NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS

By J. T. HEADLEY.

Profusely Illustrated by Reproductions of the Best French Pictures.

MARSHAL ST. CYR.

METHOD AND CLEAR-SIGHTEDNESS OF ST. CYR—FIRST BATTLE OF POLOTSK—THRILLING EVENTS—RECEIVES THE BATON.

The great characteristics of Marshal Louis Gouvion St. Cyr were clear-sightedness on the field of battle, perfect method in all his plans, and a cold, deep spirit. However he might fail in a great campaign, on the field where an engagement was to take place he was regarded as one of the ablest tacticians in the army. His eye took in the enemy's position and his own at a glance, and he saw at once the best course to be taken.

In forming his plans he seemed to omit no detail necessary to success, while the moral feeling of the two armies was not forgotten. The latter he calculated with the same nicety he did numbers; and it is interesting to observe what reliance he always placed upon it. He possessed, to a certain extent, that combination which distinguished Napoleon, and belonged more or less to all his great Generals, viz. clearness and rapidity of thought.

But this power in him arose from a different cause than with them. Napoleon, and Ney, and Massena, and Kleber possessed strong minds and strong imaginations also, yet they were so well balanced as only to strengthen each other. The imagination never became so excited as to confuse the operations of reason, while the judgment never acquired such a mastery, as in Moreau, that inspiration and impulse could have no control. Cool, clear-headed, and self-collected, they planned with the sobriety of reason, and yet kept it in such abeyance that in moments of excitement they could be carried away by the impulse of genius.

Their imaginations acted as a powerful stimulant to the mental powers, giving them greater rapidity, without forcing them into confusion; but St. Cyr possessed none of this impulsiveness. He frequently acted as if he did, but his most headlong movements were as much the result of calculation as his soberest plans. Consummate art took the place of a vivid imagination with him. He could calculate the inspirations of genius, and knew when he ought to be moved by impulse; his mind had great rapidity of movement, but it was the rapidity of mere logic. There was a certainty in his operations on which one could depend, and he himself placed the most implicit confidence in his own judgment. He had all the qualities of a great commander, and but for his unsocial disposition, and cold, repulsive nature, would, doubtless, early have attained to the highest honors of the Empire.

Napoleon rewarded the brave, but lavished his choicest favor on the brave that loved him. Never governed by attachment himself, how could St. Cyr expect others to be swayed by it in their treatment of him. Nevertheless, Napoleon always treated him with justice, and frequently rewarded him with places of trust. The neglect to make him Marshal when, on assuming the imperial crown, he made out that immortal list, was apparently undeserved, and gave rise, perhaps justly, to some charges of favoritism.

St. Cyr was an obstinate man in the prosecution of his own plans, and equally so in his opposition to those which differed from them; and though ready to condemn others, when thwarted or condemned himself, he flew into a passion, and his head became filled with all forms of suspicion.

Thus, when he and Moreau could not agree, and he found there was a clique around the Commander-in-Chief, arrayed against him, instead of performing his duty bravely, and winning back that confidence which others had unjustly deprived him of, he first became remiss and inactive, then fierce and condemnatory, and finally threw up his command. He ought to have known that was no way either to screen himself from unjust charges or win his way to power. He did not seem to know the meaning of the device, "I bide my time."

Thus also in Spain, when placed over the army destined to act in Catalonia, he became peevish, complaining, and foolish. It was true, the army was not an effective one; but, on the other hand, the enemy he had to contend with was not a dangerous one. Besides, it was the greatest compliment Napoleon could pay him, to appoint him over a poor army from which he expected victory. The Emperor knew it was badly conditioned, but he could not help it, and the only remedy of the evil, in his power, was to place an able and skillful commander over it. A poor General would have insured its ruin.

Yet St. Cyr, instead of winning confidence and renown, by executing great things with small means, began to grumble. Ney, when conducting the retreat from Russia, created means where an ordinary man would have declared it impossible, and out of his very defeats and disasters wove for himself the brightest wreath that hangs on his tomb.

But St. Cyr not only complained, though successful in all his engagements—winning every battle, but accused Napoleon of placing him there on purpose to ruin him, because he had belonged to the Army of the Rhine, under Moreau; and this splenetic and ridiculous statement of his has been taken up and incorporated in English histories, as an evidence of the Emperor's meanness. How such an accusation could have received a sober thought is passing strange.

The truth is, St. Cyr was placed where he was compelled to put forth great efforts without winning much renown. It was hard work without corresponding reward; but he should have waited patiently for the latter on some more fortunate field; remembering that a good General is known by his sacrifices as much as by his victories. Once resigning his command in anger, and once disgraced for the same reason, argues very poorly for the amiability of the man.

Previous to this, in 1807, he fought bravely in the campaign of Prussia and Poland, and especially at Heilsberg, though there was no opportunity offered for great actions, as he commanded only a division under Soult. But in 1812, as before remarked, in the great Russian expedition, he had an opportunity to distinguish himself, and won that place among the renowned leaders that followed Napoleon, which his services richly merited.

In the first battle of Polotsk, in the advance to Moscow, Oudinot, with his corps, was assaulted by Wittgenstein, and the French Marshal was wounded. St. Cyr immediately succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief of the army, composed of 30,000 men. This was what he had long desired. Disliking to serve under any other officer, the moment his actions were unfettered he exhibited his great qualities as a military leader. He immediately adopted his own plan of operations, and with that clearness of perception and grasp of knowledge which distinguished him, proceeded to put it in execution. For a whole day after the engagement in which Oudinot was wounded, he kept the Russian General quiet, by sending proposals respecting the removal of the wounded, and by making demonstrations of a retreat. But as soon as darkness closed over the armies, he began in silence to rally his men, and arranging them in three columns, by five in the morning was ready for battle. The signal was given—the artillery opened its destructive fire, rousing up the Russian bear ere the morning broke, and his three columns poured in resistless strength on the enemy, carrying everything before them. But even in the moment of victory, St. Cyr came very near being killed. A French battery, suddenly charged by a company of Russian horse, was carried, and the brigade sent to support it being overthrown and borne back over the cannon, that dared not open lest they should sweep down their own troops, spread disorder in their flight.

The cannoneers were sabered at their pieces, and the French horse, overwhelmed in the general confusion, also fled, overturning the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, and sending terror and dismay through the ranks. St. Cyr was compelled to flee on foot, and finally threw himself into a ravine to prevent being trampled under the hoofs of the charging horse.

The French cuirassiers, however, soon put an end to this sudden irruption, and drove the daring dragoons into the woods. The victory was complete, and a thousand prisoners remained in the hands of St. Cyr, and the Marshal's baton was given him as a reward for his bravery.

Here he remained for two months, while Wittgenstein kept at a respectful distance. In the meantime Moscow had blazed over the army of the Empire, and the disheartened and diminished host was about to turn its back on the smoldering capital and flee from the fury of a northern Winter. Wittgenstein, who had not been idle, though he dared not to attack St. Cyr, had, by constant reinforcements, more than doubled his army.

The French commander, on the other hand, had carried on a partisan warfare for two months; which, together with sickness and suffering, had reduced his army one-half—so that in the middle of October he had but 17,000 men, while the Russian army amounted to 52,000. To add to the peril of his position, another Russian army, under Steingell, was rapidly moving down to hem him in; while Napoleon, 300 miles in the rear, was sealing his fate by tarrying around Moscow. Macdonald was the only person from whom he could hope for succor, and he sent pressing requests to him for reinforcements. But that brave commander had already discovered signs of defection in his Prussian allies, and dared not weaken his force. St. Cyr, therefore, was left to meet his fate alone.

As if on purpose to insure his ruin, he was without intrenchments, not having received orders from the Emperor to erect them. Secure of his prey, the Russian General; on the 18th of October, bore down with his overwhelming force on the French lines.

The battle at once became furious. St. Cyr was one of the first struck. Smitten by a musket-ball, he could neither ride his horse nor keep his feet—still he would not retire. Everything depended on his presence and personal supervision; for the struggle against such fearful odds was to be a stern one. Pale and feeble, yet self-collected and clear-minded as ever, he was borne about by his officers, amid the storm of battle, cheering on his men, again and again, to the desperate charge.

Seven times did the Russian thousands sweep like a resistless flood over the partial redoubts, and seven times did St. Cyr steadily hurl them back, till night closed the scene, and 14,000 men slept on the field of victory they had wrung from the grasp of 50,000.

When the morning dawned, the Russian General seemed in no hurry to renew the attack. St. Cyr arose from his feverish couch, where the pain from his wound and his intense anxiety had kept him tossing the long night, and was borne again to the field of battle. He perceived at once that the hesitation of the enemy did not arise from fear of a repulse, but from some expected manuver, which was to be the signal of assault; and so he stood in suspense, hour after hour, firmly awaiting the approach of the dense masses that darkened the woods before him, till, at 10 o'clock, an Aid-de-Camp was seen spurring at a furious gallop over the bridge, the hoofs of his horse striking fire on the pavements as he dashed through the village towards the Commander-in-Chief. Steingell, with 13,000 Russians, had come, and was rapidly marching along the other side of the river to assail him in rear. Hemmed in between these two armies, St. Cyr must inevitably be crushed.

Imagine, for a moment, his desperate condition. Polotsk stands on the left side of the Dwina, as you ascend it, with only one bridge crossing the river to the right bank. Behind this wooden town St. Cyr had drawn up his forces, in order of battle, with the formidable masses of the Russian army in front, threatening every moment to overwhelm him.

In the meantime, word was brought that 13,000 fresh troops were approaching the bridge on the other side, cutting off all hopes of retreat. Here were two armies, numbering together more than 60,000 men, drawing every moment nearer together to crush between them 14,000 French soldiers, commanded by a wounded General. But St. Cyr, forgetting his wound, summoned all his energies to meet the crisis that was approaching. He gave his orders in that quiet, determined tone which indicates the settled purpose of a stern and powerful mind.

Unseen by Wittgenstein, he dispatched three regiments across the river to check the progress of Steingell, while he, with his weakened forces, should withstand the shock of the Russian army before him as best he could. Thus the two armies stood watching each other, while the roar of artillery on the farther side approached nearer and nearer every moment, showing that the enemy was sweeping before him the few regiments that had been sent to retard him.

At length the French batteries, which had been planted on the farther bank of the Dwina to protect the camp, were wheeled round, ready to fire on the new enemy, which was expected every moment to emerge into view.

At this sight a loud shout of joy rolled along the Russian lines, for they now deemed their prey secure. But the Russian General still delayed the signal of attack till he should see the head of Steingell's columns.

In consternation the French Generals gathered around St. Cyr, urging him to retreat; but he steadily refused all their counsel and urgent appeals, declaring that with his first retrograde movement the Russian army would descend upon him, and that his only hope was in delay. If Steingell did not make his appearance before dark, he could retreat under the cover of night; but to fall back now was to precipitate an attack that was most unaccountably delayed.

For three mortal hours he stood and listened to the roar of the enemy's cannon, shaking the banks of the river as it moved its way towards the bridge—now gazing on the opposite shore, now on the 50,000 Russians before him in order of battle, and now on his own band of heroes, till his agitation became agony. Minutes seemed lengthened into hours, and he kept incessantly pulling out his watch, looking at it, and then at the tardy sun, which his eager gaze seemed almost to push down the sky.

The blazing fire-ball, as it stooped to the western horizon, sending its flashing beams over the battle array on the shores of the Dwina, never before seemed so slow in its motions. St. Cyr afterwards declared that he never, in his life, was so agitated as in the three hours of suspense he then endured. The shock and the overthrow can be borne by a brave heart; but in a state of utter uncertainty, to stand and watch the dial's face, on whose slow-moving shadow rests everything, is too much for the calmest heart.

At length, when within a half-hour's march of the bridge, Steingell halted. Had he kept on a few minutes longer, the head of his columns would have appeared in sight, which would have been the signal of a general attack. Nothing could be more favorable to St. Cyr than this unexpected halt; and a dense fog soon after spreading over the river, wrapping the three armies in its folds, hastened on the night, and relieved his anxious heart.

The artillery was immediately sent over the bridge, and his divisions were pressing noiselessly as possible after it, when Legrand foolishly set fire to his camp, so as not to let it fall into the hands of the enemy. The other divisions followed his example, and in a moment the whole line was in a blaze. This rash act immediately revealed to the enemy the whole movement. Its batteries opened at once—the roused columns came hurrying onward, while blazing bombs, hissing through the fog in every direction, fell on the town, which blazed up in the darkness, making a red and lurid light, by which the two armies fought—the one for existence, the other for victory.

Amid the burning dwellings the wounded Marshal stood, and contested every inch of ground with the energy of despair; and slowly retiring over the blazing timbers, by the light of the conflagration, brought off his army in perfect order, though bleeding at every step. It was 3 o'clock in the morning before the Russians got possession of the town.

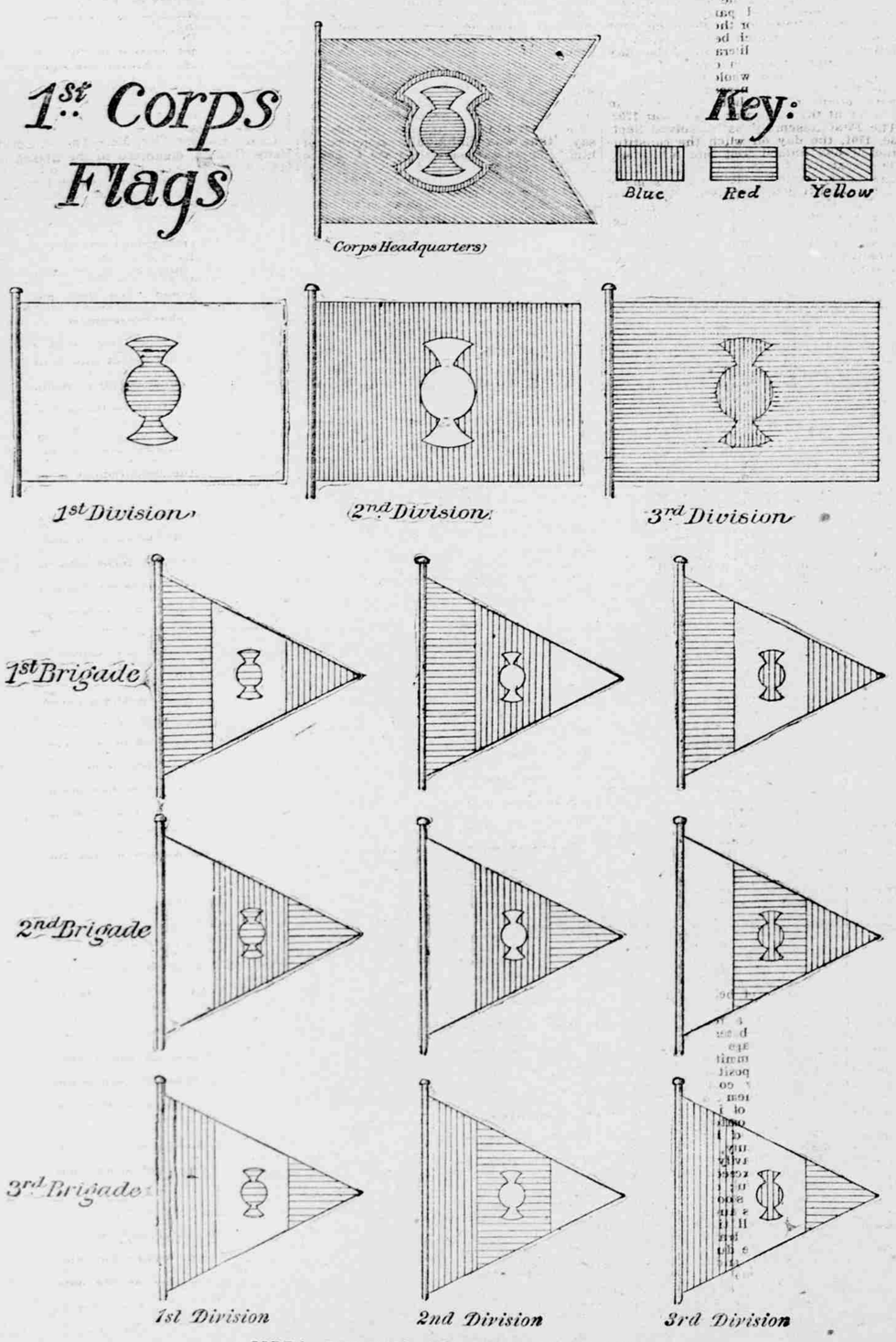
In the meantime St. Cyr had gained the farther bank, and destroyed the bridge in the face of the enemy, and stood ready for Steingell, who had soundly slept amid all the uproar and strife of that wild night. The latter seemed under the influence of some unaccountable spell, and could not have acted worse had he been bribed by the French. In the morning, when he aroused himself for battle, St. Cyr was upon him, and after relieving him of one-sixth of his army drove him into the wood several miles from the place of action. Ten thousand Russians had fallen in these three days of glory to St. Cyr.

This brave Marshal, though wounded, was compelled, on account of dissensions among the Generals, to keep the command of his troops, and commence his retreat. Reversing Napoleon's mode of retreat from Moscow, he, with 10,000 men, kept nearly 50,000 at bay; so that they did not make more than three marches in eight days.

After 11 days of toil, and combat, and suffering in which he, though wounded, had exhibited a skill, courage, and tenacity seldom surpassed, he at length effected a junction with Victor, who had marched from Smolensko to meet him.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The further career of St. Cyr, in some respects the most remarkable of Napoleon's fighting Marshals, will be told in the next installment. Headley's narrative of men of daring and times that were stirring cannot be surpassed for interest. Those who love to read of great and warlike deeds, or who desire to follow the course of the history of Napoleon's times, cannot find more profit or entertainment than in this serial.



CORPS, DIVISION, AND BRIGADE FLAGS.

New corps, division and brigade flag designs were announced recently by the War Department, for use in connection with the new corps devices, which, as stated in a recent issue, were chosen entirely different from those devices of the civil war. We present these flags above. Corps Headquarters will be designated now by a large, swallow-tail flag of yellow, with the corps device plainly marked. For instance, the First Corps device, a circle over a letter I of special design, would appear in the field of yellow, indicating by the colors, named from inside to outside, red, white and blue, the First, Second and Third divisions.

The First Division will be designated by a white oblong flag bearing the corps symbol in red, the Second Division by a blue flag bearing the symbol (in the illustration the First Corps) in white, and the Third Division by a red flag bearing the symbol in blue.

The brigade flags are a combination of the National colors arranged most pleasingly. The First Brigade of the First Division will have a three-cornered flag, colored in three broad bands, naming from the staff, red, white and blue, with the corps symbol in the center in red. The Second Brigade flag is white, blue and red, with the symbol in red, and the Third Brigade flag is colored blue, white and red, with the symbol in red. In the other flags the symbol is white for the Second Division and blue for the Third Division.

Second Division Flag—First Brigade, red, blue and white field, white symbol; Second Brigade, white, blue and red field, white symbol; Third Brigade, blue, red and white, white symbol.

Third Division—First Brigade, red, white and blue field, blue symbol; Second Brigade, white, red and blue field, blue symbol; Third Brigade, blue, white and red field, blue symbol.

YOUNG PATRIOTS.

Sons of Veterans Who Are Commissioned or Enlisted in U. S. Army.

A very young officer of the Volunteer Army is Capt. E. Ross Smith, Co. D, 159th Ind., now with his regiment at Camp Alger, Va. He is the son of Capt. S. M. Smith, a gallant soldier of the civil war, now living at Washington, Ind., and is just 19 years old. His father served over four years with the 24th Ind. It is said by those who know both father and son that the young Captain is a "chip from the old block," and it is expected that, if given a chance, he will distinguish himself.

Comrade Wm. Key, Co. K, 22d N. J., Kearny, N. J., has three sons in the army. Serg't Frank Key, Serg't Joseph Key and Private William Key, all members of Co. E, 2d N. J. Comrade Key is an unostentatious patriot, but when mention is made of his three sons taking up arms in their country's defense, he becomes enthusiastic in the reflection that the mantle of his patriotism is destined to be carried by future generations.

Geo. Thompson Huston, First Lieutenant, Co. H, 5th Pa., is the son of Josiah C. Huston, a well-known veteran of Johnstown, Pa. Lieut. Huston was born June 2, 1873. He received a common school education at Johnstown, and

CAPT. E. ROSS SMITH.

at an early age became interested in military affairs. He became a member of Speer Camp, S. of V., in 1890. His work was so thorough that he was soon made Second Lieutenant. Promotion to First Lieutenant soon followed, and then for two years he was Captain. At the same time he had held the office of Captain in the armed guards. In 1892 he joined Co. H, 5th Pa. N. G., winning promotion by his earnest work. He is now with his regiment at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga.

B. C. McWilliams, Co. F, 16th Pa. Cav., Verdella, Mo., writes that his Township polls 240 votes and has three enlistments. Two are sons of veterans and the third is a Kansas boy, who entered the service with Comrade McWilliams's son, Wm. H. McWilliams, who is now with Co. H, 2d Mo., at Camp Thomas. The other son of a veteran is James Young, whose father served in John A. Logan's regiment and is now drawing $72 per month pension for disability incurred in line of duty.

W. O. Gardner, Little Falls, N. Y., sends the names of Bertram H. Brownell, Co. E, 22d N. Y., and Clarence R. Watts, Co. E, 7th U. S., both sons of veterans.

Forrest M. Runyan, member of the Ohio Society, War of 1812, and Gov. Dennison Camp, 1, S. of V., Springfield, O., writes that the Sons of Veterans Order is well represented in the 3d Ohio. Capt. George W. Leonard, Co. D, is Past Colonel of the Ohio Division. Privates A. W. Bratton, Eugene Bakause and W. C. Bakause are members of Camp 37, Springfield. A regiment of Sons of Veterans Guard, under command of Col. Buckland, of Fremont, O., are waiting to be called into service.

W. W. Harris, First Sergeant, Camp 49, Wichita, Kan., writes: "I see no mention of the 'Sunflower Boys' who are in the service. The 1st regiment, Sons of Veterans Guard, of our Division, was tendered to the Governor, and also to the President, both offers being refused. Co. D, of Lawrence, enlisted almost to a man, and is commanded by Capt. Adli G. Clark, Past Captain, Camp 78. Capt. H. B. Orwig took the Girard Camp entire into the service. Both companies belong to the 20th Kan. Co. K, 21st, is commanded by Lieut.-Col. Ezra E. Beard, of the 1st regiment, S. V. G. First Sergeant Beard, of the 21st, writes me that in the 21st there are over 100 men who wear the badge of our Order. No doubt the 22d contains as many of our boys as either of the others."

Past Department Commander Lindol Smith, of Moscow, Idaho, has two sons in the army. Both are with the 1st Idaho. The younger is 19 years of age, while the older, who is Captain of Co. D, is only a little past 22. The latter had just graduated from the University at Moscow as Civil Engineer and Surveyor, and took with him 50 of the cadets of the University. Seventeen of these were sons of veterans. Commander Smith would like to correspond with any Department Commander who has done more.

Pleasant Dreams.

It does not lie in the painter's fancy to imagine a prettier picture than that of a young girl, with lips luscious with the promise of love, half parted in the smiles of happy dreamland. The mind of happy maidenhood is a clear and polished mirror, which, when the wits go wandering into the ghostland of dreams, reflects the impressions of waking hours. If those impressions are pleasant and painless and happy, she will smile in her sleep. If the impressions are those of a suffering woman, tortured with the special ailments to which the feminine organism is liable, the picture is spoiled by the lines of suffering and despondency. Maladies of this nature unfit a woman for joyous maidenhood and for capable motherhood. They incapacitate her to bear the burdens of life in any sphere of action. Household, marital and social duties alike are a burden to the woman who is constantly suffering from headaches, backaches, dragging sensations and weakening drains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively, completely, unfailingly cures troubles of this nature. It imparts health, strength, vigor to the distinctly womanly organs. It fits for carefree, healthy maidenhood, happy wifehood and capable motherhood.

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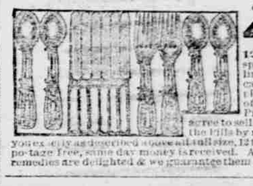

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WANTED—If any old soldier should see this who served in Troop I, 1st Regular Cavalry, during the war, I request he will write to me. W. H. Fletcher, Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C. 883-3t

WANTED—The last postoffice address of Comrade Mitchell C. Grey—By Wm. Pence, U. S. Claim Attorney, Neosho, Mo.

WANTED—By Mrs. Delia Russell, 222 Sumach St., Toronto, Canada—The addresses of comrades of Co. K, 84th N. Y., who remember Thomas Russell, Corporal, of said company.

WANTED—If this should meet the notice of any member of the 189th Ohio Vols. who knew William Peck, of Co. H, (Capt. Northup,) and he will send his address to the undersigned, at Rio Grande City, Texas, a good favor will be conferred.—William Peck. 882-3t

WANTED—The address of comrades of French Company, "Garibaldi Guards," of New York City, who remember Oscar Beerstecher while at Camp Douglas, Chicago. Address O. B., Box 161, Searcy, White Co., Ark. 882-3t

WANTED—By Mrs. Spiegel, 307 Market street, Sandusky, O.—The addresses of Dr. Bantigo and Col. Downing, who were at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C., in 1861-'5. 881-3t

WANTED—By Thomas Day, Wing, Livingston County, Ill., information of George W. Day; if living, will be 30 years old March 3, 1898; fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, hight near 5 feet 6 inches; was employed in the National Lead Mills in Spring of 1894, at St. Louis; last seen at 209 S. 7th street, St. Louis, Aug. 30, 1894. He belonged to the Sons of Veterans. I was a member of Co. K, 3d Ill. Cav. Information of him will be very thankfully received. 867-20t

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