

The conquest of Britain, by the Normans, was owing not so much to the prowess of arms as to the intimacy of the Anglo-Saxons with the Prisoner at the Bar. We find, that while the one army passed the night preceding the battle of Hastings in fasting and prayer, the other spent it in feasting and revelry. "Thus the English," as is observed by a writer, "being revelling before, had, in the morning, their brains arrested for the arrearages of the indigested fumes of the former night, and were no better than drunk when they came to fight."

King Henry the 1st was, in the midst of his prosperity, so unfortunate as to receive a shock which rendered him miserable for the rest of his life. This was the death of his only son, who was drowned through the influence of intoxicating liquors. The young Prince had embarked for England—the sailors unfortunately solicited him for wine, and, in the generosity of youth, he distributed it profusely. The officers and seamen all became intoxicated, and through the carelessness of the helmsman, the vessel struck suddenly on a rock, and, in a short time, disappeared under the waves—and the whole crew, 300 in number, perished, with the exception of Beecher, who alone was left to tell the melancholy news to the King, who is said to have been so depressed as to have never smiled again. Such was the intemperance of the English, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that at a feast given to the Queen by the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth Castle, in addition to other intoxicating liquors, 365 hogsheads of beer alone was drank, which amounted to 23,000 gallons. Such was the esteem in which our forefathers were held by other nations, on account of their hospitality to the Prisoner at the Bar, that England rejoiced in the unenviable distinction of being called "The land of drunkards."

In the 18th century the people seem to have lost all shame, and went to drinking establishments for the express purpose of getting drunk. The agents of the Prisoner were, however, considerably more honest then than they are now-a-days, for they told their business out plainly, instead of putting up sign-boards with "Travellers' Rest," "The Rising Sun," "Victoria Inn," "Wellington House," "Emigrants' Home," or other similar falsehoods, they used to let the community know precisely what their business was; and "*Drunk for a Penny—Dead Drunk for Twopence, and clean straw for nothing*" was no uncommon sign-board. Thus, while my learned friend, the Counsel for the Prisoner, boasts of the acquaintance and familiarity of his client with the great men of the world, you, gentlemen, will be able to judge whether such acquaintance was of any material advantage to them.

The learned Counsel, in speaking of the mikness of the Prisoner at the Bar, attempts to excite your sympathies by representing his client as an abused character. This, I might remark, has been the principal plea in the defence—and I am confident, gentlemen, that you were heartily tired of the repetition of it, especially by the learned junior Counsel for the Prisoner—"let him alone and he will not hurt you." True, but gentlemen you will bear in mind that the man