

original are left unchanged. It may be claimed that the writer has done very skilfully what he attempted, but he attempted too much for a translation and too little for a new work. He did not, and we believe he could not, inspire a new spirit into the old form as Shakespeare would have done, or create a new work out of the old matter. The result is, that we have some clever writing of this age dovetailed into the very different work of the old Greek writer, and the whole effect is spoiled. We have neither a Christian drama, as Shakespeare would have made it, nor a heathen drama of the classic type—neither a gothic cathedral nor a Greek temple, but something with parts of the one and parts of the other. For example, in the Greek play *Clytemnestra* has the heroic nature, the strength and beauty so often represented in ancient sculpture, but in the *Clytemnestra* of Owen Meredith are some features of a degenerate romance type approaching to the softness of the school-girls that may have been in the young poet's mind. How unlike anything in *Æschylus* is that long-drawn love scene between *Clytemnestra* and *Ægisthus* which reaches the anti-climax in the following words of the heroine:—

“ O my heart, my heart,
It sends up all its anguish in this cry—
‘ Love me a little ! ’

Again the motive of the Greek play is more noble, or at least less base, than that of the English version. In the first is something of a genuine spirit of vengeance on the part of *Clytemnestra* for her slaughtered *Iphigenia*, and over all is the constraining power of a fate from which the purposes and feelings of the actors can never escape; but to the modern *Clytemnestra* the great motive is the guilty love of *Ægisthus*. Once more, in the Greek drama, we have a consistent, if terrible, doctrine of a destiny that comes rushing on in spite of all that men or gods can do. In the English work, on the other hand, it is sometimes the heathen destiny, and sometimes the Christian Providence that overrules and guides.

In 1859 the “*Wanderer*” was published. The title suggests the “*Wanderer*” of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, but the two works are very different in substance and spirit. Owen Meredith's “*Wanderer*” is a collection of poems, chiefly lyrics written apparently