DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Death of the Great African Explorer.

HE FALLS BY THE WAY.

Cause of His Death and Story of His Life.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1874.

Intelligence has just been received here of the death of Dr. Livingstone in the interior of Africa.

He died of dysentery while travelling from Lake Bembe to Unyanyembe.

THE TIME OF HIS DECEASE.

The death of Dr. Livingstone took place in June last.

WORN DOWN BY EXPOSURE AND FATIGUE.

The explorer had been travelling over a partially submerged country, and, after wading four days through water, was seized by the illness of which he died.

HIS BODY BEING CONVEYED TO ENGLAND.

His body has been embalmed and is being conveyed to England. It will come by the way of Zanzibar.

Sketch of the Great African Traveller.

David Livingstone, the greatest traveller of modern times, is dead. According to a cable despatch received yesterday from London his decease was superinduced by an attack of dysentery while he was travelling from Lake Bembe to Unyanyembe, and we are further informed that his body has been embalmed and will be conveyed to the home of his youth, where the remains will receive those honors which grateful England pays to the memory of her heroic sons. Before we enter upon the plain narrative of his life it is worth while for a moment to consider the extraordinary sensation which a mere traveller could make in this age of steam and electricity. For nearly ten years Livingstone's name has been on every English speaking tongue; his travels have become familiar to all classes of readers, and the daily newspapers have been full of despatches announcing his grand exploits. The telegraph cable which was put down in the Red Sea probably never repeated the name of any man oftener than that of "Livingstone," while of him it may be said that he was the subject of more obituaries than any man of his time. Exploring the most mysterious region of the most mysterious Continent remaining comparatively unknown, he had, by a life full of strange vicissitudes and startling adventures, fixed the attention of the whole world upon his every movement. Gifted with a modest and pure English style, which, devoid of the unwholesome "padding" and miserable inventions which disfigure the page of the modern traveller's book, he commanded the respect and attention of the most careful geographers, led by an authority of no smaller importance than Sir Roderick Murchison. It may be said that Dr. Livingstone achieved what few of his countrymen have ever succeeded in doing—in travelling without escort among African savages, trusting to upright dealings and a kindly manner. He was

BORN IN A SUBURB OF GLASGOW

in the year 1815, his father being a weaver in one of the cotton mills of that vicinity. At the age of ten he joined his father in the weaving business, and followed the laborious trade until he reached the age of twenty. Meantime he devoted every leisure moment to self-education, preparatory to the great mission for which he was destined.

But his early life and labors have been described by himself in language which we prefer to quote, in an interesting sketch which he has prefixed to his first volume, entitled "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," published in 1857:—

"Our great-grandfather," says the Doctor, "fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; and our grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that cluster of the Hebrides thus alluded to by Walter Scott:—

And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the group of isles gay
That guard famed Staffa round.

"Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer had since made use of in the 'Tales of a Grandfather' and other works. As a boy I remember listening to him with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother, too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by the captive islanders languishing hopelessly among the Turks.

"Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of is this:—One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that, when he was on his death bed, he called all his children round him and said, 'Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you:—Be honest.' If, therefore, in the following pages I fall into any errors, I hope they will be dealt with as honest mistakes, and not as indicating that I have forgotten our ancient motto. This event took place at a time when the Highlanders, according to Macaulay, where much like the Cape Kaffrs, and one, it was said, could escape punishment for cattle stealing by presenting a share of the plunder to his chieftain.

OUR ANCESTORS

were Roman Catholics; they were made Protestants by the laird coming round with a man having a yellow staff, which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterwards, perhaps it does so still, by the name of 'the religion of the yellow stick.'

"Finding his farm in Ulva insufficient to support a numerous family, my grandfather removed to Blantyre Works, a large cotton manufactory on the beautiful Clyde, above Glasgow; and his sons, having had the best education the Hebrides afforded, were gladly received as clerks by the proprietors, Monteith & Co. He himself, highly esteemed for his unflinching honesty, was employed in the conveyance of large sums of money from Glasgow to the works, and in old age was, according to the custom of that company, pensioned off, so as to spend his declining years in ease and comfort.

"Our uncles all entered His Majesty's service during the last French war, either as soldiers or sailors; but my father remained at home, and, though too conscientious ever to become rich as a small tea dealer, by his kindness of manner and winning ways he made the heartstrings of his children twine around him as firmly as if he had possessed and could have bestowed upon them every wordly advantage. He reared his children in connection with the Kirk of Scotland—a religious establishment which has been an incalculable blessing to that country—but he afterwards left it, and during the last twenty years of his life held the office of deacon of an independent church in Hamilton, and deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from my infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' He died in February, 1856, in peaceful hope of that mercy which we all expect through the death of our Lord and Saviour. I was at the time on my way below Zumbo, expecting no greater pleasure in this country than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory.

"The earliest

RECOLLECTION OF MY MOTHER

recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet. At the age of ten I was put into the factory as a 'piercer' to aid by my earnings in lessening her anxiety. With a part of my first week's wages I purchased Ruddiman's 'Rudiments of Latin,' and pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards with unabated ardor at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labors was followed up till twelve o'clock or later if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster—happily still alive—was supported in part by the company. He was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges that all who wished for education might have obtained it.

"My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work. I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending

MEDICAL AND GREEK CLASSES IN GLASGOW

in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlow, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character. It 'sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ, to the heathen.' This exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary society ought to do; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others; and I would not have been much put about though my offer had been rejected.

"Looking back now on that life of toil I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style and to pass through the same hardy training.

"Time and travel have not effaced the feelings of respect I imbibed for the humble inhabitants of my native village. For morality, honesty and intelligence they were, in general, good specimens of the Scottish poor. In a population of more than 2,000 souls we had, of course, a variety of character. In addition to the common run of men there were some characters of sterling worth and ability, who exerted a most beneficial influence on the children and youth of the place by imparting gratuitous instruction. Much intelligent interest was felt by the villagers in all public questions, and they furnished a proof that the possession of the means of education did not render them an unsafe portion of the population. They felt kindly toward each other, and much respected those of the neighboring gentry who, like the late Lord Douglas, placed some confidence in their sense of honor. Through the kindness of that nobleman the poorest among us could stroll at pleasure over the ancient domains of Bothwell and other spots hallowed by the venerable associations of which our school books and local traditions made us well aware; and few of us could view the dear memorials of the past without feeling that these carefully kept mouments were our own. The masses of the working people of Scotland have read history, and are no revolutionary levellers. They rejoice in the memories of 'Wallace and Bruce and a' the lave,' who are still much revered as the former champions of freedom. And while foreigners imagine that we want the spirit only to overturn capitalists and aristocracy, we are content to respect our laws till we can change them, and hate those stupid revolutions which might sweep away time-honored institutions, dear alike to rich and poor."

At the age of ten Livingstone was put into a factory as a piercer, and bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" out of the first week's wages. He pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards at a night school, between the hours of eight and ten, and on his return home would pore over his dictionary and grammar till his mother snatched the book out of his hands and packed him off to bed. In this way he learned to read Horace, Virgil and other authors whose merits are not appreciated by the ordinary schoolboy.

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS,

namely, from 1840 till his return to England at the close of 1856, he labored perseveringly as one of the agents of the London Missionary Society at Kuruman, Mahodson and other stations in South Africa. During that time he made several expeditions into the interior, and twice crossed the entire continent, a little south of the Tropic of Capricorn, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Atlantic. The most important of these journeys was entered on in January, 1853, and in May he reached Linyanti, the principal town of the powerful Makolo tribe, where he was enthusiastically received by the chief, Sekeltu, and the entire population. Departing thence in November he proceeded up the Leecambye River, and its affluent, the Leeba, to Lake Dilolo, and thence, with considerable difficulty and peril, across the Congo River to Angola, at the capital of which country, Loando, on the western coast of Africa, he arrived May 31, 1854, and was kindly received by the Portuguese authorities stationed there. He left that place in the ensuing September, reached Linyanti in September, 1855, and thence proceeded down the Leecambye and Zambesi Rivers, which he found to be identical, to Quilimane on the Indian Ocean, reaching that place May 20, 1856. He had thus, within a period of about three years, explored a portion of the African Continent never previously described by Europeans, and travelled probably upward of 9,000 miles. From Quilimane he proceeded to England, where his wife and family had preceded him four years before, and he arrived there December 12, 1856. Owing to his long absence from England and his constant intercourse with the savage tribes his mother tongue had become so unfamiliar to him that at public meetings given in his honor he found difficulty in expressing himself with fluency. In 1857 appeared his

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and the next year he sailed for Quilimane, where he had been appointed Consul, and subsequently departed on a new exploring expedition up the Zambesi River with a party of scientific men. His explorations up to the close of December, 1861, were mainly devoted to the locality of Lake Nyassa. He ascended the lake for 200 miles, and gave interesting details of its shape and extent and of the rivers flowing into it. He also exerted himself, at considerable peril, to cause a tribe to abandon slave hunting. Having received a steamer in parts from England, in the spring of 1862 he had it transported beyond the cataracts, put together and launched upon the river, and in this he again ascended the lake, and was involved in some of the native wars. In 1864 he returned to England and gave detailed accounts of his travels, and described the climate and topography of the region on the west shore of Lake Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone departed again late in the year 1865, with a simple equipment, furnished jointly by the British government and the Royal Geographical Society, in the hope of ascending nearer to the Equator, and exploring the Albert and Victoria Nyanza, and ascertaining definitely their relations to each other, to Lake Tanganyika and to the source of the Nile. In November, 1868, letters were received from him bearing various dates, between September and December of the previous year. A communication was received from him by Lord Clarendon, dated from near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July, 1868, in which he said that from what he had seen, together with what he had learned from intelligent natives, he thought he might safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose River Rhapta is probably the Rovuma.

The following letter from Livingstone, characteristic of the spirit and feeling of the man, was addressed by the explorer to a friend in Scotland soon after the date of his alleged murder by the natives of Africa, and written at the place where he was travelling on his last journey.

BEMBA, Inner Africa, Latitude 10 10 South, Longitude 31 50 East, March 2, 1867.

I have been unable to send anything to coast since I left it till now and have heard nothing from the coast. We have been very long in our progress hither, but I think we are now on the watershed between the Zambezi and Isaputa, which flows, as report says, into Tanganyika. I have only nine of a following, but hope to get on in time and do what I have undertaken. In some parts we had plenty of meat; I could easily supply the pot with my rifle. In other parts nothing could be procured, and we had to go on as best we could. It is the rainy season, and we had a long trudge through dripping forest, with the soil often so sloppy the feet were constantly wet. This was made worse by want of food—not of fine dishes, but of even a little porridge. The people could not sell grain; they were subsisting themselves on mushrooms, which are very good as catsup, but wretched, watery food, producing vivid visions of the roast beef of bygone days. Here we have come to a land where food is to be bought, and mean to rest a little. When we get to Tanganyika Lake we hope for news and to find a second supply of goods. I shall write to you from thence.

Tell —— that his dog turned out a famous one, and I was never so sorry for any animal as when we lately lost him. He had more spunk than fifty country dogs; and as soon as we got a hut in a village he kept it clear of all curs, and never stole himself. He was as much of an attraction as the white man himself; took charge of the whole line of march, and was so spirited he went at anything. We had to wade a marsh a mile wide and waist deep—a peaty bottom, with holes made by buffaloes' feet, made us all flounder. I went first and forgot the poor doggie. He must have swam among the dogs, each one minding himself, until he was drowned; no one noticed him. I am unable to write to Dr. Wilson, though I ought, but the slave trader will not give me more time. I consumed Mr. ——'s extract of meat from real gnawing hunger, and found it excellent. I have lost all my medicines—the sorest loss of goods I ever sustained. You will excuse my brevity. The slavery party leaves and I must write several letters.

Blessings from the Highest be on you all, my dear friends. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE HERALD EXPEDITION.

The several years of painful anxiety which followed the departure of Dr. Livingstone from the coast, the mystery surrounding his whereabouts, the false story of his murder, the astonishing apathy of the British government and the apparent lukewarmness of the Royal Geographical Society, induced the HERALD to send an expedition in search of the lost traveller. At the head of this enterprise was placed a daring young journalist of experience in Eastern and African travel, who had competed with the British government during the Abyssinian war, and had out-distanced it in sending intelligence of the fall of Magdala, Mr. Henry M. Stanley. The story of that expedition, of the secrecy which attended its initiation, of the care with which Mr. Stanley selected his experienced subordinates, of the difficulties and frowns which harassed the inception of the undertaking, of the perilous march to Unyanyembe, of the faithlessness of his chief subordinates, and of the final meeting at Ujiji between Stanley and Livingstone, are now matters of history. It is needless to say that Dr. Livingstone was given fresh life through this medium—a fact which he was not slow to acknowledge in his letters to the proprietor of the HERALD. One of these letters, published in our issue of July 26, 1872, is as follows:—

UJIJI, ON TANGANYIKA, EAST AFRICA, November, 1871.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jr., Esq.:—

MY DEAR SIR—It is, in general, somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen—it feels so much like addressing an abstract idea—but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region, takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and, in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

I fit I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Mosiem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the woful sights I had seen of man's inhumanity to man reached and told on the bodily frame and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere "ruckle" of bones.

There I found that some £500 sterling worth of goods, which I had ordered from Zanzibar, had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Mosiem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had "divined" on the Koran and found that I was dead. He had also written to the Governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared.

He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but, as for morality, he is evidently an idiot, and there being no law here except the dagger and the musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter clothes and beads, which I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need.

The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable.

I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife. We could have no success after that. Afterward the idea of despair had to me such a strong sense of the ludicrous that it was out of the question. Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge vague rumors of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, but neither priest, Levite nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed and in great excitement gasped out, "An Englishman coming! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him.

An American flag—the first ever seen in these parts—at the head of a caravan told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reported to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was, indeed, overwhelming, and I said in my soul, "Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours."

The news Mr. Stanley had to tell was thrilling. The mighty political changes on the Continent; the success of the Atlantic cables; the election of General Grant and many other topics riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and *Punch* of 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again.

Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore, the first I have received from the Foreign office since 1866, and information that the British government had kindly sent £1,000 sterling to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this went is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letter, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me with "John Bullish" tenacity, believing that all would come right at last.

The watershed of South Central Africa is over 700 miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the watershed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins in ten degrees to twelve degrees south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark, for who cared where the rivers ran? We drank our fill and let the rest run by.

The Portuguese who visited Cazemba asked for slaves and ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned until I was almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

My last work, in which I have been greatly hindered from want of suitable attendants, was following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manzuema, or shortly, Mazema. This line of drainage has four large lakes in it. The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It is from one to three miles broad, and never can be reached at any point or at any time of the year. Two western drains, the Lupera or Bartle Freres River, flow into it at Lake Kamolendo. Then the great river Louraine flows through Lake Lincoln into it too, and seems to form the western arm of the Nile, on which Petherick traded.

Now, I know about 600 miles of the watershed, and, unfortunately, the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole, for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and the last of the four becomes at no great distance off a large river. Two of these run north to Egypt, Lupera and Louraine, and two run south into inner Ethiopia as the Liambai or upper Zambezi and the Kafueore. These are not the sources of the Nile mentioned by the secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais to Herodotus. I have heard of them so often and at great distances off that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, wish to finish up by their rediscovery. Five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods have again unaccountably been entrusted to slaves and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months. I must go where they be, at your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work.

And if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade I shall regard that as a greater matter, by far, than the discovery of all the Nile sources together. Now that you have done with domestic slavery forever lend us your powerful aid toward this great object. This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above in order that the slavery privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed and the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave traders.

I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am gratefully yours, DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Although the expedition of Lieutenant Dawson was finally sent it never reached its goal. Dissension, disappointment and disorganization put an end to the enterprise. While it was gathering at Zanzibar Mr. Stanley wrote the story of his triumph in the HERALD, which was copied far and wide. It was at noon on the 10th of November, 1871, that the famous words were said:—

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME."

The subsequent voyage on Lake Tanganyika, the return of Dr. Livingstone to Unyanyembe, are matters of too recent record to need recapitulation at this time.

After the return of Mr. Stanley to Zanzibar, and prior to his departure for Europe, he despatched men and supplies to Unyanyembe for Dr. Livingstone, which were received last summer. The expedition of Lieutenant Cameron has already moved from the coast, although Mr. Stanley's supplies had reached the Doctor long before the English explorers had made their entry into the famous African town. Of the subsequent travels of Dr. Livingstone there is no authentic intelligence. From time to time the standard "Livingstone" paragraphs have gone the rounds of the press, but every one of any information could recognize them as *canards*. The cable despatch of this morning bears every evidence of truth, and it is no more than natural that any constitution should break down after thirty-four years of constant travel in the climates of Central Africa.

AMUSEMENTS.

English Opera—"Marriage of Figaro."

The second week of the Kellogg troupe opened auspiciously last night, at the Academy of Music, with a very fair rendering of Mozart's comic opera, "The Marriage of Figaro," presented with the following cast:—Susanna, Miss Kellogg; the Countess, Mme. Jennie Van Zandt; Cherubino, Mrs. Zelda Seguin; Marcelina, Miss Starbird; Barbarino, Mrs. Gonzales; the Count, Mr. William Carlton; Figaro, Mr. Henry Peakes; Antonio, Mr. Edw. Seguin; Don Basilio, Mr. W. H. Tilla; Don Bartolo, Mr. Thomas Bartleman.

The performance was a smooth one, as far as the principal artists were concerned, and fully up to the standard of the Italian representations of the same opera at this house. Miss Kellogg seemed to enter into the spirit of the intriguing and coquettish lady's maid and gave unalloyed satisfaction in both acting and singing. The Countess of Mme. Van Zandt was no less attractive, the celebrated duet in the third act, "The Zephyr" (*Su Varia*), being so well rendered by her and Miss Kellogg as to bring with it an overwhelming redemand from the audience. Mrs. Seguin's best *rôle*, or the one in which she creates the most pronounced success, is that of the tantalizing page. Mr. Carlton was in better voice than at his début last week, having recovered from his recent illness, and Mr. Peakes acted the part of the married barber admirably, although his deep bass voice was not exactly adapted to the music. The peculiar comic tone of Mr. Tilla's voice, which would be destructive of other *rôles*, gave effect to the music of the meddlesome singing master, and the old gardener had an excellent representative in Mr. Seguin.

It may appear a heretical, but it is nevertheless an undeniable assertion, that the two great lyric works of Mozart, "Don Juan" and "Figaro," do not at present find favor with the American public when presented in a large theatre. They are essentially parlor operas, and as well adapted to the boards of the Academy as would be chamber music works interpreted by the 100 instrumentalists of the Philharmonic Society. The *nuances* and delicacies of expression, the marquetry, if we may borrow a term from the cabinetmaker's art, and the ever shifting, and oftimes scarcely defined changes in the character of the music, are necessarily lost in a big building like the Academy. Suppose Mr. Wallack should quit his cosey little theatre for the opera house many of the finest and most delicately limned features of his acting would be lost on the vast stage of the Academy. So it is with "The Marriage of Figaro." It is not an opera calculated to be thoroughly appreciated in such a building, and it certainly last evening became tiresome before even the last act was reached. Yet every company, Italian and English, with few exceptions, persists in presenting it and "Don Giovanni," and the result is anything but satisfactory. It is as unsuitable for grand opera as is a string quartet of Beethoven for grand concert. "Rigoletto" will be given this evening, with Mme. Van Zandt as Gilda.

Grand Opera House.

"Humpty Dumpty" began the tenth week of his varying tour of the world last night. The managers of the Grand Opera House had announced that the vulpine tourist should have new accompanists during the remainder of his travels, but, somehow, when Humpty started, and as he reached place after place, it was noticed that, with two or three exceptions, the persons he met were the same he had found when he originally made his tour. Some things never lose the charm of novelty, and so the announcement of the Martens and the Rigl Sisters as new to "Humpty Dumpty may not be condemned. The only really new accessories to "Humpty" are a clever Harlequin, Ravel, and the Wilson Brothers, who perform some extraordinary feats of vaulting and tumbling. Humpty's adventures did not vary from those he has had every time he has been abroad. His memory, however, is so poor that the haps always produced the proper expression of surprise, fear or glee. There was a goodly audience present to laugh at the fun.

Niblo's.

The active Vokes family appeared last night in the extravaganza "Fun in a Fog," which the bill assures has been invented, written and arranged by the terpsichorean geniuses. For all the invention or literary merit the piece contains it might have been written by any one. It is a sort of burlesque satire on the pleasures of yachting, expressed mainly through the legs. It is not without merit of a kind and it is certainly very extravagant. There is not much pretence of any higher aim than to amuse by grimace and contortion, and this intention is honestly carried out. The people are amused. At least they laugh; and if they seek only distraction perhaps "Fun in a Fog" and similar pieces furnish the most harmless sort of distraction for overworked people who do not want to be bothered with thinking, and only ask to laugh and be merry. The Vokes' tumbled through their parts with their usual heartiness, no bones were broken, and it is an open question whether there are any Vokes bones to break. "Fun in a Fog" was preceded by the comedietta of "Naval Engagements," in which Miss Louise Henderson and Mr. J. W. Brutone made their first appearance on this stage. Mr. Prior, as Admiral Kingston, was the impersonation of a good-hearted but irascible old salt, and Mr. Cahill's Dennis, though marred by an extravagant make-up, left little to be desired. It was a studied and careful piece of characterization.

Theatre Comique.

While the class of amusements at this theatre might not suit the educated taste of people who are accustomed to witness the best productions of the modern stage in all its moods and tenses, yet they are admirably adapted to rouse the jaded spirits and fill with a thorough sense of rude enjoyment the great army of toilers who flock here nightly from their humble and in many cases wretched dwellings to laugh till the tears run down over the "Mulligan Guards," "Old Times Rocks," the humors of that extremely comic Ethiopian, Johnny Wild, and a hundred other amusing performances. Last night the attendance crowded the theatre to the doors, and the programme of festive things presented was never-ending, like the bill of a French landlord. Undoubtedly the best feature was "Old Times Rocks, or Scenes from Early Minstrelsy." Everybody present enjoyed it to the tips of his fingers; and "Camptown Races," "I'm off to Charleston," &c., wore as fresh a melody as the first day. The mine discovered by Christy may be gone over again and again. If these "Mulligan Guards" did not get so beastly drunk they would do very well. The comic drama of "Rent Day" needs pruning here and there, and more fun thrown into it.

Mrs. Conway's Theatre—Mr. Booth.

Mr. Booth last evening began an engagement at Mrs. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, and appeared as Hamlet before a very large audience. A new criticism upon this impersonation of Mr. Booth's would be like an attempt to say something fresh concerning Milton and Homer, not that Mr. Booth's attributes as an actor are comparable with the qualities of these poets as poets, but that all that is good, bad and indifferent about his performance has been commented upon again and again, and all that need now be chronicled is the fact that former successes were repeated to the satisfaction of a vast assemblage. The tragedy was well placed upon the stage and was evenly acted. "Richelieu" will be given to-night.

Steinway Hall — Maurel-Wieniawski-Thomas Concert.

A very interesting concert was given last evening at Steinway Hall, in which M. Maurel, the celebrated barytone of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company, M. Wieniawski, the distinguished violinist, and the unrivalled orchestra of Mr. Theodore Thomas took part. M. Maurel sung an aria from Haydn's "Seasons" with such success that he was recalled and gave a very effective rendering of Schumann's "Widmung." M. Wieniawski's interpretation of the Concerto in A minor, No. 5, of Vieuxtemps, was marked with the full, resonant tone, artistic finish and wealth of expression that characterize his violin playing, and in response to an encore he presented a wonderfully sympathetic performance of his own "Legende." The orchestra selections comprised a Beethoven overture, two movements of Raff's great "Lenore" symphony, Wagner's "Fliegende Holländer" and the Second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt. The last mentioned work has become a sterling favorite in its orchestral form, for which Herr Müller-Berghaus is responsible. The instrumentation is so clever and effective that even those who are intimately acquainted with it in its original form as a piano work are astonished at the transformation. When its stirring characteristic measures are interpreted by such an orchestra as that of Mr. Thomas the effect is of an electric kind. The second concert takes place this evening, and will comprise works by Asger Hamerick, Spohr, Donizetti, Tartini, Rossini and Beethoven.

"Folline" To-Night.

"Folline" is to be produced to-night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is a four-act play, containing nine male and four female characters, and is an adaptation by Mr. Daly from the French. It concerns itself with a young couple, René and Folline Genevoix, who, wearied with the prosaic life entailed by the steady pursuit of business in old-fashioned grooves, launch into a loud and extravagant style. The husband becomes entangled with an actress and verges on bankruptcy; the wife, believing in her husband's infidelity, is on the brink of a similar crime. René is saved by the intervention of his sister Gabrielle, his uncle Genevoix and an old retainer named Gudin. Folline is rescued by the discovery of the drunkenness of the Count de Marsille, who had become her ideal, and by the well-timed stratagems of Aglae and Pontanne, who, however, are fast people as well as fast friends. An effect in the fourth act is highly sensational; a seventh commandment infringement is perceptible, but does not give color to the whole piece; one or two situations daily upon the precipice of the improper, and the conversation is brisk, but never witty. There is the same difference between this and the legitimate drama that there is between "tall talk" and high tone.

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Barry Sullivan has been acting in Belfast.

An amateur dramatic club gives performances at Hong Kong occasionally.

Miss Charlotte Cushman gives the first of her series of readings at Steinway Hall to-morrow night.

Mlle. di Murska will appear at the Academy of Music at Easter, under Mr. Maretzek's management.

Mr. J. S. Clarke is passing the winter on the Continent, and will appear in London professionally in the spring.

"Lohengrin" will likely be the opening opera of the Strakosch Opera Company at the Academy of Music on February 16.

Dion Boucicault's engagement at the California Theatre is very successful. The receipts up to the present time amount to over $11,000.

Mr. Huck, a tenor in Mme. Lucca's Opera Company, and formerly connected with Dr. Berge's choir in St. Francis Xavier's church in this city, died last week in Havana of vomito.

A frightful accident has occurred in the theatre at Ulm, France, through the use of petroleum. Twenty-four lamps attached to the chandelier suspended from the ceiling exploded while the performance was going on, and the flaming liquid fell on the spectators, among whom were a number of ladies. In an instant the dresses of some twenty were in a blaze. One of the ladies expired a few hours afterwards.

THE ALLIANCE.

Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Evangelical Alliance—Election of Officers for the Ensuing Year—Reading of the Annual Report—Profuse Thanks to the Retiring Secretaries for Their Gratuitous Labors Last Year.

The sixth annual meeting of the American Evangelical Alliance was held last evening, in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. The chair was occupied by William E. Dodge, President of the Alliance. Several prominent clergymen were in attendance, but the audience was not large. A prayer having been offered by the Rev. Dr. Crosby, Mr. Dodge announced the meeting opened, and in doing so made a few remarks on the great success which had attended the General Conference.

The new constitution was then presented. Its leading feature was the second article, which says that "the objects of this association shall be to manifest and strengthen Christian unity, and to promote religious liberty and co-operation in Christian work, without interfering with the internal affairs of different denominations." After a slight technical change in the fifth article the constitution was adopted.

Rev. Dr. Ganse, from the Nominating Committee, then presented the names of the officers selected for the ensuing year, which were as follows:—

President—William E. Dodge.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Dr. Adams, Joseph Allison, Rev. Dr. Anderson, Rev. Dr. Armitage, William H. Aspinwall, Charles J. Baker, Right Rev. Gregory T. Bedell, D. D.; Felix R. Brunot, William A. Buckingham, Rev. W. J. Budington, D. D.; Rev. Dr. Alexis Caswell, Wm. Claflin, Robert G. Corbett, Right Rev. George D. Cummins, D. D.; J. L. M. Curry, LL.D.; Rev. Dr. Thomas De Witt, General Clinton B. Fisk, Fred G. Foster, F. E. Frelinghuysen, Rev. Harvey D. Ganse, Grant Goodrich, Daniel Hainer, Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, Professor Joseph Henry, D. D., LL. D.; J. P. Handy, Rev. Dr. Hodge, General O. O. Howard, Bishop E. S. Janes, D. D.; Thomas K. Jessup, H. Thane Wheiler, Rev. Dr. Ormiston, Dr. Parker, Rev. S. J. Prime, D. D.; Rev. Dr. H. B. Ridgeway, Rev. Dr. Schaff, Bishop M. Simpson, D. D., LL. D.; Jacob Sleeper, Bellamy Storer, George H. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, Right Rev. Dr. Whittle, Bishop Wightman, Rev. Dr. Williams Rev. Dr. Leighton Wilson, Robert C. Winthrop, LL. D.; William Woodward, Rev. Thomas D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D.

Honorary Corresponding Secretaries—Rev. R. R. Booth, D. D.; Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D. D.; Rev. E. P. Rogers, D. D.; Rev. G. Sampson, D. D., LL. D.; Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D.; Rev. E. A. Washburn, D. D.; Rev. A. C. Wedekind, D. D.

Recording Secretaries—Rev. Henry B. Chapin, D. D.; Rev. S. W. Crittenden.

Treasurer—Caleb T. Rouse.

The committee's report was unanimously adopted.

The sixth annual report of the Alliance was then read by Rev. Dr. Schaff. It gave a brief *résumé* of the work accomplished during the year, the General Conference being of course the principal feature. In tracing the preparations that were made for the Conference it showed the manner in which the executive officers had brought about the great Alliance meetings which were recently held in this city. Proper allusion was made to the death of the Rev. Messrs. Pronier and Carasco by the loss of the Ville du Havre. The report concluded with a financial statement, which showed that after all expenses had been paid there was now in the treasury $9,379, exclusive of subscriptions not yet paid in, which would swell the amount to $10,000.

When the Rev. Dr. Schaff concluded the reading of the report he announced that his official connection with the Alliance was now about to close. Other duties prevented him from bestowing so much time upon that great Christian work, and he felt, as he had had to bear nearly all the responsibility of the labor that had culminated in the recent Evangelical meetings, that he should retire from the onerous work and devote himself exclusively to his scholastic duties.

Several gentlemen present then made remarks complimentary to the Rev. Dr. Schaff, to whom, the Rev. Dr. Crosby said, was due, under Providence, all the honor for the great success of the Alliance enterprise. Rev. Dr. Foss also spoke in the highest terms of Rev. Dr. Schaff's exertions in the preparatory work for the General Conference, and of his learning and zeal.

The Chairman then put the question, and the report was unanimously adopted.

Hon. Nathan Bishop, LL. D., moved that the thanks of the Alliance be given to the retiring secretaries, and in doing so remarked that it was an unfortunate fact that Christian men had in all times manifested an intolerant spirit in judging of the religion of others. Men who were tolerant in most other matters found it necessary to try to prevent others from worshipping God as they wished. This Alliance had shown an example to the world in this respect. The speaker then went on to tell how a committee from the Alliance had expostulated with a great Russian minister in behalf of Roman Catholics who were persecuted by the Russian government. The minister said to the committee that the laws which had lasted for 400 years could not now be repealed, but at the same time he intimated that, though the laws would not be disturbed, the request of the committee would be granted, and it was granted.

Rev. Mr. Sabine seconded the motion, and spoke in a religious strain on the glory of the recent conference meetings, blessing God for what He had vouchsafed to His people.

The chairman and others having made complimentary remarks upon the laborious and gratuitous services performed by the secretaries, the motion was put and unanimously car