

# NORTH IOWA TIMES.

WE MARCH WITH THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOLUME XIV—No. 3.

McGREGOR, IOWA, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27, 1869.

WHOLE No. 680.

The Post is immortalized by his friend of Alexander Bell, who was supposed to have been cast away on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, on the South American Pacific Coast. Bell is "Robinson Crusoe" of our boy recollections. We copy the scintilla of the "English Reader." Our elderly subscribers will prefer it to modern poetic effusions.

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the center all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowls and the fish,  
On the land I have as my share,  
The same reign I hold over the land,  
Water dwell in the midst of the sea,  
Than reign in the air of the sky.

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I am not of the world of men;  
I am not of the world of men;  
I am not of the world of men;  
I am not of the world of men;

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man,  
Are all the things of the world;  
And man would I taste you again!  
I am not of the world of men;  
I am not of the world of men;

Religion, what treasure untold,  
Is hidden in that sacred soil,  
More precious than silver or gold,  
Or all that the earth can hold;  
But the sound of the church-going bell,  
That calls the people to prayer,  
That calls the people to prayer,  
That calls the people to prayer;

Ye who in this world have your part,  
O'er the hills and over the sea,  
O'er the hills and over the sea,  
O'er the hills and over the sea,  
O'er the hills and over the sea;

But the soul is gone to her rest,  
And the heart is laid to rest;  
And the heart is laid to rest;  
And the heart is laid to rest;  
And the heart is laid to rest;

My Dear Col.,  
Twenty-five years ago—when check  
aprons and buckram pants graced  
the portly proportions of the writer—a young  
man, earnest, enterprising, and a little  
faded, sitting of the monotonous life and  
humble society of my native village,  
left parents and home, without "due and  
timely notice," for (as the saintly posses-  
sors said) "that iniquitous city of Gotham."

Time rolled along. A few years later,  
the young man returned, but unlike the  
hero of Hawthorne's story, who traveled  
the world over in search of the stars,  
cherished not his life, to find them  
under the shadow of the tree which  
sheltered him in youth, the young man re-  
ported that he had located at Coopers,  
Burrus—at that time a distant, frontier,  
outpost—and that he had returned for a  
wife! That he became the center of  
attraction for all the country about, it is  
unnecessary to state. But that not one in  
a hundred credited his story, I may safely  
assert. It was considered by our staid and  
sober people simply an impossibility for  
that young man to have reached a place so  
many hundred miles beyond the rim  
of civilization!

TO DAY there are three railroads toping  
TO DAY there are three railroads toping

The country contiguous to the city, is  
fairly settled, but still filling up. Mr.  
Farnsworth, who sojourned so briefly  
with us, is located here as cashier of the  
First National Bank. He owns half of  
the institution; is a first-class business  
man, and will succeed. Among other  
familiar faces here are, D. C. Cook, J. R.  
Fales, Charles Lacy, and Nicholas Kriebs,  
all well known in McGregor. It gratifies  
me to state that they all appear to be  
prospering. Old citizens of our place, all  
of them, I hope they may become rich.

W. B. Strong, the master of transfer  
for the Chicago and N. W. R. R. is at  
present conducting his company's share of  
a little unbusiness which exists be-  
tween that company and the C. R. L. &  
P. R. R. Chicago being the initial point  
for the reception of freights, the enterprising  
merchants of Council Bluffs and Omaha,  
are enjoying the pleasing benefit of low  
freights or no freights, as the case may  
be, at the bitter and unprofitable expense  
of the giant pugilists. Let me predict  
that W. B. Strong will become (God  
sparring his life) one of the leading rail-  
road managers of the west; Council  
Bluffs will become a fine way-station, not  
outstepping the sanguine expectations of  
her "oldest inhabitant." One fact must  
not be ignored. The Union Pacific R. R.  
have purchased twelve hundred acres of  
land on the Iowa side recently, and when  
the bridge is completed (which will be,  
not till another year, and then only by  
the combined influence of the U.  
P. & C. N. W. and the C. R. L. Rail-  
roads) the entire business of the company  
now done at Omaha, will be transferred to  
this point. Four Banking Houses, aggre-  
gating a capital of \$500,000, are located  
here. Money pays well here. Two, three,  
and five percent per month being the  
rate. Such is the want of confidence felt  
in the ability of the Union Pacific R. R.  
to meet its maturing acceptances (drawn  
for four months,) I am told, are not to be  
negotiated, even at five percent per  
month. The earnings of this road for the  
month of September being a little in ex-

cess of three-quarters of a million. Those  
high in authority in the company, feel  
hopeful.

Omaha, which once held the keys to  
that vast mountain and mining trade,  
which boasted a mercantile prestige  
about and over all Missouri river towns,  
is not in the dust, nor yet "in the serene  
and yellow leaf." Its trade has materially  
declined, and some of her heaviest busi-  
ness houses have closed up. But with a  
million and a half of banking capital, all  
actively employed, together with a class  
of business men, who, for enterprise,  
daring, and thrift, have no superiors in  
the State, her future progress and pros-  
perity are as sure as any future problem,  
provided she can shake off that crazy old  
woman, George Francis Train, who owns a  
big slice of the city, and who in the  
past has been of some benefit to her. A  
fine quality of coal is now brought in  
from Ogden station to Omaha, which is  
free from sulphur, and burns without  
clinkers. Gen. Dodge, the Engineer-in-  
Chief of the Union Pacific R. R. informs  
me that traversing the continent from the  
Red river of the south, to the British  
Possessions in the north, is a broad belt  
of coal, ranging in thickness from three  
to thirty feet.

The wheat crop of central and western  
Iowa, which not black-billed in rejected  
by the elements, is a fair crop; corn a  
little more than half an average; pota-  
toes heavy; and—about the Capital  
especially—Politicians, a full and booming  
crop. Over in Marshall county, where the  
sumptuous gentlemen had boldness  
and pluck enough to make a ticket, they  
met with a shameful and merited defeat.  
When the Prohibitory men try again to  
inject social questions into politics, they  
had better use a larger syringe, and fill it  
with common sense and reason.

Did it ever occur to you that there is  
a striking resemblance between me and  
our excellent townsman and Governor? While  
walking along Walnut street in Des  
Moines the other day, I was approached  
gently, by what our recently elected rep-  
resentative would call, a "corn-fed Gov-  
ernor," who, addressing me as the Chief  
Executive of the State, inquiring if it  
was not to purchase any bran for his cow?  
I promptly repelled the ill merited com-  
pliment, and put him on the right track.  
In traveling through central Iowa, one is  
strikingly reminded of an anecdote told  
of the lamented Lincoln. In conversation  
with his Premier, on the influence of re-  
ligion in stamping the features, Lincoln  
remarked that he could tell a man's reli-  
gious persuasion by his peculiar expres-  
sion of face. Presently a fine looking,  
well-dressed man approached, who, meet-  
ing acquaintances, as he neared them,  
summoned to swear violently! Says  
Governor: "To what church do you be-  
long?" Lincoln replied, "a thousand  
to one that he's an Episcopalian!" So,  
to a casual observer traveling through  
Central and Southern Iowa, there is about  
some farm-houses so much of neglect,  
of improvidence, of carelessness advertised,  
that he asks? "Where did that man come  
from?" As contrasted—distinguished from  
the other farm-houses, whose inmates  
come from the cold hills and colder man-  
ners of New England, there is a broad  
contrast. Here, all is thrift, all care,  
with avenues and lawns, shade trees,  
and out-buildings, not covered "mit straw."  
How local habits and customs go with us  
all over the world.

In Des Moines, the political mon-  
keys congregate to make and to break  
"States." Election being over, a strong  
pull will now be made by the rival candi-  
dates for the U. S. Senate. The brood  
of candidates increases with wonderful  
rapidity. Wright, Allison, Cooley, Van-  
der, are all candidates for the long  
term. Stubbs, of Jefferson county, is a  
candidate for the short term. All of the  
candidates are hopeful, easy-sanguine.  
I am informed that Allison's chances are  
most improved since the masculine efforts  
of "Gentle Anna" in his behalf. In all  
her recent philippic letters in the State,  
she has spoken "of the scowles" character  
of the Hon. W. B. From this, I conclude  
she is taking more kindly toward that  
dreadful creature MAX, and that Col. W.  
B.—A.—knows it. The heroic virtues of  
Miss Anna are not to be sneered at. She  
is talented, aggressive and homesy—more  
male than female, except in her sex.

A strong effort will be made before  
the next Legislature to amend a law allow-  
ing the several counties (those that have  
bonded indebtedness) to apply the tax  
collected from railroad corporations, trav-  
ersing theretopposite counties, toward the  
liquidation of their indebtedness. Thirty  
of the strongest counties in the State are  
interested in this little pull. Since our  
Supreme Bench have so sadly balked in  
their insane endeavor to stay the Execu-  
tion of an order of the U. S. District  
Court, in providing for the collection of  
county bonds of Lee and Scott counties,  
our bonded counties are waking up to a  
remedy. Being no longer intrenched  
behind the Judicial bulwarks of the  
Supreme Bench, they are now about to  
try the Legislature for a remedy. How  
much more honorable for a man, when he  
owes a debt, to face the music squarely and  
manly, than to skulk behind wooden guns  
and rotten battlements.

I am yours,  
I. E. NEWELL.

H. O. Dayton has struck a good deal  
better thing than being elected State  
Superintendent of Schools; he has bought  
the Wollen Factory down at Village Creek  
for the firm of Dayton Aldrich & Co.  
We are glad of it; for it assures us that  
this county will not lose his enterprising,  
business vim.—Ech.

An old, blind organist, who had lived  
in a London workhouse 78 years, died  
late in the age of 89. He could repeat  
all the Psalms.

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## Grant and Congress.

Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.  
That was a good saying of Bossuet, that  
the more a man is written about the less  
the world knows of him. If all the phi-  
losophers and scribes in the country had  
confined their pens to simple narrations of  
fact in regard to Mr. Grant, instead of  
trying, as they have done, to impress the  
public mind with imaginary ideas of his  
veiled ability and virtues, and explain  
away his manifest errors, what would be  
the universal estimate of the eighteenth  
President?

On the one side it has been customary  
to credit Gen. Grant as the savior of the  
republic, and attribute to him extraordinary  
military genius. On the other, his mili-  
tary career has been written down by  
writers disgusted by the indiscriminating ad-  
ulation bestowed upon him, and, there-  
fore, inclined to be unfair. Perhaps the  
statement respecting Grant's success as a  
general that would come nearest the truth  
is that it was won by a "fortu-  
nous concurrence of circumstances." That  
never was a time when this remarkable  
man appeared to have any pride. His  
"doggedness," his dull resolution, his in-  
sensitivity to doubt or chagrin, never  
changed. By sheer luck, the staff of  
cronies and recommended officers which  
he gathered about him proved to be an  
excellent one. Gen. Rawlins, whose death  
is the greatest loss this great war ever  
suffered, was, in sooth, the power behind  
the General; yet he was never fully con-  
scious of his power, for the reason that  
Gen. Grant was a better listener than talker  
on military subjects, and was accustomed  
to decide upon other men's opinions  
without letting them know that he had not  
evolved his decisions out of his own con-  
science. But Gen. Grant knew how to  
value Gen. Rawlins, and knew, also, how  
to value and respect, or rather tolerate,  
the great services which such men as  
Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas were  
rendering to the cause of which he found  
the country and the good-natured Presi-  
dent Lincoln willing enough to consider  
him, Grant, the military leader. He never  
attempted to dictate to those men, be-  
cause he had sense enough to see that they  
were doing well, and because he knew  
that the less he seemed to control them the  
better they would like him and his for-  
bearance. Everybody ought to remember  
that the three great campaigns which  
broke up the rebellion—Sheridan's Shen-  
andoah campaign, Sherman's march from  
Atlanta to the sea, and the battle of Five  
Forks preceding Lee's surrender—were  
each suggested and planned by the com-  
mander named, and set by the then lieut-  
enant-general.

Gen. Grant, though he did not make  
himself popular with the troops—the com-  
mon soldiers, whom he habitually ordered,  
then in personal command, to pitiless  
slaughter—made himself beloved by a  
set of officers to whom he had the tact  
(tact is too fine a word for it) to give abun-  
dant deference. And when the war closed,  
and these men willingly joined with glad  
sympathy in according to the lieutenant  
general a pre-eminence commensurate  
with his command, and which nothing de-  
tracted from their own honor, a great  
number of the line officers and common  
soldiers, who had hated Grant as a butch-  
er, were gradually won over to concede  
that a butcher, after all, must have been  
a necessary evil, and that he had actually  
turned out to be a hero of the old style.

In the opinion of many of the General's  
best friends, it was an evil hour for him  
if not for the country, when he accepted  
the presidential office. Grant himself was  
wary, and listened long to the objections  
of his cronies and the indolent protest of  
his own soul. No such ambition tempted,  
or had ever tempted, him as that which  
commonly burns in the bosoms of aspiring  
politicians. Instead of being dazzled by  
the prospect of political empires, he  
preferred the military ascendancy which  
he had obtained; and when at last he  
consented to relinquish his commission as  
General of the United States armies, it was  
with the secret understanding with himself,  
and tacitly with a few others, that he  
would carry with him and maintain at the  
white house the same strong, congenial  
domination over the affairs of the nation  
that he had maintained over the army.

And he accepted the presidency with no  
intention of relinquishing it at the end of  
the ensuing four years!  
In previous letters I have explained the  
designs of this man—of a military char-  
acter and scope, all—for the acquisition of  
more territory to the national domain.  
The apparent failure of every design of  
this sort, and of his reported attempt to  
conquer congress are susceptible of some  
explanation which will not con- of him of  
having yet lost the game. President Grant  
could not have anticipated the terrible raid  
upon him which was made by the politi-  
cians of the republican party immediately  
after his installation, and kept up until  
long after the adjournment of congress.  
That hubbub, it is true, bewildered him.  
It left him no leisure to mature any plans  
of his own, and so stunned his faculties  
that he was unable even to appreciate the  
plans of those political friends who were  
really his worst enemies, and who wanted  
to obtain early and complete control over  
him. But, looking at the result of the  
attack, it must be confessed that, although  
the president lost one serious advantage,  
he was not wholly worsted.

The radicals attempted to dictate to the  
cabinet. How did they succeed? Grant  
appointed a cabinet the most astonishing  
that ever was known—a cabinet of his  
own personal friends or acquaintances,  
which pleased no party, and made the  
country and whole world stare aghast.  
Had Mr. Stewart not resigned from this  
cabinet, there would not have been a man  
in it whom congress could claim as its  
tool. As it is, every member but one is  
indebted solely to the president for his

honor of his position, and is neither so  
pledged nor of sufficient power in the rad-  
ical councils as to be likely to prove a  
troublesome member of the administration.  
It is to be observed that Grant has from  
the first retained an intimate friend in the  
war office, and that the man whom he has  
now appointed to be secretary of war is  
an officer whom such a distinction elevates  
from comparative obscurity.  
Such men, with the exception of Secre-  
tary Fish, (whose resolute abilities may  
still, however, be exercised on the side of  
a Chief contending against unworthy odds)  
are, in a certain sense (partially hidden  
from their own consciences), Grant's  
tools.

The president was outwitted in the mat-  
ter of selection of a secretary of the treas-  
ury after Mr. Stewart's death. He was  
overruled doubly. In the first place, he  
had put his trust in Mr. Stewart's finan-  
cial experience, opinions, convictions, of  
which Mr. Boutwell has none. In the  
second place, he had confidence in Mr.  
Stewart's fidelity to the trust offered him,  
as a financier, and lover of his whole  
country, and nothing more. Mr. Bout-  
well, aside from his emptiness of pre-  
requisite knowledge of finance, was and is  
a fanatical radical in politics, to whose  
honest but top-sided brain there is nothing  
worthy which is not radical. He was  
adroitly wedged into the cabinet, and  
stays there, and will not easily be got rid  
of. Through Secretary Boutwell and  
Commissioner Delano (another official  
bound neck and heels by party shackles)  
congress actually has at its command the  
enormous patronage of the treasury and  
internal revenue departments. This fact  
has not yet, of course, come home duly to  
the president, for the contest between his  
administration and the party has not fair-  
ly begun.

All things save the southern elections  
and the Cuban difficulty have been in  
truce during the summer; and the president has  
taken as little interest, and meddled as  
little, in those affairs, and in Boutwell's  
schemes, as he well could. His fondness  
for "loafing" and his uneasy dread of  
political pestering have induced him to  
put off or intrust to his cabinet whatever  
he was not actually compelled to attend  
to.

It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than  
a bore, in this military president, to fami-  
liarize himself with the business of, and  
to sit the numerous questions of policy  
which arise in connection with, his great  
office. He seems to be fitted neither by  
intellect nor by inclination for the analysis  
of such questions. It must be considered  
that in the career in which he distinguish-  
ed himself—that of a soldier—it was sim-  
ply necessary for him to command, when  
no question was raised and the order was  
obeyed. But, as president, he is surround-  
ed by men, and continually appealed to by  
others, who claim the right to raise ques-  
tions as to the propriety of his wishes.  
This, while it annoys and perplexes him,  
is something which he cannot escape, and  
which he has learned the good (in one  
sense) of submitting to. If he had not  
allowed Secretary Fish, for example, to  
overrule his own crude designs in respect  
to the Alabama claims, and Cuba, and  
the United States might, thus early in Presi-  
dent Grant's administration, have been  
either the object of a hostile European  
coalition, or the laughing-stock of gods  
and men. By occasionally putting in his  
clumsy oar, and manifesting his old, dull  
obstinacy at times, as in the case of Sick-  
les, Grant has made his sluggish personal-  
ity felt by the cabinet and the country.  
For the rest, he has (believe me) kept  
saying to himself that it will be time  
enough to put his foot down when the  
time comes to put his foot down.

No one who has studied the signs of the  
times can have failed to see that Grant's  
manifest contempt, and even hatred, for  
the professed politicians of the republican  
party have won him a perfect host of con-