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The eighth count charges him with still keeping among us agents, I presume, for the manufacture and sale of liquors; but here, gentlemen, he has the law on his side, and has had always since the days of Noah. Our laws, which are based on the Divine law, wisely interfere with no man's liberty in planting vineyards, building distilleries, or selling pure liquors. You, gentlemen, are possessed of too much sound sense to pay any attention to the charge in this count. You can enjoy the pleasing evening party, where smiles of complacency sit upon each countenance—where the enlivening glass inspires the tones of eloquence, produces mirthful songs, well-timed jests, pleasing anecdotes, music, mirth, and the merry dance, and which produce the most delightful impressions on memory's green spot, the very remembrance of which, in after years, causes pleasant conversation about such happy scenes. And are we to deny ourselves of those social pleasures, and unite with a parcel of cold hearted, discontented people to overturn large mercantile establishments—deprive thousands of honest respectable merchants of the means of support for themselves and families—change the good old customs and usages of society, and deprive the crown of its revenues, because a comparatively few weak, unsteady wretches abuse the good things of the world. No, gentlemen. You are men of intelligence, who know how to warn your children and your fellow-men from error's path, without such sweeping innovations as a Maine Law.

Gentlemen, I have now gone over the indictment, and have only to state, that by finding the Prisoner at the Bar guilty, you deprive tens of thousands of honest, respectable people of their living, and throw them and their families on a merciless, unfriendly world. You will therefore give this important case your serious consideration, and you will bear in mind that all the witnesses for the prosecution have admitted the usefulness of the Prisoner—their abuse of him—and that they were the first to assault him, by lifting him up and throwing him down, and that he only retaliated when abused. Again, gentlemen, you will bear in mind that the Prisoner is entitled to the benefit of all doubts that may arise in consequence of conflicting testimony.

I now leave his case in your hands. Do your duty fearlessly, impartially, and with a single eye to justice, yet mercifully, and I rest confident you will find your verdict for my poor client.

Crier, call John Rickaby.

Crier—"John Rickaby, John Rickaby," come and appear, on pain of a fine of Five Pounds.

Witness—"I'm here your Lordship "

John Rickaby, Undertaker—Examined by Mr. Craig—Has known the Prisoner at the Bar for upwards of 50 years. Was delighted in his company every night, and noon-day too. Always had him at parties, because he caused great mirth and amusement. It would be a dry, dull party without him. Always found him useful in putting away bashfulness, and introducing people into trade and social parties, in curing the stomach-ache, in settling quarrels and