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AGRICULTURE.

For the "Chignecto Post."

The French Commander.

The Duke de Magenta or, as he is better known, Marshal McMahon, who will command the French army in the coming struggle with Prussia, comes of a fighting stock. His ancestors in Ireland espoused the unfortunate cause of James II. and when his star set they shared his exile, and entering the French army gained signal honors in many a hard fought battle, and through advantageous marriages mingled their blood with the highest nobility of their adopted country. The Marshal was born at Sully in 1808, and after graduating in the military school of St. Cyr, was sent to Algeria in 1850. A staff-attaché to General Archard, he took part in the expedition to Ant-

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1830, Major of foot claussiers in the 1840, Lieutnant-Colonel of the foreign Legion in 1812, Colonel of the 24th regiment of the line in 1815, and General of Brigade in 1818. When Carrobert was killed from the Crimea in 1857, M. Mahon was appointed his successor as a general of division, and in that capacity reaped laurels by his valorous bearing at the assault on the Malakoff. He was invested with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and at the close of the Crimean campaign he was made Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and it was in the Franco-Russian war of 1859 that he nobly displayed his valorous. He was in the battle of Magenta and with it a Marshal's baton and the title he now wears. Almost a year after that perished in Spain, and in 1864 he was nominated Governor-General of Algeria.

Narrow Escape.

On Saturday-morning a small boy named Goddard clambered over the roof of two of the chimneys in Prince's street in quest of some kite twine that had got entangled on the fire alarm wire. He reached the spot in the nick of time, and was successful in disengaging the twine. On his return, while passing around a chimney, a loose brick gave way, and, losing his hold, the adventurous little fellow fell. He caught the ridgepole with his right hand in the descent, and was left on till he had recovered from the shock which the fall had given to his nervous system. He then crawled back over a couple of adjoining roofs, and finally reached terra firma in safety, though not without sundry bruises. Just at the time when he was about the act of passing the chimney, his mother caught a glimpse of him from a window on the opposite side of the street, but dared not call to him lest he might lose his hold. She saw him slip; and, terrified with the consequence he supposed would be the consequence, fainted away. When she recovered, the boy was in the centre of a group of wondering youngsters, the eldest of whom attentively listened to the narration of his exploits.

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The Death file "Journal" of the 10th alt. says:

The gambling saloon at No. 80 1/2 fifth street here, on Market and Union was the scene of the first theatrical last night—a scene wherein the cold, remorseless player, Death, claimed the stake, a human life. A game of faro was going on. The room was filled with people—men, women and children—their interest in the presiding executioner of the scene. Others, with a demon thirst of gain, upturned their thoughts—when the king of errors, without a single note of warning, stalked in and, claimed the onerous stake. As developed at the coroner's inquest, the strange facts of the case were as follows: A well dressed, gentlemanly stranger who had visited the place for three evenings in succession entered the door and took his seat at the table. After watching the game for a little while he began to play when suddenly his head fell forward upon the table and froth was seen issuing from his mouth. He was immediately removed to the hospital, but after three hours he could get no trace of life. In a few minutes it was discovered he was dying, and before medical aid could be summoned he was dead. The game was quickly closed, and several of the horror stricken players departed. He was identified by letters as a resident of Baltimore.