

## MOCK HEROIC GLADIATORIAL HONORS TO JIM LANE.

The most fulsome, disgusting, and ridiculous slang-whang that we ever beheld, was the handbills of the abolitionists announcing the speech of Jim Lane at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening last.

The annunciation runs thus: "The gallant, persecuted hero and statesman, Col. James H. Lane, the champion of freedom in Kansas, whose steps have been tracked by midnight assassins, whose life has been threatened by the border ruffians, and upon whose head has been fulminated the wrath of a wicked and corrupt administration, will be present and address the people.

"For defending the rights and the homes of the free-State men of Kansas, the man who led the third regiment of Indiana to glorious victory on the battle-field of Buena Vista stands indicted by the servile tools of Franklin Pierce with the charge of treason."

Then, in a gush of glory, it pours forth the following touching sentiment from that good old song, "The poor but honest soldier," viz:

"The valiant soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor treat him as a stranger;  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In the day and hour of danger."

Oh! ye shades of departed patriots and heroes! Oh! ye memories of Washington, Lafayette, and Jackson! how are you glorified by the high honors now being paid to this modern Hector, this great Achilles, this valiant, chivalrous son of Mars!

How sweet to the soul of this great hero must be these gems from the poet Laureates of the nation! Scott, and Taylor, and Jo Lane dwindle into insignificance by the side of this resplendent son of Mars!

But the half is not told yet. The gallant Col. Lane has more than military glory and Kansas martyrdom to embalm his memory. He is no "laggard in love" nor "a dastard in war."

The still small voice of the records of the Dearborn circuit court for the present May term speak a solemn sound to his miserable soul. On Saturday, the 17th instant, the wife of this gallant Col. Lane obtained in the circuit court of Dearborn county a divorce from him, the said Lane, on a petition of his wife after proving him guilty of abandonment, and for other legal causes. She avers that he sent her home from Kansas among strangers unprovided for, unprotected, and without money to pay her passage and travel. She is the mother of three or four children of this same Lane,

Those ladies who turned out to hear and countenance him at Masonic Hall should deeply sympathize with him in his loss of his wife and children. They should comfort him in his deep affliction, and join with him in his lamentations.

The Colonel has been for some time laboring under symptoms of insanity, and when a man is insane he is generally imaginative.

He was last heard indulging in the following musical strains, which are somewhat similar to the pathetic lines above given. It was about two "o'clock in the morning" when he rapturously sang:

"I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,  
And o'er the plain and valley,  
Such heavy thoughts my mind doth fill  
Since parting from my Sally."

"In search of one that's fine and gay,  
And sev'ral doth remind me,  
Blest be the hours I've passed away  
With the girl I've left behind me."

Now, ladies of Indiana, turn out and hear the gallant Colonel depict the wrongs done to the women and children of Kansas upon which he so piteously expatiates. Clap your hands to cheer this miserable specimen of humanity, and remember that he is now foot-loose and may soon want another wife,