

liable and honest Whigs as Democrats, and that the same was true of Democrats. Two or three times he had repeated this, and when applied to Whigs the old man would shout, "Yes, I believe that!" but was silent when the candidate argued for the Democrats. Finally the speaker made a personal appeal to touch John for the truth of what he was saying, respecting his claims, when the response was again favorable as to the Whigs, but when it came to the Democrats, he said: "Hell, I don't know or care about that!" And the orator collapsed, and left that field or that line of argument forever.

REV. DANIEL LANE.

Contemporaneous with this strange Methodist light [Dean] was another man, of the Congregational church, in all respects as different as two men could be—who settled in Keosauqua in 1842, remained in Iowa for say forty years, and returned to his first home in Maine and died within the same year—Rev. Daniel Lane.

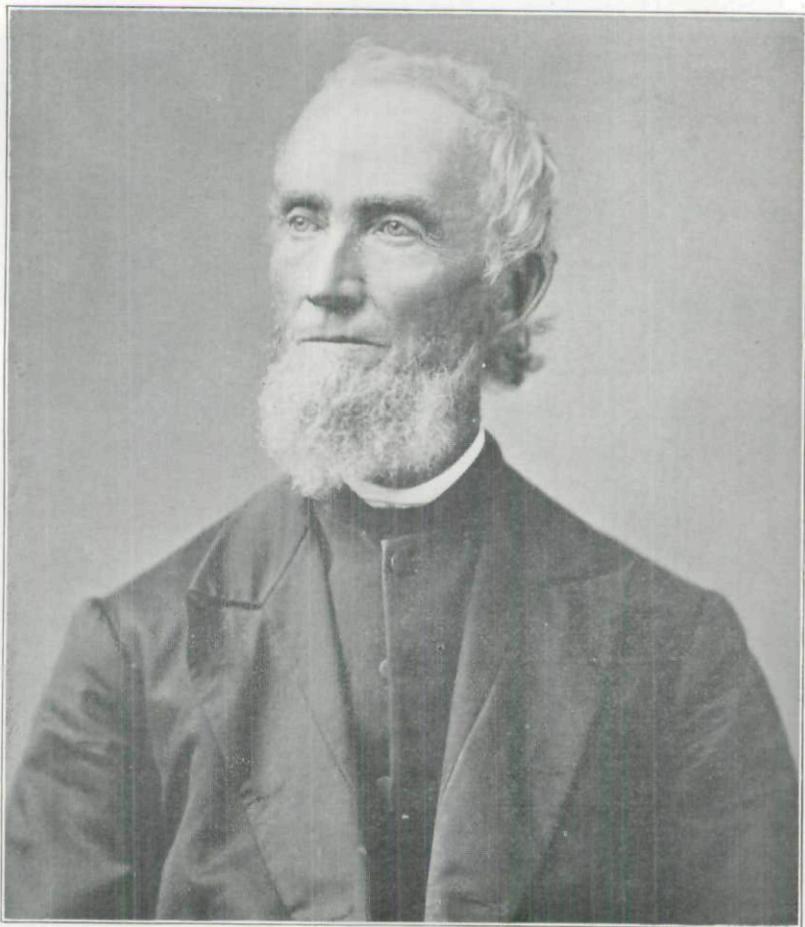
Of no one could I speak in praise with more truth nor with a more grateful spirit than of that good man, in this year of 1890 [which] is about to close (I make these notes on the last day).

Daniel Lane was one of the well-known and far-famed "Iowa Band" and had as colleagues such grand and able men as Ripley, Spaulding, Robbins, Salter, the Adamses, and others who impressed themselves upon the church history of our State and accomplished as much in the moral and educational upbuilding as any framers of any or all the professions ever in Iowa. In the prime of young manhood—coming to a new and rich territory—with possibilities equal to any North or South, East or West—just from the best schools—earnest and enthusiastic in their work—devoted to the cause of the Master—ambitious to advance their church in this new land—with such hearts, such advantages and with

such a purpose it is not strange that they as a whole and as individuals ever took the highest rank, not in their churches or territory alone, but also in all those moral and quasi if not political questions which in their new homes so prominently demanded the best efforts and best blood of the best of all denominations and professions.

I knew all these men, but Daniel better than the others—much better. He was my neighbor for years—my immediate personal and political friend, if not my pastor, since for many months, if not years, he was the one settled minister of the place—the one who preached more sermons, married more people, officiated at more funerals and was known and respected and loved and revered by all. First in the little school house, rented for private schools—then he built the first church, giving for its erection one fourth of its cost from his meager salary (about \$300 to \$500 per annum). This building has been replaced within the last two years by a modest but more elegant structure, having in it a Lane memorial window—beautiful and happy in conception and construction, furnished by the young men, some of whom, hereafter mentioned, received instruction from him in a private school which he taught for years and which is never referred to but to praise and magnify his good name.

Was he a good man? If not, then there never was one in Iowa or elsewhere. His very face was a benediction. Said Henry Clay Dean in his rough and striking way, "Brother Lane—why look at his face! I would as soon think of insulting my grandmother as to hurt his feelings." And that, not because he was a negative man or one who seemed to plead exemption from wrong or insult, but because he had a face of goodness—of purity—giving out affluently all the Christian graces. Said a rough, profane neighbor of his one day, "There is not an honest, true, religious man in the place—all will take advantage of you—not one to be trusted." Said I, "Hold on! What do you say of Brother Lane?" (All churches and all people called him Brother.) "I take it all back," said he, "for he is good always to all people and I would trust him anywhere and under all circumstances." And this was but the verdict of any one who knew him.



V. P. Twombly.

From his teacher & friend.

Daniel Laines

From the collection of Captain V. P. Twombly in the Historical Department of Iowa

As a preacher he was not strong if we speak of eloquence, overpowering logic or any special power in presenting his subject. But he was so good—so mild—so genial—so earnest—so strongly felt all he said—was so constantly in all his walk and conversation a living example of the truths which he taught—had so completely the confidence of all people—and was so loved by old and young, that his ministry was most successful and he had wonderful influence in building up the church and aiding the moral upbuilding of the community. He was the good and pure man in the pulpit—on the street—in the social circle—everywhere, and hence never lowered by his habits or talk outside the effect of his pulpit efforts. In his presence—while he was far from being bigoted or anything like a recluse—or devoid of love of fun and an appropriate joke, you felt that profanity would wound—that an improper word would render heart sore and insult his pure nature, and you abstained therefore with as much care as if with the most tender mother or most elegant Christian lady. He lived what he taught and taught what he lived. I think he was as near a perfect Christian gentleman as any man I ever met.

As a minister he was for years at Keosauqua as also at Ed-dyville and Belle Plaine in this State. He supplemented, too, his pulpit efforts with teaching here in a private school, as already stated, and after that at Davenport, in what is now the great and most successful school, Iowa College at Grinnell.

Of his pupils at Keosauqua (private school) their greatest pride is that Daniel Lane was their instructor. And to the day of his death, almost, his proudest theme was that he had been instrumental in some small degree in starting such men in life. I remember, aside from my dear boys, Thomas S. and Craig L.,—Judge Caldwell, A. J. McCrary and Felix Hughes of the Keokuk bar, S. M. Clark, the talented editor of the Gate City; Hon. B. F. Elbert of Des Moines, a member of the legislature and a leading man; Ben F. Kauffman, an attorney of Des Moines; Hon. V. P. Twombly, a most gallant soldier, holding responsible office in Van Buren county and for six years State Treasurer, leaving the office, July, 1891,

with the confidence and respect of all the people of the State; W. W. Baldwin, attorney and land commissioner of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, of Burlington; Governor E. O. Stanard of Missouri, the late Rutledge Lea, a leading attorney and politician of Keosauqua; Winfield Mayne of Council Bluffs, and others might be added. But these are sufficient to show the good work done and what just cause they have for gratitude to him as a teacher and he for pride in such scholars and men. Find if you can another instance in this western world, in the early days, of a small private school sending out so many men of whom the instructor, the State and the nation even, may feel so justly proud.

Well might Brother Lane, in all the humility and simplicity of his nature, refer to them and say, "I am proud of my boys." And such was their affection for him and his ever true and Christian helpmate, that I hazard nothing in saying that never even to the day of his death would they have avoided for anything to contribute to his or their comfort if in their power, even to the extent of the last farthing—to supply it. They loved him as children, he them as a father. His life was emphatically given to good works.

He lived to a good old age. If, by possibility, there was any—the least ill feeling between the other members of the Iowa Band, it never extended to Daniel. He was the chosen, the loved, the almost worshipped one of the flock. His name to this day in his old home is a household word for all that is good in example or excellent in person or instruction. Such a life is better than all riches. What a world—how far from evil—we would have if all men were Daniel Lanes.

I need not say that Iowa owes him much—as much almost as any man who ever made her soil his home.

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