

duction is excellent, and contains most interesting passages from Darley's letters. Alas, poor Darley! A stammer which rendered him almost unintelligible made his life one long solitude, and nobody cared to read his poems except Miss Mitford. Even Miss Mitford never read "Nepenthe" through, though she wrote him a few words of praise that called forth in response a letter as terrible as letters written in blood, the unveiling of an agony of loneliness, of a rapture of gratitude for what was, after all, but courtesy, that might draw tears to-day from any one who cares about human pain. No! People would not have him at any price. There were too many blossoms on the tree, and they were not all golden.

And yet he was a fine poet. Mr. Streatfeild underrates his power of borrowing. "Another fault, if it be a fault, is that he sometimes recalls other writers." This is weak report of the faculty by which he deceived such judges as Mr. Palgrave, and, we presume, the late Laureate. "It is not Beauty I demand" was printed for many years among the Cavalier lyrics in "The Golden Treasury," and only turned adrift when something other than the style of it had satisfied the critic that it was by an Early Victorian. There is a rich Shakespearean passage in "Nepenthe," closing with a variation of the Dirge in *Cymbeline*:

Cliff, of smoothest front sublime,
Tablet for that old storier Time!
What huge aboriginal sons
Of Earth, beat down by vengeful waves,
Sleep beneath these obliterate stones
In unmeasurable graves?
What mystic word inscribed can show
His terrible might who sleeps below? . . .
The sands of thy own life, Renown,
Run between two creations down,
Few centuries apart! What need
Glorious thought, or word, or deed,
When all mortal grandeur must
Lie with oblivion in the dust?