

Secret woes. So Goldsmith address poetry as—

"My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so."

—*Deserted Village.*

Scott is probably here referring to his unrequited love, whose power he could so well paint in Roderick Dhu. He had indulged, for nearly six years, the hope of marrying a Miss Stuart Belches. It was his first and only passion; the real circumstances of the refusal, however, the "world has never known," and never will know. Thirty years after, when Scott had lost all his property, and shortly after the death of his wife, he met this lady, then the wife of Sir Wm. Forbes, and in his diary he seems to hint that there had been some misunderstanding: "I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. * * * Yet what a romance to tell—and told I fear it will one day be, and then my three years of dreaming and two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain." Nov. 1827.—LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*.

It was shortly after the break-up of his hopes in this attachment he wrote the following lines—*To a Violet*—as beautiful and delicate as anything he afterwards wrote:—

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, in copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow."

Bitter was, etc., i.e., because devoured alone. His great pride led him to conceal his grief, and probably, also, it was pride that induced him to marry within a year. He speaks thus of his pride long after, when suffering from his financial collapse. "I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth 'which have no mirth in them.'"—LOCKHART'S *Life*.

The last stanza contains a fine, *harmonious description* of the departure of the Enchantress.

The gradual melting of the "dying numbers" is a fine imagination, and adds a *poetic cadence* to the poem, until it finally ends in the *grandeur of silence*, and the lingering farewell is repeated.

Linger gives us pleasure by suggesting his own pleasure in the "idle lay." From *long-er*, with the modification usually found in *e, a, u*, when the syllable added contains *e*; this change of vowel depends