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OF THE MESSINGER... THE MESSINGER... THE MESSINGER...

The Oregon Territory

Its Extent—Its Soil—Its Production—The American Title and the British Claim

At this time, when the Oregon territory is justly exciting so much of the attention of the people, it seems not unwise to draw a brief sketch of the situation, climate, and other advantages of that region of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains now claimed by Great Britain.

First then, as to its extent—always assuming that we are speaking of the country between the 42d and 54th parallel of north latitude, on the east, it skirts 895 miles along the Rocky Mountains, on the south 400 along the Snowy Mountains, on the west 700 miles along the Pacific ocean, on the north 250 miles along the N. American possessions of Russia and England.

Some of the islands on the coast are very large, sufficient to form a state by themselves. There are situated north of the parallel of 48, Van Couver's Island, 250 miles in length, and 50 in breadth, contains 12,000 square miles, an area larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut. Queen Charlotte's or rather Washington Island, 130 miles in length and 30 in breadth, contains 4000 square miles. On both these immense islands, though they lie between the high parallels of 48 and 54 degrees, the soil is said to be well adapted to agriculture. The straits and circumjacent waters abound in fish of the finest quality. Coal of good quality, and other veins of minerals have been found.

The region between the parallels of 42 and 49 degrees, is undeniably a splendid and desirable country. It possesses that variety of soil and climate and productions so necessary to form a desirable whole—consisting of prairie and woodland, in rich profusion, and variety. The forest trees are gigantic—from 15 to 50 feet in circumference, and from 100 to over 300 feet in height! This may seem incredible, but these facts are vouched by every traveller from the time of Lewis and Clark to the present day. The trees are principally pines, cedars, and firs. To farmers in the Atlantic States, this may seem a strange growth of timber for a fertile soil. Mr. Farnham, who spent some months there, and who describes with great power, but perhaps with some exaggeration, remarks for the country north and between the Columbia river and the straits of Juan de Fuca, that "The forests are so heavy and so matted with branches, as to require the arm of a Hercules to clear a farm of 100 acres in an ordinary lifetime; and the mass of timber is so great that an attempt to subdue it by girding would result in the production of another forest before the ground could be disencumbered of what was thus killed. The small prairies among the woods are covered with wild grasses, and are useful as pastures. The soil of these, like that of the timbered portions, is vegetable mould, 8 or 10 inches in thickness, resting on a stratum of hard blue clay and gravel."

The Columbia takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, as high as the 54th parallel—and in its various windings traverses a distance of 1500 miles. It enters the Pacific Ocean at the latitude of 46 degrees. Frazer's river, 350 miles in length, enters the strait of Juan de Fuca at the 50th parallel. One hundred and fifty miles south of the Columbia, the Umpqua river enters the Pacific. This stream is about 100 miles in length—at its mouth, three-fourths of a mile wide, with 15 feet water on the bar—the tide sets up for thirty miles—above that, it is unnavigable on account of falls and rapids. Forty miles south of the Umpqua, the Zalmet river in latitude 43, 40, enters the Pacific. In length it is 150. Mr. Farnham remarks, as something peculiar, "The pine and cedar disappear on this stream, and instead of them are found a myriad of small trees, which when shaken by the least breeze, diffuse a delicious fragrance throughout the groves."

In the south of the Columbia there is more States which in the cultural section in Oregon. How far this grand cedar, on the uplands are to the Judiciary. In some size as they are on the Columbia river. The tallest and far from the Atlantic States seem more as made its appearance.

...the Columbia river, and with an equal right to navigate that river. It is said she has offered to make that river the boundary between the two governments. This claim, if adopted by the United States, would take the full one half of the Oregon—perhaps more. To this, our country will never assent. During the discussion in the papers and in Congress, suitable to the 42d parallel was considered and abandoned.

The American title rests upon the strong and acknowledged right of discovery. Capt. Gray, of Boston, in the year 1792, in the ship Columbia, entered for the first time the great river of Oregon, which he named after his ship—the Columbia—and to this day it bears that and no other name. This is of some moment, as there is a law of nations which reads thus: "The nation which discovers and enters the whole country watered by it." In virtue of this discovery, the Columbia valley belongs to the United States, as against England. As if to perfect our title, it is not denied that the Lewis and Clark and Wallamette rivers, its tributaries which spread through all Oregon, were first explored by the Americans by the expedition sent out by the American Congress at the suggestion of Jefferson, under Captains Lewis and Clark.

There was a minute and a fulness in their discoveries which gave the highest authenticity to a title founded upon prior discovery. Oregon it ours also by purchase (in 1819) from Spain, undeniably the first discoverer and occupant of the coast even as far north as the 54th parallel. In 1819, Spain, for a consideration of \$5,000,000, ceded the United States Florida, and also all her right, title, and claim to all territory on the Pacific coast north of the 42d parallel of latitude.

The only circumstance calculated to weaken the perfectness of the United States title is the well known Nootka Sound contest (in 1790) which terminated in a convention between England and Spain in the year 1790, some twenty years before our purchase from Spain, and with which condition our title is undoubtedly elapsed. The terms of this convention have been the source of infinite dispute. After an examination of the terms of the treaty—the debates in the English parliament, when the treaty was laid before that body—the contemporaneous action in relation to the surrender of the English possessions of Nootka Sound, which had been seized by Spain—which surrender, by the way, an English historian, Belsham, insists was never made—the whole convention seems to be resolved into a joint occupancy on the part of Englishmen and Spaniards, for commercial purposes. Such a one now exists and has existed for twenty-seven years between Great Britain and the United States in relation to the very same territory. Yet we doubt whether any American considers that we yielded in the least our ultimate title to the Oregon, by that joint occupancy. Applying the same principle to the convention between England and Spain, and the conviction will arise that the title was left in obedience to be determined by subsequent agreement. The following is a clear summary of the American title:

1. Discovery of the mouth of Columbia river by Capt. Gray, of Boston, giving the name of his vessel to the river. 2. Discovery of the head of same river by Lewis and Clark, under the authority of the United States. 3. The settlement of Astoria under the auspices of Mr. Astor, an American naturalized citizen. 4. The treaty of 1803, with the French republic. 5. The treaty of Spain of 1819, acquiring all rights of Spain to land north of 42 degrees beyond the Rocky Mountains. 6. The Nootka Sound contest (1793) between England and Spain. 7. The treaty of Utrecht (1763) between France and England, settling boundaries—this settlement becoming ours, as the successor of France in that part of her dominions. 8. The treaty of Ghent (1815) restoring Astoria to the United States as American property. 9. American citizens were once in sole possession of the Columbia river region.

Even should the Nootka Sound convention be considered a cession of title and sovereignty to England on the part of Spain, it only applies to the places named therein, and those are situated north of the 49th parallel of latitude. It is well remarked, "Not an inch of soil in the valley of the Columbia and its tributaries was included in the provisions of the convention of 1790." South of Nootka Sound all parties in this country concur that our title is "clear and unquestionable." And there is not the remotest probability that our people will ever consent to surrender an acre.

Though this question is evidently surrounded with complicated difficulties and embarrassments, growing out, in no small degree, out of the joint occupancy, we have the hope that it will be settled peaceably, honorably, and satisfactorily, under the auspices of our President and his able Secretary of State.

The title has been and of the Miami Coast to make certain. It will be let us again in about three weeks when the Cape River and Lake Erie will be made.

Great Britain claims without reservation,

John Ronge was born in 1816, at Barchin, Prussia. Being the son of an income taxman, he spent his childhood in the fields, keeping, like David, his father's sheep. "During those long hours of solitude," he tells us himself, "in this simple pastoral life, learning the catechism and the Bible history books my father, my thoughts frequently dwelt on religious subjects, and the life to come, in my present destination; and these reflections often led me, previous to my use of deep melancholy." After receiving the first elements of education at his village school, and passing through the classes of the gymnasium at Newin, young Ronge repaired to the University, where he applied himself to the study of theology.

In 1830, he entered the Seminary, and it was there, as he informs us, that his eyes were opened to perceive the moral and religious condition of the clergy. He describes the time which he spent in that institution, as a kind of hell, in which, from day to day, he felt, together with his moral liberty, his powers, both of the understanding and the heart, and even his physical strength decay. "The confidence which I had in the spiritual guides of the people, was rooted from my soul," says he, "from the time that I obtained a close view of their conduct. I was filled with horror on observing how they abused religion for the sake of enslaving the people. I myself then felt the chains of a servitude I had never known, and I soon perceived the moral sufferings of my companions in misery—sufferings the more galling, because they thrust them out to themselves, and were for the policy of the Roman hierarchy knows how to entwine its shackles round reflection itself, and its art is to make them weigh chiefly on the inferior clergy. The real object of these fetters is the seminary; it is there, that they stamp on the young man the seal of bondage. From the first days of my entrance into the seminary, I could read in the countenances of my fellow-students, according to the differences of their disposition, consternation, anguish, or the resignation of despair. The first evening, five pupils, who lay in the same room with me, did not give utterance to a single word; shut up in himself, each sought repose in silence. Early young men in the flower of youth, guided through the dim obscurity like mummies, and although they spoke not, we sought in the countenances of one another, what was passing in the heart. The most subjugated endeavored to rise to that kind of heroism, which in one day sacrifices its youth and its liberty; and under this oppression, the heart of the young man of twenty-four, so confident and affectionate was smothered."

Ronge terminates this gloomy description by a pathetic appeal to fathers and mothers, beseeching them not to send their sons to these tombs of moral liberty. He would himself, have shaken off the yoke, even before the end of the year which he believed to spend at the seminary, if he had not been sustained by the hope, that, having once entered on the discharge of his functions, he would conform to his convictions, and his innate propensities to freedom. Having become chaplain in the small city of Orléans, he set courageously to work, acquired the confidence of his parish, and found his enjoyment in the instruction of a free and happy youth. But sometimes sent to a journal, in a moment of just indignation, blighted, as far as his prospects in the church were concerned, the fruits of ten or fifteen years' study.

The Roman Catholics have made a great clamor about the dismissal of Ronge from his charge, in order to enable the terrible blow which he lately gave to Romanism in his letter to the bishop of Treves. The occasion of his deprivation was this: This diocesan chapter of Breslau had elected to the bishoprick of that city an old man of eighty years, respected and beloved on account of his moderation, and the mildness of his disposition. But it was precisely on this ground, that for two years they waited in vain for the act of his confirmation from Rome. What the whole diocese thought, and spoke in whispers, Ronge had the boldness to speak aloud. He asked the public, in a letter signed A. Chaplain, what could be the reasons of the court of Rome for depriving a decrease of its superior pastor for two entire years—why they inflicted on a venerable old man that disgrace—and "whether they expected the return of the times in which it was necessary to send to Rome a mole loaded with gold for the erection of a bishop." Indiretly Ronge was deprived, without hearing or trial, notwithstanding a protest signed by fifty members of his parish at the head of which were the names of all the magistrates of the city. Ronge took farewell of his parish with sorrow, and from that time only, he enjoyed the privileges of a freeman, gaining an honest living as a preacher in the family of a magistrate.

After this letter to the bishop of Treves, Ronge was degraded and excommunicated by a decision of the chapter of Breslau! It is a circumstance most honorable to him, exclusively of the ardently affectionate testimony which his whole parish tender to his zeal and

irreproachable conduct, that his superiors have been unable to allege any grounds for the extreme rigour of their proceedings against him, except his too honest, for nothing else have they been able to allege. I am wrong;—the degree of deprivation is another offence, namely, that Ronge was his constant assistant and his best coadjutor. (Continued.)

Ronge has just published an energetic appeal to the inferior clergy. He calls on his former colleagues to have the terrible, the diabolical bonds by which they were connected with Rome. "They have taken from you," says he, "liberty of reason, by enslaving your faith; liberty of will by binding you to blind obedience; and liberty of heart, by prohibiting you from marriage. A cruel extinguishing superstition, break your chains; consent for the welfare of your fellow citizens, and the people will be delivered, and yourselves set free."

After speaking thus, Ronge relates the objections originating in fear. "We shall lose place, our substance—Gains your living liberally, without hypocrisy, become the fasteners of the people. We shall have to separate from the people. What business have you with that foreigner, that Lutheran priest, whose yoke lies heavy on our country? Become German priests, true ministers of religion. But the power of Rome, on the advance, she will not fall. Empty show! It is necessary that the nation should know it—these conversions about which so much racket is made, are for the most part purchased by the Jesuits; they are paid for by the money which they themselves have extorted from the people by the sale of chaplets, indulgences, and prayers."

The author concludes with a demand for a German Catholic, Christian worship, conforming to the gospel, celebrated in the mother tongue of the people, and freed from the inopportune yoke of arid ritualistic constraint.

From Alexander's Messenger. The Black Population. A portion of the British press harps upon the numerical strength of our black population, as a reason why we should be careful how we engage in war with the British. It is more than intimating at the same time, that they would be equal to an English army already in our midst. O'Connell, in his usual strain of sander towards our country, has taken up the cry of the London Times, and read us the following admonition. "To America I say, don't dare attack England; they are reconciling Ireland; and you have three millions two hundred thousand slaves among your inhabitants." Skipping over the error of number thus exemplified, it may be profitable to weigh the import of this sentence. We are warned against attacking England if she should succeed in reconciling Ireland—and such a condition we know to be recommended by the British Premier, and actually in course of accomplishment. Why the admonition: Is it meant that if England can be induced to yield a point to her dependency the venom of Ireland will be turned against the United States—and that the same sympathies which have been excited on this side of the Atlantic for Ireland against England, will then be directed by the interests of England against the United States? Is it meant that the whole body of Irish Repealers here, will have their eyes fixed on the back of O'Connell, may be transferred by him, with the Repealers in Ireland, into the interests of England—as a part of the consideration of a compact of conciliation to Ireland, and that from thenceforth they will be a foe in our midst? Let the reader ponder over the language of the burlesque Repealer, and draw his own conclusions.

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Another cause of admonition is, that we have a black population among us, and the institution of negro slavery. The language of this portion of the sentence, though equivocal like the other, conveys a meaning which no one need misunderstand. It is identical with a late threat of the London Times—an official organ, that the standard of rebellion shall be raised among the black race of the South, in case of a war with England. The black army which recently set out from Jamaica, furnished by the British government to overturn the liberties of the Haytian Republic, will be cast upon our shores, to carry with them rebellion and the torch! This is precisely the import of the language used—the return which is made to us for all the sympathies that have been showered forth in America, in the cause of Irish liberty and repeal!

The plan of the British, in case of hostilities between us and them, is evidently to foment all our family animosities—to produce dissension if possible, and thus lead certain portions of our promiscuous population into the fully of aiding them against the people who have opened their arms to all the nations of the earth, with a liberality before unparalleled.

Let the issue be what it may, however—let the mandates of O'Connell come as thick as hail—and the emissaries of insurrection attempt their schemes as boldly or as insiduously as they please, there is no fear for the result. There is yet patriotism enough, and muscle enough that still clings to all that the revolution, and the last war with England

achieved, to put to rout her open and concealed enemies. And it will be found, if such a rash attempt be ever made, that those who have relied upon dividing the country against itself, have calculated without their host, and made a great mistake. It is well, however, to note these incidents as they pass.

Locofoco Constitutionalists.—The constitutional lawyers among the Locofoco are a most strange set of fellows. They assert that it is strictly unconstitutional to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, with half as much order as they declare it is strictly constitutional to give the lands themselves to the States in which they lie.—It is constitutional to give all the lands to a portion of the States, but unconstitutional to distribute the proceeds of the sales of these lands among all the States! It is according to law to deny to the States by whose blood and treasure these lands were won, any of the money which is derived from sales, while it is delightfully legal to take all the lands and give them to States which were not in existence when the title to them was acquired!—What a wonderfully sagacious set of fellows these Locofoco constitutional lawyers are!

Twelve years ago, when General Jackson recommended a distribution of the land fund among the several States, we heard nothing of the unconstitutionality of the proposition from those who now see that to carry it into effect the Constitution would be dreadfully tampered. Circumstances do not only alter place, but they also have a miraculous influence over the opinions and perceptions of some men who have the hardihood to boast of their consistency. These individuals think a recommendation emanating from Jackson very right, legal, and patriotic, while a similar course proposed by Mr. Clay is altogether wrong, full of bribery, and utterly unconstitutional.

When these Locofoco sticklers for the constitution, as they understand it, die, will not all the wisdom of this world die with them?—Lou Jour.

A striking illustration of Democracy.—A noted pugilist in New York, named Bill Ford, who was pardoned from the Penitentiary by Gov. Buick, in order that the Democratic party might have the advantage of his services during the recent political campaign, and afterwards rewarded for his achievements as a member of the Empire Club, by a place in the Custom House, was arrested last week for riotous conduct in that city, while in a state of intoxication. He commenced his operations by knocking down some sailors who were humorously parading their way. After great difficulties, he was arrested and taken to the Tombs, but immediately bailed out by some friend of a kindred stripe. Ford is too valuable a man at election to be punished for these little ebullitions of animal vivacity. —Columbia Chron.

Bargain and Intercourse.—Mr. Colton, the Editor of the Whig Review, has passed the winter with Mr. Clay, collecting material for a history of Mr. Clay's life. Mr. Clay has given him up all his papers in connection with the "bargain and intercourse" tale. Some of these, when published, will show the authors, Gen. Jackson, Mr. Buchanan and John H. Eaton, in a very unenviable attitude before the public. It will clearly appear that the bargaining, or rather the proffer to bargain, came from the side of Gen. Jackson & Co.—Observer.

Curious Funeral Service.—The following curious funeral services were preached in Washington county, Md. It is said by the Hagerstown News to be no hoax: "Friends and neighbors! You have congregated to see this lump of mortality put into a hole in the ground. You all knew the deceased—a worthless, drunken, good for nothing vagabond. He lived in disgrace and infamy, and in wretchedness. You all despised him—you all know his brother John, who lives on the hill. He's not a bit better, though he has scraped together a little property by cheating his neighbors. His end will be like that of this lousy creature, whom you will please put in the hole as soon as possible. I won't ask you to drop a tear; but brother Bohow will please raise a hymn while we fill up the grave."

Several of the Locofoco editors are casting imputations upon their brother McNulty for stealing the public funds. They are evidently in a rage because he has got a little the start of them. They don't think it fair play at all. They want an equal chance. They would like to have their whole party await the military order of the chief disciplinarian: "Prepare to steal! Steal! Absquatulate!" —Lou Jour.

The Wine Glass. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine! They that go to seek mixed wine! Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, When it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The madisonian hopes that the... will decline the honorary membership... ed him by the Historical Society of... which the editor terms... There's no manner of doubt that Mr. Polk is decidedly opposed to all historical societies. He regards them as a personal insult to himself. He thinks a glorious outrage upon his family and upon historical... voluntary