

# THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

### Talent as a Commodity.

The Supreme Court of California recently decided in a case before it, that it is not violative of good morals, nor in any sense criminal for a publisher to receive a reward for advocating the interests of any man or corporation; that the talent of an editor is a commodity like the merchandise of the merchant, the skill and knowledge of an attorney, which it is not wrong to sell to the purchaser who is willing to pay for it.

Upon first view this may seem plausible. It is not commonly regarded as immoral for an attorney to exhaust the resources of his learning and genius in behalf of a client who has outraged the law, and to receive a fee therefor. It appears to us, however, that a very important distinction is lost sight of, between the cases mentioned. A newspaper occupies a very peculiar relation to the public. It receives patronage and support from the general public upon an implied contract to advocate the true interests of its patrons and to furnish correct information in relation thereto. The public is the client, and to that client it owes a faithful performance of the duty it undertakes. To advocate measures antagonistic to the public interests is a breach of contract and of trust; it is at the same time an illegal and an immoral act.

If it should be said that an editor may conscientiously believe that the measures he thus supports for pay are really beneficial to the public, his client, we reply that there would then be no necessity for his employer and pay-master to expend the money for the purpose of having such measures supported. It would be the duty of the newspaper, in that event, to use its influence without other reward than that received from its patrons. To receive other fee would be taking additional remuneration for the performance of a duty that it would be criminal not to perform. In that case, it would be a swindle on the part giving the reward.

There is another very material distinction between an editor and any other class of advocates. When an attorney undertakes the duty of representing the interests of a client the relation between them is open and notorious. There is no attempt at concealment. Those interested know just what weight to attach to the attorney's arguments. These are confessedly from an *ex parte* stand point. On the other hand, the paper, which is the paid organ of any person or persons always conceals the fact of its employment. Its arguments are never based upon the fact that the particular measures supported by it are for interests of its employer; on the contrary, it ever avows that what it would have done, will ensure to the benefit of the people. In this, it practices a fraud. What paper would publish to the world the fact, for instance, that it receives money from Mr. Villard to support his schemes? Such an avowal would at once effectually kill its influence, if it did not lose its public patronage. That very fact that the efficacy of its arguments depends upon its supposed devotion to the people, and the concealment of its real client, proves that such employment is fraudulent, conscienceless and a violation of good faith. And such concealment is just as necessary for the ends in view as would be the concealment by an attorney that he has taken a fee from both sides, and in fact the two cases are exactly parallel.

This doctrine of the highest court of California subverts the old time relations of confidence between the press and the people. It can not be denied that many papers have "sold out," but the act has always been deemed disreputable. The California court over-turns all this, and gives the sanction of its opinion to what has always been justly considered dishonorable.

No man may justly adopt opinions not his own, and, for gain, publicly advocate them. The opinions of a man, whether right or wrong, are a part of his manhood, and to forego them for money is mental prostitution. Logical acumen, the power of eloquence, and vigor of intellect are given to man for the evolution of truth, and to impress the truth upon others. To say that these may be sold as commodities is to debase the value and dignity of mind.

### We stated a few weeks ago that Mr. Hodgkin did not violate the law when he delivered the ackage of Northwests to the individual to whom they were, or appeared to be addressed. No stamp is required.

Our position is denied by the *New Northwest*. In support of our position we quote from the *Postal Guide* for January, 1882: "Any number of sample copies of a publication of the second class of mail matter may be sent to one address, provided it is not done at the instance or for the benefit of an advertiser or to carry out a contract with advertisers to mail a certain number of copies." Under this law the *New Northwest* can send to any individual any number of sample copies put up in a package and addressed to the individual, and the postmaster at the delivery office must deliver them.

Quite a feeling is manifested by the friends of Yaquina Harbor and the Oregon Pacific Railroad because Congressman George's bill only asks for \$30,000, instead of a \$200,000 appropriation for Yaquina Bay, recommended by the State Legislature. There is not much doubt that there is a very powerful influence in this State antagonistic to the improvement of that harbor. Mr. George pledged himself to labor for an adequate appropriation. Perhaps he has done all in his power. It is too early to ensure him until the result is more accurately known.

GUTEAU is sentenced to be hung on the 30th day of June next. The sentence will be executed unless the court in banc may find errors sufficient to justify granting a new trial. This is not at all probable. Guitau is, in our opinion, crazy, and conscientiously believes he is specially protected by Providence. Nevertheless his hanging will be a model example for cranks like himself.

### Northern Pacific Monopoly.

A FEW REMARKS FROM THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE, ABOUT THIS GREAT RAILWAY.

The cry of "anti-monopoly" promises to be the controlling political sentiment in the formation of parties in the State of Oregon and in Washington Territory and the other future States possessed by the Northern Pacific Railroad and its branches. That must be a wonderfully successful statesmanship that provides a government bounty to promote the settlement in new territory, which at once is an oppression to the settlers and a hindrance to the development of the country. But this is what is said voluminously and with much specification in Oregon papers of the Northern Pacific under its present management.

This company has fallen under the control of a different spirit from that when Jay Cooke assumed the undertaking. It is now under the control of a ring of Wall street capitalists, and is making the most of its enormous powers to squeeze the inhabitants. By means of its vast land grants for main line and branches, it can prevent the building of any competing road in all that region, while its own policy is directly the opposite of that which was intended by the land bounty. That was to enable the building of the road and its branches to promote settlement; the policy of the present management is to wait till settlement has made sufficient business to pay for the building of the road. The inhabitants complain loudly of this delay, and the people of Oregon complain that the road takes one-half the price of a bushel of wheat for carrying it to Portland. Hence the popular cry of anti-monopoly.

"What do you think of my article on the political question?" inquired Fenderson. "Everybody I have heard speak of it," replied Fogg, "praises it very highly." Do they? said Fenderson, eagerly. "Whom have you heard speak of it?" "No-body but yourself," said Fogg carelessly. Fenderson says he has learned one thing—namely, when he gets a compliment again, he shall be satisfied to take it as it is given. Hereafter he shall not ask for particulars.

"Mary says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her every evening now, and how could you come any more?"

### (From the London Echo.) Erret Mart.

A COLLECTION OF FABLES AFTER THE MANNER OF AESOP.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A certain young man went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who beat him and stripped him, and left him for dead. A good Samaritan seeing this, clasped spurs to his ass and galloped away lest he should be sent to the house of detention as a witness while the robbers were released on bail.

MORAL.—The perceiver is worse than the thief.

### THE KIND HEARTED SHE ELEPHANT.

A kind-hearted she elephant—while walking through the jungle where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, heedlessly set foot upon a partridge which she crushed to death within a few inches of the nest containing his callow brood. "Poor little things," said the generous mammoth, "I have a mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the fatal consequences of my neglect." So saying she sat down upon the orphan birds.

MORAL.—The above teaches us what home is without a mother; also, that it is not every person who should be entrusted with the care of an orphan asylum.

### THE PRUDENT TIGER.

A prudent tiger having observed a procession bearing the remains of a sainted Brahmin to the tomb, communicated the intelligence to his wife, who said: "My dear, we are almost out of meat, and though the deceased, from the austerity of his pious life, was in poor condition, I make no doubt that among his surviving friends we may encounter others more succulent." "Miserable Tigress," exclaimed her lord, "cannot you see that if we permit the deceased to be canonized, pilgrimages will be instituted to his tomb, and the producer and consumer will be brought together in accordance with the true principles of political economy? Rather let us then, offer a charm for each new pilgrim." This prudent advice being followed, the tiger enjoyed a free breakfast-table to the end of his days.

MORAL.—Beware of breaking the egg that hatches the golden goose.

### THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A wolf one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a lamb also drinking from the same stream, at some distance from him. "I have yet to learn," said the wolf, addressing the lamb with dignified severity, "what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking?"

"Your premises are incorrect," replied the lamb, with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the wolf; "but I am not mistaken you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me at the university."

"Impossible," replied the lamb; "two years ago I was not born." "Ah, well," added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again; but it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

### THE SHARK AND THE PATRIARCH.

During the deluge, as a shark was conducting a thanksgiving service for an abundant harvest, a prudent patriarch looked out and addressed him thus: "My friend, I am struck with your open countenance; pray come into the ark and make one of us. The probabilities are a falling barometer and heavy rains throughout the region of the lower universe during the next forty days."

"That is just the sort of hair-pin I am," replied the shark, who had cut several rows of wisdom teeth; "fetch on your deluges." About six weeks subsequently the patriarch encountered him on the summit of Mount Ararat in very straitened circumstances.

### Another Chicago Tale.

The first snow of the season. Down through the crisp, cutting air of a December day came the big, white flakes, lazily drifting hither and yon in coy, capricious grace, although no wind was stirring. Overhead, the blue-gray clouds looked down in a kind of stolid, unreasoning way at the bleak, bare earth and the tall, ghost-like trees, whose dead branches and black trunks were sharply outlined against the Western sky, whose utmost rim was given a rosy tinge by a ray of sunshine that shot up from below the horizon as if to kiss the earth good night.— Altogether, it was a pretty slick evening.

Loitering languidly on the velvet-covered *fauteuil* that had been placed by a servant in the parlor window, Bertha Bandoline held in her shapely hand a dainty volume of poems, and from it was reading aloud to herself—saying the words slowly and with infinite tenderness, that beautiful little *dansion* by Samuel J. Tilden:

Kiss me quickly, kiss me nice;  
Kiss me once, sweet, kiss me twice;  
Kiss me often, kiss me long;  
Kiss me boldly—in my song.

"Yes," said Bertha, as she threw the book on the floor and hunched up a blue silk garter that had slipped down to her dainty ankle and was likely to get tangled in her other foot when she started hastily at the merry tinkle of the dinner bell. "Yes, I love Arthur Ainsleigh with a pure, passionate affection that time can never change or decrease. And I am to marry him—I, who so lately left the boarding school, with its wealth of pleasant recollections and spruce gum. I am yet but a girl, a joyous, happy-hearted, two-nice-langs-for-four-dollars girl, and life looks fair and pleasant to me. I have a kind, indulgent father who has kicked me over the fence on the front gate on my account, than you can shake a stick at, and a dear, loving mother, whose heart will be desolate indeed when her only darling leaves her—on the one whom she has watched over with such tender care from the days of dimpled babyhood until she has seen me grow into a woman in stature of body and mind, but who still has for her the fond, trustful love of the helpless infant to whom the arms of 'mamma' are a refuge in time of trouble and her bosom a place where all the sorrows of a childish existence can be solaced out to one who is ever ready to hear them patiently and comfort with soothing words and tender kiss the little heart to which the world seems only a place of trouble and perplexity. And now, when I am a stately beauty, with cheeks of daisy and breath of baln, I would willingly give my life, my all, to save her a moment's pain or distress."

"At this moment Mrs. Bandoline, a tall, matronly woman, in every line of whose kind face shone out the light of mother-love, entered the room.

"Bertha, my darling," she said in soft, low tones, "would it be too much trouble for you to go to the luncheon this afternoon, instead of ironing your father's shirts?"

Rising from the *fauteuil*, Bertha kissed her mother fondly. "My own, sweet mamma," she said, "you know I would do anything for your dear sake"—and with a proud smile on her face she started for the kitchen to beat her crimping-irons.

"What! asking me for money?" replied a Michigan avenue merchant as an old woman requested him for mercy's sake to give her a nickel. "If you please, sir."

"It was only yesterday I gave you a dime."

### A Mountain Heroine.

At one of the watering-troughs, deep in the mountains, we stopped at a little clean cabin, and, at the clatter of the mail-bag on the loose plank of the low porch, there appeared at the door a most remarkable apparition—a woman, short of stature, and of wiry figure that spoke of long endurance. She had a pleasant, sun-burnt face crowned with a shock of hair, flying in a tangled freedom peculiarly its own. Her dress, of faded calico, reached just below her knees, and left in plain view a well worn pair of high boots, from the same lot as her husband's. This woman was Mrs. McNulty, and, as the stage-driver afterward told us, was in her way, quite a heroine, and much respected through the mountains for her courage. The origin of her earliest claim to notoriety dates back some three years. In front of her house, on the stage road, is one of the most dangerous points of the mountain highway, where the road turns sharply round a curve and crosses a narrow and unsteady bridge. Just above her house, late one afternoon, some break had occurred in the harness of the horses attached to the regular stage, which was coming down the mountain with city passengers. As the driver descended from his box to repair the damage, the horses became frightened and started at break-neck pace down the mountain. The courageous little woman, listening at her cabin door for the evening mail, saw, as the coach dashed in sight, the danger which lay before the helpless passengers, and flinging herself before the running horses, by superhuman strength, brought them to a halt. The poor woman, bruised and wounded from being dragged by the running horses, was carried fainting to her bed and lay there for weeks, suffering from her more than womanly heroism. A purse was made up among the grateful passengers whose lives she had saved, and her name has grown to be a synonym through the mountain for bravery.

The laziest man in a western paper. He spells photograph, "top-graph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "11 worth," another spelled Tennessee "1008," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

In his recent message to the legislature of Iowa, says an exchange, Gov. Gear alluded to the fact that, while in almost every case of murder where the offense is too notorious to admit of the doubt of guilt insanity is pleaded, it is hardly ever heard of in connection with any other crime. He recommended that the law require that insanity be specially pleaded and tried by experts, and that the inquiry be into the state of the mind of the defendant at the time of the act, and, if necessary, at the time of the inquiry, the burden of proof being upon the defendant.

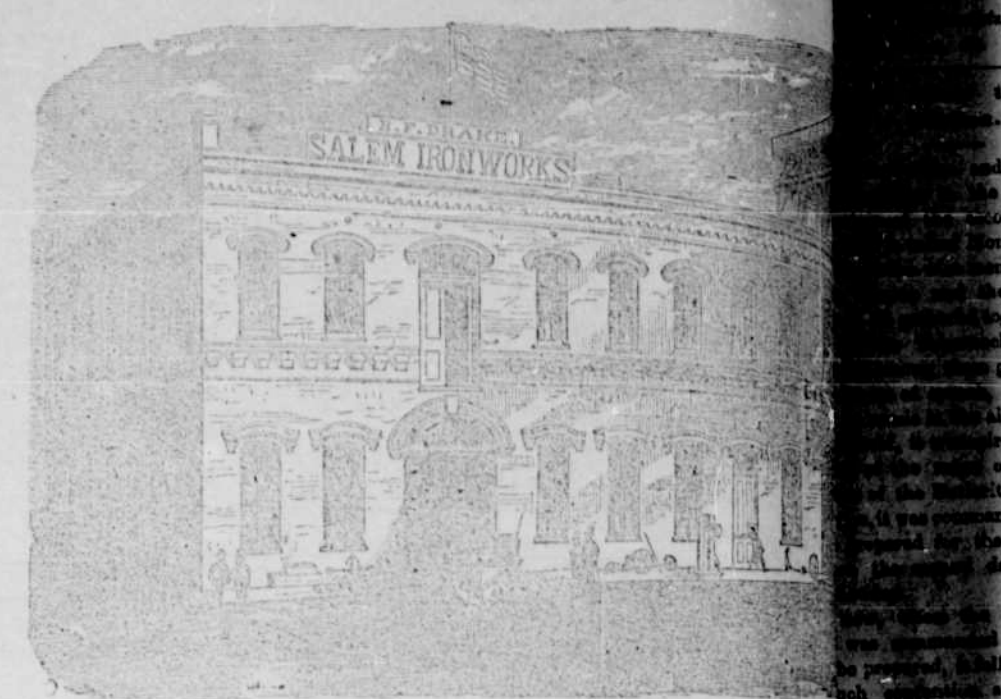
"Mrs. Smith," said a lady at a fair, won't you please buy this locket to present to the lady you love?"

"Two wouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith. "I'm a married man."

The man who stepped out of bed and put his foot upon a piece of oil-cloth, says the occurrence is worth a fortune to him. He's going to freeze ice-cream by merely wrapping a piece of the material round the freezer.

"Shudge," said a Dutchman who was pleading his own case in a court where he was arraigned on a charge of slander, "Shudge, when a man make up dot he will be a second-hand dief und a shideboke, und efery day de vay dot he behaves himself was der vay dot advर्टize he was a second und a dief und a shideboke, und der matter mit der man dot deffis him he was a second und a dief und a shideboke. Ish der some wrongness about dot? Und if it ish, where it ish, py shiminy!"

## SALEM IRON WORKS



SALEM IRONWORKS  
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The dryer can be seen at Mr. Paul Hiltbrand's on Luckiamute, or at Robert McLaughlin's, 1 1/2 miles north of Buena Vista. We guarantee satisfaction to any one who will purchase a dryer. Orders can be sent to the undersigned at Independence, Polk County, Oregon. I indulge in no boasting, but am willing for all to see and examine for themselves.  
Independence, Oregon, January 23, 1882.  
E. COX.

INCORPORATED IN 1864.

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CAPITAL Paid up in U. S. Gold Coin, :	\$300,000.00
COIN ASSETS, December 31, 1880, :	612,841.00
Income for 1880, :	340,641.00
Losses, paid since organization, :	1,635,902.54
Reinsurance Reserve, :	174,989.60
Losses Paid in Oregon, :	208,000.00

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\$50,000.00 deposited in Oregon for the further security of Policy Holders in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

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