INTRODUCTORY EXPERIMENTS

Here begins the Series of Conversations in which Nyria, body-slave of Julia, daughter of Titus, relates the story of her life in Rome from about the year A.D. 77 to A.D. 95.

The Recorder: I first heard Nyria speak through the lips of the Instrument at the house of a well-known Writer and Lecturer upon Eastern philosophy who died not many years back. As most of those who were concerned in this strange experience have passed beyond the reach of questioning, I am giving no names in this chronicle; therefore, let the introducer of Nyria be known simply as the Occultist.

He had recently met the Instrument in the house of a friend and by a chance experiment in hypnotism, if there be such a thing as chance, had, to the young woman's own surprise, on learning of it, discovered in her the rare psychic faculty of remembering what he supposed to be a former incarnation.

He was repeating the experiment in his wife's drawing-room and I was one of the three or four persons present at this and a subsequent performance.

Here are some notes which I made on those two occasions.

November 22nd, 1899. . . . Bidden by her controller, the Occultist, while in the hypnotic state, to go to Rome, the Instrument shows at first great reluctance. "I do not want to go to Rome. . . ." Then, yielding to insistence, "Tell me what you want me to do there. . . . I can feel it. . . . I can see bits of it. . . . I see a great many steps—all marble. . . . I am on one of them. . . . There's a great crowd below. . . . Oh, what a long way to look up! Such a very large place! Oh, don't you feel small here!"

And now, a sudden spontaneous laugh. . . . "It's that boy selling fruit. He's throwing plums at me. . . . Such a bright boy! Dark, with curly hair, like the boy who brings fruit to Julia's house in the mornings. . . . No"—as if gesticulating reproval—"go away . . . I don't want any. . . ."
She describes an immense platform at the head of the stairway with “such a number of pillars in lines of three or four—carved and gilded and of different colours.” . . . Then, through the great doors of the temple, a hall or vestibule of which she says: “The pavement is white marble with coloured pieces let in at the sides. . . . All round it are pillars. . . . Here is a very big statue by itself.¹ Down some steps and in the middle of this place there stands a great chariot of marble with gilding upon it and with two horses and, in it a single figure of marble—the driver. The chariot is half-way between the doors and the central hall which you come to as you go along. This is the principal part of the temple and is a very large space, almost round . . . not quite . . . with chapels and doors leading out of it. The roof is very high . . . going up in the centre, rounded and fluted. . . . There are wide windows at the sides. The light comes through them and through great arches. In the dark places they burn lamps with the oil in open vessels. But there are no lamps burning now. . . .”²

She tells of one important altar partially closed in by heavy curtains. When desired by the Occultist to go near and inspect the altar, she appears unwilling.

“I ought not to do that. I don’t come to worship here. There are things kept there which are sacred to them. . . . They have nothing to do with me—those things.”³

The Occultist tries to convey to her that the Pagan worship is now obsolete and to be considered only as the symbol of higher truth which humanity was not then able to comprehend, and that she need have no scruples as to looking through those curtains at what is going on behind them.

She objects. . . . “But I could not see through those thick curtains.”⁴ He points out that she is using a different set of senses from her physical ones and that with the eyes of her subtle body she can see through any intervening obstacle.

She laughs unbelievingly. . . . “But how can I see through anything?”

“Yes, you can. You are seeing through those curtains now and you are going to tell me what you see.”

She seems a little bewildered, but answers obediently. “I see a man standing before the altar. He wears a long white robe with a gold border. And he has on a head-dress—I ought to know what it is called . . . I cannot remember. It is curved upward, there is gold upon it, and there’s something round and bright standing up in the middle.” She speaks in a somewhat awe-stricken manner.

**Occultist:** “Have you ever heard of the Flamen Dialis?”⁵

She replies at once. “Yes, I know that name,” and repeats slowly, “Flamen Di..a..lis,” accentuating the second syllable of the word Dialis whereas the Occultist had placed the accent upon the first syllable.

Bidden to accost the Flamen. “Oh, I couldn’t speak to him. I have no right here.”

**Occultist:** “You need not be afraid. This Flamen, from all we know of him, was kind and good.”

She answers, in a doubtful, half-reassured manner: “Yes, he is kind . . .”

¹ I have not been able to identify this statue. (Ed.)
² To verify Nyria’s description of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus and the Chariot of Victory, see Appendix i, and note to same, Bk. I.
³ Flamen Dialis—his functions, his head-dress. See Appendix 2, Bk. I.
Then, "There's a large green stone on the altar: it has been brought to the temple."

OCCULTIST: "By whom?"

"By a patrician, as an offering to the goddess... The name of the goddess?... I can't tell the name."

OCCULTIST: "Is it Pallas?"

She does not repeat that word, but says stammeringly, "Athe...ne." 1

Now she calls attention to "another altar..." "It's to a god... Jupiter..." She does not add, "Conservator."... But says, "They look quite new, these altars," and when asked by whom they had been erected, "I don't know. I have never been here before. I will go and find out."

A pause, and then, again, a laugh. "Why, of course, it's the Emperor. They think me so stupid not to know. They say, "Where have you been not to have heard that? These places have been built quite lately." 2

At this point the notes seem to have become confused with a discussion on the material plane concerning historical references to the rebuilding of the Capitoline temples during the Flavian period, and the bearing of this fact upon the slave-girl's recollections.

THE INSTRUMENT (resuming) : "Here is another big place... There are rooms which open one into another... Priests come in and do different things connected with the worldly part of the temple... A young man wearing a brown garment fastened on the shoulder, whose hair is closely cut, comes to fetch something and goes out again. This room is long and high, and has tables and chairs as I have seen in other houses... and carpeting... but not all over it... There's an open fire... I suppose it is cold, but I don't feel cold. The windows look out over a terrace and that crowded place where we were before... I can see the light over the town. It is a beautiful view. Gilded roofs shine up here and there..."

Suddenly she exclaims, as if in apprehension. "I must go back... I shall be whipped..."

OCCULTIST: "I will go with you and take care of you."

Now she shrinks as if in pain. "Oh! The sharp stones hurt my feet. The people are so rude... There are a great many litters here. It's the men going before them who push so roughly... And they don't only push... they beat my shoulders... Such a crowd! Many men walking and standing about... Men with such big, firm, smooth arms..." 3

In a moment or two she appears to have left the busy Forum. "Now we are passing houses with trees round them... I know that house: it belongs to a friend of my master..."

Then in reply to the Occultist's questioning.

"Yes, now we are at the house of Julia... Our house is very fine: we have everything of the best... I can take you in by this door... But you can see for yourself... Here is a little open space... a sort of court. There are pillars round it. We can sit here, sometimes, in the sun... White jasmine grows up the walls: it is very sweet... I am always so fond of white flowers..."

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1 Domitian's partiality for Minerva—Pallas Athene. See Appendix 3, Bk. I.
2 Built by Domitian in commemoration of his escape during the Vitellian riots. Appendix 4, Bk. I.
3 Hairless arms of the Roman dandy. Appendix 5, Bk. I.
This is the room where people wait who come to see my master: you have to wait until you are called. . . . I can't remember its name. No, the atrium is there. It is a beautiful atrium—everything in our house is beautiful. It has a fine fountain in the middle and the water is scented. . . .

The walls are of marble and, all round, there are . . . I don't know the word . . . they are faces of my master's people. On feast days, we put wreaths of roses and jasmine round the faces. . . .

No, there is no glass over the faces. . . . There is not much glass here. But Julia has a great silver mirror: it is heavy and very big. It shows the whole of her . . . and Julia is not small—she would make three of me. The little black boy holds it in front of her. . . . I have to polish it. . . .

This is the big room where my master sees people. . . . My master's apartments are on this side and Julia's are further along on the other. . . . But I can't take you to the women's apartments. I must go and tell them I have come back. . . ."

A pause, during which the face of the Instrument is convulsed as with anger or distress. She exclaims in a low, tense voice:

"I hate that woman. . . . I hate her."

OCCULTIST: "What has she done to you that you should hate her so much."

THE INSTRUMENT: "Julia says the most cruel things anyone could possibly say. . . . And, at least, I am a woman, too. . . ."

A few days later.

The Instrument, again hypnotised by the Occultist, leans back in her chair unconscious. The slave-girl is speaking from—we understand—a position outside the temple on the Capitoline hill. The Occultist questions her concerning the ceremonies connected with the Temple.

Now, she seems to be looking at something in the distance.

THE INSTRUMENT: "Is this what you want? I see a religious procession. . . . many people are behind it. . . . I see girls in white with long white veils and flowers in their hands and boys in white tunics swinging things with gold chains. . . . There is a man in the middle. He walks alone: the people do not press round him. . . . I have seen that man before. He belongs to the Temple. He is wearing the same long white robe embroidered with gold on the edge. His head is bent. Now, he looks up. The round thing in the middle of his head-dress shines in the sun. He has beautiful soft eyes. There is hair upon his face: it is a very fine face. . . . The head-dress is the same . . . curved at the top and there's gold on it. He is very great . . . much greater than anyone else. But he does not think himself great."

Her manner is reverential. But she objects when the Occultist tells her to join the procession.

"No, I don't belong to it. We are not allowed to watch the worship which we don't belong to, and we should not do so out of curiosity. . . . Now, they are going up a hill where there are trees . . . a little way outside the city. . . . They are to have a service in the open air. . . . I thought they always had them in temples. . . . This is some sacrifice . . . something that has to do with the earth and the green things."

1 Wreathing the masks of the ancestors. Appendix 6, Bk. I.

2 Mirrors in ancient Rome. Appendix 7, Bk. I.

3 Feast of the Seven Hills—a religious service at which the Flamen Dialis officiated. Appendix 8, Bk. I.
OCCULTIST: "I want you to describe the service."
She: "But I am not on the hill. It is a long way off. I can see the people but I am not there."
OCCULTIST: "If you wish strongly enough, you can be there at once without any trouble."
She repeats: "It is a long way off and it's difficult walking. How could I get up that hill without any trouble?"
OCCULTIST: "Think that you are going to fly there, and you will fly there."
She laughs outright. "But I can't fly."
OCCULTIST: "You can float. Throw yourself out. Now you are floating. . . . Now you are there."
She ... in astonishment. "Yes, that is true. . . . Hush. . . . One must not make a noise to disturb them (in a whisper). . . . Don't you see? . . . they are kneeling . . . they are praying. . . . There is a fire burning . . . Fruit is being offered. . . . Hush! They are singing. . . . Can't you hear? It is beautiful music . . . boys' and girls' voices alternating."
The Occultist perpetrates a thoughtless anachronism when he asks, "Is it like a Gregorian chant?"
She seems completely at a loss. "I don't understand you. . . . Oh, I wish you would not talk. . . . I can see the smoke going up and the prayers of the people are rising with it. Some of them are real: some are not. . . . The priest seems sorrowful. He stands with his hands raised to the sky. . . . I should very much like to know that man. . . . Oh, but I ought not to have come here. We are told not to come to these services. . . . Yet some of those who are kneeling are very reverent and one can't help feeling reverent too. And, if you feel like that, your thought goes up in a reverent way with theirs. But that must be wrong. For it is only to false gods that these people are praying, and I am doing wrong to listen." Her contrition has a ring of simple sincerity.
Again, material and superphysical conditions intermingle to create confusion, and my note-taking flags whilst the Occultist expounds the law of reincarnation to his fourth-dimensional pupil.
Thus he demonstrates the futility of worrying over a breach of discipline, which has occurred when she was a slave—no doubt a Christian one—in old Rome, pointing out that the body she then inhabited—and, likewise, as articles of faith, the pagan gods and goddesses—have ceased to exist hundreds of years ago. . . . To all of which she listens, protesting in petulant bewilderment.
"But I can't understand you. . . . You talk of old Rome. . . . I am in Rome now, and it is not so very old. . . ."
OCCULTIST (explanatorily): "I assure you that you are only seeing and hearing in a new body, the etheric sound-photograph of something that you saw and heard a little over eighteen hundred years ago, when you were in old Rome in a different body."
"But that's all nonsense," she cries. "It's dreaming, and when you talk like that everything seems to move and get mixed up and I can't see anything properly. . . . If you want me to go with you to Rome and show you places, I can do so. . . . But when you tell me to fly! . . . I must walk. I haven't got a litter. . . . And I don't know what it all means. If you would talk sense I could understand you. . . . But, really (speaking diffidently), I don't think you are quite. . . . I hope you won't be offended. . . ."
Then, politely changing the subject:

"Do you know this archway? I wondered if you noticed it... It's considered rather fine."

But the little altercation continues. He tells her to go back now to the city, and, when she complains that the hill is steep and the road rough and stony, he repeats his previous instruction to will herself upon the desired spot, and to imagine that she is floating down the hill and across the valley towards it... A few moments' silence and, apparently, she has essayed the feat with satisfactory result. For her physical embodiment in the chair gives an amused, incomprehending laugh.

"It does seem strange... There's such a deep drop and you feel as if you must fall."

Occultist: "But you have not fallen... Now you are in the temple."

She: "No, I'm outside the temple... in a street..."

After a pause... as of puzzlement:

"I can't understand why you don't see these streets and things. Are you not in Rome?"

Occultist: "I was once in Rome... I believe when you were there."

She: "But that is now."

Again he tries to impress upon her that they were then—both of them—in long-since discarded bodies... That he is no longer one Nonius Asprena... whose personality, he has been given to understand, was his own at that time; he is now... He says the name by which he is here known to her. And she? he asks. Does she remember what she was called in Rome?

She replies confusedly.

"I had two names... I can't remember... I must go back and find out."

He asks: "Do you not know that you are now Miss...?" (Pronouncing the Instrument's English name.)

She (perplexedly, and as if searching for a clue): "I think I have heard those words..."

The occultist proceeds with his exposition in professorial fashion.

"That name identifies you with your present physical body... But you know that besides your mere physical vehicle, you have your emotional body and your mental body and that their subtler senses respond to rates of vibration beyond the reach of your ordinary senses... As I explained to you, you are now using those subtler senses in recalling your Roman incarnation."

Hopelessly bewildered, she expostulates resentfully.

"I don't know what you are talking about... They don't talk like that in Rome."

Occultist: "Perhaps they did not when you were there. But, as I have told you, that life of yours in old Rome was over and done with nearly two thousand years ago."

She laughs in childlike scorn.

"I'm not two thousand years old! Oh no!..."

It appears from the notes that something is said about the dreaming-state, and the occultist asks what she was doing in her dreams last night. She seems to take this seriously.

"I was away last night. I had a great deal to do... I have only a confused remembrance of it..." Then, pettishly, "I don't know who
you are or why you talk to me like this. . . . And you jump from one thing to another. Now, it's about streets and places . . . and then flying and nonsense. . . . I can't understand you."

These first notes end here, and I have no record of any further experiments by the Occultist with "Nyria."

But, shortly afterwards, the Instrument came to stay in my house, and a few weeks later we went abroad together. Before leaving England, however, my personal relations with the slave-girl of ancient Rome had become established in the following unexpected manner.

One afternoon in December 1899, I was sitting alone with the Instrument in my study, and we were talking about a visit I had made to Rome the previous year. She had never been in Rome and seemed much interested in a small piece of marble which I had picked up among the ruins of the Vestals' House.

I was not touching her, as, leaning back in her chair, she absently fingered the piece of marble while commenting upon my remarks, when suddenly I noticed a change in her voice and manner.

Then, as she went on speaking, I realised—though knowing scarcely anything of the peculiar kind of divination she was unconsciously practising—that the feel of the marble had, by some process of psychometry, evoked her former Roman personality and that the slave-girl of old Rome was again describing what I at once recognised as the ancient Forum.

She said that now she was standing on the roof of the Vestals' House, and, when bidden to look round and tell me what she saw, spoke of a marble stair close by, from which the fragment she held had fallen. . . . Then, of the Citadel above and the Capitoline Temple, laying stress, anew, upon the vivid, fresh gilding of the dome,¹ by which I was again able to identify the period as late Flavian. Then, of some gardens in the near distance which seemed to correspond with Nero's Gardens of Adonis, and of a temple—doubtless that of Castor and Pollux, "with figures of men and horses at the top corners," adding that she could not see the central sculpture on the pediment, but that she would find out about it and let me know . . . . The Instrument came to herself quite naturally, rubbed her eyes—a trick of hers on awakening, seemed a little confused, but did not remember what she had been saying.

. . . . . . . . . . .

After this—my first personal touch with the slave-girl of old Rome—numerous attempts at further fourth-dimensional intercourse seemed to arouse only distrust and suspicion, so that for a time it was almost impossible to obtain from her information concerning her circumstances and associates in Imperial Rome.

I will not, however, weary the reader with a recapitulation of the slave-girl's persistent doubts and objections. The following gleanings from early notes of our talks will best convey the difficulties of the situation.

¹ The gilding of the dome of the Capitoline Temple was begun by the Emperor Titus and finished by Domitian. See Appendix 1, Bk. 1.
CHAPTER II
FROM THE HERCYNIDAN FOREST

The Instrument, awakening in her Roman personality, relates to the Recorder how she had been brought a captive from her own land to Rome and had become a slave in the Household of Julia, daughter of the Emperor Titus.

Nyria: "You have come back! ... Was it yesterday that you were here? I think I have been asleep. I seem to have been dreaming, ..."

And, when asked to take the Recorder to Rome, she answers, "Why do you always want me to take you to Rome? Cannot you go there by yourself? ... Or cannot you get someone else to take you? ... Of course, if you want me very much, I'll go. But I never like going to Rome."

Recorder1: "From what place are you speaking now?"

Nyria: "This is not Rome. It's the sort of place I come to when you call me. ... The feel of it is blue and soft and rather lonely. Then you say, 'Go to Rome' ... and I would rather stay here, but I have to go. ... I can't understand why you come after me. ... And you are not the only one. There was another. He was a man, but you are a woman. I can feel that, though I cannot see you ... why can't I see you? ... The other one was a very curious person. He asked extraordinary questions and he made me do things that were very strange. But he seemed a person of importance. Will he come here again?"

Recorder: "No, I think not."

Nyria: "I didn't like it. ... One doesn't care to have a stranger coming on you suddenly and talking what seems nonsense about flying and driving you to do things you would rather not do ... (apprehensively). You will not get like that, will you? ... You seem different.—It's so extraordinary to be talking to someone you can't see. ... Of course, if it was for work you wanted me one would not mind so much. ..."

Recorder: "Then you will not mind helping me with the work I am doing by telling me about Rome and how people live there?"

Nyria (interestedly): "Are you paid for your work? We are not paid for ours. Of course, we have houses and clothes and food to eat ... and my master is kind ... and Julia ... well, I dare say Julia is not worse than many other mistresses. ... Yes, of course, my master is Julia's husband. ... He is her cousin, I think. ... Well, I suppose he does care for her. He is very quiet and gentle when she is there ... much more of a man when she is not about. He is always good to us—the slaves."

Recorder: "How many slaves were there in Julia's household?"

1 It will be understood that to avoid interrupting the flow of Nyria's story, remarks or questions by the Recorder are omitted when these are clearly indicated by Nyria's answers. (Ed.)

2 Julia, daughter of Titus, married her cousin, Flavius Sabinus. For Flavian family, see Appendix 9, Bk. I.
NYRIA (considering): "Oh, a great many. . . . Hundreds. Julia has her slaves and he has his . . . you don't mean the ones that are employed in their other houses? . . . For that would mean hundreds on hundreds. . . . I should think that, here, there are about four hundred. . . . You see, Julia has for her own person fifteen or twenty. These are changed sometimes, but she never changes me."

RECODER: "How came you to be a slave in Julia's household?"

NYRIA: "Somebody brought me as a present for her.¹ I think it was one of Julia's admirers. . . . I was very little then: I only came up to about her elbow. . . . At first, she said that she did not keep a place for children. . . . I don't know the word. I cannot remember all the words in this language, and I have forgotten the language of my own country, though I should know the sound of it anywhere. I think it is beautiful, but the people here say that it is rough and harsh. . . ."

Then, when the Recorder asks some questions about her own country:

NYRIA: "I can only recall certain things. Other things I get from older slaves who know and tell me of them. . . .

My country was full of trees. The trees were huge. . . .² They had ever so many trunks and the branches used to spread down on either side and make archways. You could live under those trees as well as in any house. The roof would be quite thick with branches. . . . Yes, there were houses, but nobody cared much to live in a house. It was colder there than in this place, but not too cold. Sometimes the trunks of the trees were hollow. They would be so large that you could make a house inside one of them. . . .

Our men were good soldiers. They had rather red complexions and fair hair and white skins. . . . not like the men here. . . . The women were fair, too. They were very good—not like the women in Rome. They were good wives and mothers . . . if they were not, they got punished severely. . . ."

RECODER: "Tell me, did you ever hear of Veleda?³"

NYRIA: "Oh yes, she was the Queen, you know. She was sacred to the people, and was kept very carefully. I remember that I was allowed to go sometimes and play with her. She used to be very lonely. She said she would give anything to come down and be like other girls. . . . I was related to her. . . . They laughed at me here because I said I was a princess. I'm trying to forget all that. . . . I'm only a slave-girl now. . . ."

NYRIA (resuming): "Now when Julia said that she did not want babies to train, he who gave me told her that if she would take the trouble I should be worth my keep. . . . So for a long time I was allowed to play about in the sunshine and Euphena, the old Ethiopian woman, looked after me. But she had had a hard life, poor old thing! She, too, had been bought and she came from a long way off, and was getting too old and too ugly for service. She had a hut outside and never came into the house or the servants' quarters. . . .

Sometimes Julia would send for me . . . not very often—and I had to have a bath and my hair combed . . . I had a great deal of hair: it was fair and long and curly and hung down my back. Then Julia would look

¹ Nyria said later that the General who brought her to Rome was Rutilius Gallicus. See Appendix 10, Bk. I.
² Nyria appears to have been a "Bructerian, borderer on the Hercynian Forest," described by Tacitus. See Appendix 11, Bk. I.
³ Queen Veleda. See Appendix 12, Bk. I.
me up and down and ask questions about what I could do, and when I got bigger I was allowed to go in for the robing, and sometimes I had to hold up the big mirror and to polish the silver taps of Julia's bath. . . .

There were lovely things in Julia's room. . . . The room was blue and silver, and so were the hangings of the bed. There were statues—little ones—on pedestals. . . . and the table was beautiful,—all silver things—boxes and vessels to hold the dressings, different kinds of pastes and washes that we used for her complexion. . . .

It is not quite fair to ask me about Julia—I hated her so. . . . She was always hard to me. If I vexed her she used to make me hold up the mirror as a punishment, till my wrists ached. I was too little to do that properly, there was a strong black boy for the purpose. . . .

Julia has, of course, a great many women to dress her. There is one for doing up her complexion: another for helping her on with her under-things. Then there is the head-woman for the draperies, and there are those for the head-tiring, among whom I am accounted to have most skill in the dressing of hair.

That was how I came to be Julia's tire-woman. . . . One of them had offended and had been beaten and her arms were sore so that she could not hold up Julia's hair, which is heavy. The other tire-woman was sick. . . .

So the head-woman dressed Julia's head and did it badly, and Julia was very angry and struck her down. . . . Julia said, how was she to go out if there was no one to dress her head as it should be; and then I asked if it might be the Most Noble's pleasure to let me try. . . . for I had been practising upon the heads of the slave-women and had learned somewhat of hairdressing. So Julia did let me try, and being not ill-satisfied, bade me continue till the chief tire-woman was well again. . . . Thou knowest there is a trick in the making of the hair to look as much as possible. It is curled in front with irons, and there are curls at the back which must be carefully arranged. I like not the look of it, but it is the fashion of Roman great ladies."

Here the Recorder, finding it difficult to make the pencil keep pace with the slave-girl's rapid utterance, asks her to speak a little more slowly.

NYRIA (surprised): "Are you writing things down, too? My domina has a secretary who takes down the stories I tell her, unless it's anything private, and then she writes it herself."

RECORDER: "What sort of stories do you tell her?"

NYRIA: "Oh, all kinds. . . . about my country. . . . what I remember—and about things that happen among the slaves. Sometimes that amuses her."

RECORDER: "I should be amused, too, in what happens among the slaves."

NYRIA: "Slaves' lives are not always amusing. . . . You never were a slave?"

RECORDER: "No, never."

NYRIA: "Then, of course, you could not know anything about slave-life. Slaves get to know a great deal of what is going on, from the top to the bottom. As a rule, people don't take any account of slaves and talk freely before them. But I should not like you to put down anything that belongs to my domina. You must understand that she has the first claim on all that I can tell."

1 Cosmetics and adjuncts to the toilette of Roman ladies. Appendix 13, Bk. I.
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RECORDE'r: "I quite understand that. Perhaps I might ask her permission."

NYRIA: "But how would you see her? She is very particular about whom she receives. You know, in Rome when a woman is good-looking and has an assured position, envious persons do all they can to assail it. (Pausing.) Those are strange words, I don't remember using them before. . . . Shall I go on telling you about Julia—But I was going to say that my domina will not have her hair dressed in that fashionable way. She wears it quite simply, coiled round her head, parted in the middle and waving above her forehead. She has such lovely hair, so soft and wavy. . . ."

RECORDE'r: "Who is this lady whom you speak of as your domina? Is not Julia your domina?"

NYRIA: "Of course, I belong to Julia. She is my mistress. But I do not steal time from Julia. I always finish my work first and then, if she does not want me, I can run up quickly by the short cuts to my domina's house. . . . No, I cannot tell you her name, I will not until I am quite sure of you. . . . You see, in Rome one is never certain whom one can trust. If you knew how people come and try to deceive one—men who want to gain her favour and who will tell all manner of lies—about being just returned from foreign countries and having important news to give her. . . . They get to know that I go there, and offer me money to carry messages and presents to her. . . . And you know that there are other men who go round the slaves and bribe them to speak evil of their masters—men who are paid for it by the State. . . . But you would not do that. Oh, I am quite sure you would not."

The Recorder disclaims any such intention, and tries to lead the slave-girl on to talk about the mysterious Domina.

NYRIA: "I can understand your being interested in my domina. Everyone is or they would not be so anxious to know her. But are you sure that you do not mean her any harm?"

RECORDE'r: "Certainly not—only good."

NYRIA: "Can I trust you?"

RECORDE'r: "Don't you feel that you can trust me?"

NYRIA (meditatively): "Yes, I think I feel that. . . . But (with a note of alarm), do you know her husband? . . . If you do, will you promise that you will not tell him anything about her?"

RECORDE'r: "I do not know who her husband is, but I give you my word that if I do ever meet him I will not speak to him of you and your Domina."

NYRIA: "It does not matter what you say to him about me. He knows that she does often have me with her. . . . You see (hesitantly), I do things for her that she cannot ask her own slaves to do. . . . I don't always like doing them. . . . (Again great hesitation when pressed to explain.) Thou knowest . . . when she doth desire to see . . . to go to a certain house where she may not take her litter and her own bearers . . . or if it be a matter of which her husband hath no knowledge. . . . Then, if I were with her he would not question. . . ."

The inference is clear that the Domina has a secret love-affair and that the slave-girl is helping to shield her from discovery. The Recorder asks whether the Domina is a great friend of Julia.

NYRIA: "She and Julia are not really friends. She used to come more

1 Nyria no doubt alludes to the delatores (informers). See Appendix 14, Bk. I.
often to Julia’s house before there was that trouble about me. The Domina wanted to buy me and Julia would not sell me because, she said, I had been given to her, and I dressed hair so well. But that was not the true reason. Julia was wroth because she knew that I wanted to go and she is jealous of my domina. . . . Not that my domina is one to vie with other women, but she is much admired and, though she has not as much money as Julia, still her husband is very rich. . . . And there is another reason. Julia is dark, and she looks better for having me behind her, for, thou knowest, I am very fair, and it is the fashion for Roman ladies to have fair-haired slaves. . . .”

Nyria’s mood on reawakening to her old-world existence was not always tractable, and the Recorder sometimes found it difficult to bend the slave-girl’s inclinations in the direction desired. Nyria would protest fretfully: “I wonder why I cannot bear going to Rome, I don’t mind so much when I am there, and there is something to be done, and I know what it is. . . . I did try to find out some of the names for you, but I could not get you my domina’s name now, even if I wanted to, because I set my will against it in the beginning and I have put up something between me and my memory. . . . There is one name I was to give you—it is Vitellius, but I don’t know why I was to give it. I am sorry to be disagreeable, but my domina is everything to me, and I am afraid for her. . . . I wish I knew why you come to me. Couldn’t you find someone else to tell you about Rome? If I were a great lady you might like to talk to me, but nobody wants to talk to a slave. They don’t count. You must know that, if you have slaves of your own.”

Recorder: “I have only two or three of what you call slaves to serve me.”

Nyria (puzzled): “I can’t make out what sort of person you are. Can’t you go to Rome by yourself? Why do you always want me to take you? The streets are open to all. . . . Where do you live?”

Recorder: “A long way off.”

Nyria (pertinaciously): “But you come very often. How do you get here? And why do you ask me so many questions? I beg your pardon. Of course I am rude, but you began it. . . . And I don’t think you would like anyone coming on you suddenly—you don’t know from where—and asking you questions about people, and especially when you can’t see them. Why have I never seen you?”

Now, after some further discussion, the Recorder, feeling it impossible to convey an adequate explanation of the position, puts forward the theory that there are realms in nature of which the inhabitants are invisible to the human eye, and suggests that she and Nyria may have entered some such region and be subject to its limitations. Nyria appears to accept the proposition.

Nyria: “I understand what you mean. You speak more sensibly than that foolish person who talked about flying. But I do know those beings—some are good and some are bad and they are quite different from us. You feel to have life and warmth like me. I wonder if the reason that I can’t see you is because there’s something not right in it. . . . Won’t you show yourself to me?”

Recorder: “I have not the power.”

1 Partiality of Roman ladies for fair-haired attendants. See Appendix 15, Bk. I.
FROM THE HERCYNIAN FOREST

NYRIA : "Then it is because you cannot—not because you will not. Perhaps you will some day. . . ."

At last, the Recorder, unable to parry Nyria's questions or to win her confidence, points out that much of their time together is wasted in profitless discussion, and that it might be better to discontinue their meetings.

RECORADER (loosening her hold of the Instrument's hand) : "I do not wish you to do anything against your will, and if you would rather I went away, I will do so."

Nyria (seeming a little hurt) : "Do you really mean that? . . . Don't try to persuade me by saying you'll go away because I won't do everything you want. . . . It's not that I doubt your word and that I don't want to help you. Really, I would like to do all that I can. . . . Where shall I take you? We are outside the city now. . . . Is not this spot beautiful? Look at those trees in bloom—that white thorn—and the pink one.—Do you see them. . . . Look over by the little stream."

RECORADER : "No, I cannot see them. . . . I can see nothing except through you."

Nyria (in surprise) : "You can't see things for yourself! Are you blind?"

And (as the Recorder accepts the implication) : "Oh! I am so sorry for you.

She seems deeply touched and offers her services to try and make up for the disability. She eagerly enumerates various features of the landscape.

"I was going to tell you that if you looked under the leaves at the side of that little stream you'd find some violets—purple ones. Many kinds of plants grow along the banks of that stream. Stephanus comes here to get certain herbs that he needs for his potions. . . ."

RECORADER : "Who is Stephanus, Nyria?"

Nyria : "Stephanus is my friend. . . . Do you not know him? I was thinking he might have come to doctor your slaves. . . . And then he has a shop which is very well known. . . . I should have thought you knew Stephanus's shop. He has lovely things to sell."

RECORADER : "But I am not rich enough to buy jewellery."

Nyria (sympathetically) : "Oh, are you poor! I am sorry. But Stephanus's shop is not grand, though the jewels he has are interesting and curious." Then, almost petulantly, "Why do you want to see Stephanus? How am I to tell him about you, when he cannot see you nor can you see him? . . . (In a distressed tone) : I know not why I do these things."

Thus for a week or two it continued. Nyria, in her story, drawing me on by fascinating hints of dramatic possibilities yet invariably baulking my curiosity by obstinate refusals to go further in actual fact. I felt disheartened and puzzled and, in my ignorance, doubtful as to the lawfulness of tampering with psychological mysteries. For sometimes, the Roman entity, on awakening into her life of the past, would show signs of apprehension and, in the person of the Instrument, of physical trouble.

This, on the first occasion, seemed attributable to the unannounced entry of a visitor, when the Instrument, just plunged into the Nyria consciousness, was sharply aroused to normal life by contact with a strange hand placed on hers as she leaned back in her deep chair.
There had been nervous shock, concealed at the moment, but when she went again into the trance condition, she murmured incoherently, moving her hands in supplicatory gestures as if in distress.

**Recorder** (softly): "Nyria!"

**Nyria** (wildly): "Where am I? I know not. . . . Everything seems to be turning round. . . . Yes, I can feel you beside me (speaking in a more natural tone). . . . Your hand is alive and warm. . . . Now I know we are on the steps—I don't mean the steps leading to the great temple, but those going down to the courtyard at Julia's house. . . . I must have been asleep. . . . One feels so strange sometimes when one wakes up—as if one had been a very long way off.

To-day, I can't see the places plainly. . . . Things shift about. Sometimes, they are quite still and clear and at other times I don't feel as though they belong to me or I to them. . . . I wonder if it is anything to do with you. . . . I don't want anybody else to come. . . . I'm getting used to you. . . . But don't let anyone else touch me. You can't think how it hurts. . . . I don't know how to explain exactly. Something seems to cut right through me and then I don't know anything more. . . . But I can go now. . . . What did you want to ask me? . . ."

**The Recorder** (wishing to avoid previous subjects of contention): "I should like you to tell me something about the Christians and their meetings."

**Nyria** (shrinking): "I must not talk about them. . . . We have to be so careful."

**Recorder**: "You need not be afraid. . . . I myself am a Christian."

**Nyria** (doubtfully): "But I don't think I have ever met you at the Meetings."

**Recorder**: "When I was in Rome I was not a Christian. But I have become one since that time."

**Nyria**: "Then you can guess that we run great risks and we can only go to the meetings after dark with wraps round our heads. . . . We have a long walk—down into the caves outside the city."

**Recorder**: "You mean the Catacombs?"

**Nyria**: "I know not. . . . It is where the ground is reddish and there are many rocks. . . . Do you want to go there? You can go either across the Forum or behind the Forum. . . . If the moon is up you have to be more careful. . . . You see, the streets are narrow and lighted only by torches and, generally, there are a good many people in them. Going to the Quarries you may meet Christians, and others who are not Christians, and if any of us were found out it might mean danger to many. . . . You go along the streets a good way and then you pass through the gate. . . ."

**Recorder**: "Do you mean the gate which was wet—the gate they called the Porta Capena?"

**Nyria**: "You surprise me, how did you know that? It is the gate that is wet—or there's another. . . . You can go out at either. . . . I am not sure. . . . (as the Recorder suggests the name of a further gate). The Quarries where the Christians meet and where there is the red sand is nearer the Appian Way.

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1 Nyria knew nothing about the Catacombs for, as one may learn from any good guide-book to Rome, the earliest dates from soon after the martyrdom of Peter and the greater number from after the middle of the second century. She was quite right, as will be seen further on, in her location of the Porta Capena and the ancient Quarries nearer the Appian Way.
the Appian Way... It is so odd—sometimes you know things one would not expect you to know, and at other times you don't know what one would have supposed you must know.”

RECORDE R: “Tell me, is that the gate through which Peter walked—when he went out of Rome—in the story of Quo Vadis?”

NYRIA: “I know what you mean. I have heard that story—when Peter saw the Lord. But you know, it was not that Peter was afraid: he was over-persuaded. He did not think of saving himself, but he thought he ought, perhaps, to preserve himself for the sake of the people. The Lord met him a good way out of the city—there was a boy with Peter who was showing him the road—he did not see: it was only Peter who saw the Light—our Lord spoke to him. Then Peter understood: There are some things that have to be, and that you can’t escape, and he knew that if he had gone on our Lord would have had to take his form and be crucified in his place. . . . I have often thought—if something should come in which there was no choice and I had not the strength to go through with it. . . .”

RECORDE R: “You know we are told that we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear?”

NYRIA: “What is that? I know the words. . . . The Lord did not say that. . . . Oh, do you think I should be able?”

A further remark of Nyria’s in relation to Pagan beliefs and the early Christian writings may be inserted here.

NYRIA: “But Christ says, “He that is not with me is against me.”

RECORDE R: “Have you heard that text, or is it written?”

NYRIA: “It may be written.—I cannot read.—You know it has been preached to us.”

1 For the Quarries where the Christians met, see Appendix 16, Bk. I.

2 Nyria’s quotation of Christ’s saying opens up interesting speculation as to the transmission orally of our Lord’s teaching.
CHAPTER III

THE COMMENTATOR INTERVENES

Nyria's argumentative attitude and dislike to talking about her friends in Rome became, during the following sittings, more and more embarrassing, until there occurred a crisis which, though disconcerting at the outset, in the end cleared the road of obstructions.

It happened in this way. The Instrument having with cheerful compliance assumed the Roman personality, awoke as Nyria in a state of such extreme distress and terror that the Recorder, alarmed, tried to bring her back to normal life. But the girl seemed panic-stricken. Her features were convulsed, and she cried and moaned as though she were going through some horrifying experience.

Recorder (taking her hand and doing all she can to soothe her): "Nyria, don't you know me?"

Nyria (distractedly): "Oh, I don't know where I am. . . . Why do you come? . . . You can't help me."

Recorder: "Were you in trouble, Nyria?"

Nyria: "I have been so frightened. . . . I don't know what has happened. . . . I don't know this place. . . . It's all so dark with black clouds driving round. . . . Now, rifts of light show through the darkness. . . . I see what seem to be steep hills rising all about me. . . . I don't know what they are . . . and all over them are faces which are so cruel. And there's a dreadful roaring like the roaring of animals. . . . Now I see that I am in a great round place. . . . With pillars. . . . I see horrible beasts that come between me and the people. . . . They can't hurt me, can they? . . . Oh! There are terrible things here . . . I can hear voices calling—voices of women in pain. . . . Is it a dream? I can feel your hand now—alive and warm. . . . Oh, I am afraid. . . . Take me away. . . . Oh, do take me away."

She shudders and clings in a frenzied manner to the Recorder's hand.

Recorder (putting forth all the will-force at her command to dispel the vision): "You are safe, Nyria. I am with you. It is only that you have had a bad dream. It has passed. Sleep peacefully. Nothing can hurt you now."

A long pause. Gradually, the terror subsides. A look of quiet content and something of wonder softens her face. The voice is calmer and more natural.

Nyria: "Now it is light. . . . Where am I? . . . I know that you are beside me, but this place is different from any we have been in before. . . . I am in a country full of beautiful flowers—grey bluebells—not like ordinary flowers, for they have spirits in them. . . . I don't want to go back . . . it is so lovely in this place. There's a feeling of such peace and clearness, nothing could be false here. . . . Now I see long waves of light—like a
great arc of soft beautiful colours. . . . The colours seem to be sounds. . . . But I can’t make them out. . . . I will try to get the words (seems to be listening intently—murmurs as if in assent). I must take them slowly. I cannot get them straight unless I do. . . . It is a message for you—some things you have to be told.”

Here, there comes a further change, impossible to put into words, in the Instrument’s face and manner. An Intelligence of a different order expresses itself through her lips. The Instrument speaks now in grave measured accents which convey the impression of practical wisdom and exceeding kindness. This Intelligence—whether individual or collective is not determinable—which at future times supplements Nyria’s resources—may be known in these pages as the Commentator on super-physical levels.

THE COMMENTATOR (speaking through the mouth of the Instrument) :

"I should like, if you will allow me, to give you a few words of advice which may help you in dealing with a rather complex situation. The first thing I would say is—do not again suggest any possible association of your present personality—in regard to which she is still sorely puzzled—with that of the woman in Rome who has been called the Domina. Should you continue to do so you will set up vibrations that may prove troublesome and confusing and perhaps defeat the object you have in view.

It would not matter that you should discuss the case with the Instrument in her normal condition, but were you to imply to the Nyria entity any problematical connection with the life-story she is relating to you, the Roman child would be totally unable to grasp the idea and her mind would be in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

You may go on with the Roman story as fully as you please. That is intended. Only, take care not to bring your present self into the Roman picture and thus create confusion. You are right on general lines, in your answers to questions as to your identity. There is no harm in your suggesting that you are a part of that nature-world which she knows and loves and into which she vaguely supposes there may come beings from other spheres. And it would be unwise at any time to check her questioning. In so doing, you would check the information she might otherwise give. You must remember that the life of a slave was all repression. Also, that the Instrument has had so much liberty on the non-physical levels, unhampered by companionship or interference, that, finding these restrictions, she might perhaps be resentful—no—that is too strong an expression—anxious to break away. For, to her, the charm of these levels has been that here she could escape uncongenial society and have complete freedom. But if you can establish friendliness and perfect confidence you will get from her a very great deal.

Another point. Be careful not to jar upon or in any way sully what may, in the conditions, appear to you an unnecessarily keen sense of honour in discussing the private affairs of her friends. There’s that question of the names. You will have them, but perhaps not just yet. You may feel it unfortunate that you have to deal with a certain obstinacy in the Instrument. Vibrations were set up in the past which are still very strong. But for one night when she went out with the fixed determination not to get those names, they would have been given you by now. That was from a right motive on the part of the Instrument, but the consequences must be accepted. It
would be impossible for her to get them at present. Be patient. Wait. You need not fear to press a point where physical pain is entailed. That will pass. Only, do nothing to shake her confidence in you. When information can be given with—as it seems to the Instrument—a clear conscience, it will be given frankly. But when there is hesitation, be careful of your own position. You may make or mar much in that way. And do not be disheartened if you get information that you may prove false or that you believe to be not quite accurate. Remember that, among the slaves, gossip was rife and was not to be relied upon in that day any more than it would be in this. And remember, too, that you have to deal with an immature soul and personality.

One other counsel. . . . You must guard against interruption. So far, it has not mattered, but you do not realise the strain upon the Instrument of being brought back suddenly. It amounts sometimes almost to physical pain. There ought to be no need for suffering, though the further she goes, the greater risk there is of that.¹ She will usually return of herself. Should there be sudden interruption, it is most important that no one coming into the room should be allowed to speak to or touch the Instrument. Ordinarily, you need do nothing. You employ no magnetism and have but, as it were, to remove yourself. The return should be easy and natural and, if possible, let there be a few minutes of quietude afterwards. And try not to expend yourself on the fretting of the soul. There are different roads by which one can advance and, for all, the end is the same. Purity of the heart and motive is what really matters."

¹ This change was immediately perceptible at the opening of the next conversation, when the Recorder awakens Nyria upon a hill described by her as across the Tiber—presumably the Janiculum Hill.
CHAPTER IV

"THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT WHOLE"

The Recorder, who had feared bad effects upon the Instrument, accepted the intervention of the Commentator as evidence of judicious control at the back of this curious psychic development. It marked a change in the attitude of Nyria. She no longer objected to being sent to Rome, and even volunteered information concerning the Domina.

Nyria, resuming gaily: "Well, you do come after me! I didn't think anybody but goats could come here. . . . How did you know where I was! How did you come? Did you not tell me you were blind! If you wanted me, you could have found me lower down in the city.

Recorder: "I want you to take me back there now."

Nyria: "The path is very steep: you must be careful not to slip. You see, we are not goats. You had better not look down—Oh! I always forget that you are blind. . . . You know, we are right outside the city. . . . We are across the Tiber, and there's a palace not very far off. The road slopes up and that end of it turns back to the city and over the bridge. . . . This hill we are on is rough and wild. There are no trees or houses here—nothing but stumps and bushes.

No, it is not very far from the Appian Way. . . . Do you like looking at tombstones? . . . I don't. . . . There are different roads of tombs . . . hundreds and hundreds of them. Now, you have to walk up this place and there is the city—you can see it straight in front. These gates are very fine—they are built almost like houses. There are rooms in the walls on each side in which the keepers live. . . . Yes, they are generally open now but they are shut sometimes—when there's any trouble or anyone in the city they don't want to get out."

The Recorder, knowing that the Instrument—this modern Englishwoman—had never been in Italy, was interested in checking her statements as to the topography of Ancient Rome. So far as her own knowledge goes, the Recorder has proved these statements to be correct.

Nyria: "Here is an opening that goes to the Forum . . . and there is the great Amphitheatre which did take so long in building. I do not like it (she gives a slight shudder). The Baths of Titus are higher than where we are—standing back. We have passed the road below the Emperor's palace that winds near Julia's house which is on a flat place on the lower part of that hill. My domina's house is on another hill, not so fashionable as the

1 The steepness of the Janiculum Hill. See Appendix 17, Bk. I.
2 Nyria's remarks about the number of tombstones was spontaneous, and there must have been more tombs at that time than the ruins now suggest. I am unable to locate the bridge by which the Tiber was recrossed. Probably the important Pons Subelicus—or the Pons Emilius. Nor can I verify the gates she describes. (Ed.)
3 Nyria describes these positions correctly.
one where Julia lives, but the air is lovely. Her husband bought the house for her. It seems so strange that I should not remember the names of the hills—Yes, I think it is the first name.” (The Coelian, the Aventine and others had been suggested.)

The Recorder would point out, by reference to the map of Ancient Rome, that Nyria is right in regard to the relative positions of the places mentioned.

Nyria, after a pause, exclaims suddenly:

“Stay. I have got two names. One is Valerius Paulinus—that is her husband. Her name, to herself, is Lucia, but she is called Valeria. The other name is Licinius Sura—that is her lover.

The Recorder again instances Nyria’s topographical accuracy corroborated by the map, where upon the Aventine Hill are marked the Temple of Diana and the Thermae Surae.

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Nyria (when questioned as to the position of Licinius Sura’s house, replying without hesitation...): “Licinius lives on the same hill as Julia and there is a temple of Diana near. Yes, it is true that he can look down upon the Circus Maximus. His house is on the brow of the hill just above Julia’s house. How didst thou know that about him?”

Recorder: “I have read it in an epigram that Martial wrote.”

Nyria (in a tone of alarm): “Did Martial say anything about my domina? Oh, that would be dreadful!”

The Recorder reassured her on that point.

Nyria: “Then I can tell you about my domina. She was the daughter of the Emperor Vitellius, whose name I was bidden to give you, who fought in my country and for whom the legions declared and who went back to Rome and then was set upon by the followers of Vespasian—that emperor who came after. Thou knowest, Vitellius hid himself in the Palace, but was torn out and dragged through the streets with a knife put beneath his chin to hold up his head so that all might behold his face; and, in the end, he was killed. Vitellius had two daughters. The elder, Vitellia, is a good deal older than my domina, and was married before her father died to one Valerius Asiaticus, sometimes governor of a part of Gaul. They had brothers... the eldest was a soldier and was killed quite young and another brother had something the matter with his speech. Vitellia is rather large and fleshy—much bigger than my domina. Handsome but duller is Vitellia: her hair is not so bright and her eyes have a soft, heavy look. Oh, yes, she is very good and she is kind. But sometimes, when I hear Vitellia talking to her sister—they take not much heed of me—she doth not scold, exactly, but it soundeth as if she would did she dare...

Vitellia’s husband is not a good man. I remember one thing she would say to my domina—that if she herself could bear with Asiaticus, then my domina ought to bear with her husband who at least doth love her. And now that I know thou wilt do my domina no harm, I do not mind telling thee about her. Before her marriage, she and her mother were very poor.

1 Lanciani, in *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome* (p. 92) states, “We find that the aristocratic quarter *par excellence* was the thirteenth (Aventine)—Julia lived on the Aventine. (Ed.)

2 For Licinius Sura’s house, see Appendix 18, Bk. I.

3 Nyria’s “Domina”—the younger daughter of Vitellius. See Appendix 19, Bk. I.

4 The fate of Vitellius. See Appendix 20, Bk. I.

5 The marriages of Vitellius and their issue. See Appendix 21, Bk. I.
Vespasian arranged the marriage for her. He meant kindly. The man she married is rich and in a great position. Yes, I can take you to Valeria's house. Now you can see it—on a sort of knoll at the back of the hill, and the garden is in terraces.

Here are steps, near to the street, and there is a great open space in front of the portico and a wide entrance.

Dost thou wish to go in that way or by the way that I should enter? Well, I go through that door in the wall. It is a handsome carved door. Within, are terraces and many flowers—there's a long slope of green, and crocuses grow in the grass—my domina likes them best that way.

But, if thou wouldst see the house within, thou must enter through the wide portico and by the great door. Thou knowest that in Rome all atriums are of the same kind—always the fountain and the small altar. This one is not so large and handsome as the atrium in the house of Julia, but methinks it hath more of taste and beauty.

The Domina's private apartments look towards the garden. The walls of her sitting-room are painted with pictures from stories she has told me. Near the window is a great marble couch soft with cushions and a lovely fur rug. Near it stands a marble table with things for writing, and also there are waxen tablets folded in pairs which can be scraped and used again and again. They call them dip—dip. I forget the rest. There are books lying on shelves... my domina is always reading... Of course, there are chairs and stools... and there are small statues and many objects rare and precious. Everything that my domina has of that kind she likes of the very best, even it be simple... and there are hangings of soft rich colouring... And everywhere there are flowers. The Greek boy brings in the flowers and arranges them... I only bring her wild flowers, for I have not money to buy others.

I must tell thee of that Greek boy. He doth play on the harp and the flute and he can sing well also... It is not a strong voice but the Domina taketh pleasure in his music... And he hath an eye for the patterning of flower-beds and the placing of colours. He is clever in certain matters, yet, withal, stupid, for he hath not the wit to know when his service cometh amiss so that she is angered and doth forbid him her presence. Now, thou knowest, a slave may not show his humours, but the boy hideth not his bitterness and doth lurk in corners and stare till, she saith, he is like to drive her mad.

His name... Wait... the sound cometh... Geor...gio...Gregorio. That is not a Greek name, but they change the names of the slaves... My name is not really Nyria... I have forgotten my real name...

I like not that boy Gregorio. There is something about his mouth and eyes that doth make me fear he might do a mischief.

But in my domina's bedchamber all is white, save that at the end of the room there is an alcove with drawn curtains of pale violet fringed with silver, hiding that which sits therein: of the which, until times had passed, naught was revealed to me. All, white, save for the table of inlaid marble spread with gold and jewelled boxes which her husband gave her. He is always giving her presents and she would rather that he did not, seeing that she cannot pay him in the way he doth desire. And Paulinus hath the look of one ill to baulk of his desire...
He is Caesar's friend and power lieth in his hand. . . . No, I remember not his being a consul.¹ It may be so, but I heard not of it. I do know that he had an appointment away from Rome—I think it was something military—and when he came back to Rome he was promoted to high service in the State.

I can tell that he hath a craving for his wife, the stronger because he feels that he can never really gain her. It is not given to Paulinus that he should understand Valeria, and it doth seem to me that, at its best, his love was as the fancy for some rare flower which is roughly plucked and crushed in the carrying.

I have watched her shrink when he cometh into her room. She cannot bear that he should touch her hand. . . . And he will sit down and make jesting remarks unseemly for my domina's ears. . . . And she will draw herself up and there will come upon her that deathlike coldness, and then I have seen his hand twitch as if he would strike her and his face grow red with fury because he sees that she is beyond his reach.

Oh, I know not what would happen if he should learn that his wife loved another man. . . . I dare not think. . . . He is very proud. It pleaseth him that she is so different from other Roman ladies and that there has never been a breath against her. . . . He will laugh about it in his coarse way, but I know that in his heart he has satisfaction in that thought. I have heard him say (Nyria's voice took on a curious manlike tone), 'Well, if she be cold to me, praise the gods, none other man hath more of her than I have.'

Once, I think, she would have gone away with her lover, but I am sure that he doth not wish to leave Rome. . . . It may be that he hath regard for her position . . . her children . . . and that he feareth to injure her. . . . Thou knowest, she hath two little boys. There was a girl, but she died. The boys are at a place which belongs to their father.² It is not far from the sea and is said to be very healthy. The Domina says she doth keep the children there because one of them is delicate. But I think that is not the real reason, but that she doth not want to have them with her. I have never seen them in Rome. . . . She hath been to see them more than once. . . . I have a feeling that she went there for a long time. . . . But how could that have been? . . . I was not with her. . . .

It is so curious . . . I seem to see things only in bits. . . . I can't remember very well. . . . Why do I say 'remember'? One does not remember things that are happening every day. . . .

Wouldst thou that I show thee the Domina? . . . Come out round this corner and down those steps. . . . This is the part of the terrace private to herself. . . . She is there—sitting in that marble chair which has a wide curved back and broad arms inlaid with stones, and there are cushions of embroidered silk and a stool on which she placeth her feet. . . . She was reading, but the roll dropped. . . . I could not tell thee its lettering, for Nyria cannot read nor write. . . . It is sure to be somewhat about Greece. . . . Thou knowest, the Domina always says that once she lived in Greece and that she knew the temple of Demeter in Greece. . . . Often did she speak of that part of the country. . . . There was a flat part, she said, near

¹ Valerius Paulinus, husband of the Domina. He did not become consul till after Nyria's death. See Appendix 23, Bk. I.
² Forum Julii, now Fréjus, not far from Cannes. For corroboration of Nyria's statement see Appendix 24, Bk. I.
"THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT WHOLE"

the sea—at least I think it was— with a great deal of water around and rushes and flowers growing to the water’s edge. . . . She said she was there as a child—and another place where she went afterwards—by a long straight road that got rougher as it went higher and that led to the temple. . . . There were two temples—the one by the water and the other, much bigger, in the hills. . . .

But when the domina talks like that, people are wont to laugh, for, thou knowest, she hath never been in Greece. . . . To me, it doth all seem as a story and I have no time to think of such things as are but fancy. Else, would my head fail to hold that which my service requireth of me. . . .

And when my Domina saith that she hath lived before, she will speak of how it might hap that in some future age, the spirit looking back and reading the story of the past might regard it as a book whereof the words may in truth have been written in blood. And yet to her, in that later life, the story would mean no more than words, and the memory of it, coming in flashes, would bring no pain.

‘For the dead cannot speak,’ she sayeth, ‘and to Valeria in Rome the tale of one poor Greek girl is no more than the tale of a woman who is dead.’

But for myself ’tis enough to live in the present, and if I look back ’tis to the days when I was a child and played about the tree-houses of my homeland. Yet, even the pictures of those times have faded from my mind. And if that be so, how would it be possible to remember pictures of a far more distant past? And if I could remember, how know I that they had ever been? It seemeth to me more sensible that I should look forward to the future. But even that I cannot do. For always, when I try, a curtain seems to fall and I see naught of what may come as other maidens sometimes think they see—such as look for marriage and to bear children and possibly get their freedom, and such as Thanna who think to gain favour and to become high ladies in the State.

I never turn my mind on things such as those. My life is too full: and I know not what to wish for save fewer blows from Julia and peace and sunshine. . . . Nay, I fix not my thoughts on the future and this though Stephanus doth oft urge me, while bidding me share it with him. . . .

But from that, thou knowest, I shrink. . . .”

Note by the Recorder.

In these foregoing chapters, the experimental stages of my relations with the Instrument and the case for Nyria’s authenticity have been set forth as fully as the space allotted me allows: but I have still to make the reader aware of certain corroborative testimony to Nyria’s story which came to me about four years earlier through an entirely different channel.

In January 1896 (note that I first met the Instrument and began the Nyria talks at the end of 1899) I was given a brief but comprehensive sketch of the life of a Roman lady of the Imperial era which had been obtained psychically by a clairvoyant friend when tracing some former lives of a small group of persons interested in the question of reincarnation.1 This sketch was identical in plot with the story Nyria afterwards told me, except for one remarkable omission—Nyria herself was not in it. The dramatic potentialities of that psychic communication of 1896

1 The story of a Roman lady’s life, received psychically in 1896. See Appendix 25, Bk. I.
impressed me so strongly that I made it the foundation of a "society" novel in which the sins of a former incarnation in Imperial Rome meet with their just retribution in London to-day.\(^1\)

But though in that 1896 sketch of a Roman life there was no suggestion of any such personage as the slave-girl, it seemed that, by some inexplicable working of the subconscious mind, I had, in this novel, actually evolved, out of my own imagination and Tacitus' *Germania* a yellow-haired maiden bred in the Hercynian Forest—a sort of ghost-dummy of Nyria. And that the same kind of intuition—or, more likely, a sense of historic association—had made me choose the Flavian period for the setting of this reincarnation story. The idea that there might be an underlying occult significance in these mental processes never occurred to me.

Moreover, apart from the afore-mentioned testimony, there were in connection with the 1896 Roman life-story other flashes from the past, visioned by two different members of that little set of psychical researchers. . . . A picture of the Greek temple of Demeter seen clairvoyantly and painted shortly afterwards from memory, of which the description as well as of the country round the two temples was in complete accordance with the Domina's account reported four years later by Nyria. Likewise, from another psychic source, various scenes in the life of that Roman lady of the original 1896 record,\(^2\) one giving a glimpse of the final tragedy in the Collosseum—all of which scenes reappeared in the Nyria narrative beginning in 1899.

I hesitate to dwell at any length upon these scattered corroborative threads lest, in this preliminary setting forth of the case, they tend to confuse the reader. But they made me realise later that the drama unfolded by Nyria had already been partially revealed through different agencies a considerable time before Nyria appeared on the stage.

For, again, let the fact be stressed that I made acquaintance with the Instrument, and through her, on the fourth-dimensional level, with the Roman slave-girl, in November 1899, and that I had received the sketch of the Roman lady's life which formed the subject of that earlier novel, in January 1896, four years all but two months before I had ever heard of Nyria or had met the Instrument. In fact, the novel was completed and ready for publication at the end of the summer of 1889. It will be seen, therefore, that the 1896 document could have had no possible connection on the physical plane with the later *Nyria* development, seeing that neither I nor the psychic friend who gave me the 1896 story knew at that date of the Instrument's existence.

Now, a point—one of the many which arise to one's mind when considering the strange case of Nyria and the Instrument—may be touched upon here. I mean the style of Nyria's language and its modifications from the time of the Occultist's introductory experiments through that of her more intimate relations with myself.

It will have been noticed that at the outset, when the Instrument was not yet wholly invested with the Nyria garment, her manner of speech was that of the ordinary Victorian girl and that as the ancient environment pressed around her with arresting actuality she would adopt the "thee" and "thou" mode of address and would make use of expressions belonging to a very much earlier period. Then in a moment she would fall back—or

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1 *As a Watch in the Night*, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.
2 Scenes in connection with the 1896 document visioned by two other clairvoyant friends. See Appendix 26, Bk. I.
more correctly, forward—into the present-day vernacular, so that in her earlier talk there were grammatical irregularities which jarred upon the ear and which I have taken upon myself to soften by keeping her as far as possible to the same style throughout.

I would, however, make it clear that though I have been compelled to prune vigorously—often to cut away large blocks of Nyria's discursive tale, the story remains—except for occasional transpositions and such-like editorial corrections—in the words in which Nyria told it.

I cannot explain why, when the Instrument became completely merged in the Nyria personality, her phraseology should take on a mediaeval English, almost Biblical character. Nor by what mental process of translation her Latin—which presumably was the Roman slave-girl's ordinary language—should here suggest the New Testament form—unless, indeed, there was any connection in the fact that the 1611 translation of the Scriptures was largely from the Latin Vulgate. The Instrument had no knowledge of Latin. In her normal personality she remembered nothing that had happened to her when in the Nyria consciousness. Much pondering gave no solution of the problem. She had lived. She still lives—now or two thousand years ago, what matter! She was Nyria. She is Nyria. That's all there is to it.

Once when she spoke of going back to get me the things I wanted to know, I asked her—"Where do you go?" and she answered—"Back into what you would call the Memory... the Memory of the Great Whole. That is where things exist after they have once happened and have been put there. You go back into the atmosphere and the knowledge comes to you and you can carry it away. But then one has to put it into words, and that is very difficult for me. There are times when the words come quite quickly and clearly, and there are other times when I can't get the right words, and yet the knowledge is pressing through almost like pain. That is because I am not always clear in the part of me which does the work."

And thinking over the matter it seems to me that the ignorant little slave-girl may have touched the root of a mystery of Being which has taxed the better-stored mind of many a sage. And that she has summed it up in a simple phrase—

The Memory of the Great Whole.
These Appendices have been corrected for the Press by the Hon. Ralph Shirley.
Use has been made throughout these Appendices of various translations of the Classics from "Bohn's Standard Library," published by Messrs. Bell, to whom due acknowledgment is hereby made.

APPENDICES TO BOOK I

THE INSTRUMENT

APPENDIX I. TEMPLE OF JUPITER CAPITOLINUS

"The edifice of the Capitol was in the form of a square 200 feet on each side. It contained three temples, that of Jupiter in the middle, Minerva (Athene) on the right and Juno on the left. The temple was one hundred steps up from the Forum." See Adams's Roman Antiquities, p. 351.

Chariot of the Goddess of Victory. See Tacitus, Hist., Bk. I, c. 86.
The Cupola of the Temple supported by eagles. Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 71.
The gilding of the Temple is said to have cost 12,000 talents, i.e. £1,976,250. See Plutarch in "Poplic." It was begun by the Emperor Titus and finished by Domitian.

Note by the Recorder
The Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, as seen psychically by a friend (date, April 1898), corroborating Nyria's description.

"There is a small porch or doorway, the entrance to a sort of vestibule or passage: then another entrance to a large round building (I am not sure if it was oblong or round). (The Temple was oblong, with a dome.) In the centre there is a very large marble group—prancing horses and at the back of the chariot a colossal figure, very regal and commanding. Before this group there is an altar upon which incense is burning. A man enters. He is going through the Temple to visit someone connected with it. He either takes some stuff up from a corner or else warms his hands over the fire,—I cannot see which, but it is an act of oblation in either case—a kind of offering to the god or the power represented by the god..."

APPENDIX 2

The person and functions of the Flamen Dialis, head of the Trinity of Flamens, represent all that is most sacred in the religion of ancient Rome. In them may be traced the Pagan prototype of the Pope's authority and of the essential tenet of the Roman Catholic creed—that of Transubstantiation. The Holy Cake was consecrated by the Flamen and a portion was always kept in his room to be in readiness should there be private need of the Sacrament. A special vestment was laid over the priest's shoulders for the moments of performance of the Sacrifice, and the ceremony would have been invalid were any accident to befall the headdress worn by the Flamen—a mitred cap made from the pure white skin of a lamb slain in sacrifice bearing in its centre the Apex, which was the symbol of the Flamen Dialis.

Nyria's description of the Flamen's robes and headdress, seen from a distance, proves as far as it goes to be correct. Although not allowed to wear a gold ring—the privilege of the equestrian order—and though debarred from contact of his flesh with any metal except bronze—the metal dedicated to sacred purposes (the Flamen was shaved with a bronze razor)—gold was permitted upon his robes and the outside of the bands beneath his chin, attaching the cap. The "something round and bright standing up in the middle" and of which Nyria says later, "The round thing in the middle of his head-dress shines in the sun," was a disc of pure gold supported by a small stick of olive-wood.

An exhaustive article in the Dictionnaire des Antiquités of Daremberg and Saglio contains full particulars on the subject and, in reference to the "baguette" or wand of olive-wood and the gold surmounting it, has this remark:

44
"La Baguette des flamines Latins rappelle la lame d’or que le grand sanctificateur d’Israël fixait sur sa tiare."

Also there is noted the similarity of the Flamen’s ritual to the Mosaic ritual of the sovereign priest Aaron.

**APPENDIX 3**

Domitian’s adoration of Minerva—Pallas Athene—is frequently mentioned. Martial, in an epigram to Domitian, presumes that Jove will not have sufficient in his treasury to pay the god’s debt to the Emperor. “For what could he pay you for the temple on the Capitol. . . . What could the spouse of the Thunderer pay for her two temples? Of Minerva, I say nothing, your interests are hers.” Martial, Bk. IX, Ep. 4. “He (Domitian) celebrated upon the Alban mount every year the festival of Minerva, for whom he had appointed a college of priests.” Suetonius, Vit. Domitian, IV.

**APPENDIX 4**

The chapel with statue of Jupiter Conservator built by Domitian in commemoration of his escape during the Vitellian riots, is mentioned by Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 74.


**APPENDIX 5. HAIRLESS ARMS OF THE ROMAN DANDY**


Martial comparing himself with Carmenion.

“You are perfectly smooth from the daily use of depilatories, I am rough-haired both in limb and face.” Martial, Bk. XI, Ep. 65.

**APPENDIX 6. WREATHING THE MASKS OF THE ANCESTORS**

Juvenal’s Satire VIII begins, “What boots it to display the painted faces of your ancestors?” A footnote is appended in Bohn’s Translation (p. 78) upon the practice of wreathing the *Imagines* (wax masks) set up in the hall.

“None had the right of using family pictures or statues but those whose ancestors or themselves had borne some of the highest dignities. So that the *jus imaginis* was much the same thing among the Romans as the right of bearing a coat of arms among us.” Pliny’s Letters: Note to Let. 17, Bk. V.

**APPENDIX 7. MIRRORS**

“The mirror was usually held by the ornatrix (female slave), tirewoman, while her mistress arranged her hair.” Ovid, Amores, Bk. I, XIV, verse 16.

“The *specula* or looking-glasses of the ancients were usually made of metal, either a composition of tin or copper or silver, but in later times alloy was mixed with the silver. Pliny the Elder says that mirrors were made in the glass-houses of Sidon, which consisted of glass plates with leaves of metal at the back: they were probably of an inferior character. Those of copper and tin were made chiefly at Brundusium. The white metal formed from this mixture soon becoming dim, a sponge with powdered pumice-stone was usually fastened to the walls, and they were occasionally the length of a person’s body.” Ovid, The Metamorphoses, Bk. IV (Note to verse 349, Bohn’s Translation, p. 135).

**APPENDIX 8. SEPTIMONTIUM—FEAST OF THE SEVEN HILLS, INAUGURATED BY A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY OUTSIDE THE CITY**

Nyria’s indication of the time of year by her previous mention of a fire in the Priests’ Room at the Temple, suggests that this procession was connected with the Feast of the Seven Hills in December, and the dedication of the Sanctuary on Mount Oppius at which the Flamen Dialis officiated. See Smith’s Dictionary of Antiquities and Suetonius’ Domitian.

**APPENDIX 9. FLAVIAN FAMILY**

Vespasian (spoken of as “the honest tax-gatherer”) had two sons, the elder, Flavius Sabinus, Prefect of Rome; the younger, Vespasian, afterwards Emperor.
SOUL OF NYRIA

The elder son, Flavius Sabinus, Prefect of Rome, had two sons—Flavius Sabinus (who married Julia, daughter of his cousin Titus) and Flavius Clemens (who married his cousin Domitilla, daughter of Domitilla, the sister of Titus).

Vespasian, the Emperor, had three children, Titus, Domitian and Domitilla.

APPENDIX 10

In a poem of Statius congratulating Rutilius Gallicus, then Prefect of Rome, upon his recovery from illness, the following lines occur:

"Time would fail me to tell of thy battles in the north, of insurgent Rhine, of captured Veleda's entreaties, and last, greatest triumph, Rome placed in thy hands to govern while the destruction of the Dacians was going on, when Gallicus, the chosen, took up the leadership of our great Chief (Domitian) and Fortune marvelled not." Statius, Silvae, Bk. I, c. 4.

Statius also speaks of Domitian as "lord god Germanicus." Domitian's arrogance was not so marked in the earlier part of his reign, and Statius' poem was probably written near the end of it.

"In the year 77 a considerable army was collected in Lower Germany under the command of C. Velius Rufus and Q. Julius Cordinus Rutilius Gallicus. To it came contingents drawn from the four legions of Upper Germany and the four legions of Britain. . . . This army crossed the lower Rhine and managed to capture that most troublesome German prophetess, Veleda of the Bructerii. . . ." Five Roman Emperors, p. 94.

Note . . . age of Nyria . . . Statius' first book of the Silvae was written in A.D. 94.

APPENDIX II

Pliny (the Elder), who was well acquainted with Germany, gives a striking description of the Hercynian Forest.

"The vast trees of the Hercynian forest, untouched for ages and as old as the world, by their almost immortal destiny exceed common wonders. Not to mention circumstances which would not be credited, it is certain that hills are raised by the repercussion of their meeting roots: and, where the earth does not follow them, arches are formed as high as the branches, which, struggling, as it were, with each other, are bent into the form of open gates so wide that troops of horse may ride under them" (xvi. 2). Quoted from Pliny the Elder in a footnote to c. 30, Tacitus, Germania, p. 320 (Bohn ed.).

The German tribes are described by Tacitus as with "eyes stern and blue: ruddy hair: large bodies, powerful in sudden exertions but impatient of toil and labour." Tacitus, Germania, c. 4.

"The matrimonial bond is strict, and severe among them. Adultery is rare. . . . Its punishment is instant." Tacitus, Germania, c. 19.

APPENDIX 12. VELEDA

Veleda. . . . "A virgin of the Bructerian nation who ruled over a large tract of territory: according to an ancient custom among the Germans of supposing that many of their women have a prophetic spirit. . . . and of believing them to be divinities. . . ." Tacitus, Hist., Bk. IV, c. 61.

And again . . . of Veleda. . . . "Persons were not allowed to see her, to increase the awe of her. She herself resided in the summit of a lofty tower: a relation chosen for the purpose was employed to convey the questions and responses, like a messenger between man and a deity." Tacitus, Hist., Bk. IV, c. 65.

"Veleda, queen of the Bructerii, was regarded as a divine being. She lived in a lofty tower in the neighbourhood of the river Lippia (Lippe). . . . Tacitus, Hist., Bk. VIII, c. 61, 65; Bk. V, c. 22-24; Germania, c. 8. Also Dion Cassius, LXVII, 6.

APPENDIX 13. COSMETICS AND ADJUNCTS TO THE TOILETTE OF ROMAN GREAT LADIES

Perfume "Liquid nard." "There were two kinds of nard, the 'foliated' and the 'spike' nard. It was much esteemed as a perfume by the Romans." Ovid, Ars Amatoria, Bk. III, p. 451 (Bohn's Translation).
APPENDICES TO BOOK I

"Roman women used powdered chalk to add to the fairness of the complexion." Ovid, Ars Amatoria, Note to Bohn's Translation, Bk. III, p. 441.

"The red colour which was used by the Roman ladies for giving a bloom to the skin was prepared from a moss called 'fucus,' from which in time all kinds of paint received the name of fucus." Ovid, Note to Bohn's Translation, p. 442, Ars Amatoria.

The eyebrows: "We learn from Juvenal that the colour of them was heightened by punctures with a needle being filled with soot." Ovid, Note to Bohn's Translation, p. 441, Ars Amatoria.

Also, same page, note "To mark the eyes." "To heighten the colour of the eyelashes, ashes and probably charcoal were used by Roman women . . . black paint made of pulverised antimony is used by women of the East at the present day to paint their eyebrows black. It is called 'surme' and was used in Rome."

APPENDIX 14. DELATORES—INFORMERS

"The delatores under the emperors were a class of men who gained their livelihood by informing against their fellow-citizens." Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

"The unsupported allegation of any one person relative to a word or action construed to affect the dignity of the emperor was sufficient." Suetonius, Domitian, LX, 12.

The rewards of informers: "When the accused was found guilty, the fourth part of his estate and effects went to the prosecutors," otherwise Informers. Tacitus, Annals, LV, 30, Note p. 173, Bohn's Translation.

APPENDIX 15. YELLOW-HAIRED SLAVE-GIRLS

"Ogulnia, in order that she may go in due state to the games, hires a dress and attendants, and a sedan and pillow and female friends and a nurse and yellow-haired girl to whom she may issue her commands." Juvenal, Satire VI, line 352 et seq. And see note at foot of Satire VI, p. 51 (Bohn's Translation).

APPENDIX 16

The disused quarries spoken of by Nyria as the meeting-place of the Christians would seem to have been the ancient quarries beneath the Aventine near the present Church of St. Saba, whence Servius Tullius obtained the tufa blocks for the building of the city walls; or the Cervara, also beneath the Aventine in the Region XIII nearer the river. See Lanciani's Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome, pp. 33, 34.

The reddish tufa is spoken of by Lanciani as found in this part of Rome, not frequently elsewhere.

APPENDIX 17. THE JANICULUM HILL

"In the early days of Rome there was but one line of communication with the Janiculum . . . the road that passed over the Sublichian bridge, crossed to the plain of Trastevere by S. Cosimato and ascended the Janiculum by the Villa Spada (Livy, I, 33; V. 40), and Valerius Maximus (I, 10) describes it on the occasion of the flight of the Vestals to Veii (de Aq., I, 18, p. 43), and Fabretti speaks of its rediscovery. . . . Things were, however, improved in the sixth century of Rome when a new bridge and better road were built. . . ." Lanciani's Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome, p. 20.

APPENDIX 18. HOUSE OF MARCUS LICINIUS SURA

The house of Marcus Licinius Sura was situated exactly as Nyria describes—on the Aventine, facing the Circus Maximus. Its site is marked on the map of ancient Rome as Thermæ Suræ, the baths having been built later by Trajan's friend Lucius Licinius Sura.
Martial in his Epigram, "To a Detractor," complains that the latter carps at his best jokes, "jokes" which the immortal Silius deigns to receive in his library, which the eloquent Regulus so frequently repeats and which win the praises of Sura, the neighbour of the Aventine Diana, who beholds at a less distance than others the contests of the great circus. Even Caesar himself, the lord of all, the supporter of so great a weight of empire, does not think it beneath him to read my jests two or three times." Martial, Bk. VI, Ep. 64.

APPENDIX 19. THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF VITELLIUS

The first mention in history of Vitellius' younger daughter is in a letter to Antonius, his opponent on Vespasian's side, in which Vitellius "offered him the consulship, his daughter who was marriageable, and a rich dowry" (Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 78). Vitellia being then married to Valerius Asiaticus, this daughter could only have been the younger one, called (according to Nyria, for her name is not given in history) probably after her uncle Lucius, who, with one of Vitellius' elder sons, was killed in battle. "Lucius and Germanicus, the brother and son of Vitellius, were slain near Terracina when the former was marching to his brother's relief." See Suetonius, Life of Vitellius, Note to c. 18 (Bohn's Translation).

Lucia, the younger daughter, would have received the further name of Valeria on her marriage with Valerius Paulinus.

APPENDIX 20. FATE OF VITELLIUS

See Suetonius' Life of Vitellius, c. 16-17. Also Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 84-85, with whose accounts of the death of Vitellius that of Nyria is in accord.

APPENDIX 21. MARRIAGES OF VITELLIUS AND THEIR ISSUE

Soon after the divorce of his first wife Petronia, by whom he had a son "blind of an eye," he (Vitellius) "married Galeria Fundana, the daughter of a man of praetorian rank, and had by her both sons and daughters." Among the former was one who "had such a stammering in his speech that he was little better than if he had been dumb." See Suetonius, Vit. Vitellius, c. 6.

This confirms Nyria's mention of the Domina having a brother thus afflicted.

Vitellius' second wife is contradictorily described—by Tacitus as "prudent and virtuous" and of a "mild character" (Tacitus, Hist., Bk. II), and by Dion Cassius as disdainful of the decoration in Nero's palace and as being ambitious and worldly. The latter opinion fits better the impression given by Nyria who implies that she was partly responsible for the unhappy marriage of her daughter Lucía—Valeria. There must have been another quite young child, for on Vitellius' abdication in Dec., A.D. 69, it is told that when he came down from his palace in mourning apparel surrounded by his afflicted family his infant son was carried in a small litter exhibiting the appearance of a funeral procession."

Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 67-68.

A still more touching picture—"It was a very melancholy sight to see the Empress Fundana go out of the palace leading her little daughter by the hand and shedding copious tears for her husband, whose unhappy destiny had reduced him so low as to seek for shelter in the compassion of his people"—is given in The Roman Empresses, Walpole Press, Subscribers' Edition.

Yet Lucia could not have been so very little, if not long afterwards Vespasian arranged for her an advantageous marriage. (Ed.)

APPENDIX 22. MARRIAGES OF THE DAUGHTERS OF VITELLIUS

The marriage of Vitellius' elder daughter Vitellia must have taken place immediately before the death of Galba or immediately after Vitellius succeeded him. Tacitus says, "Valerius Asiaticus, the governor of Belgic Gaul, to whom, a short time after, Vitellius gave his daughter (Vitellia) in marriage... went over to the party of the new emperor." Tacitus, Hist., Bk. I, c. 59.

Suetonius says, in his Life of Vespasian, XIV: "He made a very splendid marriage for the daughter of his enemy Vitellius, and gave her, besides, a suitable fortune and equipage."
APPENDICES TO BOOK I

APPENDIX 23. VALERIUS PAULINUS, HUSBAND OF THE DOMINA

The husband provided by Vespasian for Vitellius' youngest daughter is described as follows:

"Valerius Paulinus, the procurator (of Narbon Gaul), an active and experienced officer, and before his elevation devoted to Vespasian, had brought the surrounding states to swear allegiance to him. Paulinus having gathered round him all those who, having been disbanded by Vitellius, zealously entered upon the war, secured with a garrison the colony of Forum Julii which commanded the sea, having the greater weight and influence as he was a native of the colony, and honoured by the pretorian bands, of which he had formerly been a tribune."

Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 42, 43. Also see Josephus, Bk. VII.

Valerius Paulinus was consul in the reign of Trajan A.D. 100.

Pliny writes to him: "You see it is not any pleasurable indulgence that prevents my attending you on the first day of your consulship. I shall celebrate it, nevertheless, as much as if I were present and pay my vows for you here with all the warmest tokens of joy and congratulation."

Pliny's Letters, Bk. IX, Letter 37.

This was five years after the death of Nyria, therefore she would not have known of it.

Here Nyria makes a significant remark in regard to her method of procuring information.

"You know I only remember things in blocks. It is possible that he may have been consul in the time I have not worked upon. Unless a thing has to do with the subject I am working upon, I don't seem to take it into consideration. One has to work through a particular block—and it is not easy to get other things."

APPENDIX 24. FORUM JULII

Pliny writes to Valerius Paulinus (husband of Valeria) on behalf of his (Pliny's) freedman Zozimus, who is consumptive.

"For this reason I intend to send him to your farm at Forum Julii (Fréjus, in Provence), having frequently heard you mention it as a healthy air, and recommend the milk of that place as very salutary in disorders of that nature."

Pliny's Letters, Bk. 3, Letter 19, p. 174 (Bohn's Translation).

APPENDIX 25. OUTLINE OF THE LIFE OF A ROMAN LADY OBTAINED PSYCHICALLY IN 1896

She appears to have been married by an ambitious mother to a man in a good position—a consul at one time. The girl hates the marriage and rebels as far as possible, but uselessly. The man loves her devotedly. He is of a weak, passionate nature and has lived a very evil life, but he is so filled with love for his wife that he tries for her sake to grow better and leaves no stone unturned to please her, but without effect. She remains absolutely unmoved by his efforts, and refuses to see any good in him at all till at last, wearied of the struggle, he returns to his old life and makes no further attempt to lead a better one. Children are born to them to whom she is indifferent. Her only affection so far seems to be for a sister who is intensely sympathetic towards her while endeavouring to make her see the failure she is making of her life. This sister has strong influence but not strong enough for that.

Many men love the woman but she is cold to them all till at last one touches her heart. It would seem as if all her emotions had been pent-up until then. She loves him as he loves her and is happy for a while.

There is in the house a young Greek—a favourite and a sort of musician, but a slave, I think—a boy of about eighteen years of age. He adores the woman and is the only one who observes the new current of her feelings. He is furiously jealous of her lover and one day when rebuked by her for some fault turns on her and threatens to betray her to her husband. He is a strange boy with a gloomy jealous nature but sensitive and loving in a queer selfish way.
The woman well knows what would follow if her husband learns the truth. She orders the boy’s tongue to be seared with a hot iron and that he be sold to an Egyptian slave-dealer to be shipped off to the East. The curious part of her character is that she does such things in a sort of wild impulse and repents bitterly afterwards, for she is really of a warm and generous nature. Her act to the boy is bitterly regretted and she tries to get him back to make up to him.

Time passes on and her lover’s ardour begins to cool, though she does not suspect him till at last she finds him faithless to her. Maddened by the blow she denounces him as mixed up with a Christian plot. He is imprisoned.

One day there is a show at the Colosseum which she attends—fighting of gladiators and wild beasts. To her horror, she sees her lover among the doomed men. She falls fainting and is taken home, but she never recovers the shock. She lives on some years but is entirely changed. Her husband dies and she devotes herself to her two sons and to mystical studies (for which she has brought over great aptitude from the past) under the guidance of the Flamen of Jupiter whom she met at the house of a relative. (Dated)—January 13—1896.

APPENDIX 26. PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF A ROMAN LADY, SEEN IN 1896 BY TWO CLAIRVOYANT FRIENDS, NOT INCLUDING THAT ONE FROM WHOM THE SKETCH OF THIS ROMAN LIFE WAS RECEIVED EARLY IN THAT YEAR

“... I see an open space in a city. The Roman lady is carried by slaves in a sort of litter. Not long married, her husband walks beside her. . . . He has black hair and is heavily built. He is good-natured but does not in the least understand her.

Now they come to a large public building with steps and pillars. She gets out of the litter and goes inside. It is a place where are given recitations and readings of poetry or philosophy. She has literary tastes and likes to hear and learn about style, etc. Her husband is not interested and only comes to show attention to his wife. . . . He stays about outside on the chance of seeing and chatting with people he knows.

This appears to be her first meeting with her lover. He is quite different from her husband—fairer, with a clean-cut face and deep-set eyes. He is more intellectual than the husband. He is presented to her and at first sight the two are attracted to each other.

Now, I see her in her own room. It is shaded from the sun. She sits on the right-hand side of a window which looks into a court where there is bright sunshine. Her lover comes in. He kneels by her side and speaks to her in terms of passionate love—I can only see it like a picture. I cannot feel what either of the two are thinking.

... I see her again in the same room. . . . He comes again but is cold to her. She is half-angry and reproaches him. . . . He leaves her.

... I see a woman with her who tells her gossip about him—that he loves another woman. . . . She is ready to believe this. . . . She thinks how she can be revenged.

. . . Some days after, I see men coming in with scrolls and things to sign. She is arranging to have him imprisoned for what she believes to be a slight offence or conspiracy. She thinks that she will intercede for him—that hers will be the hand to open the door to liberty and that he will come back to her. But in reality, he is far more deeply involved than she knows and she has ruined him.

. . . Now there is a vast round place—I suppose the Colosseum—and thousands of people. . . . He is brought into the arena looking haggard and worn and miserable. . . . Then I hear a fearful scream . . . and it is all a muddle—I can’t see any more.”

1 Doubtless in the Odeum. There were four buildings so styled in Ancient Rome. (Ed.)

It must be apparent how closely these fragmentary pictures seen early in 1896 agree with Nyria’s story not begun until late in 1899. . . . Coincidence, thought-reading do not explain the similarity. (Ed.)