```
nd the slope Sun his upward beam Shoots against the dusky pole, Pacing towards the other goal Of his c
                                                                                                                         em to have had some knowledge of the temptation and fall of man. "And fabled how the serpent, whom they called Ophion, with Eurynome, (the wide- Encroaching Eve perhaps,) had first t
                                                                                                                         tent; for on the one hand his reign is said to have been the golden age of innocence and purity, and on the other he is described as a monster who devoured his children. [Footnote: This inc
                                                                                                                         me), which, as it brings an end to all things which have had a beginning, may be said to devour its own offspring] Jupiter, however, escaped this fate, and when grown up espoused Metis (
Atlas was condemned to bear up the heavens on his shoulders. On the dethronement of Saturn, Jupit
were common property. Jupiter was king of gods and men. The thunder was his weapon, and he bore
  ow, was her attendant and messenger. The peacock was her favorite bird. Vulcan (Hephaestos), the
ed him out for taking part with his mother in a quarrel which occurred between them. Vulcan's lamens
                                                                                                                         was god of the sun, as Diana, his sister, was the goddess of the moon. Venus (Aphrodite), the goddess of love and beauty, was the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. Others say that Venus spi
  plants sacred to her were the rose and the myrtle. Cupid (Eros), the god of love, was the son of Ven
ercury is said to have invented the lyre. He found, one day, a tortoise, of which he to
                                                                                                                           ; They teach us how to each degree and kind We should ourselves demean, to low, to high, To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility." The Fates were also three--Clotho, Lachesis, ar
unished by their secret stings the crimes of those who escaped or defied public justice. The heads of
with bristly hair, their heads decorated with short, sprouting horns, and their feet like goats' feet. Mo
while their masters served them, to show the natural equality of men, and that all things belonged eq
                                                                                                                           lly to all, in the reign of Saturn. Faunus, [Footnote: There was also a goddess called Fauna, or Bona Dea.] the grandson of Saturn, was worshipped as the god of fields and shepherds, and
                                                                                                                          Satyrs of the Greeks. Quirinus was a war god, said to be no other than Romulus, the founder of Rome, exalted after his death to a place among the gods. Bellona, a war goddess.
so as a prophetic god. His name in the plural, Fauns, expressed a class of gamesome deities
  god of landmarks. His statue was a rude stone or post, set in the ground to mark the
                                                                                                                           life. On their birthdays men made offerings to their Genius, women to their Juno. A modern poet thus alludes to some of the Roman gods: "Pomona loves the orchard, And Liber loves the
                                                                                                               e sun
                                                                                                                              he cover and looked in. Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man,--such as gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body, and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind,-
  things as swords, spears, or helmets. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man, without his
 the Iron Age. Crime burst in like a flood; modesty, truth, and honor fled. In their places came
 of ocean. The earth, which till now had been cultivated in common, began to be divided off int
     produced. War sprang up, using both as weapons; the guest was not saf
 fter leaving earth, she was placed among the stars, where she became
ient fraud shall fail, Returning Justice lift aloft her scale, Peace o'er th
                                                                                                                                                              d Innocence from heaven descend." See, also, Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," stanzas xiv. and xv.] Jupiter, seeing this state of things, burned with ange
                                                                                                                                                          d, which any one may see in a clear night, stretches across the face of the sky, and is called the Milky Way. Along the road stand the palaces of the illustrious
He summoned the gods to council. They obeyed the call, and took the
gods; the common people of the skies live apart, on either side. Jupiter
                                                                                                                                                           set forth the frightful condition of things on the earth, and closed by announcing his intention to destroy the whole of its inhabitants, and provide a new race
  like the first, who would be more worthy of life, and much better wo
                                                                                                                                                           So saving he took a thunderbolt, and was about to launch it at the world, and destroy it by burning; but recollecting the danger that such a conflagr
                                                                                                        rishes in an hour
                                                                                                               nd tigers s
Those living beings whom the water spared fell a prey to hunger. Parnassus alone, of all th
                                                                                                                 e mountai
                                                                                                                                                       ne waves; and there Deucalion, and his wife Pyrrha, of the race of Prometheus, found refuge--he a just man, and she a faithful worshipper of the gods. Jupiter, w
en he saw none left alive but this pair, and remembered their harmless lives and pious demeanor, orde
                                                                                                                                                                                 ouds, and disclose the skies to earth, and earth to the skies. Neptune also directed Triton to blow on his shell, and sound a retreat to
                                                                                                                                                                                   O wife, only surviving woman, joined to me first by the ties of kindred and marriage, and now by a common danger, would that we pos
         Γhe waters obeved, and the sea returned to its shores, and the rivers to their chann
            power of our ancestor Prometheus, and could renew the race as he at first made
                                                                                                                   it! But as
                                                                                                                                      we cannot, let us seek vonder tem
                                                                                                                                                                                 ple, and inquire of the gods what remains for us to do." They entered the temple, deformed as it was with slime, and approached the alt
                                                                                                                                     w they might retrieve their miserable
                                                                                                                                                                                e affairs. The oracle answered, "Depart from the temple with head veiled and garments unbound, and cast behind you the bones of you
                                                                                                                       m ho
                                                                                                                                     we dare not profane the remains of
                                                                                                                                                                               our parents." They sought the thickest shades of the wood, and revolved the oracle in their minds. At length Deucalion spoke: "Either m
                                                                                                                                                                               se we may cast behind us; and I think this is what the gracle means. At least, it will do no harm to try." They veiled their faces, unbound
        deceives me, or the command is one we may obey without impiety. The earth is the
                                                                                                            great parent
  garments, and picked up stones, and cast them behind them. The stones (wonderful to re
                                                                                                                   began to
                                                                                                                                       grow soft, and assume
lime that were about them became flesh; the stony part became bones; the v
                                                                                                                                                                                          ing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women. It was a hard race
                                                                                                                                                                                         o obvious to have escaped Milton, who introduces it in Book IV, of "Paradise Lost": "More lovely than Pandora, whom the god
                                                                                           dications of our origin. Th
                                                                                                                                                                     Pandora is to
nd well adapted to labor, as we find ourselves to be at this day, giving plain in
                                                                                                                                                                                        air looks, to be avenged On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire." Prometheus and Epimetheus were sons of lapetus, which
indowed with all their gifts: and O. too like In sad event, when to the unwiser sor
                                                                                                                     he fri
                                                                                                                       ined
           Prometheus, if he had been willing to submit to his oppressor; for he possessed a secret wh
                                                                                                                                                                       throne, and if he would have revealed it, he might have been at once taken into favor. But that he disdained to do, He has therefore become the
                                                                                                                                                                       is theme. The following are Byron's lines: "Titan! to whose immortal eyes The sufferings of mortality, Seen in their sad reality, Were not as thing
           nagnanimous endurance of unmerited suffering, and strength of will resisting oppression. By
                                                                                                                   on and S
                                                                                                                     and the
                                                                                                                                                                          ient energy in the endurance and repulse Of thine impenetrable spirit, Which earth and heaven could not convulse. A mighty lesson we
                                                                                                                     rom hic
                                                                                                                     ven. W
                                                                                                                                                  It thou withstan
                                                                                                                                                                                                    d share with him--the unforgiven-- His vulture and his rock?" CHAPTER III APOLLO AND DAPHNE--PYRAMUS AND
                                                                                                             ood pr oduce
                                                                                                                                                   d an excessive
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         rth every variety of production, both bad and good. Among the rest, Python, an enormous serpe
                                                                                                              m wit
                                                                                                                                                                              ons which he had not before used
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           of beech leaves: for the laurel was not yet adopted by Apollo as his own tree.
                                                                                                    ength,
                                                                                                                                                                             n the chariot race was crowned with a wreath
 famous statue of Apollo called the Belvedere represents the god after this victory over th
                                                                                                                                                                           o this Byron alludes in his "Childe Harold." iv.. 161: '
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 The lord of the unerring bow, The god of life, and poetry, and light, The Sur
in human limbs arrayed, and brow All radiant from his triump
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e: in his eve And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might And majesty flash
 eir full lightnings by. Developing in that one glance the
                                                                                                                                                                                was Apollo
                                                                                                                                                                                                      first love. It was not brought about b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       accident, but by the malice of Cupid. Apollo saw the boy playing w
                                                                  h his recent victory over Pyth
                                                                                                                                                            said to him, "What have you to do wit
                                                                                                                                                                                                          h warlike weapons, saucy boy? Lea
  means of them over the vast serpent who str
                                                              etched his poisonou
                                                                                       s body over acres of the plain! Be c onte
                                                                                                                                                            nt with your torch, child, and kindle up
                                                                                                                                                                                                        you r flames, as you call them, where y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ou will, but presume not to meddle with my weapons.
                                                                                     ings else, Apollo, but mine shall strike
                                                                                                                                                                So saying, he took his stand on a rock
                                                        sharp pointed, the la
                                                                                   tter blunt an d tipped with lead. With th
                                                                                                                                                               leaden's haft he struck the nymph D
                                                                                                                                                                                                              ap hne, the daughter of t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            he rive
                                                      for the maiden, and
                                                                                              ed the thought of lovi
                                                                                                                                                                             light was in woodland
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e spo
                                                    ought of Cupid nor of
                                                                                             Her father often said to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             on-in-
                                                                                                                                                                                  hter, you o
                                                    tinged all over with bl
                                                                               ushes. th
                                                                                             rew arms around her fathe
                                                                                                                                                                "Dearest
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             r, gran
                                                                                                                                  on ged to obtain her:
                                                      Your own face will
                                                                               forbid it.
                                                                                               Apollo loved her, and I
                                                  r shoulders, and said
                                                                                'If so cha
                                                                                                ming in disorder, what
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             He saw
                                                  nd arms, naked to the
                                                                                shoulder, a
                                                                                                     nd whatever was hidden from vie
                                                   aid he. "daughter of Pe
                                                                                neus: I am no
serable, for fear you should fall and hu
                                                     t vourself on these sto
                                                                                  nes, and I should
                                                                                                                                                      e the cause.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nd
                                                     now all things, present
am lord of Delphos and Tenedos, and I
                                                                                   and future. I am the go
                                                                                                                                                                                          true to
                                                       Il healing plants. Alas!
                                                                                       l suffer a maladv tȟat no balm can cure!'' Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       , an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         his plea half uttered. And even as she fled she charmed him. The v
                                                                                                                                                                                          he r flig
                                                         r streamed loose behir
                                                                                         d her. The god grew impatient to find h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     n d,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               sped by Cupid
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ained upon her in the race. It was like a hound pursuing a hare. v
                                                                                                                                                                             n aw
                                                           animal darts forward, s
                                                                                             ipping from the very grasp. So flew
                                                                                                                                    the god and the virgin--he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           n those of fear. The pursu
                                                             s upon her hair. Her stre
nd gains upon her, and his panting breath blow
                                                                                                   ngth begins to fail, and, ready to sink, she calls upon her
                                                                                                                                                                            er. t
                                                                                                                                                                                   he r
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Peneus! open th
                                                                                                                                                                        her b
ange my form, which has brought me into this dan
                                                                der!" Scarcely had she s
                                                                                                                                                                                   0
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  an to be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ender bark: her hair
                                                                                                                                                                               os
                                                                    tuck fast in the ground, as
                                                                                                                                           a root: her fa
                                                                                                                                                                  ce, b ec
but its beauty. Apollo stood amazed. He touched the ste
                                                                       m, and felt the flesh tremble
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      he br
                                                                                                                                                                                                    wear you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  for my cr own; I will decora
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            vou m
                                                                                                                                                                                         th is m
the great Roman conquerors lead up the triumphal pomp to the
                                                                               Capitol, you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. And
                                                                                                                                                                                                      ine, you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ays
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      gre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           en. and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           vour le af know no decay." The ny
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      also b
mph. now changed into a Laurel tree, bowed its head in grateful ackno
                                                                                                                                                                                       will not ap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hat medicine
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           should
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e assigne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             d to his p rovince, may. The po
                                                                                                                                                               sic and p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  trange, bu
et Armstrong, himself a physician, thus accounts for it: "Music exalts each joy
                                                                                                                                                                                       hence t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     day
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e power of physic, me
                                                                                                                                                                  v pain
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             f ancie
                "The story of Apollo and Daphne is often alluded to by the poets. Waller ap
                                                                                                                                                                      ses. t
                                                                                                                                                                       g, Attend
            Yet what he sung in his immortal strain, Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain. All but the nymph that should redres
                                                                                                                                                            s wron
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   hoebus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
                                                                                                                                                             viewe
                                                                                                                                                                         s:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d wolve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d only to pursue: The obscene ravens, clamo
                                                                                                                                 ose wings
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                w they fl
                                                                                                                                                                     on
                                                                                                                                                                            tagion
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Apollo, from his golden bow. The Pyth
                                                                                                                                                               in c
                                                                                                                                                        m as th ey go.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        AMU
    the age one arrow sped And smiled! The spoilers tempt no second blow: They fawn on the proud feet that s
                                                                                                                                  purn the
hisbe the fairest maiden, in all Babylonia, where Semiramis reigned. Their parents occupied adioining houses:
                                                                                                                                    nd neigh
                                                                                                                                                          orhoo
                                                                                                                                                                         rou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               oun
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ple together, and acquaintance ripened into
ove. They would gladly have married, but their parents forbade. One thing, however, they could not forbid--that
                                                                                                                                                                   uld glo w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  l ardor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  oms of both. They conversed by signs and
                                                                                                                                         love
                 fire burned more intensely for being covered up. In the wall that parted the two houses there
                                                                                                                                                           a cr
                                                                                                                                                                     ack
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              by some fau
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    structure. No one had remarked it before
                                                                                                                                                                   war d and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 p. As t
but the lovers discovered it. What will not love discover! It afforded a passage to the voice: and tender mess
                                                                                                                                                   o pass back
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               stood. Pyramus on this side. Thisbe on that
                                                                                                                                                                                              ilege of tran
                                                                                                                                                                                                             sm itting lov
                                                                                                                      teful. We owe
                                                                                                                                                                SS.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ords
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                willing ears." Such words they uttered on di
eir breaths would mingle. "Cruel wall," they said, "why do you keep two lovers apart? But we will not be ungra
                                                                                                                                       VO
               the wall; and when night came and they must say farewell, they pressed their lips upon the wall, she on her side, he on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         orning, when Aurora had put out th
            he sun had melted the frost from the grass, they met at the accustomed spot. Then, after lamenting their hard
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ill, they
                                                                                                                                                                         und
                                                                                                                                                                                            alled the
                                                                                                                                                                                                             m b of Ninus.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  who ca
                                                                                                                                   ed i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ben e at h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             o rise u
 e foot of a certain tree. It was a white mulberry tree, and stood near a cool spring. All was agreed on, and they wait
                                                                                                                                          mpa
                                                                                                                                                   tiently
                                                                                                                                                                    r the sun
                                                                                                                                                                                       o go d o
Thisbe stole forth, unobserved by the family, her head covered with a veil, made her way to the monument and sat
                                                                                                                                   own under
                                                                                                                                                          tre e.
                                                                                                                                                                         she sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  n the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       she de
          with recent slaughter, approaching the fountain to slake her thirst. Thisbe fled at the sight, and sought r
                                                                                                                            efug e in the
                                                                                                                                                        llow
                                                                                                                                                                            roc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e fled she d
                                                                                                                                                                      g bee n
                                                                                                                                                                                               del aye
                                                                                                                            mouth. Pvr
                                                                                                                                                 am us. ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ace of meetin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       now
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                se of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             dea th! Th
            lion, and the color fled from his cheeks at the sight. Presently he found the veil all rent and bloody
                                                                                                                        'O hapless girl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ou. m
                                                                                                                                               on the spot to qua
fallen the first victim. I will follow. I am the guilty cause, in tempting thee forth to a place of such peril, and not
                                                                                                                         being myself
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   me forth, ye li
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ons, fro
              your teeth." He took up the veil, carried it with him to the appointed tree, and covered it with kiss
                                                                                                                         es and with
                                                                                                                                                                       lood
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         tain your text
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ure." said
 nged it into his heart. The blood spurted from the wound, and tinged the white mulberries of the tree all red;
                                                                                                                                                            rea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  at the red
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  CO
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            lor mount
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            gh th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                hrou
  s time Thisbe, still trembling with fear, yet wishing not to disappoint her lover, stepped cautiously forth, lo
                                                                                                                          oking anxiou
                                                                                                                                                slv for
                                                                                                                                                             the vouth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e had
                                                                                                                          e she hesitat
e to the spot and saw the changed color of the mulberries she doubted whether it was the same place. Whil
                                                                                                                                                           saw the f
                                                                                                                                                                                m of o
                                                                                                                                                                                                           e strud
a shudder ran through her frame as a ripple on the face of the still water when a sudden breeze sweeps ov
                                                                                                                           er it. But as s
                                                                                                                                                                 sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ze d her lov
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e screa
                                                                                                                                                oon
                                                                                                                                                            as
                                                                                                                          ed. "what has d
  the lifeless body, pouring tears into its wounds, and imprinting kisses on the cold lips. "O Pyramus," she
                                                                                                                                                                       wer m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s v our own
           that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe Pyramus opened his eyes, then closed them again. S
                                                                                                                         he saw her veil st
                                                                                                                                                                   d with blood a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               cabbar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    mptv
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                S SWO
                                                                                                                                                           aine
thee, and for my sake," she said. "I too can be brave for once, and my love is as strong as thine. I will follow
                                                                                                                                                                                                   us e; and de ath
And ye, unhappy parents of us both, deny us not our united request. As love and death have joined us, let o
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ou, tree, retain the marks
             So saying she plunged the sword into her breast. Her parents ratified her wish, the gods also ratif
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    in o ne s
 rries, as it does to this day. Moore, in the "Sylph's Ball," speaking of Davy's Safety Lamp, is reminded of the wall that separated Th
                                                                                                                                                 isbe and
                                                                                                                                                                                   lov
           delicately draws Around illicit, dangerous fire! The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air, (Like that whi<mark>ch b</mark>arred young Thisb
                                                                                                                                             e's bliss.) Through
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  I ho
                Lusiad" occurs the following allusion to the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and the metamorphosis of the mulberries
                                                                                                                                                The poet is des
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                f Love:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e each gift Pomona's hand bestows In cultured garden, fr
                    The flavor sweeter and the hue more fair Than e'er was fostered by the hand of care. The cherry here in shining o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              pendent row
                                                                                                                                                 nity by turning to Sh aks
                                                                                                                                                                             pea re's
               aders can be so hard-hearted as to enjoy a laugh at the expense of poor Pyramus and Thisbe, they may find an opportu
                OCRIS Cephalus was a beautiful youth and fond of manly sports. He would rise before the dawn to pursue the chase.
              harming wife whom he devotedly loved. Her name was Procris. She was a favorite of Diana, the goddess of hunting, who
                                                                                                                                                         had given her a dog which could o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             avelin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  which would never fail of its mark: and Pro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Go, ungr ateful
ris gave these presents to her husband. Cephalus was so happy in his wife that he resisted all the entreaties of Aurora, and she finally d
                                                                                                                                                           missed him in displeasure, say
  you will one day be very sorry you ever saw again." Cephalus returned, and was as happy as ever in his wife and his woodland sports.
                                                                                                                                                              Now it happened some angr
                                                                                                                                                                                                           y deity had sent a raven
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   to annoy the country; and the hunters tur
  out in great strength to capture it. Their efforts were all in vain: no dog could run it down; and at last they came to Cephalus to borrow h
                                                                                                                                                               is famous dog, whose
                                                                                                                                                                                                                name w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    oner was the dog let loose than he darted
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     fox tried every art; he ran in a circle and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           w both dog and g am es to pinstantly.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    he heavenly powers who had given both
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ought, as you looked at them, that one w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   as going to bark, the other to leap forward
Cephalus, though he had lost his dog, still continued to take delight in the chase. He would go out at early morning, ranging the woods and hills unaccompanied
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           any one, needing no help, for his javelin
  inting, when the sun got high he would seek a shady nook where a cool stream flowed, and, stretched on the grass, with his garments thrown aside, would enjoy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Sometimes he would say aloud.
d allay the heat that burns me." Some one passing by one day heard him talking in this way to the air, and, foolishly believing that he was talking to some maiden, went and told
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            secret to Procris. Cephalus's wife. Love is credulous. Procris, at the sudden shock, fainted aw
 Presently recovering, she said, "It cannot be true; I will not believe it unless I myself am a witness to it." So she waited, with anxious heart, till the next morning, when Cepha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            lus went to hunt as usual. Then she stole out after him, and concealed herself in the place who
  the informer directed her. Cephalus came as he was wont when tired with sport, and stretched himself on the green bank, saving, "Come, sweet breeze, come
g on in this way when he heard, or thought he heard, a sound as of a sob in the bushes. Supposing it some wild animal, he threw his javelin at the spot. A cry from his beloved Procris t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              him that the weapon had too surely met its mark. He rushed to the place, and found her blee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  old
ding, and with sinking strength endeavoring to draw forth from the wound the javelin, her own gift. Cephalus raised her from the earth, strove to stanch the blood, and called her to revive
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                not to leave him miserable, to reproach himself with her death. She opened her feeble eyes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  y that odious Breeze!" This disclosed the whole mystery: but alas! what advantage to dis
, and forced herself to utter these few words: "I implore you, if you have ever loved me, if I have ever deserved kindness at your hands, my husband, grant me this last request; do not marr
close it now! She died; but her face wore a calm expression, and she looked pityingly and forgivingly on her husband when he made her understand the truth. Moore, in his "Legendary Ballads," has one the noon's bright eye, And oft he wooed the wandering wind To cool his brow with its sigh While mute lay even the wild bee's hum, Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair, His song was still, 'Sweet Air, O come
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     on Cephalus and Procris, beginning thus: "A hunter once in a grove reclined, To shun While Echo answered, 'Come, sweet Air!" CHAPTER IV JUNO AND HER RIVALS, IO
AND CALLISTO--DÍANA AND ACTAEON--LATONA AND THE RUSTICS Juno one day perceived it suddenly grow dark, and immediately suspected that her husband on the banks
of a glassy river, with a beautiful heifer standing near him. Juno suspected the heifer's form concealed some fair nymph of mortal mould--as was, indeed the case; for it was lo, the daughter of the river god lnachus, whom Jupiter had been flirting with, and, when he became aware of the approach of his wife
had changed into that form. Juno joined her husband, and noticing the heifer praised its beauty, and asked whose it was, and of what herd. Jupiter, to stop questions, replied that it was a fresh creation from the earth. Juno asked to have it as a gift. What could Jupiter do? He was loath to give his mistress to his wife; yet how refuse so trifling a present as a simple heifer? He could not, without exciting suspicions; so she delivered the heifer to Argus, to be strictly watched. Now Argus had a hundred eyes in his head, and never went to sleep
with more than two at a time, so that he kept watch of lo constantly. He suffered her to feed through the day, and at night tied her up with a vile rope round her neck. She would have stretched out her arms to implore freedom of Argus, but she had no arms to stretch out, and her voice was a bellow that fright
tened even herself. She saw her father and her sisters, went near them, and suffered them to pat her back, and heard them admire her beauty. Her father reached her a tuft of grass, and she licked the outstretched hand. She longed to make herself known to him, and would have uttered her wish; but, alas! w
ords were wanting. At length she bethought herself of writing, and inscribed her name-- it was a short one--with her hoof on the sand. Inachus recognized it, and discovering that his daughter, whom he had long sought in vain, was hidden under this disguise, mourned over her, and, embracing her white ne
ck, exclaimed, "Alas! my daughter, it would have been a less grief to have lost you altogether!" While he thus lamented, Argus, observing, came and drove her away, and took his seat on a high bank, from whence he could see all around in every direction. Jupiter was troubled at beholding the sufferings of
his mistress, and calling Mercury told him to go and despatch Argus. Mercury made haste, put his winged slippers on his feet, and cap on his feet, and cap on his head, took his sleep-producing wand, and leaped down from the heavenly towers to the earth. There he laid aside his wings, and kept only his wand, with which he producing wand, and leaped down from the heavenly towers to the earth. There he laid aside his wings, and kept only his wand, with which he producing wand, and leaped down from the heavenly towers to the earth.
resented himself as a shepherd driving his flock. As he strolled on he blew upon his pipes. These were what are called the Syrinx or Pandean pipes. Argus listened with delight, for he had never seen the instrument before. "Young man," said he, "come and take a seat by me on this stone. There is no better
place for your flocks to graze in than hereabouts, and here is a pleasant shade such as shepherds love." Mercury sat down, talked, and told stories till it grew late, and played upon his pipes his most soothing strains, hoping to lull the watchful eyes to sleep, but all in vain; for Argus still contrived to keep so me of his eyes open though he shut the rest. Among other stories, Mercury told him how the instrument on which he played was invented. "There was a certain nymph, whose name was Syrinx, who was much beloved by the satyrs and spirits of the wood; but she would have none of them, but was a faithful
worshipper of Diana, and followed the chase. You would have thought it was Diana herself, had you seen her in her hunting dress, only that her bow was of horn and Diana's of silver. One day, as she was returning from the chase, Pan met her, told her just this, and added more of the same sort. She ran aw
ay, without stopping to hear his compliments, and he pursued till she came to the bank of the river, where he overtook her, and she had only time to call for help on her friends the water nymphs. They heard and consented. Pan threw his arms around what he supposed to be the form of the nymph, and foun
d he embraced only a tuft of reeds! As he breathed a sigh, the air sounded through the reeds, and produced a plaintive melody. The god, charmed with the novelty and with the novelty and with the novelty and with the sweetness of the music, said, 'Thus, then, at least, you shall be mine.' And he took some of the reeds, and placing them together, o
f unequal lengths, side by side, made an instrument which he called Syrinx, in honor of the nymph." Before Mercury with one stroke cut his neck through, and tumbled his head down the rocks. O haple
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