

buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it! Not that we condemn the black, in those enslaving, unliberating days. He had a right to the mistake, though we should have thought better of him had he seen farther, and subjected his pride to affection for such a master. But Johnson's true practical delicacy in the matter is beautiful. He assured that he thought nothing of "condescending" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it. But he hated eccentricity. No: in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail,—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly, he went out, and bought meat for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt-court! But, doubtless, he went as secretly as possible,—that is to say if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could; but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might; but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon!! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the "aggravated" cooks, overpettings of children, (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronizing giants?) and last, not least, horrible merciless trappings of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides; and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or take tea, when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was smashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dures all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present suf-

ficiency of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

BIRTH-DAY LINES.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

My natal day! and I have seen just five and twenty years
Of mingled grief and happiness, of sunshine and of tears;
Life's sweet spring time is past, and from a heart no
longer gay,

The warm, the wild romance of youth, is fading fast
away.

And in a breast, which whispers more of sorrow than of
mirth,

Some bitter, bitter thoughts, at times, will struggle into
birth;

And O! when down my changing cheek, the tear-drops
slowly steal,

That such pensive little travellers, could tell but half I
feel!

And in this weary pilgrimage, what moments I have
seen,

Yet better, calmer, happier far, if they had never been;
Remembrance gleams a joy from them; but ah! the
gloom, the pain,

To know such moments have gone by, and cannot come
again.

And of those whom I have loved, alas! the warmest and
the best,

Some peacefully are sleeping in the grave earth's quiet
breast,

And some are scattered far, and some, whose bosoms
have grown cold,

No longer feel as they have felt, in happy times of old.

Light was his pang, who wept to think that he had lost
a day,

To mine, who thus have wantonly, let thousands glide
away,

Hope is no more, and to look back, brings only melan-
choly,

For all appears but one dark blank of selfishness and
folly.

And yet, compared to what is past, what can the future
bring?—

Sad, fleeting five-and-twenty years, so soon have taken
wing!

If my heart at five-and-twenty weeps its purest bliss
shed,

It soon will have no joy to lose, and not a tear to shed.

TO A MIRROR.

Since still my passion-pleading strains
Have fail'd her heart to move,
Show, mirror, to that lovely maid,
The charms that made me love.

Reflect on her the thrilling beam
Of magic from her eye,
So, like Narcissus, she shall gaze,
And self-enamour'd die.