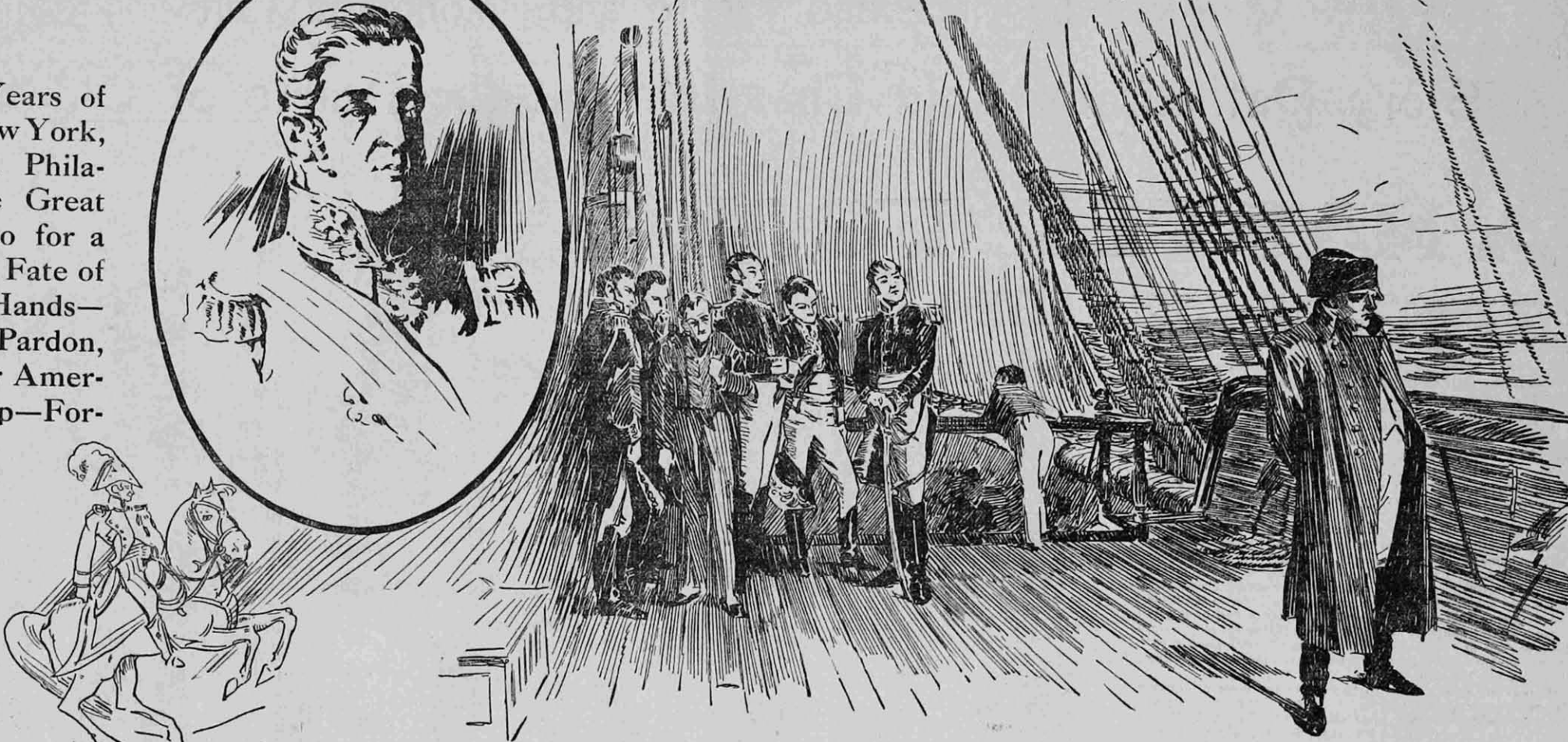


GROUCHY AFTER WATERLOO

THE Six Years of Exile in New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia of the Great Blunderer Who for a Day Held the Fate of Europe in His Hands—Despairing of Pardon, He Applied for American Citizenship—Forgiven at Last, He Returned to France, Only to Waste the Remainder of His Life Trying Vainly to Clear His Name.



IN a little restaurant in the lower part of old New York, now given over to skyscrapers and great financial institutions, there gathered one night in the early part of the winter of 1815 a party of exiles. Some of them had been in America a month or more, some had arrived from France that day. Some were rich, some were poor. All were drawn together by misfortune. All were battle scarred. All were veterans of that wonderful army with which Napoleon Bonaparte overran Europe. Now they were proscribed. The great emperor was a prisoner on a rock in the South Atlantic, and they were strangers in a strange land. Some of them had played important parts in the mighty military drama which had closed but a few months before. One had held the fate of Europe in the hollow of his hand for a day, and had failed miserably in the hour of supreme trial.

There was an air of restraint upon the party. The new arrivals told the latest news of developments in Paris; of the reactionary policy of the king and his party; of the flight of this prominent Bonapartist to England, and that one to Switzerland; of plans to establish French colonies in Florida, in Texas, in Alabama and other points along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; of the garrisoning of the frontiers of France by the allies at the expense of exhausted France; of the brutal, contemptuous treatment of every one who had rallied to the standard of the Little Corporal after his return from Elba, and of the despair that filled the hearts of all who had followed the fortunes of the emperor.

THE BITTER WELCOME.
Through the whole recital one man sat silent. He had arrived that day. No one had asked a question of him, although all watched him furtively. Finally one of the party turned to him and asked the question that had been on the lips of most of them.

"Why was it, marshal," he inquired, "when you heard the heavy cannonading at Waterloo that you did not leave Blucher and march to the aid of the emperor?"

The man who had been so silent cleared his throat, took a sip of wine and then replied falteringly: "You see, if I had, Blucher might have marched on Paris."

A man of commanding appearance rose from his seat and, facing the marshal, said scornfully: "Bah! You know I wanted to go with my division, and you would not let me. You know that when I insisted you threatened to treat me as an insubordinate officer."

Then he threw what remained of his wine on the table and left the room. Most of the other diners followed his example.

Such was the welcome Emmanuel Grouchy, marshal of France, whose blunder ruined Napoleon at Waterloo, received from his fellow exiles when he arrived in America. Such was the

attitude of most of them throughout the six dreary years he lived in this country. They never could forget or never would forgive his great mistake. And yet most of them, like Gen. Vandamme, the man who cast his wine on the floor in contempt of his old commander, had fought by his side in many campaigns and knew him to be one of the bravest of the brave.

BORN AN ARISTOCRAT.

If ever a man had reason to bewail his fate it was Emmanuel Grouchy. An aristocrat by birth, a count of the old regime, rich and powerful, he cast his lot in with the people, fought like a patriot for more than 20 years only to have his whole life blighted and his name stained by one blunder. Grouchy was born in Paris in 1766, and when he was only 14 years old he entered the army. He was an officer of the king's bodyguard at 19, but at the outbreak of the revolution he gave up his commission and offered his services to the people. They made him a colonel of dragoons, but because he was a noble and because the revolutionists didn't think any noble could be trusted he was ordered out of the service. Ardent, ambitious and heartily in sympathy with the wild spirit of republicanism which stirred France at the time, he entered the army as a private. "If I cannot fight at the head of the republican phalanx," he told the revolutionists, "you cannot prevent me from shedding my blood in the cause of the people."

In three years he was a colonel again commanding a regiment of dragoons. In 1795 he was at the head of all the cavalry in Savoy and the Alps. In 1796 he was general of division. In 1796 he went with Hoche to invade Ireland and free that country from British rule. The fleet was dispersed by a storm and only a portion of it reached Bantry Bay. Grouchy, with only 5,000 men, wanted to land, but was overruled by Admiral Bouchard, and the expedition was abandoned.

NOVI.

In Italy two years later he commanded a division at the battle of Novi. Joubert, who commanded, fell early in the battle, and the French fought against great odds. Again and again Grouchy led his troops to the charge. Once, when his troops were sent reeling back, he seized a standard, rallied his men and drove headlong at the enemy. When the standard was wrenched from him and his horse was killed he mounted another, took off his helmet and, holding it high with his sword, led another desperate charge. Again he was unhorsed, and again he obtained a new horse and rushed to the charge. He was magnificent that day. Late in the action, when the whole French army was in disorder, Grouchy, desperately wounded, rallied a small force and made one last despairing effort. His force was overwhelmed and he was made prisoner. He had six saber wounds and was in the hospital for four months.

In the battle of Hohenlinden, where 20,000 Austrians were left dead in the December snows, he and Ney led the two wings of the French army. They utterly routed the enemy, and won such a signal victory that it brought peace. Then came a period of rest for Grouchy. For three years he was inspector of cavalry and stationed at Paris. He lost favor with Napoleon because he sided with Moreau when that fine soldier was in disgrace and was put on trial. Grouchy could remember Moreau only as the brave

man who had fought by his side at Novi and Hohenlinden. What did it matter if he failed on some other fields?

It was not until 1807 that Napoleon forgave him. Then at Friedland Grouchy commanded the cavalry of the left wing and showed so much gallantry that Napoleon rewarded him with the grand eagle of the Legion of Honor, made him count of the empire and commander of the Iron Cross. He fought in Spain and he fought in Italy, and in the battle of Wagram he won the laurels. In the Russian campaign he commanded the cavalry on the extreme left and at the battle of Borodino he led a charge that overwhelmed him all the mounted officers that remained and formed them into one company, which he named the Sacred Squadron. Over this stern band of 500 men Grouchy was placed as commander. Generals of divisions were made captains, generals of brigades were made lieutenants and lesser officers were made corporals. The Sacred Squadron guarded the emperor as he plunged through the gloomy forest of Minsk, which was alive with columns of the enemy. It cleared a bloody path for him toward the Beresina, and did not dissolve until the road to Paris was clear.

For some reason Napoleon frowned on him once more and Grouchy was in retirement throughout that wonderful period when the emperor dazzled the world with his achievements on the fields of Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden and Leipzig. It was not until the dark days of France, when the Russians and the Prussians were on French soil, that he was called into service again. At Brienne he fought with all the valor that he displayed at Novi; at Vaux-champs he came within an ace of capturing Blucher; at Craon he fell, desperately wounded.

When Napoleon abdicated Louis XVIII allowed Grouchy to retain his rank and titles, but put the Duke of Berri over him and so incensed Grouchy that on Napoleon's return from Elba Grouchy was one of the first to hasten to his standard. Then Napoleon blundered. He made Grouchy a marshal. To command a division was the utmost within Grouchy's ability. Napoleon placed him in command of three divisions.

WATERLOO.

At the battle of Ligny Grouchy commanded the right wing. Blucher was defeated and Napoleon, following out one of his most masterly plans, left Grouchy with 25,000 men to watch Blucher and keep him from concentrating with the British while he, with the main army, fell upon Wellington and crushed him. But Grouchy, to whom responsibility brought bewilderment, neglected to watch Blucher and supposed the Prussian force was in one place when in reality it was in another. And when, in the crisis of the fight at Waterloo Blucher arrived and saved the day for Wellington, the star of Napoleon sank, never to rise again.

Students of military matters and students of history have written many, many volumes on what would have been the result had Grouchy fended Blucher off or had Grouchy, when he

heard the guns of Waterloo, listened to the advice of his officers and hurried on with the emperor in crushing Wellington. But speculation is idle against stern facts, and the stern facts are that Grouchy, negligently and stupidly, held his force of 25,000 men idle, while it was within his power to decide the fate of Europe.

This was the man who that winter night in 1815, in a restaurant in the lower part of old New York was welcomed so bitterly by his fellow exiles. Stripped of his honors and his titles by Louis XVIII, banished from France, held accountable by most of the Napoleonic soldiers for the disaster that ended the great emperor's career, he sought a haven in the New World. Sorrows, indeed, was the plight of the soldier. He had to suffer because one of the greatest judges of men the world ever has known was utterly wrong in his judgment of him. Grouchy was magnificent in his own branch of warfare. Forced to think for himself and for others, he was lost. The world is full of men like him.

EXPLAINING, EVER EXPLAINING.

It was not pleasant, perhaps, for Grouchy in New York after that affair of the first night, so he went to Baltimore. He remained there a short time and then he went to Philadelphia. His days were spent in writing and many of the hours of the night he employed in the same way. To his son in France he wrote a multitude of letters, charging him with seeing this man and that one and urging them to use their influence at court to have the writ of proscription against him withdrawn. Multitudes of other letters were written to friends and old comrades explaining his conduct at Waterloo. To some he declared that he acted absolutely in accordance with the orders he received from the emperor. To others he set forth the same explanation he gave at the dinner the night of his arrival in America.

Every vessel that left the United States for France carried dozens of letters from him. Sometimes he would go to New York or to Baltimore to put the letters on board in person. Sometimes he would travel from Philadelphia to New York or to Baltimore and wait days and weeks for the arrival of a vessel from France. Sometimes his hopes of being allowed to return to France would be raised to a high pitch. Then news would arrive that would cast him into the depths of despair. He depended a great deal upon the influence of Marshal Marmont, who was high in favor with King Louis. Strange that Marmont and Grouchy, the two marshals who were of noble birth, should have brought disaster to Napoleon. Marmont surrendered Paris and Grouchy caused the wreck at Waterloo. The great emperor had better luck with his marshals of humble birth.

Whether Marmont had any sincere desire to help Grouchy is difficult to say. There is little evidence of anything he did in his behalf. But if Grouchy had few friends in France he had one earnest one in America, at least to say this one was Napoleon's brother Joseph, former king of Spain. One of the few places the marshal went to visit was with Joseph Bonaparte at Englewood town, N. J., and there the two men spent many hours together. Occasionally, too, the former king journeyed to Philadelphia to visit the marshal and in one of the letters the marshal wrote to his son he tells of attending Grouchy's concert at Washington hall, Philadelphia, early in May, 1817, in company with Joseph Bonaparte.

THE RETURN.

But Grouchy could spare little time for social relaxation. He had to explain that sad day at Waterloo. So he wrote more and more. He was possessed with the idea that he could get the world or so much of the world as was represented by his beloved France to understand that he simply obeyed orders, as a good soldier should, and that the responsibility for Waterloo rested on the emperor and not on him, he would be forgiven. But the people of France were no more. The humor of his view then than they are now, and Louis XVIII unwittingly made the task of the marshal more and more difficult. The reactionary tendency of the government had brought the people to a state of sullen anger. The prisoner on the island of St. Helena was a pathetic figure. His faults were being forgotten and only his glories remembered. The allies, too, had put such a burden on the people that all the old animosities were kept fresh.

In 1817 Grouchy's son crossed the ocean to visit the marshal. He did not bring good news. He went back to renew the struggle. And when the son departed the father resumed his writing and renewed his trips to Baltimore and New York to meet the vessels that crossed the broad waters. Once he was raised to the highest degree of hope. It seemed as if he would be permitted to return home. Anxiously he awaited the next advice. When they came he was plunged into despair. The influence he had depended upon had failed him and he decided that he would have to pass the rest of his days in the United States. Then he determined to become a citizen of the republic, and he took the first formal steps in that direction. He had determined to make

his home in Philadelphia, bring his wife and family here and begin anew. He had about resigned himself to this condition when a letter from his son brought renewed hope, and again he turned feverishly to writing.

Year after year he kept this up, and then one day in 1821 came the glad news that the proscription had been withdrawn. Napoleon was dead. There

was no longer a fear of the return of the Man of Destiny.

Grouchy returned to France full of hope and enthusiasm, but there was no welcome for him. Everywhere he was received coldly; everywhere he was looked upon as the blunderer who had brought about the wreck at Waterloo. Sorrows he resumed his task of writing, ever explaining and never sat-

isfying. When he had been home 11 years he was permitted to resume his title of marshal and was created a peer, but the honors were empty. He lived until 1847, dying at the age of 81, and always looked upon with coldness by the people he loved and for whom he had fought so well. Fate certainly was unkind to Emmanuel Grouchy.

RICHARD SPILLANE.

FORLORN FISHERS.

The North Sea Is Gradually Being Drained of Its Golden Harvest.

The herring, despite his prolific power of reproduction, is being rapidly fished out of existence in the North sea, owing to the introduction of steam trawlers, which are capable of securing hundreds of thousands of fish in a single catch.

In Yarmouth, where the men work on the shore system, the falling supply is causing great anxiety, and the fishing fleets are compelled to go to Iceland, the Bay of Biscay, and the White sea in order to find fish in paying quantities.

Since the introduction of the steam trawlers, the number of which has increased by leaps and bounds in the last few years, the North sea has been so ceaselessly raked and scraped that experts declare that the fish must have several years' complete rest before trawlers can expect to make a decent haul, and many owners are seriously proposing to transfer operations to the west coast.

Last year the steam trawlers were exceptionally busy draining the North sea of its golden harvest. One day during August a catch of 170 "crans"—a "cran" is about 1,000 good sized herrings—was landed by one Lowestoft boat alone, whilst 700,000 herrings were landed at the same time by other trawlers at Yarmouth and Grimsby.

The record earnings for a season of 12 weeks is £2,000 for a steamer, and £1,200 for a sailing boat; whilst Yarmouth fishermen tell of a crew which once made £240 in a single night!

Until recently it was thought that the herring was absolutely inexhaustible, and to be reckoned by millions and millions—indeed his name is derived from a German word "Heer," which signifies the multitude in which he swims upon the surface of the water known as the "herring light."

Herrings travel in huge shoals, often five or six miles long, and on a fine misty broad day it is this fact, coupled with the introduction of steam trawlers and other labor-saving devices for his destruction, which causes the herring to be caught in such large numbers.

When it is realized that the annual catch of herrings in the North Sea alone during the last few years has been the almost unthinkable quantity of over five hundred millions of fish—in 1907 it was 630,000,000—it is not to be wondered at that the herring is beginning to feel the pinch, and that experts are demanding a few years' "rest cure" on his behalf.

Should the bad catches continue, it will be a long time before the people of the east coast, and it is to be doubted whether Lowestoft and even Yarmouth, popular as these places are with summer holiday-makers, would not rather lose their popularity with visitors than be denied the autumn visit of herrings to the home waters.

Few people when they purchase their humble blower or kipper give a thought to the immense home industry they are supporting. The Dogger Bank and North Sea bring in more than £10,000,000 a year and more than 40,000 men are engaged in the work.

But thousands of other people are also affected. There are the fish-packers who deal with the herrings after they are landed, and the box-makers and coopers. Hundreds of Scottish girls come down to the East coast every year to split herrings in readiness for kippers.

There are men in the curing-houses, the carters and porters, the fish-sellers, the wholesale buyers, clerks, boat builders, sail-makers, rope-makers, net-makers, and any amount more people, all dependent on the herring harvest for the greater part of their daily bread.

But unless the draining of the North Sea can be stopped, the people of Yarmouth will be no more. The colossal demands of steam trawlers and "fish-sorting" special trains are more than even the multitudinous herring can keep pace with. He must have a "rest cure" immediately.—Pearson's Weekly.

SAVE THIS RECIPE FOR COLDS.

Pine contains the most active agents known to science for the quick cure of coughs and colds. This formula from a noted physician will frequently cure the worst coughs and colds. "Mix two ounces of glycerine; half ounce concentrated pine compound; half pint of good whiskey; shake the bottle each time and use in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours." Any druggist has these ingredients or will quickly get them. Any one can mix them. But be sure to get only "Concentrated" pine which comes in half ounce bottles each enclosed in an air-tight case and plainly labeled.

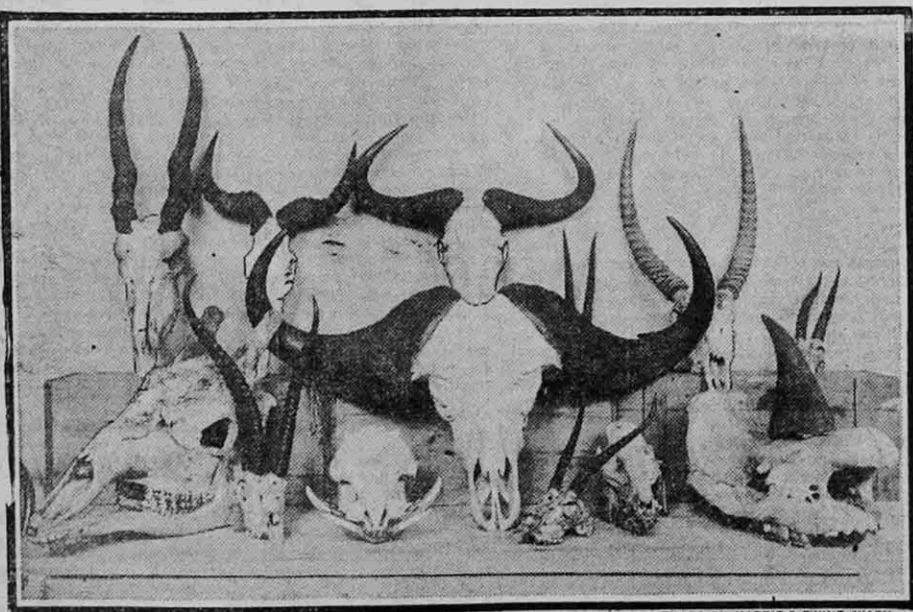


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SOME OF ROOSEVELT'S TROPHIES.

Top row, left to right: Eland, Coke's hartebeest, gnu, Thomson's gazelle (horns just showing), water buck, Thomson's gazelle. Bottom row: Gila re, Grant's gazelle, wart hog, buffalo, Thomson's gazelle, Malayan pig (does not belong to this collection), rhinoceros.

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