DAILY HERALD.

OFFICE-HERALD BUILDING.

16 & East Washington Street.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 15.

The Weekly Herald.

On Monday next the first issue of "THE INDIANA WEEKLY HERALD" will appear. It will be a beautiful sheet, printed on large, clear type, on fine white paper, and, without boast, will be the handsomest Weekly issued in the West. We desire those who are not already subscribers, to commence with this number, which will contain, besides a varied assortment of general reading matter, a splendid tale and beautiful poetry. In each subsequent issue a story will appear, which will be selected with greatest care. As we intend to pay particular attention to the agricultural department hereafter, and make this an important feature of the paper, we advise our agricultural friends to send along their names at once. To those who have formed clubs throughout the State, we would say, send them forward at once, and thus get the first number of this large and beautiful sheet.

The Extra Session—Terrell's Report. Creation of Officers.

Judging from the action of the Legislature we conclude the extra session was called to create offices and fill them with officers and distribute the funds in the Treasury among political favorites. As a man remarked yesterday, if the Republicans could hold the power four years longer, they would have an office created for every Republican in the State, and would distribute among the faithful all the funds in the Public Treasury. The point is here. When Governor MORTON, who recovers from relapses, we rejoice to learn, with encouraging rapidity, had possession of the Government, and the profits of the arsenal, and the $50,000 from LINCOLN, and the deposits of the Financial Bureau; the Republicans, by a trick, to throw the whole thing into the hands of MORTON, on pretence of preventing the squandering, as TERRELL calls it, "a good-for-nothing" military bill, having eloped to the Ohio river; when this, all happened, we say, of course, the Governor had plenty of money subject to his order; and as he was a loyal man (by the way, haven't some other men, we do not say, but by order on the Financial Bureau, etc. All right, he was a loyal man, and "our most excellent Governor," and was putting down the rebellion! But, as we were saying, when we were saying appropriations, plenty, *twelve thousand* for Clerk hire for Governor, and *twelve thousand* for TERRELL, but the TERRELL report must be volumes of books for the Governor's brother-in-law, State Printer (we presume the Governor has no interest in the *Journal* office), *five thousand* for telegraphing, *seventeen thousand* civil contingencies, we do not attempt to give the military; *five thousand* for housekeep of house never occupied, etc., etc.; but then *loyalty* is putting down the rebellion! Well, what we were saying was, that is, what we were agoing to suggest as having occurred to us, was that the Governor had been feeding the place-hunters of the party so long that they did not feel like remaining hungry now that the rebellion was down, and our excellent Governor was "gone to sea," but looked to the Republican Legislature to feed them still! Go ahead! Vote away the public money; create offices; hush up, for party's sake, various and divers matters; print some of TERRELL'S books, as an opposition to the Roll of Honor; as many as you think it will do, so as to give the political party organ a good job any how! Go ahead, again we say, gentlemen; give the *Journal* just as much of a job as you think you can carry; they are loyal men, this we know, and we think their loyalty is entirely disinterested; the people, we may add, for your encouragement, like to pay taxes, especially when they go into the pockets of disinterestedly loyal men; and we will say further, that unless a good appropriation is made for the State Printer, we shall be unable to see any object in calling the extra session.

P. S.—We have seen no answer by Colonel HOLLOWAY yet, to the call of his Republican brother, JULIAN, of the *True Republican*, that he should deliver a public lecture on the art of money making by a disinterestedly loyal man, with practical illustrations. One question more: How much will the extra session involve the State?

Speech of the Senator from Vigo and Sullivan.

To the exclusion of other matter we give to our readers to-day the speech of the Hon. BAYLESS W. HANNA, on the Agricultural College bill. It is a masterly effort. We pronounce it one of the finest specimens of parliamentary eloquence and invective that has graced our Legislative Hall, since the days of HANNEGAN, MARSHALL and DUNN. While it is polished in diction, truthful in fact and sentiment, the manner of its delivery is complimented by all who had the pleasure of listening to it, as having been most happy. It produced a decided impression, and much disturbed the Republican side of the Hall. General BENNET, of Union, attempted a reply; and, though admitted to be a ready and effective speaker, he was evidently too much staggered by the blows of the Senator from Vigo to be to make a successful rally.

We are told that he denied many of the facts stated by Mr. HANNA. He must lack full information on the subject; and that he should, considering his residence in another county, and his absence, for some time, in the war, from that, is pardonable. Not only are all the material statements of Mr. HANNA correct, according to our information, but, we may say, there have been other cases of lawless violence in Richmond, than those mentioned in Mr. HANNA'S list. We commend the speech to general perusal, and think it will have a beneficial effect upon the canting, hypocritical Republican fanatics of Wayne county.

Bonds and Money Exempt from Taxation.

By act of Congress, of June 30, 1864, all bonds, treasury notes, national currency, etc., are exempt from State taxation. The exemption is claimed to embrace United States Bank notes; and, as we understand, our capitalists, our money dealers, who study and keepolosely informed on these subjects, do not give in their money for State for city taxation, and further, that they manage to convert as much of their property into bonds and currency just before the first of January as possible, in order to escape taxation, reconverting directly after, as interest or convenience may prompt.

Now, we propose, to-morrow, when we can have room, to discuss, and ascertain, if we can, whether the Legislature has power to repeal the law exempting it may from taxation.

It seems we were mistaken in stating that the contempt of court at Bloomington was passed over by the Judge. Judge GLESSNER fined each of the lawyers engaged in the fracas $50. We had no desire to do Judge G. injustice; we misunderstood the gentleman (an attorney) who brought the difficulty to our notice, and to that is to be attributed our error.

State Debt Bill.

We understand that combinations are attempting to be formed to pass a state debt bill! As we feared. The Democracy will go to the people on the question. We do hope no Democrat will be drawn into the measure. We do hope they will hesitate before they commit themselves.

Senator Chapman.

What has he been doing? What is the matter with these loyal Republican legislators?

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—The New York *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent says: "The *Chronicle* is also urging—and its speaks for the Summers now against President Johnson—universal negro suffrage for the District of Columbia. If this is pushed and passed, without reference to the people of the District, I venture to say President Johnson will veto the act.

THE GRANT SNEEFERS.—The Lieutenant General has sniffed out a good many lights. Beside the three great B's—Butler, Banks and Burnside—some tapers have suddenly ceased to shine. General Kilpatrick, the hero of the Dahlgren raid and the New Jersey canvass, is not even mentioned. Sickles fares as badly—Ape.

SPEECH

Of Hon. Bayless W. Hanna on the Location of the Agricultural College. Delivered in the Senate Chamber on Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1865.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am glad that this Assembly has at last determined to act on this great measure. It has been a cause of no little astonishment and apprehension with me that we have been so dilatory in a matter of such vital importance to the people of Indiana. There is no party in this measure. It rises above party and party interests. It is a question for our children, and for the generations that are to come after them.

The grant of land by Congress we have accepted, and the acceptance devolves upon us the duty of the location of the College. In this matter we all have some partiality. I confess I am not free from it. My heart distinctively turns to the groves of the academy that most naturally claims my affections. I have seen the storms of adversity beat fiercely upon her. I have seen her walls crumbled beneath the wasting ravages of fire. But she has been superior to all her trials. The patient labors of her lamented Baldwin have been rewarded. The noble presence, the fervent Christianity, the splendid learning and inspired eloquence of Charles White no longer distinguish her council and her chapel. Yet, Sir, he is not lost to her; his patriarchal voice still rings through the corridor of ages, and will forevermore. Thompson and Humphries, too, have fallen, but the lessons of virtue, and wisdom, and truth they have taught will live forever. Ten thousand hallowed recollections, with ties that can not be broken, bind my heart to Wabash College. I lay down the offerings of my most grateful acknowledgements at her feet.

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbra
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet:
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Quæ me cumque vocent terræ.

But, Mr. President, I must surrender my partiality. This location must be made elsewhere than my heart would dictate. Various propositions have been suggested, but the attempt, sir, to secure the location in the county of Wayne, is, to my mind, simply preposterous. Public credulity in this degenerate day is marvelous indeed, though I do not believe it is yet quite equal to the sublime assurance of the people of Wayne county. Why, sir, what is the mission of education? Is it to train the mind for the comprehension of truth—to emancipate the soul from the fetters of ignorance and bigotry, and to lift up the heart of man into something like communion with God-like excellence of sentiments and character. That is it. The highest purpose of education, in an enlightened Government, is to teach the great cardinal lesson, that in the conflicts of error and truth, the mind must be free—scentifully, entirely, wholly free. Error cannot stand up in strife with truth. For a time it may wear the mien of defiance—may proudly toss its imposing crest in the air; but in the end, it will as surely fall beneath the lance of its enemy, as Goliah perished by David, the appointed representative of the living God. Just as surely, Freedom of conscience, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and especially the freedom of the press, are the fundamental principles of our government. They are our dearest and most inalienable rights. Take them away, and there will be but little value in all that will remain to us.

Sir, I cling to the proposition. It is my favorite theory with reference to this Government, that free speech and a free press, are the richest jewels that adorn the beautiful and brilliant crown of our liberties. I may be in error in this; but if I err, I err in the society of the heroes and the martyrs. I err with Washington, the great captain of the revolution, who, with his little army of patriot heroes upon the dreary threadbare fields of battle, achieved for our fathers, and for us, those inestimable liberties which have made us so happy, so powerful, and so prosperous. I err with Jefferson, the great philosopher, who wrote, in characters of fire, the Declaration of American independence. I err with Madison and with Jackson—with Clay, with Silas Wright, and with Webster; and with men like these I would rather live and die in error, than to throw myself for one hour, into the arms of a crazy and remorseless fanaticism, that has not the capacity to understand our liberties, or the virtue to preserve them even if it had.

The Congress of the United States has made a munificent grant of lands to the States for educational purposes. So far as Indiana is concerned, I want to accept the donation, and to comply fully with the terms of the grant. But I have some choice in the location of this great establishment for the general welfare of the Commonwealth.

I have taken some pains to look over the various parts of the State, with a view to discover, if possible, some one locality more eligible than all others, for the location of the Agricultural College. But from the eastern boundary to the western boundary, and from the Lakes of the North to the Ohio river of the south, I know of no place, which, in every respect, is so unsuitable for this purpose as the Quaker county of the Burnt District. An institution of learning in the county of Wayne, founded by the General Government for the interests of the whole people of Indiana, and for the purposes of liberal education! Why, sir, I would as soon think of selecting a jungle of wolves for a sheep-fold, or the haunts of Bedouin robbers for a place of repose and safety and immunity from the contamination of vices and crimes.

I would not intentionally undcrrate the county of Wayne. I know, in some respects, it is said to be a remarkable county. It is said to be remarkable for its grasses and its asses; but I can not conceive that that argument ought to weigh much in this discussion. The Assyrian grass upon which Nebuchadnezzar fed under the curse of Almighty God, I have no doubt grew just as luxuriantly as the grass that grows upon the hills and in the valleys of this county. Wayne and that the asses of Malta, which bray upon the resounding shores of the Mediterranean, are just as large, and fat, and docile, as those which distinguish the county of Wayne.

Let us look over the history of this county, for a moment, in a more general sense. I hope it will not be unprofitable, and I trust it may not be unpleasant for us to do so. Her fair looking, and most amiable and courteous Senator over there, [Mr. Beeson,] I know will not find fault with me, especially when I tell him that my mind somewhat inclines to history.

The first that I heard of Wayne county particularly, was when I was a small lad. I got my first impressions from the lips of the fathers, at whose altar I had been taught to kneel and pray. Henry Clay went over there and the people flocked together to see him and hear him. The great leader of a great party, his eloquence and his wisdom had attracted the wonder and the admiration of the whole civilized world. The country was threatened with revolution, the croakings of sedition, and the evil genius of lawlessness, had created distrust, discord and hatred between two great sections of the country. Anyone having his personal interests in the South, he came to talk to us, the people of the North, of obedience to law, of constitutional obligations, of concord, peace and perpetual union. His was the noble spirit of a statesman. But what kind of a reception did he receive in the midst of the people of the county of Wayne? He encountered one Mendenhall—a gentleman of the Quaker persuasion, I believe—one of a sect of those irrepressible individuals, who for many years have been clamoring for liberty throughout the land; who have been willing to see a nation scourged with sword of flame and hoof of fire, and her rivers run red and thick with fraternal blood; the blood of twenty millions of our own brethren to secure the fancied freedom of four millions of negroes; but who never yet have struck one blow, or shed one drop of blood, either to secure or preserve the liberties which they themselves enjoyed. Such was the moral and political character of Mendenhall, who attempted to reason Henry Clay what the Constitution of the United States was, and what lessons it inculcated. Mendenhall was the advocate of higher law;—in his religious faith he was superior to Christ and His apostles, and his wisdom in the doctrine of civil government overshaped the Constitution and made itself superior to the interpretations of the Supreme Court of the United States. But Mendenhall with all his learning in the didactic theology of the Quaker creed, and with all the prestige of the heroic renown, and unselfish sacrifices of his patriotic ancestors in the memorable days of the American Revolution, did not entirely annihilate the distinguished statesman of Kentucky. Mr. Clay withdrew from that lawless-minding community without even being scourged or stoned, an honorable incident in the history of the amiable and christian people who inhabit that region. His biographer states that he flourished some years afterward in the Senate of the United States, with some personal reputation, and with no inconsiderable amount of credit to his political adherents.

This was Wayne county in its infancy. Human experience proves that early and tender years are almost always attended with indiscretion. We are willing to pardon much that flows from the heat of young passion. But when infancy has been merged in youth, and youth has strengthened into manhood, then responsibility begins. The Clay and Mendenhall affair occurred in 1842. Wayne county was then comparatively young—the people were adventuresome, and less under the common restraints of older communities. Even then they should have better known what propriety was, and practiced it. But they were a young settlement, and knew but little of schools and churches, and other humanizing influences. We were willing to forget and forgive their indiscretions. In later years, however, the country has grown more exacting, and has been expecting them to have more decency. In this respect the disappointment has been universal. The folly and passion of youth have only ripened into the settled prejudice and gangrened malice of old age. The disease seems to be incurable now, and it rages like an epidemic. Let us look at facts. I will present my declaration, will hear the answer, and go to the country fairly upon the issue.

In August, 1858, the Democrats held a meeting in our Richmond. The lamented John L. Robinson was one of the speakers. For his intellect, honesty and courage, he was respected and admired by all parties. Sincere and warm in friendship, terrible in denunciation of Pharaohism and hypocrisy, and unshaken in his adherence to the political tenets of Jefferson, and Madison, and Jackson, he was at the same time the idol of his friends, and the consternation of his enemies. His bold and consuming condemnation of that malign spirit of intolerance that has so often fired the world with revolution, did not meet the approbation of the political Pharisees of Wayne county. Too weak to cope with him in reason, and too prudent to risk the treasure against his courage, he was waylaid, beaten and mangled in a manner that would disgrace savage warfare, with all the barbarities of the battle-axe and war club. What apology can be interposed for such a state of facts as this? None, sir, none whatever. The oily and insidious tongue of the malicious spirit that will commit such deeds of crime, is never wanting in excuses and subterfuges. But apologists may do their work, they may polish and varnish, and burnish as they will, history will doubtless that such acts can emanate nowhere but from the fiendish heart of a cowardly, cruel, drunken, demon mob. And, sir, the verdict will thus stand forever.

Let us pursue this subject still further. In the spring of 1861, fifteen or twenty citizens of Abington township, in Wayne county, went over into a neighboring village with the expectation of attending a Democratic meeting. They understood that such a meeting was to be held there. In this, however, they were disappointed; they marched through the village with the little harmless display usual in the attendance upon such occasions. They said nothing, and did nothing, that American citizens may not at any time say and do with propriety. But the jaundiced and lynx-eyed monster of intolerance was not asleep. An unexpected and newly discovered spring had presented itself, at which he could take his burning thirst for blood. The country was in a state of war, and he affected to believe that the enemy in force was about to pounce upon him and devour him at once. The pretext was sufficient. The credulous and the simple were filled with alarm—the fires were built upon the altars—and the bugle blast of war rang along the valleys, and was echoed back from the hills. A telegraphic dispatch was sent down to Richmond, and the bold and dauntless Home Guards rushed to arms with an alacrity that would add distinction to the crop of armed men that sprang from the teeth of the fabled dragon. With spear and helmet, light artillery and heavy artillery, they sallied forth to repel the rebels, who were reported to be making a raid on Centerville. The serried columns of Robert Lee, with the heavy flanks of Longstreet and Jackson, were certainly there, and they must be driven out of Wayne county at all hazards. But when they reached the expected battle field they found no enemy. None had ever been there. There was not the least probability that any ever would be there. Still the mischief had commenced, and must run its course. A few of the Abington men were yet in town, and they were arrested and cast into prison. Those who had departed and gone to their homes, were pursued and dragged from their farms, their wives and children, and brought back to jail. These outraged citizens were kept in confinement in Centerville a few days, and then sent to Indianapolis. Here they were kept in vile and loathsome prisons for weeks, and finally discharged, and sent home without a single charge preferred—a trial, or the semblance of a trial. Kidnapped, Sir, handcuffed, imprisoned, scourged and starved, to gratify the demon of political vengeance.

During the excitement at Centerville, I am informed that all Democrats who happened to be in town were seized by a band of ruffians, dragged like culprits to the Court House, and there compelled to take an oath, which these wretches said was an oath of allegiance. The oath was administered by a distinguished official ermined as Justice of the Peace—one of the eminent judicial savants of the city of Richmond. But all this crime was committed in the name of loyalty and patriotism, and that was sufficient. Ah! Mr. President, that was a sad and fatal mistake. Patriotism is one of the noblest attributes of the soul; it consumes everything that is mean and grovelling; it is the Promethean fire that kindles the immortality of heroes and martyrs. So far from being loyalty and patriotism, these deeds of violence sprang from hatred of country, and contempt for its laws. They will be thus punished by the courts, and thus defined by history. The few short days of anarchy will soon be numbered, and justice, blessed, pure and unerring justice, will come back to us again and resume her authority.

This contempt for the laws, and the peace, rights and property of private citizens, found apologists everywhere; it was advocated upon the rostrum and extolled in the pulpit; it was the popular theme in the social circle, and it was disseminated in the schools. Virtue, consequently, ceased to be virtue, and crime became more honorable than civil obedience. Insanity seized hold of the people, and they raved like incurable maniacs.

The next most noticeable event in this history of mobs in Wayne county, transpired on the 15th day of March, 1863. The office of the *Jeffersonian* was entered and demolished. It was the organ of the Democratic party in that county. I know it has been asserted that the act was not done by citizens; that it was the work of a regiment of soldiers who were sojourning there that night. That may have been so. They may have performed the actual work in the destruction of this property. But who were they, and why did they do it? They were paroled men from Illinois and Wisconsin. They had never heard of the *Jeffersonian*—it was a county newspaper and had a mere county circulation. These soldiers would have passed through Richmond without knowing that such a paper was published anywhere in the world, had it not been for some dastardly, scare-gallows, cowardly wretches, whose profession is that of lying and calumniating, and who by such means instigated brave men to do a deed they would have scorned to do had they known the facts. Time, however, will cure all things, and will heal this, as well as all other such wounds. The man, or the community, that will instigate the destruction of printing presses, or that will sit quietly by and see such work of vandalism go on, is the enemy of letters, and better suited to a state of barbarism than enlightened civilization. But the press destroyed, the property laid waste, was not sufficient. Three months afterwards, James Elder, the owner and proprietor of this establishment, not having suffered sufficiently in the destruction of his property, must be subjected to personal brutality. Without provocation and without warning, he is cruelly assaulted by overpowering force, and so beaten with a bolt of iron that he barely escapes with his life. The blow is delivered by a man who steps up behind him—by a man in ambush, and as the instrument used is a deadly weapon—it is clearly an assault and battery with intent to kill and murder. Such is the case made out by testimony. But a Wayne County Court, or a Wayne county jury, find that it is simple assault and battery, and the culprit is set at liberty with a fine of fifteen dollars! An actual premium, sir, upon cruelty and assassination! So much for the laws and Courts of that patriotic and philanthropic colony of religious and political Malays.

In September of last year, Joseph E. McDonald went over there. He was the candidate of the Democratic party of Indiana for the honorable and responsible office of Governor. As a gentleman, he stands high above all impeachment. For his legal learning, his large and comprehensive intellect, his generous nature and unbending integrity, he is an ornament to the State. But with all this he could not escape the vengeance of those tribes of muck-running Malaccas who infest Wayne county. In the exercise of the right of speech, one of the dearest privileges of an American citizen, he was assaulted and dealt with in a style of too much humiliation and disgrace to speak of with particularity. That great people over there are wiser than Daniel Webster was. He advocated the right of speech everywhere, and at all times. They permit only when it suits them to hear it. Mr. Webster said:

"It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures and the acts of public men. It is a 'home-bred right'—a fireside privilege. It hath even been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin in this nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as breathing the air, or walking upon the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to the public as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in the use, I accept when the right itself is questioned, I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground. The high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise, within this House, and in all places—in time of peace, and at all times; living, I shall assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent and constitutional defence of them."

These sublime thoughts are worthy of the great mind in which they had their origin, and worthy the exalted privilege which every American citizen has permitted to exist in times and in all places—I mean by this, of course, in all places where law, and order, and decency are respected and maintained. There are some miserable corners, Sir, upon the surface of the habitable world, where the great and revered privilege of free speech is not enjoyed. The happiness we have in this respect is sweetened by such a contrast. Where the liberty of speech is restricted, intolerance, bigotry, dissensions, conspiracy, riot, mobs and murder reign. But there are but few such dreaded and accursed places as this upon the fair face of the earth. It is true, the Islands of Java, Sumatra, the Malaccas and Wayne County, are dark spots indeed; yet they are but mere specks, but little moles upon the bosom of the great globe. There the warm, genial, fertilizing and humanizing sun of God seems never to shed its rays,—but bigotry, like a great evil spirit of horror, there sullenly broods in endless night, and sends forth its hoarse vulture notes in unspeakable and perpetual anger.

Just after the State election I saw Hon. Samuel S. Cox, of Ohio, in want of relaxation, ventured into Wayne County. He is not a suspected or dangerous person by any means. His strength is purely of an intellectual character, and consists wholly of his eloquence and his wit. All the fools, bigots and knaves in the land dislike him, because he brings them into constant derision and contempt. He is a man of letters, talents and accomplishments, and men who appreciate such virtues seek his society. When he fights, he resorts neither to the club or cutlass. All told when provoked, and perfectly passive, he weighs about ninety-six pounds, avoirdupois weight. Dangerous character! But his presence in Wayne county is an intrusion—an invasion—he is a foreign enemy, and he must be subjected. The chosen braves respond to the signal trumpet, and the assault begins. Forty Quakers and negroes all jump on little Sam Cox at once! Clubs, staves and stones, crash and hail, and the lines of battle successively reel, and surge, and charge. At last the enemy succumbs to superior numbers. Cox is defeated, and Wayne County is victorious! Another scalp is hung to the belt of the chief, and his savage warriors extol his great name in the war dance. Brave people! Noble patriots! Model citizens! Chosen Christians!

But, Mr. President, it will be impossible for me now, to run through the whole of this bloody history of mobs in Wayne county. An ordinary volume would not be more than sufficient space for such an undertaking. I have given the details of a few prominent cases. These facts cannot be successfully denied. They make up a portion of the history of that people, which will stand against them forever. I trust I will not make myself liable to criticism, if I here bring to light a slight domestic difficulty that has lately transpired over over in a neighboring village with the expectation of attending a Democratic meeting. They understood that such a meeting was to be held there. In this, however, they were disappointed; they marched through the village with the little harmless display usual in the attendance upon such occasions. They said nothing, and did nothing, that American citizens may not at any time say and do with propriety. But the jaundiced and lynx-eyed monster of intolerance was not asleep. An unexpected and newly discovered spring had presented itself, at which he could take his burning thirst for blood. The country was in a state of war, and he affected to believe that the enemy in force was about to pounce upon him and devour him at once. The pretext was sufficient. The credulous and the simple were filled with alarm—the fires were built upon the altars—and the bugle blast of war rang along the valleys, and was echoed back from the hills. A telegraphic dispatch was sent down to Richmond, and the bold and dauntless Home Guards rushed to arms with an alacrity that would add distinction to the crop of armed men that sprang from the teeth of the fabled dragon. With spear and helmet, light artillery and heavy artillery, they sallied forth to repel the rebels, who were reported to be making a raid on Centerville. The serried columns of Robert Lee, with the heavy flanks of Longstreet and Jackson, were certainly there, and they must be driven out of Wayne county at all hazards. But when they reached the expected battle field they found no enemy. None had ever been there. There was not the least probability that any ever would be there. Still the mischief had commenced, and must run its course. A few of the Abington men were yet in town, and they were arrested and cast into prison. Those who had departed and gone to their homes, were pursued and dragged from their farms, their wives and children, and brought back to jail. These outraged citizens were kept in confinement in Centerville a few days, and then sent to Indianapolis. Here they were kept in vile and loathsome prisons for weeks, and finally discharged, and sent home without a single charge preferred—a trial, or the semblance of a trial. Kidnapped, Sir, handcuffed, imprisoned, scourged and starved, to gratify the demon of political vengeance.

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These sublime thoughts are worthy of the great mind in which they had their origin, and worthy the exalted privilege which every American citizen has permitted to exist in times and in all places—I mean by this, of course, in all places where law, and order, and decency are respected and maintained. There are some miserable corners, Sir, upon the surface of the habitable world, where the great and revered privilege of free speech is not enjoyed. The happiness we have in this respect is sweetened by such a contrast. Where the liberty of speech is restricted, intolerance, bigotry, dissensions, conspiracy, riot, mobs and murder reign. But there are but few such dreaded and accursed places as this upon the fair face of the earth. It is true, the Islands of Java, Sumatra, the Malaccas and Wayne County, are dark spots indeed; yet they are but mere specks, but little moles upon the bosom of the great globe. There the warm, genial, fertilizing and humanizing sun of God seems never to shed its rays,—but bigotry, like a great evil spirit of horror, there sullenly broods in endless night, and sends forth its hoarse vulture notes in unspeakable and perpetual anger.

Just after the State election I saw Hon. Samuel S. Cox, of Ohio, in want of relaxation, ventured into Wayne County. He is not a suspected or dangerous person by any means. His strength is purely of an intellectual character, and consists wholly of his eloquence and his wit. All the fools, bigots and knaves in the land dislike him, because he brings them into constant derision and contempt. He is a man of letters, talents and accomplishments, and men who appreciate such virtues seek his society. When he fights, he resorts neither to the club or cutlass. All told when provoked, and perfectly passive, he weighs about ninety-six pounds, avoirdupois weight. Dangerous character! But his presence in Wayne county is an intrusion—an invasion—he is a foreign enemy, and he must be subjected. The chosen braves respond to the signal trumpet, and the assault begins. Forty Quakers and negroes all jump on little Sam Cox at once! Clubs, staves and stones, crash and hail, and the lines of battle successively reel, and surge, and charge. At last the enemy succumbs to superior numbers. Cox is defeated, and Wayne County is victorious! Another scalp is hung to the belt of the chief, and his savage warriors extol his great name in the war dance. Brave people! Noble patriots! Model citizens! Chosen Christians!

But, Mr. President, it will be impossible for me now, to run through the whole of this bloody history of mobs in Wayne county. An ordinary volume would not be more than sufficient space for such an undertaking. I have given the details of a few prominent cases. These facts cannot be successfully denied. They make up a portion of the history of that people, which will stand against them forever. I trust I will not make myself liable to criticism, if I here bring to light a slight domestic difficulty that has lately transpired over over in a neighboring village with the expectation of attending a Democratic meeting. They understood that such a meeting was to be held there. In this, however, they were disappointed; they marched through the village with the little harmless display usual in the attendance upon such occasions. They said nothing, and did nothing, that American citizens may not at any time say and do with propriety. But the jaundiced and lynx-eyed monster of intolerance was not asleep. An unexpected and newly discovered spring had presented itself, at which he could take his burning thirst for blood. The country was in a state of war, and he affected to believe that the enemy in force was about to pounce upon him and devour him at once. The pretext was sufficient. The credulous and the simple were filled with alarm—the fires were built upon the altars—and the bugle blast of war rang along the valleys, and was echoed back from the hills. A telegraphic dispatch was sent down to Richmond, and the bold and dauntless Home Guards rushed to arms with an alacrity that would add distinction to the crop of armed men that sprang from the teeth of the fabled dragon. With spear and helmet, light artillery and heavy artillery, they sallied forth to repel the rebels, who were reported to be making a raid on Centerville. The serried columns of Robert Lee, with the heavy flanks of Longstreet and Jackson, were certainly there, and they must be driven out of Wayne county at all hazards. But when they reached the expected battle field they found no enemy. None had ever been there. There was not the least probability that any ever would be there. Still the mischief had commenced, and must run its course. A few of the Abington men were yet in town, and they were arrested and cast into prison. Those who had departed and gone to their homes, were pursued and dragged from their farms, their wives and children, and brought back to jail. These outraged citizens were kept in confinement in Centerville a few days, and then sent to Indianapolis. Here they were kept in vile and loathsome prisons for weeks, and finally discharged, and sent home without a single charge preferred—a trial, or the semblance of a trial. Kidnapped, Sir, handcuffed, imprisoned, scourged and starved, to gratify the demon of political vengeance.

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