

# **IO: A TALE OF THE OLDEN FANE**

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Io: A Tale of the Olden Fane by K. Barton

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**K. BARTON**

**IO: A TALE OF  
THE OLDEN FANE**



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A TALE  
OF THE GLOEM FANE.

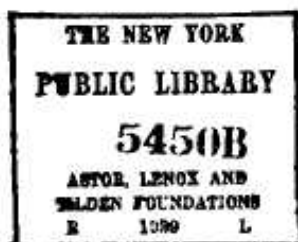
BY  
K. BARTON.

"By education most have been misled;  
So they believe because they so were bred;  
The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man."

DRYDEN.

NEW-YORK:  
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## A TALE OF THE OLDEN FANE.

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### INTRODUCTION.

THE times whereof we write—the days of Io—were in those distant years which lie beyond that glorious epoch, known through these eighteen centuries and a half as the Christian Era.

The material universe differed, in no essential point, from that which now surrounds us.

Nature progressed, in stages imperceptible to the daily observer, in those earlier, as in these later days. Yet, was she ever, as now, advancing toward the goal of perfection.

Humanity, in its essential character the same in all ages and climes, was, likewise, in the days whereof we write—the days of Io—progressive, as it is now. The spirit of noble manhood, struggling against the tide of ignorance and selfishness which opposed its progress, yielding at times to the opposing flood, seemed often lost for ever,—ingulfed in the dark waters of unsounded depths. But again, and again, it rose, buoyant on the

waves of human life. The expanse of time, like the boundless waters, has hence become interspersed with enduring verdure; and the rocks, whereon many an unwary mariner has been cast in hopeless desolation, have now become as gardens of pleasure; and granaries, for the sustenance of succeeding myriads.

In those days—the days of Io—life was compounded of elements, similar to those which now enter into its strange composition. Love, then, as now, formed a large portion of that compound. They loved, and married, in those days as in these; with only this important difference—nature had more to do than art, in those earlier scenes of love-making.

There was, in Ephesus—the city chosen for Io—a vast temple, reared in seeming opposition to the voice of nature, when she commands her sons and daughters to love and be happy. It was the temple of Cynthia—Diana of the Ephesians.

That temple, the pride of Ephesus, was justly so, in point of architectural beauty, extent, and grandeur. Its external dimensions, as in its grand proportions it rose before the eye, impressed the mind of the observer with a mingling of admiration and awe. A solid platform surrounded the body of the temple; and from this promenade arose a double row of Ionic columns, numbering one hundred and twenty-seven. Each column was a single shaft of Parian marble, sixty feet in height. And many of them were carved by the hands of Scopas, and other masters of that classic age. Ctesiphon, of Crete, and Metagenes, had superintended its massive foundations. And its walls preserved the immortality of



Apelles and Parrhasius. Praxiteles and Cephisadoras did honor to themselves, in the adornment of its shrine. And the daughter of Micon passed her creative fingers over a picture of its deess; while Scopas thought it honor to form for it the statue of Hecate. Thus, from the hands of classic genius, arose this sublime structure, conceived and executed in honor of Diana, the spotless goddess of the Ephesians. And the encircled habitation of her godship, rising in its beautiful and perfect, though vast, proportions, aptly represented the captivating being, the ideal of whose lovely perfections wrapped itself around the hearts of this mighty people. The highest intellect of manhood had fallen subdued before her shrine; and spread upon her altar the offering of a resistless heart. The lone captive, writhing in the toils of a foreign captivity, escaping to her sanctuary, had become imperceptibly entangled in the webs of devotion; and bowed himself, a voluntary slave, before her sacred chastity. The vulgar plebeian, the veriest baseling of society, whose language abroad bespoke a mind untouched by the nobler impulses of the refined, brought into the august presence of this virgin deess, shrank within himself, trembled with the terror of inward and undefined fear, and fled her presence, with the precipitate cowardliness of the base! And buoyant youth, dreaming of love, and happiness, and heaven, aspiring in its ambition, sincere in its desires, ardent in its temperament—youth, in whom humanity mingles its strange contradictions—youth approached that thrilling shrine, where chastity and innocence sat personified and deified; and the fascinations of her power laid hold upon their spirits, tore