

even this enemy, however cruel, perfidious and prophane, we have no malice. Judge, therefore, between him and us. If we must die, it is thy hand that resumes the life it has given! If Hesperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant abased, it is thy power, and the wisdom of Minerva, that shall give us victory! The glory will be due to thee, for the fate of battle is weighed in thy balance. We fight in thy behalf, for thou art righteous; and Adrastus is, therefore, more thy enemy than ours. If, in thy behalf, we conquer, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall smoke upon thy altars, before the day is past! »

Then, shaking the reins over the fiery and foaming coursers of his chariot, he rushed into the thickest rank of the enemy. The first that opposed him was Periander the Locrian: he was covered with the skin of a lion, which he had slain when he was travelling in Cilicia; and he was armed, like Hercules, with a club of enormous size: he had the stature and the strength of a giant; and, as soon as he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth, and the beauty of his countenance: « Is it for thee, » said he, « effeminate boy! to dispute the glory of arms with us? Hence; and seek thy father in the dominions of the dead! » He spoke, and lifted his ponderous and knotted mace against him; it was studded with spikes of steel, and had the appearance of a mast. All that were near trembled at its descent; but Telemachus avoided the blow, and rushed upon his enemy, with a rapidity equal to the flight of an eagle. The mace falling upon the wheel of a chariot that was near him, dashed it to pieces; and, before Periander could recover it, Telemachus pierced his neck with a dart. The blood which gushed in a torrent from the wound, instantly stifled his voice; his hand relaxed; and the reins falling upon the neck of his coursers, they started away with un-governed fury. He fell from the chariot; his eyes were suffused with everlasting darkness; and his countenance, pale and disfigured, was still impressed with

hombres, escasear su sangre; ántes no tenemos odio, ni aun contra ese enemigo, bien que cruel, pérfido y sacrilego. Mirad pues á unos y á otros, y decidid entre ellos y nosotros. Si es menester morir, en vuestra mano estan nuestras vidas: si hemos de rendir al tirano, y librar la Hesperia, los que nos darán la victoria serán vuestro poder, y la virtud de vuestra hija Minerva. Toda la gloria de ella se deberá á vos solo, que distribuis las suertes de los hombres, y gobernais á vuestro arbitrio la fortuna de las batallas. Pelearémos por vos, puesto que sois juez. Adrasto es harto mas enemigo vuestro que de nosotros mismos. Si ántes de fenecerse el dia quedáre vencedora vuestra causa, se hará correr la sangre de cien victimas sobre vuestros altares.

Dixo, é impelió al mismo tiempo los espumosos y ardientes caballos á las mas espesas esquadras de los enemigos. Arrojóse luego á Periandro Locrense que iba cubierto de la piel de un leon que habia muerto en un viage que hizo en Sicilia. Estaba armado á lá manera de Hércules, con una maza de desmedida grandeza, y lo hacian semejar á Gigante, no ménos que la fuerza, la estatura. Luego que él vió á Telémaco empezó á despreciar su juventud y belleza de su semblante. ¿A tí, dixo jóven afeminado, conviene puntualmente disputarnos la honra de la victoria? Anda, niño, ve al infierno á buscar á tu padre. Diciendo estas palabras, levantó su pesada y poderosa maza, que estaba toda armada de agudas puntas de acero, y parecia un árbol de baxel. Miétras que cada uno temia que estaba para caerle sobre su propia cabeza, iba ya á descargar sobre la del hijo de Ulises; pero desvióse este del golpe, y echóse encima de Periandro con una velocidad como de águila, que rasga el ayre. La maza al caer destrozó la rueda de un carro, cercano á aquel en que estaba Telémaco. En esto Periandro fué atravesado á mano del mancebo Griego, que le metió una flecha por la garganta, y la sangre, que á borbotones salia por la grande abertura de aquella herida, le ahogó en las fauces la voz. Sus feroces caballos, no sentiéndose ya detenidos de la flaca mano de su señor, empezáron á correr impetuosa-

the agonies of death. Telemachus was touched with pity at the sight, and immediately gave the body to his attendants; reserving to himself the lion's skin and mace as trophies of victory.

He then sought Adrastus in the thickest of the battle, and overturned a crowd of heroes in his way: Hileus, who had harnessed to his chariot two coursers, bred in the vast plains that are watered by the Ausidius, and scarcely inferior to those of the sun; Demoleon, who, in Sicily, had almost rivalled Eryx in combats with the cestus: Crantor, who had been the host and the friend of Hercules, when he passed through Hesperia, to punish the villainies of Cacus with death: Menecrates, who, in wrestling, was said to have rivalled Pollux; Hypocoön the Salapian, who, in managing the horse, had the grace and dexterity of Castor; the mighty hunter Eurimedes, who was always stained with the bloods of bears and wild boars, that he slew upon the frozen summits of the Appennine, and who was said to have been so great a favourite of Diana, that she taught him the use of the bow herself; Nicostrates, who had conquered a giant, among the rocks of mount Garganus, that vomited fire; and Eleanthus, who was betrothed to Pholoe, a youthful beauty, the daughter of the god that pours the river Liris from his urn. She had been promised, by her father, to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent, which was bred on the borders of the stream, and which an oracle had predicted should, in a few days, devour her. Eleanthus, for the love of Pholoe, undertook to destroy the monster, and succeeded; but the fates withheld him from the fruits of his victory; and, while Pholoe was preparing for their union, and expecting the return of her hero with a tender and timid joy, she learnt that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that his life was cut off by an untimely stroke. Her sighs were wafted to the surrounding woods and mountains, upon every

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mente acá y allá por en medio del campo con las riendas sueltas, y ondeando sobre el cuello. Cayó debaxo del carro el miserable, cerrados ya los ojos á la luz, y desfigurado el rostro, en todo el qual se esparció una palidez mortal. Tuvo de él compasion Telémaco, y permitiendo luego el cadáver á los criados del muerto, guardó para sí la maza, y la piel del leon por señales de la victoria.

Corrió de aquí sin parar á lo mas espeso de la batalla para buscar á Adrasto: pero buscándole, mató una grande muchedumbre de combatientes. Cayéron á su mano Ileo, cuyo carro tirában dos caballos, como los del sol, criados en las vastas praderías, que bañan las corrientes del Ausido: Demoleonte, que casi habia igualado en Sicilia al grande Erix en la lucha del Cesto: Grantero, amigo de Hércules, á quien habia alvergado en su casa, quando pasando por la Hesperia el gran hijo de Júpiter, mató al infame Caco: Menecrates, de quien se decia, que en la lucha se parecia á Polux: Ipoconte de Salapia, que imitaba la destreza, y el noble garvo de Castor en manejar un caballo: el famoso cazador Eurimides, siempre manchado de sangre de osos y jabalies, que mataba en las cumbres nevadas del Apenino; y de quien corria la voz, que habia sido tan agradable á Diana, que ella misma le habia enseñado á manejar el arco, y las flechas; y Nicóstrato, ántes vencedor de un Gigante, que despedía fuego por la boca, y hacia su mansion en los despeñíos del monte Gargano. Fué muerto tambien de Telémaco Eleante, que habia de casar con la doncella Foloe, hijo del rio París. Habíala su padre prometido á aquel que la librara de un dragon, que se habia criado en sus orillas, y que segun la prediccion del oráculo, la habia de tragar dentro de pocos dias. Eleante con amor excesivo arriesgó su vida por quitarla aquel monstruo; mas habiendo conducido á buen fin la empresa, no pudo gustar del fruto de la victoria. Mientras Foloe se disponia para las bodas, y mientras esperaba con impaciencia á Eleante, le llevaron la nueva de haberse partido á la guerra con el Rey de los Daunos; y que en una batalla habia perdido la vida. Llenó de gemidos los bosques, y los

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gale : her eyes overflowed with tears ; and the flowers which she had been wreathing into garlands were neglected : in the distraction of her grief , she accused heaven of injustice ; but the gods beheld her with compassion ; and accepting the prayers of her father , put an end to her distress . Her tears flowed in such abundance , that she was suddenly changed into a fountain , which at length mingled with the parent stream ; but the waters are still bitter ; no herbage blossoms upon its banks ; and no tree , but the cypress , refreshes them with a shade .

In the mean time Adrastus , who had learnt that Telemachus was spreading terror on every side , went in search of him with the utmost ardour and impatience . He hoped to find him an easy conquest , as he had yet scarcely acquired the full strength of a man : the tyrant did not , however , trust wholly to this advantage , but took with him thirty Daunians , of uncommon boldness , dexterity , and strength , to whom he had promised great rewards for killing Telemachus in any manner . If , at this time , they had met , and the thirty Daunians had surrounded the chariot of the young hero while Adrastus had attacked him in front , he would certainly have been cut off without difficulty : but Minerva turned this formidable band another way .

Adrastus , thinking he distinguished the voice and figure of Telemachus among a crowd of combatants , that were engaged in a small hollow at the foot of a hill , rushed to the spot , that he might satiate his revenge : but , instead of Telemachus , he found Nestor , who , with a feeble hand , threw some random shafts , that did no execution . Adrastus , in the rage of disappointment , would instantly have slain him , if a troop of Pylians had not surrounded their king .

And now , a multitude of arrows obscured the day , and covered the contending armies like a cloud : nothing was to be heard but the groans of death , and the clashing armour of those that fell : the ground was

montes cercanos al río : derramó de sus ojos copia grande de lágrimas : desgreñó sus hermosos cabellos : dexó de coger flores , con que ántes acostumbraba texer guirnaldas : volvióse contra el cielo , y lo acusó de injusto . Como nunca cesaba de llorar de noche y de día , movidos de sus quejas los dioses , y de los ruegos del río , pusieron fin á su llanto . A fuerza de sus lágrimas fué de improviso transformada en fuente , que corriendo acia el río , va á mezclar sus caudales con los de su padre . Pero guardan todavía sus aguas su primera amargura : cerca de ella nunca nace , ó florece yerba ; y fuera de la sombra de los cipreses , no ve alguna otra sobre sus funestas riberas .

Avisado entretanto Adrasto , que aterraba Telémaco , y ponía en fuga á los Daunos por todas partes , lo buscaba con gran cuidado en la batalla . Esperaba que fácilmente vencería al hijo de Ulises , hallándose aun en edad tan tierna , y llevaba consigo treinta Daunos de suma fuerza y destreza , y de extraordinaria osadía , á quienes habia ofrecido crecidos premios , si de alguna manera podian , en el combate quitar la vida á Telémaco . Si entónces le hubiera encontrado , ciertamente que rodeando el carro de Telémaco treinta hombres , mientras que Adrasto le acometiera de frente , no hubieran habido de trabajar mucho para matarlo ; pero dispuso Minerva , que no le pudieran hallar .

Pareció á Adrasto que veía , y oía á Telémaco en un sitio de la llanura , que estaba al pie de un collado , donde se hallaba entónces peleando un gran tropel de gente . Corrió allá al punto con tal velocidad , que por decirlo así , volaba deseoso de hartarse de sangre ; pero encontró á Nestor en lugar de Telémaco , que arrojaba con mano tremula á la ventura muchos dardos inútiles , y sin herir con ellos . Arrebatado Adrasto con el furor , ya le pretendía atravesar ; pero rodeó á Nestor para defenderlo una tropa de Pílios .

Obscureció entónces el ayre una nube de flechas , que cubrió á todos los combatientes . No se oían sino los alharidos lastimosos de los moribundos , y el estruendo que hacían las armas de los que iban cayendo

loaded with mountains of slain, and deluged with rivers of blood. Mars and Bellona, attended by the infernal furies, and clothed in garments that dropped with gore, enjoyed the horrors of the battle, and animated the combatants with new fury. By these relentless deities, enemies to man, pity, generous valour, and mild humanity, were driven from the field; and slaughter, revenge, despair, and cruelty, raged amidst the tumult without controul. Minerva, the wise and invincible, shuddered, and turned with horror from the scene.

Philoctetes, in the mean time, though he walked with difficulty with the shafts of Hercules, limped to the assistance of Nestor with all his might: Adrastus, not being able to penetrate the guard of Pylians that surrounded him, laid many of them in the dust. He slew Etesilaus, who was so light of foot, that he scarcely imprinted the sand; and, in his own country, left the rapid waves of Eurotas and Alpheus behind him: he overthrew also Eutiphron, who exceeded Hylas in beauty, and Hypolitus in the chase; Pterelaus, who had followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and was beloved by Achilles for his prowess and valour; Aristogiton, who, having bathed in the river Achelous, was said to have received from the deity of the stream, the secret gift of assuming whatever form he desired, and who had, indeed, a suppleness and agility, that eluded the strongest grasp; but Adrastus, by one stroke of his lance, rendered him motionless for ever, and his soul rushed from the wound with his blood.

Nestor, who saw the bravest of his commanders fall under the cruel hand of Adrastus, as ears of corn, ripened into a golden harvest, fall before the sickle of the reaper, forgot the danger to which, tremulous and feeble with age, he exposed himself in vain: his attention was wholly fixed upon his son Pisistratus,

en la pelea: gemía oprimida la tierra baxo de un monton de cadaveres, y corría á arroyos la sangre de todas partes. Belona, y Marte, á una con las furias infernales, vestidas de ropas tálares, que destilaban sangre, apacentaban sus crueles ojos en tan funesto espectáculo, y alentaban sin cesar el furor en los corazones combatientes. Estas deidades, contrarias del linage humano, endurecian á los soldados de ambas partes, y alejaban de ellos la piedad generosa, el valor moderado, y todo sentimiento de ternura. En aquel confuso tropel de hombres cuidadosos de dañarse, todo era estrago, venganza, desesperacion y furor brutal. Hasta la sabia, é invencible Palas se estremeció al mirar tragedia tan funesta, y se retiró horrorizada.

En tanto Filotetes, empuñando las flechas de Hércules, se avanzaba con lentos pasos, y procuraba ir con la mayor presteza á socorrer á Nestor. Adrasto, habiendo intentado en vano llegar á emparejarse con Nestor, habia empleado las flechas en muchos Pilios, que habian caido á tierra á exhalar entre el polvo sus alientos. Habia abatido ya á Ctisilas, tan agíl y ligero, que apenas estampaba sus huellas sobre la arena, y que en la velocidad excedia en su país la de Alfeo, y la corriente mas rápida del Eurota. Habian caido á sus pies Eurifonte, mas bello que Ila, y no menos valiente cazador que Hipólito; Ctisilas, que habia ido al asedio de Troya con el sabio Nestor, y que con el valor, y con la fuerza se hacia estimar del mismo Aquiles. Hizose al encuentro de Adrasto Aristogiton, que habiéndose bañado en las aguas del rio Aqueloo, habia recibido interiormente de aquel dios la virtud de tomar qualquiera figura. Era éste en todos sus movimientos tan dolegable, y pronto, que se le escapaba de las manos, hasta á los hombres mas fuertes; pero Adrasto de una lanzada lo dexó inmóvil; y huyó envuelta en su sangre la alma de Aristogiton.

Viendo Nestor, que á manos de Adrasto caian sus valientes capitanes como caen las espigas en tiempo de la cosecha con la cortante hoz del segador, se olvidaba del riesgo á que se despeñaba sin provecho. Habia ya dexado de ser viejo, ni pensaba ya en otro, que en seguir con los ojos á Pisistrato, su hijo, que por su

whom he followed with his eye, as he was bravely sustaining the party that defended his father. But now the fatal moment was come, when Nestor was once more to feel the infelicity of having lived too long.

Pisistratus made a stroke against Adrastus with his lance, so violent, that if the Daunian had not avoided it, it must have been fatal. The assailant having missed his blow, staggered with its force; and before he could recover his position, Adrastus wounded him with a javelin in the belly: his bowels, in a torrent of blood, followed the weapon; his colour faded like a flower that is broken from its root; his eyes became dim, and his voice faltered. Alcæus, his governor, who fought near him, sustained him as he fell; and had just time to place him in the arms of his father, before he expired. He looked up, and made an effort to give the last token of his tenderness; but having opened his lips to speak, the spirit issued with his breath.

Nestor, now defended against Adrastus by Philotetes, who spread carnage and horror round him, still supported the body of his son, and pressed it in an agony to his bosom. The light was now hateful to his eyes; and his passion burst out into exclamation and complaint: «Wretched man,» said he, «to have been once a father, and to have lived so long! Wherefore, O inexorable fates! would ye not take my life when I was chasing the Caledonian boar, sailing in the expedition to Colchis, or courting danger in the first siege of Troy? I should then have died with glory, and tasted no bitterness in death. I now languish with age and sorrow! I am now feeble and despised; I live only to suffer, and have sensibility only for affliction! O my son! O my dear son, Pisistratus! when I lost thy brother Antilochus, I had still thee to comfort me, but I now have thee no more; I possess nothing, and can receive no comfort! with me all is at an end; and even in hope, that only solace of

parte sostenia el ataque con esfuerzo para desviar de su padre el peligro que le amenazaba. Pero habiale ya llegado aquel fatal momento, que en Pisistrato habia de hacer conocer á Nestor, quan frequentemente es desgracia haber vivido sobrado.

Tiró contra Adrasto el mancebo una lanza con tal esfuerzo, que traspasara el Dauno, si él no la desviara, é hiriera al mismo tiempo á Pisistrato con otra pequeña lanza por en medio del vientre, mientras que él titubeando recobraba las que ya habia disparado y executado en vago su golpe. Comenzaron luego á salirle las entrañas, con gran copia de sangre de la herida: mudó de color á manera de una flor, cogida de la mano de una ninfa en el hermoso prado: perdieron casi toda la luz los ojos, y quedóle la voz débil y desmayada. Alcie, á quien se habia dado el cuidado de su enseñanza, y que se hallaba cerca en aquel lance, le sostuvo mas tiempo para caer, y no tuvo mas tiempo, que para conducirlo á los brazos de su desventurado padre. Quiso hablar en ellos Pisistrato, y dar á Nestor las últimas muestras de su cariño; mas al abrir la boca, despidió su postrer aliento.

Mientras que Filotetes, para rechazar los esfuerzos de Adrasto, echaba á los contrarios, que le ceñían; haciendo estrago, y arruinándolo todo, estrechaba Nestor entre sus brazos el cadaver de su hijo; y llenando de alharidos el ayre, aborrecia la vida, y no podia tolerar mas la luz. Gran desgracia, decia, ha sido para mí ser padre, y haber vivido tan largo tiempo! ¡Ah, destino cruel! ¿por qué mucho tiempo antes no me quitastes la vida, ó en la caza del jabali en Calidonia, ó en el viage de Etolia, ó en el primer asedio de Troya? Hubiera muerto con lauro, y sin experimentar tan amargo tormento. Tendré ahora una vida infeliz, en una vejez dolorosa, débil y despreciada: no vivo mas que para padecer, ni me queda otro sentimiento sino es el de mi dolor. Hijo mio, hijo mio Pisistrato, quando perdí á Antíloco, tu hermano, me quedabas tú por lo ménos para consuelo. Ahora que tambien me hallo sin ti, todo se me ha acabado, ni habrá ya cosa que me consuele. La esperanza misma,

human misery, I have no portion! O my children! Antilochus and Pisistratus! I feel, this day, as if this day I had lost ye both; and the first wound in my heart now bleeds afresh. Alas! I shall see you no more! Who shall close my eyes when I die, and who shall collect my ashes for the urn! Thou hast died, O my dear Pisistratus! like thy brother, the death of a hero; and to die is forbidden only to me!»

In this transport of grief, he would have killed himself with a javelin that he held in his hand: but he was prevented by those that stood by. The body of his son was forced from his arms; and sinking under the conflict, he fainted: he was carried, in a state of insensibility, to his tent; where, soon after reviving, he would have returned to the combat, if he had not, by a gentle force, been restrained.

In the mean time, Adrastus and Philoctetes were mutually in search of each other. Their eyes sparkled like those of the leopard and the lion, when they fight in the plains that are watered by the Caister; their looks were savage, and expressed hostile fury and unrelenting vengeance: every lance that they dismissed, was fatal; and the surrounding warriors gazed at them with terror. At last they got sight of each other; and Philoctetes applied one of those dreadful arrows to his bow, which, from his hand, never missed the mark, and which inflicted a wound that no medicine could cure. But Mars, who favoured the fearless cruelty of Adrastus, would not yet suffer him to perish: it was the pleasure of the god, that he should prolong the horrors of the war, and increase the number of the dead: and he was still necessary to divine justice, for the punishment of man.

Philoctetes, at the very moment when he was fitting the shaft against Adrastus, was himself wounded with a lance; the blow was given by Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, more beautiful than Nireus, who, among all the commanders at the siege of Troy, was excelled in person only by Achilles. Philoctetes, the moment he received the wound, discharged the ar-

que es el único alivio de las aflicciones humanas, es un bien á que no puedo ya aspirar. Antiloco, Pisistrato, queridos hijos, á los dos parece que pierdo este día: la muerte de uno me renueva en el corazón la herida, que me habia hecho el otro. ¿Luego no os veré mas? ¿Quién sera quien me cierre los ojos en el último punto de mi vida? ¿Quién recogerá las cenizas de mi cadáver? ¿Tú has muerto como tu hermano, como hombre valeroso, ó amado Pisistrato, yo soy solo quien nunca puede morir.

Diciendo estas palabras, se quiso atravesar con un dardo; pero le tuviéron la mano, y le quitaron el cadáver del hijo; y cayéndose desmayado el infeliz anciano, fué llevado á su tienda, en donde recobradas un tanto las primeras fuerzas, se queria volver á la batalla, si no le detuvieran á su pesar sus amigos.

Andábanse entretanto buscando Adrasto y Filotetes, para investirse. Tenian encendidos los ojos, y centelleando, como los de un leon, ó un leopardo, que uno á otro procuran despedazarse; descubrianse en sus fieros semblantes las amenazas, el guerrero furor, y la venganza. Adonde quiera que arrojaban sus dardos, mataban ciertamente, y todos los soldados les miraban amedrentados. Pero ya se ven uno á otro, y avanza Filotetes, empuñando una de aquellas terribles flechas, que disparadas de él, jamas erraron tiro, siendo sus heridas irremediabiles. Con todo eso Marte, que defendia al intrépido y cruel Adrasto, no pudo tolerar que muriera tan presto; porque queria alargar, por medio de aquel príncipe, los destrozos horribles de la guerra, y multiplicar los estragos. Aun habia la justicia divina de servirse de Adrasto para castigar á los hombres, y derramar su sangre.

Al mismo punto en que quiso investirse Filotetes, fué él mismo prevenido de la lanza de Anfimaco, que era un jóven Lucano, aun mas galan que el célebre Nireo, y que entre todos los Griegos, que militaron en el asedio de Troya, no cedia en belleza sino á Aquiles. Apenas quedó herido Filotetes, tiró luego la flecha contra Anfimaco, y pasóela por medio del co-

row at Amphimachus. The weapon transfix'd his heart: the lustre of his eyes, so beautifully black, was extinguish'd, and they were covered with the shades of death: his lips, in comparison of which, the roses, that Aurora scattered in the horizon, are pale, lost their colour; and his countenance, so blooming and lovely, became ghastly and disfigured. Philoctetes himself was touch'd with compassion: and, when, his body lay weltering in his blood, and his tresses, which might have been mistaken for Apollo's, were trail'd in the dust, every one lamented his fall.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was himself oblig'd to retire from the field: he became feeble by the loss of blood: and he had exerted himself so much in the battle, that his old wound became painful, and seem'd ready to break out afresh; for notwithstanding the divine science of the sons of Æsculapius, the cure was not perfect. Thus exhausted, and ready to fall upon the heaps of slain that surrounded him, he was borne off by Archidamas, who excelled all the Oebalians that he brought with him to found the city of Petilia, in dexterity and courage, just at the moment when Adrastus might, with ease, have laid him dead at his feet. And now the tyrant found none that dared to resist him, or retard his victory: all his enemies were either fallen or fled: and he might justly be resemb'd to a torrent, which, having overflow'd its bounds, rushes on with tumultuous impetuosity, and sweeps away the harvest and the flock, the shepherd and the village together.

Telemachus heard the shouts of the victors at a distance: and saw his people flying before Adrastus, with disorder and precipitation, like a timid hind, that, pursued by the hunter, traverses the plain, rushes through the forest, leaps the precipice, and plunges into the flood.

A groan issued from his breast, and his eyes spark'd with indignation: he quitted the spot where he had long fought with so much danger and glory, and hasten'd to sustain his party: he advanc'd, cover'd

razon. Faltó al punto toda la luz en los negros hermosos ojos del jovencillo, y cubriéronse con tinieblas de muerte: perdiéron su colorido los labios, mas bermejós que aquellos vivos, y purpúreos matices con que al nacer la Aurora arrebola nuestro orizonte: corrió una amarillez horrorosa á asombrar sus mexillas; y aquel rostro gentil y delicado se desfiguró en un instante. El mismo Filotetes se conoció movido á compasion, y suspiráron los combatientes de la una y otra parte, viendo al mísero jóven, que caído en tierra, se revolvía en su propia sangre, y arrastraba en el polvo sus hermosas trenzas, que en ninguna cosa cedían á las de Apolo.

Después que Filotetes hubo muerto á Anfímaco, fué obligado á retirarse de la batalla. A vueltas de la sangre perdía también el vigor; y parecia asimismo, que con el esfuerzo de la pelea estaba á punto de volvérselo á abrir la herida antigua, y de renovárselo los primeros dolores; porque los hijos de Esculapio con su ciencia divina no habían podido enteramente curarle. Estaba ya pará caer sobre un monton de cuerpos sangrientos que le cercaban, sino le hubiera sacado de en medio del combate, en aquel lance mismo en que Adrasto le hubiera sin trabajo abatido, Arquidamante, el mas atrevido, y mas avisado de todos aquellos, que había llevado Filotetes consigo, para fundar á Petilia. No encontraba ya el Dauno quien se atreviera á hacerle resistencia, y embarazara una cumplida victoria, caían todos, todos huían, y él era semejante á un furioso torrente, que vencidas las márgenes, se lleva tras sí las cosechas, los ganados, los pastores y las majadas.

Oyó de léjos Telémaco los gritos de los vencedores, vió el desorden de sus soldados, que iban fugitivos de Adrasto, como una tropa de ciervos tímidos, que trasiegan los campos, los bosques, los montes, y aun los rios mas rápidos, quando son perseguidos de los cazadores.

Echó Telémaco un suspiro entónces de lo mas íntimo de su corazón: encendiéronse los ojos de ira, y partiéndose luego de aquel lugar, donde por largo tiempo había combatido con tanto riesgo y gloria,

with the blood of a multitude, whom he had extended in the dust; and, in his way, he gave a shout, that was at once heard by both armies.

Minerva had communicated a kind of nameless terror to his voice, which the neighbouring mountains returned. The voice even of Mars was never louder in Thrace, when he called up the infernal furies, war and death. The shout of Telemachus animated his people with new courage, and chilled his enemies with fear; Adrastus himself was moved, and blushed at the confusion that he felt. A thousand fatal presages thrilled him with secret horror; and he was actuated rather by despair than courage: his trembling knees thrice bend under him, and he thrice drew back, without knowing what he did; his countenance faded to a deadly pale, and a cold sweat covered his body; his voice became hollow, tremulous, and interrupted; and a kind of sullen fire gleamed in his eyes, which appeared to be starting from their sockets. All his motions had the sudden violence of a convulsion, and he looked like Orestes, when he was possessed by the furies. He now began to believe there were gods; he fancied that he saw them, denouncing vengeance; and that he heard a hollow voice issuing from the depths of hell, and calling him to everlasting torment. Every thing impressed him with a sense that a divine and invisible hand was raised against him; and that it would crush him in its descent. Hope was extinguished in his breast: and his courage fled, as light flies when the sun plunges in the deep, and the earth is enveloped in the shades of night.

Adrastus, whose tyranny would already have been too long, if the earth had not needed so severe a scourge; the impious Adrastus had now filled up the measure of his iniquity, and his hour was come. He rushed forward to meet his fate, with a blind fury, which horror, remorse, indignation, and despair,

corrió á socorrer á los suyos; y adelantandose todo cubierto de sangre, por el estrago hecho en los enemigos, que habia tenido en el campo, levantó de lejos un grito, que igualmente le oyéron los soldados de ambos exercitos.

Minerva le habia puesto en los ojos no sé qué de terrible, y habia á su voz dado un sonido espantoso, con el qual resonáron todas las vecinas montañas. Nunca en la Tracia levanta la voz Marte mas fuertemente, quando llama á las furias, la guerra, y la cruel muerte. El grito de Telémaco inspiró el esfuerzo, y la osadia en el corazon de los suyos, é hizo helarse de espanto el de los enemigos. Avergonzóse Adrasto de sentirse con miedo interiormente: horrorizábanle ciertos funestos presagios; y lo que le animaba era un turbulento despecho, mas presto que un valor sossegado. Tres veces le flaqueáron las rodillas trémulas, y tres veces cejó ácia atras, sin saber lo que hacia. Corrióle por todos los miembros un sudor frio, y una palidez fea, que provenia de un repentino desmayo de los espiritus: la voz rouca, é intercadente no podia acabar de articular palabra; y parecia que llenos los ojos de turbia y centelleante luz, se le salian fuera de la frente. Vefase que él era agitado de las furias de la suerte que Orestes: todos sus movimientos eran convulsivos, y parecia que miraba á los dioses irritados, y oía una voz silenciosa, salida del seno mas hondo del abismo, que le llamaba al infierno. Descubria en qualquier objeto, y en todas partes una celestial mano, é invisible, que estaba encima de su cabeza, é iba librando el golpe, para herirle con mayor fuerza. Habia fenecido en lo profundo de su corazon hasta la esperanza, y se desvanecia su temeraria osadia, como quando se trasmonta el sol, y las sombras nocturnas ciñen la tierra, toda la luz del dia desaparece.

El impio Adrasto, á quien demasiado tiempo se le habia permitido la vida, y tolerado en el mundo (si demasiado tiempo, si no hubieran los hombres necesitado de un tal castigo) estaba ya finalmente cercano á morir. Corria desatinado á encontrar su inevitable destino; y el espanto, el remordimiento, la conster-



united to inspire. At the first sight of Telemachus, he thought that Avernus opened at his feet, and the fiery waves of Phlegeton roared to receive him: he uttered a cry of terror, and his mouth continued open, but he was unable to speak; like a man terrified with a frightful dream, who makes an effort to complain, but can articulate nothing. He discharged a lance at Telemachus, with tremor and precipitation: but Telemachus, serene and fearless, as the friend of heaven, covered himself with his buckler; and victory seemed to overshadow him with her wings, and suspended a crown over his head; in his eye there was something that expressed, at once, courage and tranquillity; and such was his apparent superiority to danger, that he might have been taken for Minerva herself. He turned aside the lance that was thrown against him by Adrastus, who instantly drew his sword, that he might prevent Telemachus from discharging his lance in return: Telemachus, therefore, relinquished his spear; and seeing the sword of Adrastus in his hand, immediately unsheathed his own.

When the other combatants on each side saw them thus closely engaged, they laid down their arms; and fixing their eyes upon them, waited, in silence, for the event that would determine the war. Their swords flashed like the bolts of Jove, when he thunders from the sky: and their polished armour resounded with the strokes. They advanced, retired, stooped, and sprung suddenly up; till at length closing, each seized his antagonist at the same moment. The clasping ivy less closely embraces the elm, than these combatants each other. The strength of Adrastus was undiminished; but that of Telemachus was not yet mature. Adrastus frequently endeavoured to surprise and stagger him, by a sudden and violent effort, but without success: he then endeavoured to seize his sword; but the moment he relinquished his grasp for that purpose, Telemachus lifted him from the ground,

nacion, el furor, la rabia, la desesperacion, eran las que le acompañaban. Apenas vió á Telémaco, le pareció que veia abrirse el Infierno, y que salian de él torbellinos de fuego, vomitados de Flegetonte, los quales ya lo iban á devorar: dió un grito, mas quedóle abierta la boca, sin poder pronunciar palabra alguna; como la de un hombre dormido que abriéndola con desasosiego de algun terrible sueño, hace muchos esfuerzos para hablar; mas faltanle las voces, se fatiga en vano para encontrarlas, Adrasto con mano trémula y precipitada disparó su dardo contra Telémaco; y en el mismo punto el hijo de Ulises, con ánimo intrépido, y sin alterarse nada, levantó el escudo, y se guareció. Parecia que la victoria le tenia cubierto con sus alas, y que ya le tenia una corona pendiente sobre la cabeza. Resplandecia en los ojos del jóven un esfuerzo apacible y tranquilo, y podia parecerse á Minerva: tan sabio se mostraba tan mesurado en los mayores riesgos. Rechazó el escudo aquel dardo que Adrasto le habia tirado; y apresuróse entónces el Dauno á echar mano á la espada, para quitar al contendedor la ventaja de poder arrojar su lanza. Telémaco, mirando con la espada en la mano á Adrasto, dexó el dardo, y empuño tambien prontamente la suya.

Quando viéron á entrambos chocar así de cerca, silenciosos todos los otros, reposaron las armas por mirarlos con atencion, aguardando la decision de toda la guerra en este solo combate. Cruzáronse una con otra las dos espadas á fuer de dos relámpagos que son seguidos de espantosos rayos, y descargan en vano muchos golpes sobre las armas, que con ellos hacen estruendo. Estiéndense los dos combatientes, se doblan, se baxan, se vuelven á levantar en un punto y últimamente se aferran. No aprieta con mayor estrechura al tronco duro y medroso la yedra que nace al pie de un olmo, y sube á la mas alta cima, enlazandose por las ramas, de lo que ambos guerreros se esrecharon el uno al otro. No habia Adrasio perdido nada de sus fuerzas; y Telémaco aun no tenia todas las suyas. Hizo el Dauno muchos esfuerzos por coger de improviso al enemigo, y derribarle; y procuró

and laid him at his feet. In this dreadful moment, the wretch, who had so long defied the gods; betrayed an unmanly fear of death. He was ashamed to beg his life, yet not able to suppress his desire to live, he endeavoured to move Telemachus with compassion: «O son of Ulysses!» said he, «I now acknowledge that there are gods, and that the gods are just: their righteous retribution has overtaken me! It is misfortune only that opens our eyes to truth: I now see it, and it condemns me. But let an unhappy prince bring thy father, now distant from his country, to thy remembrance, and touch thy breast with compassion!»

Telemachus, who kept the tyrant under him with his knee, and had raised the sword to dispatch him, suspended the blow: «I fight,» said he, «only for victory, and for peace; not for vengeance, or for blood. Live then: but live, to atone for the wrongs you have committed: restore the dominions you have usurped; and establish justice and tranquillity upon the coast of Hesperia, which you have so long polluted by cruelty and fraud! Live from henceforth, a convert to truth and virtue! Learn from your defeat, that the gods are just; and that the wicked are miserable: that to seek happiness in violence and deceit, is to ensure disappointment; and that there is no enjoyment like the constant exercise of integrity and benevolence! As a pledge of your sincerity, give us your son Metrodorus; and twelve chiefs of your nation, for hostages.»

Telemachus then suffered Adrastus to rise; and, not suspecting his insincerity, offered him his hand. But the tyrant, in this unguarded moment, perfidiously threw a short javelin at him; which he had hitherto kept concealed: the weapon was so keen, and thrown with such dexterity and strength, that it would have pierced the armour of Telemachus, if it had not been of divine temper; and Adrastus, being now without arms, placed himself, for security, behind a tree.

muchas veces, mas siempre en vano, el quitarle la espada. Mientras que con la mano le buscaba, Telémaco le levantó de la tierra, y le derribó en el campo. Aquel impio que habia siempre despreciado á los dioses, mostró entónces un vil temor á la muerte: se avergonzaba de pedir la vida, y no podia hacer menos que mostrar, que la deseaba, y procuraba mover à compasion á Telémaco. Ahora, le dixo, ó hijo de Ulises, llevo finalmente á conocer á los justos dioses, y confieso que me castigan segun mis méritos. Solas las desventuras abren á los hombres los ojos para ver la verdad. Al presente la reconozco: ella es la que me condena; mas la vista de un Rey desventurado debe haceros memoria de vuestro padre que va errante léjos de Itaca, y movéros á piedad de su suerte.

Telémaco que apretándole encima las rodillas, habia levantado el acero, para degollarlo, le respondió al momento: Yo no he tenido otro fin, sino el de la victoria y la paz de estos pueblos, en cuyo socorro he venido, ni gusto de derramar la sangre de ninguno: Vivid pues, Adrasto; pero vivid para emendar vuestras faltas: restituid todo lo que habeis usurpado: haced que de nuevo florezcan la paz y la justicia en toda la grande Hesperia, que con tantas traiciones habeis contaminado, y con tantos estragos: vivid y hacedos un hombre totalmente diverso del primero. Aprended de vuestra caída, que los dioses son justos, que los malos son infelices, y que se engañan en buscar la dicha con la violencia, con la fiereza, con la mentira; y que finalmente no hay cosa tan dulce y venturosa, como una sencilla é inmutable virtud. Dadnos en rehenes á vuestro hijo, y con él doce de los principales de vuestros súbditos.

Habiendo dicho estas palabras, dexó Telémaco á Adrasto que se levantára, y le alargó la mano sin miedo de traicion; mas incontinenti Adrasto le tiró otro dardo harto corto que tenia escondido. Era él tan agudo, y le arrojó con tanta destreza, que si las armas de Telémaco no hubieran sido divinas, ciertamente las hubiera pasado. Al mismo tiempo se retiró el traidor detras de un arbol, porque no pudiera Telémaco seguirlo ni cogerlo. Entónces gritó el hijo de

Telemachus then cried out, «Bear witness, Daunians, the victory is ours! The life of your king was mine, by conquest; and it is now forfeited by treachery. He that fears not the gods, is afraid of death; he that fears the gods, can fear nothing else.»

He advanced hastily towards the Daunians, as he spoke; and made a sign to his people, that were on the other side of the tree, where Adrastus had taken refuge, to cut off his retreat. The tyrant perceiving his situation, would have made a desperate effort to force his way through the Cretans; but Telemachus rushing upon him, sudden and irresistible as the bolt which the father of the gods launches from the summit of Olympus, to destroy the guilty, seized him with his victorious hand, and laid him prostrate in the dust; as the northern tempest levels the harvest, not yet ripe for the sickle. The victor was then deaf to entreaty, though the perfidious tyrant again attempted to abuse the goodness of his heart: he plunged the sword in his breast; and dismissed his soul to the flames of Tartarus, the just punishment of his crimes.

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

Ulises: Vosotros lo veis, Daunos: la victoria es nuestra; el impio no se salva sino á traicion. Quien no teme á los dioses, tiene miedo á la muerte: y al contrario, quien á ellos tiene miedo, de ninguno otro teme.

Diciendo estas palabras, se avanzó ácia los Daunos, é hizo seña á los suyos, que estaban á la otra parte del árbol, para que se opusieran al pérfido Adrasto, y atajasen su fuga. El, que tenia miedo de ser cogido, mostró que queria cejar, y quiso descomponer los Cretenses que se le ponian delante, para estorvarle el paso; pero arrebatado Telémaco, como un rayo que arroja la diestra de Júpiter desde el cielo sobre la cabeza de algun reo, llegó improvisamente á arrojarse encima. Ya lo aferra con mano victoriosa: ya lo abate de aquella misma forma que un Aquilon cruel aterra la cosecha de las mieses aun tiernas, con que se pone rubia la campaña, y no escuchándolo mas, bien que el impio procure nuevamente abusar de su bondad, le mete la espada en el pecho, y lo precipita á las llamas del Infierno, digno castigo de sus delitos.

FIN DEL LIBRO VIGESIMO.