that she had no further need of him, he passed on, and left her in the little church alone. When at length she recrossed the street to the station, the train was ready, and in another hour she was at home.

They were glad to see her at home, and they had a great deal to tell that had happened to them in the week. They wondered a little that she did not relate more concerning her journey, but they were used to Serene's silences, and her mother was satisfied with the effect of the visit when she observed that Serene seemed to take pleasure in everything she did, even in the washing of the supper-dishes.

There were threatening clouds in the sky that evening, as there had often been before that summer, but people were weary of saying that it looked like a shower. Nevertheless, when Serene awoke in the night, not only was there vivid lightning in the sky, and the roll of distant but approaching thunder, but there was also the unfamiliar sound of rain blown sharply against the roof, and a delicious coolness in the room. The long drought was broken.

She sat up in her white bed to hear the joyful sounds more clearly. It was as though the thunder said, "Lift up your heart!" And the rapturous throbbing of the rain seemed like the gracious downpouring of a needed shower on her own parched and thirsty life.

Cornelia Atwood Pratt.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE AS A FINE ART.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

IT is the foible of the veteran to be the *laudator temporis acti.* I must speak mostly in the past tense of the craft of which I have been an humble follower. Not, however, because I can pursue it no more; but because its conditions are being so altered that it may be said, I fear, to have ceased to be the fine art into which zeal, energy, and contrivance elevated it for a brief term. It is now an avocation, at once simplified and controlled by precise and restraining limitations. In all future European wars, by an international arrangement, the hand of the censor will lie heavy on the war correspondent. He will be a mere transmitter, by strictly specified channels, of carefully revised intelligence liable to be altered, falsified, canceled, or detained at the discretion of the official set in authority over him. I am far from objecting to the changed conditions, in the capacity of a citizen of a nation which may have the wisdom to prefer victories to news. The point I desire to emphasize is simply this, that the new order of things has taken war correspondence out of the category of the fine arts.

It was by slow degrees that it had attained that position. In a sense Julius Cæsar was a war correspondent; only he did not send his "Commentaries" piecemeal from the "theater of war," but indited them at his leisure in the subsequent peace-time. The old "Swedish Intelligencer" of the Gustavus Adolphus period was genuine war correspondence; published indeed tardily, compared with our news of to-day, but nevertheless fresh from the scene of action, full of distinctiveness, quaint and racy beyond compare. The first modern war correspondent professionally commissioned and paid by a newspaper was Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well-known literary man, only recently dead, who was sent to Spain by the "Morning Post" with the "Spanish Legion," which Sir de Lacy Evans commanded in 1837 in the service of the Queen of Spain. But this new departure was not followed up, and no English paper was represented in the great battles of the First and Second Punjab wars. When, at the outset of the Crimean war, in the early summer of 1854, William Howard Russell presented himself to old Sir George Brown in the roadstead of Malta, announcing himself as the correspondent of the "Times," and tendering an authorization from the Minister of War, the apparition was regarded not so much in the light of a revolution, as of an unprecedented and astounding phenomenon. But Russell's credentials could not be ignored, and all the world knows how he became the pen of the war, and how his vigorous exposure of abuses, neglect, and mismanagement contributed mainly to the rescue from absolute extermination of the British army wintering in misery on the Sevastopol plateau. Other papers followed the lead given them by the "Times," and the "Illustrated London News" had its artist-correspondent at the Crimea in the person of Mr. William Simpson, now a veteran, but still traveling and sketching for the journal with which he has been identified for nearly forty years.

Russell represented the "Times" in the war in Denmark in 1864, when that poor, gallant kingdom suffered so severely at the hands of the twin bullies, Prussia and Austria; and he was again in the field in 1866, when the bullies, having fallen out over their Danish spoils, turned their weapons on each other in the Seven-Weeks' war of 1866. By this time war correspondence, if not yet a profession, was becoming a necessity for all our important papers. Russell and the late Colonel C. B. Brackenbury were for the "Times" with the Austrian army; it was represented with the Prussians by Captain Henry Hozier, whose book on the war is a standard authority. Mr. William Black, then unknown to fame as a novel-writer, wrote war-letters to the now defunct "Morning Star," and Mr. Hilary Skinner was the bright and versatile representative of the "Daily News." Quite a little army of war correspondents accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867. Of those who then marched with Napier two are still alive and available for service to-day — George A. Henty, the voluminous author of books dear to boys, and Frederick Boyle, who, besides being a war correspondent of repute, is a novelist, and has been a traveler even unto the ends of the earth. The journalistic honors of the expedition rested with Henry M. Stanley, then one of the youngsters, but born alert and enterprising. He rode to the coast with the news of the fall of Magdala, and it was his message which communicated the tidings of that event both to England and America. I should have mentioned that Russell described for the "Times" many of the battles and shared many of the dangers of the Indian mutiny in 1857–58, as a received member of Lord Clyde's headquarters staff, and that Mr. Bowlby, a barrister, and a "Times" correspondent with the British forces in the war with China in 1860, having been taken prisoner by the Chinese, was murdered by them with the cruelest barbarity, being thus the first war correspondent of an Old World newspaper to meet a violent death in the line of duty.

The war journalists who, previous to the Franco-German war of 1870, made for themselves name and fame achieved their triumphs by the vivid force of their descriptions, by their fearless truthfulness, by their stanchness under hardships and disease. They had no telegraph-wire to be at once their boon and their curse; for them, in the transmission of their work, there was seldom any other expedient than the ordinary post from the camp or the base; or, at the best, a special express messenger. I can recall no instance (in the Old World) in which a war correspondent, before 1870, succeeded in anticipating all other machinery in forwarding the tidings of an important event. The electric telegraph had been but sparingly used in the Austro-Prussian war; in the Franco-German war it was to revolutionize the methods of war correspondence. But the conservative spirit of the Old World was singularly illustrated in the tardiness, the apparent reluctance, indeed, with which the revolutionizing agency was accepted. In the great contest of the American civil war the wires had been utilized with a copiousness and an alacrity and an ingenuity which should have been full of suggestiveness to the war journalism of Europe. But this was not so. The outbreak of the war of 1870 was accompanied by no stirring of the dry bones. At Saarbrück, on the French frontier, the point for which instinct had led me to make when war was declared, there was an immediate concentration of momentary interest scarcely surpassed later anywhere else; yet to no one of the correspondents gathered there, whether veteran or recruit, had come the inspiration of telegraphing letters in full, a practice now so universally resorted to in war-time that letters sent by post are an obsolete tradition. For the moment press telegrams from Saarbrück were prohibited; and we supinely accepted the situation and resorted to the post, no man recognizing, or, at all events, acting on the recognition, that from the nearest telegraph-office in the Duchy of Luxembourg, attainable by a few hours' railway journey, the despatch of messages was quite unrestricted. Enterprise thus far was dead, or, rather, had never been born. The stark struggle of the Spicheren, fought out within two miles of the frontier, was described in letters sent by the slow and tortuous mail-train. The descriptions of the important battles of Wörth and of Courcelles were transmitted in the same unenterprising fashion. The world's history has no record of more desperate fighting than that which raged the livelong summer day on the platform of Mars-la-Tour. The accounts of that bloody combat went to England per field-post and mail-train; yet the Saarbrück telegraph-office, from which the embargo had been removed, was within a six-hours' ride of the field. The battle of Gravelotte did get itself described, after a fashion, over the wires; but it was no Englishman who accomplished this pioneer achievement. The credit thereof accrues to an alert American journalist named Hands, who was one of the representatives of the New York "Tribune." Whether, when the long strife was dying away in the darkness, the spirit suddenly moved this quiet little man, or whether he had prearranged the undertaking, I do not know; nor do I know whether he carried or whether he sent his message to the Saarbrück telegraph-office. But this is certain, that it got there in time to be printed in New York on the day but one after the battle. British correspondents were on the field in some strength; American journalism was represented by such masters of the craft as Moncure D. Conway and Murat Halstead; but it remained for obscure little Hands to make the *coup*. It was, indeed, no great achievement intrinsically, looked back on now in the light of later developments; yet Hands's half-column telegram has the right to stand monumentally as the first attempt in the Old World to describe a battle over the telegraph-wires.

Sedan was marked by efforts of journalistic enterprise, crude, it is true, but indicative, at least, of energy. Again it was the New York "Tribune" which took "first spear"; only, the wielder of the weapon was this time a Briton. Holt White, a man whose abilities should have given him a better fate than a premature death in an Australian hospital, was with the Germans on the day so unfortunate for France. He stood by Sheridan when Napoleon's letter of surrender was handed by General Reillé to old Wilhelm; the napkin that had constituted Reillé's flag of truce was given him as a souvenir. And then with dauntless courage he walked right across the battle-field through the still glowing embers of the battle, reached the frontier, made for the nearest railway station, and got to Brussels early next morning. He could not telegraph from there. His own story was that when he tendered his message, the people at the office refused to transmit it, scouting him as either a lunatic, or a "bear" bent on creating a panic on the stock-exchange; but I have heard that he had not the cash with him to pay for a long message. Anyhow, he came on to London, getting there the day but one after the battle, in time for a short synopsis of his narrative to be printed in a late edition of the "Pall Mall Gazette." It appeared at length in next morning's "Tribune."

Dr. Russell of the "Times" and Mr. Hilary Skinner of the "Daily News" were attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, and were billeted together. The following story regarding them was current at the time, and is, I believe, substantially true. All night long, seated at the same table, they wrote steadily. In the morning each elaborately and ostentatiously sent a big budget to the field-post wagon. Presently Skinner, in his airy way, ordered his horse, explaining to Russell that he thought of riding over the battle-field. "Happy thought!" cried Russell; "my letter is off my mind, and I will go too." On they rode through the slaughter till they reached the Belgian frontier, when Skinner, with a fluttering jauntiness, chirruped: "Well, Russell, good-by for an hour or two; I 'll just ride on into Bouillon, and get a morsel of luncheon there." "Faith," remarked Russell, with all imaginable innocence, "I 'm hungry too; I don't mind if I go with you." So they rode, and they lunched, and they remounted; and then they started, but not by the way they had come; indeed, in the contrary direction. Then it was that they looked each other straight in the face and burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter. Each from the first had meant going through to England: they came on together.

Personally in those days, however enterprising were my aspirations, I had no means to make the most trivial attempt to realize them. I represented a paper then which had sent me into the field not lavishly equipped with financial resources. I was not mounted; I had no relations with any staff; I tramped with the soldiers, knapsack on my back. I saw then more of the real core of great events than I ever did later, but to what purpose ? All I could do was to drop my missives into the field-post wagon, to a tedious and precarious fate. I too had gone across the frontier to Bouillon, tramping the distance, and was cooking a piece of meat at a fire I had kindled in the dry bed of the rivulet under the hotel window at which Russell and Skinner were lunching. I saw them mount, and envied them from the bottom of my heart, as, trim and spruce, they cantered away from the front of the Bouillon inn. I should not have thought of accosting them; they were of the *élite* of the profession; I was among the novices.

But presently better things befell me. The "Daily News" took me on its strength, and sent me to the siege of Metz with plenty of money and the most unrestricted injunctions to be enterprising, laid upon me by Mr. J. R. Robinson, the far-sighted and clear-headed manager of that journal. But I come of a race whose untutored impulse is to bewail the occasion on which "bang goes saxpence," and I had been stunted by the conservatism of my earlier newspaper. I wanted courage to be lavish, no matter how tempting the opening, and look back on my niggardly sacrifice of opportunities with sincere self-contempt. Thus I was the only spectator of the stubborn fight of Mézières-les-Metz on October 7, 1870, a combat that was the immediate antecedent of Bazaine's surrender; but I could not let loose about it over the telegraph-wires to a greater length than half a column.

A greater opportunity still I let slip when Metz capitulated. It was a rare chance; probably such another can never offer itself to the war journalist. So far as I knew, there was no rival nearer than the frontier. I was quick to enter the beleaguered city; from an American who had been inside the place throughout the siege I gathered a great mass of information; I saw the garrison surrender, and Bazaine drive away to the railway station; I visited the hospitals, talked with military and civilian Frenchmen, and wrote all night in a room in the Hôtel de l'Europe in the grand old city by the Moselle. Of course I should have hurried by road or rail over the forty-five miles to Saarbrück, there written for my very life, and sent sheet by sheet to the telegraph-office as each was finished. *Mea culpa;* and it is no palliation of my lack of alacrity that, dull as I was, I was ahead of my comrades.

But there was a real live man among us, although scarcely of us; a man whose trade was not war correspondence, yet who did a piece of work in that department which was a veritable example of fine art. The capitulation of Metz was consummated on the 28th of October, 1870. The morning but one after this event all England was startled by a telegram which appeared in the "Daily News." This memorable despatch, printed verbatim from the telegraphic slips, was over two columns in length, and described with minute detail, with admirable vigor, with effective if restrained picturesqueness, the events and incidents of the surrender. On the day after its appearance in the "Daily News" the "Times" quoted the message in full, with the introductory comment that it envied its contemporary "so admirable a correspondent." The credit of being that "admirable correspondent" was long ascribed to me; and notwithstanding repudiation on my part,—for no honest man can endure to enjoy credit which is not justly his,—I believe myself still generally regarded as the author of this unforgotten telegram. I sincerely wish that were so; but the truth is that I was then among the unemancipated. I had done my best according to my lights, and blindly thought I had done passing well. So far as I knew, I had entered Metz a whole day in advance of any rival; as I rode to Courcelles in the morning to post the long letter which I had spent the night in writing, I had met the earliest of my competitors on his way to the surrendered city. A few days after the capitulation I was breakfasting in a Metz hotel, when a "Daily News" containing the long telegram I have been telling of was handed to me. The sense of self-abasement, as I read it, turned me physically sick. I had been smugly believing in myself; and here was the crushing evidence how completely and mysteriously my eye had been wiped. It was stern teaching; I all but succumbed under it, but took heart of grace, and swore to profit by the lesson. It was not until some time later that I learned who the man was that had thus at a stroke revolutionized war correspondence in the Old World; for this, in effect, was what, all unwittingly, this outsider had done. A young surgeon, a German-American named Müller, was professionally attached to one of the ambulances or field-hospitals of the German army that had been beleaguering Metz. On his way from America to the seat of war, he had accepted in London some kind of journalistic commission to do any work that might casually come in his way, not incompatible with the professional functions which he intended to undertake. Probably as a volunteer he had more time at his disposal than if he had been a surgeon of the regular service.

Anyhow, he saw the capitulation, looked on at the taking over of the Porte Serpenoise by the German troops, witnessed the march out of Bazaine's dejected cohorts, penetrated into the city, and was in the vortex of the confusion and anarchy temporarily reigning there. He and I may have rubbed shoulders in the Place d'Armes. Then, having "taken in" the whole situation, he set about utilizing his advantage in the most effective, daring, and purposeful manner. He rode out of Metz away northward along the Moselle valley, through a region infested by franc-tireurs, through villages bitterly hostile to the Germans, past the venomous cannon of Thionville—he rode, I say, the long forty miles north to the Luxembourg frontier, and, crossing it, reached a village called Esch, a place so petty that it is marked on few maps and is named in no gazetteer. How he got his long telegram expedited from this hamlet I know not, but there is no question that he did somehow; and then, strange to tell, he vanished utterly, *abiit, evasit, erupit.* The man who had made what I do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest journalistic *coup* of our time on this side of the Atlantic, effaced himself utterly thenceforward. No laurels twined themselves around his name, which to all, save a few, is now for the first time revealed. I do not even know that he was aware he had earned any laurels. I have never seen the man in the flesh, much and often as I have tried to do so. In a word, of Müller it may be said, *stat nominis umbra.*

But this brilliant Müller-flash stirred in us all a new conception of our *raison d'être.* We had of course previously been aware that it was our duty to see all that we could see, know all that we could know; but we had not adequately realized that the accomplishment of this to its fullest was merely a means to an end. At a casual glance it might seem that the chief qualification requisite in the modern war correspondent is that he should be a brilliant writer; able so to describe a battle that his reader may glow with the enthusiasm of the victory, and weep for the anguish of the groaning wounded. The capacity to do this is questionless a useful faculty enough; but it is not everything—nay, it is not even among the leading qualifications. For the modern world lives so fast, and is so voracious for what has come to be called the "earliest intelligence," that the man whose main gift is that he can paint pictures with his pen is beaten and overshadowed by the swift, alert man of action who can get his budget of dry, concise, comprehensive facts into print twenty-four hours in advance of the most graphic description that ever stirred the blood. In modern war correspondence the race is emphatically to the swift, the battle to the strong. The best organizer of means for expediting his news, he it is who is the most successful man; not your coiner of striking phrases, your piler up of coruscating adjectives.

Müller, it is true, opened our eyes to a new comprehension of our most urgent duty; yet the scales did not fall from them until long after they were opened. It is strange now to look back on the supineness, throughout the Franco-German war, in what I may call craft, and on the feebleness of the practical recognition of opportunity. It cannot be said that there is any fine art in the dropping of a letter into a slit in the side of a field-post wagon, yet that method of despatch was the all but invariable resort. Occasionally, when anything important occurred, Russell might send his courier to Sedan, where the "Times" had located a forwarding agent; but the journey from Versailles to Sedan was tedious, and the train service irregular. He and, I think, Skinner of the "Daily News" also, were allowed, on special application for each message, to send short messages to England over the wires; I had the same privilege at the headquarters of the army which the Crown Prince of Saxony commanded; and Bismarck allowed Mr. Kingston, the accomplished representative of the "Daily Telegraph," to wire at length the conditions of the capitulation of Paris. But such devices and facilities were simply tantalizing alike to the correspondent and to his public. There was, as a general thing, no *via media* between them and the routine crudeness of the field-post wagon. In a measure, indeed, I had been so fortunate as to discern where lay the *via media*, and to utilize it. From the beginning of November, 1870, until the fall of Paris in the end of January, 1871, my sphere of duty was in the north and east sections of the environment, and the celerity with which my correspondence reached its destination and appeared in print created not a little surprise and speculation as to my methods. A respected colleague, perhaps I should rather say rival, on the same ground, although in subsidiary headquarters, was so stung by this superior celerity that, in the conviction that it must be owing to telegraphic facilities accorded to me, he made an official complaint of the undue favoritism which he believed I enjoyed. He was assured that there was no such favoritism, and remained bewildered and dissatisfied until the end. The Crown Prince of Saxony's chief of staff told me of this complaint, and desired that I should explain to him the method by which I accomplished the exceptional rapidity of transmission which he as a newspaper reader had observed. I revealed to him the extremely simple secret, under pledge that he should respect the confidence, since I did not devise methods for the behoof of competitors. Some little time afterward I chanced to be dining at the headquarters of Prince George of Saxony, to which my rival was attached, when one of Prince George's staff-officers accused me of post-dating my letters and so giving them a fictitious aspect of freshness. I asked him, if his accusation were true, how it happened that my letters recorded events occurring on the dates they bore, and offered to make a bet with him that if he should then and there inform me of something specific, the information would appear in the "Daily News" of the following morning save one. He accepted the bet, told me of some movement of troops, and presently left the room. I guessed the errand on which he had withdrawn, and, to verify my suspicion, presented myself at the military telegraph-bureau on the way to my sleeping-quarters. "No, no, Herr Forbes," said the soldier operator, with a grin; "I have orders to take no message from you." I feigned disappointment, and departed. Next morning my friend of the staff assailed me with fine Saxon badinage, and demanded that I should pay the bet, which I must know I had lost. I did not comply with this requisition, and in a few days was in a position to send him a copy of the "Daily News" of the stipulated date containing his piece of information, and to point out that he owed me five thalers.

My secret was so simple that I am ashamed to explain it, yet with one exception I had it all to myself for months. When before Metz I had done my telegraphing from Saarbrück, depositing a sum in the hands of the telegraph-master and forwarding messages to him from the front against this deposit. Before leaving the frontier region I learned that a train start-ing in the small hours of the morning from a point in rear of the German cordon on the east side of Paris, reached Saarbrück in about fifteen hours. The telegraph-master would receive a letter by this train soon enough to wire its contents to England in time for publication in the London paper of the following morning. I put a considerable sum into his hands to meet the charge of messages reaching him, and arranged with a local banker to keep my credit balance with the telegraph-master always up to a certain figure. Every evening a field-post wagon started from the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters on the north side of Paris, picked up mails at the military post-offices along its route, and reached the railway terminus at Lagny in time to connect with the early morning mail-train to the frontier. At whatever point of my section of the environment of Paris I might find myself, a military post-office served by this post-wagon was within reasonable distance, and my letter, addressed to the Saarbrück telegraph-master, went jogging toward the frontier once every twenty-four hours, with a fair certainty of its contents being in England within twenty-four hours or thereabouts of the time of its being posted. There was surely nothing very subtle or complex in this expedient, yet so far as I know the only other correspondent around Paris to whom it suggested itself was my colleague Mr. Skinner, who posted telegrams from Versailles to his wife at Carlsruhe, whence she transmitted them to London; but I believe he lost a mail because of the greater distance of Versailles from the railway. It was by the simplest method I won my bet with the Saxon staff-officer. As I walked toward my quarters I scribbled his item on a leaf torn from my note-book, put it into an envelop already addressed, and as I passed the post-office quietly dropped the missive into the slot. My visit to the telegraph-office was merely a bluff.

There was perhaps a scintilla of innocent and simple tactic in the device which stood me in such good stead in the winter of 1870–71, but there was certainly nothing in it that could by any stretch of language be called fine art. Nor was there any fine art, but merely some forethought and organization, in the circumstances attending my entrance into Paris immediately after the capitulation, and my rush eastward into Germany to telegraph a detailed account of the condition in which I had found the great city after its long investment. I was fortunate in getting in; I made the best use of my time during the eighteen hours I was in; and I was fortunate in getting out, which I did before any competitor had entered. My scheme was all laid. I had to ride from the Porte de Vincennes on the east side of Paris some twenty miles to catch the day train leaving Lagny for the frontier at 1 P.M. Had all gone well with me, I should have accomplished this without hurrying. But after I had cleared Paris, and thought there were now no more difficulties in front of me, I was detained in the Bois de Vincennes by a cordon of Wurtemberger hussars, whose orders were to turn back all and sundry, and who would not look at the great-headquarters pass I tendered. Such a contretemps as this seems trivial, but it may spell ruin to the correspondent's combinations. After a while, however, an officer whom I knew delivered me, and the Wurtemberger obstacle was overcome. As I rode on, I found that I should have made more allowance for the condition of the roads, long neglected as they had been, and scored across at frequent intervals by the trenches first of the defenders and then of the besiegers. To reach Lagny in time I had to ride my poor horse almost to death; in leaping trenches he had torn off shoe after shoe, and he was quite exhausted when I galloped up to the station just in time to put him in charge of a German cavalry soldier and to jump into the train. It was two o'clock on the following morning when I reached Carlsruhe, which I had chosen as my objective point because I knew the telegraph-office there was open all night. I had to remain in the office while my long message was being despatched, to assist the female telegraphist, who knew only her own language, over the stiles of awkward English words. She released me at seven; at 8 A. M. I was in a return train, and was back in Paris forty hours after I had left it — one of the earliest in of my confraternity on this my second entrance. Walking into the Hôtel Chatham, I found there two journalists who had just arrived from Versailles. I was the victim of their badinage. They had got into Paris before me, from their point of view; and they crowed over this their achievement with great self-complacency. A few days later I saw one of them reading a copy of the "Daily News" containing the telegram which I had sent from Carlsruhe. He did not seem disposed to be facetious any more.

There certainly was a stroke of fine art in the successful arrangements made by the London "Times" to have the earliest detailed account of the entry of the German troops into Paris on the first of March, 1871. William Howard Russell witnessed the grand review by the German emperor, on the Longchamps race-course, of the representative contingents detailed for the temporary occupation of a portion of the French capital; and he accompanied the head of the in-marching column until it reached the Place de la Concorde. Then he joined his colleague, Mr. Kelly, who had been assigned to watch the demeanor of Paris under the humiliation of a hostile occupation; and about 4 P. M. the pair left the northern terminus in a special train bound for Calais. On the journey Russell dictated to Kelly the account of what he had witnessed, and he remained at Calais, while Kelly, crossing the channel in a special steamer which was in waiting, reached London by special train in time to have his own and Russell's narratives printed in the "Times" of March 2. The "Daily News" had no interest with the "Northern of France" directorate for a special train, and I had to do the best I could without any adventitious advantages. I remember reading a statement in an American paper of the period to the effect that I journeyed surreptitiously by the Russell-Kelly special in the disguise of its fireman; but I need not say that this was a playful invention. I saw the Longchamps review, entered Paris with the German column, and in the Champs Elysées was spoken to by the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of his staff. I immediately became a center of interest on the part of a knot of Frenchmen, who followed me when I quitted the protection of the German cordon, and then promptly raised the cry of "Spy!" I was attacked, knocked down, most of my clothes were torn off me, a sabot split my lip open, and men danced on me and kicked at me while I was being dragged by the legs toward a fountain, in which — such was the expressed intention — I was to be drowned. From this fate I was rescued by a picket of national guards, and presently made good my release. As soon as I was free and had fulfilled a grateful duty toward one who had helped me to my freedom, I hurried to the place where I had engaged a dog-cart with a fast and stout horse to be in readiness. It was neither a safe nor a pleasant ride through Paris to the St. Denis gate. But once outside I could let the horse out, and he made good time over the twelve miles to Margency, the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters, whence I was allowed to despatch a telegram of considerable length to London. That accomplished, I drove back to St. Denis in time to catch the regular evening train for Calais. Writing throughout the journey, I reached London the following morning, brought out a second edition of the "Daily News," which was selling in the streets by eight, and then lay down on the floor of the editor's room and went to sleep, with the London Directory for a pillow. When I awoke at eleven, the manager and his staff were standing over me in great concern, for I still had about me some of the evidences of the little unpleasantness with the gentlemen of the Paris pavement. I started back for Paris the same evening.

It was my turn to get in a little bit of fine art on the occasion of the triumphal entry into Berlin of the home-returned conquerors, with Kaiser Wilhelm and his generals at their head. That event occurred on Friday, June 16, 1871. I left for Berlin a week earlier. Two days after I had gone the following telegram from me reached the manager of the "Daily News": "Despatch youngster from office, with passport good for France, to report to me at Berlin 14th instant." The manager, wondering to himself what I had in view, despatched a young gentleman, who duly presented himself on the specified date. I fear my friend, who is now a barrister in good practice, has not yet forgiven me for that, during the next two days, I permitted him less liberty than he not unnaturally desired, and did not even allow him to eat at the table d'hôte. The *Einzug*, in all its pomp and fervid national feeling, was over about 6 P. M. After writing and despatching a two-column telegram, I dined leisurely, and about ten o'clock sat down to write a full narrative of what I had seen on this memorable day. Soon after five o'clock next morning I wrote the last words of a letter more than five columns long; then I went round to the Dorotheen Strasse and got from my two colleagues their contributions. Returning to my own quarters, I roused my young coadjutor, ordered breakfast for him, and while he was feeding I made up my packet. Then I instructed him — by this time it was nearly seven o'clock — to start forthwith for the Potsdamer railway station, take a second-class ticket for Brussels, get early into his carriage, and keep out of sight till the train started at eight. On reaching Brussels, he was to buy another ticket for London, via Calais by the Calais train leaving Brussels soon after his arrival there. Following this route, he would reach London at 6 P. M. on Sunday, when he was to go immediately to the office and deliver his despatches.

All went well. I reached the station shortly before eight, and found there the correspondents of all the other London papers, who had come to consign their letters to the post-office van attached to the outgoing train. I too dropped a bulky envelop into the slot, in the eyes of all beholders, the contents of said envelop consisting exclusively of blotting-paper. I caught a glimpse of my emissary as the train rolled out of the station, and then went to breakfast in the serene confidence of success. The confidence was justified. On the Monday morning the "Daily News" had a page and a half descriptive of the entry; no other paper had a line. Their letters did not appear until the following morning.

The accomplishment of this priority was simply the result of the forethought which becomes a second nature in a man concentrated on the duty he has in hand. On the voyage from Dover to Ostend I remembered that during the recent disturbed condition of France, and because of the diminished passenger traffic to and from the Continent generally, the Sunday day boats between Ostend and Dover were suspended. It occurred to me to ask the captain if they had been put on again. "No," he answered; "they are to begin to run at the beginning of next month." It was then clear to me that the mails leaving Berlin on Saturday morning—the entry was fixed for Friday—would lie in Ostend till late on Sunday night, when the night boat would carry them to Dover, but that thus they would not reach London until 6 A. M. Monday, too late for publication on that day. I knew that Sunday day boats were already running from Calais to Dover, but I knew also that the German mails were not sent by this route. A courier, however, could use it, hence my telegram; my instruction as to his being furnished with a French passport was because I knew that the war-time enforcement of passports at the French frontier had not yet been abolished. It had occurred to no competitor to go into this little problem.

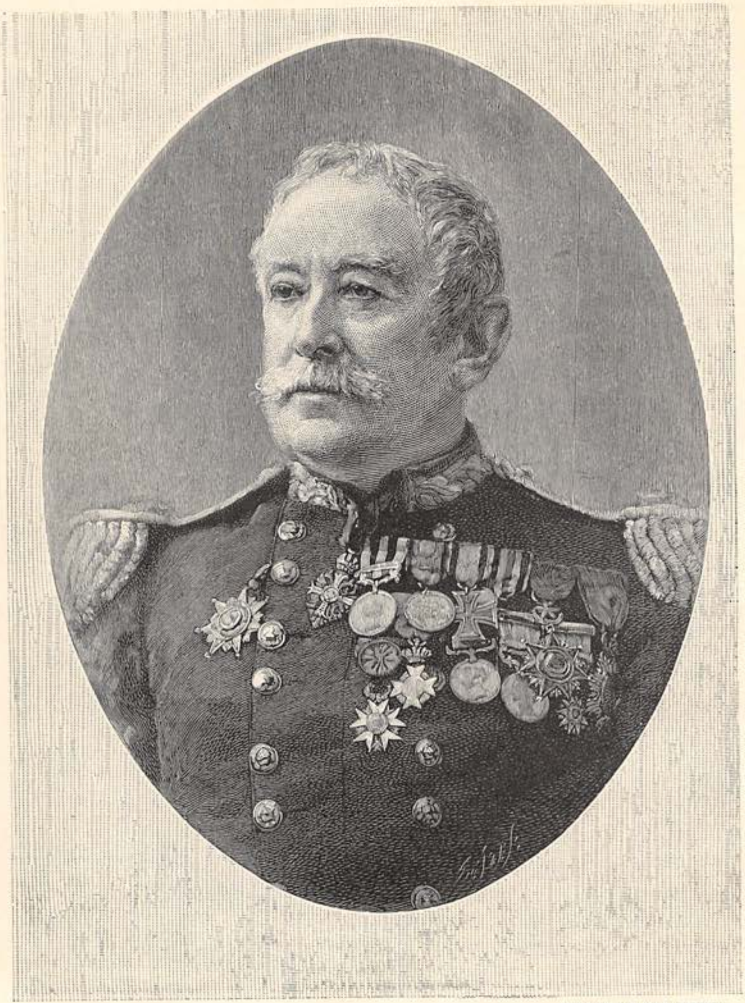
PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. LEONARD. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

DR. THEODORE KÜSTER.

A Typical German Correspondent of the Franco-German war.

During the campaigns in Spain and Servia there were not many opportunities for artistic performances, nor did the amount of public interest make expensive organization worth while. But the men engaged in those campaigns were steadily concentrating their energies on the elaboration of improved devices for the swift transmission of news, and the old crude methods were drifting into limbo. The Russo-Turkish war formed a new era in war correspondence. The journalism of both worlds made up its mind to put forth its full strength, when in the spring of 1877 the Russian hosts destined for the invasion of Turkey were slowly massing in the squalid villages of Bessarabia. There had been a thorough awakening as to the advantages of telegraphy in war correspondence, and it was now for the first time thoroughly realized that strategic organization for the rapid transmission of intelligence was a thing sedulously to study. Some of the ideas were no doubt ridiculous. I remember a young correspondent coming to me for advice in a state of abject bewilderment. He had received instructions from the manager of his paper, to the effect that he was to keep himself aloof from both combatants, to flit impartially about the space intervening between them, and to use for telegraphic purposes the offices behind the Turkish front, or those in the Russian rear, according to convenience or proximity. In other words, he was to place himself in the precise position where he could not possibly know anything, with the certainty of being hanged if he escaped being shot.

In the earlier months of this war there was a reciprocal alliance between the "Daily News" and the "New York Herald." The representatives of the former paper in the field were the late J. A. MacGahan (whom I regard as the best war correspondent I have ever known) and myself. The "Herald" sent Frank D. Millet (who has since achieved deserved distinction as a painter, but who, I trust, being still in his prime, has not forsworn the war-path, should occasion call for his services) and that able journalist and genial comrade, Mr. John P. Jackson. When the alliance terminated in the September of the war, I was for-



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

"Times" Correspondent in the Crimean, Danish, Austro-Prussian, Franco-German wars, and the Indian Mutiny.

tunate enough to obtain Millet's services for the "Daily News." The organization of our methods of action and the disposition of our forces were matters deliberated on and settled in friendly conclave. The correspondence campaign was regarded a priori from a strictly strategical point of view. Bucharest was the obvious base of operations, as the nearest telegraphic point to the theater of war. But insuperable difficulties would beset the correspondent hurrying back from the field himself, and rushing into the Bucharest telegraph-office with his message partly in his head, partly in his notebook, or forwarding by a courier a hastily written despatch for the wires. For one thing, ready cash in hard money would have to be paid over the counter of the telegraph-office, and gold is the most inconvenient and dangerous thing a correspondent can carry about with him in the field. For another, the operators knew no language but their own, transmitting mechanically letter by letter, and therefore messages had to be written in plain, round school-hand. I telegraphed for a young gentleman who had previously served me well in Servia as base-manager, to act in Bucharest in the same capacity. He engaged for our uses a spacious suite of apartments, consisting of an office, manager's private rooms, and a couple of bedrooms to accommodate weary correspondents coming in from the field. Two capable copyists were engaged, to write out, in easily legible characters, messages for the wire brought or sent in by correspondents. The injunctions to the base-manager were that one of these transcribers was to be on the premises night and day, and that he himself was to have constantly in his possession for telegraphic purposes a sum of at least £300. His duties were to make as amenable as possible the Russian censor, who, from the beginning, had been established in the Bucharest telegraph-office; for which purpose, and for gaining and maintaining the good will and alert service of officials and operators by presents of boxes of cigars, opera tickets, etc., he was authorized to disburse secret-service money with due discretion. Further, he had to gather and transmit what trustworthy news he could pick up in Bucharest; and in pursuit of this duty, he was to present himself frequently at the bureaus of the members of the Roumanian cabinet, call on their wives, and attend their receptions. He also had to be *bien vu* by the foreign ministers to the Roumanian court, especially the British representative.

We four quite amicably arranged the section of front to be covered by each, and there was never any clashing or poaching. Millet was a good deal out of things in the early days, down in the Dobrudscha with Zimmermann, but had a glorious inning with Gourko in and beyond the Balkans after the fall of Plevna. Nothing in the whole range of war correspondence is more brilliant as literature or more instructive in a professional sense than Millet's correspondence during this period; and so thorough was his organization for the transmission of his letters that Gourko was glad to send his despatches, and the Russian officers their private correspondence, by Millet's courier-service. MacGahan was lame all through the war from an accident at its beginning, but lameness had no effect in hindering a man of his temperament from going everywhere and seeing anything; and he was one of three correspondents, all of American nationality, who, having taken the field at the beginning, were still at the post of duty when the treaty of San Stefano was signed.[1] As for myself, until struck down by fever after the September attack on Plevna, I worked very hard and was singularly fortunate. General Ignatieff was very kind in giving me hints as to impending events. Apart from this, I had a curious intuition of a coming battle; I seemed to feel it in my bones; and I almost invariably backed my presentiment with good result. It happened that I was the only English correspondent present at the Russian crossing of the Danube, the capture of Biela, the battle of Plevna of July 30, and the desperate struggle on the Shipka Pass, which lasted from sunrise to sunset of August 24. Villiers, the "Graphic" artist, was my companion on all these occasions.

It may be easily imagined that the expenses of a correspondence service conducted on a footing so elaborate were very great; I can only hope that the results justified the cost. Each of us had a wagon and a pair of draft-horses, several saddle-horses, a couple of servants, and couriers at discretion. The purely telegraphic charges were enormous, for almost everything was telegraphed. The scale, if I remember rightly, was about thirty-five cents a word, and I myself sent several messages of more than eight thousand words. But there was no stinting; it seemed as if a thing could not cost too much that was well done. Let me give one instance. In the early days we were nervous about the Bucharest censor, and on the suggestion of the ingenious Jackson it was determined to establish a pony-express across the Karpathians to Kronstadt in Transylvania, for the despatch thence of telegraph messages which the censor in Bucharest might decline to sanction. That service accordingly was promptly organized. The ground covered was about eighty miles. The stages were ten miles long; eight horses were bought, and eight men engaged to attend to them. When I reached Bucharest on August 2, with the tidings of the Russian defeat before Plevna of July 30, the base-manager assured me that the censor dare not permit its transmission. Thereupon I utilized this Karpathian express-service, and sent the account of the disaster from the Hungarian town. The Russian military authorities were so satisfied with its tenor that I

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY. ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

GEORGE A. HENTY.

Correspondent of the "Standard" in the Crimean, Franco-German, Abyssinian, Ashantee and Servian (1876) campaigns.

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[1] Mr. Frederic Villiers, the skilful and daring war artist of the "Graphic," was the fourth Anglo-Saxon member of the journalistic craft who endured until the close of the war.

realized the censor could no longer obstruct messages to the "Daily News"; so I directed that the pony-express should be disestablished. It had lasted for about nine weeks; it was used once; it cost abominably; and the decision was that it had paid for its keep.

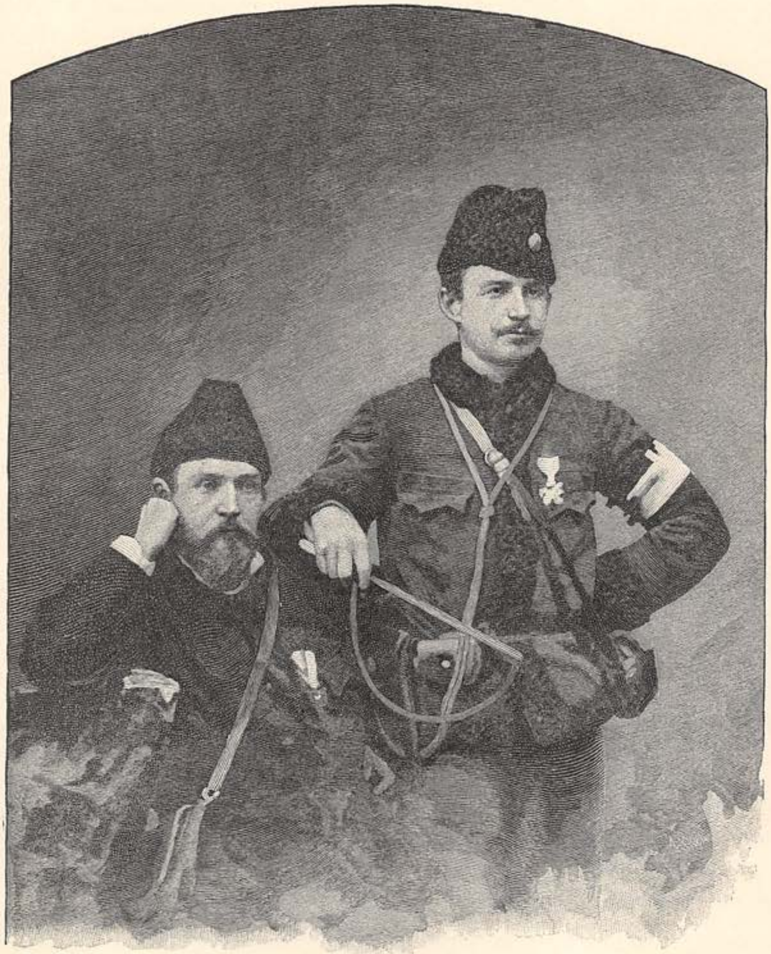
Let me give an instance of the method by which intelligence was expedited. I started from the Danube for the Shipka Pass with four horses and three men. At the end of every twenty miles I dropped a man and horse, with firm orders to the former to be continually on the alert. With a hired pony I rode up from Gabrova to the beginning of the Pass, spent the day of August 26 on the Pass, where no horse had much chance of keeping alive; and at night, in the belief that Radetski had got a firm grip of the position, I started on the return journey. This I was able, by utilizing horse after horse, to perform at a continuous rapid pace; and so, as I was informed on reaching the imperial headquarters at Gorni Studen, I traveled so fast as to outstrip the official messengers, and brought to the Czar the earliest tidings of the result of the yesterday's fighting. The young officer who was afterward Prince Charles of Bulgaria was so good as to send me from Gorni Studen down to the Danube in his carriage, and I was in Bucharest and telegraphing hard on the following morning. My experience is that no courier is to be resorted to for arduous service on a really momentous occasion. He cannot be expected to swim rivers, ride horses to a standstill, and then run on foot; he has no inducement to smash through obstacles, and "get there" in the face of difficulty on difficulty. A courier may be alert, loyal, and energetic; he may be relied on to try his honest best; but it is not to be thought of him that he will greatly dare and count his life but as dross, when his incentive is merely filthy lucre. When a great stroke is to be made, to lean on a substitute is to forfeit the grand chance.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DEBENHAM & GABELL. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WILLIAM BEATTIE KINGSTON.

"Daily Telegraph" Correspondent in the Franco-German, Servian (1876) and Russo-Turkish war (1877-78).

We acted habitually on certain fundamental axioms. Each man, as I have said, had his individual sphere of action, which altered with the course of events, but to which, whatever and wherever it might be, he habitually restricted himself. But the restriction was elastic. The motto of all was in effect that of the Red Prince — "March on the cannon thunder." When that sound was heard, or when one of us chanced on reasonably good intelligence as to the probable locality of impending fighting, then it behooved that man to disregard all restriction to a specific region, and to ride with all speed for the scene of actual strife. For it was possible that his colleague within whose allotted district the clash of arms was resounding or about to resound, might be hindered from reaching the fray; tidings of it might not have come to him; he might be intent on impending fighting nearer at hand to him, or indeed engaged in watching its actual outbreak and progress; he might be down with sunstroke or Bulgarian fever; all his horses might be lame: in fine, any one of many contingencies might hinder his presence. And if it should happen that two colleagues found themselves spectators together of the same fight, what harm was there? None; but rather it was well, since by dividing between them the field of strife, the course of the battle would be discerned more closely and described more minutely. During the five days' fighting before Plevna in the September of the war, three of us, MacGahan, Jackson, and I, watched that great struggle; and if Millet could have been withdrawn in time from the Dobrudscha, he would have found ample scope as well for his keen insight and brilliant faculty of description. As it was, we did have a fourth colleague before Plevna, in young Salusbury, who was on duty with the Roumanians. Here, as in the wider field, each man had his own allotted place. MacGahan was with his stanch ally Skobeleff on the extreme left; and because Skobeleff was the fiercest fighter of the Russian chiefs, the opportunities for thrilling narrative of the correspondent attached to him were incomparable, and were incomparably utilized. I had the central section along the Radischevo ridge, and Jackson placidly surveyed the scene of slaughter over against him about the Grivitza redoubt, regardless of the shells which occa-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. SEBAH, CONSTANTINOPLE. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

J. A. MACGAHAN AND F. D. MILLET.

Correspondents of the "Daily News" in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78. Mr. MacGahan had previously served as a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian and Carlist wars, and had investigated the "Bulgarian atrocities."

sionally fell about the hayrick outside which he sat and wrote by day, and in the hollowed-out interior of which he spent the night. Always once, and often twice, a day couriers were despatched to Bucharest from Jackson's hayrick, where his quaint and cheery fellow-countryman Grant, of the "Times," habitually kept him company, and whither MacGahan, or his messenger, and myself from time to time converged with written matter to be despatched to the telegraph-office.

Not less imperative on the war correspondent than the axiom that bids him ride on the cannon thunder, is the necessity that, when he has learned or seen something of interest and value, he shall forthwith carry or send it to the wires, without delaying for further information or for the issue of renewed strife. "Sufficient for the day is the fighting thereof," should be his watchword, if he can discern aught decisive in the day's fighting. If he has with him or can find couriers, it is, of course, his duty to remain watching the ultimate issue; but if he has no such service, there is no more trying problem for the correspondent than to decide whether or not the day's work has been so conclusive one way or the other as to justify him in riding away with the instalment of information accumulated in his head and his note-book. Never did I find the solution of this problem more arduous than on the evening of the long day's fighting of August 24, on the Shipka Pass, to which reference is made above. I had the conviction that Radetski had made good his position, and I knew that reinforcements were on the way to him, yet it seemed certain that he would be assailed again and again; and indeed, as I rode away, the Turks were renewing the combat. I was in MacGahan's country, and, knowing his instinct for a battle, I had been looking out for him all day. Yet I was aware that any one of many things might have occurred to detain him. Osman might be making a sortie from Plevna, or Imeretinsky and Skobeleff might have finished their preparations for the storm of Loftcha.

Well, I took my risks, and rode away for the telegraph-wire on the night of the 24th. On the morning of the 25th MacGahan arrived on the Shipka, having ridden hard on the fighting the moment he had heard of its outbreak. There was severe fighting all that day, and the Russians, in trying to broaden their foothold, had the worst of it. In the evening MacGahan in his turn had to consider his position, and the problem before him was more complicated than that which I had solved, for better or worse, the previous evening. He recognized that the day's work of the Russians had been unsuccessful, and he frankly regarded their position as precarious. He knew that the fighting would be renewed on the morrow. But he knew further that in two or three days Loftcha was to be assailed, and that it behooved him to be there. He knew, too, that I had come and gone, and that he could rely on my speedy return if there came still bad tidings from the Shipka. So he in turn quitted that point of interest on the evening of the 25th, hurried to Bucharest with the result of that day's work for the wires, and by incredible exertion for a sound man, not to speak of a lame one, he was back in the vicinity of Plevna in time to witness Osman Pasha's furious sortie on the morning of the 31st. As for me, on my way to Bucharest I had been called upon to report to the Czar, and had ventured to state my impression that Radetski could hold his own. As with MacGahan, so in the imperial headquarters, there was much dubiety on this point, and indeed as I passed through Gorni Studen, on my way back, I was told somewhat contumeliously that the Shipka was "as good as lost." But retaining still my belief in Radetski's ability to maintain his position, I pushed on toward the Pass, meeting on the way unneeded reinforcements returning whence they had come; and reaching the Shipka, I found the stout old warrior drinking tea in peace, and resolute, God willing, to stay where he was, come Turk or devil, till he should be relieved. There had been hard fighting for several days after MacGahan had quitted the Shipka, but the conviction on which I had acted on the evening of the 24th proved to be well founded. Between MacGahan and myself, acting independently, but actuated by a common zeal, our paper had been represented in the field during the two days of severest fighting, and the intelligence of what occurred during those two days had been placed before its readers with a minimum of delay. It was such an accomplishment, without the sacrifice of any important intelligence from elsewhere in attaining it, that was our constant and ardent aspiration.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORG KRALJEVACKI. ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

COLONEL GRANT.

"Times" correspondent in the Russo-Turkish war.

Another illustration may not be inapposite of the paramount duty of the war correspondent to transmit important information without delay, to the abandonment or postponement of every other consideration. MacGahan had accompanied the raid across the Balkans made by Gourko almost immediately after the crossing of the Danube by the Russians. I remained on the northern side of the mountains, my specific place being with the army of the Czarevitch, which on the Russian left flank was stretching out toward the Lom, with intent, it was whispered, to attempt the fortress of Rustchuk by a *coup de main*. I had accompanied it to Biela, and had then gone back to Bucharest with despatches for the wire. On my way to rejoin the Czarevitch's headquarters, I passed, a few miles on the Sistova side of Biela, the hamlet of Paolo, in one of the gardens of which the imperial camp was pitched. It occurred to me to look in on General Ignatieff, and to ask him whether he had any news for me. "News, Mr. Forbes?" exclaimed the general. "To be sure I have; here is a despatch just arrived from General Gourko, giving all details about his crossing the Balkans, and his march up the Tundja valley toward Kezanlik!" Ignatieff translated the whole despatch for me, which I took down from his lips, thanked him, took leave, mounted my horse, and rode hard over the thirty miles between Paolo and the bridge across the Danube at Sistova. For I knew that what Ignatieff had given me was absolutely the earliest and sole intelligence of Gourko's doings; and until that intelligence was on its way to England, my intention of overtaking the army of the Czarevitch had to stand over. At Sistova I fortunately found a trustworthy messenger to Bucharest, and on the following morning rode a second time to Paolo. Again Ignatieff waved triumphantly a despatch from Gourko, describing hard and successful fighting and marching; again his translation of that document was scribbled down in my note-book; again I hurried back to Sistova; and again sent a courier to Bucharest with the interesting and valuable message. Precisely the same routine occurred on the following day; and I own to a certain satisfaction when the fourth day was barren of a despatch. For in each one of the three successive days I had ridden sixty miles in a heat fiercer than the heat of India, over tracks from which the dust rose so dense as to obscure near objects. But then the information given me by Ignatieff was the only news of Gourko, on whose enterprise the interest of Europe was concentrated; for it was not until some days later that anything came from the correspondents who accompanied the expedition. The game was well worth the candle, and, besides, as it turned out, I had lost nothing by not being with the Czarevitch.

T.A.BUTLER. Sc.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

Archd Forbes