

horticulturalists; they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird plover is a weaver; he weaves a web to make his nest. The primia is a tailor: he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman: with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are regular day laborers. The monkey is a rope dancer. The association of beavers presents us with a model of republicanism. The bees live under a monarchy. The Indian antelopes furnish an example of patriarchal government. Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Wild horses are said to select their leader. Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

VII. Miscellaneous Friday Readings.

1. SUMMER'S DYING.

Fragrant flowers already fading,
Mirky clouds the heavens shading,
Withered leaves around us lying,
Tell us genial summer's fading.
Leave the city's stifling air;
Leave the gloomy dens of care.
Oh, come with me
To yonder lea—
Summer's fragrance lingers there.

Come, all ye in wealth delighting;
Come, all ye with prospects blighting;
Come, all ye misfortune wailing;
Leave your fame and golden glare—
Leave your aches and sickening care;
And come with me
To yonder lea—
Summer's fragrance lingers there.

Flow'et's balmy odors breathing,
Woodbine dewy ringlets wreathing,
Poppies in their radiance blushing,
And the glowing eve is flushing,
Sunbeams between the branches slanting,
Philomel her vesper chanting,
Oh! the joys—the joys entrancing!
Nature's ecstasies will bear
Far from us all earthly care;
Then come with me
To yonder lea—
Summer's fragrance lingers there.

Ah! could man when eve approaches,
As benumbed old age approaches,
Leave this darkness and this grieving,
For a mild sweet summer's evening,
Cease this gloating dissipation,
Cease this weary lamentation;
Leave this vanity and glare,
Leave this toiling world and care,
And soar above
To realms of Love—
Summer's ever blooming there.

2. THE QUEEN AND THE HIGHLANDMAN.

"A Highlander Abroad," in a letter to the *Inverness Courier*, giving a few notes of a recent visit to Switzerland, relates the following incident:—A few days after "doing" Mount Pliatus, we made a party to ascend the Right, which is much easier to accomplish. A panorama of three hundred nules in circumference is visible from the summit. While we were admiring the view we observed a party of ladies on horseback, coming up to the flagstaff where we all were standing. The first pony was led by a stout, handsome fellow in the Highland dress, and we soon saw that the visitor was the Queen, accompanied by two princesses, Prince Arthur, the Marchioness of Ely and an equerry. The Royal party soon mixed with the crowd at the top, admiring the scene from every point of view. The Queen looked well, and perfectly happy. As she passed to and fro, the gentlemen touched their hats. I lifted my highland bonnet, and as her Majesty passed I heard her say to the gillie, I wonder who that Scotch gentleman is! The Highlander eyed me very keenly, but he could only report that I wore knickerbockers of a certain hunting tartan. Shortly afterwards the equerry came up. "Pardon

me, sir," he said, "but her Majesty, who takes an interest in all around her, requested me to come and ask you your name, as she is anxious to know it." In reply I said I was Captain—, late of the — regiment, and that on one occasion I had the honour of being on a guard of honour to her Majesty at Balmoral. He then gave me his name and went off down hill to satisfy the Queen's curiosity as to the Highland bonnet and the tartan. This little incident shows the predilection that her Majesty has for everything Highland.

3. QUEEN VICTORIA'S MODEL FARM.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* thus writes from London:—"During the long drouth, when every blade of grass was burned to a dead brown, and the cattle had no herbage to feed on, milk and butter were scarce, and famous Devonshire clotted cream could not be found. But we Americans went to headquarters. The model farm, laid out and completed under the supervision of the late Prince Consort, is about a mile from Windsor Castle. At the main lodge we received from the daughters of the keeper a permit to visit the dairy.

"Approaching a beautiful cottage, as we supposed, in the centre of a large garden, not at the bottom of a hill, under a hazel tree by a running stream; we could not imagine a dairy on a dry, level plain. But entering the vestibule, lined with marble half way, and frescoed above with beautiful designs, we rang a bell, which was immediately answered by a woman past middle age and neatly dressed, one of the Queen's favorite servants. She ushered us into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble with richly carved capitals. The floor was of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with may flowers, daisies, butter-cups and primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the Royal family and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs, representing the seasons, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All around the walls ran a marble table and through the centre two long ones, supported by which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the slabs of table are always cool, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland; so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined in porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the "coming of the butter," without disturbing the stream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary tank on which the whole was turned, made the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked and as many more are out grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied and the Londoners more than dissatisfied to see rolls of golden butter and cans of cream sold from the Model Farm, for saving money for the Queen! I know the butter is sold for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy."—*Montreal Daily News*.

4. THE BAVARIAN SOVEREIGN AND THE SCHOOL BOYS.

A correspondent of the *Vie Parisienne* gives the following pleasing description of a young European sovereign: Hats off! "boys" cried the schoolmaster to his twenty boys whom I had met in the large poplar alley near Hohenschwangau. "Here comes His Majesty the King!" Sure enough, the tall youth in the comfortable gray summer suit and with a fine Panama hat on his head was no other than the sovereign of Bavaria. He is by all odds the finest young sovereign prince your correspondent has ever seen. He wore no kid gloves, and held in his hand a twig he had torn off from a tree, and plucked leaf after leaf from it while humming a ditty. When he came up to the schoolmaster and his boys, he stood still, told the teacher to cover his head, exchanged a few words with one or two of the boys, and asked then all of them in a loud voice, "My children, are all of you industrious at school?" The schoolmaster replied that he was satisfied with the application of his pupils, "Then, sir," said the King, turning to him, "I hope you will let the boys have a free afternoon to-day." The schoolmaster was only too happy to comply with His Majesty's request; the boys shouted "Hurrah!" and the King, bowing and taking off his hat, passed on, humming again and plucking the leaves from