

ANTIGONE.

sword?— O miserable that I am, and steeped in miserable anguish !

ME. Yea, both his son's doom, and that other's, were laid to thy charge by her whose corpse thou seest.

CR. And what was the manner of the violent deed by which she passed away ?

ME. Her own hand struck her to the heart, when she had learned her son's sorely lamented fate.

CR. Ah me, this guilt can never be fixed on any other of mortal kind, for my acquittal ! I, even I, was thy slayer, wretched that I am—I own the truth. Lead me away, O my servants, lead me hence with all speed, whose life is but as death !

CH. Thy counsels are good, if there can be good with ills ; briefest is best, when trouble is in our path.

CR. Oh, let it come, let it appear, that fairest of fates for me, that brings my last day,—aye, best fate of all ! Oh, let it come, that I may never look upon to-morrow's light !

CH. These things are in the future ; present tasks claim our care : the ordering of the future rests where it should rest.