CHAPTER XVII

IN THE VAULTS OF THE COLOSSEUM

Here the Commentator, on superphysical levels, takes up the threads of Nyria’s narrative and gives certain realistic details of the scenes in the vaults of the Flavian Amphitheatre where the prisoners are awaiting their doom on the morrow.

COMMENTATOR: “Once more I intervene to supply a rough outline of events during the twenty-four hours preceding the Games in the Colosseum.

The things which I tell you, come to me as reflections of the thoughts and feelings of those who went through that night of agony—impressions forming themselves into pictures within the Memory of the Great Whole which shall endure for ever.

You will understand that Nyria, when she visits the Palace, is absent three or four hours and that, in the interval, her fellow-prisoners have been removed to the extensive under-structure of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

Here—where the wretched company are assembled in a large half-underground hall, the doors of which lead through another hall to the wide iron gates opening into the Arena—there enters Matho, the lawyer—a short, thickset, middle-aged man with a rugged, debased face, who, commanding silence, reads a proclamation from the Emperor.

This, to the effect that the mighty lord-god Domitian Caesar, desiring that the condemned be fortified to fight valiantly in the arena and thus win a chance of life, has, of his clemency, ordained that a bounteous feast of meat and wine be served to them on this last evening.

At the announcement, they, who have lived for many days on worm-riddled bread and foul water, think that Matho mocks them. Hungry, eager eyes peer at him and cries of execration follow him as he goes forth.

But after he has gone, men come in, bearing trestles and long slabs of wood which they set up in the middle of the hall. Behind them, others bring in huge baskets containing meats on great platters, and still others carrying fat pitchers filled to the brim.

It is Domitian’s tendency to caress before he kills—a cat-like refinement of cruelty. The feast is plenteous and of good quality and with it flow rivers of strong red wine.

I see the beast awaken in most of the famished prisoners, who go nearly mad at sight of the tempting drink and viands. They rush the baskets and the tables and fight for the meat and wine. I see pitiable instances of bestiality—which exceed in cruel realism any description that I could give—when the weak and old, crying to be allowed to approach, are flung aside by the young and lusty, who make a ring round the tables and hit and snarl and drink and devour like ravenous animals. . . . And the soldiers, looking on, throw taunts and jeering laughter and, at last, leave the rabble to battle as it may.
Picture the scene. . . . The brutal orgy going on. Those of coarser strain, who surround the table, eating ferociously and drinking heavily, tearing the meat asunder and seizing the pitchers of wine which spill as the ones behind jostle the drinkers. . . . The old and weak, literally trampled upon as they drag themselves along the floor to pick up the pieces which have fallen. . . . Others, more kindly, aiding them as best they can. Some, spiritually-minded and more fortunate, who have managed at the beginning to obtain food, taking only just enough to support their poor strength, then holding aloof and praying softly to themselves.

Into the midst of this turmoil Nyria is brought. . . . She stands bewildered. The sight of Aeola calls her to herself. Aeola is in a state of wild terror. She is aware of her danger and her one thought is that if Crispus only knew of it he might save her. She has heard one of the soldiers who brought in the tables say that Crispus has returned to Rome—that he is entered for the gladiatorial matches to-morrow. . . . Aeola prays Nyria, should Stephanus come that night, to beg him to convey a message to Crispus.

But Stephanus comes not that night. To the last, he is striving after some means of saving Nyria. He has seen Domitilla. He has tried in vain to get speech with Paulinus. Every channel of deliverance is closed to him. All effort is useless. All hope is vain. . . .

Now, Nyria's pity is stirred by the pitiful complaining of that old sick woman, who, before, had railed at her as their betrayer and had refused her ministrations, but who, now, is crying out for assistance to get some food. Being small and very thin, Nyria contrives to slip under the outstretched arms of some of the men close to the table and to get from it a plate of meat and a cup of wine which she takes to the old woman and, she, though at first unwilling to be helped by Nyria, cannot resist the temptation, and Nyria, leaning over the sick woman, feeds her as she might feed a child.

Then Gaius—you remember the Presbyter?—broad-shouldered, high cheekboned, with long, lank grey hair, very prominent black brows, large nose and grizzled beard. Rather a self-righteous person, but now he has lost his air of self-complacency: and, though, poor old fellow! he does his best against it, he is in as big a fright as the faintest-hearted among them. Gaius, seeing that Nyria has got food for the old woman, begs her to try and get some for him also, and, again, she slips through the ravening crowd and contrives to fetch him meat and wine. As she stands beside him, in the fresh white robe which the Keeper's wife had put on her for the visit to Domitian, so thin, so pale, so ethereal, her yellow hair smooth-combed, rippling around her, a strange contrast does she present to the Presbyter, shorn of his ecclesiastical propriety, his clothes dirty and disordered, his hair and beard unkempt. Moreover, he has been completely unmanned by the discreditable scene and the behaviour of his flock. He now stands up and implores them as his brethren, his children, to remember who and what they are and to eat with decorum and be mindful of others' needs. But none listen to him and when he puts forth a hand to enforce a hearing, it is rudely thrust aside.

After a time, the worst of the rabble—their craving appeased—become more quiet. Gradually, they move away from the table and lie about in half-drunken heaps.

And, when Gaius gives the call for prayer, few answer him. The Elder mutters to himself and his murmured supplications are echoed by the little company he has gathered around him in a corner of the prison. . . .
at last, he lays himself down to sleep and, before long, sleep overcomes them all.

Only Nyria remains awake. The lights die down. The prisoners are allowed a few oil lamps for the supper, but these, by degrees, flicker out and the great hall is in complete darkness.

Aeola has been hysterical from horror and dread. She is afraid that tomorrow it may be too late for Crispus to obtain her release. Nyria tries to soothe her and gives her wine and food and at last Aeola, too, falls asleep.

But, all through the hours, Nyria remains awake. She can just see the grey light of the sky through the bars of a high grating like that in the other prison. . . . And thus she sits, head raised, limbs still, stony, unable to combat her hard and bitter resentment against fate—her hard and bitter anger against the woman she has so greatly loved and who has brought about her undoing. . . .

Her thoughts wander back on the past . . . to her childhood in the Hercynian Forest . . . her service in the robing-room of Julia. . . . Euphena's strange prophesying . . . she remembers certain words—'For Nyria there shall be no carrying forth and no burial.' . . . She understands now what Euphena had meant.

But it is not for me to tell of Nyria's feelings during her vigil that night. At last sleep comes to her.

Dawn creeps into the dark hall and makes visible the huddled heaps of sleepers. . . . Some of these groan in their sleep as though they are in pain.

A low gleam from the rising sun penetrating the grating and falling upon her, awakens Nyria. Presently she hears the unlocking of the prison door. Several of the guard come in. Two of them bear piles of what seem garments and the load of one appears oddly shaped and wavy. But in this almost underground place it is yet too dark for her to distinguish what manner of things they lay down near the door.

The soldiers move about in different parts of the hall. They shout at the sleepers, kick them, shake them, make coarse jokes upon their being late abed after last night's carousal. . . .

The light increases. . . . One of the soldiers calls out to a company of young women herded together in a side recess:

'Wake up, ye sluggards! See ye not that Caesar has sent ye the robes and wreaths of the Bacchantes?'

Now, Nyria is able to tell that the piles of garments are spotted skins of panthers and leopards and that the dark wavy mass consists of great trails of ivy.

The women whom the soldier has addressed rouse at his call. There are a number of them—the tallest, strongest and comeliest of the Christian maidens. These were selected by two officials on the previous evening to impersonate, it was said, the female followers of Bacchus in a masque in honour of that god to be performed at the Games on the morrow.

The women, when they perceive the pile of spotted skins and the masses of ivy, eye these with shuddering curiosity. The soldiers draw nearer to the band of maidens and, as the men exchange remarks with each other, seem to be appraising them in cynical, jocund fashion, one man saying with a laugh and a shrug that it will need strong hands and sharp claws to make mincemeat of Licinius Sura.
The women, bemused and but half-awake, gaze blindly at the soldiers, not taking in their meaning. But a spasm of instinctive horror seizes Nyria. And when Aeola, faintly disturbed by the voices, moans in her sleep, Nyria places herself in front of her friend and throws the corner of her cloak over Aeola's head and face.

Before long, light pierces every dim corner in the vast cellar. The sun has mounted some way above the horizon. All through the hall, the heaviest of the sleepers have awakened, some trembling, some still half-comatose, their brains deadened by drink, others becoming suddenly alive to their desperate situation. No food is allowed them this morning—that is part of the cruelty of Domitian—but they are still fed with illusive hopes that the brave fighters will be granted their lives.

By and by, Aeola starts up, stares wildly around her and then realising where she is, becomes hysterical again. As time goes on, she falls to gibbering. . . She does not quite lose her reason but she comes near it, until later on, she hears one soldier tell another that Crispus Sabinus is the name of the fellow with the net who will fight the heavy-weight Balbus Plautius. And hope revives faintly in Aeola's heart but dies again with the fear that no news of her will have reached Crispus.

As the morning advances, sounds of bustle and preparation increase and soldiers pass through, going to and from different parts of the lower building.

The Christians are in various stages of agony, of wild apprehension, of calm and heroic resignation. Poor old Gaius is not able to pray. He sits mummi­fied, his lips from time to time moving.

Now, the guard round the prisoners is doubled, trebled. Through the grating and the thick walls of the vaults of the Ampitheatre can be heard the clamour of crowds outside and the arrival of early sightseers eager for seats. Officials have been going round, passing the condemned under review, dividing them into groups according to the times of entry into the Arena, inspecting the costumes of performers in the masques. . .

Those women, appointed to enact the parts of Bacchantes, are ranged together and receive orders to undress and drape themselves with the dappled hides and to wreathe their streaming locks with ivy: while certain properties, appertaining to the Bacchic frenzy of that god's mystic rites, are supplied them—to each an ivy-bound thyrsus with pointed end and also mechanical, or dead, yet life-seeming serpents such as twine round the arms and writhe upon the bosoms of maddened Maenads. . . At the same time, these girls are instructed—for what should modest Christian maidens know of ancient Pagan drama?—in the manner and purport of this grim tragedy which to them shall be no play-acting but must be carried through in bloody and awful actuality.

The masque for which they are cast is Euripides's tragedy of The Bacche, in which Licinius Sura as Pentheus, bound to the topmost branch of a tall fir-tree, is seen prying into and mocking at the Dionysiac mysteries and is dragged down, rent limb by limb and his flesh torn to pieces by the Bacchanals whom the god has purposely driven mad. The idea being that as Licinius Sura has scorned and plotted against the self-styled god Cesar, he shall be destroyed in the same manner as was Pentheus who in the old Greek story flouted the divinity of Dionysus-Bacchus.1

Truly diabolic is the vengeance of Domitian. He has taken great personal

1 The death of Marcus Licinius Sura. See Appendix 31, Bk. III.
interest in this item of the programme, making coarse jests and declaring that it is only fitting for one so highly favoured in his loves as Licinius, to be speeded to Hades by a bevy of the finest women who can be got together for that purpose.

A few of the maidens—the youngest and most ignorant—unable to understand, far less envisage, the horror, stand dumb-stricken. Most of them shriek and protest, praying that they be not forced to commit this revolting deed.

The soldiers, half-jeering, half-compassionate, bid the women pluck up courage and take heart, seeing that the more energy they can put into their task the better hope have they of preserving their own lives. 'Verily,' says the chief officer, 'ye should thank the gods for granting ye this means to avenge yourselves and your sisters upon this vile betrayer who hath brought ye to such sorry pass.'

And with that, and a stern injunction to the Bacchantes to robe themselves without delay, the officials leave them for the moment and turn their attention elsewhere.

Now the wretched women go reluctantly forward. They try to look at the accursed apparel, but, covering their eyes, shrink back in loathing. Some break into violent sobs: some pray aloud: some scream out in passionate despair. . . . The whole tragic company realise that their fate is upon them and that there is no escape. Yet none dare touch the spotted hides. . . . Until, at last, one girl—a stalwart, crazy creature—makes a dart at the pile and snatches up a leopard-skin. She throws it over her naked body, then, seizing a trail of ivy, winds it loosely round her head and the tendrils mingle with her flowing hair. . . . She waves her arms and holds forth one of the mock serpents, its tail coiling about her wrist, its head uplifted, moving with her movements. . . . As she begins to dance she utters a wild cry. . . . Again . . . again. . . . The madness is upon her. The wild, reiterated cry becomes a yet wilder chant. . . . Other women, infected with the Bacchic frenzy, follow her example. . . .

Shutting eyes and ears so far as is possible, Nyria crouches over Aeola in their corner which is not far from the entrance to the outer hall. . . .

From outside the Colosseum, from the Arena and from the tiers of seats above it, where the great ones of Rome are taking their places, there comes a noise so loud that it deadens that nearer chant of the demented Bacchantes.
possible means of deliverance, explored every loophole of escape—all to no avail. A man whose last hope has left him.

The Christians gather in a crowd round him, crying out that he must give them drugs. . . . It is hard to press through their importuning arms. But he pushes all aside . . .

'Nay . . . nay . . .' he mutters, and makes his way to Nyria.

He folds his arms round her feet . . . He is offering something to her, but she silently refuses it.

Aeola, who, scarcely conscious, has been lying across Nyria's knees, suddenly starts up . . . listens intently . . .

Some soldiers are passing through, bringing Christian men dressed as gladiators towards the iron gates. . . . The soldiers speak interestedly of Crispus who is matched against Balbus Plautius . . . Aeola eagerly watches the great iron gates which open and close again . . . The gladiatorial contest is going on . . . The soldiers on guard spring to the wall dividing the prison from the Arena. High up on either side of the great iron gates is a loophole . . . Two soldiers climb up to these and look into the Arena . . . The fight is a single one between Balbus Plautius, the heavy-weight, and Crispus, the net-thrower . . . And the cry runs that Crispus Sabinus is fighting for the life of his sweetheart . . . and Aeola knows that he has received the news of her danger:

The soldiers at the loopholes quote the betting . . . discuss the combatants. . . . There are sounds of applause from the Arena . . . Other soldiers detach themselves from the guard and climb also towards the loopholes in hopes of getting a peep. Now comes a mighty round of applause . . . One cries 'Victory to Crispus.' Then one tremendous salvo . . . Then silence . . . The lookers-on convey that the fight is over—that Crispus has won . . . That is so . . . Balbus Plautius, the slave-beater, lies prone, to pursue his calling no more. Crispus has avenged the lashes which Balbus Plautius once dealt on Nyria.

The silence is tense. Aeola waits spellbound . . . The soldiers make known by gestures that Caesar is about to speak . . . Crispus has craved his boon—the lives of two maidens . . . And Caesar's great voice, good-temperedly jeering, asks, 'Does Crispus emulate Pentheus. Does he too lay claim to the service of many maidens?' And the great lord-god Domitian Caesar grants Crispus the life of his sweetheart Aeola.

'But for the maid called Nyria,' Domitian adds, 'with her I will deal myself.'

NOTE BY THE RECORDER

October 16-17, 1929.

Now, I have to tell, under the above recent dates, a remarkable happening which closes the history of Nyria.

Be it remembered that Nyria's last words to me were spoken through the Instrument in the early part of 1903. And that, since that year, the original script of her narrative had been packed away and left undisturbed until I began the present compilation in 1928.

Then having arrived at the final chapter, I felt that the true, dramatic climax to the story was lacking and that there was small chance of this being attained unless the conclusion could be given in Nyria's own words.
It occurred to me that, though the channel through the Instrument could never be reopened, it might be possible to find some other means of access to either Nyria herself or to that Source of Information upon superphysical levels with which the Instrument had kept me in touch for many years after the Nyria association ended.

And very soon—almost, it seemed, by pre-designed combination of circumstance—a new means of communication presented itself in the person of Mrs. H. D., the well-known psychical investigator and automatic writer, with whom I arranged a consultation.

It may be well, perhaps, to say here that this was my first experience of the professional psychic intermediary—if I except one far-back, trivial and disillusioning instance which had strengthened my disinclination towards mediumistic adventuring.

But on the present occasion I found myself in an atmosphere inspiring confidence, and the results of that first interview far exceeded such hopes as I had allowed myself to entertain. Certain tests of identity which I had mentally imposed were satisfactorily fulfilled and, after a minute or two and while still maintaining a critical attitude, I felt inwardly assured that I was once more in communication with those Teachers who in former years had helped and instructed me. When I asked whether it would be possible for Nyria to resume and bring to completion her unfinished story, I was told that the attempt might be made but that it must be regarded simply as an experiment the success of which could not be guaranteed.

The attempt was made, the response immediate. In two sittings, each of about an hour, Nyria’s description of the last night and morning of her earthly existence—up to the moment when memory and sensation ceased to function in the Roman personality—was automatically written by the hand of Mrs. H. D. without, on her part, falter or pause save for the reading aloud of that which had been transmitted through her pencil.

It is for the reader to determine by comparison of text and style whether the same Nyria who through the lips of the Instrument had told her tale almost up to the end, now guided the pencil of the Automatic Writer in providing me with its conclusion.

But first it should be understood that while these later communications were being given, I sat apart, having no physical contact with the Automaticist. Also, that until I spoke briefly of my special object in approaching her, Mrs. H. D. had never read or heard the story of Nyria, knew nothing of the tragic situation of the slave-girl at the point where the tale had been broken off and the narrator had picked it up again, had not been shown any portion of the script and was ignorant of Nyria’s old-world mode of expression.

For myself, at the reading aloud of the first paragraph beginning with the familiar prefatory ‘Thou knowest,’ and continuing as though there had never been a twenty-six years break, I was filled with astonishment and delight. And as I listened to the poignant tale, told in Nyria’s characteristic manner and phrasing, there did not seem to me much room for doubt as to who was the narrator.

Here, I lay before you the end of Nyria’s story, copied from the pencilled sheets of foolscap paper which Mrs. H. D. handed to me. Here, I have done practically no editing. Except for the insertion of one word, obviously an accidental omission, and the transposition of two or three others in order to convey more clearly the meaning, nothing has been added, altered, or taken away.
NYRIA (by the hand of Mrs. H. D.): "Thou knowest that I was bitter, for I have told thee so. The whole cup of bitterness had filled me before I was taken back to the prison. I was not conscious—I did not know what happened. All I knew was that I was without the blessing of Christ—for I could not forgive.

Thou wilt ask—What was in the heart of Nyria?—How Nyria felt?—She felt nothing but that she was full of sorrow and had no hope. But that will not tell thee what she felt... for she was confused: she was dazed. She could not think. She did not see those who were with her in the prison. She wanted to be alone. She wanted to be in the dark—Oh! Thou canst not know, for thou hast not felt it, the bitterness wherein no sweetness was left.

So, in a corner I crouched—in the corner that seemed darkest—and I shed no tears—for the tears that I should have shed seemed dried within me. I felt but one thing—bitter. And then Aeola came to me and crouched beside me. And Aeola said comforting words. She told me that Stephanus was strong and would help and that she still hoped that he would deliver me. And that Crispus was sure to conquer and had given his promise that if he conquered he would ask for me as well as for Aeola. But nothing did it mean to me—not even words, for I scarcely heard the words that Aeola spake. I never answered, nor did I press her hand, though she spoke lovingly and stroked my hair. For, within me, was but the one thought—I could not forgive. I knew that—although no other thought was in me.

I could not tell what were the strange shapes that I saw—Valeria—Domitian—Christ—they were all confused, one in the other.

Aeola left me at last and I sank on to the ground and felt no cold nor moisture—I would have been glad to feel... Then, I began to sleep—a strange sleep that was not sleep—I saw no one—not the walls of the prison nor the people within the prison, but shapes and forms, all confused and that seemed enclosed in bitterness. I could not say whether I was awake or slept.

It was now late at night, and I moved. I had lain on the ground until my body ached—thou knowest it was a frail body at all times, and, now, it was torn by what was within. I was glad to feel my body again—to feel my limbs aching—it lifted me a little out of the bitter world that was all confusion.

I could think a little then. Not about to-morrow or the fear of to-morrow, but about the past, and I could see Aeola, who lay not far from me. Thou canst not know what a comfort it was to see and feel again. I knew I was alive. I felt a hope within me. I felt that the bitterness and the unforgiving-ness would be shaken away from me as one would shake off snakes that encircled him. I knew that the serpents would not fall from me yet, but I felt hope that they would go... Then I began to speak to myself and another Self spoke to me—that other Self that knew Christ and could forgive, and I knew that if these two Nyrias could become one I would be saved.

Oh! Thou knowest what was my love for Valeria—that, to me, my domina was as a goddess and that no pain could be as bitter as the pain of knowing that she had sent me into this state of great, deep misery. I knew that if I forgave I should have her again, and I cried out intently, 'Oh, come to me, Nyria—the other Nyria—and enter into me so that I may find
mercy! But she still stood outside me, and I cannot tell how long it was—but dawn came and yet we two were not one. And I could see all those that were in the prison, and Aeola who slept still. Some there were that groaned: some wept—these I envied.

And as the dawn grew brighter I felt more comforted. I did not give one thought—no, not one—to what would befall me and to the sights I should see and the fears that would surely set upon me, I was fixed on the past—oh thou canst not know what I would have given to have that past again!

And at the last, after all this suffering—She—that other Self—entered into me. I knew it, for I felt that I had melted at last—I that had been colder than ice, began to weep. The tears came warm from my eyelids and I wept, and in those tears the bitterness left me and I could say that I forgave—or rather that Valeria was mine again.

I cannot tell thee—for there are no words—what those tears took from me. For when the weeping had ceased, I was taken away to where Christ was—where, I do not know, but misery was turned to joy and I became conscious of all that was around me without any feeling of fear or sadness. I felt so full of joy that I would have liked to share it with those who groaned and wept. For life seemed now of no value, seeing that I had something ten times more precious than life.

I went to Aeola who awoke and in waking, groaned. Now, dawn was well come and the prison was filled with mournful sounds. Aeola was not hopeful as she had been the night before. She wept and was full of fear, and I went to her, telling her of the great joy that was within me, and the words I spake seemed to give her back hope. Yet I knew now that I would not be saved—that I must die, for, otherwise, I could not have the precious thing that was mine.

And after that—through all that happened, I had no fear. I was not even afraid when the gates were opened for the beasts. I would have been happy to know that I was the first who would be devoured. That lasted till the end—that feeling that I was with Christ, though where, I knew not.

I will describe what that prison was when I awoke and was at peace. Thou knowest that at all times until now, I had loved life in spite of my serving, and that she who was dearest to me did not give me the love I could give her. I had loved living. Now, in the prison, I wondered why these people who groaned and wept did not rejoice. Women there were, there, who cried aloud, rocking their bodies to and fro, and others who sat, as I had sat the night before, silent and without the comfort that tears bring. Then others that cried aloud and knocked their heads against the prison walls, and others that talked, trying to forget and yet fell into silence.

All these loved life. I, only, lived away from it and was taken into a world of joy.

And now Stephanus came into the prison. He came to me, and asked, 'How dost thou fare?' And I, smiling, said, 'I am well. I am full of joy and hope.'

And he looked sadly, for he did not hope for me. And he spake gently to me, and said that I must not let hope carry me too far from the truth. And kind words he spake, telling me again and again how much he loved me, and I could only smile on him for he could not know what was within me. . . . And he went from one to another, telling them to be brave men and not to let their terrors get hold of them. And then again, he came to me and sat
close by me, and from his girdle he took a small phial and offered it to me, saying:
'Take this if thou hast fear—take it now,' he said. Then I knew that Stephanus knew I could not live. But I pushed the phial away—not unkindly—for now that I was no longer in the world, I loved Stephanus for the love he had given me and pitied him that he should try to spare me pain when I could feel none.

Long he strove with me to take the phial, but I refused.

Then I spoke to him at last, after his long pleading, and said, 'Have comfort, Stephanus, for, for the first time, I give thee love, and now that I am going to my death I have no fear. Fear is dead in me. What lives in me is joy—joy that I should be taken from the world before my time, by Christ.'

And he, looking at me, thought me mad and tears fell from his eyes, and once more he offered me the phial, but I, smiling, refused, saying, 'Canst thou not see that I am not sad nor have I any desire that my body should not suffer. For the other self that is within me has gone into a world where no suffering is?'

So Stephanus turned from me and wept, and bade Aeola keep the phial and give it to me so soon as the Guard should come into the prison.

On the following day. October 17th, 1929.

NYRIA (resuming): "Thou knowest the whole story. So now, though thy heart may be torn yet thou hast been told that after the hour of midnight, on the night before the end, Nyria was no longer in the world or permitted to bear pain any longer. Who entered into the body of Nyria I cannot tell, but she felt nothing, for she was taken away by the Lord Christ. So after the phial was given to Aeola, Stephanus did not come near me, but stayed away at the far end of the room. I crouched in the same corner where I had slept and saw and noticed little. I was not afraid. I was interested in what I saw and horrified for those who had not had my good fortune.

And now I heard a noise outside which sounded like hissing and derision—I could not tell what was happening there but I feared that the crowd were putting someone to torture. Then through the gate I saw Licinius Sura. He walked in the midst of a crowd of Bacchantes. He was dressed as a woman is dressed—as a priestess might be dressed—in a white robe with a golden girdle and on his head a crown of leaves. And the Bacchantes were dressed in the skins of leopards and wild animals with crowns of ivy leaves on their heads—vines that were not plaited into a crown but fell loosely over their faces so that their appearance was wild. But the faces of these had nothing in them save horror, for evil as was the lot of Licinius, worse was the lot of those that were forced to slay him.

He saw me there by the door, and saw that my eyes were not as those of a living human being, and he called out to me, 'Ah, little Watch-dog!', as he used when both of us were happy, and he repeated this twice, thinking I could not hear (''Tis thou, little Watch-dog! I may not say well met, here and now, but, haply, 'twill be better met an hour hence across the Styx').

1 A point confirmatory of the genuineness of the present communication may here be noted. I was told in 1902 through the Instrument that the real pain of Nyria's martyrdom lay in the shattering of her faith in Valeria and that of the actual death-pangs she was unconscious, for she had been taken out of her body before she faced the beasts in the Arena. (Recorder.)
And then he cried out fiercely, 'Little Watch-dog, if thou hast a god, as thou sayest, can he not aid a man in such plight as mine? And can he not help thee, Nyria, who art his child?'

This Licinius said with great bitterness, and I, from where I was, pitied him, for I knew that he could not forgive, and I knew that he would suffer the whole, while I suffered nothing. I could not open my lips. If I could have come down to my body and moved those lips I would have spoken words of comfort to Licinius, but I could not, I was half-entranced and but half-conscious of what was going on.

Then I knew that the Arena was being prepared and that after Licinius we others should come into the Arena. And I heard something beyond the noise of the crowd which was a different noise from theirs, deep and full. And, in the state I was, I could not tell at first what that noise could be. But suddenly I knew that the beasts were roaring.

Stephanus watched me while Licinius passed. I knew his eyes were fixed on me.

And now Crispus came into the prison and spake to Aeola. Crispus looked at me also and whispered to Acola, who shewed him the phial. Thou canst imagine how I longed to tell her that I was not there, but I could not. And then Crispus told Aeola that he had come to bear her away. And Aeola smiled and Crispus threw his arms about her and bore her out of the prison. But first Stephanus came up to her and I saw that she gave him the phial. And now again I crouched beside the wall, waiting and longing that the end should come. I dreaded lest they should speak to me, for I had not power to speak or reply.

And then Alexamenos came into the prison and came straight to where I was. Thou canst never know the anguish that I suffered when Alexamenos spoke to me, for I was given power to reply to him, and the pleading and agony in his eyes pierced my soul. For Stephanus, after Aeola was taken away, came wistfully towards me, offering the phial in silence. This was before Alexamenos had come. And Stephanus silently pressed the phial on me and I refused. And then he flung his arms about me and wept . . . and Alexamenos found me. Alexamenos spake to Stephanus, saying, 'I have something of importance to tell her, make way for me.' And Stephanus, like a frightened thing, let go and sank down beside me. Then, speaking quickly, and pleading, Alexamenos told me that he had seen Caesar and that Caesar had said that if I would make obeisance he would grant me my life. But I, who was already with Christ, shook my head. But he went on pleading, and so awful was the look in his eyes, and in the eyes of Stephanus who pleaded also, that I was torn inwardly though I knew that bodily pain I could not feel.

And I could not tell them what had happened, that was the great agony. If I could have told them that I was with Christ they would have wept no more. But I could not. That was the only pain I had to bear after I had been taken away. I felt for the first time what great love these two had given me and I knew that now they gave me even more love than before, and I suffered . . . Thou knowest what it is to love and pity, but thou dost not know what it is to love and pity and not be able to give the only comfort that could help. I spake—but when I spake it was not I. It was the thing.

1 The Commentator, in describing this incident, quotes Licinius as saying the words which are bracketed and which in her dazed condition might well have failed to impress Nyria's brain. (Ed.)
that was in me—the other I that I had left behind. I said, 'Nay, I will not do obeisance to Caesar. I am in the midst of death and great cruelty and shall I make obeisance to him who is the creator of cruelty? No, I will trust to Christ who pities and is kind and gentle. He will take all my pain away.'

And yet Alexamenos continued to plead, to weep, to beg me to do this shameful thing. And now Stephanus joined with him and both begged me to save my life by the only means that was. But I had no fear—not even of the awful sights I should see nor of the beasts whose roaring grew louder every moment.

And now, above the beasts and above the noise of the crowd, came another noise that was screaming. . . . So loud and terrible that it drowned all the rest. All in the prison knew what that noise was. It was the Bacchantes, who, in horror and sickness, were tearing Licinius to pieces. . . . And then I thought—for I had not thought of her since I forgave her—of my domina. I wondered whether she was there above us and whether she saw the thing she had done to Licinius.

And then greater happiness came to me. For in the midst of all this horror, I knew that pity for her whom I loved more than all else had come into my heart. I suffered with her and in her. I felt sure she must have been compelled to see this awful thing and that neither Licinius whom she had loved nor I whom she had loved less, could suffer as she suffered. For I had learned that suffering of the body is little compared to suffering in the deeper part of the soul. For my domina had murdered the love that was in herself with her own hands. And I knew that all happiness, all pride, and all that was sweet was taken from her by herself.

With that, all my being wept for her. I pitied her with my whole soul. Nothing was left in me but love for her. These two that were beside me, I pitied too, and I felt that Christ had opened my heart at last and poured sweetness into me that could never change—and as my own time came nearer, I grew stronger and spake to Stephanus and Alexamenos in a manner I had never spoken before—telling them that I loved them both and that they need not weep, for I had had my choice and was glad that the beasts would devour me. But they, being very sorrowful, took it that I had lost my reason and stared at me with miserable wondering eyes. And at last, after a long time, the screaming of the Bacchantes ceased and we knew that Licinius was no longer alive.

That stillness was worse than the screaming, for if my domina had seen it, I knew that she had died a thousand times within her soul and I prayed to Christ that my domina should be taken away out of her body as I was. I prayed with all my soul and then I felt calm all of a sudden—I felt as if my prayer had been granted me, and that gave me great peace.1

And then Stephanus offered me the phial once more and I refused once more, for they were coming in to take us. I had heard the clanking of the spears outside and knew that it must be soon, and I rejoiced.

And then we were taken out and before we went I kissed Stephanus and Alexamenos and bade them rejoice with me.

I was not afraid, but others went out screaming—grey in the face and trembling in the limbs. I prayed that I might take their pain on me, for I had learned to pray since the middle of the night before.

1 It will be remembered that in Appendix 25, Bk. I, "Scenes from the Life of a Roman Lady," she is described as having fainted at sight of her lover in the Arena. (Ed.)
And now the great space opened before us and there was the great crowd that shouted and struggled with excitement. And the roaring of the beasts was so loud that we felt they were already upon us—and I was full of calm and peace and saw something new that gave me even more comfort—I saw—or felt that my two selves were looking at each other and that my self that was with Christ circled her arms about my body shutting out all besides, and I became unconscious of all and know not what the end was."
APPENDICES TO BOOK III

IN THE HOUSE OF VALERIA

APPENDIX 1

"He (Domitian) sent two expeditions against the Dacians, the first upon the defeat of Oppius Sabinus, a man of consular rank: and the other upon that of Cornelius Fuscus, prefect of the Praetorian cohorts..." Suetonius, Domitian, VI.

APPENDIX 2. CORNELIA, THE VESTAL VIRGIN, WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE ON A CHARGE OF UNCHASTITY, BUT TO THE LAST DENIED HER GUILT

Pliny says "That emperor (Domitian) had determined that Cornelia, chief of the Vestal Virgins, should be buried alive, from an extravagant notion that exemplary severities of this kind conferred lustre on his reign... the priests were directed to see the sentence immediately executed upon Cornelia. As they were leading her to the place of execution, she called upon Vesta and to the rest of the gods to attest her innocence." Pliny's Letters, Bk. IV, Letter 2.

Sir William Gifford in an appendix to his essay on the dates of Juvenal's Satires, prefacing the translation of these by the Rev. Lewis Evans, M.A., says: "Shortly after the death of Julia, the Vestal Virgin Cornelia was buried alive. A.D. 91."

This does not agree with Nyria's chronology, right in other particulars, by which we have computed that Julia's death took place very early in 93.

APPENDIX 3

The war to which Paulinus and Asiaticus were sent may have been that mentioned by Dion Cassius as follows:

"In Moesia, the Lygians having become involved in war with some of the Suebi, sent envoys asking Domitian for aid. And they obtained a force that was strong, not in numbers but in dignity..." Dion Cassius, Bk. LXVII.

A.D. 91-92 is the date given for this expedition, but the marginal dates in Dion's history are not reliable.

APPENDIX 4. INFERENTIAL EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF MARCUS LICINIUS SURA, VALERIA'S LOVER

There is no actual evidence to be found in history of the existence of Marcus Licinius Sura, the lover of Valeria. There are, however, certain points to be put forward, which may be taken as inferential evidence of his authenticity.

Into the period of Nyria's story come two members of the Sura family frequently mentioned by writers of the time. Palfurius Sura, and the still better known Lucius Licinius Sura, intimate friend of Trajan. Nyria says that these two were cousins of Valeria's lover.

The site of the villa described by Nyria is identifiable by archaeologists of today and is marked on the map of imperial Rome, on the very spot where Nyria places it, as the Thermae Surae—baths added to the villa by Lucius Licinius Sura to whom, later, Trajan gave the property which, presumably, was then in the gift of the Crown.

Referring to the villa, Lanciani in his Pagan and Christian Rome gives the following particulars:
There lived in Rome, time of Messalina, Marcus Licinius Crassus Frugi
(Sura), consul, A.D. 27, ex-governor of Mauretania, husband of Scribonia, by
whom he had three sons. One married Antonia, daughter of Claudius by Aelia
Paetina, and was killed by Claudius, instigated by Messalina, A.D. 47. The
second son, Licinius Crassus, was murdered by Nero, A.D. 67. The third son,
Lucius Calpurnius, was adopted by Galba.

Rofstovtzef in his *Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*
mentions the Suras as an ancient Roman family. There is no record of the
assumption of the surname of Sura—said to have been a cognomen in several
Roman gentes—except of its bestowal on one P. Lentulus who had been concerned
in the Cataline conspiracy and had made the gesture of kicking out his leg (*sura*
means calf of the leg), in defiance of lawful authority.

Merlin—author of *L'Aventin sous L'Empire*—assumes Lucius Licinius Sura,
Trajan's friend, to have been the original possessor of the villa. He says, "Nous
sommes mieux instruits sur un autre des hôtes de la colline (*L'Aventin*) que
Martial nous désigne (Martial, Bk. VI, p. 289) Sura, le voisin de Diane Aventine
(see Nyria's description of the nearness of the temple) n'était pas encore arrivé
au moment, ou parut, probablement en 92, le Sixième livre des Épigrammes, à la
brillante destinée qu'il occupa plus tard. Originaire de la Tarraconnaise, il fut
sous Domitien légat de la Minervie et légat de la Belgique. Sous Trajan, il devint
un des principaux personnages de Rome. Le prince (Trajan) adopté par Nerva
sur les conseils de Sura (note Victor, Ep. 13) combla d'honneurs son bienfai-
teur. En 102 L. L. Sura est consul pour la seconde fois."

This fits in with Nyria's story and is one of the points in favour of Marcus
L. Sura's authenticity. Lucius L. Sura, if he were legate in Belgium, must have
been absent from Rome during the years when Marcus Licinius Sura played his
part in the Sura house, facing the Circus, close to the temple of Diana—where
Nyria tells us she used to wait while Valeria was with her lover.

Also, Dion Cassius (Bk. LXVIII), writing of Trajan's expedition against Dece-
balus and the Dacians (the same against which Domitian had gone in 85-86),
speaks of Trajan having sent a Licinius Sura as an envoy to make peace with
Decebalus. (This is the first mention of L. Licinius Sura in Trajan's connection.)

Nyria tells us that Marcus Licinius Sura, who in her time owned the villa, and
was Valeria's lover, had in him Jewish blood through his mother, that he was
adopted by the elder Sura, his father from whom he inherited the villa. This
therefore would account for his Jewish sympathies and for his having been mixed
up in the Judean plot which in the end brought him to his tragic fate in the
Arena.

Now, it would not have been in Trajan's power to present the Sura villa to his
friend Lucius Licinius Sura, had not the property lapsed to the State, as it would
have done through the condemnation to the Arena of its rightful owner according
to the following law:

"Under the Empire the rule was established that persons condemned to death,
to the mines and to fight with wild beasts, lost their freedom and their property
was confiscated." *Smith's Classical Dictionary.*

Thus, had Marcus Licinius Sura never existed, Lucius Licinius or Palfurius
Sura or some other member of the Sura family would already have had the villa
in possession.

Another point of inferential evidence is the epigram of Martial, Bk. VI, Ep.
64. To a Detractor, who "allow yourself to find fault with my books which are
known to fame and to carp at my best jokes—jokes to which the chief men of the
city and of the courts do not disdain to lend an attentive ear—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."
If "Caesar" be Domitian, then Marcus Licinius may well have been the inhabitant of the Sura villa.

Bearing in mind that Martial was essentially a time-server and eager to flatter the favourite of the hour, it might naturally be supposed that in this epigram, he alludes to Lucius Licinius Sura, Trajan's friend and counsellor. The whole question depends upon whether his books were produced and published in chronological order and at what date the epigram was written.

In this respect one may quote from the introduction to the English translation of Martial's epigrams (Bohn ed.) as follows:

"Many difficulties exist in the chronology of Martial's Epigrams but the researches of Lloyd Dodwell and Clinton have done much towards their satisfactory elucidation. It appears that the different books were collected and published by Martial, sometimes singly and, at other times, several together. Their chronology and order of publication are thus stated in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography:

'The Liber de Spectaculis and the first nine books of the regular series involve a great number of historical allusions extending from the games of Titus A.D. 80 to the return of Domitian from the Sarmatian expedition in January, A.D. 94. The second book could not have been written until after the commencement of the Dacian War (II, 2), that is, not before A.D. 86, nor the sixth until after the triumph over the Dacians and Germans (A.D. 91): the seventh was written while the Sarmatian War which began in A.D. 93 was still in progress and reaches to the end of that year. The eighth book opens in January, A.D. 94: the ninth also refers to the same epoch, but may, as Clinton supposes, have been written in A.D. 95. . . . The tenth book . . . celebrates the arrival of Trajan in Rome after his accession. . . ."

Now, in Book VI, containing the Epigram "To a Detractor," quoted, there are scattered about, various fulsomely adulatory epigrams addressed to Domitian. Likewise the epigram to Julia's statue—presumably that in the Vatican—reproduced in this volume. Other allusions to Julia suggest that the book, or at least these portions of it, was written before the death of Julia in 93. Certain minor touches date Books VI, VII and VIII to the reign of Domitian—in Book VI, Matho the lawyer was still wealthy: the son of Regulus (later so ostentatiously mourned by his father) was in his third year and there is a pleasing note in Martial's mention of the child's delight in his father's success as a pleader.

All the dates given in the above extract from the Introduction to Martial's work conform with the course of events as related by Nyria. Thus, apart from Nyria's own life-like narrative, there seem grounds for inferring the historic actuality of Valeria's lover, and certainly none for denying it.

APPENDIX 5. THE WORSHIP OF DEMETER

Everyone knows the story of Demeter (Earth-mother) or Ceres as she was called in Rome, and of her daughter—variously named Kore, Persephone, Proserpine—whom Aidoneus (Pluto) carried down beneath the earth to his kingdom of Hades, the abode of the dead: of the distracted mother's vain search for the girl and of her anger which caused her to withhold the fruits of the earth from man. Then, of how, in the guise of a weary old woman, she sat mourning upon the "stone of sorrow" near Eleusis where she was found by the daughters of Celeus and taken to his house; and of how she abode there as nurse to the infant Demophoon whom she would have made immortal but was prevented by his mother, Metaneira, who snatched her child from the divine fire. And how, after that, seeing that the earth still remained unfruitful because of Demeter's wrath, her daughter was restored to her through the intervention of a river-god, of Hecate and of the "all-seeing Sun." Only, however, with the stipulation that Persephone should have taken no food during her stay in the infernal regions. But unfortunately Persephone had partaken of the fruit of a pomegranate. Therefore she was compelled to return every year and, for each
seed that she had swallowed to remain a month in Hades with her husband
where she was known as Kore, queen of the Dead.

The following extracts are from Smith and Marindin's Classical Dictionary:
"The cult of Demeter, however much developed by additions from Egyptian
and from Orphic sources, was probably in its first origin merely such a worship of
the Corn-mother or Corn-spirit as is found in the folk-lore of many, perhaps of
most countries. For the Greeks she was originally a Pelasgic deity, named
Pelasgis, and foreign to the Dorian people." Hdt., II, 171; Paus., II, 22.

The reader will recall Nyria's allusion, in the early part of this book, to the
Domina's subconscious memory of having during a former life far back in the
history of Greece, served as priestess in a temple of Demeter, which, from Nyria's
indication of the position, would have been in the north of Thessaly. It may be
conjectured that perhaps this subconscious memory accounted for the Roman
lady's emotional appeal and her devotion to that goddess which otherwise seem
scarcely in keeping with Valeria's hard and sceptical attitude towards any form
of religion—pagan or Christian.

APPENDIX 6. CHARACTER OF MARTIAL

The sycophantic attitude of Martial, confirming Nyria's estimate of his
character, is touched upon in the following extract from L'Aventin sous l'Empire,
"Nous ne pouvons pas préciser ce qu'etait ce Gallus (to whom several of
Martial's epigrams are addressed). Il devait occuper une situation assez haute
puisque Martial avait cru avantageux de se concilier ses favours."

APPENDIX 7. THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF TACITUS

Tacitus himself in "A Dialogue concerning Oratory," which certainly the
Instrument had never read, corroborates the Commentator's remark upon his
own great interest in that subject. All that we know of the historian's domestic
conditions is gleaned from his Life of Agricola. As regards the man's manner of
work and his private character, Tacitus's self-revelations concerning these in the
"Dialogue" conform with Nyria's and the Commentator's appreciation of his
qualities.

APPENDIX 8. THE DEATH OF AGRICOLA

Tacitus in his Life of Agricola tells how his father-in-law's last days were
embroiled by the Emperor's neglect and ingratitude for Agricola's brilliant
services to the State in the conquest of Britain. Of his death and the suspicion
that Domitian had poisoned him Tacitus speaks thus.
"His decease was a severe affliction to his family, a grief to his friends and a
subject of regret even to foreigners and those who had no personal knowledge of
him. . . . Their commiseration was aggravated by a prevailing report that he
was taken off by poison. I cannot venture to affirm anything certain of this
matter, yet during the whole course of his illness the principal of the imperial
freedmen and the most confidential of the physicians was sent much more
frequently than was customary with a court whose visits were chiefly paid by
messages; whether that was done out of real solicitude or for the purposes of
State inquisition, on the day of his decease, it is certain that accounts of his
approaching dissolution were every instant transmitted to the Emperor by
courtiers stationed for the purpose, and no one believed that the information
which so much pains was taken to accelerate could be received with regret."
Tacitus, Life of Agricola, c. 43.

Also . . . "Agricola for the rest of his life lived not only in disgrace but in
actual want, because the deeds which he had wrought were too great for a mere
general. Finally he was murdered by Domitian for no other reason than this, in
spite of his having received triumphal honours. . . ." Dion Cassius, Bk. LXVI.
APPENDIX 9. DOMITIAN'S MOCK-TRIUMPH IN CELEBRATION OF HIS PRETENDED VICTORY OVER THE GERMANS

"He (Domitian) was conscious that his late mock-triumph over Germany, in which he had exhibited purchased slaves whose habits and hair were contrived to give them the resemblance of captives, was a subject of derision." Tacitus, Life of Agricola, c. 39.

"It was in the same year that Domitian made his pompous expedition into Germany, from whence he returned without ever seeing the enemy." Footnote to above in Tacitus's Life of Agricola (Bohn).

APPENDIX 10. THE MISTAKE OF PHYLLIS AND THE DEATH OF PARIS

The error of Phyllis is thus related, "He (Domitian) put to death a scholar of Paris the pantomimic, though a minor and then sick, only because both in person and the practice of his art he resembled his master." See Suetonius, Life of Domitian, X.

"He (Domitian) planned to put his wife Domitia to death on the ground of adultery, but having been dissuaded by Ursus, he divorced Domitia after murdering Paris the actor in the middle of the street because of her. And when many persons paid honour to that spot with flowers and ointments, he ordered that they too should be slain. . . ." Dion Cassius, LXVII.

Dion Cassius's dates are here queried, and his account of the course of events is not in accord with that of other historians. See also the "Epitaph on Paris the Actor," Martial, Bk. XI, Ep. 13.

APPENDIX II. JUVENTAL

Little is known for certain of Juvenal outside what can be gathered from his own satires. There is a very brief biography which has reached us in various forms, but it seems doubtful if even in its original form it dates back earlier than the 4th century A.D., and the statements made in it must be received with caution. We do not, as a matter of fact, know the date either of Juvenal's birth or death; the earliest date assigned for his birth is A.D. 42, but this seems decidedly too early and Professor Ramsay puts it down as any time between A.D. 60 and 70.

The Satires, as we have them now, are numbered in the order of their publication. They were first published in five separate books:

(a) Satires 1 to 5; (b) Satire 6; (c) Satires 7 to 9; (d) Satires 10 to 12; (e) Satires 13 to 16.

The 16th Satire is incomplete, suggesting that the author died before its completion. Satire 15 gives us a clue to the date at which it was written by its reference to the consulship of Aemilius Juncus, who was Consul in the year 127. This Satire we may therefore be sure, was written A.D. 127 or 128. It is also important through its allusion to the fact that Juvenal had visited Egypt. Various and contradictory accounts are given with regard to the sojourn of the satirist in that country. It is connected in the Biography with an attack (in Satire 7) on an actor who was a favourite at Court and whose hostility, it is said, led to Juvenal being sent in a sort of honourable exile to that country. The Biography indeed makes the incredible statement that he was given a military command there in his 80th year. Others have connected his exile to Egypt with the expulsion of the philosophers from Rome by Domitian; that, of course, giving a very much earlier date. Thus Sir William Gifford observes: "In A.D. 95, Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, and soon after from Italy. Though Juvenal, strictly speaking, did not come under the description of philosopher, he might, not unreasonably, have entertained some apprehensions for his safety, and with many other persons eminent for learning and virtue, judge it prudent to withdraw from the city. To this period I have always inclined to fix his journey to Egypt."
This view, it will be noted, coincides with the statement made by Nyria in the course of the present script. "Excuse," she says, "was found to send him into Egypt not by banishment but that he might take up some civil office there. I know not what it was, but I think that Domitian either feared or liked him, for Juvenal would go to the edge of Caesar's wrath, yet Caesar took no vengeance."

The clue to the situation evidently hangs on Satire 7. Though this Satire was not published till a very much later date, probably indeed, not until the commencement of the reign of Hadrian, it was obviously written in the reign of Domitian and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was recited by Juvenal in the Forum where a large following collected to listen to his declamation, and the Satire, containing as it did an outspoken attack upon the ruling powers, would not unnaturally have been much talked about, more especially as it included a violent onslaught upon Paris, the most popular actor of the day, whose enmity Juvenal would consequently have incurred.

Its introductory lines, "On Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned. He alone, in these days of ours, has cast a glance upon the sorrowing Muses," must originally have been intended as a compliment to Domitian, from whom a patronage of literature was anticipated which was unfortunately doomed to disappointment. The actual publication of the Satire at the commencement of the reign of Hadrian made these introductory lines appear apposite to the accession of a truly literary and artistic Emperor, but the reference to Paris, who was assassinated by the order of Domitian, leaves no doubt as to the date at which it was originally written.

Nyria tells us that she had heard that Juvenal was born at a place called Aquinum and that he was the son of a freedman. The latter statement is confirmed by the Biography and is probably correct. As regards the former we may take it that this also is accurate. "When Umbricius" (says Professor Ramsay), "on leaving Rome, bids good-bye to his old friend Juvenal, he speaks of the chance of seeing him from time to time when he comes for the sake of his health to his own Aquinum." Though this then was his native home, it seems clear that with exception of the interval of his sojourn in Egypt, almost the entire period of his active life was spent in Rome and he is said to have died there at a good old age. Certainly he lived well into the reign of Hadrian and we may put his death inferentially at about the year 129.

Nyria describes him as of middle age at the time she knew him, about A.D. 93. If he were forty at this date, we should place his birth about midway between the earliest and latest estimates, and his death would have occurred when he was in the late seventies.

**APPENDIX 12. OFFICES OF QUAESTOR, AEDILE, AND THE POLICING OF ROME**

Nyria’s reference to the quaestor gives rather the impression that a quaestor was a kind of policeman. There may have been a certain inferior order of quaestor answering somewhat to that description, but the quaestor proper appears to have been a much more important personage.

In the days of the Republic two orders of Quaestor were established—the quaestores publicii who had to do with the taxes and uses of the public revenue (the Aerarium of Treasury in the temple of Saturn) and the quaestores parricidii or public accusers, who had a seat in the Senate. Later, the number of quaestors was increased and plebeians were made quaestors. They were undoubtedly responsible for the keeping of order and, in the Army, one reads of a quaestor accompanying each consul as paymaster.

Nyria may have been confusing the office of quaestor with that of the aediles, who belonged to the class of minor magistrates. There were the curule and plebeian aediles.

"Augustus appointed a *prefectus urbis* who exercised the general police which had formerly been one of the duties of the aediles. . . . The aediles existed under the emperors but their powers were greatly diminished. . . . This will serve to
explain the fact mentioned by Dion Cassius (IV. 24) that no one was willing to hold so contemptible an office and Augustus was therefore reduced to compelling persons to take it: persons were therefore chosen by lot out of those who appointed the curule aediles specially to the office of putting out fires and placed a body of 500 slaves at their command, but the *prefecti vigilium* afterwards performed this duty. In like manner, the curatoriae viarum were appointed by him to superintend those within Rome. They (the aediles) retained under the early emperors a kind of police for the purpose of repressing open licentiousness and disorder. The care of the streets and pavements with the cleansing and draining of the city belonged to the aediles. They had a general superintendence over buying and selling, and, as a consequence, the supervision of the markets, of things exposed to sale. The aediles had various officers under them as *praecones, scribae and viatores.* Smith’s *Dictionary of Antiquities.*

It would appear that as time went on confusion arose between the offices of quaestor and aedile and other orders established for the preservation of order. It would be interesting to discover how far Nyria was justified in using the term as, in her time, almost synonymous with policeman. The office of quaestor was the entrance to all public employments.” Note to Tacitus, *Life of Agricola,* c. 6, p. 350 (Bohn).

**APPENDIX 13. DOMITIAN’S EARLY INTELLECTUAL TENDENCIES**

“He greatly affected a modest behaviour, and, above all, a taste for poetry, insomuch that he rehearsed his performances in public though it was an art he had formerly little cultivated and which he afterwards despised and abandoned. He celebrated upon the Alban Mount every year the festival of Minerva... with contests for prizes in oratory and poetry.” Suetonius, *Life of Domitian,* II, IV.

A composition of his remains on record as having had distinct merit.

**APPENDIX 14**

Statius, the poet. For full account of his works, see Remarks on the Life and Times of Domitian, following Suetonius’s *Life of Domitian* (Bohn ed.).

In Statius’s *Silvae* there is a reference to Veleda, Nyria’s kinswoman. “Statius, in Juvenal’s time, was a favourite poet. If he announced a reading, his auditors went in crowds.” From a note in Tacitus’s *Dialogue on Oratory* (Bohn ed. p. 400).

**APPENDIX 15. FLAVIUS ARCHIPPOS**

“A philosopher in the age of Trajan.” Lemprière’s *Classical Dictionary.*

Nyria’s description of this philosopher is fully borne out in the correspondence of Pliny the Younger with Trajan concerning a grant made to Flavius Archippos by the Emperor Domitian and claimed by Archippos after Domitian’s assassination. See Pliny’s *Letters,* Bk. X, Letters 66 and 67. Also Trajan’s reply, Bk. X, Letter 68.

**APPENDIX 16. THE WONDER-WORKER APOLLONIUS OF TYANA**

There is a similarity between the miracles said to have been performed by Apollonius of Tyana and those recorded in the Gospels of our Saviour which has been commented upon by many writers. Nyria’s version of these differs very slightly in detail from the accounts well attested in history but no more than would be the case with one speaking from hearsay, and it is difficult to believe that facts so corroborated were entirely without foundation.

The accuracy of Philostratus’s *Life of Apollonius,* undertaken at the request of Julia Domna, wife of the Emperor Severus, and founded on the journals of Damis, Apollonius’s friend and travelling companion, has been much questioned and the suggestion made that Julia Domna, under the influence of the Eclectics, wished to put forward a Pagan Messiah against the advancing claims of the Christian Messiah.
Dion Cassius tells us as "an astonishing fact" which surprises him more than anything else, of Apollonius's vision, while lecturing at Ephesus, of the assassination of Domitian by Stephanus at the actual time at which it happened.

For details of Apollonius's life see: Enfield's History of Philosophy, Bk. III, Chap. 2, S. 2; Philostratus's Life of Apollonius—Dion Cassius, Bk. LXVIV; Life of Apollonius of Tyana by G. R. S. Mead.

The most remarkable story, however, told of Apollonius of Tyana is his reported magical disappearance from before the tribunal of Domitian.

It was in the summer of A.D. 94, in consequence of rumours of disaffection in Judea, that Apollonius was summoned before Domitian on the charge of aiding a conspiracy to put Nerva on the throne, and it was then that he made his sensational disappearance from the tribunal chamber which is told in his Life by Philostratus and mentioned by other writers but is dismissed by some as apochryphal. See Philostratus's Life of Apollonius of Tyana.

"'Apollonius was accused of exciting an insurrection against the tyrant (Domitian), he voluntarily surrendered himself and appeared at Rome before the emperor: but as his destruction seemed impending, he was smuggled out of Rome, or, as his admirers averred, escaped by the exertion of his supernatural powers.'" Smith and Marindin, Classical Dictionary.

Of this disappearance no mention is made in the Life of Apollonius of Tyana by G. R. S. Mead, and by most historians the tale is regarded as a fable. But if Nyria is to be taken seriously there must have been tales in Rome at the time about this seeming miracle.

It appears, however, that the power to vanish at will is not confined to ancient times. Mr. Yeats Brown in his Bengal Lancer quotes the case of an Indian Yogi of to-day who produced before him, from the ether, whatever scent was asked for and whose disciples declared that he could make himself invisible—in other words, vanish from the eyes of a crowd of spectators as Apollonius is said to have done.

APPENDIX 17. ASCLETARIO—AN ASTROLOGER

"Nothing, however, so much affected him (Domitian) as an answer given by Asclelario the astrologer—and his subsequent fate. This person had been informed against, and did not deny his having predicted some future events, of which, from the principles of his art, he confessed he had a foreknowledge. Domitian asked him what end he thought he should come to himself? To which replying, 'I shall in a short time be torn in pieces by dogs.' Domitian ordered him to be slain, and, in order to demonstrate the vanity of his art, to be carefully buried. But during the preparations for executing this order, it happened that the funeral pile was blown down by a sudden storm, and the body, half-burnt, was torn to pieces by dogs; which being observed by Latinus, the comic actor, as he chanced to pass that way, he told it, among the other news of the day, to the emperor at supper." Suetonius, Life of Domitian, XV.

APPENDIX 18. PLINEY AND HIS WIVES

Pliny was thrice married, twice during the reign of Domitian and a third time, probably about A.D. 100, during the first years of the reign of Trajan. It is of the last wife, Calpurnia, who was his truest helpmate and assisted him in his literary labours and activities in the entertainment of his wide circle of literary friends, of whom we hear almost exclusively in his letters. But there are brief allusions to the other two wives and the facts of the case can be pieced together by occasional references in his correspondence. Nyria calls Pliny's first wife Antaea but there is no mention of her name in any of his letters or in any historical document of which we have knowledge. It appears that he married her when he was very young indeed, probably not more than two and twenty. He alludes to a dream he had about his mother-in-law (Antaea's mother) in one of his letters (Book I, Letter 18), stating that he was a mere youth at the time (adolescentulus). This wife, according to Nyria's narrative, died about the
autumn of A.D. 93. We may assume from Julia's statements with regard to her that at the time of her marriage she was appreciably younger than Pliny himself, perhaps not more than 17.

According to Nyria, Pliny was for a time quite inconsolable over her death. He married, however, for the second time about a couple of years later, according to Mommsen, "a young girl of the upper middle classes of whose name we are ignorant." It appears, however (according to the same authority), that she was the daughter of Pompeia Celerina, and stepdaughter of Vectius Proculus. This second wife died near the beginning of the brief reign of Nerva, early in A.D. 97, not improbably in childbirth. Pliny alludes to the fact that he had quite recently lost her in his letter to Quadratus (Epistles, Bk. IX, Letter 13), in which he gives an account of the speech he made in the Senate attacking Publicius Certus who had prosecuted Helvidius during the reign of Domitian, thereby securing his condemnation. This fixes the date of her death within a very few months.

Pliny married for the third time "towards the age of 40" (says Mommsen), Calpurnia, granddaughter of his fellow-townsmen Calpurnius Fabatus. Calpurnia was an orphan, having lost both her parents. Fabatus, her grandfather, was one of Pliny's most honoured correspondents, and his own constant devotion to the granddaughter is apparent in the various letters of which she is the recipient. Pliny alludes to this, his third marriage, in a letter to Trajan (Book X, 3a) expressing his hope, not, unfortunately, to be gratified, for a child to perpetuate his name. "I was not," he says, "without this inclination even in that former most cruel reign (i.e. Domitian's), as my two marriages will easily incline you to believe." Pliny trusts that the happiness of having a child, denied to him in the case of his two previous marriages, is only a postponed joy. "It is better so, perhaps," he says, "for I prefer to become a father only now when I can be secure and happy in my fatherhood."

Some critics, misreading the clear meaning of the text, have thought that the second marriage was to Calpurnia, but the reference is unmistakable, as Mommsen, Samuel Dill, Hardy and others have shown, to two marriages during the distressful time of Domitian's reign. A very valuable picture of the literary circle of which Pliny was the heart and soul, is given in Samuel Dill's Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius, (Book II, Chap. 1), fully bearing out Nyria's references to his social and literary activities.

This subject is still more exhaustively dealt with in A. M. Guillemin's learned French work, Pline et La Vie Litteraire de son Temps. Paris 1929.

After holding various public offices under Domitian, Pliny was finally designated as Consul by Trajan for the year A.D. 100. Later on he was despatched by that Emperor as legate with Proconsular powers to Pontus in Bithynia, with instructions to reorganise the finances of those provinces. Much of his correspondence with Trajan is still extant and testifies to the confidence and esteem with which that monarch uniformly regarded him.

Appendix 19. The Villa on the Aventine and Possible Association of Vitellius's Family with Clement of Rome

History gives no warrant for Valeria's statement that Bishop Clement had once been her teacher; nor for the name "Florus" by which she addressed him. It is generally accepted that he was a distant connection of Flavius Clemens and Domitilla, but for this there is no definite authority. That he was Valeria's tutor is not improbable when during Vitellius's campaign in Germany before his elevation to the throne, Galeria Fundana, then in poor circumstances, lived with her family in the villa on the Aventine. This Villa, Suetonius, in his Life of Vitellius, speaks of as "his father's house"; but Tacitus says probably more correctly that "Vitellius, seeing the city conquered, was conveyed in a litter by a private way to his wife's house on
Mount Aventine, with intent, if he could lie concealed during the day, to fly for refuge to his brother and the cohorts at Tarracina." Tacitus, Hist., Bk. III, c. 84.

Returning, however, to the Palace, Vitellius was dragged out of concealment there to his unseemly end.

APPENDIX 20. EUPHRATES

"Euphrates... An eminent Stoic philosopher, a native of Tyre or, according to some, of Byzantium (Nyria speaks of him as coming from Asia Minor). He was an intimate friend of the younger Pliny. In his old age, he became tired of life and obtained from Hadrian permission to put an end to himself by poison." See Smith and Marindin's Classical Dictionary.

Also: "Besides these events of that year (A.D. 119) Euphrates the philosopher died a death of his own choosing, since Hadrian permitted him to drink hemlock in consideration of his extreme age and his malady." Dion Cassius, LXIX, 8.

The point referred to in a footnote by the Recorder, is of interest as an argument against the theory of thought-transference. The Recorder, whose knowledge of the Flavian period and of personages in periods far more remote was at that time of a hazy nature, had in some unaccountable way confused the name Euphrates the philosopher with that of Euphranor, a Greek painter and sculptor who lived some five hundred years B.C. Nyria, corrected on the point, persisted that she was right; and so of course it proved, later. Euphrates is much quoted in Philostratus's Life of Apollonius of Tyana as the great opponent of the Wonder-worker: and Nyria's description of Euphrates—his doctrine, his marriage and social position—agrees in all respects with the accounts of his biographers, none of which had the Instrument read. See Letters of Pliny the Younger, Bk. I, Ep. 10, and Philostratus's Life of Apollonius of Tyana.

A detail of Euphrates' personal appearance, unknown to the Recorder and of course to the Instrument—Nyria's mention of Euphrates at the close of the lecture stroking his beard—was found some time afterwards to be surprisingly verified in Pliny's description of the philosopher, as follows:

"He (Euphrates) reasons with much force, acuteness and elegance, and frequently rises into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His style is varied and flowing and, at the same time, so wonderfully captivating that he forces the reluctant attention of the most unwilling hearer. For the rest, a fine stature, a comely aspect, long hair and a large silver beard." Pliny, Bk. I, Letter 10.

APPENDIX 21. THE EXPENSIVE FAVOURS OF GALLA

See Martial's Epigrams: Bk. IX, Eps. 4 and 37; Bk. II, Eps. 25 and 34; Bk. III, Eps. 51 and 54; Bk. IV, Ep. 38; Bk. VII, Ep. 18 (in Latin); Bk. X, Ep. 95.

APPENDIX 22. THE ROMAN LAW OF MARRIAGE

"If a woman lived with a man for a whole year as his wife, she became in manu viri by virtue of this matrimonial cohabitation. The consent to live together as man and wife was the marriage: the usus for a year had the manus as its result... The Law of the Twelve Tables provided that if a woman did not wish to come in the manus of her husband (or vice versa) in this manner, she should absent herself from him annually for three nights (trinoctium) and so break the usus of the year." Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

APPENDIX 23. REGULUS—ADVOCATE, INFORMER

For particulars of Regulus and condemnation of his character, see Letters of Pliny the Younger, Bk. I, Letters 5 and 20; Bk. IV, Letters 7; Bk. VI, Letter 2.

Also note in Tacitus's Dialogue concerning Oratory, c. 12.

Martial, the time-server, however, alludes to Regulus in a flattering manner. See Martial, Bk. I, Eps. 12, 82, III.
Appendix 24. The Edessa Plot

So called from the meeting between the supposed conspirators having taken place at Edessa. "A very ancient city in the north of Mesopotamia, the capital of Osroene. It belonged to the Province of Mesopotamia in the time of Trajan and accordingly was afterwards sometimes under Rome, sometimes under Oriental rule." Smith and Marindin's Classical Dictionary.

Edessa was close to the border of Syria.

Appendix 25. The Grandsons of Jude, Brother of Jesus

All historians agree that there was great unrest among the Jews and great uneasiness on the part of Domitian in his later years about "the King of the Jews." This is shown by the following incident.

"We find the primitive, but decaying and expatriated Church of Jerusalem still maintaining the hereditary principle during the reign of Domitian, for Hegesippus (Euseb. iii, 20) tells us that certain grandchildren of Jude, brother of the Lord, being sent to Rome, that tyrant questioned them as to their claim as descendants of David, on which they explained that the kingdom they expected was a spiritual one, to be founded at the end of the world, and shewed their horny hands as peasant cultivators, on which he contemptuously dismissed them." First Christian Generation, by James Thomas, Chap. X, p. 350.

It is also agreed that in A.D. 94, 95, 96, Domitian had many noted persons put to death on the charges of atheism—otherwise, not worshipping the gods, and himself as "lord-god," and for the adoption of "Jewish manners."

Clement of Rome, in his letter to the Corinthians, generally accepted as genuine, speaks of sudden and repeated calamities to the Church and refers to the Neronian persecution, saying, "we are in the same lists and the same struggle awaits us." . . . This would have been written about the same time or soon after the execution of Flavius Clemens.

Rufus and Orfitus were also punished in the Jewish conspiracy charge in 95. (Orfitus is said to have been a Christian).

Appendix 26. The Knoll Beyond the Nævian Gate

The Nævian Gate can be easily located in some of Lanciani’s maps of ancient Rome as one of the four gates between the Porta Capena on the Cælian hill above what appears to be a small knoll jutting out on the little Aventine not far from where the two parts of the hill seem to divide.

The Little Aventine had, according to Lanciani, many underground quarries and the road to the Christian meeting-place probably went round that part of the hill to the inner bend nearer the Cælian: or it is possible that the deep bend of the hill below the Nævian Gate may have provided a more secluded entrance to the Chapel. Either locality answers to Nyria’s and the Domina’s description.

Appendix 27. Gaius

The following verses in John’s third epistle seem appropriate to what is said of the presbyter Gaius and also to foreshadow the visit of John to Rome.

V. 1. "The Elder unto the well-beloved Gaius whom I love in the truth.
V. 13. "I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee.
V. 14. "But I trust I shall shortly see thee and we shall speak face to face. . . ."

Third Epistle of John.

Appendix 28. John the Apostle and John the Elder

With reference to the statement of Nyria that she met John the Apostle at Rome, there is an old tradition that John (either John the Apostle or John of Ephesus) went to Rome, where he suffered torture. If there is any truth in the story, which is not unlikely, it may be assumed that he was exiled to Patmos by Domitian, following this episode.
APPENDICES TO BOOK III

The question necessarily arises from Nyria's allusions, whether she actually saw John the Apostle, described in the Gospels as the brother of James, or John the Elder, and whether the two were or were not identical. It is noteworthy that she alludes to John as 'the Apostle,' but this would be an expression that might very well be employed by the Christians of that day of one who held such a prominent position in the Church as John of Ephesus, and who, moreover, if we identify him with Papias's John the Elder, is believed to have been one of those who in early youth had seen and known Jesus Himself.

The whole question of the problem of John the Apostle and John the Elder is threshed out in a very scholarly and dispassionate manner in the *Problem of the Fourth Gospel*, by H. Latimer Jackson, D.D. (Cambridge University Press), to which book readers are referred.

Those who adopt the hypothesis that John the Elder was a different person from John the Apostle, and is to be identified with John of Ephesus, point to certain statements and allusions to the martyrdom of John the Apostle at Jerusalem, notably those of Philip of Side and Georgias Hamartolus who both quote Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis (c. A.D. 70-140), as stating in the second book of his *Sayings of the Lord* that John the Apostle and James his brother were put to death by the Jews. Thus, adds Hamartolus, plainly fulfilling the prophecy of Christ concerning them, 'Ye shall drink of the cup that I drink of.'

They also lay stress on the fact that when Paul met the Apostles at Jerusalem, after his conversion, it was mutually agreed that he (Paul) should preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, while John elected to remain with the Palestinian converts, and that there is no evidence that he ever changed his mind or left his native environment. If, however, John the Apostle had been long dead (and there are many authorities who take a contrary view), it is probable that to the early Christians of that day, John of Ephesus, as a leading light of the Asiatic Church, would fill the whole picture while his namesake's memory would sink into oblivion. To Nyria, at least, there would be only one John and he would naturally be regarded as the Apostle of the Lord.

Recorder... Nyria, when I questioned her later on this point, answered, 'I spoke of John who wrote the Gospel:' and when asked, 'Did you, as Nyria, know that he was the Beloved Disciple?' N. ... 'I believed that he was. It was John who wrote the Gospel.'

Rec. ... 'Did he say that he had written the Gospel?'

N. ... 'No, he never spoke of it. He spoke little and would answer few questions that we put to him.'

APPENDIX 29. ROMAN DOWRY

The *dos (res uxoria)* is everything which on the occasion of a woman's marriage was transferred by her or by another person to the husband... for the purpose of enabling the husband to sustain the charges of the marriage state (*onera matrimoni*). ... The *dos* was a matter of great importance in Roman law, both because it was an ingredient in almost every marriage and was sometimes of a large amount. The frequency of divorces also gave rise to many legal questions as to *dos*. Smith's *Greek and Roman Antiquities*.

APPENDIX 30. THE ROMAN LAW OF DIVORCE

Divorce was not easy to obtain when, in the case of Roman patricians, the marriage had been a sacred marriage by confarreation as presumably was the marriage between Valerius Paulinus and Lucia, daughter of the Emperor Vitellius.

Corresponding to the forms of marriage by confarretatio and coementio, there were the forms of divorce by diffarretatio and remancipatio. According to Pestus (s. v.), diffarretatio was a kind of religious ceremony so called, 'quia fiebat farreo libo adhibito,' by which a marriage was dissolved. ... It is said that originally marriages contracted by confarretatio were indissoluble, and in a later age this was the case with the marriage of the flamen dialis (Gell X, 15) who was married by
confarreatio." See Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* under Divortium.

Also: "By the Lex Julia de Adulteris, it was provided that there should be seven witnesses to a divorce Roman citizens of full age and a freedman of the party who made the divorce." Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*.

**APPENDIX 31. THE DEATH OF LICINIUS SURA**

Although Licinius Sura was a free-born Roman, there is no improbability in his having been forced to undergo the terrible fate of Pentheus—being torn down from a pine tree, limb by limb, as described in Euripides' *Bacchae*.

Acilius Glabrio, a man of consular position, had been condemned by Domitian to fight lions in the Arena.

Martial in his epigram on Laureolus gives a further example of such realistic method of execution. In a note appended to this epigram we read that it "refers to a Ballet or Drama of Action, composed either by Nævius or by Ennius,—for on this point the learned disagree—in which a certain Laureolus a noted robber, was crucified on the stage. Usually the death was simply a stage-death, without harm to the actor. Domitian has the honour of introducing a real death—that of an unfortunate wretch already condemned 'for the amusement of this detestable people,'" See Gifford and Mayor on Juv. viii., 187, and for a curious comment, compare what Martial says of the tigress in Ep. 18, 6: "Postquum inter nos est, plus feritatis habet!"

**APPENDIX 32. THE ROMAN TRAVELLING-CARRIAGE**

The *carpentum* was the carriage in which Roman matrons were allowed to be conveyed to public festivals. The *carpentum* contained seats for two, sometimes three, persons, besides the coachman, drawn sometimes by four horses like a quadriga. . . . The *carpentum* was also used by private persons for journeys.

The relief of a carriage preserved in the British Museum . . . exhibits a closed *carpentum* drawn by four horses.

There was also the *carrucca*, the name of which only occurs under the emperors. It had four wheels and was used in travelling. Carrucce were used for carrying women . . . these carriages were sometimes used in Rome by persons of distinction . . .

The *harmamaxa* (evidently the style of carriage used by the Domina), a carriage for persons, very similar in its construction to the *carpentum*, being covered overhead and enclosed with curtains so as to be used by night as well as by day. See Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*.

**APPENDIX 33. THE GILDED GATE AT FORUM JULII**

At Fréjus, the ancient Forum Julii founded by Julius Cesar, the sea has in these intervening centuries receded nearly a mile from the quays of the Cesars and the bay on which Nyria saw, with other-world vision, Roman galleys plying and Roman battleships harboured against emergencies, is now "a forlorn and deserted place where the broken aqueducts may be seen stretching away through bean-fields and weedy drills of corn. . . . To think of the fleet of Actium rocking where these vines and lettuces grow seems like a fable." . . .

From *The Maritime Alps*, by Miss Dempster.

The question is raised by some recent writers whether a confusion of sound between the words "aurea" and "horrea," which last means granaries, may not have turned the golden gate of Forum Julii into a fable also. Lentheric suggests this, as follows:

"Est-ce la couleur blonde de cette maçonnerie ensoleillée, ou les riches marchandises que l'on faisait passer par cette porte pour les amener dans les magasins de la ville, qui ont fait donner à cette arcade le nom de *porte d'Or, porta auria*? Il est difficile de l'admettre; encore moins faut-il croire, avec quelques antiquaires pas trop naïfs, que de grands clous à tête dorée réfléchissaient les stucs
peints qui décoraient la porte et dessinaient, sur les piliers, les bandeaux et la voûte, des dessins étincelants.

"Cette fameuse porte d'or n'était, en réalité, que l'ouverture principale d'un élégant portique qui donnait accès sur le quai ; c'est là qu'il faut placer l'ancien rivage de l'étang, ce que dans notre vieux français on désignait, il y a à peine trois siècles, sous le nom de l'orée (1), dont l'étymologie ora, bord, plage, est tout à fait transparente. La porte d'Orée, porta Orae, n'était donc ainsi nommée que parce qu'elle s'ouvrait sur la berge même de la lagune qui constituait le port de Fréjus ; et cette désignation, sainement interprétée, est d'autant plus intéressante qu'elle nous donne une nouvelle et précise indication de l'ancien état des lieux."

"La Provence Maritime," Ancienne et Moderne, par Charles Lenthaléric.

The disembodied Nyria, if she is to be believed, declares, however, that the gate really was, as tradition holds, plated with gold.

The Instrument had no knowledge of the back history of that part of the coast and there was no thought in the Recorder's mind of the Gate, nor had she seen or heard of any ruined traces of it.
The following notes of two experiences with Nyria which did not happen in the sequence of the story—the first being near the beginning of our association and the second nearer its close—are added as a postscript to the foregoing narrative.

These final words may be considered by some readers an inartistic anti-climax to Nyria's poignant description of her last hours upon earth. Other readers, however, may hold the view that as an integral part of this strange psychic manifestation and as perhaps presenting further material of interest to psychological students, the notes should be here recorded. Also, for two other important reasons.

The first one, as illustrating a theory, already advanced by M. Flammarion and other scientists, that nothing which has once existed can be lost and that, imprinted on the circum-ambient ether of any given locality, there must remain the imperishable photograph of events which have taken place on that spot—in short, a picture-gallery provided for us in space, accessible to those who possess its key.

And the second reason—that a question is opened up as to the after-death state of a soul revealing itself under conditions so remarkable as those governing the case of Nyria—assuming of course that she was relating the story of an actual worldly existence. For it should be remembered that Nyria was seeing and recording through the lips of the Instrument, that which happened to Valeria after she—Nyria—had passed out of life, and—a suggestive point—that she made her observations without any show of the old, quickly roused emotion which, in life, had characterised all her dealings with that Roman lady.

It is, indeed, a comforting reflection that, while from this borderland to which the soul of Nyria had winged its way, she could observe what was happening to those who had wronged her so cruelly on earth, she was yet sufficiently detached from the past to be able to do so without feeling rancour or suffering pain.

Moreover, a question of misplacement, artistically speaking, cannot be taken into serious consideration when the aim sought is presentation of the simple truth.

Then, too, though the personality and the fate of Valeria are relatively unimportant to the reader, there is a certain dramatic justice in the dispassionate evidence here furnished by Nyria that the evil deeds of Valeria did not go unpunished but that she suffered a terrible remorse for the sin she had committed in dooming so many innocent victims to the beasts in the Arena.

Thus it has been decided that these final words shall stand.

The first notes were made one afternoon in April 1900 as the Instrument and I were sitting together on the balcony of our hotel at Monte Carlo which faced the height of La Turbie and the Corniche road slanting zig-zag down from behind the ruined Trophy of Augustus towards Menton.
As we talked over the day's doings, I noticed the indefinable change in her voice and, glancing at her, in her face, which always meant that she had become Nyria.

But the old Roman garment did not knit itself quite closely at once over the modern English personality. She was saying: "Now, I am beginning to see it all just as it used to be. . . . Wait." . . . Yet, though it seemed to be Nyria who spoke, I knew from what she had already told me, that Nyria, in her lifetime, had never visited that region.

Was it Nyria? I could not be perfectly certain. . . . She went on:

Nyria: "The road goes high up—it is wide and it passes near the top, by the great Monument you spoke of. Farther back, the road is very wild—Here, it is near the sea. The place where we are (Monaco) is a settlement, the time of it not so very, very long ago. This little bay is used for fishing boats to put into in bad weather; it is too small for ships. The Roman ships are so unwieldy that they never dare go anywhere that navigation is difficult.

A little way off, the road came through a mountain—I can see the opening of the tunnel. I can see a cavalcade coming along. It is a very long one. Valeria is in the principal carriage, but there are others: and there are baggage wagons and foot-slaves following, and, before and behind, an escort of mounted soldiery—not a large one, just enough to protect her."

Recorder: "What is the reason for her journey? Follow the cavalcade and tell me where it is going."

Nyria (slightly petulant): "I would rather not go with that cavalcade; there's such a feeling of greyness and sadness about it. . . ." (After a pause) "Do you see two little steps at the back of the carriage where servants can sit? That's where I am now. . . . If you want to know about the journey, I can tell you a little; but if you want to know why she is making the journey you would have to go back to the Flamen. He talked to her and advised her to go. As to the reason of it. . . . Oh, I should have to go back such a long way—And, it is not because I don't want to do what you wish—but it would hurt so dreadfully. . . .

You don't understand. . . . I should have to go back through time and space, and it is not easy. . . . Now, that past is cut away from me and it would be like bruising myself against things I must fight if I were to try and reach that past again. . . . For there must be continuity of thought. . . . threads to take hold of. . . . If you don't mind leaving that part for the present. . . . And the Flamen—for it is very important to know what he said to her. . . . But I can tell you about the journey and the country to which she went.

You want me to describe the carriage. It is a large one—fine and gilded, with four horses—sometimes eight where the road is difficult. . . . It has four wheels, those at the back smaller than those in front. . . . The carriage is built up in front and there's a place near the shafts where the driver can stand or sit. . . .

The carriage is so large that it is like a small room inside. There's straw upon the floor to make it soft and, over that, rugs and cushions upon which one can lie. Or, you can have a raised seat or two fixed if you want to sit up and see the country; and there are shelves and hooks on which you can fasten things so that they don't slip.

Valeria's carriage does not usually have a cover but there are sockets into

1 The kind of travelling-carriage used by Valeria. See Appendix 32, Bk. III.
which poles can be fitted and over them an awning thick enough to keep out rain or sun and with side-pieces which can be put up or let down. The edge of the awning is scalloped and has gold fringe.

I see Valeria sitting there. She is in black or some dark colour and wears a white linen veil about her head and shoulders. . . . I know that she has a much more handsome silk gossamer veil but she does not seem to care to wear it. Her face is very pale and I can see her eyes. There's a still, cold look in them—a struck look.

Two women sit further back—in the outer part of the carriage. One is a girl who used to work under Corellia: the other is an older woman. There are more of Valeria's women in the next carriage behind and there are great bales of luggage.

The road is very well kept on the whole, but the wheels of the carriages bump into the ruts and it is difficult to get them out again. . . . The horses have high, pointed collars and bits of gold shine here and there upon their harness.

The road goes for a long way along the coast to that country which you know,1 and they have been travelling for many days. Sometimes, if there is a deserted house on the way, they make use of that for the night. But Valeria usually prefers to remain in the carriage under the awning and to have a bathing tent put up for her. They carry tents and everything that is needed with them, and there are one or two big places on the way where they get fresh supplies.

You ask me to read the mind of Valeria. . . . How can I tell you what she is thinking and feeling? One can't make anything of a mind like that: it is all blackness and sorrow. What would you feel if you had, of your own doing, cut off from you everything that you loved? . . . Yes, she is thinking in a way of Licinius, but her mind is dulled: she has no sensible knowledge of her grief. . . . She has just got herself together enough to start on this journey. . . . She came—I told you—because the Flamen advised it, and she wanted to get away from Rome and Paulinus wanted to get rid of her for his own purposes. They both wished it done in a manner that would create least scandal and that was why they fell in with each other's plans. . . . The Flamen had told her a great deal: it came back to her afterwards.

Now, for many miles, she has sat huddled up and miserable—not afraid of any danger, although I can see that, further back, they passed a tremendous gorge where the road overhung the cliff with the river dashing below. The men had to go to the horses' heads—there were eight horses for that bad piece of road. . . . I can see the sun shining on the curved pieces of the soldiers' helmets as they tug at the horses' bits to keep the beasts from rearing back. And, all the time, she sits on, still and silent, just staring and seeing nothing. . . .

Yet, there was a great deal to see that at any other time would have interested her greatly. For, you know that all along that shore temples had been built for the worship of two or three great persons of old time.

One was the very strong man with the lion-skin, who came over the mountains and tore up the ground—do you know that story? And there was the goddess the sailors were so fond of—the one who rose out of the sea, and who was very beautiful. . . . And there was another, a man—not the

1 The coast-line we were then traversing from the present Italian frontier, back, past Menton, Monaco, Nice, Cannes and past the Esterel Mountains to Fréjus, the ancient Forum Julii in what was then Gallia Narbonensis. (Recorder.)
one with wings on his feet, though I think he was here too. . . . Stop a
minute, I never seem to know much about those gods and goddesses. . . .
It was the god who rules battles. He too had temples about here.

And I want to tell you of one beautiful temple, further in that direction
(pointing to the land-curve on the near horizon beyond Menton). It
was nearer the sea than the road, on a level place facing the sea where the
hills went up steeply. It was a sort of natural cave. The inside was lined
with white stone, fluted, and at the entrance stood a figure of the goddess.
She was very young, very lovely, very soft. There was the look on her
face of a girl who is just turning into a woman—a look of great modesty,
shy and yet fearless. Her hands hung down by her sides, quite simply.
She was standing on a square pillar—you call it a pedestal—with a ball
on the top. One foot is on that, and she is putting the other forward as
if she were going to walk into the sea.

That image was the embodiment of a change from the lower worship to
the higher, because men were becoming surfeited with mere brute passion
and it was then that the young spirit of love began to grow.

For you know, there were two kinds of worship. The lower was only
because, at that time, men could not care for more than what is just pretty
to look at and to be used for the continuation of life. They were not able
yet to realise the pure spirit behind the outward appearance. . . . Then
afterwards, other people came and they had another form of worship which
was higher, but still not the highest.

Young girls used to come and pray before that image that they might be
like the goddess, though many, when love came to them, would lose sight
of the spirit and would cling to the grosser part. . . . But the prayers did
them good.

Now I see the cave-temple quite empty. I don't know what happened.
I have a feeling that a strange people came along the shore and that they
blackened and broke the image. Perhaps that was not real, but that they
blackened the worship so that what spirit it had was destroyed.

Valeria had heard of this image of the goddess and had thought that she
would not pass without going down to look at it. But she did not care
enough. Love was dead in her heart. She felt that the goddess had failed
her. . . .

Now have you had enough about that? Do you see the goats of the hill-
side? Not much grass for them here—just patches. . . . And there's a
little ragged boy shepherding them. . . . I can see the bees and butter-
flies, and the little yellow flower that is so pretty . . . and the pink little
flower . . . and it's warm and bright down here. . . . There's a woman
going down the hill with an earthen pitcher—a peasant woman.

I'll tell you one thing that puzzles me. . . . When I'm looking at a
place, the scene shifts and one picture comes across the other. . . . At one
moment, you see the coast-line with the curious little houses and the boats
below that you would call curious too. . . . And you see the road, and men
in armour and Roman carriages. . . . And then it all changes and the houses
are like the houses now—straight, and red and grey and ugly . . . and the
spirit of it all is gone. . . ."

Nyria laughs softly. . . .

RECOR DER: "Why do you laugh?"

NYRIA: "Oh, I'm laughing at several things. . . . The thoughts come
so fast. . . . I was wondering whether any of this gives you what you want.
... You say that I am to tell you what I see, and so I do—things like the peasant woman and the rest. But of course they're not in history.... You might not believe what I tell you if it were not that, here and there, you get something you can prove to be true....

But you need not believe if you don't like, nor need anybody.... And it does not matter when I tell you of something that's simply just there, but is of no importance to the State and that you would not find in the Books if you went to look it up....

Ah, that's nice! (as she was released). Yes, it's like getting out of school to climb down the warm rocks and be with the bees and the goats—so much better than rummaging among temples and statues. There's more of the heart of life in a sunbeam than in a statue where the spirit is imprisoned in stone. But it's what you have been taught about working up through the lower worship. It's like growing the blade of grass and getting the corn of wheat out of its husk.... And if men will worship, even pleasure, when the motive is not bad—that is better than not worshiping at all...."

The second set of notes of Nyria's talk was made as we two sat alone together among the ruins of the old Roman amphitheatre at Fréjus, formerly Forum Julii.

On this occasion, when a glimpse was given of the last days of Valeria, the Recorder had been asked by a friend interested in the subject of reincarnation, to try and trace, through the Instrument, one Annius Gallus, Governor of Gallia Narbonensis, and his wife, who, in the time of Domitian and his successors, had lived at Forum Julii.1 A letter—the connecting link—having been put into her hand, the Instrument said:

"Yes, I knew I had to get ready for this, but I have not been able to go and find the things beforehand because they haven't belonged to me at all."

Nevertheless, the charge was fulfilled. Annius Gallus and his wife were described and identified.... They are not concerned in the story of Nyria.

**THE INSTRUMENT:** "I can tell you about this place. But it all comes up in bits—a piece here, a piece there. You'll have to weed them out and put them together yourself if you want to. I will show you what I see.

I have a sense of spring and of beauty.... The house of Annius Gallus is on one of the lower hills. I look over to the sea and I can see the fleet at anchor in the bay and the galleys with their rowers.... They keep ships here in case they are needed but the ships seem unwieldy and cumbersome.... The city is large in its way.... There's a high road leading into it, straight through the gates and out again.... I see a high bright gate which is one of the gates into the town. It looks as though it were plated over with gold. It shines—I suppose it's gold. I can see—can't you?—the soldiers in armour—the guard. There's one standing now with his hand on the metal gate: he has the charge of it. I am up here in the shadow: the houses are high and cast deep shadows.

There are people walking about—just now, not many: it's the middle of the day, when they rest.... There are shops—low, open shops on to the street with the goods displayed on trays as they are in Rome. But it is not Rome and the wife of Annius Gallus finds it dull. For though rich

1 The Gilded Gate at Forum Julii. Appendix 33, Bk. III.
and important, it's not the fashionable world: it is what you would call a provincial town.

A good many people live here. What sort? There are the people who keep shops and the people who do work—the same as in all towns: and there are the homes of well-to-do people. But the richer, grander persons have mostly houses outside the town because they come here for the country air. . . . Many of them have State offices in this part of the country.

There are also many people, great at Rome, who come here; and there are the people who have what you call farms. So many of the rich people make their money like that. . . . Here, they grow fruit and grain of all sorts, and these are sold in the different markets and the money that comes from them goes to their masters in Rome. . . . The man, Paulinus—he has a farm. He was a careless sort of person and never troubled about making money—there was no need: there was plenty: it seems to me that he got it from something else.

His house here has been rather neglected. Many things connected with it want seeing to. He never comes now because his wife is there: she does not want him either: they are better friends apart. There is a strain between them—something not known but suspected. It is on his side; she does not care. . . .

This woman is a friend of the wife of Annius Gallus and comes often to see her. . . .

What is this woman like? She is aged, but not by years. She looks as though she had been through the tombs. Her eyes seem to see death before them always: there's a strained look in them that's terrible. . . . And yet sometimes, there comes—I know it—a look of peace. She is growing to a greater strength and a deeper knowledge. But, meanwhile, the world is very dark—just dead to her.

The only things within it that she feels to be living are those two little lads—the boys who hang about her, always, on either side.

The wife of Annius Gallus does not care about the children but the other will seldom let them leave her. There are times when she can scarcely bear their presence and there are other times when she cannot bear to be without them. They are young and warm and human and she yearns to the spirit of life in them because it seems as though they are the only things where she can find it.

She likes the country: she always cared for sunshine and flowers and the open air, but she doesn't enjoy these now. It's all pain to her: it's like carrying a knife in her heart. But I think that peace will come to her, though she must suffer a great deal first. There's only one thing that's a satisfaction to her out of the past—that the pain is over. She believes it is over: she thinks she can never now cause more suffering to those she cared for and whom she injured—that in a measure they are out of her power and so she can hurt them no more. She takes a kind of comfort in that.

Yes: oh yes: she has terrible remorse—that is her share of suffering and she knows that she has brought it on herself. But there's peace coming out of it. There can be no sense of having gained a haven—that cannot come yet. She fancies, sometimes, she has gained a haven: she would be thankful for it if she could really feel it. But the world does not seem real to her. She walks like a woman in a dream. Those two little children's hands are the only things that ever seem real to her.
Do any of her old friends come—Pliny or Tacitus? Well, they are at Rome: and it's a long way—a very long way. I don't think they come. She lives very much alone: she does not receive people. . . . No, she does not write now—her writing is crippled. She couldn’t write because it would seem like writing in blood. You see, all the power of her has been used for something that meant blood—it has gone from her. Now, when she draws upon her strength, upon her power for anything, it seems tinged with the pain of that time. She can only lead a life that doesn’t mean any giving out of herself in anything. She leads a very quiet life. I can tell you more about it by and by. There seems a fear in her to use herself—because she once used herself with great strength; it did great harm. And now she dreads to do anything that shall act upon another.

Bands of death are all round her: so she feels, and they gird her like ice. But the children's touch is warm and young and lifelike, and they love her. They are very simple, young children—boys, both of them. And they didn't love her at first—they were afraid of her. Then, she found them difficult because they scarcely knew her.

There's a great deal I'm to tell you, but I seem very far off from it. Yet I'm not far off from her. I know from inside her what she feels. The wife of Annius Gallus, although she is her friend, does not know, but she is sorry for her. She never did know the truth: she only thought it strange and sad that one so beautiful should bury herself in a country place and see no society but her children. She herself was obliged to be there, because of the position of Annius Gallus, her husband. But she had known the other woman in Rome, and she could not understand what had brought her there. Some said it was a quarrel between her husband and herself. For he never comes—there is a man who manages the estate. They say her husband sent her here because there was suspicion of disgrace. And if there was nothing of the sort, why then does she stay with only the children in this remote place?

Yet it doesn't seem that she is obliged to stay: it seems as though she might go back if she wished. Only she can't bear to go back: and here it is good for the children. And she would like them to be brought up differently from the sons of patricians in Rome. She teaches them a little herself: she talks to them and reads to them. But they had been allowed to grow up half-wild, and neither of them cares much for books. They are good children—honest, simple sort of boys, but they had lived such rough and half-neglected lives. They had run wild over the country and mixed with the peasants. She has found it difficult to overcome her repugnance to their rough ways. Still she clings to them: they seem to be all she has.

She works out of doors—she lives out of doors, but she cannot set her mind to anything that requires continued thought or effort. She was always very proud you know, but now she does not seem to mind that: she does not seem to think of that. And she is much more gentle than she used to be: and she does things now for poor people herself, when as before, she would have given money to have it done.

Oh no, she is not really old—not at all: she is barely old enough to have these children. . . . She has lost something in what you call the past. But I seem to see all this—not cloudily, but as though it did not belong to me—as though it were apart from me—shut off from me—cut away from me by something that has fallen between. I don't know what—I don't under-
stand, and yet I can feel that woman from the inside of her. But I cannot see back into the past: there’s a gulf between.”

And with these last scenes, here ends the story of Nyria.

It seems probable that Valeria died before her husband, Valerius Paulinus, was, as we have seen, made Consul A.D. 101. Pliny writes to congratulate him and makes excuses for not having done so in person. We hear no more of Paulinus till Pliny writes to the Emperor Trajan at his death, thus:

“Valerius Paulinus, Sir, having bequeathed to me the right of patronage over all his freedmen except one, I entreat you to grant the freedom of Rome to three of them,” whom he names. (Pliny’s Letters, Book X, Letter 105.)

Trajan replies warmly, acceding to the request. (Book X, Letter 106.)

There is no allusion in the correspondence to Paulinus’s widow, if, indeed, Valeria were then living.

It seems strange that in Pliny’s letters to Valerius Paulinus [there are two in the collection] one finds not the smallest mention of Valeria.

I once asked the Commentator what had been her end, and he answered with almost ironic terseness:

“She died at Forum Julii. They buried her under an olive-tree and planted violets on her grave: and her sons mourned her sincerely—for two hours.”

THE END
From Henry Kiepert's "Atlas Antiquus."
BOOKS CONSULTED FOR THE HISTORICAL VERIFICATIONS OF NYRIA'S NARRATIVE

Suetonius. Lives of the Twelve Caesars.
Tacitus. History; Germania; Annals.
Dubois-Guchan. Tacite et son Siècle.
Martial. Epigrams.
Ovid. Melamorphoses; Ars Amatoria; Amores; Pontic Epistles.
Juvenal. Satires. Translated into English prose, with notes and Chronological Tables, by Rev. Lewis Evans, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford; also, Life of Juvenal and Essay on Roman Satirists, by the late William Gifford.
Eugène Allain. Pline le Jeune et ses Heritiers.
E. Jullien. Professeurs de Litt. dans l’Ancien Rome; La Famille dans la Société Romaine.
P. Lacombe. Arms and Armour.
E. Thomas. Roman Life under the Caesars.
Issued by the Walpole Press. The Roman Empresses.
M. Rostovtzeff. Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire.
Samuel Dill. Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius; Roman Society in the last century of the Western Empire.
Prof. W. A. Becker. Gallus.
Robert Burn. Old Rome.
W. H. Adams. Roman Antiquities; Buried Cities of the Campagna.
Statius. Silva.
SOUL OF NYRIA

Bishop Lightfoot. *Clement of Rome.*
Ulpian. *Digest of Roman Law.*
Gaius. *Concerning Slave-life in Ancient Rome.*
Enfield. *History of Philosophy.*
Plutarch. *Morals; Poplicola; Isis and Osiris.*
Stuart Jones. *Companion to Roman History.*
Herodotus. *Euterpe, II.; Melpomene, IV.*
Valerius Maximus. *Customs and Rites of Ancient Rome.*
Walter Pater. *Greek Studies.*
Marion Crawford. *Ave Roma Immortalis!*
Dean Inge. *Society in Rome under the Caesars.*
Gibbon. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Vol. I.*
Philostratus. *Life of Apollonius of Tyana.*
G. R. S. Mead. *Life of Apollonius of Tyana.*
Miss Dempster. *Alpes Maritimes and their Seaboard.*
Eusebius. *Ecclesiastical History.*
P. E. Corillier. *La Survivance de l’Ame.*
Henry S. Roberton. *Voices of the Past.*
PRAED, Rosa Caroline
Soul of Nyria