

his fortune wasting away, and his family unhappy, and his future destiny not very improvable. But my prayer shall be that the Lord may even yet have mercy upon his soul, and let him live to be a comfort and a blessing to his family.

C—, a man of fine talents and flattering prospects, was liberally educated and bred a Lawyer. He bid fair to become the first man in the state. But alas! he too entered the Cogniac Club, the grand acclama of corruption and vice; the vortex into whose greedy abyss sunk forever much of the talent, wealth and respectability of a whole town. He became habitually intemperate and shockingly profane—spent his days in drinking and his nights in gambling. He joined himself with a companion of a like stamp with himself, and *rioted* on his way to the grave. So intense was his profligacy that his godly father could not see him in his dying moments, because he would not hear his blasphemies. The two associates left each a son in their own likeness. One is lost, and the other is hopefully reforming. The two fathers found each a drunkard's grave. Associates in life, they were not divided in death. Fellows in sin, they are doubtless companions in misery.

D—, was a merchant of flattering prospects, married respectably, and might have lived long the pride and ornament of society. But his hopes were all blighted as with the mildew of death, by early joining the Cogniac Club, and of course becoming soon a debauched profligate. He soon became a military man, a circumstance which tended not a little to complete sooner the ruin which awaited him. The sanctuary he deserted for the halls of revelry, and business was forever exchanged for pleasure. The mind which might have blessed and thrown a charm of refinement about society now lost its vigor, in the wild ravings of the Delirium Tremens.—The form which shone with such a noble grace upon the martial field, was soon forever laid low in the drunkard's grave. His lovely wife first taken in mercy from the evil to come.

## No. II.

In pursuing my melancholy narrative of those unhappy victims, whose fortunes and hopes for this world and the next were all drowned in the fumes of the Cogniac, I must here mention one circumstance, ascending an additional horror to the scene. It is, that the members of the Cogniac Club, were almost entirely from families of the first rank in fortune and respectability.

When the last relict of the name and character of the already vicious and polluted becomes forever lost in intemperance, we cannot but deeply lament and regret it, be-

caused families—the sons of virtuous and worthy parents—men whose rank in life, and whose talents would have easily enabled them to stand high in the councils of the nation, or guide the helm of state, or teach their fellow men the way to happiness and heaven, sink lower, and still lower, till they become mere bar-room story tellers—the vigor of their minds and bodies forever withered and gone—it is then we are led to deprecate more loudly if possible, the evils of intemperance—that grand curse of human existence.

E—, the next in the dark catalogue, is yet living an aged and respectable man. It is true that he belonged to the Club, but he did not enlist for life, and very soon quitted them. One may truly say of him, that he escaped with the skin of his teeth. The wonder is, that he has been ever since a temperate drinker, and yet has seldom or never allowed himself to be overcome with strong drink. He has been upon the brink, but kind Providence has prevented him from plunging into the dark abyss beneath. He is a man of very correct moral deportment, a good member of society, and generous in the support of the gospel. He has filled some of the highest offices in the gift of the people of his state, and deserves well of the Church and the world. I love to linger in this place to do honour to the man, who stood where almost every other man fell. It was truly affecting, not long since, to hear him say to a young lawyer of high promise, who was beginning to think on his ways—*Now is your time sir: I have sinned away my day of grace, and hope you will not do as I have done.*

We have all tried to hope that the kind and gracious God who kept him safe, while scores fell at his side, and other scores at his right hand, will even yet conduct him to his house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. If I meet with other noble exceptions in examining the wounded and the dead on this field of the slain, I shall rejoice to note the merciful exceptions that a gracious Providence has made. Oh! that we could meet with cases like this oftener in the annals of intemperance; and when we do find them, we are almost led to believe that the days of miracles have not yet entirely gone by.

F—. He again is an honourable exception, and it will be many a moon before we meet with another. He was early enlisted in the Club, and met with it steadily for many years. But a pious wife and children hung about his neck, and held him back from a total shipwreck of fortune, family and character. We should be glad, if we could know assuredly, that a ship of Cogniac is not the motive that carries him still three

through a dark wood to the village where he used to meet his favorite Club.—And we should rejoice too, if kind heaven would give us some infallible assurance, that he shall not live to increase the dram till it obtains the mastery, and we will all unite to bless the preserver of this house forever, and say—“Strong is his hand, and mighty is his right hand.” We say all this with the warmest and kindest feelings to him and his family, and are impelled to say it, because some honest man may yet have to take the story up, where we leave it, and tell the rest; and we are unwilling to believe that the everlasting covenant that God has established with the companion of his bosom, and his beloved children, have no meaning under the providential government of God.

And now that we could here wind up the history of the Cogniac Club; but, alas! we have yet the darkest shades of this fearful picture to unfold.

G—, a son of very respectable parents, was an active young gentleman, fond of high life, and filled with the highest anticipations, but lived at the expense of his father and friends. He too joined the Club, and from that moment attended to no business, and by a process slow but sure, he became intemperate. Low vulgarity, that concomitant of rum, soon became engrafted on his character, and left him a wretched and a worthless thing. Finally he enlisted as a private soldier in the army—that nursery of profligacy and vice—and soon finished a wretched life—a sot.

H—. He too was a son of high and respectable parentage, and received a liberal education. The honours of Yale College were bestowed on him as one of their first scholars. Although a young man of intelligence and talents of the highest order, and although he was filled with the highest hopes that an ambitious mind could dream of—yet, after his education was completed, he was drawn into the Club. It had now become the high gate way to hell—was its ante-chamber. He married at length a lovely and respectable young lady, and removed to another town. But his appetite for strong drink having become fixed through the influence of the Club, followed him in his retreat. He abused the unhappy being who had leagued her fortunes with his, till she was obliged to leave him. She then sued for a divorce and obtained it. And now he gave himself up to commit iniquity with greediness, sunk down into a vagabond, and from this time moved on to perdition in the foremost rank of the degraded and thence lost. He enlisted in the army, and went down into the drunken soldier's grave highly titled, but the more tremendously lost. His divorced wife, worthy of a far better fa-