

[From the Democratic Mirror, Leesburg, Va.

# General Joseph Lane, Senator from the New State of Oregon, and Representative Man.

The advent of Oregon into the Union placed in the Senate of the United States, as one of her representatives, General Joseph Lane, one of the most remarkable men of the age, whose career is a fine illustration of the genius of our institutions, and demonstrates that the high places of honor and distinction are accessible to all who possess ability, energy and perseverance.

General Lane descended from Revolutionary ancestors, was born in the State of North Carolina, was reared and educated in Kentucky, emigrated to Indiana and settled on the banks of the Ohio, in the county of Vanderburgh, where, without the addition of fame, family or fortune, he worked his way from an humble plough-boy and flat-boatman on the Mississippi, to the high position of a distinguished soldier and statesman. At the age of twenty-one when barely eligible, he was elected a representative in the Legislature of Indiana, and continued to represent his people, at intervals of one or two years, either in the House or the Senate, for about a quarter of a century. Possessing a clear, strong and practical mind, he took a liberal and correct view of all questions affecting State or National interest, which he enforced with an eloquence and power, which placed him in the front rank of the ablest men in the Legislature. His name is indissolubly connected with some of the most important measures which developed the resources, advanced the prosperity and improved the finances of the State, especially his successful efforts to preserve untarnished the public faith, and to prevent the repudiation of the public debt, which was hotly advocated by some of the strongest men in Indiana.

When the Mexican war broke out, General Lane was a member of the State Senate, and when a call was made upon Indiana, to furnish volunteers for the war, with that devoted patriotism, which has ever characterized him, he immediately resigned his seat, and volunteered as a private in Captain Walker's company. When the companies rendezvoused at New Albany, he was elected from the ranks as their Colonel; but he was not permitted to hold the commission but a very few days. The sagacious statesman, James K. Polk, then President of the United States, discerning in General Lane the qualities to make a successful warrior, sent him a commission of Brigadier General, a compliment as unexpected as it was unsolicited by him. The opponents of the Administration and of the war, throughout the State, denounced and ridiculed the appointment, declared that he might make a good General of the flat-boatmen on the Mississippi, but that the idea of Joseph Lane, who had never commanded a company in his life, taking command of a Brigade in war, was simply ridiculous; that he would disgrace himself, his State and the nation. Never did man's achievements in war, more completely falsify the predictions of his enemies and realize the most sanguine expectations of his friends, or more triumphantly vindicate the wisdom of the appointment.

In less than three weeks after the receipt of his commission, he was at the seat of war, with all his troops. In communicating his arrival to General Taylor, he wrote thus: "The brigade I have the honor to command is generally in good health and spirits, anxious to engage in active service."

The indomitable energy, the self-sacrificing spirit, the sound judgment, and firm purpose which he displayed in the active service of civil life, were eminently conspicuous in the stirring scenes of battle, blood and carnage through which he passed, illustrated by a daring bravery and heroism, which placed him among the most distinguished heroes of that memorable war. To recount the battles in which General Lane was engaged, the dangers to which he was exposed, the hardships he performed, the skill and judgment with which he planned his battles, and the unwavering success with which he fought them, would consume more space than we have to spare. Such was the celerity of his movements, the skill and strategem of his plans, the boldness and rapidity of the execution, and the enthusiasm and valor with which he inspired his men, by his impassioned appeals to their valor, as they visited the most fearful slaughter upon the enemy, the name of Lane struck terror to the Mexican heart, and by common consent he was styled the "Mariano of the Mexican War." Of all the battles fought in Mexico, the battle of Buena Vista was the severest and most hotly contested, and one of the most remarkable in the annals of the world. There the American Army, consisting of about five thousand, mostly raw militia, met twenty thousand of the chosen troops of Santa Anna, in deadly conflict, and after a protracted struggle of two days achieved a glorious triumph.

In the battle General Lane performed a most important part. No officer contributed more by his gallantry and generalship to win the fortunes of the day. Upon the left wing of the American army, which General Lane commanded, Santa Anna directed his most obstinate and deadly assaults. With but four hundred men General Lane repulsed a large body of Mexicans, six thousand strong. While nothing could exceed the fearful array of the assailants, as they moved toward the little band of Lane, with their long lines of Infantry, presenting a continued sheet of fire; nothing could surpass the undaunted firmness and bravery with which Lane and his men maintained their position and poured their volleys of musketry into the advancing

# DAKOTA CITY HERALD.

"NO KING BUT GOD—NO COUNTRY BUT THE SOIL OF FREEDOM."

VOL. 2      DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUG. 13, 1869.      NO. 5.

columns of the enemy, which made them break and fall back.

Throughout the varying fortunes of that trying day, General Lane with his little band of heroes, maintained his position and repulsed the enemy at every point. On the second day of the battle, Santa Anna finding his strength defied and his most skillful manoeuvres defeated, as the day was drawing to a close, determined to make a desperate effort to turn the tide of battle in his favor. Collecting all his infantry, he made a charge on the Illinois and Kentucky regiments. Gallantly did these brave troops resist the onset, until seeing their leaders fall, and overpowered by numbers, they began to waver and fall back. At that critical moment the eagle eye of General Lane observed the movement, when he hastened with his Brigade to the rescue, in time to enable the retreating regiments to form and return to the contest, and drive back with great loss the advancing columns of the enemy. This was Santa Anna's last struggle. On that bloody and hotly contested field, night soon closed over the sanguinary scene, and when the morning sun arose, it shone upon the battle field, deserted by Santa Anna with his shattered legions, while the Star Spangled Banner waved in triumph over the American army.

No officer went into the Mexican war with less pretensions than General Lane, none came out of it with a brighter fame—the testimony of eye witnesses, historians, and official records attest the fact. The New Orleans Delta, of May 2, 1847, recorded the popular estimation in which General Lane's conduct was held in the battle of Buena Vista, as follows:

"BRIGADIER GENERAL LANE.—The bearing of this gallant officer in the battle of Buena Vista, as described by persons who were present, was in the highest degree gallant, noble, and soldier-like. When his brigade, composed of the two Indiana regiments, was exposed to a murderous fire from the Mexican batteries on their flanks, and a front fire from the enemy's infantry—when the grape and musket shot flew as thick as hail over and through the lines of our volunteers, who began to waver before the fiery storm, their brave General could be seen fifty yards in advance of the line, waving his sword with an arm already shattered by a musket ball, streaming with blood, and mounted on a noble charger, which was gradually sinking under the loss of blood from five distinct wounds. A brave sight indeed was this!"

"This brave man, whose cheek never blanched with fear or eye quailed amidst the fiercest conflicts of battle, has a heart of tenderness which melts at human woe. His solicitude and care of the sick, the wounded, and the dying, was manifested on many occasions. Numerous incidents and anecdotes are narrated illustrating his kindness and tenderness in relieving his sufferers, and administering to their comfort in the Hospitals, and on the battle fields, which so endeared him to his troops that it made him always invincible when their leader. On his return home, wherever he stopped, citizens of all classes vied to do honor to the distinguished hero—While in the city of Cincinnati, the guest of Gen. Moore, an incident occurred illustrative of his native kindness and tenderness, and the gratitude of the recipient. "A German citizen ushered himself into the presence of General Lane, amidst the guests in the parlor. He asked if General Lane was in. The General rose and answered that he was. The German, with emotion, asked—Do you know me General? I do not, said the General. German—Well, sir, I recollect and thank you, and will recollect and thank you to the last day of my life. Do you remember after the fight with the Guerrillas at Mango de Clavo, in which we routed the savadrels so finely, you found a soldier dying by the way-side, exhorted by the heat of the sun and the exertion of the day, and dismounting from your horse and placed him on it, walking by his side until you reached the camp, where you did not rest till you saw him well taken care of?" The General replied that he recollected the circumstance very well—"Well," said the German, "I am the boy, and by that act of kindness you saved my life. I am here to thank you. How can I ever forget or cease to pray for you? God bless you; you were indeed the soldier's friend."

In his own State of Indiana, it was a perfect ovation, wherever he went. The masses—the hardy sons of toil turned out from all the country, and from every hamlet and village, to welcome and do honor to the man of the people. He was feasted and toasted, and congratulatory addresses were made to him in the name of the people, by the most distinguished men of the State. He bore all the honors and compliments showered upon him meekly, and with characteristic modesty, claimed for himself nothing more than having tried to do his duty. In his emphatic language he said—"To the brave volunteers under my command, I feel that the honor is justly due; without their aid, I could have done nothing. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." A few days after Gen. Lane reached his home, he was called to a different scene of duty, where he could exercise his sound judgment and practical knowledge, in organizing and putting in operation a civil Government, on the shores of the Pacific, for a remote people, who had been long neglected and uncared for. In August 1848, he received a commission as Governor of Oregon Territory, another compliment as unexpected as unsolicited, from President Polk.

In less than a month from the time he returned to the bosom of his family from the stirring scenes of war, he was en route for the distant shores of the Pacific, with hardships, perils and privations to encounter in crossing the Rocky Mountains at that season of the year to reach his post of duty, which required an energy, hardihood and self-reliance to overcome which but few men possess. Col. Fremont, who followed him a few weeks afterwards, taking a different route across the mountains, lost almost his entire party, amidst the cold and snows in the gorges and defiles in the mountains, and nearly perished himself.

A narrative of the hardships and sufferings endured, and the perils encountered, by Gov. Lane and his party, in crossing the Rocky Mountains, would fill a volume. We can now no more than quote from a speech made by Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, last winter to the citizens of Washington who had assembled to congratulate Gen. Lane upon the admission of Oregon into the Union, and himself into the United States Senate as one of her Senators, he said:

There is a history of events connected with the pioneer movements of Gen. Lane to Oregon, not generally known to the American people. On the 11th of September, 1848, at the foot of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, with a commission from President Polk as Governor of Oregon Territory in his pocket, he, to whom you tender the honor of this demonstration, gave evidence to his country and to the world, of a will and a courage, in the discharge of duty, surpassing that which Napoleon displayed in his immortal passage of the Alps. The great hero of Austria and Marengo was told by his guide, that the route was barely passable, and the order came from the bold spirit to set forward immediately. Gen. Lane, in consultation with Colonel Dougherty, a mountaineer of twenty years experience, was told that the passage of the Rocky Mountains at this season of the year, with certainty of spending the winter in their midst, was a human impossibility. "We will set forward in the morning," was the reply of the American hero and patriot, who never knew fear in the achievement of public duty. He and his little band moved in the morning, and for five weary and desolate months, were lost and buried amid the gorges and defiles and snows of the mountains. Fancy may paint, but the tongue can not sketch even the faint outlines of that expedition. On the 3d of March, 1849, Gen. Lane reached the Capital of Oregon, and before he slept, put the Territorial Government in operation and started a communication to the President informing him of the fact.

In the discharge of the duties of Governor of the Territory of Oregon, an ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs, Gen. Lane evinced the highest order of ability. His messages to the Territorial Legislature, abound in sound and practical views relative to the wants and interests of the Territory, and in the recommendation of wholesome and judicious measures, calculated to develop the resources, and promote the prosperity of the people. He found the Indian affairs in the most troubled condition—the troops disbanded, the various tribes in a hostile attitude to the citizens—had committed depredations upon their property, and murdered several families—the murders unpunished, and no restitution of stolen property. As soon as he put the government in operation; without troops he proceeded to the scenes of depredation, robbery and murder, and by his superior address, tact, and judgment, he quelled all disturbances, had the murderers arrested and punished, and without war or bloodshed, accomplished what both had failed to effect. An incident occurred in Governor Lane's "talk" with the Rogue River Indians, a warlike and predatory tribe, which illustrated his remarkable self-possession, coolness and judgment, in imminent peril. He entered their country with twelve or fifteen men; the Indians had fiercely rejected all attempts by the whites at conciliation. The safety of the border citizens required decided terms of war or peace. Gen. Lane chose the latter; with some difficulty he succeeded in assembling four or five hundred warriors in council. During the interview, one of his company recognized two horses stolen from him, in the possession of the Indians, and two pistols then in the belts of two chiefs. The Governor demanded restitution of the property, which restored, he said, would evince their willingness to treat and preserve peace. The head chief ordered restitution, but the possessors refused. The Governor then stepped forward and took one of the stolen pistols from the Indian's belt and gave it to the owner, and was about to take the other pistol, when the Indian who had it, presented his gun and raised the war whoop. Instantly four or five hundred guns and arrows were pointed at General Lane and his small party. A

single false step would have led to the most disastrous results, but General Lane's coolness and promptness, was equal to the crisis. He said, I have come here to make a treaty of peace, not to have a fight, promptly stepping to the side of the principal chief, with his firm eye fixed on his pistol in hand, he told him if a drop of blood of any of the whites was shed, it should be avenged by the destruction of his entire tribe. The chief told his warriors to cease their hostile demonstrations. The Governor then advanced among the foremost, took their arrows from their bows and returned them to their quivers, and unlocked their guns, and knocked the priming from their pans.

Gen. Lane did not hold the office of Governor of Oregon more than fifteen months before he was removed by President Taylor.—He, who "had no friends to reward or enemies to punish," as he declared before he was elected President, signalized his administration by proscribing his former comrade in arms, who stood by him so firmly on the field of battle, and contributed so largely by his gallantry and generalship to win the battle of Buena Vista, which placed him in the Presidential chair. Whereupon the Legislature of Oregon, passed resolutions expressive of their high sense of the energy, ability, and success, which characterized his administration as Governor of Oregon, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and their "sincere regret that the President of the United States has deprived the Territory of Oregon of the future services of one so eminently useful, and whose usefulness was enhanced by the unbounded confidence of the people over whom he was placed." The people whose representatives they were, seconded these resolutions by electing him by an almost unanimous vote, their delegate to represent them in the Congress of the United States.

Upon the eve of Gen. Lane's departure from Oregon for the National Capital, as their delegate to Congress, the people without distinction of party, held a mass meeting to tender "him a public expression of opinion in regard to his distinguished talents and services." Among other things, resolved, "that as friends of General Joseph Lane without distinction of party we tender him our hearty and entire approbation of his acts as Governor of Oregon Territory," and that "the ability, energy, fidelity and purity of purpose, which has characterized all his public acts among us, fitting that we express our approbation and admiration of his course, and that Gen. Lane came to us covered with military glory, and leaves us upon the business of the Territory clothed with our confidence and attachment," that confidence and attachment, the people of Oregon, have ever since manifested toward him, by continuing him as their delegate in Congress until the Territory was admitted as one of the States into the Union last winter, when, in obedience to the unanimous voice of his party, he became one of the Senators from that State.

All the responsible positions to which Gen. Lane has been called, were unsolicited and unexpected by him, what but a few public men can say, and he has filled them with signal ability and success. Endowed with a strong and practical mind, stored with the most useful knowledge acquired by extensive reading and accurate observation, sound, liberal, and conservative in his views of the policy and principles of our government, he combines personal traits of character eminently calculated to win the popular heart, with a warm, generous and manly spirit, with a kind, frank, and social disposition, with a demeanor so modest and unpretending that he excites no one's envy, he was acquired an influence and popularity which but few men seldom attain. In Indiana, in the Legislature, and with the people he was universally popular and one of the leading men of the State, and styled "her favorite son." On the battle fields of Mexico the soldiers viewed him as invincible, and he was the pride of the officers of the army. In Oregon his name is a tower of strength. In the halls of Congress his popularity and influence are unsurpassed, indeed, it was chiefly owing to his influence and exertions that the bill to admit Oregon into the Union passed the House at the last session.

The passage of the bill was attended by great excitement. It was violently opposed by the ultra men, North and South—the Abolitionists and Fire-Eaters. When the final vote was taken, a breathless silence reigned through the Hall and the crowded galleries, broken only by the emphatic answer of yea and nay, as the members answered to the call of the clerk for their vote; as the vote was being taken, members were to be seen, in all parts of the Hall, keeping count of the vote, when Felix K. Zollinger responded to the last call, members of all parties, from all parts of the Hall, surrounded Gen. Lane with their warm and hearty congratulations, which indicated the result, and when formally announced by the speaker from the chair, round after round of applause arose from the members in the Hall, which was caught up and repeated by the crowded galleries of anxious spectators, with waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies and

clapping of hands by the sterner sex, which showed that "he lives in the hearts of his countrymen." When the news of the passage of the bill and that sent in the Senate was thereby secured to Gen. Lane, spread through the city, there was a general rejoicing by the citizens, and the demonstrations of honor paid to Gen. Lane at his lodgings that night, were of the most enthusiastic character. A band of musicians serenaded him with the most delightful music, the people assembled in crowds, the strong men of the nation were there, and made congratulatory speeches from the portico of Brown's Hotel, which were received with the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled masses, which made the welkin ring. Gen. Lane appeared and responded to the unexpected compliment, in a chaste, appropriate, and eloquent speech, then opened his rooms and his heart, to receive his friends, and gave them the best cheer that could be provided at so short a notice.

The past history of General Lane is a guarantee that he will ably and faithfully represent the interests of his State in the Senate of the United States, and uphold and support, by his judicious counsels and affective aid "the Constitution and the Union, the richest political blessings which Heaven has ever bestowed upon any nation."

The life of Gen. Lane will stand out prominently in history as that of a remarkable man, illustrating the fact, that the humblest individual may under our free and liberal institution, attain the highest point of distinction, by perseverance, zeal and industry, and will furnish an example to incite the ardent and ambitious minds to the cultivation of their noblest faculties, with the confident assurance of the most triumphant success.

### The Family Opposed to Newspapers.

The man that didn't take the papers was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family to town in a two-horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the "Kamalo-kians" had taken Cuba, if so where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for thirty cents—the price being fifty-five—but on going to deposit his money, they told him that it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent pieces, and these some sharper had "run on him" for half dime.

One of the boys went to the blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook he took his seat on a butcher's stall and listened to an auctioneer whom he took to be the preacher. He left before "meetin' was out" and had no great opinion of the sermint.

One of the girls took a lot of seed onions to trade them for a letter. She had a baby which she carried in a "sugar trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side walk.—When it cried she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sang "Barbara Allen."

The oldest boy had "coon skins," and was on a "bust." When last seen he had called for a glass of "soda and water," and stood soaking his ginger bread and making wry faces. The shop keeper mistaking his meaning had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But "he'd heard tell of soda and water, an' he was bound to gin it a fair trial." Some "town feller" came in and called for a lemonade with a fly in it, whereupon our stupid friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to "internal improvements," he thought "learnin' was a wicked invention and a vexation. None of his family ever learned to read, but one boy, and he 'teached school while, and then went to study in divinity."—Exchange

An old fellow who became weary of his life, thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself: "I never can forgive old Noah for letting the copperhead snakes get into the ark. They have killed two thousand dollars worth of my cattle."

The Universalist Herald at Montgomery, Alabama, thus laments the loss of a valuable chattel:

"Poor Nancy! Never more shall we behold her in the flesh. She has finished her mission on earth, and entered the climes of glory above, and a post-mortem examination showed that ossification of the trachea had taken place."

An "exquisite" young gentleman, who wished to make an impression upon a brilliant young lady, with a view to captivate her, presented the following high wrought compliment:

"Madame, there are just two things in the world that I love, which are oysters and champagne; and I never see you without thinking of them." To which the grateful lady responded: "Sir, there are just two things which I hate, which are cod-fish and potatoes; and I never see you without thinking of them." The crest of that "killing" young man fell exceedingly

[From the Chicago Democrat, July 25th.

# A Grand and Successful Buck against the Tiger.

\$28,000 WON AT FARGO.

A few nights since while the honest and peaceful citizens of this great metropolis were dosing upon their pillows, and those only waked whom vice or crime kept from slumber, a curious scene was transpiring in the inner apartment of one of the most fashionable and well known Faro Banks in this city. The parties present were not numerous. At one side of the table, and at the right of the dealer, sat a certain well-known Kentucky gentleman, now a resident of this city, and very popular as an auctioneer. Opposite to him were two clerks from dry goods stores on Lake street. At the foot of the table were three young gentlemen connected with certain of our city Banks, and four professional fancy-men. The game commenced at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was now past 3 o'clock in the morning, and the contest was kept up with undiminished vigor. Fortunes early in the evening had declared for the gentleman on the right of the dealer; and although luck occasionally deserted him; it again and again returned, until his winnings were enormous.

He had up to this time won \$18,000. The perspiration stood in beaded drops upon the brows of the young men, and as they nervously laid down their counters upon the squares, their hands shook with an emotion they could not conceal. Even the practiced coolness of the professional gamblers deserted them, and they gnawed their lips in undigested anxiety. The Kentucky gentleman suddenly laid down checks to the amount of \$6,000, and as the dealer began to draw out the cards from the silver box in which they lie, left the table, and walked to the side-board. The cards are dealt, and the \$6,000 are lost! This reduces the winnings of the Colonel to \$12,000. A temporary cessation of the game takes place. A hasty supper is taken; the Col. proposes to play no more. The others object; they are firm in the belief that luck has changed, and that they will win their losses, which have been fearfully heavy, back again. The Colonel quits and the game is resumed. It is now five o'clock. Day has begun to break, but the thick curtains of the apartment keep out the strengthening light. The young men consult among themselves. The Colonel has won \$2,000 again. He is now winner to the tune of \$14,000. They have \$10,000 between them. They put their funds together; place it in the hands of one of their number, and direct him to play until he loses it all, or until he wins back what they have already lost.

The game goes on. The Colonel wins 1,000, then loses 2,000. Hope springs again in the breasts of the young men. Their representative makes a bet of \$5,000. The company gather around with desperate interest. The cards fall from the box—they lose! Their funds are reduced to \$6,000—for they have lost some to the bank, beside that paid the Colonel. And now their agent bets more cautiously—first 1,000—then \$500. He loses steadily. His last \$500 is reached. He is pale as death—his pallor is reflected in the faces of his comrades. He places their last stake on the cloth. The Colonel doubles it upon the opposite color. The dealer hesitates—but only for a moment. The cards are dealt—the Colonel wins—the \$500 is shoved over to him, and \$500 more from the bank—and the play is over. The Colonel rises with \$28,000 winnings in his pocket. The others leave the table, having lost nearly that sum—the bank itself coming out nearly even.

The next day the fortunate Colonel settled \$28,000 upon his wife, and swore off from the gambling halls. Whether he will keep his word remains to be seen.

What the young gentlemen did, who in one night lost \$28,000, remains to be seen. But can \$28,000 be lost at a single sitting, at such work as this, by such men as these, without serious consequences? The scene we have related actually did occur. There are plenty of men who will read these lines, who know how true it is. Is a community in a healthy condition, when such things occur?

There are nearly a dozen gambling rooms in this city, kept in first-rate style, and doing a business like this every night. Their location is well known—they are to be easily found. The police have orders not to disturb them, and they flourish like a green bay tree.

A northern man with southern principles—A Yankee with yellow fever!—Ohio State Journal.

A northern man with abolition principles—A republican with the black tongue!—Civ. Enquirer.

Brigham Young tells his followers some serious truths. He said in a late sermon to the saints:

"Many of you will exchange your last bushel of wheat with the stores for ribbands and gewgaws, when you really need it for bread. And, with the shamefacedness I say it, some will take their last peck of grain to the distillery to buy whiskey, and then beg their bread."

"Last words" of noted men are always rather suspicious; as in the case of Mr. Pitt, whose last words were popularly said to be, "Alas, my country!" But the nurse said that he asked for more, "gruel."

"John what is the past of see?" "Seen, sir." "No, John, it is saw." "Yes, sir, and if a sea-fish swims by us it becomes a saw fish, when it is past and can't be seen." "John, go home. Ask your mother to soak your feet in hot water, to prevent a rush of brains to the head."