

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

In connection with our portrait of Mr. Henry Stanley, we give on our first page a portrait of Dr. Livingstone, the discovery of whose whereabouts has conferred lasting glory upon the young explorer of the New York *Herald* staff. Without repeating the history of the meeting between the lost one and his finder—which has become an oft-told tale—we content ourselves with giving the biography of the great explorer, with a brief account of his doings since the start of the expedition in 1866, and his proposed explorations for the next two years.

The Rev. David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, on the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, about the year 1817. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father keeping a small tea-shop at Hamilton. The son was sent while a youth to earn his livelihood in the cotton mills of Blantyre, and even at that time evinced a deep love for learning. By sheer hard work he was enabled to purchase the means of gratifying his tastes, and to pursue during the winter months his studies at Glasgow, resuming his occupation at the mills during the summer vacation of the classes. In this way he contrived to pick up some acquaintance with the classical writers, and at the age of seventeen could repeat portions of Virgil and Horace. As he grew to manhood he resolved to devote himself to missionary life, cherishing a hope that Africa or China would be the scene of his labours. His wishes in this respect were realized, for after having studied medicine for a few years, and having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in 1838, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society for missionary work in Africa, and his offer was accepted. Having been ordained to the pastoral office in 1840, he soon after left England for Port Natal, where he became acquainted with his countryman, the Rev. Robert Moffatt, one of the most active and enterprising of African missionaries, whose daughter he eventually married, and she accompanied him in his travels until her premature death in 1862. From 1840 till his return to England in 1856 he laboured perseveringly as one of the agents of the London Missionary Society at Kuruman, Maadson, and other stations in Southern Africa, and made several expeditions into the interior. He thus became acquainted with the language, habits, and religious notions of several savage tribes, 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. In May, 1855, the Victoria, or Paton's Gold Medal, was bestowed upon him by the Royal Geographical Society for having "traversed South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami to Linganti, and thence to the Western coast, in ten degrees south latitude." In 1855 Dr. Livingstone retraced his steps eastwards, and having again traversed those regions as far as Linganti, followed the Zambesi down to its mouth upon the shore of the Indian Ocean, thus completing the entire journey across Southern Africa. He returned to England at the close of 1856, and was present at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, when the president, Sir R. Murchison, reminded his audience that "they were met together for the purpose of welcoming Dr. Livingstone, on his return home from South Africa, after an absence of sixteen years, during which, whilst endeavouring to spread the blessings of Christianity through lands never before trodden by the foot of any European, he had made geographical discoveries of incalculable importance. In all his various journeys Dr. Livingstone had travelled over no less than 11,000 miles of African territory; and he had come back to England as the pioneer of sound and useful knowledge; for by his astronomical observations he had determined the sites of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all of which had been hitherto nearly unknown, while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology, and geological structure of the countries which he had explored, and had pointed out many new sources of commerce as yet unknown to the scope and the enterprise of the British merchant." In March, 1858, Livingstone returned to Africa, accompanied by a small band of assistants, sent out by Her Majesty's Government. He entered Lake Nyassa, Sept. 2, 1861, and made further explorations. His wife, who had accompanied him in many of his perilous journeys, died of fever at Shupanga, April 27, 1862, and what was termed the Zambesi expedition was recalled in July, 1863. Dr. Livingstone reached London, July 20, 1864, and, after giving interesting particulars respecting his discoveries, and making arrangements for other explorations, again quitted England in April, 1865. Since that time he has remained in Africa, prosecuting his observations and discoveries. Early in 1867 a report reached England to the effect that he had fallen in a skirmish with the natives near Lake Nyassa. This rumour was, however, disproved the following year when news of the traveller was received by the Royal Geographical Society. A similar report of his death was again circulated, if we remember right, the following year, but happily Mr. Stanley has set at rest all doubts of his welfare.

As to the story of the Doctor's movements since his last arrival in Africa, here it is in brief, as told by Livingstone to Stanley:—In March, 1866, he started with twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men, and seven liberated slaves. He travelled up the Rovuma River. Before they had been gone very long the men became frightened at the nature of the journey, and the reports of hostile tribes up the country they were to pass through. At length they deserted him, and, as a cover to their cowardice in doing so, circulated the report of his death. Livingstone proceeded on his journey in spite of the isolation, and after some difficult marching reached the Chambezi River, which he crossed. He found that this was not the Portuguese Zambesi River, as had been conjectured, but, on the contrary, wholly separate. He traced its course, and found it called, further on, the Lualaba. He continued his explorations along its banks for 700 miles, and has become convinced in consequence that the Chambezi is the true source of the Nile, and that this will make a total length for the myotic river of Africa of 2690 miles. His explorations also establish the fact that the Nile is not supplied by Lake Tanganyika. He reached within 180 miles of the source, and explored the surrounding ground, when, finding himself without supplies, he was obliged to return to Ujiji, and was in a state of destitution there when met by the commander of the *H. R. M.* expedition. On the 16th of October, 1871, the two explorers left Ujiji, and arrived at Uyanyanembe toward the end of November, where they passed twenty-eight days together exploring the district. They then returned and spent Christmas together at Ujiji. The *Herald* explorer forwarded this

important and interesting intelligence on the 14th of March, 1872, leaving Livingstone at Uyanyanembe. Livingstone will explore the north shore of Tanganyika Lake, and the remaining 180 miles of the Lualaba River. This Herculean task he expects will occupy the next two years.

THEATRICAL ILLUSION.

The illusions of the stage were greatly enhanced by Garrick's Alsatian scene-painter, Philip James de Loutherbourg, a man of genius in his way, and an eminent innovator and reformer in the matter of theatrical decoration. Before his time the scenes had been merely stained "flats" of canvass, extending the whole breadth and height of the stage. He was the first to introduce set scenes and what are technically called "raking pieces." He invented transparent scenes, with representations of moonlight, rising and setting suns, fires, volcanoes, &c., and contrived effects of colour by means of oil screens of various hues placed before the foot and side lights. He was the first to represent a mist by suspending a gauze between the scene and the spectator. For two seasons he held a dioramic exhibition of his own, called the Eidophusikon, at the Patagonian Theatre in Exeter Change, and afterwards at a house in Panton Square. The special attraction of the entertainment was a storm at sea, with the wreck of the *Halswell East Indiaman*. No pains were spared to picture the tempest and its most striking effects. The clouds were movable, painted upon a canvas of vast size, and rising diagonally by means of a winding machine. The artist excelled in his treatment of clouds, and, by regulating the action of his windlass, he could direct their movements, now permitting them to rise slowly from the horizon and sail obliquely across the heavens, and now driving them swiftly along according to their supposed density and the power ascribed to the wind. The lightning quivered through transparent places in the sky. The waves, carved in soft wood from the models made in clay, coloured with great skill, and highly varnished to reflect the lightning, rose and fell with irregular action, flinging the foam now here, now there, diminishing in size, and dimming in colour, as they receded from the spectator. "De Loutherbourg's genius," we are informed, was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art, the picturesque of sound. That is to say, he imitated the noise of thunder by shaking one of the lower corners of a large, thin sheet of copper suspended by a chain; the distant firing of signals of distress from the doomed vessel he counterfeited by suddenly striking a large tambourine with a sponge affixed to a whalebone spring, the reverberations of the sponge producing a peculiar echo as from cloud to cloud dying away in the distance. The rushing, washing sound of the waves was simulated by turning round an octagonal pasteboard box, fitted with shelves, and containing small shells, peas and shot; while two discs of tightly-strained silk, suddenly placed together, produced a hollow whistling sound in imitation of loud and fitful gusts of wind. Cylinders, loosely charged with seed and small shot, lifted now at one end now at the other, so as to allow the contents to fall in a pattering stream, effectually reproduced the noise of hail and rain. The moon was formed by a circular aperture cut in a tin box containing a powerful argand lamp, which was placed at the back of the scene, and brought near or removed from the canvas as the luminary was supposed to be shining brightly, or to be obscured by clouds. These contrivances of Mr. De Loutherbourg may now, perhaps, be deemed to be of rather a commonplace description—they have figured so frequently, and in such amplified and amended forms, upon the modern stage; but they were calculated to impress the painter's patrons very considerably; they were then distinctly innovations due to his curiously inventive genius, and the result of much labour and needful ingenuity. If the theatrical entertainments of the present time manifest little progress in histrionic art, there has been, at any rate, marked advance in the matter of scientific illusions and mechanical effects. The thunder of our modern stage storms may no more proceed from mustard-bowls, or from "troughs of wood with stops in them," but it is, at any rate, sufficiently formidable and uproarious, sometimes exciting, indeed, the anxiety of the audience lest it should crush through the roof of the theatre, and visit them boldly in the pit; while for our magnesium or lime-light flashes of lightning, they are beyond anything that "spirit of right Nantz brandy" could effect in the way of lambent flames, have a vividness that equals reality, and, moreover, leaves behind them a pungent and sulphurous odour that may be described as even supernaturally noxious. The stage storm still bursts upon the drama from time to time, the theatre is still visited in due course by its rainy and tempestuous season; and thunder and lightning are, as much as in Addison's time, among the favourite devices of our play-wrights—for sufficient reasons, we no longer designate them poets—"put in practice to fill the minds of an audience with terror." The terror may not be quite of the old kind, but still it does well enough.—*All the Year Round*.

GUSTAVE DORE AT WORK.

Not far away, in the Rue Bayard, day and night works Gustave Doré, now painting, now rapidly sketching in his great sketch-books the designs which are to electrify the world. He is a little man, with dense black hair and ruddy complexion; with healthy chest and sinewy arms; and with a confident, friendly manner which at once wins every one to him. His jet black moustache shades clear-cut and firm lips, indexes to a character which has always held him above the level of the grosser Parisian temptations. His whole heart and soul are in his work. He has had lights specially prepared in his great rambling studio, so that he may paint when he desires; and at the very moment that his admirers are swallowing their nightcap cup of coffee, and stupidly gazing at the procession of painted beauties along the Boulevard des Italiens, he is sketching vigorously, or pacing up and down in the studio, overmastered by some new conception which he dare not yet confide to paper. Doré has a horror of the French passion for holidays, and once told a friend that his severest trial was on New Year's Day. "It is not the money for the presents," he said, "but the time spent in this insane round of calls, which I give grudgingly." When once you have passed the Cerberus who guards the gate of Doré's Paradise, you will thenceforth have free entrance. But the aforesaid Cerberus is of a decidedly suspicious and hostile turn of mind, and to the many Doré is as inaccessible as was the milliner Worth on one of his "thought-days," when he was devising costumes for the court ladies of the Second Empire.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

FIELD AND FLOOD.

The Goderich Races took place on the 18th inst. The rowing races on the St. Charles River take place to-day (Saturday.)

Two new scull boats arrived from England last week for Fulton, of the St. John crew.

The Woodstock Pleasure Grounds Association is to hold its annual fall meeting on the 28th of September.

Lord Dufferin intends to present the Quebec Yacht Club with a silver cup, to be competed for this autumn.

Joe Dion gave a billiard exhibition last week at Petrolia, when he made 500 points, while his opponents, numbering four, only scored 200.

The Ottawa Turf Club has decided to hold its fall meeting on the 8th and 9th October, at which some \$1,900 will be offered as prizes in money.

A cricket match took place on the 19th inst., at Sutton, between the Sutton and Beaverton Clubs, the former winning in one innings with a run to spare.

The outrigger race which came off at Quebec on the 20th, was won by the Fitzgald crew, who came in fifteen lengths ahead, with the Swindle crew second, and the Murray crew last.

A cricket match, between eleven picked men of all clubs south of Collingwood and north of Toronto against Collingwood, was played last week, Collingwood winning in one innings and eleven runs to spare.

At the Barrie Races on the 18th inst., the trot for horses that never beat three minutes was won by the Canadian horse "J. Ellis" in 2:29—the shortest time on record in Canada, except that made by "Dexter" at Hamilton.

The cricket match played last week at New York between the English Club and the St. George's Club resulted in a victory for the former by 141 in one innings. Score: St. George's, first innings, 68, second 42—total, 108; English Eleven, 249.

A single wicket match was played last week between two members of the Montreal Cricket Club. Mr. M., who went first to the bat, went for six, and his opponent, Mr. B., was run out for three, having slipped and fallen between the wickets.

The butchers and grain buyers of London, Ont., have been testing their relative merits at the game of cricket, but the butchers' team only succeeded in scoring 62, in two innings, while the grain buyers surpassed them by scoring 63, with five wickets to go down.

The Toronto *Globe* learns that through the active representations of the Toronto Rowing Club, the committee appointed by the Council to arrange a programme of entertainments for His Excellency the Governor-General while in Toronto, have decided to vote a sum of money for the purchase of a silver cup, to be sailed for by all Canadian yachts early in October.

The *Coast Journal* says:—The great W. G. Grace having gone with an English team of cricketers to Canada, his two brothers seem resolved in his absence to maintain the reputation of the family name. In the match between Gloucestershire and Nottinghamshire last week Mr. G. E. Grace scored 115 (not out), and Mr. E. M. Grace 108—the whole innings amounting to 317.

The Toronto *Mail* says:—Farrands, the English umpire, is anxious to settle in Canada. He has been engaged in the knitting business. He is a good bowler, well up in the game, and a highly respectable man, married, and would bring his family out by next spring, if promised an engagement upon Canadian ground. Mr. Fitzgerald speaks very highly of his character, and is anxious that the experiment should be tried.

The athletic sports which took place at Quebec on Saturday under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, proved a great success. Fully 10,000 people were present on the Esplanade. The day was beautifully fine and the greatest order was maintained throughout the entire proceedings. The one mile race was won by Bowie; Verault, 2nd; Kerarouwe, 3rd. Time, 4:53. The 100 yard race was won by Foy and McLaughlan.

Great indignation prevails at the treatment the Canadian cricketers received at Toronto. Up to the close of the playing on Wednesday evening, none of the Canadian and English teams were formally introduced to each other, save, of course, Mr. Pattison, of the *Mail*, on the Canadian team, and though playing together for three days, they conducted themselves towards each other as entire strangers. Hospitality was also on different occasions extended to the English team to the exclusion of the Canadians. To such an extent has this been carried that a prominent Canadian player left for home in disgust.

The Troy *Whig* gives the following account of a novel race which took place recently at Rensselaer Park:—Between 200 and 300 persons assembled at Rensselaer Park yesterday afternoon to witness the race between the steam waggon of C. W. Hermance, of Schuylerville, and a trotting horse. The steam waggon has just been completed at the steam fire-engine works of L. Button & Son, of Waterford. Those who expected anything new in principle in this waggon were disappointed. It weighs about 1,300 pounds, and consists simply of an upright boiler and furnace set upon three wheels, the single wheel being in front. Directly over the rear axle-tree are two cylinders playing with a vertical stroke, the shaft being so geared to the axle as to cause it to revolve once for every three strokes of the piston. A change may be made when greater strength and less speed are required so as to give one revolution of the axle to six strokes of the piston. The driving wheels are four feet in diameter, and the cylinders are three and a quarter by seven inches in dimension. William Hardy, of Button's works, guided the waggon by a horizontal wheel similar in construction to that used in steering a vessel. Those who have seen a velocipede will readily understand how this vehicle is steered. In preliminary trials around the course it became evident that the machinery was in bad condition to endure the test of a race, as it was constantly tinkered by the engineer, and in one instance the boiler foamed badly. Before the race the waggon passed over half a mile in one minute and about twenty seconds. After much delay a start was effected, but it was evident at once that the horse was no match for his antagonist, and he was hauled off after one heat, which the waggon made in 2:28.