

The Latour D'Auvergne OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY RICHARD SPILLANE.
 INTO the history of every nation there is woven the story of some one soldier of low rank whose valor and whose patriotism have thrilled the souls of men. France, with its glorious Latour, undoubtedly leads the world. A hundred poets have sung and as many biographers have written of his deeds, but time does not wither nor oft telling state the beauty of the tale. Centuries hence its appeal will be as strong as it is today—for it has for its essence three elements—heroism, simplicity and love of country—without which life would be barren and governments could not endure.

generous, kindly spirit was Latour d'Auvergne. The blood of one of the greatest nobles of France flowed in his veins, but never did he show envy or malice because the bar sinister robbed him of title or empty honors. Of a warrior race, he proved himself the warrior supreme. He was nearly 50 years old when France entered upon that period of blood and carnage, and without parallel in the history of the world. To him country meant more than King. In the army of the Alps, in the days of the Directory, he fought as grenadier. Columns might be shattered, Generals might make mistakes, but Latour and his grenadiers never were known to fail. With sword or bayonet he led his men. No task was too desperate, no charge too hazardous for him. Soon the army rang with stories of his bravery. He was the first to enter Chamberg, sword in hand. In battle he was all that was gallant. In victory he was all that was magnanimous, tender and humane. He lived a life of Spartan simplicity. No soldier could go hungry while he had a crust of bread; no wounded enemy uncovered while he had a blanket he could call his own. Promotion was offered to him a dozen times, but every time he declined. He would be a captain, nothing more.

Dead on the Field of Honor.
 His example was an inspiration to the soldiers of France. Men craved to serve under the banner of Latour. The grenadiers developed into the flower of the army. When he was sent to the Pyrenees he commanded 8000 men, but still he wore the uniform of a captain. So great a dread did the enemy have of the bayonets of Latour's Grenadiers that the corps got the name of the "infernal column."

From the army of the Pyrenees Napoleon sent him to the army of the Rhine, and, unable to give him the promotion he desired, gave him the title of "The First Grenadier of France." A wonderful leader he proved himself time and time again, but at Oberhausen, in Bavaria, on June 27, 1809, in the hour of victory, he was killed. Never to simple soldier was shown greater honor than to Latour. His body was buried in the church of d'Auvergne. The whole army of Latour mourned for him three days, and every soldier set aside one day's pay to buy a golden urn to hold his remains. His sword was sent to the Church of the Invalides to be treasured as one of the priceless glories of France, and then, by order of Napoleon, who knew how to do things well, there was inaugurated a custom that continued to the close of the empire. At the muster roll of his regiment each morning the name of Latour was called and the oldest sergeant stepped forward and answered: "Mort au champ d'honneur" (Dead on the field of honor).

America had its prototype of Latour in William Jasper. The same chivalrous simplicity, the same magnanimity, the same gallantry characterized Jasper. What does it matter if the American flag is buried upon a smaller stage and before a smaller audience? What does it matter if he neither could read nor write? Valor, patriotism and a heart that beat for the good of his country are the things that count. What does it matter that the place of his birth is in doubt and his name is unrecorded? His fame is none the less secure.

Out of obscurity William Jasper lifted himself on the 28th of June in that vivid year of the American Revolution, attacking Charleston, S. C. It was the first big engagement of the Revolutionary War. To dispute the passage of the British ships, the British had constructed a fort on Sullivan Island. The fort was a crude affair of palmetto logs and sand, and only the front of it was completed. On the island just below Sullivan Island, the British had landed a large force of troops, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, which were to cross to Sullivan Island and attack the fort on the side and rear. To oppose Clinton 400 or 500 Americans, mostly picked riflemen, under Colonel Thompson and General Muhlenberg, were stationed at the east end of Sullivan Island.

Clinton had effected a landing on the fort was doomed. If the British ships passed the fort and took a position off the western end of Sullivan Island the ships would be helpless, for the fort was open on that side.

Only Moultrie Knew.
 General Charles Lee, who had been sent by Washington to command the troops defending the southern seaboard, thought it folly to expose the men in the fort to the cannon balls of the warships. He believed the cannon balls of the warships would make short work of the rude defenses and he feared the whole garrison would be slaughtered or captured if the ships passed the fort. Colonel William Moultrie, who was in charge of the fort, had no Lee's military experience, but he knew more about the resisting force of sand and palmetto logs and he had no end of faith in the fighting qualities of the men with him. The ships of the British were of the best of the time. They threw a weight of metal sufficient to crumple any ordinary fort. The troops under Clinton were British regulars classed as the best fighting men of the world. The American fort, hastily put up, only half finished and defended by men whose experience in warfare was chiefly principally to Indian warfare, seemed but a scant shield for the city. There was some hope that the marksmen under Thompson and Muhlenberg would hold Clinton's men back for a time, but this was a hope only.

On balconies, on roof and in church steeple the people of Charleston gathered to witness so much of the contest as they could. Above Fort Sullivan they could see the new South Carolina flag of Independence. It had a blue body and in an upper corner was a crescent. The Stars and Stripes had not come into vogue at that time. So long as the people could see the flag on Fort Sullivan Charleston was safe. With beating hearts the watchers saw the stately warships form in line of battle and move upon the fort. The Active, Bristol, Experiment and Solahay led. They came the Actaeon, Sphinx, Syren, Thunderbomb, Ranger and Friendship. They saw the flag of the commodore, Sir Peter Parker, come abreast of the fort. Then it seemed in an instant as if fort and ships were turned into volcanoes. Flashes and roars, thunderous crashes and great volumes of smoke followed each other at intervals of only a few seconds. Soon the smoke obscured most of the view and they could see only the flag of Independence and the

topmasts of the warships. How the tide of battle went they could not tell, but they watched the flag. Hour after hour they heard the thunder of the guns. So long as it lasted the city was safe, but they relied more on the flag above the fort. Once in a while a cloud of smoke would hide it from view, but not for long.

Higher and higher rose the spirits of the watchers as the hours passed. Suddenly at the height of their joy the flag went down. From housetop and helter went forth the cry that the fort had fallen. It was taken up and carried throughout the city. A sort of panic possessed many of the people. The thing they feared and expected had happened and now that it had come to pass they were at a loss what to do. Some made hasty preparations to leave the city. Others ran about aimlessly. To those who were alarmed the fact that the thunder of the guns continued increased their fright at first, but then perplexed them. Why was the cannonading kept up if the fort had surrendered? Why were the British so merciless as to continue the slaughter? Then there came the suggestion that maybe the fort had not surrendered; maybe the fight still was on. While they were in doubt there came first from one steeple and then another the cheer that told its own story, a cheer that brought joy to the hearts of many who had been in despair. The flag of Independence was hoisted once more above the fort.

It was not until late that night, for the battle lasted until nearly 9 o'clock, that they heard the story of how the flagstaff, which had been the mast of a schooner, had been struck by a cannon ball and riven. The flag itself had floated some more above the fort. The British so merciless as to continue the slaughter? Then there came the suggestion that maybe the fort had not surrendered; maybe the fight still was on. While they were in doubt there came first from one steeple and then another the cheer that told its own story, a cheer that brought joy to the hearts of many who had been in despair. The flag of Independence was hoisted once more above the fort.

The Vanquished Fleet.
 It was a wonderful story the people of Charleston got piecemeal that night. The British fleet that had advanced so proudly to blow the crude fort off the face of the earth had retired shattered and beaten. The Commodore was wounded, Captain Morris of the British was mortally wounded, 40 dead and 70 wounded, was the story of the flagship. With the Experiment the tale was not had, almost, for 23 dead and 70 wounded was the tally. With the other vessels the casualties were light comparatively, but all suffered. Three that tried to get past the fort to sweep it from the water ground on a shoal, one of the three, the Actaeon, was burned by the British to save it from capture.

And General Clinton, with Lord Cornwallis and his troops, fared almost as badly. The sharpshooters lit the eastern end of the island and directed bravely until the flatboats bearing the British regulars got well within range and the British general ordered them to attempt a landing under such a hail of fire. Several times the British attempted it. Each time they were driven back. Finding it was but a useless slaughter, Clinton gave it up.

Sad indeed was the procession that left Charleston harbor the day after the battle. Of the fleet scarcely a vessel but was injured. Of the army which was to overrun the Southern colonies, it had been defeated, not disgraced, by volunteers. And of Moultrie's men only 10 were killed and 22 wounded. More than a thousand shot were picked up about the fort. Hundreds of shells that came into the fort fell into a moat in the middle of the works, the water of which was so shallow that they were before the fire reached the powder. The palmetto logs had proved admirable for defense. The cannon balls sank into their soft, spongy pulp and remained there. They sent out no splinters, either.

Like Latour.
 As the vanquished fleet sailed away and Charleston rejoiced, poor Jasper and some others among the defenders found it more difficult to face a grasper the Governor of the State, John Rutledge, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, presented his handsome sword and thanked him in the name of his country. A Lieutenant's commission, too, was offered to him. Neither sword nor commission would he take. "I am but a Sergeant," he declared. "I am not fit to keep of ficers' company."

Sergeant he was and sergeant he would remain. No argument could alter his de-

termination. To keep him busy and give ample opportunity to him to exercise his keen wit a roving commission was given to him, as there was more activity in Georgia than about Charleston, he went there, and many are the exploits with which he is credited by tradition. As humane as he was brave, it is said he never injured an enemy unnecessarily, but a story of distress or of wrong would stir him to great emotion. One of the best stories about his doings while an independent rover is connected with a tale of distress. The British had a camp at Ebenezer, Ga., and had taken a prisoner named Jones there preparatory to sending him to Savannah for trial. Jones had been a loyalist and then had turned Continental. The night of the capture Jones' wife sent word to Jasper, begging him to save her husband's life. When the message reached Jasper he had only one companion, Sergeant Newton. He knew Jones and such other prisoners as were sent to Savannah would be under heavy guard, but he and Newton started at once. Savannah was in possession of the British. A few miles out from the city on the road from Ebenezer there was a spring at which Jasper knew the guard and the prisoners would halt. For this point Jasper and Newton made all speed. Once there they hid in the bushes.

As they expected, the guard and the prisoners stopped to shake their thirst and rest. Eight men made up the guard, two of the eight remained with the prisoners while the other six stacked their muskets against a tree and proceeded to drink. Waiting for what they considered the opportune moment, Jasper and Newton crept out from the thicket, seized two of the muskets and shot the two guards who had been left with the prisoners. Then they overpowered the other six, who were freed by Jasper, the guns of the former guards were put into their hands, and from the spring near Savannah the men who had been the prisoners marched their former guards to the American camp at Jurvillage.

Savannah.
 Up and down through Georgia he roved, battling with loyalist or Briton, fighting the good fight as best he knew until what seemed to all to be the great occasion arose when in October, 1778, French and Americans combined to wrest Savannah from the British. For two years the city had been in possession of the enemy, and now a French fleet, acting in concert with General Lincoln's force, had the British bottled up. The arrival of the French fleet had been a surprise to the British, who were ill prepared for serious attack. Had Count d'Estaing, who commanded the French, more skill in warfare and less in letter writing, he could have forced the British to surrender. But he wasted most valuable time. He wrote pompous and grandiloquent manifestos to General Prevost, which the British General read carefully, digested at his leisure and did not answer until the last minute, and then in spirit to bring another communication from the Count.

Of course the Count wrote again, for he dearly loved to use his pen and tell of his achievements and predict what he was going to do when he started the works once more, but while the Count's British general worked. Whereas the defenses of Savannah had only 20 or 30 guns when the French fleet arrived, they had 100 or more when Count d'Estaing thought it time to quit writing and begin fighting. The city, from one that would have fallen to a well-directed attack, had been transformed into one that gave every advantage to the defenders.

The assault was made on October 9 and the main storming party was directed against a redoubt on Spring Hill. This storming party was commanded by D'Estaing in person, assisted by General Lincoln, Fog and darkness permitted the allies to get too close to the redoubt before they were discovered, but as daylight dawned they were subjected to a frightful fire. Their ranks were decimated and the whole force thrown into confusion.

Twice the allies reached the parapet and planted their standards there. One of the banners was the Lily of France, the other was the blue and crescent flag of Independence which Mrs. Elliott had given to Moultrie's regiment three days after the battle of Charleston, and which Moultrie and all his men had sworn to defend to the end. The French standard had been raised by one of D'Estaing's aids, and as he raised it he fell, pierced by a musket ball. The flag of the Second South Carolina Regiment had been planted by Lieutenants Hume and Budd. They, too, fell mortally wounded. The banner dropped and fell, and Lieutenant Gray, who next took it upon himself to raise it, met a like fate.

Saving the Banner.
 Few officers of the Carolina regiment were left. The attack had failed, but the banner of blue with the liberty crescent was not to trail in the dust. When Gray fell, Jasper, who had been sorely wounded early in the action, struggled through the ditch, up the parapet and replaced the flag where it had been planted by Lieutenant Bush. To touch that flag seemed to mean death that day, for no sooner had Jasper set it on the parapet than he received a second and this time a fatal wound.

Shivering with the most agonizing pain from this second wound, Jasper held his banner steady for a time, and then, realizing that it would fall into the enemy's hands if it remained there, he summoned all his waning strength and carried the flag back to his company.

"I have got my furlough," he murmured as he was carried dying from the field.

The banner he died in saving was captured later, in Charleston, when that city surrendered to the British, and now is one of the war trophies to be seen in the British Museum.

Sergeant he was in his last battle and greater honor was shown to him than to many a general officer. In the city of Savannah there is a noble monument perpetuating his deeds. He is shown with the banner held aloft. There is a Jasper square named in his honor, and there is a Jasper County to testify to the State's regard.

But South Carolina, the land of his birth, the state under whose flag he fought in vain in Plas in the 17th century, has done little in remembrance of her



The banner he died in saving was captured later, in Charleston, when that city surrendered to the British, and now is one of the war trophies to be seen in the British Museum. Sergeant he was in his last battle and greater honor was shown to him than to many a general officer. In the city of Savannah there is a noble monument perpetuating his deeds. He is shown with the banner held aloft. There is a Jasper square named in his honor, and there is a Jasper County to testify to the State's regard. But South Carolina, the land of his birth, the state under whose flag he fought in vain in Plas in the 17th century, has done little in remembrance of her gallant, though humble son. Maybe some day she will. Maybe some day the Second Carolina will take a leaf out of the book of Napoleon. Maybe at the muster roll of the regiment the name Jasper will be called and the oldest sergeant in the service will step forward and answer, "Dead on the Field of Honor." (Copyright, 1910, by Richard Spillane.)

New York's 'Sky-Scraper' Church

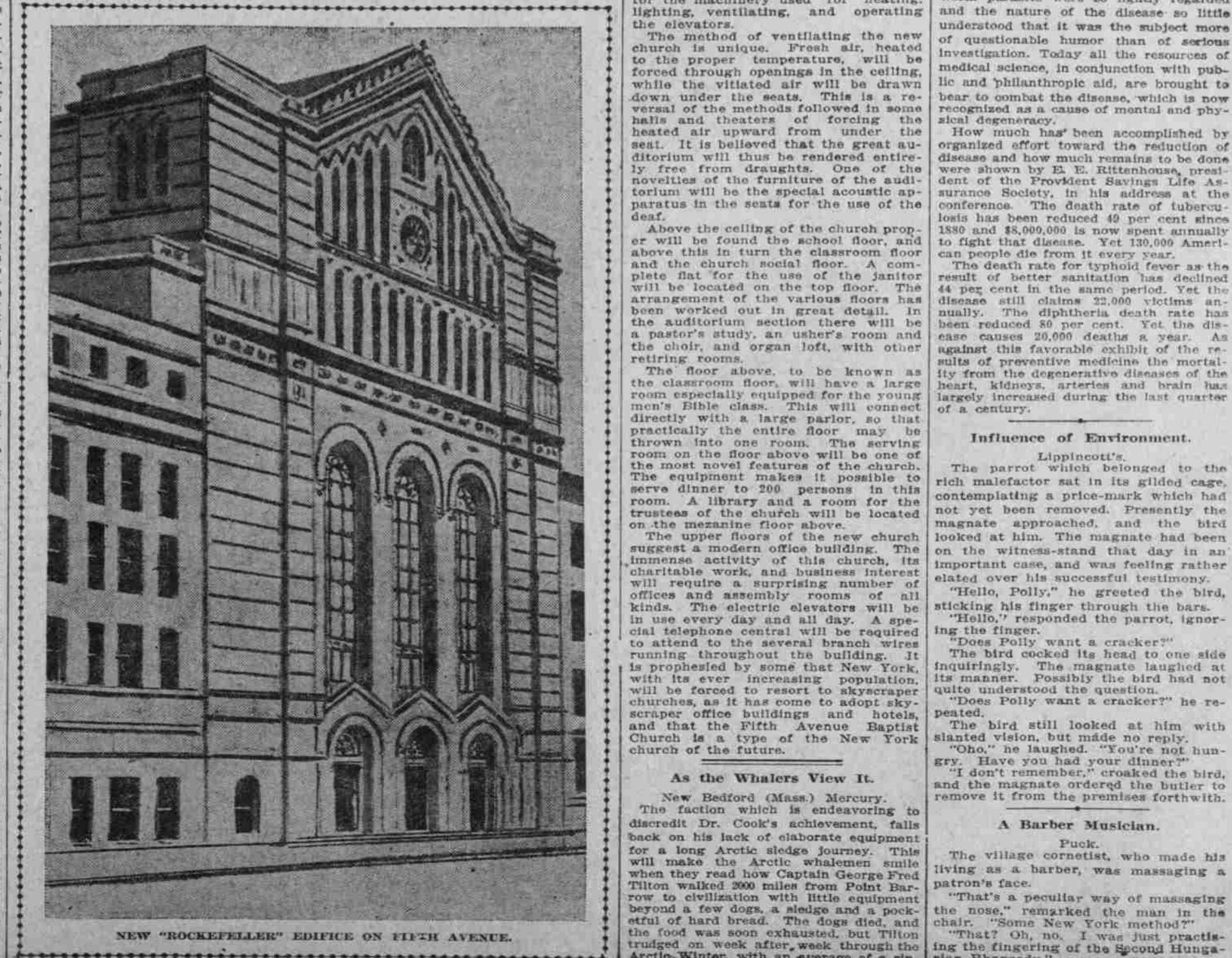
Novel Architectural Scheme in the New "Rockefeller" Edifice in Fifth Avenue.

IN THE new Fifth-avenue Baptist Church, or "Rockefeller's Church," as it is generally known, New York is to have a modern skyscraper edifice, which preserves the spirit of church architecture. A peculiar problem confronts the architect of the modern city church. In order to economize land, or prevent a church from being dwarfed among high buildings, an architect must build upward, much as in the case of office buildings or hotels. The varied activities of the up-to-date church, again, demand greatly increased floor space and a multiplication of offices and halls, all of which must be combined under a single roof, without, of course, losing the general spirit of ecclesiastical architecture.

The new Fifth-avenue "Rockefeller" Church will occupy the site of the present edifice on the south side of Forty-sixth street, west of Fifth avenue. The lot is 100 feet square, a very restricted area for so important an edifice. The architect, W. H. Bosworth, has succeeded so well in arranging its proportions, however, and in breaking up the facade, that the height is very deceptive. The accompanying illustration pictures the church as it will appear from the top of a Fifth-avenue bus.

The forty-sixth-street front will be carried out in a light stone, with two shades of marble. The feature of the facade will be a large gable with rows of arches resting on a series of slender columns. Three large arched windows will light the main auditorium. The slender columns carry the eye from base to the decorations at the upper roof line, and deceive one as to the actual height of the building. The building is in the Italian style of architecture in vogue in Plas in the 17th century. The church will cost \$300,000.

The main auditorium will occupy practically the entire first floor and above this in light stone, with two shades of marble. Above this in turn will be three floors, while the roof will be utilized as a summer garden and playground. The upper floors will be reached by electric elevators at the front of the building. Beneath the main auditorium there will be a restaurant and under this sub-basement for the machinery used for heating, lighting, ventilating, and operating the elevators.



NEW "ROCKEFELLER" EDIFICE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Waste of American Life.

New York World.

The conference at Atlanta for the eradication of the hookworm disease is interesting as an example of the organized methods which are now-a-days employed to resist and reduce disease. Within recent memory the ravages of the hookworm parasite were so lightly regarded and the nature of the disease so little understood that it was the subject more of question than of serious investigation. Today all the resources of medical science, in conjunction with public and philanthropic aid, are brought to bear to combat the disease, which is now recognized as a cause of mental and physical degeneracy.

How much has been accomplished by organized effort toward the reduction of disease and how much remains to be done is shown in the following statistics, presented by the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, in his address at the conference. The death rate of tuberculosis has been reduced 49 per cent since 1880 and \$8,000,000 is now spent annually to fight that disease. Yet 130,000 American people die from it every year.

The death rate from typhoid fever, as the result of better sanitation has declined 44 per cent in the same period. Yet the disease causes 25,000 deaths annually. The diphtheria death rate has been reduced 80 per cent. Yet the disease causes 50,000 deaths a year. As against these favorable exhibits, the results of preventive medicine, the mortality from the degenerative diseases of the heart, kidneys, arteries and brain has largely increased during the last quarter of a century.

Influence of Environment.

Lippincott's.

The parrot which belonged to the rich manufacturer sat in its gilded cage, contemplating a price-mark which had not yet been removed. Presently the magnate approached, and the bird looked at him. The magnate had been on the witness-stand that day in an important case, and was feeling rather elated over his successful testimony.

"Hello, Polly," he greeted the bird, sticking his finger through the bars.

"Hello," responded the parrot, ignoring the finger.

"Does Polly want a cracker?"

The bird cocked its head to one side inquiringly. The magnate laughed at its manner, "Polly, the bird had not quite understood the question.

"Does Polly want a cracker?" he repeated.

The bird still looked at him with slanted vision, but made no reply.

"Oh," he laughed. "You're not hungry. Have you had your dinner?"

"I don't remember," croaked the bird, and the magnate ordered the butler to remove it from the premises forthwith.

A Barber Musician.

Puck.

The village coarster, who made his living as a barber, was massaging a patron's face.

"That's a peculiar way of massaging the nose," remarked the man in the chair. "Some New York method?"

"That? Oh, no, I was just practicing the fingering of the Second Hungarian Rhapsody."

As the Whalers View It.

New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

The faction which is endeavoring to discredit Dr. Cook's achievement, falls back on his lack of elaborate equipment for a long Arctic sledge journey. This will make the Arctic whaler smile when they read how Captain George Fred Tilton walked 2000 miles from Polar Barrow to civilization with little equipment beyond a few dogs, a sledge and a pocket-knife. Dr. Cook's achievement, falls back on his lack of elaborate equipment for a long Arctic sledge journey. This will make the Arctic whaler smile when they read how Captain George Fred Tilton walked 2000 miles from Polar Barrow to civilization with little equipment beyond a few dogs, a sledge and a pocket-knife. Dr. Cook's achievement, falls back on his lack of elaborate equipment for a long Arctic sledge journey. This will make the Arctic whaler smile when they read how Captain George Fred Tilton walked 2000 miles from Polar Barrow to civilization with little equipment beyond a few dogs, a sledge and a pocket-knife.