

# OREGON FREE PRESS.

FOR THE

VOL. I.)

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1848.

(NO. 10.)

"Here shall the Press the people's rights maintain, Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain."

**THE POETRY OF A STEAM-ENGINE.**—There is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play—how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons touching solemn things—but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind yielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—'intellect battling with the elements.' And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt but be the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganised. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam-engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of the antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of the cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the vaking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and, in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapor rise from the spout of a tea-kettle? *Illuminated Magazine.*

**LET JUSTICE BE DONE.**—The desertion of a number of men from the American army, and their capture and execution near the city of Mexico, has given rise to many remarks calculated to reflect on the patriotism of certain adopted citizens of this country. It has been thought, and we confess that this was the impression left on our minds, that the battalion alluded to were mostly from the Emerald Isle. The N. Y. Police Gazette contains the names and places of nativity of that infamous set of scamps, from which, we are sorry to learn, a large portion were Americans. They are classed as follows:

Americans, 64; Irishmen, 34; Germans, 16; Scotch, 4; and one each from England, Nova Scotia, France and Poland. We publish this account, that unjust reproach may be taken from the shoulders of those who do not merit the censure. Let all bear their part.

*Raleigh (S. C.) Register.*

Some amusement was created yesterday by the appearance of six brass pieces, at the Custom House, taken from the Mexicans, at the late battle of Cerro Gordo. Five of them were four pounders, and the other was a six pounder, and excited most merriment, by its inscription, which was in very large letters, and read thus: "El terror del Norte Americano," (the terror of the North Americans,) evidently meaning the United States, although they are as much North Americans as ourselves. Poor silly people! which nation showed the most terror for such playthings?

*American Eagle.*

It is not the noisiest waters that are generally the deepest, nor has it always been found that that spirit which is most inclined to vapor when danger and disaster are at a distance, is the firmest in breasting them on their near approach.

**APPLES AND CRANBERRIES.**—Our family is indebted to Capt. Crosby, of the "Toulon," for these Oregon fruits. We hope the present limited supply of these fruits is but an earnest of a most plentiful harvest. The Toulon brought, among other things, six barrels of apples. Should our Oregon neighbors send us apples, cranberries, and other fruits, we feel confident the inhabitants of our shores will return the best products of the Islands. It is delightful to witness a lively trade springing up between the Islands and the western coast of America, especially Oregon and California. This trade must necessarily increase from year to year.

We came across the above in the Sandwich Island "Friend," which excellent journal, by the way, made its appearance on last New Year's day, in a new and handsome dress, typographically speaking.

We can assure Mr. Damon that it will not be long before Oregon will produce an abundance of fruit of the finest and rarest quality. Much interest has been, and more is now being given to the cultivation of fruit trees in this country. Numerous choice descriptions have been introduced and are in successful growth.—Several of the most experienced orchardists who have lately come among us, have taken suitable locations and are already earnestly engaged in the NURSERY.

As to cranberries, any quantity may be had in their season for the picking of them. Strawberries have been so thick lately that we are just beginning to get glimpses of the ground that has been covered with them. Then will come raspberries, dewberries, black, blue, and various other kinds of berries. Is not this enough to make any tropical mouth water as badly as ours does at the idea of the oranges, limes, and lemons down there. Pray let us have an exchange of such luxuries forthwith.

**"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."**—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with levelled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire? But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, putting spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe he said to himself, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour; the rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."

**THE COST OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.**—The Richmond Republican sums up as follows the losses of our troops in the various battles in Mexico:

Palo Alto and Resaca, 400 killed and wounded—Monterey, 500 ditto—Buena Vista, 800 do.—Cerro Gordo, 500 do.—Churubusco, 1000 do.—Mexico and neighborhood, 1600 do. Total, 4,800. One-third of this number, probably, covers the killed.