

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The *London Works* publishes the following sketch of the talented gentleman:—

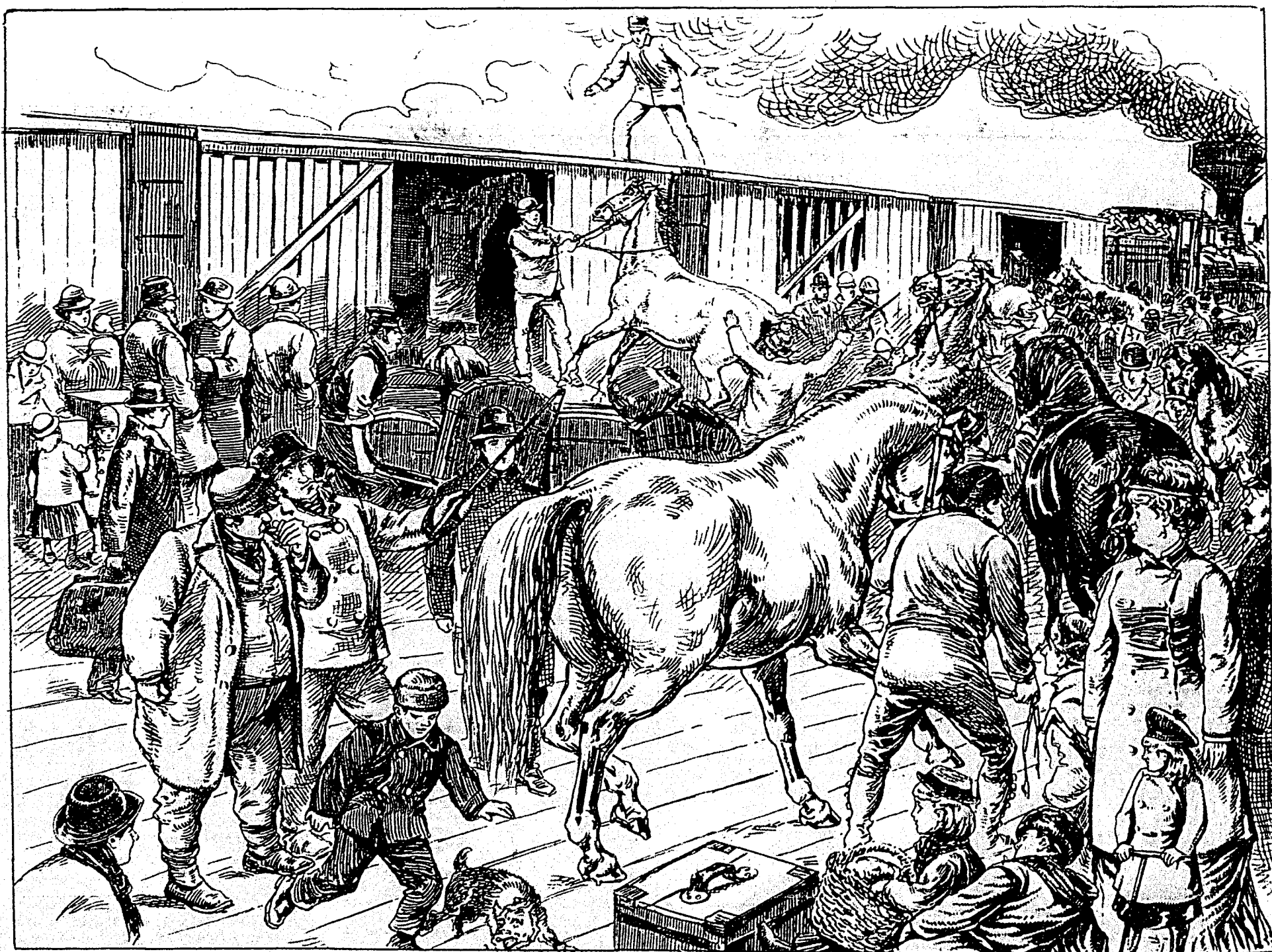
"Finding the pursuit of liberal studies at the University of Aberdeen not sufficiently exciting, he enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, and at the end of five years' service, obtained his discharge, marked 'good,' an adjective which, he attributes rather to the kindness than the justice of his commanding officer. His career is a remarkable example of the French proverb, *chassez la nature il revient au galop*. As a scholar, he burned to be a dragoon: as a dragoon, he could not forget his literary tastes. Reading in every leisure hour all the technical works he could find in the barrack library, he, like most men who write well, felt the necessity of writing on his own account. His early ventures to the *Cornhill Magazine* and then in the *St. Paul's Magazine* were mostly on military subjects, and his treatment of them was so successful as to bring occasional cheques to barracks, the effect of these visitations being generally the temporary demoralization of the troop-room which he chanced to inhabit. Still working at professional subjects, he found his occasional papers so well received by London editors that he finally determined on rejecting the sword for—*credo Bulver*—the mightier weapon. No longer dragoon, non-commissioned officer, and rough rider, he found his way into the hard, every-day work of metropolitan journalism, producing by turns almost every kind of hand-to-mouth composition. Editing for a while the *London Scotsman*, he accepted the post of war-correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* during the early days of the Franco-German war. His letters therein attracted the notice of Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager of the *Daily News*, who, with the quick eye of an accomplished journalist, recognized a fresh and strong hand. Accident soon brought him and his future war-correspondent together.



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Returning from Metz to re-assume the editorship of the *London Scotsman*, Mr. Forbes being possessed of much accurate information respecting the position of the contending armies, endeavored to "place" a letter on the subject in a leading journal. The communication was discouraged, and he stood in Fleet street hesitating which of the three daily newspapers in the immediate neighbourhood to offer his "copy" to. He decided, by tossing up, on the *Daily News*, and on the following morning made his first appearance in the columns of the journal with which he has since been so intimately associated.

Next afternoon he called at the office to volunteer some further articles on the war, and was not a little surprised to receive from Mr. Robinson marching orders at once. For a moment he hesitated. The *London Scotsman* and family ties demanded his presence at home; but Mr. Robinson, *moreover*, suggested that there was a train that evening, that the snows of war were strung, and that Metz was the very place in which glory awaited him. Setting out that night, he carried with him instructions which mark an epoch in the history of journalism. It was arranged that he should carry out the idea, common to Mr. Robinson and himself, of sending complete letters by telegraph, instead of telegrams containing merely the dry bones of events. Up to the date of the Franco-German war, the custom had been to send short telegrams, and supplement them by long letters, which arrived, of course, at a time when the main interest of an event had been discounted. In writing full, descriptive letters, giving an accurate account of the events of the hour, and in speeding these swiftly to the wires, the new correspondent of the *Daily News* displayed a peculiar genius for organization. It is, perhaps, hardly so well known to the public as it deserves to be, that it is one thing to be present at a battle, yet another thing to choose the best spot for forming an accurate idea of what is going on;



GRAND TRAIN OF COLONIZATION FOR MANITOBA.