

may give thanks to heaven. 'We are delivered from the strong bridle' that restrained us. 'Rise therefore, ye that have lain groveling still too long'. Soon the house shall be purged, the luck shall turn, and the place have new possessors. 'The light hath appeared to our eyes'.]

Orestes. Behold this pair, who were tyrants of the land, who slew the sire and usurped the house. Majestic they were in the past, when they sat on their thrones, and loving they were: and still, it may be judged, their condition abides with them, and their oath stands true to the pledge, that they would share, as in all, so in death; this, like the rest, hath been truly kept.

Behold now once more, ye that take cognizance of our sad story, this crafty thing, wherewith my unhappy father was bound, a fetter for his arms and a lock for his feet. Spread it out with your own hands; approach and stand about it, and show this net for a man, that our father—not mine, but our father, who surveyeth all things here, the Sun—may see my mother's unclean work, and so perchance may appear one day as my witness in trial, that I had my just cause in pursuing this death,—my mother's. As for Aegisthus' death I reckon it not; he hath, as from the law, the seducer's penalty. But she, who contrived against her husband so vile a thing as this, against him whose children she conceived and carried beneath her girdle, a burden some time dear but now no dearer than ye see—What thinkest thou of her? I say that, were she eel or viper, her touch would turn a man rotten without any bite, if hardness and native will could do it.

What words shall I use of such, to take the very gentlest? A trap were it for beast?...Or bath-curtain, fit to wrap the feet of a corpse?...Nay, rather a seine...no, a snare, you might say...and a foot-entangling...garment—This were the kind of thing for a man to get, who cozened travellers, and practised for his living to beguile and then to rob them; with such a cunning weapon might he take off many a life, and his heart often glow with....Ah, such an one as she may I never have in my dwelling for house-fellow! God strike me dead sooner...having no child!

Chorus. Ah me, ah me, a woeful deed! By a horrible death thou wast slain, alas: and he that is left hath growing evil to suffer too.

Or. Did she do it, or did she not?—Nay, I have a witness in this vesture, that it was dyed by Aegisthus' sword. It is the welling blood which hath aided time in spoiling the many hues of the embroidery.—At last, at last, he himself is before me; I utter his praises; I make his lament. And speaking to this thing, whose texture wrought my father's