

AN OREGON SENATOR.

General Joseph Lane.

Lane first came to the surface in congress, from Indiana. He next volunteered as a private soldier in the most unnecessary war with our neighbor republic. We soon hear of him as a general. Soon after returning from this war General Lane was sent out to us in the territory of Oregon as its governor. He located and settled on a ranch in the Umpqua valley, in the central part of what is now the state of Oregon, built a cabin and with his own hands plowed and planted and reaped his new fields like any other farmer and settler in the wild and remote West. Here it was, I should say, his soul was born and began to grow. In this vast solitude, this isolation and solemnity of his cabin home, with wife and children only for weeks and months at a time, going to the little village called the capital only once about every two years, this germ of greatness, the soul that was in him, began to grow and glow and to be beautiful. And it grew from this date on steadily and upward, as a growing flower to the date of his death more than a quarter of a century later, near this same isolated spot. In the great Indian war that swept the land from northern California to British America this man, who had come to love war, was compelled to leave his little home and lead us in battle.

It was a desperate time. Even my Quaker, peace-loving father, who had never fired a gun in his life, I believe, was enrolled as a soldier and shouldered, not a gun but an ox-whip, and drove away for the war. I, a mere lad, lay wounded under the trees, when an express rode by and gave the glad news that General Lane was coming at the head of all Oregon in arms. I never saw such enthusiasm. He was loved, adored, deified. Battle rock, the most magnificent natural fortress ever seen—a natural castle—was another lava bed. But it was carried by storm, and the plucky Oregonians soon floated the stars and stripes on the summit of this wonderful battlement and General Lane went back to his plow. But the mature and entirely thoughtful man had even more time to read, reflect and philosophize now more than before. For besides other wounds, his right arm had been badly shot and for a long time he could neither swing his ax nor follow the plow.

When Oregon became a state, Lane, as a matter of course, was sent back to the Federal capital as senator. It would open the flood-gates of contention too widely to more than refer to Lane's position on the great issue of his time. I can only insist that it was for peace, peace, all the time peace, and yet all the time the belligerent and I regret to say even offensive south kept posing him for a hero of war; this man, who all the time offered peace and love and amity for all, who all the time wanted to get back to his plow and his pine woods of Oregon. My letters from him at this time breathed but this one thought. He wanted to get back, get out of it all and sit under the oaks and read Plutarch and Marcus Aurelius. This was the ambition, the desire of General Joseph Lane at the time he was a candidate for vice-president of the United States, being deified by one party, disembowled by the other.

In the spring of 1862 I returned from Idaho to my parents in Lane county, Or., with a few thousand dollars, and found my old friend had not an advocate in all his state. I never knew such unpopularity. They were even proposing to change the name of Lane county. An enterprising young man, Anthony Nolner, had started a little paper here and into this I threw my money, became its editor and was at once dubbed by the press as "Joe Lane's boy."

General Lane, meantime, hated, hooted at, despised, returned to Oregon, and, while crossing the California mountains on his way home, was accidentally shot through the breast. He reached home, however, and lay nearly a year on his back. The roar of war filled the ears of the world at the time and bigger events overshadowed him and his troubles. But he did not care greatly for himself at any time. His letters of this period are full of pity for the North and for the South; large and human pity, such as you find in Plutarch or Virgil when they speak of another age than their own.

I visited him when again on his feet, and recall with pleasure the fact that the now old man was full of strength and content. On the day he was 65 he and his son, since a member of congress, went out shooting and I saw the old senator bring in a seven-pronged buck on his shoulders.

Ten years later, on my return from Europe, I sought him out. "He lives three miles east and four miles perpendicular now," said one of his sons, pointing up the mountains. Poverty had driven him from his ranch in the valley.

I found this old man, now approaching 80 years, felling a tree in front of his little log cabin. He came forward, ax in hand, to meet me, his aged wife shading her eyes with a lifted hand as she looked from the cabin door, wondering what stranger could possibly have climbed this mountain to their humble hermitage.

And what a talk we had; how he wanted to know all about Europe, a world he had never seen, but which he knew so well. How interested he was in my work, patting me on the head and calling me his own boy, believing in me entirely, bidding me to go with God's blessing; to be good, to be great if I could, but be good always.

And here on this mountain top, with the companion of his bosom for more than fifty years, the sun of this old Roman Senator's life went down. Nothing was said of him at his death, for no one knew him in his life. I lay this handful of leaves on my dear dead. It is all I have to give; I, a robin, bring leaves for one who was lost in the woods, one who lay down alone and unknown and died in the wilderness of this life. He lived frugally and died poor, while others lived extravagantly and grew rich. Not a dollar of this nation's money ever found its way to this simple and sincere man's pocket. He died not in want, for his children are well to do, but poor; very poor and very pure, as he had lived.—*Joaquin Miller, in S. F. Chronicle, (abridged)*

The Norwegian Storting has resolved that every able-bodied adult in Norway shall receive a musket at the expense of the state, and be instructed in the use of it. This measure will render the large farms, with their great number of servants and ploughmen, little arsenals, and the warlike spirit of the farmers, whose representatives in the Storting are perhaps the most radical deputies existing, will receive a fresh stimulant. The importance of the measure is clear, for, should the conflict with the crown bring about an armed intervention on the part of Sweden, the leaders of the Norwegian parliament would have a large army of the people at their back.

England must make no mistake says the *Indianapolis Journal* as to the temper of America, nor must it misinterpret the sentiment of minister Lowell. While execrating crimes against mankind, America also execrates the crimes perpetrated by English injustice for hundreds of years against the people of Ireland. While we discountenance and abhor the work of dynamite and assassination we equally discountenance and abhor the system of misgovernment, which has turned one of the fairest spots of the world into a wailing-place. England must do justice to Ireland.

The Door Was Shut.

Stage drivers among the Rockies and Sierras learn to be as peremptory as they are daring, and probably from the same necessity. They will have their orders obeyed. We passengers were exceedingly annoyed by the persistence with which young Foss (the driver) demanded that the stage doors be kept closed, particularly when their being open caused an appreciable circulation of air.

Just as we were round a particularly narrow turn in the face of the cliff, Foss noticed that the inside door was again being held ajar. Promptly putting on the brakes and bringing his horses to a halt, he descended.

"Do you see that rock?" he said, pointing to a huge boulder ahead that barely left room for the stage to pass.

"What of it?"

"Only this: Last season a stage was passing that rock when somebody opened the door. The door caught on the rock, and as it opened further, just pried the whole business over the cliff. That little speck way down there is one of the hind wheels caught on the tree. Now will you keep the door shut?"

It took half an hour to get that door opened when we got to Calistoga, every individual on board having separately tied it shut with his handkerchief.—*S. F. Post.*



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General Sherman recently had some shirts made at a furnishing store in Washington, and the cutter, a few weeks later, met the general with a friend, walking down the avenue. The general remembered the face but could not locate him, and the cutter greeted him with: "Good morning, General. How are you today?" The general stopped, shook hands, and the cutter, perceiving that the general's mind needed refreshing, said quietly: "Made your shirts." Oh! I beg pardon," said the general quickly, and turning to the gentleman with whom he was walking, he said: "Ah! Colonel —, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Major Schurz!"

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.
Pittsburgh, January 9, 1882.
Very esteemed Sir: The praise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' suffering. All who know me wonder how I, who for so many years had no appetite, could not sleep for headache, and in my side, and general stomach complaints, could have recovered. An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took two of your pills, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Your truly,
J. VON DER BEIG.

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The genuine are never sugar-coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression: McLANE'S Liver Pills. The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of Dr. C. McLANE and Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa. The market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of some pronunciation. If your storekeeper does not have the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, send us five cents, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.



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E. W. CASE, Treasurer,
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County Treasurer's Notice.
THERE IS MONEY IN THE COUNTY Treasury to pay all County Orders presented prior to August 31, 1882. All such orders will cease to draw interest after this date.
CHAS. HEILBOHN,
Treas. Clatsop Co.
April 20, 1882.

Business Cards.
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NOTARY PUBLIC,
AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND INSURANCE AGENT.
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