

but smaller shell. from which issues the jet of water. In a niche in the wall opposite to the window is a little figure in marble, holding a vase, from which flows a stream of water into a majolica basin. The whole of the floor is laid with encaustic tiles of a rich pattern. The flat of the ceiling is filled with compartments of perforated majolica tiles, for ventilation. This charming apartment owes much of its elegance to valuable suggestions from her Majesty and the Prince Consort during its progress. To Mr. John Thomas, of Alpha-road, are due the design and decorations. Messrs. Minton were the manufacturers of the majolica ware and tiles. The ventilation was the work of Mr. Watson, of Halifax. The whole has been carried out under the careful superintendence of Mr. Turnbull, of Windsor Castle.—*Builder*.

Song of the Dublin Dairyman.

They may boast of Ayrshires, and Jerseys and Keries,
And brag how good each of them is for the pail;
But I'll tell you what, boys, it's all bosh, and there is
No cow like the cow with the good iron tail.

In winter and summer, at all times she's ready;
Though o' the rains go dry, her supplies never fail;
No turnips nor cake, no hay needs that lady
Who stands in our yard with her old iron tail.

Teetotalers tell us there's nothin' g like water—
That it's better than whisky, or porter, or ale;
That the more we drink of it, the more we'll get fatter;
So, hurrah I for th. cow with the good iron tail;

Then sure they can't blame when we follow their practice,
When we go to the pump to help out our sale;
So good 'nople believe me, I tell you the fact is
No cow's like the cow with the old iron tail.

She's both meat and drink to myself and the childer;
She's fed us and clothed us; of rent 'noid each gale;
But tell me, yes I would be sure, your noid be bewider
If I told all she's done with her old iron tail.

General Chorus, with grand accompaniment on empty milk cans.

Hurrah for the cow with the iron tail?
Good luck to the cow with the iron tail!
Though others go dry, the supplies never fail
From that wonderful cow with the iron tail!

Veterinary.

The Horse.

The history of the horse spans the distance between remote epochs. He has seen many changes come over the face of the earth, and his enduring powers have experienced without injury mutations of temperature that have destroyed other genera, or driven them to warmer latitudes. In nearly every region of the world, and at various depths of the earth's surface, his bones are found with strange and diverse bedfellows. In Polar ice, with the Siberian mammoth; in the mountains of the Himalaya and the caverns of Ireland; in the caves of the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger

and hyena; in Sevon at Argenteuil, with the mastodon; in Val d'Arno and on the borders of the Rhine, amid colossal urns, he has taken his long rest. His grave is everywhere, and everywhere also his share of usefulness. The friend and servant of man under an infinite variety of conditions and circumstances, he takes part in the achievements and glory of his master. In honor and dishonor, triumph and defeat, delicately tended at Newmarket or munching a scanty meal on the roadside, winning the Derby or drawing a dust-cart, dying on the field of battle or surrendering his life a needless victim to science under the cruel knives of the veterinary professor at Alfort and Lyons, who demonstrate equine anatomy to their pupils, twice a week for seven hours a day, by the interesting process of vivisection—the noble brute offers many affecting points of resemblance to the chequered life of his tyrant.

The Emperor Caligula treated him worthily, creating him a high priest and consul, assigning him a marble palace, and decking him with rare pearls and the costliest garniture that the entire Roman Empire could furnish. Lord Byron would fain have had his bear the recipient of the highest academic distinctions of Cambridge; in the last century an English gentleman did actually seduce the authorities of a German University into conferring an M.D. degree on his de Ponto; but we are not aware that any moderate enthusiast has reduced Caligula's cynical affection for his steed. The creature has not, however, been without him in death. Sir Francis Head speaks of our equestrian statues to Charles the First, William the Third, George the Third, George the Fourth, and the Duke of Wellington, but he omits to observe that until recently the equestrian statue was kept in this country, as is still in some States, as the peculiar honor of Royalty. Alive the horse might serve the man ignobly; but dead, he might be matched on with kings.—*Athenæum*.

Docking and Nicking.

These barbarous methods of depriving the horse of his natural form and appearance, in order to make him conform to the fashion of the time, is, fortunately, very fast going into disuse. If the tail of the horse were given him for no good purpose, and if it were not a design of nature that he should have the power of moving it forcibly to his sides, there might be some excuse for cutting it off, within a few inches of his body, or for separating the muscles at its sides to lessen this power; but that this is not the case, must be acknowledged by all who have seen how a horse, whose tail has been abridged by "Docking," or weakened by nicking, is annoyed by flies.

If a horse has a trick of throwing dirt on the rider's clothing, this may be prevented by