

ALEXANDRE BERTHIER, THE SOLDIER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION WHO DREAMED MARCHAL OF FRANCE, NAPOLEON'S CHIEF OF STAFF, PRINCE OF WAGRAM AND PRINCE OF NEUCHÂTEL



One hundred and twenty-eight years ago today (October 17, 1781), Cornwallis sent out his flag of truce, and three days later his command laid down its arms. How the subject of this sketch figured in that event is here told.

BY RICHARD SPILLANE
IT WAS a brilliant picture indeed the French army made that July day in 1781 at White Plains. Washington had come to review the soldiers of Louis XVI, and Rochambeau, proud of his guest and proud of his King, proud, too, perhaps, of the brave, brilliant appearance of the force, compared with the ragged horde of the Revolutionary Army that lay up at Tappan Zee, had made sure that every officer and every private should be at his best.

In courtly, dignified terms, Washington complimented Rochambeau after the review, and then, with more animation and esprit than he had displayed at any time while the review was on, he asked if the three young men, the "map makers," as Lafayette called them, about whom he had heard so much from the Marquis, were with Rochambeau. "Indeed, they are," the Count replied, "and, if you wish, we shall visit them later on."

In Rochambeau's tent they drank some of the wine of France, and they drank to the health of the King and to the success of the American cause. They drank too, to the health of each other. Then as the sun was sinking over the distant highlands of France, they drank to the health of the regimental band was playing the songs of France. Groups of soldiers, men of Meadry, of Normandy and other provinces of France, scattered about the plains, joined in the choruses.

Three Soldiers of France.
Before a tent near the headquarters of the Count Rochambeau halted the three young men. "We shall find my boys," he said, "we shall find my boys."
He called and out of the tent came three young men. When they saw the Commander-in-Chief they bowed low.
"His Excellency," said Rochambeau, with a mixture of pride and jocular, "has a desire to see your maps. He wants to know about you. The Marquis de Lafayette has told him you are wonderful young men. I have told him you are light and frivolous and of little account, like most of my side, and that it is a waste of time to bother with you, but His Excellency would see you, so here we are."

The young men smiled. They knew the Count better than he knew himself.
The three were nearly the same age—26 or 27. Two of them were ardent, keen, highly emotional. The other was more reserved, more studious in appearance. The Count introduced them as Matthieu Dumas, officer of engineers; Charles de Lameth, captain of Royal Cavalry; and Alphonse Berthier, captain of the regiment of Soissonais. They were all brave, energetic, well bred, well educated and handsome, they had ample opportunity to indulge themselves freely in frivolous sports and pastimes, but with a devotion to duty that was singular at that time, and particularly in the French army, they centered their attention upon military affairs. They really looked as if they were called to do something of a serious nature.

Washington's calm but penetrating eyes studied the three young officers that stood out the interview. With almost a show of reluctance and certainly with a suggestion of blushing they spread before the Commander-in-Chief the drawings they had made.
There was one of the battle of Trenton, one of the battle of Brandywine, one of Monmouth, and there was a particularly spirited picture of the Marquis scaling the ramparts of Stony Point. There also was a map of New York and its vicinity. In detail and execution the maps were remarkable.
The map of the battle of Trenton impressed Washington particularly. "It is amazing to me," said he, "how you did it. This is accurate in every detail. It is the only accurate map of the battle I have seen within a hundred miles of the field and you have been in America only a short time."

But Trenton was described to us by some of those who took part in the engagement," explained Berthier.
Washington and the Maps.
The map of Brandywine was excellent, too, but Washington had unpleasant recollections of Brandywine and seemed to find more pleasure in the Trenton drawing. The Monmouth sketch was clever if not extraordinary, he declared, but he suggested one or two changes. The map of New York he glanced at and then passed it over as unimportant. To find that any of their work was incorrect was a grief to those young men.
But they forgot their chagrin in the warmth of Washington's commendation. Rochambeau, who had known and heard of Washington only as a cold, formal, austere man, was surprised when the Commander-in-Chief a little later asked the young aids what they thought of the American forces—how the patriot soldiers stood the inspection of the French.

destroyed England's crack regiment of Grenadiers. The American must have merit that shows best under trial.
Berthier said the Americans, in fighting in open formations, violated the custom of the armies of Europe, violated the tactics of the great captains but as they won against better fed, better clothed, better armed and better trained forces he wondered if there was not virtue in the style the American employed. For his part what surprised him most was the fortitude of the American Army under the wretched commissary conditions. Nothing but a patriotism almost beyond understanding could explain it.
As to the maps, Dumas was an engineer of ability, a man who appreciated thoroughly the application of his profession in warfare. De Lameth had a good well employed, comprehensive knowledge of ancient and modern military methods, and Berthier, trained to topographical and geographical work by his father and his King, was combining the skill of Dumas and the knowledge of De Lameth to aid him in drawing maps of the American battlefields that would be of service to the war students of both France and the United States.

Washington complimented all three. They had no idea that, like all young men, they were eager for action and that fame was their guiding star. He felt sure his young friends would play well their parts and earn not only glory but the respect of their country, their King and the people in whose cause they had crossed the seas.

After the Interview.
Rochambeau wondered that night as he lay in his tent if it was the wine that had made Washington talk. Few men, and especially young ones, got so much attention from the Commander-in-Chief. Assuredly the General suffered no sign that he was in any other way. In fact, after leaving the tent of the mapmakers he was as calm, silent and dignified as ever. No one could see that he was anything but Washington had drunk sparingly, and besides, wine never was known to affect the General. But certainly his conduct was singular. He was almost glibulous. What could have been the cause? The Count studied the problem as he tossed about in his bed pestered by mosquitoes and the system and heard them, suddenly, it dawned on him. He laughed to himself. How stupid he had been. Of course it was the wine.

And having settled the question satisfactorily the good Count soon forgot his troubles and the mosquitoes and snored peacefully. Upon this the Count slept the three aides de camp discussed the impressions they had received of their distinguished visitor.
"A marvellously tranquil mind," said Berthier. "He bears in every way the stamp of serenity, of rectitude and of surety. He breathes order, system and method. I know the secret of American fortitude better now than I know His Excellency."

Tricks of Fate.
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Dumas who, with Lafayette, planned and aided in the attempt to save the King's life by escape from France, and who protected him while the royal coach was returning from Varennes where it had been stopped, and it was Dumas who fought with might and main against the wild creatures of France, who were preying on the blood of the foolish King and his more foolish Queen.

De Lameth it was who brought about the arrest of the King. De Lameth, the greatest friend of the King, the one who sided they fought for many days. Within 10 years almost to a day of his meeting with Washington De Lameth was to rise to be Napoleon's chief of staff, Marshal of France, Vice-Constable

Berthier, the studious and reserved, was to rise to be Napoleon's chief of staff, Marshal of France, Vice-Constable of the Republic, Prince and Duke of Neuchâtel and Prince of Wagram.
And it was Berthier to whom Rochambeau broken in health and fortune, his family scattered and his hopes dashed, was to apply for the honor of presentation to the First Consul. Berthier at that audience stood by Napoleon's right, and near him stood Dumas and De Lameth.
"Ah, my dear Marshal," said Napoleon, "here are your pupils."
"I have surpassed their master," said Berthier.

delphia. Then there was need for concealment or pretense no longer. Clinton had been deceived. The allies were bound for Virginia to crush Cornwallis' army. The work Lafayette and Wayne had been engaged in. De Grass had arrived in the Chesapeake with the French fleet and Cornwallis was doomed. By the end of September Yorktown was invested and then day by day the allies pounded on the British fortifications and day by day the beleaguered were driven back. On October 14 work was stopped on the trenches in order to try to capture two of the redoubts by assault. Baron de Viomenet directed the attack on one and Lafayette and Steuben on the other. Charles de Lameth was the first to reach the parapet attacked by the French. Berthier was behind him. One moment De Lameth paused to cry "The roll!" then he fell, desperately wounded. One Hessian bullet had shattered his right knee, another passed through his left thigh. How Berthier escaped is a mystery. He was the only one of the half dozen officers leading the assault to come off unscathed. Before the Hessians could reload the French were upon them and the redoubt was captured.

Dumas and O'Hara.
By the 15th the batteries of the allies were raking the British works and Lord Cornwallis' position was untenable. The following day he sent an officer with a flag of truce. On the 16th he surrendered. Cornwallis' feigned illness that he might not go through the humiliation of marching out at the head of his men, and Dumas, acting as Adjutant-General for Rochambeau, was ordered to meet these General O'Hara to command them. Dumas, acting as Adjutant-General for Rochambeau, was ordered to meet these General O'Hara to command them. Dumas, acting as Adjutant-General for Rochambeau, was ordered to meet these General O'Hara to command them.

Back in France.
From Boston Berthier went to Porto Cabello, Venezuela, and in the course of time was ordered back to France. For several years his work in the army was obscure. Most of his duty was in the commissary department. Then when the upheaval came and Louis was guillotined and France became a Republic, he was named general of the National Guard of Versailles. When the outbreak came in La Vendee he was made quartermaster general of the Revolutionary army. In one of the battles he was wounded. Upon his recovery he became quartermaster general of the army of the north, commanded by Marshal Luckner, and later by General Kellermann. He was with Kellermann when the latter took command of the army of the Alps.
Up to this time no one had seen any-

thing remarkable in the abilities of Berthier. Pains-taking, honest, orderly and systematic, he was a slave to duty, but that was all. Others had to direct him. He did little of his own initiative.
But a great change was to come over him. In the Egyptian campaign, 1798, a man of destiny was assigned by the Committee of Public Safety of France to its geographical bureau, to work out plans of campaign and direct the movements of the armies of the Republic. One of the first plans he drew up had to do with work of the army of the Alps. With Kellermann got it he wrote back that the original plan was in an insane asylum. General Scherer scoffingly wrote to the committee that the man who made the plan for the army of Italy had better come and carry it out himself.

Meets Napoleon.
When the committee showed Scherer's letter to the Man of Destiny he replied, "Give one command; the rest is easy." They gave the command and when the appointment was announced Berthier, who had studied the maps sent to Kellermann, begged for an appointment to serve under the general who was to relieve Scherer. Berthier, the mapmaker, saw in the plans and the maps of the man in the geographical bureau the hand of a genius. In January 1798 Napoleon Bonaparte was made general of the army of Italy, and Berthier went with him as quartermaster general. Never had they met before. Napoleon was a man of a different type. Berthier was a man of a different type. Berthier was a man of a different type.

His Love Affair.
Queer man was Berthier. After Napoleon had conquered Italy, routed the Austrians and become the one victorious General of the republican army, Berthier fell in love. His passion was for a Mme. Visconti, who was hurried already with a husband. Whether she reciprocated his affection is not sure. In the Egyptian campaign Berthier made himself ridiculous. He had a tent near his own tent set up beautifully, and here he had engraved the portrait of his lady love. Here Berthier would write long and, throwing himself before the portrait, pour out vows of his devotion. Napoleon, in disgust, told him to go home. He started, but returned weeping, saying he could not desert his beloved General.
When Napoleon returned to France and became First Consul he made Berthier Minister of War. Under the Empire he was in the field. As a courier Berthier seemed as good as a chief of staff. Josephine held him in the highest esteem and many times when her extravagances led her to folly Berthier shielded her from discovery. Jewels for which she squandered fortunes Berthier never changed as war supplies, but never, so far as known, did Berthier practice deception on the Emperor except in this shielding Josephine.
When Napoleon set aside the Empire and married Marie Louise, it was Berthier who went to Austria and acted as Napoleon's proxy at the royal wedding.
And Napoleon showed honor and respect. Marshal of France he made him and Prince of Wagram and Neuchâtel. And he gave to him a princess of Bavaria as a wife. But after this marriage Monsieur Visconti died, and Berthier, bewailing his lot, went to Napoleon. "What a miserable man I am," he wailed. "Had I been constant, Mme. Visconti would have been my wife."
Only Berthier and Caulincourt were with Napoleon. "To surrender the enemy—what poitrons!" Napoleon exclaimed. "Miserable wretches! I asked them to hold out only twenty-four hours. Marmont, too, who had sworn he would be hewn to pieces rather than surrender. And Joseph ran off, too—my brother!"

MR. GNAGG GETS OVER HIS GROUCH

Takes His Wife Out to Dine and Thaws Out Under His Own Conversation.

Mr. Gnagg, taking Mrs. Gnagg out to dine, said and spoke the most striking words to the following running line of conversation:
Well, here we are. Now you're in the atmosphere that you love, hey? In the snuggly, bookmakers and feather in their troubles and the mosquitoes and snored peacefully. Upon this the Count slept the three aides de camp discussed the impressions they had received of their distinguished visitor.
"A marvellously tranquil mind," said Berthier. "He bears in every way the stamp of serenity, of rectitude and of surety. He breathes order, system and method. I know the secret of American fortitude better now than I know His Excellency."

What? Don't I think their dresses are perfectly scrumptious? Well, there you go. I thought you'd already approached the normal view of the world and its fixtures, and here you are asking me if the dresses of a pair of dolls, dresses that look as if they'd been made and signed by somebody suffering from personal delirium tremens, aren't the scrumptious things that ever were!
Well, don't think so, since you don't me on the snuggly question. Don't think anything like it. I suppose the next thing'll be that you'll be wanting fogs just like those, and that'll be the end of it. Uh-huh, just as I thought. All of 'em joining in like a lot of monkeys, and—
No Critic of Arms.
Don't I think that that girl over there has the loveliest old red dress has a beautiful arm? Well, that's a great question, too. What have I got to do with the woman's arms? Do you expect me or would you want me to set up as a critic of women's arms? Because, say, if you really would like me to achieve expertise as to a girl of that kind, why—
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Well, here's the cocktails. I suppose, of course, they've got 'em too sweet. No, by Jove, they haven't. Like yours? I never saw 'em before. Never cast a Martini when it's well made, as this is.
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By the way, young 'un, you're looking pretty well tonight. Where'd you get that ficli or whatever that thing is you've got around your neck? Huh? You've had it for ages? Well, b'gee, I never saw 'em before. Never cast an one on it before in my life.
You've got your hair done up to suit me tonight, too. How's that? I said stuff that you haven't got a hull lot of it that way? Well, this is another evening, see, little one? "No other evening altogether."

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three man-makers were rewarded handsomely. De Lameth, so soon as he recovered from his wounds, was given command of the King's cuirassiers, with the title of Colonel. Dumas was made Chief of Staff of the army, and Berthier was made Lieutenant-Colonel.
While the surrender of Cornwallis practically ended the Revolutionary War, it was not until the following year that the British evacuated New York and recognized the independence of the United States. In the festivities attending the closing of the war, Berthier and Dumas took little part. Most of the time they spent in Boston. They had one great friend there, the Rev. Mr. Cooper, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. When they were about to leave Boston Dr. Cooper gave a banquet in their honor. Ardent champion of liberty though he was, Cooper in his speech did not speak with the voice of a prophet. "Take care, young men," he said, "that the triumph of the cause of liberty upon this virgin soil does not inaugurate a new era of oppression. You carry away the germ of those generous feelings, but if you try to make it bear fruit upon your native soil, after so many centuries of corruption, you will have to overcome many obstacles. It has cost us a great deal of blood to conquer, but you will pour out torrents before establishing it in your old Europe."

Back in France.
From Boston Berthier went to Porto Cabello, Venezuela, and in the course of time was ordered back to France. For several years his work in the army was obscure. Most of his duty was in the commissary department. Then when the upheaval came and Louis was guillotined and France became a Republic, he was named general of the National Guard of Versailles. When the outbreak came in La Vendee he was made quartermaster general of the Revolutionary army. In one of the battles he was wounded. Upon his recovery he became quartermaster general of the army of the north, commanded by Marshal Luckner, and later by General Kellermann. He was with Kellermann when the latter took command of the army of the Alps.
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Meets Napoleon.
When the committee showed Scherer's letter to the Man of Destiny he replied, "Give one command; the rest is easy." They gave the command and when the appointment was announced Berthier, who had studied the maps sent to Kellermann, begged for an appointment to serve under the general who was to relieve Scherer. Berthier, the mapmaker, saw in the plans and the maps of the man in the geographical bureau the hand of a genius. In January 1798 Napoleon Bonaparte was made general of the army of Italy, and Berthier went with him as quartermaster general. Never had they met before. Napoleon was a man of a different type. Berthier was a man of a different type. Berthier was a man of a different type.

His Love Affair.
Queer man was Berthier. After Napoleon had conquered Italy, routed the Austrians and become the one victorious General of the republican army, Berthier fell in love. His passion was for a Mme. Visconti, who was hurried already with a husband. Whether she reciprocated his affection is not sure. In the Egyptian campaign Berthier made himself ridiculous. He had a tent near his own tent set up beautifully, and here he had engraved the portrait of his lady love. Here Berthier would write long and, throwing himself before the portrait, pour out vows of his devotion. Napoleon, in disgust, told him to go home. He started, but returned weeping, saying he could not desert his beloved General.
When Napoleon returned to France and became First Consul he made Berthier Minister of War. Under the Empire he was in the field. As a courier Berthier seemed as good as a chief of staff. Josephine held him in the highest esteem and many times when her extravagances led her to folly Berthier shielded her from discovery. Jewels for which she squandered fortunes Berthier never changed as war supplies, but never, so far as known, did Berthier practice deception on the Emperor except in this shielding Josephine.
When Napoleon set aside the Empire and married Marie Louise, it was Berthier who went to Austria and acted as Napoleon's proxy at the royal wedding.
And Napoleon showed honor and respect. Marshal of France he made him and Prince of Wagram and Neuchâtel. And he gave to him a princess of Bavaria as a wife. But after this marriage Monsieur Visconti died, and Berthier, bewailing his lot, went to Napoleon. "What a miserable man I am," he wailed. "Had I been constant, Mme. Visconti would have been my wife."
Only Berthier and Caulincourt were with Napoleon. "To surrender the enemy—what poitrons!" Napoleon exclaimed. "Miserable wretches! I asked them to hold out only twenty-four hours. Marmont, too, who had sworn he would be hewn to pieces rather than surrender. And Joseph ran off, too—my brother!"

Where He Failed.
Strange that a man with such a mind was incapable of commanding an army, or even a regiment. At the close of 1797, when Napoleon returned to Paris, Berthier solicited command of the army. He got it, and was ordered to advance to Rome. Within 60 days everything was in confusion, and Berthier wrote to Napoleon begging to be relieved of the command. "I beg you to recall me, you can do me no greater kindness," he wrote.
Napoleon smiled and sent Massena.
Once again he begged Napoleon for a principal command. Napoleon gave it. This was in 1800. But he made such absurd disposition of the troops that if the Archduke Charles, against whom he was fighting, had been alert, the French army would have been ruined. In the hour of peril Davoust sent for Napoleon, and the Emperor, bringing the disorganized and scattered forces together, fought in a few days the errors Berthier had been making for a month, and then, by a masterly movement, not only changed the whole situation, but sent the Austrians flying back beaten.
For 18 years, with but few exceptions, Berthier was with Napoleon's side every day. In Italy, Egypt, by the Po, on the Rhine, the Danube and in Russia they were together. So well did Berthier get to know him that he seemed to read the Emperor's thoughts. Although admitted to an intimacy such as no other man enjoyed, Berthier held Napoleon in the greatest awe and reverence. Bonaparte's traveling coach was arranged as much for Berthier as for the Emperor. As they swept along the road Napoleon made use of the time dictating dispatches which Berthier jotted down and at the next stopping place filled out with a pre-

three man-makers were rewarded handsomely. De Lameth, so soon as he recovered from his wounds, was given command of the King's cuirassiers, with the title of Colonel. Dumas was made Chief of Staff of the army, and Berthier was made Lieutenant-Colonel.
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