showing that that must be, which when brought before them by Cassandra they cannot apprehend,—as it were stating premisses, yet invariably shrinking from the obvious conclusion,-— is left untouched. All that he has to say about the first Ode—the most wonderful effort, I am inclined to think, of Grecian poetry—is that "in their songs they go through the whole history of the Trojan War, through all its eventful fluctuations of fortune, from its origin, and recount all the prophecies relating to it, and the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by which the sailing of the Greeks was purchased:" and it is only after the scene of Agamemnon's entry that he makes the Chorus "begin to utter its dark forebodings." In the conception of Clytæmnestra's character too he does not go far beyond the surface. He does not delineate that power of intellect which reigns throughout her speeches—calm, self-contained, and occasionally prodigal in displaying its collectedness, as in the description of the beacon, of the captured city, and of her feelings during Agamemnon's absence, in all of which she seems to say to the spectators, "though I have so much on my mind I can yet find time and thought for this." Nor does he notice that she is something beyond a hypocrite—something of a fanatic, believing in some degree at least that the moral order of things is working itself out through her means, so that she is really inactive, while the Alastor is the true agent.

> She seemed methought to live two lives in one,
> Each well sufficing man's unaided power,
> One busied still with matters to be done,
> While one apart sat on a sentry-tower
> Watching the moral world, as hour by hour
> Some birth fore-doomed kept struggling into light,
> Till I could fancy that so bloody shower
> Through other hands had issued, and unite
> My willing voice with hers to curse the Alastor's might [o].

[o] MS. Poem.