

Some of the loveliest lines in "Sylvia" come straight from *The Merchant of Venice* :

Yet it is strange !
There is a melancholy in sun-bright fields
Deeper to me than gloom ; I am ne'er so sad
As when I sit among bright scenes alone.

There is yet another passage from "Nepenthe" that Milton would hardly have blushed to write in the days when he wrote the "Allegro" and "Penseroso" ; and Keats and Shelley were doubtless fellow workers with him, though Darley did not know it. The echo at the end of each verse of "The Enchanted Lyre" recalls a most pathetic scene in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy"—the more so that few poets have tried this effect, considering it perhaps too obvious. Sometimes, however, it was not Darley who was the borrower ; and when he lent he lent magnificently. Those who know and treasure Mr. Meredith's "Love in a Valley" will be the first to acknowledge his debt and theirs to the author of the "Serenade of a Loyal Martyr" :

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers
Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair ;
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above :
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming
I too could glide to the bower of my love !

Ah ! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

There can be no question here to whom the credit of originality is due. Sometimes, too, Darley happened upon not only a rare method, but a rare subject. The sons of Apollo are often thrown together with the sons of Thalia, yet there are few