

## MARSHAL DUKE DE MCMAHON.

The Great Celtic Soldier and His Famous Comrades.

Even the slight indisposition from which Marshal MacMahon suffered a few days ago gave rise to serious uneasiness. No ailment is insignificant to a man of such advanced age, and it will be indeed a loss for France when that grand figure, once so prominent, lately so effaced, disappears from the country which he helped to make great. He belongs to that pleiad of *Marschaux de France* in which Pelissier and Canrobert were his contemporaries.

Marie Anne Patrice Maurice de MacMahon was born on the 13th of July, 1803, at Sully, the ninth of the eleven children of the Marquis de MacMahon, Lieutenant General and personal friend of Charles X. He left St. Cyr to serve with Pelissier, Canrobert and Changarnier, in the regiments sent to Africa, distinguished himself in those arduous campaigns, and was raised to the rank of General after his daring exploits at Constantine. He reached Malakoff in time to carry the works and display heroic valor; it was there that he spoke the now historic words which on the bastions of the captured "Tower" rang above the thunder of the Russian cannon: "I am here, and here I shall remain!"

Passionately fond of Algeria, the land in which he had won his first laurels, MacMahon forsook it in '57 in order to go and pacify Kabylia and presently to receive the appointment of Governor of that province by the Emperor. Magenta remaining as the triumphant record of strategy and military science saw the General assume the title of Duke and Marshal of France, and achieve the highest honors. Then came 1870 with the fatal reverses obscuring the glorious pages of a life on which were inscribed so many victories, yet the brave soldier remained undaunted and undismayed; he advanced in the direction of Wissembourg and Froeschweiler, where 100,000 Prussians awaited 40,000 Frenchmen; he saw the remnant of those fine squadrons of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers decimated by the dragoons of the enemy, and as they fell, wrenching from the Emperor William, the involuntary tribute, "*Oh, les braves gens!*" MacMahon would have operated a junction with Bazaine, thrown back Prince Frederick Charles beyond the Meuse, and pursued the Prince Royal marching on Chalons. Other advice prevailed. It was not to be. Napoleon III. entered Sedan to be trapped with his 180,000 men, and, fortunately for MacMahon, he lay seriously wounded before the *rebellion* of a large army took place. Had he been at the head of his troops he would have conquered or perished, but never have been captured alive. When he bewailed that he had not died before this humiliation to his flag the last surviving Turcos who had fought with him at Froeschweiler gathered around him with tears on their swarthy cheeks, for they had loved him since the days in Africa, and said in their broken French: "Die! You won't die; you see we are still alive." The Marshal was carried off in an ambulance a prisoner to Germany and returned to France a broken-hearted man, to whom military service was henceforth but a glorious memory.

When the peace was proclaimed MacMahon became, almost without his knowledge, a politician. After the elections of January 27 his star arose luminous and steady over the political horizon of France. He offered in his person the singular spectacle of a man whose only passion was to serve his country under arms serving her from 1878 to 1877 in the highest civil functions. His period of presidency was perfectly clean and loyal: he

may have erred on minor questions, offended one party or another, laid himself open to the censures of the press, but his reputation of a perfectly honest man was as undisputed as that of the soldier of Malakoff, of the victor of Magenta, or of the prisoner of Sedan; it can be summed up in the word—*innocent*! He submitted rather than accepted to be elevated to the Presidential chair. He descended from it with equanimity to retire to his country home at Sully St. Legor, near Autun. He has often said that he would never see the government of his choice: born and bred in strictly legitimist views he considered that the supreme salvation of France lay in a monarchial restoration. For one brief moment he helped to see the realization of that dream, and confidently expected the hour when the Comte de Chambord, seated on the throne of his fathers, would grant him "a small military command." The dream was rudely dispelled when the manifesto of Salzburg elicited from the National Assembly the vote of the Septennate.

But, whatever part MacMahon has played during the eighty-five years of a well-filled life, he has in the past and present been surrounded by the homage and respect of his countrymen. Every head is bared before the white-haired old man, who carries his age so bravely, walking erect still, reading without spectacles, riding on horseback, and putting the final touch to his memoirs.

Canrobert, whose only daughter, Claire, was quietly married in 1890, a few weeks only after her mother's death, is equally worthy of the dignity of Marshal, conferred on him for his glorious services in the army. His name appears on the roll of thirty-eight battles, sieges, or attacks, beginning in 1855 with Oued Sig, in Africa, and ending in 1870 with Ladonchamp. Among them stand out in relief the dazzling names of Isly, Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, Sebastopol, Magenta, Solferino, Gravelotte, and St. Privat.

After the close of the Franco-German war Canrobert took up his residence in a small hotel in the Rue de Maignan, close to the Champs Elysees. During the lifetime of his beloved wife, the beautiful Flora MacDonald, he frequently visited his property at Jouv en Jouas, but when the Marechale died he never returned to a spot so associated with his happiest moments, and leads an almost cloistral existence of seclusion in his Paris house.

Twenty three years have elapsed since Napoleon III. created the last Marshal of France, Gen. Leboeuf, and it seemed as if the title would die out forever as formerly the fine one of Comte de Paris, but the young men of to day harbor the hope that this supreme reward will once again be vouchsafed to their valor and that they may look forward to that baton which was popularly supposed to lie hidden in the knapsack of every conscript. This revival would be hailed with acclamation by the army. The dignity dates from a remote period of the history of France. Under Philippe Auguste the name was given to the chief of an outpost, but about the end of the thirteenth century it became an expression of the highest military rank. From the reign of Louis XIV. till the republic there were generally fifteen or sixteen Marshals of France. In 1791 a decree reduced the number to six, and two years later the "Terror" abolished the institution as incompatible with equality. Napoleon reconstructed it, and it was from the Generals of the republic that he elected the Imperial Marshals; they had all won fame on battlefields, and were the worthy followers of the Turennes and Catinats. Under the old regime they were addressed as "Monseigneur," and such as "Excellence." For a

brief space of time seniority in office conferred a certain superiority over the other colleagues, but this preference was soon abolished.

The baton, the insignia of the rank, so often represented in old portraits, is a small roll of wood, some sixteen inches long, covered in blue velvet, and decorated with embroidered golden emblems. There was formerly fleur de lis, then bees under the empire, and a five-pointed star under Louis Philippe. At each extremity of the baton is a golden ring, on which a motto is engraved. The King used to send the baton to the new dignitary, or to hand it himself to the recipient. Louis XIII., on the beach of Honfleur, threw his cane to the intrepid La Meilleraye, saying: "I make you Marshal of France—there is your baton." La Meilleraye picked up the stick and used it as a hero. In memory of that royal act, on more than one occasion the Kings of France have placed their canes in the hands of the freshly made Marshals as if to invest them with some of their authority.

Before the revolution a Marshal carried his baton whenever he was at the head of his troops. Since then it became a purely decorative insignia, figuring chiefly in paintings. Marshal de Castellane was the last who brought his baton into public ceremonies. When he paid an official call an aide-de-camp carried it, standing at his side. At reviews he brandished it aloft, and was even seen to throw it into the air and catch it ere it fell, as the Arabs do with their rifles.

Almost all the great French families have had Marshals among their ancestors; to mention only one, the Bernadottes are to-day on the throne of Sweden. It would take volumes to specify all the names that have received added lustre from the honor.

Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, was once asked what in his opinion constituted a real French Marshal. He answered without a moment's hesitation: "It is a man who has more duties to fulfil than any one else and who is blameless in all things." Tradition tells us that the predecessors of Canrobert, and MacMahon, Duke of Magenta have, like these last illustrious survivors, deserved this proud definition.—*M. de S. in New York Sun.*

## The Hand of God.

A worthless, ungodly man, dwelling in the Vosges in France, had lately lost his mother, and saw his sister likewise at the point of death, when he learned that the latter had made a will, the arrangement of which was of such a nature, it seems, that it suggested misgivings to him.

Taking a crucifix, this unfortunate man placed it on a table before him, and, in the presence of several witnesses, he adjured the Christ to reveal the contents of the will to him, and threatened, with many blasphemies, to burn the crucifix if, at the end of a week, he had received no answer. Saying this, he placed beside the crucifix a small stove and matches.

The following week, our blasphemer having gone to business, did not return until night was far advanced. What happened?

The Christ had preserved, in regard to this worthless man, the same silence that He had in regard to Herod; but about three o'clock the next morning a conflagration, the cause of which we know not, consumed his house, and the next day there were found in the midst of the ruins the bones of the unfortunate blasphemer.

This was the crucifix's reply.

## A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children. Mrs. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N. S.

## Notes from the World's Fair.

We clip the following notes from the *New World*. They may be found interesting to those who intend visiting the World's Fair:

Before you leave see one treasure in St. Viator's College Exhibit, the stole of Father Damien, the martyr priest of the leper colony of Molokai, a man of our own day, brave as any hero of the first glorious years of the Christian era, who in all the strength of a vigorous manhood went down into a living grave, "said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister," gave his days and his nights to the service of decaying corpses that prisoned living souls, knowing from the beginning that their fate must be his, yet never faltered in his labor of mercy and love.

The beauty and extent of the Mexican Exhibit in the Manufactures Building is a great surprise to the prejudiced or ignorant who think that nothing good can come out of that calumniated land. The display of cotton and woolen fabrics is considered particularly excellent. The blankets especially are as fine as any country can show. Mexican sombreros are shown costing from \$25 to \$100. Not the least interesting are the products of the Indians of Mexico. These include specimens of pottery, polished horn, carving in wood, shell and oyx; cordage made from the fiber of the hounquen plant; hand-made copper vessels beautiful in design and decoration, all made by native Indians of Mexico.

The most attractive exhibit in the Mines Building is that of the Cape Colony diamond industry. In pictures are shown the mines and manner in excavating the precious soil. The practical exhibition shows the washing and separating the dirt from the stones done by machinery operated by Zulus. Still more interesting is the cleaving and cutting of diamonds, and the polishing of the stones by skilled workmen. Rough diamonds are shown in the exhibit to the value of \$750,000.

On the south wall of the government room which contains the national exhibit in the French display, hangs a marvelous tapestry from the manufactory at Beauvais. It is about twelve by twenty feet in size. Its title is "The Fairies' Godchild," and shows an infant on a couch surrounded by fairy godmothers who are bestowing their various gifts. A hag is observed retreating from the happy scene. The coloring is rich and the hues finely blended. This tapestry is worth \$120,000 and was fifteen years in process of manufacture.

The Japanese Exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts is the delight of all beholders. Japan's favorite flower, the Chrysanthemum, greets one in the beautiful tapestry which hangs at the entrance. Just beyond is a startling representation of a huge gorilla carved in cherry wood. The walls are hung with magnificent tapestries and curious paintings on silk or paper. The center of the room contains cases in which are displayed carvings in ivory and wood. Bronzes, cloisonne work, and all the other artistic products of Japan unite in making a remarkable display.

The carrying capacity of the movable sidewalk on the south pier is estimated at 5,600 people. The fare is five cents for the ride of 4,300 feet. Once the machinery is set in motion it never stops during the day or evening while the Fair is open to the public. Two platforms travel side by side in the same direction, one at three, the other at six miles an hour. Stepping from the station into the first platform the passenger is enabled in a moment to step on the second and faster one and secure a seat during the journey.

"It has cured others and it will cure you" is true only of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The motto suits the medicine and the medicine the motto. What better assurance could you have that a remedy will cure you, than the fact that it has cured such multitudes of others?