

crimson-tipped daisies, one of which she presented with a shy blush to her partner, who received it with that expressive smile of singular sweetness which distinguished the author of "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

When the reel was concluded, it was succeeded by one of the old-fashioned figure dances, that display the powers of the dancers in a way which few of the modern galloping dances accomplish, and which form a trying test to those who have forgotten their steps. The two graceful daughters of Juno were dancing in this quadrille with Campbell and Beattie, while Goldsmith's and Gray's partners were sweet but serious-looking girls, the offspring, we were told, of the goddess Hygieia. Their correct regular movements, and measured elegance, formed a singular contrast to the varied, animated ways, manners, and appearance of most of the other guests.

When the evening was about half over, her majesty proposed adjourning to the delicious gardens, whose tempting fragrance and lovely flowers invited the company to enjoy the splendour of sunset in a southern climate. We followed in the wake of the queen, who frequently paused to speak to her guests, and evidently enjoyed the freedom of walking on the green turf, after the confinement of the dancing-hall. She paused first at an arbour of honeysuckles, whence issued, to our surprise, a pleasant odour of a well-known odoriferous herb, and we perceived a mild-looking spinster, of engaging aspect, occupied in its preparation; while a bard, dear to the hearts of most English, was employed in coaxing a tame hare to drink the cream he had placed for it on the mossy grass. Her majesty smiled kindly as she returned the poet's lowly salutation, and proceeded to a grove of acacias and citrons, where a singular scene met our eyes in a fancy bazaar of tasteful articles, expressly prepared for the amusement, as we were informed, of Mrs. Hannah More and Miss Jane Taylor, who disapproved of the frivolous pleasures in which the rest of the assemblage were engaged. Her majesty appeared a good deal amused, but courteously expressed her hopes that Mrs. More enjoyed the quiet recreation she had chosen: and I have little doubt she did, for several brother poets of the serious order were congregated around her, and an edifying discussion

seemed going on between herself, Bernard Barton, and Blair; while the good old poet, Herbert, I heard discussing the subject of the difference between modern and ancient poetry, with the puseyite Keble and the meditative Young. Bursts of laughter, greeted our approach to the area, which, in former days, had witnessed the Pythian games; and there we found Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by a tartan array of Highland bards, all engaged in shooting at the popinjay; an amusement he deemed superior to the spiritual communion in which so many hundreds were only too delighted to join. But the queen appreciated the "sheriff's" poetry too highly, to make any comment on this novel mode of using the consecrated ground of classic days; and she bestowed a rich jewel upon the minstrel when the wild Highlanders proclaimed their chief victorious.

Presently we descended to the glorious stream of Castally, which flowed at the foot of the bi-forked mountain of Parnassus.—Here the crowd thickened, and each moment did we wish ourselves possessed of immortal faculties, that we might take in the whole scene, and converse, if only for a moment, with the mighty bards now seen for the first and last time in our lives. In descending the mountain, we continually passed the great poets of every clime and of every nation: all made obeisance to the queen as she proceeded, and to all she spoke winning words of encouragement or approval; smiling kindly upon the humble bards, who kissed fondly the hem of her garments, and frequently allowing them the honour of saluting her hand. In a thicket of oak trees, where the tangled wild flowers grew unheeded, we heard Bryant repeating in solemn tones his *Thanatopsis* to an admiring audience of fellow-countrymen, amongst whom I noticed Professors Willis, Hoffman, and Longfellow,—the latter accompanied by his beautiful wife, for whom, like the patriarch of old, he had waited for seven long years. In a lone weird-like hut, we saw Southey conversing with an old woman, who seemed busily engaged in consulting auguries of magic import. He blushed upon perceiving the queen, and, joining her train, entered into conversation with the venerable Wordsworth, who continually gathered specimens of every "herb that sipp'd the dew," and to whom her majesty, ever and anon, addressed some