

OREGON FREE PRESS.

FOR THE

VOL. I.)

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

(NO. 34.

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

TERMS OF THE "FREE PRESS."

One copy, per annum, (in advance,) three dollars and fifty cents, cash—for six months, two dollars.

ADVERTISING.—Each square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, two dollars—each subsequent insertion, one dollar. A reasonable deduction made on yearly advertisements.

Currency and produce taken at their cash value.

FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830 AND 1848.—STRIKING PARALLEL.—We find in an English journal the following striking parallel between the revolution of July, 1830, and the present events—the revolution of 1848:

"The most remarkable coincidences are noticed between this and the famous three days' revolution of July, 1830.

"On Sunday, July 25, 1830, the ministers—Charles X. presiding—decided upon the famous and obnoxious laws against the freedom of the press.

"On Sunday, February 19th, 1848, the ministers of Louis Phillippe decided to oppose the reformist banquets.

"On Monday, 26th July, 1830, the ordonnances were published, which stupified all Paris. The press entered their protest.

"On Monday, 21st February, 1848, the liberal party, headed by Barrot protested against the measures to oppose the banquet.

"On Tuesday, July 27th, 1830, the exasperation of the Parisian population was at its height. Crowds assembled, and cries of "Vive la Charte!" "A bas les Ministres!" were heard. At half past 4 P. M.; there was a collision between the people and the troops at the corner of Rues St. Honore and Richelieu, and barriers were raised.

"On Tuesday, February 22d, 1848, crowds collected, and the cry was "Vive la Reforme!" "A bas Guizot!" The struggle again commenced at the corner of Rues St. Honore and Richelieu.

"On Wednesday, July 28th, 1830, the conflict became general throughout the city.

"On Wednesday, February 23d, 1848, the struggle became serious—it was not an EMEUTE, but an insurrection.

"On Thursday, July 25, 1830, the fate of the kingdom was decided. Many of the troops joined the people. At half past one P. M., the Louvre and the Tuilleries were in the hands of the people. Charles X. and his descendants were deposed.

"On Thursday, February 24th, 1848, at 1 o'clock, the Palais Royal was taken and sacked, and at two o'clock the Tuilleries shared the same fate. The troops joined the people. Louis Phillippe, like Charles X., abdicated in favor of his grandson.

"In the midst of the Chamber of Deputies, surrounded by the people, a voice says of the abdication 'It is too late.' These same words were used by Odiot Barrot to Charles X. Here the coincidence ceases. In 1830, the people sought a "constitutional King" as better than Republics—now they will be contented with nothing short of a Republic itself."

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—Elder Knapp, in speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, remarked that we could find no example for these in the scriptures. The prayers our Saviour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters, to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under water!

THE WIND.—With what a spirit-like voice does the wind soar over and haunt this earth—its earliest hymn is low, soft, and holy, like the breathing of an infant in a dream—but its tones awaken soon to louder echoes, and all the spirits of the air rejoice around it with the loud shoutings of an aerial hosannah. Thus it goes on careering from one boundary to the other of the realms of space, rejoicing with a great an exceeding joy in the wild and untiring swiftness of its flight. But it hath also a voice for the storms, wild savage and lonely screaming and shrieking and shattering the wearied air with the terror and wo of its mighty blastings.

AN INDIAN'S JOKE.—In the time of Indian troubles, a friendly Indian visited the house of Gov. Jenks, of Rhode Island, when the Governor took occasion to request him, if any strange Indian should come to his wigwam, to let him know it. This the Indian promised to do, and the Governor told him that when he should give such information, he would give him a mug of flip. Some time after the Indian came again, and on meeting the Governor said—"Mr. Gubernor, strange Indian come to my house last night." "Ah!" says the Governor, "what did he say?" "He ne speak," replied the Indian. "What, not speak at all?" inquired the Governor. "He ne speak at all."—"That looks suspicious," said his excellency, and inquired if he were there still. Being told that he was, the Governor ordered the promised mug of flip. When this was disposed of, and the Indian was about to depart, he mildly said—"Mr. Gubernor, my squaw hab child last night," and the Governor, finding the strange Indian was a new born papoose, was glad to find no cause of alarm.