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GEO. L. CURRY, Editor and Proprietor.

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OUR DUTY.

"When we take a retrospective view of our past lives—thinking of the homes of our youth-time, we are apt to ask ourselves, why are we in this wild wilderness? We wonder why we should deprive ourselves of all the comforts and enjoyments of those homes.

"We think of our friends in the States—enjoying themselves by their warm fires, in snugly built houses, with not only the conveniences but also the luxuries of this world around them, and wish ourselves back again with them. Some are willing to undergo the fatigues and privations of an overland journey in order to "go to the States;" and why go to the States for happiness? You are here, in a land of comparative plenty—where you may have your health. And had you your health at your former home? Then why did you come here? For land? You cannot as yet know any thing about the land; and you should not fall out with the country, or the people in it, for the vexatious delay of justice from our home government." Thus speaks our correspondent.

It is indeed too true, that numbers come to Oregon with large expectations and incorrect ideas, formed from the letters of "glorification" that have been written, to the great prejudice of the country. The actual truth is all that need be told about it, to encourage immigration, and occasion certain settlement, to the fullest gratification of the most sanguine. Then our friends would not come, through a long and toilsome journey, expecting to realize almost a paradise, and be—(we had nearly written "disgusted")—disappointed with the country. Let them know that we are favored with a genial climate, and a highly productive soil; yet, that they must of necessity labor here, as elsewhere, though perhaps not so drudgingly, to obtain an independent livelihood. As it is, numbers come here and are discontented. Some would not be otherwise. They do not estimate the rich blessing of health, or understand the true secret of happiness, or at least contentment, which is akin to it. Dr. Johnson somewhere correctly observes: "The fountain of content must spring up in the mind: and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove."

It is most certainly the duty of all who come to Oregon, to do all they can do towards making it the abode of virtue, prosperity, and contentment. This is in their power. For their own good, if for nothing else, they should so strive. There is little satisfaction, and no advantage to be gained, in grumbling and croaking over one's discontents and disappointments. We cannot always expect to be gratified. When we cannot do as would we must strive to accomplish the next best thing—do as we can. It is true that individual power is lim-

ited, and the result of its efforts, perhaps, imperceptible in the general view, yet "Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation, in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a drop when the meadows are flooded by a summer shower; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind." In a word, if we have not found Oregon what we expected, let us all unite, in laudable endeavors, to make up, as nearly as may be, for any deficiency.—Allow the philosophy of every-day life to help along the object, and we shall be astonished at the wonderfully happy results.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.—There are many interesting little incidents, that have occurred in the operations of our army in the present war with the Cayuses and their allies, that may not be unworthy of relation.

During one of the battles, Mungo, (half-breed,) the Commissioners' Interpreter, who was far in the advance of the fight, was seen to fall, and the enemy, with shouts of triumph, commenced closing in around him. A gallant charge of our troops drove back the enemy, and, upon reaching Mungo, they found him covered with blood, and striving to extricate himself from his horse that had been killed. They asked anxiously if he was hurt; he replied 'yes,' and when they wished to know where, he placed his hand upon his heart and said, 'here.' The idea of a man being wounded in so vital a part, and yet, to all appearances, in vigorous health, (for by this time he had got up and was taking off the saddle from his dead horse,) seemed unaccountable. Their apprehensions were soon removed, however, by his observing, as he shouldered his saddle to move away, 'Don't you see, my horse is killed? I loved him—my heart is hurt to lose him.'

At the battle of the Tuchia ford, when the enemy held possession of the ford to the great annoyance of our troops, Capt. THOMPSON ordered a charge into the brush to dislodge them. In the execution of this order, our amiable friend TOM PURVIS, in a gallant manner, took the lead, and sent a load of buck-shot (TOM says there were ONLY about 'fifteen' buck-shot in the load,) to try the constitution of one of the red-skins, who seemed excitingly interested in his bloody business.—The Indian fell from his horse, and, though probably mortally wounded, managed to crawl into the brush. TOM passed on for another chance, but had not got far, before his Indian acquaintance sent his compliments to him in the shape of a slug of iron, that wounded TOM severely in the thigh, and killed his horse. It was this same Indian who afterwards shot MARTIN TAYLOR, and, in his deadly hostility, and wounded terribly as he was, might have done more mischief, if he had not been despatched, upon the fall of Mr. TAYLOR, by Lt. OLNEY. TOM has recovered from his wound, and is ready for another 'brush' should occasion require.

NOTHING IS LOST.—It is well said that nothing is lost. The drop of water which is spilt, the fragment of paper which is burnt, the plant that rots on the ground—all that perishes and is forgotten, equally seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence daily returned for use.

When a man chooses the rewards of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.