

a few of whose most noted works are still extant in various museums.

This story, like many others, is merely a sun myth, in which Bellerophon, the orb of day, rides across the sky on Pegasus, the fleecy white clouds, and slays Chimæra, the dread monster of darkness, which he alone can overcome. Driven from home early in life, Bellerophon wanders throughout the world like his brilliant prototype, and, like it, ends his career in total darkness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MINOR DIVINITIES.

ACCORDING to the ancients' belief, every mountain, valley, plain, lake, river, grove, and sea was provided with some lesser deity, whose special duty was assigned by the powerful gods of Olympus. These were, for instance, Naiades and
Oreades. the Naiades, beautiful water nymphs, who dwelt in the limpid depths of the fountains, and were considered local patrons of poetry and song.

The Oreades, or mountain nymphs, were supposed to linger in the mountain solitudes, and guide weary travelers safely through their rocky mazes.

"Mark how the climbing Oreads
Beckon thee to their Arcades!"

EMERSON.

As for the Napææ, they preferred to linger in the valleys, which were kept green and fruitful by their watchful Napææ and
Dryades. care, in which task they were ably seconded by the Dryades, the nymphs of vegetation.

The very trees in the forest and along the roadside were supposed to be each under the protection of a special divinity called Hamadryad, said to live and die with the tree intrusted to her care.

"When the Fate of Death is drawing near,
First wither on the earth the beauteous trees,
The bark around them wastes, the branches fall,
And the nymph's soul, at the same moment, leaves
The sun's fair light."

HOMER.

A sweet and touching story was told by the ancients of a mortal who was changed into a Hamadryad. This young girl, whose name was Dryope, was a beautiful young princess, the daughter of Baucis, so bright and clever, that all who knew her loved her dearly. Of course, as soon as she was old enough to think of marriage, a host of suitors asked her hand, each eager to win for his bride one so beautiful and gifted.

Story of
Dryope.

"No nymph of all Echia could compare,
For beauteous form, with Dryope the fair."
OVID (POPE'S TR.).

Fully aware of the importance of making a wise choice, Dryope took her time, and finally decided to marry Andramon, a worthy young prince, who possessed every charm calculated to win a fair girl's heart. The young people were duly married, and daily rejoiced in their happiness, which seemed almost too great for earth, when they became the parents of a charming little son.

Every day Dryope carried the child along the banks of a little lake close by the palace, where bloomed a profusion of gay-colored flowers.

"A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Those shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Between her arms."
OVID (POPE'S TR.).

One day, while wandering there as usual, accompanied by her sister, she saw a lotus blossom, and pointed it out to her little son. He no sooner saw the brilliant flower, than he stretched out his little hands. To please him, the fond mother plucked it and gave it to him.

She had scarcely done so, when she noticed drops of blood trickling from the broken stem; and while she stood there, speech-

less with wonder, a voice was heard accusing her of having slain Lotis, a nymph, who, to escape the pursuit of Priapus, god of the shade, had assumed the guise of a flower.

"Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless love she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name."
OVID (POPE'S TR.).

Recovering from her first speechless terror, Dryope turned to flee, with a pitiful cry of compassion on her pale lips, but, to her astonishment, she could not leave the spot: her feet seemed rooted to the ground. She cast a rapid glance downward to ascertain what could so impede her progress, and noticed the rough bark of a tree growing with fearful rapidity all around her.

Higher and higher it rose, from her knees to her waist, and still it crept upward, in spite of her frantic attempts to tear it away from her shapely limbs. In despair she raised her trembling hands and arms to heaven to implore aid; but, ere the words were spoken, her arms were transformed into twisted branches, and her hands were filled with leaves.

Nothing human now remained of poor Dryope except her sweet, tear-stained face; but this too would soon vanish under the all-involving bark. She therefore took hasty leave of her father, sister, husband, and son, who, attracted by her first cry, had rushed to give her all the assistance in their power. The last words were quickly spoken, but none too soon, for the bark closed over the soft lips and hid the lovely features from view.

"She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be,
And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd."
OVID (POPE'S TR.).

One of Dryope's last requests had been that her child might often play beneath her shady branches; and when the passing

winds rustled through her leaves, the ancients said it was "Dryope's lone lulling of her child."

The male divinities of the woods, which were also very numerous, were mostly Satyrs, — curious beings with a man's body and a goat's legs, hair, and horns. They were all passionately fond of music and revelry, and were wont to indulge in dancing at all times and in all places. The most famous among all the Satyrs was Silenus, Bacchus' tutor; and Pan, or Consentes, god of the shepherds, and the personification of nature. The latter was the reputed son of Mercury and a charming young nymph named Penelope; and we are told, that, when his mother first beheld him, she was aghast, for he was the most homely as well as the most extraordinary little creature she had ever seen. His body was all covered with goat's hair, and his feet and ears were also those of a goat.

Amused at the sight of this grotesque little divinity, Mercury carried him off to Olympus, where all the gods turned him into ridicule. Pan was widely worshiped in olden times, however; and the ancients not only decked his altars with flowers, but sang his praises, and celebrated festivals in his honor.

"He is great and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling, while we sing,
Ever Holy! Ever Holy!
Ever honored! Ever young!
The great Pan is ever sung!"

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Pan was equally devoted to music, the dance, and pretty nymphs. He saw one of the nymphs, Syrinx, whom he immediately loved; but unfortunately for him, she, frightened at his appearance, fled. Exasperated by her persistent avoidance of him, Pan once pursued and was about to overtake her, when she paused, and implored Gæa to protect her.

Story
of Syrinx.

The prayer was scarcely ended, when she found herself changed into a clump of reeds, which the panting lover embraced, thinking he had caught the maiden, who had stood in that very spot a few moments before.

His deception and disappointment were so severe, that they wrung from him a prolonged sigh, which, passing through the rustling reeds, produced plaintive tones. Pan, seeing Syrinx had gone forever, took seven pieces of the reed, of unequal lengths, bound them together, and fashioned from them a musical instrument, which was called by the name of the fair nymph.

"Fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph! — poor Pan! — how he did weep to find
Naught but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain
Full of sweet desolation — balmy pain."

KEATS.

Pan was supposed to delight in slyly overtaking belated travelers and inspiring them with sudden and unfounded fears, — from him called "panic." He is generally represented with a syrinx and shepherd's crook, and a pine garland around his misshapen head.

The Romans also worshiped three other divinities of nature entirely unknown to the Greeks; i.e., Silvanus, Faunus, and Fauna, the latter's wife, who had charge over the woods and plants. Priapus, god of the shade, was also a rural deity, but his worship was only known along the shores of the Hellespont.

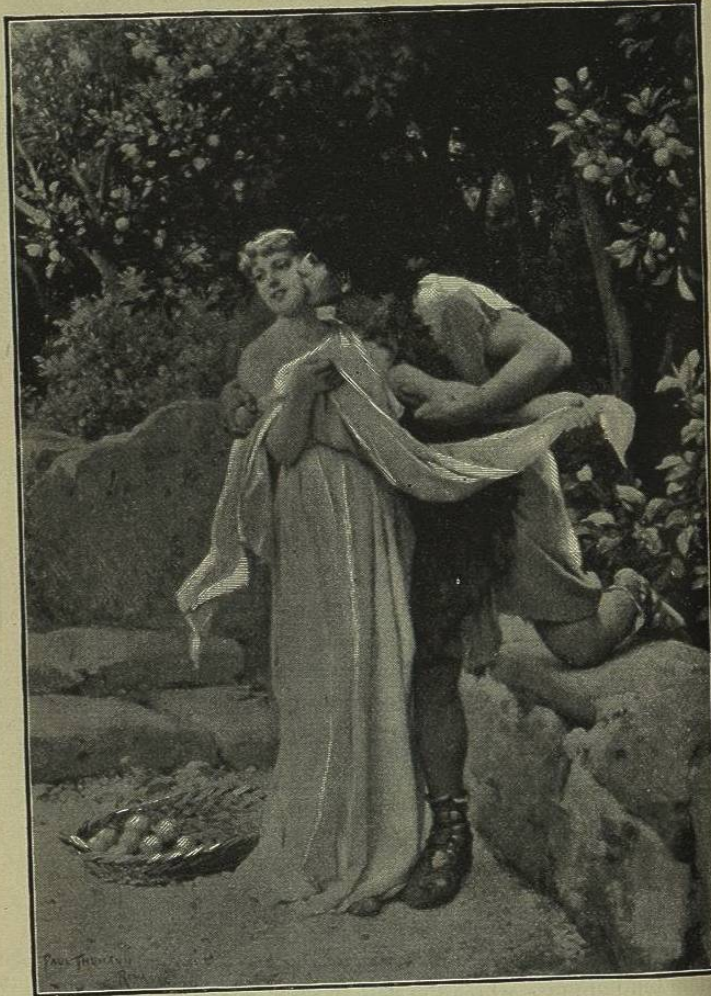
Silvan deities.

The fairest among all the lesser gods was doubtless Flora, goddess of flowers, who married Zephyrus, the gentle god of the south wind, and wandered happily with him from place to place, scattering her favors with lavish generosity. She was principally worshiped by young girls, and the only offerings ever seen on her altars were fruits and garlands of beautiful flowers. Her festivals, generally celebrated in the month of May, were called the Floralia.

Flora and
Zephyrus.

"Crowds of nymphs,
Soft voiced, and young, and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses and pinks and violets to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May."

KEATS.



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"A FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY."—Thumann.
(Vertumnus and Pomona.)

Vertumnus and Pomona were the special divinities of the garden and orchard. They are represented with pruning knives and shears, gardening implements, and fruits and flowers. Pomona was very coy indeed, and had no desire to marry. Vertumnus, enamored of her charms, did his best to make her change her mind, but she would not even listen to his pleadings.

At last the lover had recourse to stratagem, disguised himself as an aged crone, entered Pomona's garden, and inquired how it happened that such a very charming young woman should remain so long unmarried. Then, having received a mocking answer, he began to argue with her, and finally extracted an avowal, that, among all the suitors, one alone was worthy of her love, Vertumnus. Vertumnus seized the favorable opportunity, revealed himself, and clasped her to his breast. Pomona, perceiving that she had hopelessly betrayed herself, no longer refused to wed, but allowed him to share her labors, and help her turn the luscious fruit to ripen in the autumn sunshine.

The lesser divinities of the sea were almost as numerous as those of the land, and included the lovely Oceanides and Nereides, together with their male companions the Tritons, who generally formed Neptune's regal train.

One of the lesser sea gods, Glaucus, was once a poor fisherman, who earned his daily bread by selling the fish he caught in his nets. On one occasion he made an extra fine haul, and threw his net full of fish down upon a certain kind of grass, which the flapping fish immediately nibbled, and, as if endowed with extraordinary powers, bounded back into the waves and swam away.

Sea deities.

Story of
Glaucus.

Greatly surprised at this occurrence, Glaucus began chewing a few blades of this peculiar grass, and immediately felt an insane desire to plunge into the sea, — a desire which soon became so intense, that he could no longer resist it, but dived down into the water. The mere contact with the salt waves sufficed to change his nature; and swimming about comfortably in the element, where he now found himself perfectly at home, he began to explore the depths of the sea.

“‘I plung’d for life or death. To interknit
One’s senses with so dense a breathing stuff
Might seem a work of pain; so not enough
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment;
Forgetful utterly of self-intent;
Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.
Then, like a new fledg’d bird that first doth show
His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,
I try’d in fear the pinions of my will.
’Twas freedom! and at once I visited
The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.’”

KEATS.

Glaucus was worshiped most particularly by the fishermen and boatmen, whose vessels he was supposed to guard from evil, and whose nets were often filled to overflow through his intervention.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TROJAN WAR.

JUPITER, father of the gods, once fell deeply in love with a beautiful sea nymph named Thetis, the daughter of Nereus and Doris,—

“Thetis of the silver feet, and child
Of the gray Ancient of the Deep.”

HOMER (Bryant's tr.).

He was very anxious indeed to marry her, but, before taking such an important step, deemed it prudent to consult the Fates, who alone could inform him whether this union would be for his happiness or not. It was very fortunate for him that he did so, for the three sisters told him that Thetis was destined to be the mother of a son who would far outshine his father.

Jupiter carefully pondered this reply, and concluded to renounce the marriage rather than run any risk of being forced to surrender his power to one greater than he. Thetis' hand he then decreed should be given in marriage to Peleus, King of Athens, who had loved her faithfully, and had long sued in vain.

Thetis, however, was not at all anxious to accept the hand of a mere mortal after having enjoyed the attention of the gods (for Neptune also had wooed her), and demurred, until Jupiter promised his own and the gods' attendance at the marriage feast. The prospect of this signal honor reconciled the maiden, and the wedding preparations were made in the coral caves of her father, Nereus, beneath the foam-crested waves,