

English Almoners happened to be staying at Forbes' hotel, a hamper was dispatched to the Frenchwoman, who went away sobbing like a child. That same night, Forbes started for England, and wrote his account of the entrance into Paris before he had washed the blood-stains from his head and hands. This account appeared in a special edition of the "Daily News," and the next morning Mr. Robinson found his correspondent asleep on the floor with the London Directory for a pillow.

On returning to Paris, just as the Commune was collapsing, Forbes entered by La Chappelle gate, and the same afternoon reached Dombrowski in Chateau La Muette. While dining, the report came that the Versailles had forced the Porte de la Muette. Desperate fighting ensued, during which Dombrowski, who had mounted a wall, was wounded, and fell into Forbes's arms. All then ran away. The next morning, Forbes was "requisitioned" by the Communists to aid in erecting a barricade across the Rue Rivoli, and again, later in the day, to defend an indefensible position, the defenders of which promptly disappeared. Some hours after, Forbes stood behind shelter in Rue Lafayette and watched the Versailles take the Grand Opera House. There followed a pandemonium of indiscriminate slaughter. Unable to communicate with England, Forbes got out of Paris with great difficulty, and brought to London the news that Paris was in flames. He returned to the distracted city in time to witness the final down-fall of the Communards in the slums of Bellevue and in Pere la Chaise.

On the abdication of King Amadeus, Forbes visited Spain to watch the new republic, the difficulty of directing which was materially enhanced by the purity of its leaders. They would neither bribe nor be bribed, and without bribery no government can live in Spain. Castelar is a dreamer whose aspirations are too good for this work-a-day world. Figueras resigned because, by his own confession, he had not iron enough in his system to be a leader of men. Finding the republic a myth, Forbes, in 1872, went in search of the civil war in Catalonia, and found Contreras in command of the Republican troops at Barcelona. This fat scoundrel, who in a carriage looked as broad as he was long, afterward conducted the communicative insurrection in Carthage, when a penny post-man and a shoe-maker were joint presidents. Forbes tried to induce Contreras to march against the Carlists, and finally the fat commander succeeded in getting his army one day's march out of Barcelona, or the conclusion of which feat the army triumphantly mutinied, and were gloriously marched back. Disgusted with Contreras, Forbes underwent four months of bushwhacking with the Carlists, whom he found personally pleasanter than the royalists. They had little fighting capacity, but died like gentlemen.

Returning to England, Forbes suggested the Ashantee war in a letter to the "Daily News," his propositions being carried out immediately, and their utility being unofficially acknowledged by military magnates. Bad health prevented the inventor of this war from reporting it.

In the beginning of 1874, a famine desolated Tirbort, a densely populated district of Bengal, where the people swarm like flies. Forbes passed the summer among these miserable people, numbers of whom died, though \$15,000,000 were expended in mitigating the horrors of the situation. One great difficulty in preventing starvation arose from the existence of caste. No food cooked by one cast could be eaten by another. Forbes saw a woman come to a trough for food who, on observing that the people handling the food were of inferior caste to herself, lay down and died with her infant in her arms!

After receiving a sunstroke from which he lay insensible for two days, Forbes returned home after eight months' absence. He became cognizant of the intrigue for the restoration of Prince Alfonso of Spain, who was then a boy of fifteen, and a fine rider, with a certain dignity, and a certain amount of ready brains. Accompanying Alfonso to Madrid, Forbes assisted at the coronation and followed the king to Navarre in pursuit of Carlists, who were finally paid to give up a lost cause.

Gladly leaving the land of hidalgos, in August, 1875, Forbes went with the Prince of Wales through India, whose life was made up of pageants that unrolled themselves like gorgeous panoramas, and displayed the jealousies of native princes who quarrelled about precedence, scowled, sulked, and even went away altogether. But, though these

princes hated each other, they learned to esteem the Prince of Wales, whose manners toward them were irreproachable. He combined tact with dignity, and always did the right thing at the right time. According to Forbes, England's hold on India would not be worth a month's purchase but for military rule. All save traders, detest the English, and they are only friendly through interest. British military rule is a semi-depotism, not always wisely directed.

April, 1876, found Forbes again in England, but the breaking out of the Serbian war caused him to join General Ichornayeff, a Russian Schilavophil who undertook to organize the Serbian militia, and accomplished wonders. By presenting a bold front and throwing up earth-works, he so impressed the Turks with a belief in Serbian strength that a war which should have ended in a fortnight was prolonged four months. More than one narrow escape from capture and death served to keep Forbes on the alert, while life in camp was curious enough. On the approach of winter, officers and men were quartered in holes excavated in the ground and covered over with sod. Piled up in the centre of each subterranean camp was a huge fire round which all slept. Men nibbled hair and whiskers were frequent companions.—not to mention less agreeable vermin. Forbes brought to Belgrade the tidings of the Serbian collapse, having on this occasion seen a battle that lasted nine hours, travelled by post 150 miles, and telegraphed four columns to the "Daily News" in thirty-four hours.

In the spring of 1877, Forbes joined the Russian army in the campaign against the Turks, and, owing to Russian secretiveness, was sorely puzzled to learn where the Danube would be crossed. Thanks to Prince Miraki, who gave him a hint, he was the only English correspondent who solved the problem, and hurrying to Bacu rest with the news, again did his journal great credit. Sole English correspondent present at the murderous and disastrous Russian assault on Plevna, in July, 1877, Forbes was decorated with the order of St. Stanislaus for personal intrepidity in rescuing the Russian wounded. By desperately riding his horse to death, Forbes reached Bucharest—a distance of 100 miles—the day after the battle, and telegraphed eight columns of description, which appeared in the "Daily News" of the following morning. For sixty hours he underwent continuous physical and mental exertion, almost without food and entirely without sleep. The narrative telegraphed to London bore so hard on the Russians, that all anticipated the writer's expulsion from the Muscovite army. Recognizing the truth, however, of the English account, the Russian military leaders instructed the press to accept it as accurate.

Again, having witnessed the fight at Shipka Pass, and being convinced that the Russians could hold their position, Forbes quitted the scene of combat at six o'clock in the evening, on the return journey to Bucharest, and riding all night reached the imperial headquarters the next morning, having outstripped the Russian couriers. Taken before the Emperor, who was anxious and careworn, and very shabbily dressed, Forbes gave him all the information at his command, and was warmly thanked for his promptitude. Radetsky had exclaimed at Shipka Pass: "I've got this place, and, please God, I'll keep it as long as I'm alive." Forbes assured the Emperor that the Pass would be held; but as reports of a different nature reached headquarters during the day, Forbes passed more than one nervous quart d'heure, the German military attaché of the imperial staff assuring the Emperor that Forbes had led them astray. At last news came that corroborated his statements, whereupon the Emperor turned upon Major Lignitz, exclaiming:

"You were wrong. I believe Ignatieff's Englishman is the only man among you who knows anything about war."

Forbes and MacGahan shared between them the descriptions of the September attacks on Plevna, which lasted five days. At their conclusion, Forbes, shattered by exposure, fatigue, and fever, abandoned the field and nearly died at Bucharest. He left the interest of the "Daily News" in charge of those two masters of war, Mr. Robinson, H. A. MacGahan and F. D. Millet, both Americans and both peers of their English confreres. MacGahan died at his post, beloved by Bulgaria, whose wrongs he published to the world, and thereby righted; his death was deplored by friends and employers, as an irreparable loss to journalism. Millet accomplished wonderful feats, and lives to tell the tale in his American studio, where

historic painting claims time once given to picturesque writing.

In the summer of 1878, Forbes went with Sir Garnet Wolseley to take possession of that pestiferous island, Cyprus, and, like everybody else, fell a victim to fever. Nevertheless, he contrived to be at Simla, in the Himalayas, shortly before the outbreak of the Afghan war, and at his own peril carried the first dispatches announcing success. The short telegram sent to the "Daily News" bore the date of ten o'clock, a.m. Ten minutes before ten, papers containing his dispatch were read in Fleetstreet. The curious fact was due, of course, to the five hours' difference in the time between Asia and England.

Having eaten his Christmas dinner at Jelalabad, Forbes departed for Durban, intending to interview young Thobaw, the noble Lord of the White Elephant, Monarch of the Golden Umbrella, etc., etc., who had then just attained the throne. He accomplished his mission one week before the young monarch massacred all his relatives. Accordingly, Forbes was accused by the Calcutta press of having gone to Mandalay for the purpose of bringing about this Christian catastrophe, and thus creating a sensation! On his way down the Irrawaddy, Forbes read the telegram which recounted the disaster of Isandula, and in an hour later received the curt order, "Go and do the Zulu war." He had a vague notion that the Zulus lived in South Africa, and a geographical friend in Rangoon told him that Durban was the seaport to make for. So for Durban he headed—away across India, from Calcutta to Lahore, from Lahore down the Indus to Kurachee, from Kurachee by steam to Aden, from Aden by steam to Zanzibar, and from Zanzibar again by steam down the southern coast to Port Durban. Discovering at Ulundi that Lord Chomford was dispatching no immediate courier, the war correspondent started at sundown from the frontier, rode alone through a trackless country swarming with Zulus, and reached the telegraph-wire, a distance of 110 miles, in fifteen hours, whence he sent the earliest account of the victory to England, as well as to Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere. His report in the "Daily News" was read aloud in both Houses of Parliament, amid clamorous applause. Anxious to give details to Sir Garnet Wolseley, Forbes continued his ride to Port Elizabeth, 170 miles farther on, which he accomplished in thirty hours. The entire ride occupied ninety-six hours, three of which were given to sleep. All this was done by a man with a contusion on his leg, caused by a spent bullet received at Ulundi, which afterward suppurated, and compelled his return to England.

During his enforced vacations, Forbes has lectured on the Franco-German war and the Zulu campaign, and has by special invitation addressed the United Service Club, the highest military institution in England, on "Russian military operations in Bulgaria." On this occasion the Duke of Cambridge paid him the compliment of offering to take the chair. While thanking the commander-in-chief, Forbes said that he would be more appropriate if his old colonel, now General Wardlaw, should preside. The General did so, and when the lecturer stated that he was proud to see in the chair a gallant officer who, in times long past, had more than once issued the stern edict, "Let that man have ten days' pack drill," the confusion was greeted with shouts of laughter, in which General Wardlaw heartily joined, declaring, on rising to propose a vote of thanks, that he had no recollection of the little occurrences referred to, but if ever he did give Mr. Forbes punishment drill, it was doubtless most richly deserved.

Such is the the outcome of Venetian Forbes's career—a true war correspondent, who thinks a fight the most exquisite delight in the world, and considers a complicated technical battle the most elevated enjoyment of which the human mind is capable.

A LITTLE boy, named Johnny, from the interior of the State, who had been raised on a stock ranch, and had heard a good deal about the conveyances of stockmen kicking yearlings that did not belong to them, came to Galveston to live. The other day Johnny's Sunday school teacher asked him: "Why did not Abraham offer up Isaac?" "Perhaps Isaac didn't belong to the old man's mark and brand."

The advance sheets of Lord Beaconsfield's new novel *Endymion* was recently laid before the Queen by his private secretary, Lord Rowton, for her opinion in relation to its treatment of political matters.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

CYRUS W. FIELD, with his wife, son, and daughter-in-law, are going around the world. They will not go in eighty days but in a steamboat.

ASTRONOMICALLY speaking, the orbits of the lordly turkey and cranberry sauce soon cross each other, and these two will then be in conjunction.

THE daughters of the Duke of Richmond are persistent and successful fishermen, and as catchers of salmon are said to be rivaling their countrymen.

THE estate of an English master named Rhodes was lately wound up. It realized \$300,000. The sale of his effects in his residence resulted in \$28,750.

VERA SASSULICH, the accomplished assassin of the Nihilists, should come to this country and lecture on "Kings I Have Tried to Shoot." We believe such a lecture would go off well.

AN Englishwoman who wrote to the *London Queen* to know what would be a suitable outfit for Nile traveling, was bidden to get a small riding whip, as the natives are sometimes very importunate, and nothing else would keep them off.

MALTA must be a paradise for habitual topers. In Valletta, the capital of the island, there is now a grog shop for every seventy-five inhabitants, including women and children. In addition to these there are, of course, the soldiers and sailors, who are the principal frequenters of many of these establishments.

LORD HENRY GORDON, brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and formerly of the firm of Newton, Gordon & Co., tobacco and general broker, is a bankrupt. Lord Henry's grandfather, Lord Huntly, had the same sad fate, and the sheriff occupied his home. The present peer, an able man of high character, repaired the fortunes of his family by marrying a Manchester millionaire's daughter.

Two sisters at Lackawaxen, P., were engaged to marry two brothers, and the double wedding was to take place about the holidays. Just before the election, one of the girls asked her lover to take her to a Republican meeting, but he, being a Democrat, refused. She appealed to his brother, a Republican, and he accompanied her. The sister who remained at home and the Democrat brother, finding their political sympathies in accord, agreed to break up the previous arrangement and become man and wife. The idea met with favour all round, and the wedding will take place accordingly, each of the four taking a different mate.

SOLOMON JONES of Boonburg, M.I., was 70 when, after many years of poverty, he received \$2,000 in pension money. He had no relatives to leave it to when he died, and therefore made up his mind to spend it all himself. In view of the probably short time remaining to him in this world, he felt that he must be fast and furious in his pleasures, if he would spend the whole \$2,000. He married a young wife, and gratified her love and dress; he got in a large stock of leverages, and drank them recklessly; he bought a fast horse, and bet on him. At the end of three months the last dollar was gone, his wife deserted him, his horse died, and he is still without any immediate prospect of dying.

Mechanical Invention.

It has been predicted that if mechanical invention should proceed during the next fifty years as it has in the last half century, machinery will supersede all physical and much mental labour. The evil part, which it plays in our day is equivalent to the part which the slave labour and the evils of conquest played in Rome. It is multiplying the indigent employments. Its automata trains the man into a corresponding automacy which cuts down to a minimum the need of effort for subsistence. Its effectiveness has reduced the hours of labour from eighteen to ten with a rise of wages, and the labour is intermittent because gluts, strikes, and lock-outs alternately intervene. The terms of the struggle for existence are changing. Hard work is less required; bulky decisions serve where there are no modern improvements, and Pat will soon follow by refusing to carry a load without a lift. The upshot is that the work which underlies attrition is coming to be obsolete, and raises the question whether we are becoming the victims of our ingenuity.