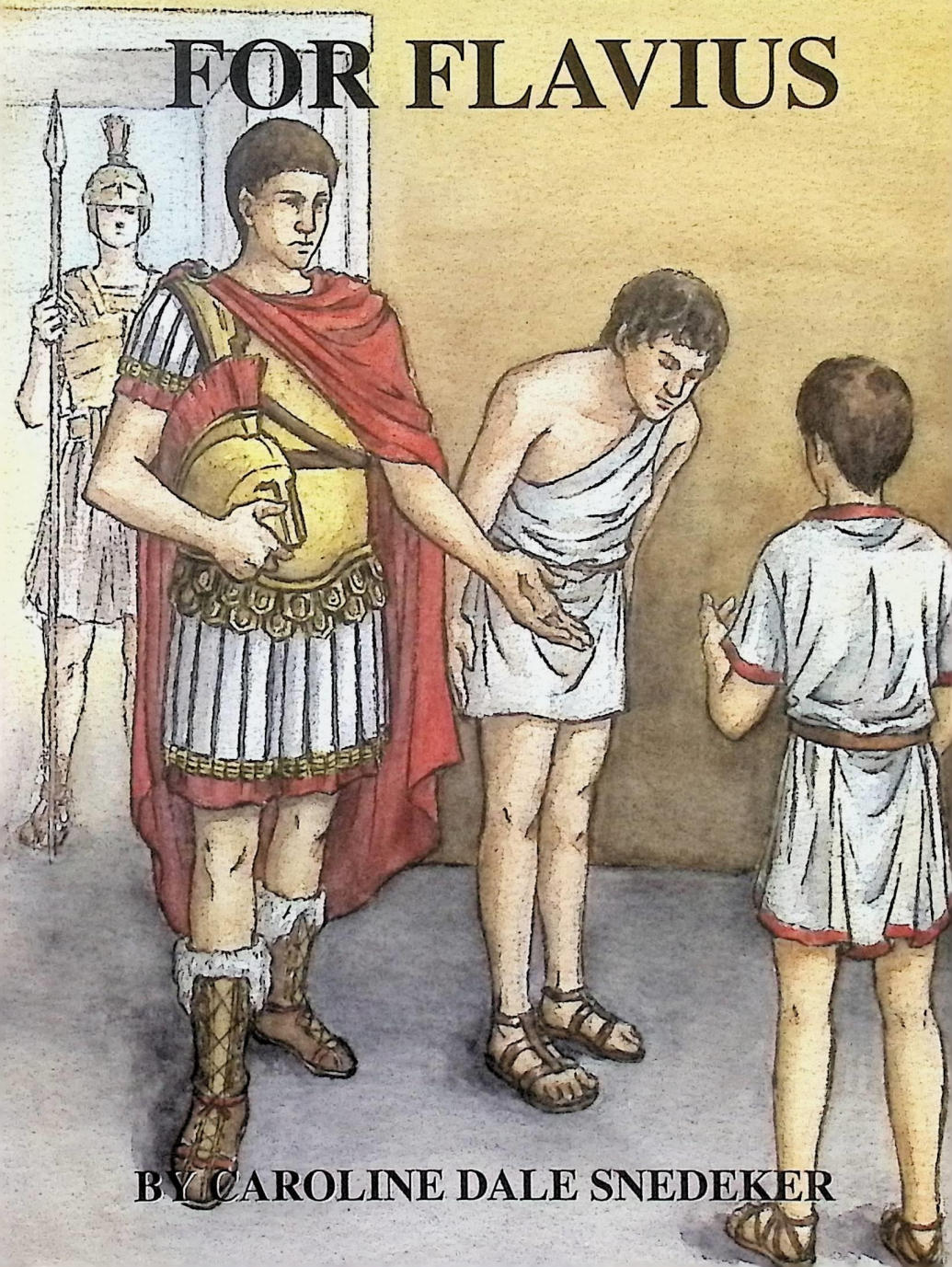


A TRIUMPH FOR FLAVIUS

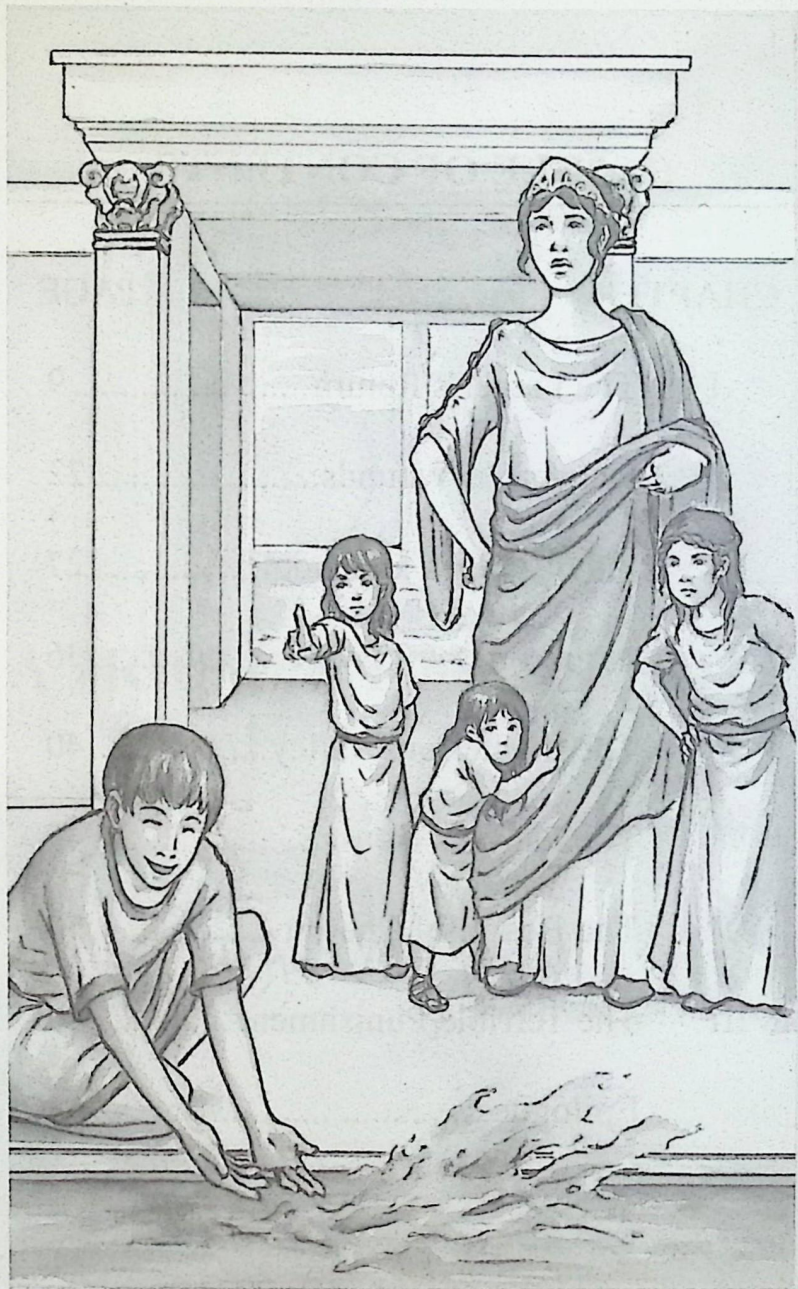


BY CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER

A TRIUMPH FOR FLAVIUS

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“Never had Flavius been so excited!”

I. THE FATHER'S RETURN

FLAVIUS was the happiest boy in Rome. His father was coming home from the wars. There was no doubt about it. Ships with strong oarsmen had brought the word from Greece, chariots drawn by swift horses had carried the news inland, and now heralds with trumpets were crying the message through the streets of the city to the seven hills of Rome.

“Lucius Mummius is coming! He has conquered Greece, he has burnt and destroyed Corinth! He is returning with his mighty army! Romans! Make ready for Lucius Mummius!”

Flavius did not know Corinth, or that it had been a freedom-loving city. He did not understand what a cruel, destroying work was meant by conquering. But he knew that all Rome was proud of his father's victory—so Flavius, the son of Lucius Mummius, was proud too.

Never had he been so excited. He ran from room to room shouting to everyone, “Father is coming!” He ran into the atrium and splashed both hands in the central pool. The water flew and

sparkled in every direction.

The atrium was the most important room in the house, so naturally Mummius would be welcomed there. Mother herself was taking charge of the decorations. She had been coming in and out all morning, followed by slaves with arms full of flowers. Now the slaves were hurrying to get out fresh garments for everyone. Lucinda, Secunda and Theodora, the little sisters, were already bathed and dressed standing serenely by the pool. Mischievously, Flavius splashed his hands hard in the water that sparkled in the sunlight slanting through the open roof above it. The little sisters squealed and ran to avoid the shower, while their mother came instantly to reprove Flavius.

“It is all very well to be glad,” she said. “But you—a Roman—ought to have some dignity. Look, you have splashed the water quite over to the shrine where the little gods stand. I am ashamed of you!”

But she, too, was excited. Her face was flushed. Beads of perspiration stood on her forehead. She was ordering the slaves this way and that. Some to set the banquet table. Some to go to the market to buy food. Some to deck the whole atrium with flowers.

A few hours later, Lucius Mummius and his immense army arrived outside the walls of Rome. Here he waited while the Senate was meeting to vote whether he should have a Triumph. They

decided a unanimous "yes."

So in the evening, Lucius Mummius with a great company, arrived at his house. Very tanned he was, from the Grecian sun, tired and hot from the journey, but so glad to see everyone that he embraced them all, and greeted the slaves who stood in a crowd in the atrium bowing before him. The house was full of people.

Mother's eyes beamed.

"Oh, Lucius, you have been gone so long!"

"It's good to be home," Father said, and drew himself up with great pride. "The Triumph will be in two days," he added.

Flavius knew what that meant.

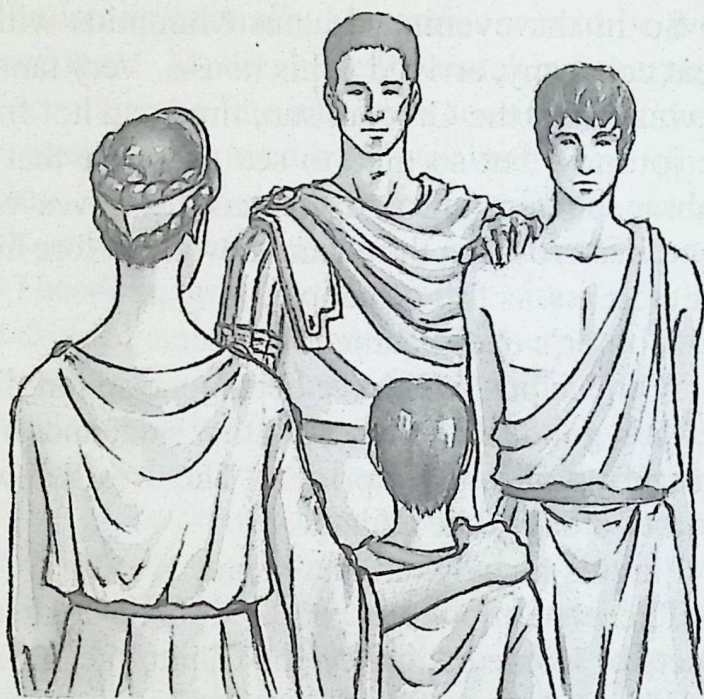
There would be a procession through the streets of Rome ending on the Capitoline Hill. It would be in honor of his father, and he, Flavius, the only son, would march in it. Victorious generals were sometimes given such a Triumph. It was the crowning glory of those who received it.

With the army outside the walls were many, many captives. But Father had brought twelve, who were especially handsome, to the house with him.

"You can have as many more as you wish, Tertia," he said to his wife. She looked pleased, but did not reply.

Turning to Flavius, he touched the shoulder of a slender young man who had come with him.

"Flavius," he said, "here is my gift to you.



“Flavius, Here is my gift to you.”

Ariphron is the finest slave of the lot. A man offered me seven hundred sesterces for him right on the battle field. But I reserved him for my son. He is descended from kings.”

The strangest look came over the slave’s face, as Mummius pushed him forward. Flavius could not tell whether it was fear or hatred. But as the man knelt and bowed before him, Flavius saw that his back and shoulders were trembling.

As Ariphron rose, his eyes met Flavius’ eyes, and the look seemed to pierce Flavius so that he was afraid. The eyes were blue like flame. Flavius

had never seen really blue eyes before. But his hair was Ionian black.

“Ariphron is to be your pedagogue,” Father was saying. “He will wait upon you in every way and take you to school. He will sleep in your room at night.”

“Lucius,” Tertia said in a low voice, “are you sure that it’s safe?”

“You need not lower your voice, Tertia,” Mummius answered. “The man knows nothing but Greek. I don’t want Flavius to be afraid of a slave.”

“But he looks so resentful—so hostile,” said Mother.

Mummius smiled scornfully. “They all have that look at first—especially Greeks. They soon stop it when they see it does no good.” He gave Ariphron a meaningful look.

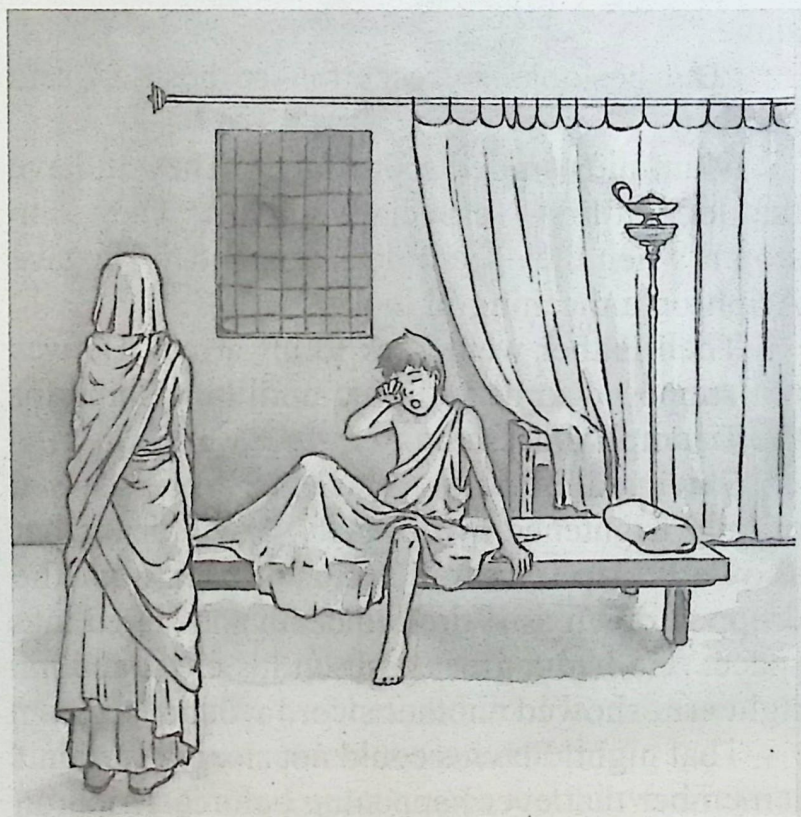
Then Father went back to his army. He was not supposed to be in Rome until he entered for the Triumph procession.

Flavius did not know whether to be pleased or only frightened by this gift. When his mother showed Ariphron to Flavius’ little room, he dropped down as if tired to death and stared into space. He had a great gash on his chest and his right arm showed another sword wound.

That night, Flavius could not sleep. He didn’t remember that ever happening before. Ariphron lay on the floor on a rough blanket. Flavius could

hear him turning and twisting. It did not occur to Flavius to be sorry for him.

It was all very well for Father to say his son must not be scared. Flavius *was* scared. The boys at school often told scare-stories of dreadful things the slaves did to their masters. And Flavius knew of one man who lived on the Esquiline Hill, who had been found dead in the morning, murdered by his slave. The slave, himself, disappeared. Some said he had drowned himself in the Tiber. But



“It was only mother coming in with her little silver lamp.”

maybe he hadn't.

Suddenly he began to tingle with fright. There was a step in the room. But it was only Mother coming in with her little silver lamp.

It was a long time before Flavius fell asleep.

The next day was so confused and filled with preparations for the Triumph that Flavius did not think of Ariphron. Of course there was no school that day.

Early the following morning, Flavius with his mother and his little sisters, and all the household slaves started out for the Triumph. They made their way to the Appian Gate and there they met Mummius where he waited to "enter the city." He greeted each of them formally as was proper to do in public. But Flavius, who was to inherit his glory, he embraced.

Then the procession started.

First the senators, magnificent men clad in pure white togas. With them were the tribunes, the censor, and the consul—all the officials who governed Rome.

The trumpeters followed, their long, silver bell-shaped instruments lifted high, and glittering in the sun, then litters and carts of all sorts carrying the spoils and booty of war. Never again was anyone to see such a treasure of beautiful things as these that Mummius had stolen from Greece. There were vases, jewels, crowns, golden vessels from the temples, paintings, pictures of gods and



“But then he saw the pure white bulls for the sacrifice...”

“Nothing could be more beautiful than these...”

men, statues. Now they would all be scattered carelessly in Rome.

The crowds broke into murmurs of admiration, and cheer followed cheer. As the applause increased, Mummius was remembering all the other treasures that had been thrown away—the statues in Corinth that his soldiers had broken, the pictures they had used for draught boards in the street. He began to wish he had not destroyed so much, or sold so much to the King of Pergamum. Rome would have paid him better.

As for Flavius, never had he seen such booty; he was having a hard time keeping up with everything. He wished the procession would move

more slowly. The most beautiful thing of all, he thought, was a chariot edged with ivory, with gilded pictures all over it, drawn by two prancing black horses.

But then he saw the pure white bulls for the sacrifice. Their horns were gilded. Nothing could be more beautiful than these, he thought, watching the priests who came carrying long knives with which they were to kill the bulls.

Last of all came the conquered Greeks—their kings, their princes, and finally the great multitude of miserable men, women, and children in chains; pale, sorrowful, some of them too ill to walk, some walking in silent pride, some loudly weeping.

The crowd, gibing and laughing, took this as great fun, and Flavius laughed, too.

In back of them came the lictors with their staves, the Roman guards.

And now it was time for Mummius to put on his magnificent gold embroidered robe and his crown of laurel. He mounted the large round chariot with pictures sculptured upon it, and the horses pranced and pawed, impatient to be off. The charioteer took the reins and they started.

Now Flavius, himself, was to enter the procession; as the only son of the conqueror, he was to ride just behind the triumphal car. His mother kissed him and he sprang on his horse. Aripbron, as he had been ordered to do, stepped up to Flavius to walk beside him. Then Flavius was part of that

great human stream that was pouring into the city toward the Capitoline Hill.

Flavius rode well and even gracefully. From the age of eight, he had had his own horse. He knew all about horses and was proud of this one which he rode.

They moved along the Appian Way, and the farther they got, the denser were the crowds.

They were standing and cheering each part of the procession as it went by, and when the triumphal chariot came into view with Mummius in it, the crowd broke into a roar. Flavius could hear the great noise of the army which marched last in the procession.

“Io Triumphe—Io Triumphe,” they were shouting. Indeed, the doors of all respectable houses would be guarded this night, for when a conquering army entered Rome, you could not tell what might happen.

Now they turned from the Via Appia, into the Via Sacra, and they entered the Forum.

How splendid it looked. All the temples open. Flowers and garlands everywhere. Flavius did not know the world contained so many flowers. The air was filled with fragrance.

Just beyond the entrance archway, Flavius suddenly heard, “Hail Flavius, Oh Flavius, Hail!”

And there by the temple of Castor was his whole school, twenty boys in all. They were waiting to greet him. They swarmed out to get

closer.

“Flavius, where did you get the slave?” shouted Cornelius Scipio, the oldest boy in the school.

“He’s mine,” said Flavius. “Father gave him to me.”

“By Jupiter, you’re lucky,” said Scipio.

“What’s his name?” asked Gaius, another boy.

“Ariphron. He’s to be my pedagogue.”

“By Jupiter, you’re lucky,” said Gaius.

For the first time Flavius forgot to be afraid of Ariphron, and began to be proud of him.

As he moved farther into the Forum near the rostra, he passed a group of Rome’s most fashionable youths. They stared openly at Ariphron.

These young Romans were deep in the new craze for everything Greek. Ever since Aemilius Paulus had brought the Greek spoils to Rome twenty years ago, this fashion had been growing. The Romans were trying to imitate the Greeks—to speak Greek, to quote Greek poetry, to own Greek slaves and statues. Some day they would even want their gods to be like the Greek gods. Some day the fad would be carried so far it would overwhelm Rome.

“If you ask me,” remarked one of the youths, “that Greek walking by young Flavius Mummius is the handsomest prize they’ve brought to Rome.”

“He is mine,” called out Flavius.

“Yours! By Pollux, he should belong to an

A TRIUMPH FOR FLAVIUS

Here is a touching story of a young Roman boy, Flavius, and his developing compassion for his captured Greek Slave Ariphron. Ariphron was given to Flavius by his father, General Lucius Mummius, at the time of Mummius' public Triumph for his victories in Greece and Corinth. You will learn a great deal about Roman Culture observing Flavius' relationship with his family among the sights and sounds of Rome. Drama, personal development, tragedy, hope, compassion, triumph – this story has it all in a form easily understood by the young reader. This book is a wonderful introduction to the study of classical Rome and Greece. Bring this culture to life – don't just teach language, emperors, wars and dates.

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