POSTSCRIPT.

European News.

Highly important.—France again wallowing in blood.—New Ministry.—Treaty between Denmark and the Duchies.—Great Britain and Ireland.

Just as our paper is going to press, we are politely furnished by Hon. George L. Curry, editor of the Free Press, with a copy of the Polynesian of Nov. 14th, and by Arch. McKinley, Esq., with a copy of the New York Herald of May—papers just received by those gentlemen. It would seem as though peace and quiet had been interdicted to France. Before the fruits of her Republic have been tasted by her people, her soil is made red with human blood. We find nothing of interest in relation to Oregon. We take this occasion of tendering our thanks to Messrs. Curry and McKinley, for their kindness in loaning us the above-named papers. From the polite note accompanying the Polynesian, requesting its return on Monday, we conclude that the editor of the Free Press has sufficiently regained his health to undertake to resume the publication of his paper.

The causes which led to the conflict, further than the return of wine-heated troops, does not appear. Also the reason of Lamartine and others being in arrest, is involved in obscurity.

The Polynesian also contains an account of a mutiny on board the English schooner Amelia, and the horrible massacre of her officers by a part of the crew, while on her passage from Mazatlan to China; but time will not permit us to give the particulars of this affair. The mutineers, three in number, were Mexicans.

The following extracts from the Polynesian, give the substance of the late horrid reign of blood in Paris—read—read.

By the arrival of the Amelia, we have received dates from London to the 30th of June, and from Paris to the 29th. From a New Orleans Evening Mercury of July 22d, we glean what follows.

France.

As was expected by many, a reign of terror has succeeded the revolution. The Provisional government has been overturned by a great sacrifice of life, and a new ministry formed on its ruins. Lamartine, Arago, and others, were under arrest. It appears that the people of Paris were being enlisted in the army, and a body of the troops destined for the provinces, were marched out of the city on the 21st of June.—They halted in the suburbs, and having spent most of their money for wine, which was freely sold them, they [illegible] to proceed, but to return into [illegible] night, the 22d of June, [illegible] barricades were raised, and the troops and the National Guards were called out. On Friday, the 23d, the insurgents possessed themselves of all that portion of the right bank of the river Seine, stretching from the Faubourg St. Antoine to the river; whilst on the left bank they occupied all that portion called the Cite, the Faubourg St. Marcel, St. Victor, and the lower quarter of St. Jaques.

On Friday there were partial conflicts, but the insurgents seemed to be occupied more in fortifying their positions than in actually fighting; but whatever success the government troops may have had in various quarters where conflicts took place, as at St. Dennis and St. Martin, it now appears that the enthusiastic courage of the insurgents repulsed them, and even beat them in other parts of the city. M. Lamartine rode with the staff of Cavignac through Paris, to quell the insurrection; but it was evident that nothing but the power of arms would compel the insurgents to yield.

On Saturday, the 24th, the National Assembly declared itself in permanence, and Paris was placed in a state of siege. The executive power was delegated absolutely to Cavaignac, and at half past ten the members of the executive government resigned.

Various proclamations were issued by Cavaignac, to induce the insurgents to lay down their arms, but to no effect.

The whole of Saturday was employed in desperate fighting on both sides, except a lull during a frightful thunder storm. In the afternoon of Friday the conflicts were without intermission. On Saturday, however, the carnage and battle on the south side of the river were horrible.—During the whole of Friday night, and until three o'clock on Saturday, the roar of the artillery and the noise of the muskets were incessant. In this frightful state of things, the Assembly betrayed not a little alarm. Deputations from the Assembly were proposed to go and entreat the combatants to cease their fratricidal strife; but all the successive reports proved that the insurgents were bent on only yielding up the struggle with their lives, and that their valor was only surpassed by their desperate resolution.

On Saturday night at eight o'clock, the capital was in an awful state. Fighting continued with unabated fury. Large masses of troops poured in from all the neighboring departments, but still the insurgents having rendered their position almost impregnable, resisted more or less effectually all the forces which could be brought to bear against them. The red flag—the banner of the *republique democratique et sociale*—was hoisted.

On Sunday morning, at the meeting of the National Assembly, the President announced that the government forces had completely succeeded in suppressing the insurrection on the left bank of the river, after a frightful sacrifice of human life; and that Gen. Cavaignac had given the insurgents on the right bank till 10 o'clock to surrender, when, if they did not lay down their arms, he would storm their entrenchment in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where they were now driven, and put the whole to the sword. The heaviest artillery had been brought to bear upon them, and little doubt could be entertained that the insurrection could be put down. The hope held out of the termination of the insurrection was not, however, realized. The fighting continued the whole of Sunday, with a fearful loss of life, especially to the National Guards.

On Monday the reinforcements Gen. Lamoriciere had received from Caviagnac, enabled him to hem in the insurgents in the eastern part of the city; and although reduced to extremities, they still fought with incredible valor. It was thought on Monday morning, early, that they would surrender; but again the hope thus held out of the termination of the insurrection, was not immediately realized. At half past ten the fighting was resumed, and it was only after a frightful struggle of about two hours more, that the government troops everywhere prevailed, and the front of the insurrection being broken, the insurgents were either shot, or taken prisoners, or fled into the country in the direction of Vincennes.

On Tuesday the insurrection was definitely quelled. The loss of life has been terrific—no fewer than fourteen general officers were put *hors du combat*—a greater loss than in the most splendid engagements of Napoleon. Amongst those who fell, are General Megrier, Dearst and Brea. General Charcolnel and Renault, and others, severely wounded.

Four or five members of the National Assembly are amongst the killed, and as many more wounded. But the most touching death is that of the Archbishop of Paris. The venerable prelate on Sunday volunteered to go to the insurgents as a messenger of peace. Caviagnac said that such a step was full of danger, but this christian pastor persisted. He advanced attended by his two vicars towards the barricades, with an olive branch borne before him, when he was ruthlessly shot in the groin, and fell mortally wounded. The venerable prelate was ordered by the insurgents to the nearest hospital, in St. Antoine, where he received the last sacrament, languished, and has since died.

A military commission has been appointed to try such as were found with arms in their hands, and they will probably be transported to the Marquesas Islands, or some trans-Atlantic French colony. A decree has been proposed with that object. The savage cruelty with which the insurgents waged war, almost exceeds belief. They tortured some of their own prisoners, cut off their hands and feet, and inflicted barbarities worthy of savages. It seemed to be generally believed that if the insurgents had succeeded in following up their most admirably conducted plan of operations, and having advanced their line and possessed themselves of the Hotel de Ville, and followed up their attacks along the two banks of the river, that the whole city would have been given up to pillage. Indeed the words pillage and rape are said to have been inscribed on one of their banners.

The estimates of killed and wounded vary materially. Some accounts give 35,000 as the total on both sides, others 10,000. The number will probably exceed 15,000.

Already several legions of the National Guards have been disarmed by Cavaignac. He has been empowered to form a new Ministry. The following Ministry have been appointed:

General Cavaignac, President,
Bethmont, Justice,
Bastide, Foreign Affairs,
Senard, Home Department,
Lamoriciere, War,
Le Blanc, Marine,
Goudchaux, Finance,
Recurt, Public Works,
Tonnes, Commerce.

General Cavaignac has appointed Changanier Commander-in-Chief of the National guard of Paris, and Gen. Bedeau Governor of Paris.—The National Assembly were to proceed to elect a President in the place of M. Senard, and M. Dufaure has been started as the candidate of the moderates.

One hundred thousand insurgents were on the one side, and 250,000 troops and national guards on the other. All the anarchist journals are suppressed. M. de Lamartine and Arago headed detachments of national guards, and boldly advanced on the barricades.

The Cologne Gazette has a letter from Altona of the 25th inst., stating that the preliminaries to the treaty of peace between Denmark and the Duchies, are already signed. It is asserted that the basis of this peace is the political separation of the Duchies from Denmark, and the acknowledgment of the right of succession of the Agnates. Prince Ferdinand, the King's uncle, is to act as Governor with the present Provisional as his Ministry.

The agitation in Great Britain had almost entirely ceased. Ireland was quiet.

New Caledonia.—The Sydney (N. S. W.) Morning Herald of Feb. 15th, contains a long account of a serious affray between the crew of the English trading brig Avon, Capt. Cooper, and the natives of New Caledonia, in which ten of the crew were severely injured. The bay in which the occurrence took place, lies in 22 deg. 40 min. south lat. 166 deg. 19 min. east long. and is precisely the same spot where three months previous, the Captain and two boats crews of the schooner Vanguard were cut off by the natives.—*Californian Oct. 7th.*

A fop is like a set of new knives and forks; you can't put him to any thing useful without taking away all his polish.

RELIGIOUS.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

Religion in woman.

How often have young men propounded to themselves and others the question, what is the first quality sought for in the choice of a wife, and how diverse have been the answers to this most important interrogatory. The gay and thoughtless will point you to beauty, wealth, accomplishments; others who look beyond the tinsel of the exterior, regard amiability and feeling as the brightest jewels in the female character; others still, who have searched deeper into the springs of human action, and know well the fountains whence flow the purest and most enduring happiness, will give the only true answer to the inquiry, viz: a strong christian faith, sentiments, and practice.

Religion is everywhere lovely, but in woman peculiarly so. It makes her but little lower than the angels. It purifies her heart, elevates her feelings and sentiments, hallows her affections, sheds light on her understanding, and imparts dignity and pathos to her whole character. Nor does its influence end here—

"It beams in the glance of the eye,
It sits on the lip in a smile,
It checks the ungracious reply,
It enraptures, but cannot beguile."

Woman from her very nature, is destined to drink deeper from the cup of sorrow and suffering than the other sex. Her trials are chiefly of the heart, and consequently the hardest to be borne. She is seldom, perhaps, called upon to contend with those formidable evils and temptations which rouse all the energies of our nature to repel their attack, but is beset (from the time she merges into womanhood) by a thousand petty trials and annoyances, which while they seem too insignificant to require much effort to resist, are at the same time the most difficult to overcome. Religion alone can disarm these trials, and enable her to preserve that equanimity and peace of mind so essential to happiness. It is her talisman. To it she flies in the hour of disappointment and sorrow, and from it never fails to derive consolation and support. Yet how few, in their selection of a partner for life, regard this most important qualification. How few think to penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, to see what is there hidden within so fair an exterior. If there the vestal lamp sheds its clear and constant ray. External attractions may lead us captive for a time; feeling may send a thrill of exquisite joy through the heart of the recipient; talent may call forth unbounded admiration; but if religion make no part of the character, the keystone to the arch is wanting, and the fabric will ere long crumble and fall.

It should be remembered that life is not all sunshine. Bright as the world may be before us, we cannot live long without encountering many sorrows, and disappointments, and troubles. They are sent by a kind Providence to sever the cords which binds us too closely to earth; to turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves and upward to heaven. While our bark glides calmly on a summer's sea, with the blue sky above, the bright waters around us, the blandishments of youth beauty, accomplishments, may satisfy the heart; but let us be overtaken by the storm and the tempest, and where is the support they yield? Let darkness enter your dwelling, and the pleasure you derived from them is forgotten, and you look in vain to the same source for relief. Let death invade your social circle, and lay his ruthless hand on your first-born, shrouding all around you in darkness and gloom, and where do you look for a ray of hope? It is under circumstances like these, that religion transforms a wife into a ministering angel. She will bind up your bleeding heart, lead you to the fountain of living waters, and change gloom and despondency into light and cheerfulness. As the sun in setting, lights up every hill top, and tree, and cottage, so religion gilds with its heavenly beams every feeling, enjoyment, and occupation.

Most persons, on entering a married state (particularly in youth) fancy it a condition of unmingled joy and pleasure—that they are within a charmed circle, the bounds of which no sorrow or trouble can pass. They forget the new and immense responsibilities that are incurred, and the trials which must necessarily accompany them. Not that these should deter any one from taking this important step, for it is the high road to improvement and happiness. What are the boasted pleasures of intellect compared with those of affection? The latter are as truly heaven-born and immortal as the former; they are the earliest developed in our nature, and the last touched by the finger of decay. Woman! thy empire is the heart, and he who would know the capacity of the human soul for happiness must yield himself to thy sway.

Christian Home.

"O! great, unspeakable, is the blessedness of a godly home! here is the cradle of the Christian: hence he sallies forth for the encounter with the world, armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full of hope of victory under his Heavenly Leader. Hither he ever afterwards turns a dutiful and an affectionate look, regarding it as the type and pledge of another home: hither, too, when sore and wounded in that conflict, he resorts to repair his drooping vigor: here, when abandoned by the selfish sons of this world, he finds as in a sanctuary, the children of God ready with open arms to receive him; and here the returning prodigal, folded in the embrace of those who know not, dream not, of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels all at once his heart burn with shame and repentance. Merciful God, what a city of refuge hast thou ordained in the Christian home!"—*Rectory of Valehead.*

Eloquent Extract.

"Generation after generation," says an eloquent writer, "have felt as we feel, and their feelings were as active as our own.—They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stifled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left in darkness. And it may be for a short time that we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names."

Commit thy ways to God.

Reflection will teach a man that he should trust himself to some Superior Being; and reason unites with revelation to tell us to commit our ways to the Lord. Human life is such a journey, that man needs a guide and provider. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

Men are entirely ignorant of the future; hence, since we know not what our circumstances will be, ourselves cannot form the plans which shall be best to be adopted.—Every man may say in verity, thus far in life hath the Lord helped me. Our own present condition, and that of others, utterly and entirely a way that was unknown to ourselves. The great and blessed God has been our conductor, though unseen, and it may be unacknowledged. Ought we not then to acknowledge him and commit our ways to him.

Time is an ocean, and each person's life a voyage. Its tossings and heaving, its tempests and innumerable perils, should plainly tell to each voyager that himself cannot steer his frail and tempest-tossed bark. He needs a pilot, if he would not dash amid rocks and quicksands. If he would make the port of safety, he needs a helmsman other than himself. Let him commit his ways to God.

The world is a wilderness, a dark and thorny desert. Shall the traveller attempt to thread its wilds alone? Let him remember, it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. He has not been the way before, and does he not need a guide? Fellow traveller, the only proper guide is God; to him let us commit our ways. 'Tis rational, and wise, and safe.

Voyager, traveller, by prayer commit your ways to God. Venture not alone upon such an ocean, through such a wilderness. Thou canst not guide thine own, thou canst not direct thy steps; every morning and evening ask wisdom of God. Tempt not the journey, the voyage alone—pray.

The Voice of Nature.

The visible works of God speak to us with a commanding eloquence. The sun, that fountain of life and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from its beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament; the air giving breath to all things that live and move; the interchanges of light and darkness, the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitudes of the seasons; the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them; the bow bent by the hands of the Most High—which compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle; the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightning; the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals; the great and wide sea, with its innumerable inhabitants; all these instruct us in the mysteries of faith and the duties of morality.

Effects of the Rum Traffic.

AN APPEAL FROM THE GALLOWS.

We give, below, the last dying words of Andrew P. Porter the murderer of Lucius P. Osborn, who was executed at New Haven, Ct., on Monday the 20th inst. was a striking instance of vicious habits, crime and ruin, produced by the horrid effects of drinking, communing with the "convivial glass," and ending on the gallows. After receiving the consolations of religion, he walked with great firmness to the scaffold and on taking his last farewell of his friends and relations, was permitted to address for a few minutes the attendants standing on the frail platform which separated him from eternity. It is literally a voice from the *borders* of the eternal world and speaks in sounds of solemn warning to every youth in the land.

Fellow men:—The trying circumstance for which you are assembled is one of the deepest solemnity. You are assembled to witness a very solemn scene. You are all familiar with the circumstance which brought me to this end. You all know that the first step in my downward career was when I visited that wretched place beside the rail-road. When I commenced visiting these places, it was very hard for me to stop. I could not get away from them. I felt it my duty to warn the young men against these places before I left this world. There are so many temptations to the young in this city, and they are in very great danger. At every corner there is a place to lead the young astray. It is strange that the affliction which has been brought upon me has not had a tendency to annihilate these places. There has been some effort, it is true, to stop them. There has been two prosecutions. One of the persons was sentenced to jail here for six months.—The other one he was tried, and what did they do with him? They sent him home to continue that business; all they did was to make him pay a fine of fifty dollars. Is this all the value of a young man? 'Tis strange—(a pause) 'tis astonishing, that such places should be continued. I have but a few minutes more to warn the young. If I had not been in that house, I should not be here now, but should have been in my father's house in yonder mountain. Oh think of that father—that poor father; (here he showed considerable emotion;) he is very much distressed by my affliction, and when he visited me a few days ago, he was not in his right mind; he pronounced woe upon the city. I fear he will go down to his grave in sorrow. (A pause—officers facing him.) It is my last request that you will annihilate these places. Is there not holy men enough in the city to do it. Shall these places be kept up within the sound of the gospel? The young men are exposed to ruin from them. Their desires and passions are so strong that temptations lead them easily away. (A pause.) [illegible] I appeal once more to the young. You know how I was brought up. I had the best of instruction from my [illegible] has all come to this. Now I [illegible] a word about my Savior. My [illegible] friends, I would not [illegible] pause)—no I would not. I hope you [illegible] one and all make your peace with God ere it be too late. This putting off your duty will make you more and more hardened. And now in a few moments I [illegible] meet my God. The blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient for my sins, and for yours. I entreat you one and all to attend to this important subject.

The houses to which he alludes are devoted to drinking, dancing and gambling. When the cap was drawn over his face, he said, in a clear voice, "*Dear Savior, into thy hands I commit my spirit.*" The drop fell, and he hung a lifeless corpse, his spirit gone to meet its victim at the bar of God. The Law had been executed and life for life had been exacted. But, would to God the evil were also stayed; but alas, the fatal cause still remains. We learn from the Sun, "that the active agents in these two deaths, still ply their horrid occupations in New Haven and elsewhere. They live by permission of the same judicial system which hanged their votary. Society keeps up the temptation to crime and at the same time punishes those who are led into it. When will men know the meaning of that prayer, "Lead us not into temptation?"—*New York Farmer and Mechanic.*

PROCLAMATION.

BY GEORGE ABERNETHY,

GOVERNOR OF OREGON TERRITORY.

WHEREAS the Legislature of Oregon Territory failed to meet at the time pointed out by the Organic Law, viz. the first Tuesday in December, in consequence of there not being members enough present to form a quorum, and believing it necessary for the welfare of the community that the Legislature should assemble as early as possible.

I therefore, in accordance with the last clause of the seventh section of the Organic Law, order and direct, that the Legislature of Oregon Territory convene on Monday, the [illegible] day of February next, to transact the business that should have been attended to at the regular session of the Legislature.

In witness whereof I have signed my name, and affixed the Seal of the Territory at Oregon City, this [illegible] day of Dec. 1848.

L.S. GEO. ABERNETHY.

Signed by the Governor,
S. M. Holderness, Sec. Or. Ter.

Hides! Hides! Hides!

THE subscribers being engaged in the business of TANNING, one mile back of Portland, are desirous of obtaining hides, and will give [illegible] each for good beef-hides, payable in leather, at the lowest cash prices, or in merchant's orders. We will also pay corresponding prices for calf and deer skins.

APPERSON & BALLANCE.

December 11th, 1848. 21—6m*

THE STEAMERS ARE COMING.

COALS. COALS. COALS.

NOTICE is hereby given to persons acquainted with coal localities, that by procuring samples of the same, and leaving them with Captain Couch, at Portland, or Geo. Abernethy, at Oregon City, they will be forwarded to the [illegible] at New York, for the purpose of being tested. The Steamers will require from five to six thousand tons, annually.

WM. C. STOUT.

12—4t.

LAW NOTICE.

S. B. THURSTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND SOLLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office on Main Street, opposite Moss's.

N.B. The old firm of T'Vault and Thurston is dissolved.

Nov. 1st, 1848.

AARON E. WAIT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Oregon City, Oct. 18th, 1848

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all persons owning or claiming Cattle, or other Property, as belonging to them, now held in charge by the Commissary General as Government Property, are hereby requested to prove Property, pay charges, and take it away, on or before the First Day of January next, or they will be sold as Government Property.

Also, all persons having property belonging to the Government, are requested to deliver the same immediately to A. J. Hembree, of Yam Hill. All the Horses and Cattle above referred to, may be found at the Residence of the said Hembree.

LOT WHITCOMB,
Acting Commissary.

Oregon City, Oct. 11th, 1848.

GOODS.

FOR Sale, at the BRICK STORE, Oregon City,—

Bleached Cotton.
Unbleached "
[illegible] Duck.
Cotton [illegible]
" Handkerchiefs.
Elastic Suspenders.
Ladies Cotton Hose.
Hooks and Eyes.
Ladies Bonnets.
Men's Hats.
Tumblers, ass. sizes.
Green and Black Tea.
Coffee.
Sugar.
10 x 12 Glass.
[illegible]
Door Latches.
Nails.
Brads.
Double, Single, and cut Plane Bits.
Hooks and Hinges.
Strap Hinges.
Trace Chains.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sole & Harness Leather.
Glue.
Spelling Books.

October 12, 1848. 17—4t.

[illegible]

Ready made Clothing [illegible]

[illegible]

TO LET—[illegible]

[illegible]

GEO. A[illegible]

Or to A. [illegible]

Oregon City, March 8th, [illegible]

Commissary [illegible]

ALL persons [illegible]

[illegible]

Oregon City, June 9th, [illegible]

A LARGE quantity of [illegible]

Salem, September 7, [illegible]

FOR SALE [illegible]

Sept. 9th, 1848.

50 [illegible]