

SELECTED POETRY.

SPRING.

BY A YOUTH OF 13.

Chill Winter's glooms are pass'd away,
Sweet Spring again returns;
All nature now seems young and gay,
And youth with ardor burns.

The streams have burst their icy chains,
And mingle with the sea;
The birds that long forsook the plains,
Return in youthful glee.

The wintry storms are past away,
The frosty days are gone;
And clouds ting'd in the sun's last ray,
Are sweet to look upon.

The pastures fast are growing green,
The herbs again appear;
In verdure clad the vales are seen,
That frost had made so sear.

The songsters on the budding sprays
Their sweetest notes employ;
So we our thankful hearts should raise,
With songs of grateful joy.

J. T. O.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

From the Trenton Emporium.

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—besides all this, he possessed a kind, amiable temper, that endeared him to every one. He was an old schoolmate—for years together the arbiter of our little disputes, the repository of our secrets, the friend and confidante of all parties. There was a sense of honor, of scrupulous delicacy, of moral rectitude about him, that elevated him in the opinion of his fellows, far above the common level—and the good old school-master, so far from being insensible to his merit, often curbed the outbreaks of disorder in others, by crying—for shame, sir, did you ever see Charles Churchill behave thus?

He had 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 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 Churchills, and it was even then rumoured that she was intended for the future bride of Charles; and ne-

ver 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 beech trees, at the foot of the hill just below the old Mansion House. It was finished—elegantly furnished—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 and beautiful spring mornings to the village, to visit his old companions; there was always a smile upon 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 the blended nobleness and warmth of heart that flowed from all his actions.

The village inn, was in those days the common resort of those who had upon their hands a leisure hour; and Churchill was often to be seen among those who gathered to the jovial circle in the shade of the venerable willow that spread over the green; and the social glass mingled with the entertaining tale and the enlivening joke. Charles was generous; his wealth gave him both the time and the means to indulge freely in whatever afforded him satisfaction; and his fondness for intercourse with society of which he was the idol, led him more and more frequently to wile away his afternoons 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 paused in the quiet village, saw an enfeebled, tottering man, old in wretchedness, but not in years; in rags and intoxication; hanging about

the bar-room and soliciting liquor of all who came in; he would scarcely believe, if he had ever before seen Chas. Churchill, that this was him; but a faint and meagre resemblance of what he was, remained; yet it was the same original whose picture is drawn above.

The Social Glass, had been his ruin; he tasted it first merely in compliment to his associates, to avoid singularity; the habit gradually coiled round him, and he was completely in its power before he or his friends were aware of it; he strove against it a while, 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 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 place of mourning. And 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 in 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 church-yard. 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 his brow. I remember when the coffins were lowered down, and he took a last look at 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; headless 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 ruins of peace, and worth 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 reader! "Remember Charles Churchill, and beware of the Social Glass."—*There is danger in indulgence.*

The Duke of Montmorency fell down dead while at church in Paris, on the 24th March.—His funeral was celebrated with great pomp. The number of private carriages in the train, exceeded 9000.

Albert Gallatin, has been appointed Minister to Great Britain in the place of Rufus King, resigned.

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