

silver trumpet—"It was not Zeus that proclaimed that edict for me, not such are the laws set among men by the Justice that dwells with the Gods above. Nor did I deem that thy laws were of such force that a mortal could over-ride the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven. For their life is not of to-day nor yesterday—and no man knows the hour when they were first set forth. Not through dread of any human pride could I answer to the Gods for breaking these. That I must die I knew without thy edict. To die before my time is no such dread evil that for fear of it I should be false to my dead brother!"

Thus does the weak girl defy the tyrant to his face, strong in the might of love and faith—two powers against which the gates of hell have never yet prevailed and never shall.

On Creon's iron pride and narrow mind her words are lost. She and her sister Ismene shall both die. Ismene however comes upon the stage, and he discovers that she is innocent of disobedience. To her he then softens, but will not listen to her when she pleads for the life of her dear sister, without whom to live is worse for her than death. "What," says Ismene, making a final appeal, "Will you slay your son's bride?" Antigone, it appears, then, is affianced to Haemon—Creon's son. "There are other women in the world, good store," says the tyrant; "I like not a bad wife for my son." "Dearest Haemon," exclaims Antigone, "how thy father wrongs thy heart." During the dialogue between her sister and Creon, she has stood by in silence, not deigning to bestow upon her judge one word. But this last brutal taunt opens the flood gates of wounded love. In one passionate cry—the sole sign of the undreamt of depths of tenderness in her nature, which her proud self-control suffers to escape her, we see that she has made the sorest, the final sacrifice to duty—the sacrifice of her sweet maiden dreams. When she hears Creon coldly speculating on his son's marriage, as an insignificant detail that admits of solutions enough and to spare—she who knows the heart of her betrothed, incapable of falsehood to her, incapable of making any choice but one, cannot maintain her proud silence any longer. "Beloved Haemon," she cries, "how deeply thy father wrongs thy heart!" She is right. Haemon soon appears, wearing the mask which the conventions of the stage assign to lovers—with black hair and pale