

closed, the taverns shut up ; when mirth was restrained, and temperance enforced by the sword. Now, what was the effect of all this ? No sooner was the Protector in his coffin, than the people of England, by a common impulse, threw off a system which they regarded as oppressive. So distasteful had these restraints become, that the people restored the Stuarts, forgot their civil wars and sacrifices, and reopened their theatres and taverns ; and so disgusted were they with Puritan domination, that liberty was forgotten in the general joy which the restoration of personal freedom occasioned. The wine cup went round, and from that day to this, no attempt has been made to re-establish Cromwell's system. Now, I fear that the friends of temperance are about to sacrifice all the good they have done, as the Puritans sacrificed all the reforms that they had established, by carrying restraints too far. This law may be partially enforced for two or three years, but it will coerce people into resistance, and occasion a revulsion of feeling to be followed by universal license.

So far as my reading extends, I may assert that every king, every statesman, every warrior who has illustrated the page of history, drank wine. The apostles, who were the companions of our Saviour, drank it. The prophets, whose flights of inspiration still astonish us, we have every reason to believe, drank it. Cicero and Demosthenes, and all the orators of antiquity and of modern times, indulged in the juice of the grape. Who can say how much of the energy which gave them such power of language was drawn from its inspiration ? Have these men been eclipsed by the Dows and Kellogs of the platform ? What orators has the State of Maine sent forth comparable with the Pitts, Burkes, Grattans, Foxes and Sheridans of the British Islands, every one of whom drank wine ? Let the learned gentleman glance at the noble structures—the architectural wonders that embellish Europe. Who reared them ? Men of gigantic intellects whose common beverage was wine. Let his eye range through the noble galleries where the sculptures have left their statues ; where the painters have hung in rich profusion the noblest works of art. Wine, we are told, clouds the faculties and deadens the imagination. Yet it was drunk by those benefactors of their race ; and we cannot, with their masterpieces before us, believe the assertion, till their works have been eclipsed by artists trained up under this rigorous legislation. Has Maine turned us out yet a statue that anybody would look at ; a picture that anybody would buy ? Look at the deliverers of mankind ; the heroic