

gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in sifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I showed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had not asked me to mince-meat and musletoe: and I ultimately gained my cause, by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ankle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone, I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a "happy" Christmas. As I approached a porter brought a large hamper to the door, "A present from the country," thought I: "yes they do dine at home; they must ask me; they know that I am in town." Immediately a servant issued with a letter: he took the near way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired despatch had come; it seemed written on the leaf of a lily, with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes with the fourth bottle; and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. Macadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation, I wrote an almost irritable apology, and despatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty fourth, I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack! no letter came;—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honor, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *literati* then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down "Childe Harold," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sat "nursing my wrath," till it scorched me; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from —; but no matter: it was not the letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to eat a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tert fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me how could I think of joining a "friendly party," where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilkes, or Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "Junius," but had forgotten his name, and who had once asked me "whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St Paul's." I seized a pen, and presented my compliments, I hesitated, for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I at length succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat: dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and every body seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man! To-morrow appeared to have commenced already its career; mankind had anticipated the future; "and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before."

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here, however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No; my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September payable 3 months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock: they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded! A girl at length made her appearance, and with a mouth full of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas eve at Portland place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words I went to bed.

To be Continued.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Wherever circumstances throw a large number of young men into each other's society, and where similar pursuits naturally lead to a homogeneous character, temptations are forcible, and often fatally successful. This happens in large cities, and in literary institutions. In the former, there is a vast concourse of young men assembled from all parts of the country, who come together as adventurers in the pursuit of affluence or pleasure. Some of them bring into the metropolis a reputable character, and correct moral principles. Others come to give loose to evil propensities, which, in the country, and under the restraints of home, were kept in some subordination.

When these characters mingle in a large and bustling city, the former class will naturally be exposed to the seductions of the latter. The pioneers in wickedness, the practiced and hardened crew, who have abandoned themselves to the indulgence of their passions, lie in ambush, to seize upon their victim and hurry him to ruin. Hundreds of such, with a comparatively plausible exterior, may be found in the streets and shops, and alleys of our cities. Some of them manage to keep up an outward show of decency, and conduct their plans of dissipation in so covert a manner, as neither to fall into disgrace nor excite suspicion or investigation. These are most to be dreaded. Those who have gone beyond the bounds of external decency, and become so hardened as to feel no shame, have less influence in proportion to their loss of character and their notoriety in crime. A moral youth

feels contaminated by their approach. A visible connection with such, would be once a forfeiture of character.

It is men of fair professions and unsuspected wickedness, plausible, but insidious who are most to be feared, because most likely to be successful. Practised in the art of temptation, they make a gradual advance upon the ingenuous and unsuspecting youth. They insinuate themselves into his confidence and friendship. When they have learned his scruples, and fathomed his character, they begin the work of drawing him on to their own desperate state of hypocrisy and crime. They will represent as mean, what is only frugal, characterize as childish those scruples of conscience which it is their object to eradicate. They will first appeal to curiosity, and then make curiosity the avenue of crime. They will speak of the possibility of concealment, and insist that we could not have been endowed with propensities which it is unlawful to indulge. They will represent as manly, what is mean and debasing; and tauntingly ascribe to superstition, what is but the sober dictate of reason and religion. By every possible mode of attack, persuasion and ridicule, by professions of friendship, and sneers of contempt, will they assail the principles and conduct of their victim, until reason and conscience give way, and like the bird lured on by the fowler, he goes directly into the fatal snare.

The indulgence, at first, will be only such as causes a tinge of conscience, or a secret misgiving of soul. The tempted youth will feel a sort of shame and self-contempt; and in the cool moment of reflection, will fix his resolution against all future attacks. But, alas! the first step in a retrograde course has been taken. Like the first step in the retreat of an army, it is as dispiriting to the vanquished, as it is invigorating to his foe. The next attack is less likely to be resisted, for the ability to resist decreases with every successful temptation. The first sacrifice of conscience and principle is like Samson giving up his locks. It is in vain then to go out and shake yourself in the consciousness of your strength. The seducer will be upon you. He will no longer fear either the force of principle, or the vigor of resolution. He has carried his point; and one breach of obligation, he well knows, will make way for another, until your character and destiny become identified with his own. How many a young man has fallen a victim to this process of temptation! How many, with prospects of usefulness and success, and with a character which might have insured respect, have, by listening to the voice of the seducer, forfeited the confidence, and fallen under the pity and contempt of the community. Yes, and with the wreck of his own character and prospects, he has become a source of mortification to his friends, and perhaps "bright down the gray hairs of a parent with sorrow to the grave."