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[From the Trenton Emporium.]

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

As mighty rivers spring from little rills,
So, from small errors flow the greatest ills.

Charles Churchill had genius—fortune had opened to him a liberal hand—he was independent of the world so far as wealth could render him independent—but besides all this, he possessed a kind, amiable temper, that endeared him to every one. He was an old schoolmate—for years together he was the arbiter of our little disputes, the repository of our secrets, the friend and confident of all our parties. There was a sense of honor, of scrupulous delicacy of mor- [illegible] him in the opinion of his fellows, far above the common level; and the good old schoolmaster, so far from being insensible to his merits, often curbed the out-breakings of disorder in others, by crying - for shame, sir, did you ever see Charles Churchill behave thus?

He finished his education at a distant college, and returned to the village about the time of his majority. A large party was given at old Mr. Churchill's on the occasion, and we all went to it. He was still the same kind companionable man, as we had known him a boy, and we all rejoiced in the kind fortune that had restored to our society so fair an ornament. But one was there who engrossed more attention than our young friend himself—it was a young lady from the city, who had come down to spend the holidays with the family—the daughter of a wealthy merchant, an old friend of the Churchill's, and it was even rumored that she was intended for the future bride of Charles; and never did I look upon two who in every grace and accomplishment seemed better fitted for each other.

In time a splendid mansion rose in the midst of the clustering beach trees at the foot of the hill just below the old mansion house. It was finished—elegantly finished—the grounds around it tastefully laid out and ornamented with shrubbery. Charles passed the principal part of the following winter in the city, and early in the spring returned with his bride. It was the same—the beautiful heir of the Lushington family. The measure of his happiness seemed full; he had no wish ungratified; no regret to banish.

He used to ride down in the fresh spring mornings to the village, to visit his old companions: there was always a smile on his lips, a flush of health and joy upon his cheek. He talked in raptures of his situation; worshipped his beautiful wife even to idolatry, and, if ever he was enthusiastic it was when he talked of the plans he had formed to make her happy; she seemed the centre round which all the native kindness of his heart clung—the attracting star of every affectionate hope; and never did the softening and refining influence of female worth and virtue show forth more happily than in the blended nobleness and warmth of heart that flowed from all his actions.

The village inn was, in those days, the common resort of all those who had upon their hands a leisure hour; and Churchill was often to be seen among those who gathered to the joyful circle, in the shade of the venerable willow that spread over the green; and the social glass mingled with the entertaining tale and enlivening joke. Charles was generous: his wealth gave him both time and means to indulge in whatever afforded him satisfaction; and his fondness for intercourse with society, of which he was the idol led, in this manner. But I saw no danger then; and I remember an emotion of surprise came over me when, one day, an old white-haired man said to him, in my hearing "Beware, young man, of the social glass." This was a quarter of a century ago.

Some twenty years afterwards, the traveller, who passed in the quiet village, saw an enfeebled tottering man, old in wretchedness, hanging about the bar room, and soliciting liquor of all who came in: he would hardly believe, if he had ever before seen Charles Churchill, that *that* was him. But a faint and meagre resemblance of what he was remained; yet it was the same original whose picture was drawn above.

The social glass had been his ruin. [illegible] compliment to his associates, to avoid singularity; the habit gradually coiled round him, and he was completely within its power before he or his friends were aware of it. He strove against it awhile; but he had been awakened to his danger too late; the disease was more powerful than he: it conquered: and he finally gave himself up to it, a subdued and unresisting victim.

He had many friends, who looked upon the first symptoms of his approaching ruin with heavy hearts: but it was in the bosom of his young and amiable family that the wound sunk the deepest. His wife watched the progress of his error with all the anxiety of love, which forgets its own fortunes in solicitude for those of the beloved one. She strove, day by day, to win him back from the paths of folly to herself—all the allurements of a quiet home, the soft blandishments of affection, the claims of an infant family, were spread before him: he was warned with tenderness of the inevitable issue of the course he was pursuing. Poor Charles, he seemed sensible of it all: he wept, he promised amendment, and—returned to the social glass.

He went down the loathsome journey of degradation and ruin, step by step. The loss of health was the first consequence: imbecility of intellect followed: the waste and mismanagement of property ensued: His tranquility of mind was destroyed; the native kindness of his temper vanished; and deep despair and all the bitterness of temper that springs from the wreck of peace filled his mind: his house was turned into a broken hearted wife and neglected children filled up the melancholy picture of the drunkard's home.

His fine estate fell into ruin like his mind: heavy claims were raised against him in various quarters; many were supposed to be of doubtful character; but there are mid-day plunderers always ready to take advantage of misfortune, as well as midnight robbers who trespass on the lonely traveller. A few years were sufficient to wrap his concerns in inexplicable chaos, out of which nothing was ever extricated for his benefit.

The innocent partners of his fall were spared, however, the worst trial; a fatal fever invaded the settlement, and Julia Churchill and her three children were among its victims. They were all buried together in a retired corner of the churchyard. It was on a beautiful day, and Charles stood almost a maniac by the graves of his household. Yet there was a flash of his early power playing then upon [illegible]. I remember when the coffins were lowered down, and he took a last look of all—*all* that he had lost; he turned and pointed to the spot—"My last staff," said he, "is broken: the social glass has cursed me—I am a miserable man."

But the glass was again in his hand that night. He flew to it now as an antidote to memory and conscience. All went. He no longer raised a hand to stay the wreck of his estate, and his creditors, like hungry wolves, fell upon it—it failed to satisfy them—he was imprisoned; and when he came back to the village, he had lost all but the image of humanity. Such is the termination of a career upon which thousands recklessly enter—heedless of danger, careless of consequences.

I would have this simple tale speak then, as a voice from the grave of early genius; from the wreck of fortune, from the ruin of peace and virtue. I would have it address itself to all ages and ranks and conditions. Its lesson is brief—is interesting—is important. Hear it, readers! "Re- [illegible] ware of the social glass."—*There is danger in indulgence.*

JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

The following sketch of an appropriate and impressive address delivered by Mr. Rush secretary of the Treasury, delivered to a meeting of the Citizens of Washington, on the 11th inst.

Mr. Rush said, that the resolutions having been moved and seconded, he rose not to discuss them, but only to express his concurrence in them. The occasion appeared to him not to call for discussion, but rather to be one for interchanging, and expressing feelings that might be supposed to pervade every bosom. The purpose of the meeting was, he said, most remarkable, most solemn. It had been but a single week since all were assembled to commemorate the great annual festival of the country rendered more remarkable this year from being its fiftieth return. At that time, all, indeed, knew, that the great Author of the Declaration of Independence, and he who had so fully participated in that great act—he who by common consent was pronounced its profound, its luminous, its most able defender—that these two great contemporary patriots—long hailed as the two great patriarchs of the land—all knew that their days had already been lengthened to a period beyond that usually allotted to human life. But who could have supposed, what imagination could have conceived, that that festival day was hence forth to be consecrated afresh in our eyes, by the fact of these two renowned contemporaries simultaneously surrendering up upon it their mortal existence; surrendering it up at the very moment when millions of their countrymen were intermingling with their celebrations a fervent and grateful homage to their shining worth, their Revolutionary glories. It was indeed most remarkable. There was nothing with which to compare it; no combination of future circumstances would ever be likely to produce its parallel. It was an event to touch the hearts of a whole People. History would embalm it. It was destined to draw forth the most emulous, most elevated, strains of the patriotic muse. It was environed with moral beauty. It presented aspects affecting and awful. It was but recently that they had been told, within the walls where they had now assembled—so recently that the echo of the words seemed still upon the ear—they had been told, and the narrative was full of interest, that the venerated sage of Monticello, conscious that his dissolution was at hand, as well as the birth day of his country, breathed out a wish, an anxious, natural wish, to live until that day, and on that day to die. The wish was heard—it was consummated. Here seemed enough for history, enough for its fairest page; enough for individual glory. So we all felt; so the nation was preparing to feel. A coincidence so extraordinary struck upon the hearts of us all, and our sense of grief was for the instant assuaged in the last solemn triumph which we had seen the hand of Heaven deal out to this great Patriot. His spirit had lingered on until his own favorite day; then, taken its flight. But what intelligence is it that has since burst upon us? What tidings have we from the retreats of Quincy—from the illustrious contemporary? Does a double mourning strike at the same instant upon the land—on the very Jubilee? Yes, on that ever memorable day, the sage of Quincy feels that his term of life, too, is approaching. Its declining flame grows dim—it flickers—it is nearly extinct. Suddenly he awakes, almost as from the sleep of death. He starts at the sound of distant rejoicings; the bells of the temple of God—the shouts of his countrymen—the roar of artillery. He inquires into the cause. Learning it, he exclaims, "'TIS A GREAT AND GLORIOUS DAY"—and never speaks again. It is the last patriotic ejaculation of his soul, which takes its flight as the brilliant sun of that day descends. Let us repeat, said Mr. R. nothing like this has occurred before, and it will not be matched again. It is impossible! It seems a vision, under which the People stand at gaze; something out of the course of nature; a drama of solemn, heavenly, grandeur, which the uplifted curtain of the Jubilee has suddenly revealed to the wondering, entranced, rivetted eyes of an assembled nation. We should pronounce it romantic, did we not believe it providential. Heroes have died for their country upon the field of battle, and earned a lasting fame. But the deaths we have just witnessed will stand out in history, and stand alone. There is in them a calm, intellectual, sublimity to the last pulsation of life, that will crown with the chaplets of a pre-eminent immortality, these two venerated men. In their joint apotheosis, hand in hand ascending, there is something that rivals fabled legends; far more than rivals them by its pious, impressive, gorgeous reality.

ADAMS and JEFFERSON—JEFFERSON and ADAMS! These names have been so long, so intensely within the range of our moral and political horizon—so blended with all our knowledge, all our recollections of our country, that they seemed almost a part of it. They had lived through such long generations of men—had begun to live so long anterior to the oldest of us now on the stage—anterior even to the foundations of the Republic itself—foundations which they laid—that it seems difficult, at least in the first moments of their decease, to regard the Republic in disjunction from their presence. But they have passed away; not their immortal part; that will live forever. They have passed away, leaving to their country the precious fruits, the beaming example, of their virtues, their genius,