain the favor of the people, and often by the government.
THE TARQUINS

The circus had no roof, but there were a great many seats all round and in the middle was a large open space for the performers. This space was covered with sand, and was called the arena, a word which is Latin for sand.

As so many people attended the circus it had to be very large. In the time when Rome was an empire, about which you will read later on in this book, the Circus Maximus was so large that it contained seats for 250,000 people. From the circus and arena of the Romans these words have come into use in our own language.

III

Besides building a circus, King Tarquin also greatly improved the Forum by making covered walks or porticoes all round it. The Forum was a large open space at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, where public meetings were held, and where people came to hear the news or talk about politics. It was also used as a market-place, and merchants showed their goods in shops or stores along the porticoes. In course of time great buildings were erected round the Forum. There were courts of justice and temples and statues and monuments of various kinds. The Senate House, where the Senate held its meetings, was also in the Forum. From the end of the Forum next the Capitoline Hill there was a passage leading up to the Capitol.
But the most useful thing King Tarquin did was the building of a great sewer through the city and into the Tiber. Before his time there were no sewers in Rome, though the places between the hills were swampy and wet. This made many parts of the city very unhealthy. Tarquin’s sewer drained the swamps and carried the water into the river. It crossed the entire city. It was so high and wide that men could sail into it in boats, and it was so strongly built that it has lasted to the present time. The great sewer is still in use.

Tarquin wanted very much to change one of the laws about the army, but an augur named Attius Navius told him such a thing could not be done without a sign from the gods. This made the king angry, and he thought he would try to show that the augurs had not the power or knowledge they were supposed to have, so he said to Attius:
“Come, now, I will give you a question. I am thinking whether a certain thing I have in my mind can be done or not. Go and find out from your signs if it can be done.”

Navius went away, and shortly afterwards returned and told the king that the thing could be done. Then Tarquin said:

“Well, I was thinking whether or not you could cut this stone in two with this razor. As you say it can be done, do it.”

Navius took the razor and immediately cut the stone in two with the greatest ease. The king never again doubted the power of the augurs.

### IV

On the death of Tarquin his son-in-law Servius Tullius was made king. Tarquin had two young sons, and the sons of Ancus Marcius were also living; but the people preferred to have Servius Tullius for their king.

Servius was a very good king. He had many good laws made and, like King Numa Pompilius, he divided some of the public lands among the poor people of the city.

One of the important things Servius did was to finish the wall round the city which Tarquin had begun. This wall was very high. It was made of stone and earth, and on the outside there was a ditch a hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep. There were
several gates in the wall, but they were all well guarded night and day by soldiers, so that no enemy could enter.

King Servius was the first to have a census taken in Rome. He made a rule or law that once every five years all the people should assemble in the Campus Martius to be counted. The word *census* is a Latin word, meaning a *counting* or *reckoning*, and so we use it in our own country for the counting of the people which takes place every ten years.

Servius Tullius was killed by King Tarquin’s son, who was also called Tarquin but got the name of Superbus, or Proud, because he was a very haughty and cruel man. The dead body of Servius was left lying on the street where he had been killed, and Tullia, wife of the wicked Tarquin and daughter of the murdered king, drove her chariot over it.

Tarquin the Proud now became king. It was during his reign that the Sibylline Books were brought to Rome. These books were not like our books. They were merely three bundles of loose pieces of parchment, having moral sentences on them written in the Greek language. This is the story of how the books were obtained:

One morning an old woman came to King Tarquin, carrying nine books in her hands. She offered to sell them to the king, but when she named a large sum as the price he laughed at her and ordered her away. The next day the woman came again, but with only six books. She had burned the other three. She offered to sell the six, but she asked
the same price that she had asked the day before for the whole nine. The king again laughed at her and drove her away.

The same day Tarquin went to visit the augurs in their temple, and he told them about the old woman and her books. The augurs declared that she
was certainly a sibyl and that her books doubtless contained important predictions about Rome.

The sibyls were women who pretended to be able to foretell events. There were sibyls in many countries, but the most famous of them all was the Sibyl of Cumæ, a town in the south of Italy. This was the sibyl who brought the books to Tarquin.

Tarquin was now sorry he had not taken the books, and he hoped the woman would come again. She did come on the following day, but she had only three books instead of six. She had burned the other three the day before. The king was very glad to see her, and he bought the remaining three books, but he had to pay just as much for them as the old woman had asked at first for the nine. Then the Sibyl disappeared, and was never seen again.

The ordinary books the Romans had were not like the Sibylline Books. They had no printed books, for printing was not known for many centuries after. Their books were written with pens made of reeds. Their paper was made of the pith of a plant called the papyrus, and from this name the word paper is derived. To make a book they cut the paper into leaves or pages, and after writing on them they pasted the pages one to another sidewise until all the pages of one book were put together. This long strip was made into a
cylindrical roll, and was called a *volume*, from the Latin word *volumen*, a roll. When the volume was being read it was held in both hands, the reader unrolling it with one hand and rolling it with the other.

The Sibylline Books were put in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill. Two officers were appointed to keep watch over them. Whenever the Romans were going to war, or had any serious trouble, they would consult the books. The way they did it was this: one of the officers would open the stone chest where the books were kept and take out the first piece of parchment he laid his hand on. Then the Greek sentence found on the piece would be translated into Latin. It was sometimes very hard to tell what the sentence really meant. Often they had to guess. When they made sense out of it they said that it was a prophecy of the Sibyl and would surely come to pass.
ITARQUIN the Proud had a nephew named Junius Brutus. He seemed to be a simpleton, but he was really a very wise man. His brother had been murdered by the king, and he feared the same fate himself, so he pretended to be half-witted and went about saying and doing silly things. Tarquin therefore did him no harm, but rather pitied him.

Two sons of Tarquin once went to a noted fortune-teller, taking Brutus with them. The young men asked several questions. One was:

“Who shall rule Rome after Tarquin?”

The fortune-teller gave this answer:

“Young men, whichever of you shall first kiss your mother shall be the next ruler of Rome.”

The king’s sons at once started for home, each eager to be the first to kiss his mother. But Brutus thought that something else was really meant by the answer. So after they had left the fortune-teller he managed to stumble and fall on his face. Then he kissed the ground, saying, “The earth is the
true mother of us all.” And as we shall see, Brutus became the next ruler of Rome.

II

The eldest son of Tarquin was named Sextus. He was a very bad man. He deeply injured a beautiful woman named Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, his cousin. Lucretia told her husband and father and Junius Brutus of what Sextus had done and called upon them to punish him for his wicked deed. Then she plunged a dagger into her breast and fell dead. Brutus drew the dagger from her bleeding body and, holding it up before his horrified companions, exclaimed:

“I vow before the gods to avenge the wronged Lucretia. Not one of the Tarquins shall ever again be king in Rome. Rome shall have no more kings.”

They all vowed with Brutus that Lucretia should be avenged and that there should be no more kings in Rome. Then they took up her body and carried it to the Forum. There they showed it to the people, who gathered around in horror at the sight. Brutus no longer appeared dull and simple, but stood with head erect and flashing eyes and spoke to the crowd in eloquent, stirring words.

“See what has come from the evil deeds of the Tarquins!” he shouted, pointing to the dead woman. “Let us free ourselves from the rule of these
wicked men. Down with Tarquin the tyrant! No more kings in Rome!”

The people were much excited by his speech, and they made the Forum ring with their cries: “Down with Tarquin! Down with Tarquin! No more kings! No more kings!”
Then they resolved to take the power of king away from Tarquin and to banish him and his family from Rome. They also decided to adopt the good laws which had been made years before by King Servius Tullius, and to choose two men each year to govern the nation, instead of a king. The men were to be called consuls and were to rule in turn—one for one month, the other for the next, and so on for twelve months. At the end of the year two new consuls were to be elected.

Meanwhile news of the revolt reached King Tarquin, who was at the time in camp with his army some distance from Rome. He instantly mounted his horse and rode in haste to the city. When he reached the gates he found them shut against him. As he stood impatiently demanding to be admitted, a Roman officer appeared on the wall and told him of the sentence of banishment. Tarquin rode away, and Rome was rid of him forever (510 B.C.).

III

The people elected Junius Brutus and Lucius Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia, to be their first consuls; but after a short time Collatinus resigned, because he was himself a Tarquin. Publius Valerius was elected in his stead.

Tarquin now sent messengers for his household goods and other things belonging to him which were in Rome. The messengers while in the city had secret meetings with a number of young
men of noble families, and a plot was formed to restore Tarquin to the throne.

The young nobles vowed that they would destroy the new republic and bring back the king, for they did not like government by the common people. But while they were making their plans an intelligent slave overheard what they were saying. This slave went to Brutus and told him of the plot. All engaged in it were at once arrested and put in prison. Two sons of Brutus himself, Titus and Tiberius, were found among the plotters.

When Brutus learned that his own children were traitors he was overcome with sorrow. For several days he shut himself up in his house and would see no one. But when the day for the trial came he did his duty sternly as judge—the consuls being judges as well as rulers. Titus and Tiberius were proved guilty of treason, together with the others, and Brutus sentenced them to be whipped with rods and then beheaded. He even was a witness of the execution of the sentence, and we are told that he sat unmoved in his chair and did not turn away his eyes while his two sons were put to death. It was his duty to punish traitors, and he did his duty without sparing his own flesh and blood.

After the loss of his sons Brutus became dull and melancholy and appeared to care very little for life. Tarquin made an attempt to take Rome, with the aid of the people of two cities of Etruria, and Brutus led the Romans to the field to fight against their former king. During the first part of the battle, a son
of Tarquin rode furiously at Brutus to kill him. Brutus saw him and advanced rapidly on his horse to meet the attack. When they came together each ran his spear through the body of the other, and both were killed.

The death of Brutus maddened the Romans, and they fought fiercely until dark. Then the armies went to their camps, and no one knew which side had won. But in the middle of the night a loud voice came from a wood close by the camp of the Etruscans, as the people of Etruria were called. The voice said:
“One man more has fallen on the side of the Etruscans than on the side of the Romans; the Romans will conquer in this war.”

The Etruscans believed that this was the voice of the god Jupiter, and they were so frightened that they broke up their camp and quickly marched back to their own land.