



LAFAYETTE'S CAREER EVENTFUL AFTER 1782

Hero of Our Revolution Did Not Return to Live in Retirement

LONG PRISONER IN AUSTRIA

Stormy Days Followed Triumphant Greeting of Young Franco- American Officer

Of Lafayette, the Franco-American, the dashing young officer who was admired and loved by the Continentals under him, and cherished in memory by the people of the 13 original colonies and their descendants of the 48 States, the present-day generation of Americans knows much.

Of Lafayette, the French patriot, moderate at a time when moderation was despised, delayer of the Reign of Terror until, by the underhanded plotting and vacillation of his royal master, that reign could be no longer denied—of Lafayette the constant seeker after the golden mean between royalist and democracy run wild, latter-day Americans know little.

Accordingly, on the approach of the anniversary of the start of the French revolution, in the stirring events of which he was destined to play so prominent a part, a résumé of the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch, Lafayette and field marshal, Marquis of Lafayette and field marshal, Lafayette, from the time he left the liberated United States to take part in the liberation of his own country, cannot fail to be of interest to the men of the A.E.F.

In triumph, Lafayette, a youth of 25, returned from America to his native land in January, 1782. He was commissioned a major-general in the French Army—the same rank that he had held in Washington's forces—his commission to date from the surrender of the British at Yorktown. More than that, he was created a *maréchal de camp* of the XVI, and an admiral of the sea, crowned with laurel flowers at the Opera, on the day of his arrival in Paris.

Drops Out of View

The cares of his long neglected family estate, contiguous to his Chiswick in Chavagnie, in Auvergne, occupied his attention more or less. Save for a flying visit to the United States in 1784, where he was received with acclaim, he drops out of view for two or three years.

But in 1785 we find the name of Lafayette enrolled among those of the members of the Constitutional Club, which included such men as Condorcet, of the philosophic party, and the fiery, eloquent Mirabeau. He was also a member of the so-called National Party, which comprised such others as La Rochefoucauld and Danton.

Small wonder, then, that the court, anxious in particular, the head-strong, autocratically reared Austrian queen, Marie-Antoinette, looked upon Lafayette as a *révolutionnaire*. The court, to spite him, rescouped the candidacy of his rival for his own particular seat in the States-General. Nevertheless, in the States-General really became the royal opposition, he, with 90 other "noble liberals," was elected.

Garde Nationale Organized

Then came the first Bastille Day, with its consequences of tumult and disorder. To meet this, there was hurriedly organized, almost overnight, the *Garde Nationale* of France to protect the city and to maintain order inside the country. At the head of this democratic army (from whose title, by the way, our National Guard is said to have derived its name), Lafayette was placed. Soon this new body grew to 3,000,000 men.

From the time of the organization of the Guard until 1792, Lafayette's history, as one writer has summed it up, is "largely the history of France." The same historian describes him as "a minister of humanity and order among a frenzied people," and that he indeed appears to have been.

Mounted upon his dashing white charger, he arrived at Versailles with his Guards in the nick of time, on the hectic night of October 5, 1789, following the march of the maddened women of Paris to the palace, to save his king and the brave but perilous queen from the clutches of the blood-thirsty mob. On the grim morning of the 6th, he stood upon a balcony with the king and queen—the former having been induced to put on the tricolor cockade of the National Guard—kneeling and chivalrously kissed the hand of the latter, utterly forgetful of the ill he had done him, and thus inducing the rabble in the court below to shout "Vive la Reine!" as well as "Vive le Roi!" bridged the yawning gap temporarily!

But Lafayette was not an extremist, and his unpopularity began when he refused to go the way of the home minister, thus inducing the rabble in the court below to shout "Vive la Reine!" as well as "Vive le Roi!" bridged the yawning gap temporarily!

For Republican Principles

In the Constituent Assembly, which followed the National Assembly, his voice was raised in support of republican principles, if not in favor of a republican form of government. In fact, he seems to have favored a sort of constitutional monarchy.

He advocated the abolition of arbitrary imprisonment for political offenses, such as had been the fate of the hapless ones in the Bastille; religious tolerance (Lafayette was a Mason); trial

by jury; the freedom of the press, and—remarkable in a man of his birth and station—the abolition of titles of nobility. But what is of particular interest to Americans of this generation, is the fact that one of the projects he ardently propounded before the Assembly was the gradual liberation of all slaves then held in France and her colonies.

One year after the fall of the Bastille, on the occasion of the fête on the Champ-de-Mars, which was designed to be a sort of national love-feast for the torn and harassed nation, Lafayette handed over the supreme command of the National Guard to Louis XVI—for that one day. At the conclusion of the imposing ceremony of reconciliation—an empty ceremony—it afterwards proved to be Lafayette's sworn in his Guards to be forever "faithful to the nation, to the king; and that we shall remain united with all the French people, through the indissoluble bonds of brotherhood"—an oath which, with the king and the nation at such variance, was impossible of fulfillment, however earnestly desired by its propounder.

Retires to Private Life

Following that ceremony, Lafayette definitely resigned his command of the Guard, and retired to private life. The conservative element of the day invited him to stand for mayor of Paris; but the royalists, with the characteristic ferocity of their breed, knifed him in the back by supporting his rival, Pétion, a bitterly radical Jacobin, and he was defeated.

Then came the war with Austria, with the flabby king, abetted by his Austrian consort, secretly dabbling with his country's cause for the security of his throne. Lafayette took command of one of the three armies of 50,000 men each, and proceeded toward the frontier. So great was the popular confidence in his leadership that the president of the Assembly said that "the nation would oppose to its enemies these things: The Constitution and Lafayette."

His army, however, was disaffected by the revolutionary rhetoric that had been fed it, and by the troublesome events at home.

Sensing this turbulent state of affairs behind the army, Lafayette made it his duty to return to Paris and there, before the Assembly, denounced the extremely radical and powerful Jacobin Club, calling for its suppression. In turn the Jacobins introduced a motion to have him arrested and tried as an enemy of the country; it was defeated by a vote of 440 to 224.

Crash of the Monarchy

Two days after that, on August 10, 1792, the Tuileries was stormed and sacked, and both Louis and the queen were carried off to prison, which they were not to leave until they went forth in the tumble to the guillotine. Lafayette had at last crushed to its fall. Lafayette, his king beyond defence, would have marched to Paris to defend the constitution; but, knowing that his troops would not follow him, so disaffected had they become, he made his way to the then neutral territory of Liège, in Belgium. There he was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and forced to spend his time in Austrian and Prussian prisons for several years thereafter.

Despite his rank, Lafayette's lot of a prisoner seems to have been much the same as that of Allied prisoners in Prussian and Austrian hands today. The nature of the double-headed beast was, even in those days, more than 100 years ago, pretty well established. With a worktop for a pen, a little vinegar for ink, and some smuggled paper, Lafayette succeeded in eluding the censorship of his captors and in communicating with friends in France.

To one of his letters, after relating the hardships he had been forced to bear, he added, with characteristic courage: "Mais je m'abstiens à vivre."—"But I am determined to live." And live he did, largely because of the protests launched by his foster-motherland, America. Gouverneur Morris, then our minister to France, forwarded his letter to the United States; the United States protested to Prussia and Austria, and in due time Lafayette was accorded more favors in the role of a "political prisoner."

Napoleon Works for Release

Though Napoleon, just coming into political power in 1797, had his eye upon Lafayette, he had been forced to give up the pursuit of Lafayette, and even went so far as to call him a "noodle," he nevertheless stipulated for his release. Lafayette did not, however, return to France until after the fall of the Directory, brought about by Napoleon in 1799, and the establishment of the Consulate. When he did return, he voted against the conferring of the consulate for life upon Napoleon, and, later, against making Napoleon emperor.

He took no part in the campaigns of "the little corporal," for whom, as evidenced by his votes, he had great esteem. He was in retirement on his estate until after the battle of Leipzig, and the banishment of Napoleon to Elba. Then, under Louis XVIII, he served for a brief period as vice-president of the Assembly, up to the time of the battle of Waterloo. After that date he sat again in the Assembly for the constitution.

During the Revolution of 1830, following the abdication of the reactionary Charles X, Lafayette was again called to the command of the National Guard. But the Marquis—or the General, as he was more popularly called—was then 83 years old, and failing, and his efforts came to little. In the "June Days" rising of 1832 an attempt was made to use him as a figure-head about which to rally the republican forces against Louis-Philippe, but it came to naught. Early in 1834 Lafayette made his last speech; on May 20 of that same year he died in Paris.

Though he failed in his dream of seeing a just, equitable, constitutional monarchy established in France, and did not live to see the establishment of the glorious republic which America honors today, he did not work in vain. His tomb in the little Picpus Cemetery in Paris is that which the tomb of few other men can be said to be—a hallowed spot to the patriotically devout of two great and free nations.

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ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

Q.—Never try to borrow a light from a general when the wind is high. You will probably have to use one of your own matches in the end, because the chances are, he will be just as short of them as you are. Then, too, if one of them goes out, you will put the general at a great disadvantage, because he isn't supposed to fuss in the presence of enlisted men.

T.—Perhaps, after all, it is just as well not to ask the chaplain to sit in on a poker game. He will never know what he's missed; and besides, there are ever so many nicer things—such as raids—but you can invite him to.

R.W.—No, it is not a fair question to put to a new second lieutenant his first turn as officer of the day: "Do you know your general orders, sir?" The only way he'll ever get a chance to learn them is by having every man on post recite them to him. So help him out; go the whole limit, and by the time he finishes his midnight-to-reveille inspection of the guard, he will be a mighty well-informed shavetail. Remember that he's over here to learn just as much as you are, so don't be stingy with your knowledge.

M.R.S.—It is hardly the thing to do nowadays, this asking an aviator whether he believes that airplanes will win the war. He has been asked that so many times, and said yes so many times, that it is really a strain on his nerves. And as he fights on and with his nerves (singular or plural, just as you wish) it isn't your interest to tamper with them (or it).

SUMMER DAYS AT THE FRONT

We may talk of the French and the Americans and William Jennings Bryan, but your true democrat is the coolie. He is the greatest ignoramus of class distinction and leveler of mankind the world has ever known.

Two soldiers were sitting on the firing step of the first line. One was a lieutenant, the other a private.

"I wish," said the lieutenant, "I had a franc for every coolie on my shirt."

"So do I," said the private.

The conversation lagged for a minute. "I guess," resumed the private, "everybody wishes that—even the colonel. You know, he's got 'em, too. He won't admit it, but I saw one on his neck."

One American unit is holding a stretch of line which runs through what used to be a village. Fritz has the remnants of the original station and we have what is left of the Hotel de la Gare, just across the street. Up to the time the Chef de Gare departed suddenly one day, he nurtured a strawberry bed in front of the depot. He has been gone a long time, but the vines are doing fine.

One of the duties of the first line sentries for weeks was to report on the condition of the berries. Finally, they were officially reported ripe. That night the Americans organized a strawberry picking party and it was so successful that they have repeated it at intervals. If not, the sentry started up a flow of sentiment on gastric juice in Fritz, he never showed it.

Whether the fact that it's stolen fruit or that monkey meat, as a steady diet, is horrid, has anything to do with it or not, the Americans assert the berries are the sweetest they have ever tasted. "No Man's Land," they exclaim. "Say, we own it."

The front line is an example of extremes. It is usually either an extremely busy or an extremely quiet place. Frequently, during the day, there won't be a man there for every 50 yards or so, and sometimes not that often.

An ambitious movie operator arrived in a certain sector a few days ago. He was after "action stuff in the first line." "All right," said the major and pointed to the communicating trench that led ahead. The captured man gained the first trench. There was no noise, no movement, not a human being in sight. He might have been on Main Street in a blue law town on a Sunday morning. Finally he came upon a solitary lookout peering through the parapet.

"There's not much doing now," said

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