

was sounded. It is time, sir, that the hounding and hunting after individuals, and after officers of the government that will not obey the behest of secret clubs and secret committees—it is time, sir, that they were called off from their pursuit. I would to heaven, sir, that that gentleman, with his usual mildness and gentleness of spirit, might be sent on a mission to the presses who defend the Maine Law, from the Gardiner Fountain to the Worcester Cataract, not excepting, by any means, that sheet which is issued from School Street, in Boston, and whose sails are frequently covered and bespattered with things that ought never to be written, printed, or seen.

Sir, Mr. Alison says, and it is one of those great utterances that come out of the mouth of long experience, “just in proportion as a man is firmly attached to great principles, he is indulgent towards individuals.” Aye, if you will print that three weeks in a corner of the *Life Boat*, [addressing the editor] I will pay for it as an advertisement; [laughter] “just in proportion as men are attached to great principles, they are indulgent towards individuals.” A mighty principle will carry the individual just as the insensible tide of the ocean will carry the man or the atom that floats on its bosom. The tide will roll on, roll on to its destination in spite of the individual who struggles against it. He, therefore, who believes that he has the irresistible tide of truth on his side, that he is borne on that great swelling ocean, stronger and mightier than navies, kings and empires, such a man will not regard greatly what this or that individual may say of him or do.

Just in proportion as men stand upon “slippery places,” they cannot brook opposition. Try the men who defend this cause by that standard. Weigh them in these scales, and they will go up light as feathers. Judge Curtis, who sits upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, the ermine, of which was never stained by the shadow of a spot, utters, it is said, “wicked e decisions.” He is a rum “lawyer.” Aye what is the climax of disgrace in these days with some persons, he is a “*Boston rum lawyer*.” He is “more under the influence of the commercial than the constitutional spirit.” Is that speaking evil of dignities? What a stream of unsparing and unmeasured and unmitigated abuse has been poured out for the last six or eight months, upon the devoted head of the Mayor of this city and his associates, a man who, as I am told, in all the paths of life in which he has walked, has adorned those paths; a man whose kindness, and compassion, and benevolence, have dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew, upon the heart of weariness and sorrow and of want. There is no other reproach against him that I know of, except that he did not believe in the Maine Law.

He took the responsibility when he had the unquestionable right to do it, two years ago, the first of April, to act under another law, which was then in existence, and this was embryo, for no man at that day could tell whether it would be hatched or not, and the Governor when he signed acted upon one scriptural precept, I admit; he did not let his left hand know what his right hand did. [Laughter.]

Why, then, Sir, this want of reverence and respect for the city authorities of Boston? Assailed constantly, assailed for no other reason than that they don't believe in the Maine Law. And so is every man assailed, hunted, pursued if he will not bow down and worship this image of their imagination which they have set up. The command goes out, as it did form the throne of Babylon—at whatever time ye hear the sound of the cornet, the flute, the harp and dulcimer of the Maine Law, whatsoever within the sound thereof, whether State officer, or municipal, or minister of the gospel—no matter what station he may hold, if he will not bow the knee, he shall be hunted—howled at—pursued—because he will not bow down to the despotism of an opinion that he has no substantial basis upon which to rest. [Cheers and hisses.] I wish those who are in the habit of upbraiding the civil officers, and of speaking as multitudes have spoken of Judge Curtis—and of the “rum” candidate that happens to be elected Governor of Massachusetts, and of the “rum” candidate that happens to be Governor of Maine, and of the “rum” candidate—one of the most irreproachable of