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## Marshal Murat.

His three distinguished characteristics were, high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of extreme peril. Added to all this nature had lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned—his tread like that of a King—his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest Knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of universal admiration. The English invariably condemned the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of folly, but we think it is all in keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep thought and compact mind, but he was an oriental in his tastes, and wanted everything gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade, ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold; boots of yellow leather, while a straight diamond-hilted sword, like that worn by the ancient Romans, completed his dashing exterior. He wore heavy black whiskers, long black locks which streamed over his fiery blue eyes. On his head he wore a three-cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under the profusion of scarlet feathers, while beside it and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume, he wore in cold weather a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costliest sables. Neither did he forget his horse in his gorgeous apparel, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stirrup and bridle, and almost covered with azure-colored trappings. Had all this finery been piled on a deminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger and still more majestic figure and bearing of Murat, it seemed all in place and keeping. This dazzling exterior always made him a mark for the enemy's bullets in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men, than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along the lines previous to battle. The square figure, plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surcoat, and careless seat of Napoleon, were the direct counterpart of the magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law. To see Murat decked out in this extravagant costume at a review, might create a smile, but whoever once saw that gaily-caprisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front rank of battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks, or watched the progress of that towering white plume, as floating high over the tens of thousands that struggled behind it—a constant mark to the cannon balls that whizzed like hail stones around it—never felt like smiling again at Murat. Especially would he forget those gilded trappings when he saw him return from a charge, with his diamond-hilted sword dripping with blood, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed and blackened with powder, while his strong war-horse was streaked with foam and blood and reeking with sweat. That white plume was the banner to the host he led, and while it continued fluttering over the field of the slain, hope was never relinquished. Many a time has Napoleon seen it glancing like a beam of light to the charge, and watched its progress like the star of his destiny, as it struggled for a while in the hottest of the fight, and then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst through the thick ranks of infantry scattering them from his path like chaff before the wind.

We said the three great distinguished traits of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a General, and wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in battle. He invested it with a sort of glory in itself—throw an air of romance about it all, and fought frequently, we believe, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the Knights of old—his very costume copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing, as he led his troops into

battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other Generals of that time. In his person at least, he restored the days of knight-hood.—He himself unconsciously lets out this peculiarity, in speaking of his battle on Mount Tabor with the Turks. On the top of this hill, Kleber with 5,000 men, found himself hemmed in by 30,000 Turks. Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of 5,000 arranged in the form of a square. For six hours they maintained that unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on a neighboring hill. As he looked down on Mount Tabor, he could see nothing but a countless multitude covering the summit of the hill, and swaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the steady volleys and simultaneous flashes of musketry, that he could distinguish where his own brave soldiers maintained their ground. The shot of a solitary twelve pounder, which he fired toward the mountain, first announced to his exhausted countrymen that relief was at hand. The ranks then, for the first time, ceased acting on the defensive, and extending themselves charged bayonets. It was against such terrible odds Murat loved to fight, and in this engagement he outdid himself. He regarded it as the greatest battle he ever fought. Once he was nearly alone in the centre of a large body of Turkish cavalry. All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars, except in the centre, where was seen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For a while the battle thickened where it stood and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes that fell like lightning on every side—and then the multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through covered with his own blood and that of his foes, and his arm red to the elbow that grasped his dripping sword. His steed staggered under him and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from his sides. But Murat's eye seemed to burn with four-fold lustre, and with a shout, those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day, he wheeled his exhausted steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry trampled every thing down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said that in the hottest of it he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on the same spot nearly two thousand years before, and it gave him ten-fold courage and strength. Covered with wounds he was promoted in rank on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions of glory often rose before him in battle, giving to his whole movement and aspect, a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of Murat more than the wild Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat looked at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus appared rode at the head of his squadrons into the deserted city. The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed and in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to our prac-

tical times. They never saw him on his magnificent steed, sweeping to the charge, his tall white plume streaming behind him, without sending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gjatze somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy, lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed. During the armistice while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reigning his high spirited steed towards them, they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terrors through their ranks. They called him their "Hetman"—the highest honor they could confer on him—and kept an incessant jargon as they examined him and his richly caprisoned horse. They would now point to his steed—now to his costume, and then to his white plume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors, that he distributed among them the money he had, and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly in the midst of the enemy, engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck or some rich ornament attached to his person.

## The Statue of the Czar Peter

The creator of Russia, is one of the wonders of the world. It is a colossal equestrian statue in bronze—the figure of the Czar is 11 feet high, and that of the horse 17 feet—and the whole is said to have been cast at a single jet. The niceness as well as the difficulty of such an operation will be appreciated, when it is added that although the group weighs 18 tons, the metal in the thickest part is only about a quarter of an inch thick, and not more than an inch in the thickest part.

The design of this magnificent Statue was made by a French artist named Falconet; but its execution was for a long time delayed by the difficulty of procuring a suitable pedestal.

The great obstacle was to procure a suitable "rock," as St. Petersburg springs from a marsh where stone is not found. Various schemes of bringing a huge mass of rock from the mountains of Finland, and of forming the pedestal of several fragments of rock, were discussed and dismissed, and the enterprise languished; when fortunately it was committed to a young cadet of engineers, a Dane by birth, but in the service of Napier, bearing the name of Eascary. He at once insisted that the pedestal should be one rock, and instituted inquiries all around—and was so fortunate, on the representation of a peasant of the vicinity, as to find one entirely suited to the design buried in a marsh on the Gulf of Finland, at about 20 miles from the city.

This he succeeded in disinterring and removing without accident, and in despite of all the sinister predictions of failure. The means of accomplishing this result were alike energetic and ingenious. As the rock lay in an uninhabited marsh, the first step was to build a barrack and provide accommoda-

tions for 400 men, and the work was interrupted. The rock lay at a spot about 200 yards from the water. A road of boards was constructed between the rock and the water, and turned so as to be convenient for removing it with the least road at a rate varying from 100 to 200 feet daily.

The machinery used in the work was of the most simple and primitive kind. The rock was cut into blocks of 20 and 30 feet long, and placed on the upper side, and fixed to the lower side two inches with a composition of copper and tin, were laid on the ground. In these grooves were placed balls of the same metal about 8 inches in diameter, bearing only on the bottom of the groove, and above and upon them corresponding blocks were placed, somewhat larger and somewhat squarer, grooved and fixed to the masses, connected together by iron rods, as a frame on which to place the stone—this was then to be drawn forward by the power of capstans—the beams on which it passed, being of cast-iron, and of other metals, were tried, but they crumbled into fragments under the immense pressure which resulted, but the combination of copper and tin was found capable of sustaining it.

The mass of rock, weighing four million pounds, or 2,000 tons, was drawn up on bed upon the balls and beams (rollers were tried but no force that was applied could move the weight with them) up an inclined plane of 600 feet and along its four miles of road in six weeks. The Emperor, the Count, and the Commons of all degrees, although it was mid winter, were constantly visiting the scene of this interesting work. It was safely accomplished. The large granite mass was shipped, towed up to the city, landed and placed under the control and superintendence of the young cadet, and now forms the noble pedestal of the white statue of the Czar Peter.—N. Y. Courier.

POETRY IN PROSE.—It is a peculiarity of Dickens' style, says the N. Y. Spectator, that it often runs along, apparently unserved by him, in perfect rhyme, and approaching also a perfect metre. We find the following specimen in his new work, the Cricket on the Hearth:

"It is a dark night, and the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sand and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson when the sun and wind together, set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such wickedness, and the wildest open country is a long and streak of black; and there's four feet on the finger-post; and thaw upon the road; and the ice is isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything was what it ought to be."

NEWSPAPER CONTRIBUTORS.—Perhaps there is no class more peculiar and distinctive than your newspaper contributors. They are all alike, and the description of one is the description of all. In the first place, the article they write is perfect; absolutely there is no flaw in it. Secondly, there is nothing so interesting, so intensely interesting as their own piece. Thirdly, the editor must be in an agony of delight at the reception of such a treasure, and the whole office should be in to ecstasies without delay, on account thereof. Fourthly, every thing must be done aside immediately that this splendid offering is received—Texas news, foreign news, general news, news of all kinds, must be dropped without hesitation. Fifthly, there must not be the shadow, the least particle of an error about the print, let the Copy be what it may. The compositor must know, not only what is written but what was intended to be written, and all about it. Sixthly, it must occupy the most conspicuous place in the newspaper—must be A. No. 1.—N. Y. Statesman.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATIONS.—An extraordinary surgical operation was lately performed—which was the complete removal of the patient to another world. The patient is doing well.