

For the Favorite.

THE INSPIRATION OF SONG.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Her turret hung above a glassy lake,
And in all ages changeless thus had stood;
About its foot dark laurels and a brake
Of gleaming bay, eternal zephyrs wooed.
Up by the battlements there climbed a vine,
Gemmed with great roses that the eye of morn
Look'd on the birth of, but there came no time
That saw them die, or one bright petal shorn!

Centuries that on the world breath'd but decay
Wheel'd their slow flight, and from their heavy
wings
Smote on its walls a light that pal'd the day,
A light such as a lightened diamond flings!
Sheer from a bank of violets sprang the walls,
And climb'd from thence above the lordliest trees,
Until their hoary foreheads caught the rose
And gold of far-off Heaven; and the breeze—

Swept from the spirit-city harmonies,
Faint-voic'd thro' starry distances, that fell
In stronger echoes from the rocky walls,
And swept abroad o'er city, moor and dell.
And by a casement bright'n'd in the wall,
With fine-flam'd diamonds lattic'd, sat the Queen,
From age to age more beautiful, and look'd
To where a road the bay-trees wound between.

Whiter than whitest dove her flowing robe
Of precious samite, and the border round
Glow'd with all rarest gems of every hue;
And at her feet, crouch'd on the pearly ground,
A tawny lion with a mane that toss'd
In golden tempests round his awful eyes,
Lay placid, as her pointed fingers struck
From her tall lyre a sound of Paradise.

Her deep and lambent eyes were ever fix'd
On the white road that glimmer'd far below.
Th' immortal roses glow'd about her head;
A starry radiance shook above her brow.
Along the road, that was no common way,
But led to heights where Fanes, all bath'd in light,
Held thrones for those that won, pilgrims there
pass'd
In humblest weed or gorgeously bedight.

As pass'd each one beneath the tow'ring wall,
And rais'd his dazed gaze to woo her eyes
That at the casement sat, she brake a rose
And breath'd upon it till its crimson dyes
Leap'd into warmer fire. "Take it," she sang, and
pass'd
It meteor-glancing to the outstretch'd hand
Of him below; and so content he pass'd
And journeyed to the distant-lying land.

And each one bore a Lyre. Some that caught
The Queen's fair flower plac'd it on the breast;
Then warbling strains breath'd from the Lyre and
sang
Of Love, of sweet-eyed Love, fair Joy and Rest,
And some there were that win'd the flower amid
Cold gems that twinkl'd on the high, pale brow;
Then burst the Lyre to trumpet-tones and sang
Of Power, high-deeds, and Fame's Eternal glow!

And some there were that crush'd the flower be-
tween
Cross palms that burn'd and sapp'd its charm'd
life;
Then fire-eyed Madness struck the clanging strings,
Charin'd Vice to furer form, more vivid life.
And rife the World became with Demons mask'd
In Seraph brightness; and so towards the Fane
Th' held the thrones, the Pilgrims singing pass'd,
Across the misty glories of the Plain.

PETERBORO'.

THE FATE OF PETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

It is a doleful history, comprising more misery in a small way than is to be found in any of the other minor accidents of life; as most people can tell for themselves, or may see in the "heartbroken utterances," which appear in papers like "The Animal World."

Indeed, if we do sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the fates of pets,
How some were drowned at sea, some stolen by
thieves,
Some dead of grief for loss of those they loved,
Some poisoned by their foes, some steeping slain."

We shall find that though, like poor Richard II.'s
kings, they were not "all murdered," their fates
are hardly less tragic.

Here are a few of the dolorous ends which
have come within my own knowledge, and any
one conversant with beasts could add to the list
by scores.

A gentleman high in office in the East had an
infant tiger brought to him after a royal hunt in
which the mother had been slain. It was about
the size of a large kitten, but more bulky, more
solidly and heavily framed. It was still in the
sucking stage of existence, was brought up by
hand, and grew extremely playful and amusing.
There is something particularly quaint in the
innocent infancy of beasts or prey, in the un-
conscious possessors of such enormous powers
of mischief in the future, in ... tiger cubs
or playing with a baby Czarovitch or an infant
Sultan; and the ambassador loved the beautiful
litho, graceful, young-terrible well, with the
deep brown stripes on his tawny back, and the
broad black and white streaked whiskered
muzzle. It became very fond of its master, and
followed him all about the house, mewling much
like a cat, and lying on its back with its four
paws in the air to be caressed.

By-and-by, as the beast grew larger and
stronger day by day, the play became fiercer,
the tap with his great paw, even with sheathed
claws and amiable intentions, was no joke.
When he opened his mouth at the boys and showed

his ranges of beautiful white teeth, the horrible
grim struck terror into the attendant dark men.
The "Sahib tiger" was treated with great re-
spect, but his temper became uncertain. Once
in his wrath he killed a dog, and there was no
knowing with whom his majesty might next
be angry. His extraordinary muscular strength
was developing fast, and one day, lying on his
back with his four paws raised, he suddenly
sprang up after a dog that had offended him,
without turning or touching the ground.

The dark men in his service entreated that
my lord might at least be shut up; this was
done, but the beast grew so enraged at his cap-
tivity that his master once more let him out,
saying, "He was still but a child tiger, and
harmless if he was let alone; it was the fault of
those who teased him if he behaved ill." As
he himself only came across the *patte-de-velours*
side of the tiger's character, he would not be-
lieve the stories told against his pet. His own
bedroom opened on to a veranda looking into
a court, round which the house was built, after
the fashion of the East. At the beginning of
the night the tiger lay on a carpet spread
for him in the veranda itself. As the night
grew cooler he crept quietly in and made
himself comfortable within the room, and when
it became almost cold (the time was winter) he
mounted upon his master's bed and cuddled
close up behind him. Who could resist the
charm of such amiable, gentle manners from
the owner of such fangs and claws?

Still, however, he grew more and more fierce
to the outside world; fitfully his enormous
strength came out in his rough play; his roar
shook the soul of the black man; the glare of
his eyeballs turned them green with fear; more
than once he had knocked down a man, with-
out as yet intending malice.

At length it came to pass that the great Sahib
himself went out for an unusual number of
hours or days; when he returned he found his
savage pet writhing in tortures of pain. No one
would account for what had happened, or give
the smallest explanation of the creature's state.
It was evident, however, that poison had been
used. He was near his end; the groans grew
weaker and weaker, and the beast died licking
the hands of his master, helpless to give him
any relief. It went ill with the Persian suite
that evening.

Number two of the pets of my friends was a
squirrel, which had fallen in its infancy out of
a nest in a pine wood. It, too, was brought up
by hand, at first a little hairless thing, with a bare
tail like a rat's, but gradually putting on its
furry coat with white waistcoat and bushy
train. A bright-eyed, graceful, quick-tempered,
agile little companion. Its favorite haunt in
winter was up the wide sleeve of its mistress's
gown, where it would lie comfortably perdu in
the warmth for hours. One cold day she was
going to church, and did not like to disturb it;
but when once safely within her pew, and the
service had begun, it became evident, to her
horror, that the squirrel had taken a particular
dislike to the sound of the preacher's voice and
the noise of the singing. He kept up a low sup-
pressed hiss whenever a passage struck him as
not to his taste, and scolded sometimes so loud
that she was afraid that her neighbors would
think her possessed, and that she would have to
walk out in the middle of the service.

The squirrel never went to church again.
He always appeared at dessert, and was al-
lowed to run about the table, when he never
overthrew or disturbed anything, but deftly
careered in and out among the glass and the
dishes, or sat up on his little hind legs, and took
what was given him, handling a nut in his fore-
paws with delicate precision, cracking it with
his sharp teeth, his merry little head on one
side, and an occasional sweep of his beautiful
brush of a tail.

His great delight was to mount on to the
highest cornice or curtain-rod he could find, and
sit chattering in triumph, or to run up the
shoulders of his friends, and sit upon their
heads.

His mistress was so afraid of his coming in
harm's way that she took him out with her vi-
siting, and one day in a strange house she put
the squirrel in his cage on the top of a chest of
drawers, and locked the door of her bedroom.
When she returned, she found that the dog of
the house, who must treacherously have se-
creted himself under the bed for the fell pur-
pose, had pulled down the cage, broken it open,
and was hard at work worrying the poor little
inmate, which was at the point of death when
its mistress came in only in time to rescue the
body, and have the melancholy satisfaction of
burying the remains decently.

Case number 3 regards a pair of small ring-
tailed monkeys, which were sent as a present
from their native home to a lad at college. They
were of that charming little kind, described as
"consisting of four legs and a tail, tied in a knot
in the middle, the tail the most important mem-
ber of the concern." They were landed in Lon-
don, and sent to the town house of the family
who happened to be from home. The butler,
not much pleased at their sight, shut the new
arrivals up in the pantry alone for the night. It
was late autumn, there was no fire, no comfort,
no care, and the next morning the little mon-
keys were discovered locked in each other's
arms, and quite dead.

To tell of the parrot whose unused wings did
not save him from dying by a fall out of a win-
dow; the lap-dogs which have been overrun by
carriages, suffocated, bitten, drowned; how the
poodle-dog belonging to the wife of a governor-
general fell overboard and was swallowed by a
shark—would all be too long to tell and sad to
trace; and as a relief to my own and my read-

ers' feelings, here is a story of a less harrowing
description.

A busy man, who once wanted to finish some
literary work, took refuge for the purpose in a
quiet out-of-the-way French town, where he set
up his quarters at a comfortable auberge, with
a pleasant garden. Therein he fraternized with
a small pet owl which had lost its leg. It hopped
about after him in its own fashion, and was
most affable and companionable, and a great
resource in the limited amusements of the
place.

At last, one day, he missed his friend, and
hunted up and down vainly for her for some
time. He had just finished his work, and had
given warning that he should leave the next
day, and demanded his bill. He ate his last
dinner, where there figured a curious little
round morsel of game, "bien accommode,"
with sauce, but which struck him as having no
legs.

"What bird is this?" he said to the servante,
but she was suddenly called away.

When the landlord brought up his account
that night—"By-the-bye," said the guest,
"what is become of that nice little owl I was so
fond of?"

"Monsieur," said the host, going on with the
bill, "has been content of the service?"

"Quite satisfied," replied the Englishman;
"but I am very sorry about the owl; what is
become of her?"

"Monsieur has had his potage, his roti, his
deux, and his gibier each day he has been
here?"

"Yes, yes," said the other impatiently; "but
about the owl?" A horrible suspicion crossed
his mind.

"Monsieur, on this the last day, behold, with
all my possible efforts, I could get no game,
alas, for Monsieur's dinner!"

"What!" cried the horrified guest, "you did
not kill the little owl for me?"

"Oh, non, Monsieur! Il est mort tout seul!"

The stealing of pet dogs has become a regular
trade, or rather an art, according as it is now
pursued, the stalking of the master or mistress,
so as to know all their haunts, and time the
exact instant most propitious for the capture of
the well-watched beast. While the calculations,
upon the most refined psychological principles
of the precise moment when the agony of the
bereaved will bring about the highest amount
of reward,—how not to offer hopes too soon,—
and not to delay too long, all this has reached
the dignity of an exact science. "How do you
settle the amount to be asked, is it according to
the breed of the dog?" said the fleeced but hap-
py recoverer of a beloved pug to the trader.
"Oh no, sir, we do it by the feeling of the
party."

Perhaps the only really happy and satisfactory
pets are wild animals, which lead their own
natural lives, obtaining food by their own exer-
tions, but adding a friendship for man and an oc-
casional luxury at his hands to their usual course
of woodland existence. A squirrel in this way
has been known to enter the open window every
morning where a family were breakfasting, run
up the back of the master, and nestle in his
coat-collar, when it received a nut.

Besides these are such creatures as are kept
for use, not for play, who, even though their
food be found for them, are quite unspolled by
luxury, and lead a life of independent usefulness
as the help-mates and companions of man. A
colly dog, on whom the most important part of
his shepherd master's work depends, the retriev-
er, who "can do anything but speak," these
are friends, hardly to be degraded into pets.

The faculty of taming wild animals, which
some men possess in so remarkable a degree,
would be worth studying more accurately,—with
some it seems to depend on the strength of the
instinctive part which we share with the animal
creation. A deaf and dumb man has been
known to possess it to a great degree. With
others it seems to depend upon patience, quiet
tenderness, and a determined will.

An old man who led a secluded life in an an-
cient house, in the midst of trees and fields,
might be seen with the robins, tomits, &c.,
perched on his shoulders and taking crumbs out
of his mouth.

A more extraordinary proof of confidence in
birds was to be witnessed one year in the
crowded Tuileries gardens. An old man in very
shabby dress might be seen any day summon-
ing birds from the trees and houses round:
pigeons, sparrows, thrushes, &c., came flying up,
fluttered over his head, alighted on his hat, his
shoulders and arms, and sat there caressing
him. He did not feed them, at least ostensibly,
and when, after a time, he had had apparently
enough of their company, with a wave of his
hand he dismissed his court, which all flew
quietly away at the signal. They wanted ap-
parently nothing but friendliness from him, and
on his part it was not done for money, but sim-
ply for his own pastime, and when the recep-
tion was over he walked away among the
crowd, which seemed too well used to the sight
to heed it much.

In general, however, we are too stupid in our
intercourse with animals to attempt to under-
stand the language they use, or to try to perfect
the signs by which they are to interpret our
wishes; although the occasional instances, often
accidental, show how much might be done in
this way.

A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison,
and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its
mistress's help. The fever and heat were so
great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of
water, an almost unheard-of proceeding in a
water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen,
fed it with gruel, nursed it and doctored it all

the day and night after. It recovered, and could
not find way enough to show its gratitude. One
evening she had gone upstairs to bed, when a
mew at the window roused her, she got up and
opened it, and found the cat which had climbed
a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a
mouse in its mouth. This it laid as an offering
at its mistress's feet and went away. For above
a year it continued to bring these tributes to
her. Even when it had kittens they were not
allowed to touch this reserved share, and if they
attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a
little tap, "that is not for thee." After awhile,
however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked
the giver with a pleased look and restored the
mouse, when the cat permitted her children to
take the prey which had served its purpose in
her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of grati-
tude, remembered for months after, quite disin-
terested, and placed above the natural instincts
(always strong in a cat) towards her own off-
spring.

If the question of the capabilities of animals,
their affections and powers of memory, both
evidently great—their degree of ideality, often
in a dog very strong—the amount of their rea-
soning power, i. e. of foreseeing the consequences
of an action and guarding against them, or ac-
complishing a new and untried object, were as
studied as it might be in the very intimate in-
tercourse existing between pets and their mas-
ters, much would be done towards reconciling
outsiders to that very exclusive relation, and
making pets an interest instead of a nuisance
to the public in general, as is now too often their
fate.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WALL PAPER.—Consider-
able progress has been made, says the *Medical
Press and Circular*, in the production of a sub-
stitute for wall paper that would be a boon to
hospitals as well as private houses. The new
wall decorations to supersede paper-hangings
and paint are thin sheets of metal painted over
by a patented process. They are artistic in ap-
pearance, like most French products, and said
to be durable. Tinfoil in sheets, the thickness
of ordinary writing-paper, is the material on
which this new style of mural decoration, in-
cluding gilding, is executed. Tinfoil is pliable
and supple, sufficiently tough not to be easily
torn, and offers a smooth and uniform surface.
It forms an excellent base for the work executed
upon it. It also possesses the advantage of being
waterproof, a property well known to architects
and builders, who frequently use it to cover
damp walls, on which, without that covering,
any decorative work would soon perish. The
process of executing the painting on tin offers
no difficulty. The sheets are manufactured of
a width and in lengths suitable to their applica-
tion on the surfaces to be covered. At the
manufactory in Paris the ordinary widths made
use of are from 30 to 40 inches, and the length
five metres, or rather more than five yards. The
application of the painted metallic hangings to
either wood, stone, plaster, or iron surfaces
offers no difficulty. The operation is some-
what similar to putting up paper-hangings, with
this difference—that with the latter the paper is
pasted over at the back before being hung, and
with the former the surface to be decorated is
covered with a thin coat of adhesive varnish, on
which, after it has been left to dry partially,
the painted tin is affixed with great ease. So
little is the difficulty that any skilled paper-
hanger can, after a few hours' practice, do the
work successfully. From the extreme flexibility
of tinfoil, mouldings and cornices are covered
with the metallic hangings in the most perfect
manner, and with a smoothness of surface and
sharpness of outline at the edge and mitres
which the painter's brush cannot rival. The
varnish used for fixing the material is of the
nature of gold size, but more adhesive. Being
of itself "hydrofuge," it adds to the protection
of the paint against damp. If all this be true,
we may well wish the patentees success.

CURIOUS BETS.—Lord Mountford and Sir John
Bland staked twenty guineas a side upon the
lives of two noted men, the former backing
Beau Nash to outlive Colley Cibber. The com-
edian died in 1757, at the age of eighty-six, and
the beau in 1761, aged eighty-seven, but before
the first event came about both the wagers com-
mitted suicide. At the house of Sir Mark Sykes,
the conversation turned upon the dangers to
which Bonaparte was exposed, and the host
offered to take a hundred guineas from any one
of the company, and pay back a guinea a day
as long as Bonaparte lived. The Rev. B. Gilbert
accepted the offer, and paid down his hundred
guineas. For three years he received his guinea
a day regularly enough, then the baronet grew
tired of his bad bargain, and refused to continue
his payments. The clergyman brought an action
to compel Sir Mark to fulfil his agreement.
The Court decided that as the wager created an
undue interest in the preservation of the life of
a public enemy, and, on the other hand, held
out an inducement to plot his assassination, it
tended to produce public mischief, and was
therefore illegal. Wagers have sometimes
proved fatal to the unconscious subjects of them.
Sir Thomas Hoste, of Aston, riding home from
the hunting field with some friends, extolled his
cook's punctuality in such extravagant fashion
that he was badgered into risking a considerable
sum upon it. Unluckily, for the first time, the
cook was behind time with his dinner. Enraged
at the jeers of his visitors, the irate Sir Thomas
made for the kitchen, took up a cleaver being
too ready, and with one blow killed the unhappy
servant.