

LIVING IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

Light-houses are strange and lonely homes for men to live in. Some of them are perched out on the ocean, with the land scarcely in sight, and the restless sea forever beating and moaning around them. The keepers of these do not see other human faces than their own in a quarter of a year. Night and day they are on the watch, gladdened awhile by a sail that appears for a little while and then floats out of sight, below the horizon. They might be out of the world, for all they know of its concerns, its losses and gains, its battles and its victories, the changes that each day brings forth. There are other light-houses situated on the coast, but so remote that they are never visited; and others that are surrounded by the civilization of a fishing village, and on summer days are crowded by fashionable people from the neighbouring watering places. But for the most part, except in the approaches to flourishing ports, they are built out on the farthest margin of the land, on far-reaching capes and peninsulas, on iron-bound headlands, on detached rocks and sandy shoals. The light-ships are still worse off, anchored as they are in stormy waters, and forever rolling, plunging, leaping in perpetual unrest, clipped of their wings, while other vessels are passing and repassing, shortening sail as they enter port and spreading the canvass as they start out anew.

The light-ships are manned by men alone, but in the light-houses the keepers are allowed to have their wives, and children are born unto them and brought up with the sea and the sea-birds and the distant ships for companions. Many a pretty story or poem has been woven about children living in this fashion. They learn the secrets and wonders of the sea, and feel glad when it sings softly on the calm days and sad when its bosom is ruffled and white in the storms. Their little heads are full of strange fancies about Nature, and I do not believe they could understand or enjoy the life that you and I lead at home. Somehow I cannot think of them as real children. They seem more like water-sprites that have their home in the blue depths among other delicate plants that blossom there. But they have lessons to learn from school-books, and a great many things to do in their father's household. Their life, with all its romance, is not one of idleness, you may be sure.

THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY."

"Paul Pry" was first produced at the Haymarket in September, 1825, with a good cast that included Liston, Farren, Madame Vestris, Pope and Mrs. Waylett. It was acted some forty times—then a great run. The following season it was again taken up at Drury Lane, and acted every night in the season. Madame Vestris's Phoebe, the spirited and ingenious waiting-maid was long spoken of with rapture by old playgoers, and her success was a good deal owing to the perfect naturalness of the part and its being utterly opposed to the conventional style in which such characters are put upon the stage. The more refined critics of the day when it first appeared judged it temperately and fairly. "It is a pleasant piece," wrote Hazlitt, in a London magazine, "but there is rather too much of it. Without any sacrifice of humour it might have been compressed within the limits of a farce. The plot is compounded of several ancient and approved plots, and most of the characters are close copies of hackneyed originals." But with the irrepressible Liston he was enchanted. "There is really nothing in the part beyond the mere outline of an officious, inquisitive gentleman, which is droll, as it reminds every one of acquaintance, but Liston fills it with a thousand nameless absurdities." The hint thus thrown out on the first representation has been unconsciously adopted, for the play has since been compressed, though with some loss of effect. But the piece itself is not to be dismissed so lightly, for the situations, though contrived to bring out the absurdity of the hero's prying propensities, are not forced, and are exactly of the kind suited to do this in the most effective manner. There is no more diverting situation than the passage in which the indefatigable Pry unintentionally raises an alarm of robbers, and is himself pursued by the servants and dogs. Nothing can be happier than the idea of such a retribution, as the natural result of his own espionage. All the other situations come about in the same unconstrained fashion. The instinct of a true dramatist is also shown in the concurrent mystery in which Phoebe and her mistress are concerned, and in the hot, impetuous character Colonel Hardy thrown into antagonism with the persons engaged in the plot as well as the inquisitive detective. The mutual opposition and confusion of these various influences make up a most amusing *mélange*. The true key to the character of Paul Pry is of course earnestness—a genuine anxiety to know what his neighbours are about; and Mr. Toole, it must be said, in this part, seems to forget Mr. Toole and his individual humours, and to think only of the character. It has often been repeated that Paul Pry was drawn from a familiar figure of the time—the eccentric Tom Hill, who was editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*. Poole took occasion expressly to contradict this in a little biographical sketch of himself addressed to one of the magazines. "The idea," he says, "was really suggested by an old invalid lady who lived in a very narrow street, and who amused herself by speculating on the neighbours and identifying them, as it were, by the sound of the knocks they gave. 'Betty,' she would say, 'why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?' 'Lor, ma'am, it's only the baker with the pies.' 'Pies, Betty—what can they want with pies at No. 54? They had pies yesterday.' This is, indeed, the germ of Paul Pry;" and he adds, "it was not drawn from an individual, but from a class. I could mention five or six persons who were contributors to the original play"—which showed that he worked on true principles as applied to humour, viz: abstraction and selection.

ICE MAKING IN INDIA.

Although ice keeps well for a long time when packed in the ships built for it, and in this way can be conveyed to any East Indian port, it would be impossible to carry it into the interior of the country, where there are no railroads to transport it quickly. But the East Indian who lives at a distance from the coast is not obliged to do without cooling drinks, for not only does he contrive to cool water by putting it in porous jars and setting them in a current of air, but he has a fashion of his own for making ice, and a very curious fashion it is.

In the warm countries of Europe ice is manufactured by the use of ether, but this would be a very costly process in India, and would place it entirely out of the reach of the mass of the

people. Their own method for manufacturing ice, although a slow one, is very simple, and costs nothing.

They have discovered by observation what we are taught in natural philosophy, that during the day the earth absorbs heat, and during the night it gives it out—or, to speak more properly, *radiates* heat. This is much more noticeable in tropical than in temperate countries. They know also by experience, that, in order to enjoy the coolness of night, they must avoid the shade of trees, and lie out in the open places. The reason of this, perhaps, they do not know, which is that the branches of the trees interfere with this radiation. Without reasoning on these facts, the East Indian acts upon them, and uses his knowledge of them in manufacturing ice.

In an open space, where there are no trees, parallel ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed small earthen saucers, holding about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night. When such a night arrives, the little saucers are filled with water in the evening, which water by four o'clock in the morning is found to be covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are very small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-houses under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are separated from the ground, and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is continually lowered until it reaches the freezing point, when it, of course, becomes ice.

This ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

These are the two methods by which the people of India procure ice—carrying it there from a great distance, and freezing water by a low process. And yet, in India itself there are immense ice-fields that never melt, containing material enough to supply perpetually every town and little hamlet in the country. For the Himalayan mountains, with their towering tops covered with everlasting snow and ice, stretch along the western part of the Indian peninsula. What a trial it must be to the temper of an East Indian, who is nearly melted with the heat in the plains below, to look up at those white peaks, and think how much snow and ice is wasted there that would be of the greatest service to him if it could only be brought down! But that is the problem! In the lowest part of the cold regions of the mountains, ice could be cut and made ready to be taken away. But there are no roads by which it could be carried to the plains; and if it were possible to construct roads over the mountains to a sufficient height to reach the snowy regions, the cost of making them would be enormous; and when made, it is doubtful whether ice could be transported over them with sufficient rapidity for it to reach the plains in a solid state.

NEW MUSIC.

THE DEUM. (Composed by Dr. P. R. MacLagan. Published by C. C. DeZouche: Montreal.) After reading the above composition through, and pointing out a few of the most glaring mistakes (correcting the whole work taking too much time and space), which slightly cultivated musical ears will detect on playing, we will leave it to each one's own judgment to form an opinion of the same from the following indications:—Page 2, bars 6 and 7, consecutive octaves and fifths; bars 11 and 12, modulation from D to A major. Page 3, bar 3, modulation from G major to the chord of the fifth-sixth on C sharp. The poor voice leading tenor and bass, bars 7 and 8, also 10 and 11; the first bar, page 4, goes beyond our conception; page 5, allegro. Dr. MacLagan wishes chords to be filled in *ad lib.*, they are, however, already filled in so badly that there is nothing left for the accompanist to do. Need only mention the modulation from A major to B minor, bars 4 and 5; doubling of the third G sharp, 6th bar; modulation from bar 9, D to A major, 10th bar, &c. Page 6, modulation from the chord of the fifth-sixth on B, 2nd bar, to C major, 3rd bar; also bars 10 and 11, from the A to D major chord. Page 7, poor voice leading bass and tenor, bars 1, 2, and 3, the first thing that strikes us is the signature for C minor. Page 8 we will leave the Doctor to have the pleasure of writing his signature with one natural and two flat marks, and advise young composers to stick to the good practical rules. Had the natural-flat or flat-sharp system been found practicable it would no doubt have been adopted years ago by all the good old masters, too numerous to mention; we never found any theoretical work wherein it is advised to adopt the Doctor's style. We also call attention to the modulation, bar 14, C minor to B flat major, bar 15. Having tired the patience of our readers we will stop with the last two bars on page 9, being the resolution of the chord of the seventh to C major, and leave other mistakes and errors to those of our readers that make a study of music. Of the accompaniment to the last eight bars of the "Te Deum" to the text "Let me never be confounded," we could not help recalling to our memory the effect the magic horn has on the natives in Weber's opera, "Oberon."

CANTATE DOMINO (Rev. J. Black). This well-got-up volume of hymn tunes, we hope, will meet with success, being quite a pleasant addition to choirs and family circles.

We have inspected an elegant album, wherein one true artist has rendered homage to another. Fifty portraits of Mlle. Rosa d'Erina, each different, and every one artistic, have been set in that book by Topley, the Notman of Ottawa, and presented by him to Erin's *prima donna*. One hardly knows which most to admire, the ingenuity and taste of the photographer, or the patience and felicity of the fair sitter. In that Rosa d'Erina gallery, the cunning sunlight has fixed every expression of that mobile face, or rather, has shown forth that its variety of expression is infinite. In this connection we draw the attention of our readers to the announcement of the two concerts which Mlle. Rosa d'Erina will give in the Mechanics Hall, Montreal, on Monday and Tuesday next, the 5th and 6th Oct. However much the public may have appreciated and enjoyed these musical evenings on former occasions, we are sure they will be still better pleased now, as we are told that Mlle. d'Erina has vastly improved since her last visit to this city.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

—Pauline Lucca has been rusticated in Switzerland.
—There are two hundred Americans studying music at Milan, Italy.

—Offenbach's new operetta "Bagatelle" has had a very successful performance at the St. Hubert's Theatre at Brussels.

—The London *Musical Journal* says that Nilsson is rapidly "singing herself out of the ranks of the best artists."

—Prof. Huxley's article, which was to have appeared in next month's *Fortnightly Review*, will not, it is now announced, be ready before November.

—A new club is coming into existence in London, into which nobody is to be admitted who is not a clerical or lay member of the Church of England.

—M. Duruof, aeronaut, will attempt, at the end of this month, at Calais, to traverse the English Channel in a balloon holding 800 cubic metres of gas.

—There were no less than sixty-five *prima-donnas* engaged during the last season at the Royal Italian Opera, London. Some shone for but a single performance; few achieved celebrity.

—The Choir understands that the new edition of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," may be expected about Advent. It will include new tunes as well as new hymns.

—Miss Nelly Power's retirement from the stage on the occasion of her marriage was of a temporary character, and it is probable she will make her reappearance at Christmas.

—An order, the membership of which is limited to former soldiers of the Federate and Confederate armies has been formed at Vicksburg, under the name of the "Order of the Blue and the Gray."

—The friends of Proudhon are collecting for publication the letters of the late celebrated author of the "Contradictions Economiques." They have in hand more than one thousand letters, which are to fill at least four volumes.

—Mr. Thurlow Weed is understood to have completed and made ready for the press the first volume of his autobiography. It will be the most eagerly sought of any work of its kind ever published in the country.

—It will be gladsome news to schoolboys to hear that a simplified Euclid is shortly to be published. The compiler is a Mr. J. R. Morell, and the title will be "Euclid Simplified in Method and Language. A Manual of Geometry on the French System."

—It is said that the suggestion that Sir Julius Benedict is to be principal of the proposed South Kensington National Music School is premature. Sir Julius has received the order of Gustavus Wasa from the King of Sweden.

—A competition is about to take place among the German musical composers for the best setting of a new national hymn to Prince Bismarck. Joachim, Franz Abt, composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and Hiller, will be on the jury.

—The proprietors of the *Journal Amusant*, Paris, have struck upon the idea of utilizing their illustrations, and are manufacturing paper-hangings enriched with the various engravings that have from time to time appeared in that paper.

—A second edition of Swinburne's "Bothwell" has just been issued in London. It is stated that this author is now engaged on a critical essay on the Life and Works of George Chapman, to be prefixed to the second volume of the complete edition of his works, of which the first volume has recently appeared.

—M. Alexandre Dumas will be formally received by the French Academy in the first fortnight of the month of January, after which will come the ceremonies for M.M. Mézières and Caro. Subsequently will come the election for the seat left vacant by the death of M. Jules Janin.

—M. Lecocq, the Parisian composer, is hard at work on the music of a new score entitled "Le Grand Frédéric," (Frederick the Great). The action is laid in Holland, and report speaks highly of the fun which has been got out of the flute-playing monarch. One of the principal *morceaux* of the opera, which M. Lecocq has already played to a few friends, is a *miserere* of magnificent effect.

—Dr. Charles Mackay is preparing to publish by subscription a work entitled "The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe, and more especially of the English and Lowland Scotch, and their Cant, Slang, and Colloquial Dialects." Dr. Mackay demands in the prospectus of this work due recognition of the maternal character of Gaelic, as, to a large extent, the source of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, and especially of the English. He traces its rise from the far east, and claims for it a greater antiquity than any language now spoken in Europe.

—A letter of David Garrick has turned up and been given to the public; it is curious: "Friday morn. Stone—You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the theatre tomorrow. If they are under six and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill. The cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for Richard if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely mayor. The barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.—D. G."

—Amon: the works announced in London as preparing for publication are the life and unpublished works of Samuel Lover, edited by Mr. Bayle Bernard; Macready's autobiographical reminiscences, edited by Sir Frederick Pollock; a life of Thomas Fuller, the Church historian, compiled from authentic sources by Mr. J. E. Bailey; the diary of the late Dr. John Epps, the well-known homoeopathic physician; "Malcolm," a Scottish story, by Mr. George MacDonald; the second volume of Mr. F. O. Adams's "History of Japan," bringing the work down to the present time; and a "Romance of Acadia, Two Centuries Ago," from a sketch by the late Charles Knight. This latter work is a tale founded on the early history of Nova Scotia, begun by Mr. Knight, and finished by his daughter and granddaughter.

—M. Alexandre Dumas has worked during the summer at a drama borrowed from the Abbé Prévost's daring little romance, "Manon Lescaut." Friends to whom he has read it call this play a young sister of the "Dame aux Camélias." M. Dumas has written it to prove that, contrary to what the critics of Monsieur Alphonse advanced, his hand has lost none of its playwright's cunning, and that there is no social thesis, however audacious, to which he cannot make good society listen. It is his intention to cease writing for theatres subsequent to the appearance of the work that is in the stocks. From that time forth he will devote himself to religious and serious literature. He hopes next winter, with the assistance of a Rabbi, to get through a translation of the Book of Genesis, and a preface. The author of the "Dame aux Camélias" courts the friendship of the Bishop of Orleans, whose guest he now is at Chapelle St. Nismin—Monsieur's great educational establishment in the department of the Loiret.