

# Oregon Spectator.

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**MILITARY LIFE IN AMERICA—SUBORDINATION OF THE MILITIA TO THE LAWS.**—The people of foreign countries have hitherto entertained a very erroneous idea of the efficiency and discipline of our military strength and the morale of our militia and volunteers. Accustomed to standing armies, and the continual exhibition of their tyrannical and rigorous military codes, they have no idea that men accustomed to liberty, in the broadest sense of the term—to act and speak as they please of their government and institutions—men who are democrats, born and nurtured under democracy—can ever be qualified to make good soldiers—or submit to the rules and regulations of war—stringent and arbitrary as they must necessarily always be, in order to secure the punctual and prompt obedience of subalterns to their superiors.

Thus we hear them speak of raw militia, undisciplined mobs, and all that sort of thing, when they allude to our military strength.

Never were people more woefully deceived. They forget that there is no analogy between a republic and a monarchy—they forget that a standing army of the magnitude of those in the employ of monarchical governments is entirely inconsistent with the genius of our people and institutions, and that the latter could not exist in the atmosphere of a regular standing army, for any considerable length of time, but would soon sink under the gradual but certain encroachments that the military, as history proves, would make on the civil institutions of the country. The intelligence of Americans, and the example of other countries, teach them this; and while they are ready to rush to their country's flag at the first sound of the drum, forsaking their pursuits and callings for the purpose—they watch with a jealous eye any measure that has the remotest tendency to create a standing army.

They have always proved themselves to be adequate to any emergency, either to suppress domestic insurrection or defeat a foreign foe.

Our citizens are aware that when they doff their civic dress, and assume the habiliments of war in defence of their firesides and the flag of their country, they have to submit to restraints which the circumstances that call them forth impose upon them, and which their own judgment convinces them is necessary to success. Although our military code is not as severe as that of other countries, it answers the purpose for which it is framed, and those who incur its penalties are sure to suffer for it. The result of this is, that as a whole our volunteers and militia make as good soldiers, and are as well disciplined, and far less disposed to be mutinous than the regular paid soldiers of monarchical countries. Examples sometimes have to be made, and severe punishment inflicted on those who are incorrigible, but the rest know that it is necessary for the well being of the obedient and the preservation of order and discipline.

Recent circumstances have brought out these noble characteristics of our people in bold relief.

A short time since, a Southern volunteer shot a companion in arms in a quarrel.—The offender was tried by court martial, found guilty, sentenced, and shot. An European would hardly believe that the punishment could be carried out in this case, and the way it was, without creating a wide spread dissatisfaction, and perhaps a general mutiny of the whole company to which the offender belonged. But nothing of the kind happened. Not a murmur of discontent occurred, and the file of soldiers selected to perform the unpleasant task of shooting their companion did it under the conviction that it was necessary for the well being of the service. Another instance happened in Philadelphia a few months since, when the militia of that city were on parade on some gala day. A heavy shower of rain arose, which threatened to spoil the nice uniform of one of the companies. The captain directed them to retire, but the moment the colonel of the regiment perceived it, he ordered them back. They declined to obey the order, when the colonel ordered another company to oppose their leaving the ground—drew a line on the ground with his sword, and gave them five minutes to retire behind it, or he would direct the other company to fire on them. They reflected for a moment, and their good intelligence told them they must obey their superior officer, and they did as

directed; and peace and harmony were immediately restored.

This respect to regularly constituted authority on the part of our people, is conspicuous in civil as well as military life. We need no soldiers to guard our banks or courts of justice. The former require no special security at all, and an imbecile old man with nothing but a staff is sufficient for the latter. A rescue is seldom thought of, and never attempted at the execution of a man who has forfeited his life to the laws of the country. The awful judgment is inflicted, without calling in the aid of the military, by the sheriff and his deputies.

We might pursue the subject in all its ramifications, and prove that as long as the intelligence of the people is prevalent and general as it is, our institutions are safe, and our military strength greater in this, than in any European country.—N. Y. Herald.

**WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO BOSTON.**—The following from Sullivan's Lectures on public characters, gives some idea of olden times. The starch of the celebrated men of '76 would be suddenly shaken out of them, if they lived in these jostling days.

In 1789, President Washington visited the Eastern States. He travelled in a post chaise with four horses; he was accompanied by Major Jackson, Official Secretary, and by Tobias Lear, his private Secretary; and attended by his famous man Billy, who makes a conspicuous figure in the forged letters which Washington repudiated, by a solemn denial, filed in the office of the Secretary of State on his retirement from public life. From some mismanagement at the time, between Boston and Roxbury, Washington was detained there nearly two hours; and exposed to a raw northeast wind; by which exposure he was visited with a severe cold; many other persons were exposed and affected in the same manner, and the affection became so general as to be called the Washington influenza.

He came in on horseback, dressed in his old continental uniform, with his hat off.—He did not bow to the spectators as he passed, but sat on his horse with a calm, dignified air. He dismounted at the Old State House, now City Hall, and came out on a temporary balcony at the west end; a long procession passed before him, whose salutations he occasionally returned. A triumphant arch was erected across the street at that place, and a choir of singers were stationed there. When Washington came within hearing, he was saluted by the clear, powerful voice of Daniel Rea, who began the ode for the occasion.

Hancock with some feeling of state rights, had taken the position that, as the representative of sovereignty in his own dominion, he was to be visited first, even by the President, who, on Hancock's own ground, is the representative of sovereignty of all the States, wheresoever he may be within their limits. The President was made to understand that Hancock expected the first visit. This was not deemed proper by the President.

A negotiation ensued, and there was some written communications. It ended in a refusal on the part of the President to see Hancock, unless at his own place of abode, which was at the corner of Court and Tremont streets. The delay was afterwards imputed to Hancock's personal debility.—On the third or fourth day, Hancock went in his coach enveloped in a red baize, to Washington's lodgings, and was borne in the arms of servants into the house. The President remained here about a week and partook of a public dinner, dined with the Governor and attended an oratorio in King's Chapel, on which occasion he was dressed in black. On his departure for Portsmouth he showed his regard for punctuality. He gave notice that he should depart at three o'clock in the morning. He left the door at

the moment. The escort not being ready he went without them; they followed and overtook him on the way.

**BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—At the recent meeting, in New Orleans for the relief of the Irish sufferers, the Hon. S. S. Prentiss made a speech, from which we take the following beautiful extract:

"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous men have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past."

**LOUIS PHILLIP'S REMINISCENCES OF NASHVILLE.**—At a presentation of gentlemen, at the court of France, about fifty Americans were present, among whom was a young gentleman from this state. On the latter's being presented to the King our Charge d'Affairs mentioned that he was from Tennessee. "What part of Tennessee?" enquired the King. On being informed, he remarked that that was near General Jackson's residence. He then proceeded to make enquiries as to the present condition of the road between Knoxville and Nashville, and spoke of the Cedar Groves in this neighborhood. He said when he was in Nashville, "the Grand Jury was in session, and the Hotel being much crowded, the guests were obliged to sleep three in a bed"—this, he added, was called *bundling*. "Is such the custom now?" he jocosely asked. "Not at all," was the reply of the young gentleman he was addressing. "We have become more refined—now we only sleep two in a bed"—at which the old King laughed heartily.—Nashville Politician.

**EFFORTS OF MISSIONARIES.**—The Roman Catholics have been in China for two centuries. They have, at present, 8 bishops, 57 foreign and 104 native priests, and 300,000 adherents.

The Protestant mission really commenced in 1840. All that was done previous to that time, being merely preparatory. They have translated the whole Bible into Chinese and also several books and tracts. Five or six thousand Chinese now hear, every Sabbath, preaching in their own language.—They are eager for the truth, and men and means are wanted to disseminate the Bible and teach its truths.

**THE FRIGATE MACEDONIAN.**—The preparation of this vessel to start on a mission of mercy to Ireland, is thus alluded to in a New York Paper:

The Macedonian will be at the dock in about a week, to commence taking in a cargo of flour and other articles of food. Sixteen thousand barrels of flour will be put on board immediately, and the good old frigate will in less than a month be dancing across the ocean which she has traversed so often, bearing precious freight. The Macedonian is almost the last of the ships captured by the Americans from the English in the last war. And it is a happy reflection that she

was captured by the American frigate, the Macedonian, in the month of March, 1815, during the war of 1812. She was a 38-gun frigate, and was captured by the Macedonian, which was then a 38-gun frigate, in the month of March, 1815, during the war of 1812. She was a 38-gun frigate, and was captured by the Macedonian, which was then a 38-gun frigate, in the month of March, 1815, during the war of 1812.

**Episodes of the War.**  
A raw recruit, from the Southern States, came upon parade the other day, at the Jefferson Barracks, and the following dialogue rather troubled the ears of some of the veterans who had stood sentry all night, but who had never presented a more care-worn appearance of countenance.

"Why, Jeff," inquired an old acquaintance belonging to another mess, "what's the matter? You look awfully up!"

"Oh, well," says Jeff, resignedly, "I've got used to it, I reckon, afore we git into the action."

"Get used to what?" inquired his acquaintance.

"Why, used to sleeping on my arms," responded Jeff. "You see, the general of our mess issued orders for us to pass out sleeping on our arms, as we'll have to do it in camp, and might as well commence now, so last night I struck a sleeping bag of my musket, with canteen for a pillow, and it was awful hard sleeping. It's a good way to be expectin' an enemy, though, for the fellow who does his duty is sure to keep wide awake."

"Ha-ha-ha!" burst his acquaintance, "why don't you lay your arms beside you?"

"Some of the other fellows did that," said Jeff, "but I go in for obeying orders!"

During the battle of the 6th an officer of the infantry, perceiving his men were being with great rapidity, but not with sufficiently good aim as he thought, called out to them:—"Be careful and aim with your muskets. Take good aim and never miss your man. Remember, I have given a receipt for every one of these cartridges." Pretty soon they charged into the chapparal, when they met the enemy face to face. One of the men charged upon a Mexican, and as he ran him through with his bayonet, he roared out:—"Captain, look here—I have saved one cartridge."—N. O. Deb.

In the battle of the Rosaca de la Palma, in a hand to hand skirmish, a soldier in our army, a quaint Irishman, pierced a Mexican with his bayonet and immediately seized the contents of his musket. "What was that for," said the officer in command of the squad, in a tone signifying his disapproval of the act. "Oh," said the soldier, much puzzled for an answer, "what was it for?—why to make a hole to get my bayonet out to be sure."

One of the volunteer captains, while drilling his men, was addressing them as "gentlemen." "Oh, please to lay aside your gentlemen!" shouted a U. S. officer; "all soldiers are men, and we don't want them to be so d—d gentle!"

"Weigh out that pork," said an officer to two privates, pointing at a pile of hog rounds.

"Jim," said one to the other, "is there anythin' in the Governor's requisition about weighin' pork?"

"I don't know," says Jim, "I'll carry my share when it's cooked, but I'll see his middle of blue lightning afore I'll finger that grease pile."—St. Louis Republic.

One man being ordered to take the wheelbarrow and carry off refuse, said—"Look here, Mr. Officer, I volunteered to fight the Mexicans, or the British, or any body else who don't like the stars and stripes. I object to this charging on a wheelbarrow! and if you insist, I must tell you I'll see you d—d first!" Thirty six hours under guard, made our hero willing to take a turn at the wheelbarrow.—Ch. Cos.

Our friend Capt. Church, of the Buffords, on his late trip up from New Orleans, brought with him a number of officers just from the army. They were full of anecdotes, of course, and the following little illustration of character is interesting as well as amusing: