



Hundredth Anniversary of the Battle of Austerlitz



THE approaching centenary of the battle of Austerlitz, which was fought on Dec. 2, 1805, cannot fail to arouse a rehabilitated enthusiasm in the heart of every one who is convinced that the man who won it was the greatest soldier of any age. It will serve also to recall to the public mind the memory of the wonderful Corsican at the climax of his amazing career, that period at which he seemed destined to overthrow the existing order of the European world. In the entire military career of Napoleon it is probable that no other event stands out so brilliantly as Austerlitz, taking into the account his numerical inferiority, the audacity of his scheme, the precision with which it was worked out and the completeness of the victory.

He had been having things all his own way in that memorable Austrian campaign. Not that he had not been opposed valiantly and that any point of vantage had been uncontested. Every step toward the capital had been disputed, but the French were irresistible. The Austrian commander, General Mack, a gallant soldier and a stubborn fighter, had been compelled to capitulate on Oct. 17, and Napoleon and his triumphant army entered Vienna with a shout of exultation that sent a shiver over Europe.

In the midst of all the festivity incident to the occupation of the Austrian capital Napoleon knew that the struggle was not yet over, that his enemy was preparing for the decisive blow. Since the battle was inevitable, he made up his mind that it should be fought in a place of his own selection. It was in the latter part of November, 1805, that Napoleon, on riding over the country around Austerlitz, determined to make the little Moravian town the battlefield on which he would meet the combined armies of Austria and Russia. He knew that his army was inferior in numbers to that of the allies, but he believed



From the famous drawing by Delort.

NAPOLEON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

that his 70,000 veterans were amply sufficient to carry out the plan he had already formed. The French forces were concentrated at Austerlitz with great rapidity. On the last night of November Napoleon's army was drawn up in a plain, with the right resting on Lake Moenitz and

the left six miles distant on a hill, which was covered with artillery. Two little streams flowed past the tanks into the lake, which was bordered with marshes to protect it, and on a high slope was pitched the emperor's tent. From this little height Napoleon could overlook the entire scene. The allies

approached and ranged themselves on a wavy line of heights just opposite the French. On the highest point, Mount Pratzen, the allies formed their center, which was commanded by the emperors of Austria and Russia in person. The finest corps in the French army, under the famous Marshal Soult,

was detailed to storm the height of Pratzen. All day long Napoleon rode among his troops, and after dark was returning to his tent when he received an ovation which was as novel as it was startling. The soldiers seized the bundles of straw that had been given to

them for bedding and fastened them to the end of long poles. Then at a given signal they lighted the straw and elevated the poles. The illumination that followed was as sudden as it was splendid. All along the valley those improvised torches lighted the path of the astonished and gratified emperor, who recalled at once that it was the anniversary—the first—of his coronation. An enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'empereur!" was caught up by each troop as he advanced.

At 4 o'clock next morning the great Corsican was on horseback beside his tent. The moon had gone down, but through the somber hush that preceded daybreak the quick ear of the emperor caught a low, continuous rumble beyond the heights of Pratzen. The deep murmur passed from right to left, indicating that the allies were massing their forces against the French right wing. At the coming of dawn a bank of gray fog concealed the movements of the enemy, but the increasing rumble told the alert watcher that he had guessed aright.

At sunrise the fog lifted quickly, disclosing the dense masses of infantry which the allies were moving into position. Napoleon divined their intention at a glance. His keen perception told him that the allies, engrossed in the scheme of outflanking the French, were weakening their center by drawing off their troops to the left. The emperor's marshals, who had joined him, perceived the allies' tactics and eagerly implored Napoleon for permission to take advantage of the situation. Turning to Marshal Soult, whose command was massed in the bottom of the valley at the foot of the height of Pratzen, the emperor asked him how long it would take him to reach the summit. The daring fighter replied that it could be done in less than twenty minutes.

"Then let us wait a little," said Bonaparte. "When the enemy is playing into our hands it is not necessary to interrupt him."

It was not until 8 o'clock that the anxiously awaited signal was given. As soon as the word was uttered Murat, Lannes, Bernadotte and Soult, who had been grouped around Bonaparte, turned and swept at a headlong gallop to their respective commands. Napoleon rode toward the center, and as he passed through the ranks he said to his soldiers, the enemy has put himself in your power. Finish the campaign by a clasp of thunder!" A long protracted shout of "Vive l'empereur!" was the answer.

Shortly afterward Marshal Soult with his strong battalions began to ascend the height of Pratzen. It was a magnificent military spectacle, and the emperor watched it with the keenest interest. With banners flying and arms gleaming brightly in the early morning sunlight, drums and trumpets filling the air with a deafening din, the massive columns climbed upward and onward. From the bosom of Pratzen there presently issued a series of flashes and reverberations which suggested the sudden eruption of a volcano. In a moment the top of the height was concealed in smoke, and the two contending hosts engaged in mortal combat were covered from sight. For two hours Pratzen belched forth fire and smoke, and then the sulphurous cloud lifted in the strong sunlight. The French standards waved upon the height and a victorious shout rose from the army like the valley.

Having pierced the allies' center, Soult descended on their left wing. The precipitate flight of the disorganized defenders of Pratzen was intercepted by the French troops below, and the slaughter was terrible. The brave Buxhowden, the Russian general who commanded the allies' left, ordered the retreat, but he could do little. Over 7,000 of his command were pierced and trodden to death. The remainder tried to escape by crossing a frozen lake. The ice was not strong enough to sustain the weight of men, horses and artillery, and over 2,000 of the brave soldiers, Napoleon's other marshals were also successful with their commands. Before daylight the bloody battle of Austerlitz was won, and over 30,000 bodies strewn the field.

FRANCIS GERARD.

John M. Pattison, New Governor of the Buckeye State



At the convention which nominated John M. Pattison, the Democrat recently elected governor of Ohio, it was asserted by one of his supporters that the candidate was "his own man." There was not a man in the convention who did not know the meaning of the statement or who failed to appreciate its significance as a campaign text. It was something new in Ohio politics of any creed for the party leaders to go to the nominating convention with a candidate in their pocket and to return home without having been given the opportunity to stunch him. That is precisely what happened at that convention. The leaders were on hand promptly with their various selections, but none of them had chosen John M. Pattison.

For once, however, the rural delegates rose in their might and refused to be led. To Mr. Pattison, the quiet of the gentlemen from Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus and Toledo, who had devoted themselves so long and so unselfishly perhaps to the duty of representing the party in convention assembled, the country delegates united stubbornly on John M. Pattison and refused to be tempted by any one of the five other candidates dangled seductively before them by the party leaders.

The reputation of being "his own man" was of great service to Mr. Pattison during the campaign. It pleased the people mightily, and they turned out in great force to obtain a glimpse of such a political novelty. His popularity became so apparent that his political enemies were almost thrown into consternation. They charged him with being an opportunist, shrewd to take advantage of an easily acquired popularity, but standing for little or nothing himself. Almost precisely the

same was said of the late Mr. McKinley. The very charge was an admission of Mr. Pattison's originality and shrewdness. It argued well for his ability that he saw a better opportunity in a direct appeal to his party than in the cut and dried method of propounding the party leaders.

From this standpoint alone John M. Pattison is a deeply interesting man. His record both in business and in public shows him to be a man in advance of his time rather than a man who is the mere adapter of popular clamor to his own personal uses. In congress he introduced the first bill providing for the federal supervision of insurance. That was long before the present New York legislative investigation was contemplated. He worked and voted to secure the first rural fire delivery appropriation. The experts of that time had so little confidence in the experiment that the postoffice returned that appropriation as an unexpended balance, but the farmers of today know its worth. In the state senate Mr. Pattison held out against the solid front of his party when, in 1890, an attempt was made to repeal the law closing saloons on Sunday. For his opposition to that repeal his opponents dubbed him a Puritan, an advocate of the blue laws.

John M. Pattison was born on a farm in Clermont county, O., June 13, 1847. His father was in humble circumstances, being only a tenant farmer and afterward the proprietor of a small country store. That of itself tells the story of the boy's early life. At sixteen he collected and served during the closing days of the civil war. He afterward taught school until he had earned money sufficient to attend the Ohio Wesleyan university at Delaware, O. The class with which he was graduated has a remarkable record. It has furnished a vice president, two United States senators, three governors, one attorney general, several members of the national house of representatives,



GOVERNOR ELECT AND MRS. JOHN M. PATTISON.

one bishop, one professor in the university, one general in the Spanish-American war, a commissioner of internal revenue, ten judges, several state senators and some other prominent men. In the same class were two men who now figure conspicuously as presidential candidates for 1908—Vice President Fairbanks and Senator Foraker.

After graduation Mr. Pattison went west to take insurance for the company of which he is now the head. While engaged in this business he studied law and was admitted to the bar. At the end of ten years' practice he was invited to enter his old insurance company as vice president and general manager. He accepted and

there was an increase in the business from the first year. This increase has continued and has made Mr. Pattison president of the company. Today he is a moderately rich man if one does not measure him by the inflated modern standard. This is his business history. His political history has been equally

satisfactory. When a young lawyer he was put on the Hamilton county legislative ticket at a time when there was little hope for the cause. The ticket won, the young attorney leadership. When his term was ended he returned quietly to the law. In 1899 the Democratic state leaders asked him to become a candidate for the state sen-

ate from the district which included his native county. He had transferred his home from Cincinnati to Millford in Clermont county and was eligible for the honor. He had already put himself on record as an advocate of the Sunday closing law and a strong opposition was raised against him. The saloon interests banded together to defeat him, but he won. That victory and his subsequent work in the legislature sent him to congress when Cleveland was president and Crisp in the speaker's chair. Before the close of his term of office he was re-elected and Mr. Pattison found himself a resident of a district with a large Republican majority.

Personally, Governor Elect Pattison is short and slender, brown eyes and with a luxuriant head and beard of black hair that has thus far resisted the invasions of time. The beard conceals a square, strong jaw and accentuates the thin, mobile lips and the firm expression of the mouth. His features are regular and well modeled and his healthy complexion and erect bearing, coupled with his energy and bodily activity, are rare in a man of fifty-eight. He can make an interesting speech, but he is not an orator. He makes his best impression in personal contact when one succeeds in penetrating his natural reserve and shyness. He is a man who has faced the problems of life squarely and without prejudice, being open to conviction and anxious for light. When he decides, however, the opportunity for argument has passed.

The Pattisons have a beautiful country home, a genuine farm, at Millford, in the Little Miami valley, fourteen miles out of Cincinnati. Mrs. Pattison is the daughter of the late Professor Williams, who held the chair of Greek at the Ohio Wesleyan university. There are two daughters and a son, who has just been graduated from college and will enter a law school.

ELLIS OSBORNE.

WORLD NOTES.

There are neither distilleries, breweries nor saloons in Persia, and the only beverage of an intoxicating sort is a wine which to the stranger tastes too much like medicine to be indulged in in quantity.

One of the oldest churches is found in the redwood forests of California. It is near San Jose and is maintained by a mining settlement, the minister work-

ing as a miner during the week. It is built in one of the hollow trees and accommodates a congregation of twenty-five, with space for a recess channel containing a small organ.

A man who within the last five years has risen from the position of a mine laborer to be the richest man in Mexico has offered to pay off the Mexican national debt, which exceeds \$150,000,000.

600. He developed gold and silver mines which are said to yield him \$10,000,000 a year.

Radium is a substance which is, perhaps, millions of times more powerful than dynamite. Thus it is estimated that an ounce of radium would contain enough power to raise 10,000 tons a mile above the earth's surface, said Professor Darwin at Johannesburg recently. Another way of stating the same estimate is this: The energy needed to

tow a ship of 12,000 tons a distance of 5,000 sea miles at fifteen knots is contained in twenty-two ounces of radium.

There is no accounting for tastes, literary or other, even among denizens of the vasty deep. While Mr. Robert Milne, fish dealer, Chapel street, Aberdeen, was engaged in cutting up a large fish the other day he was surprised to find in the stomach a complete copy of "The Life of Charles Peace, the Notorious Criminal." The publication, con-

sisting of fifteen pages, was only folded once and must have been swallowed at a gulp. The print and pictures were perfectly clear.

Lieutenant Alexander, who has been traveling in western Africa, gives an interesting account of Hausa wrestling. The contests are adopted as a means of settling certain classes of disputes and are held by order of the local chief. What greatly astonished Lieutenant Alexander was the points of resem-

blance in the performance to wrestling as practiced in Europe. Unsurprisingly, the combatants shook hands before commencing and the wrestling itself was in the Greco-Roman style.

The lightest of European crowns is the state crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria. Although it weighs only 2 pounds 7 ounces, its value is \$1,500,000. One enormous sapphire came from the sultan of Edward the Confessor. In the pope's treasure

house are two crowns which are valued at \$2,000,000. One of them was the gift of Napoleon to Pius VII. and contains the largest emerald in the world. The other, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to Pius IX., weighs three pounds and is worth \$1,000,000.

A woman who was plaintiff in an action in a London court the other day said she earned her living by lending out silk skirts, hats and feathers to working girls for holidays.