

I observed that the animal seemed terrified when Sullivan either spoke to him or looked at him."

Were we to recount all the well-authenticated details of the marvellous powers of "the Whisperer" we should far exceed our limits. There are hundreds of cases on record of persons—some, we believe, still living—who were witnesses of his marvellous powers, or who have benefited by them. How he obtained this wonderful command over the horse has never yet been ascertained. Some fancied that he poured some opiate into the ear of the animal, while others ascribed his success to magic. Crofton Croker observes that "he seemed to possess an intuitive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of the *tic-a-tic* shows that, on particular occasions, something must have been added to it."

The power of "the Whisperer" is glanced at in "Borrow's Bible in Spain," from which, too, it would appear, that he had taken some lessons in his art. In "Lavengro, the Scholar," he enlarges on the subject, and from what he says it would appear that the cure of the animal is effected by a word. The smith of whom he speaks, he tells us, "uttered a word which I had never heard before, in a sharp and pungent tone. The effect upon myself was something extraordinary, a strange thrill ran through me, but with regard to the cob it was terrible. The animal forthwith became like one mad, and roared and kicked with the utmost desperation. He afterwards uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive. The effect of it was instantaneous as that of the other, but was different, the animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. This extraordinary power, hitherto so inexplicable, may now, perhaps, be traced to mesmerism—by such as believe in it."

Dr. Esdaile, in his "Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance," quotes a remarkable passage from Catlin's account of the North American Indians, observing that "it appears that they know the soothing effects of mesmerism upon brutes, and turn it to practical purposes." In describing the capture of buffalo calves after the death of their mothers, he says: "I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of a calf and breathed a few strong breaths into his nostrils, after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way as closely and as affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam." In describing the capture of wild horses by the lasso, he also says: "The hunter gradually advances, until he is able to place his hand on the animal's nose and over its eyes, and at length to breathe into its nostrils, when it becomes docile and conquered, so that he has little else to do than to remove the hobble from its feet and lead or ride it into camp." No doubt this attractive power has often been employed by those who have stolen cattle. It is said to be practised in Hindostan in luring away children. There are rumors all over that country of persons compelled by charms to follow others. "It has been discovered," says a Malacca journal, "that there exists a gang of child-stealers. A person, when walking in the suburbs of Canton, recognised a child of his employer who had lately suddenly disappeared from Calcutta. The child did not know him, but appeared stupid. When brought home the stupefying charms could only be dissipated by the priests of Buddha"—who were probably well acquainted with the means by which the child had been stupefied, and doubtless knew the corrective or antidote. Dr. Esdaile saw a boy in India of about ten years old, who had been found two miles from his home, following a man and appearing in a stupefied state. When he came to his recollection he told that, when in a field by his father's house, a man whom he had never seen before came up to him, took him by the hand, and began to mutter charms over him; very soon after the man passed his hands across his eyes, and thereupon he lost his senses and felt compelled to follow him. That one person can compel other persons to follow and obey them, by the exercise of some occult power, is an article of belief all over the East.—*St. James' Gazette*.

PARIS AND LONDON: A BUNDLE OF CONTRASTS.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."—*STERNE, "Sentimental Journey."*

In a preface to a book not yet published (the title of which is to be "*Angleterre et France*") M. Felix Pyat—who knows England well, having lived here as a political refugee for thirty years—has indicated, in an original and picturesque fashion, many points of dissidence between the social customs of the two nations. The following from the preface of M. Pyat's work is quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Paris is right handed, London left-handed. The Parisian coachman keeps to his right, the London one to his left. The former is seated in front of the carriage, the latter behind. Paris is compact, London scattered. The heart of Paris is the Hotel de Ville, that of London is the Bank. . . . Paris has a girdle of fortifications and an *octroi*, London has neither wall nor town duties. Paris increases by absorption, London by expansion. Paris is built with stones, London with bricks. Paris has high houses and narrow streets, London wide streets and low houses. Houses in Paris have wide doors for carriages, in London the doors are small. In fact, Paris has its doors larger than its windows, whilst London has its windows larger than the doors. Paris has espagnolette windows opening like doors, London guillotine windows. Paris has its shutters outside, London inside. Paris is collectivist, London individualist. Paris dwells in masses, inside barracks and convents; London lives in private, a home for each family. Paris has its *portier* (doorkeeper), London its key. Paris has its public cafés, London its exclusive clubs. Paris sleeps in a bed placed along side the wall, London in the middle of the room. Paris rises early, London late. Paris pronounces *cacoo*, London *cocoa*. . . . Paris is large, London enormous. Paris dines, London eats. Paris takes two meals a day, London four. London, says Voltaire, has a

hundred religions and one sauce, Paris has a hundred sauces and no religion. London has a three-pronged fork, Paris a four-pronged one. Paris uses a napkin, London the table cloth. . . . Paris eats corn, London drinks it. Paris eats boiled meat, London roasted. Paris eats fried potatoes, London boiled. Paris leaves are long, London leaves are square. Paris likes the white of turnips, London the green. Paris serves oysters on the concave shell, London on the convex. Paris puts butter in its *brioche*, London on its bread. Paris drinks wine, London beer. Paris takes coffee, London tea. Paris at table is sociable, London isolated. Paris has the *table d'hôte*, London the dining-room box. Paris is gay, London dull. Paris whips the horses, London flogs its criminals. Paris lounges, London goes. Paris makes laws during the day, London during the night. Paris has spring showers in March, London in April. London has but few soldiers, Paris too many. In Paris the soldier is a power, in London a nonentity. The Paris soldier wears red trousers and a blue coat, the London soldier a red coat and blue trousers. The former is always armed, the latter carries only a short stick. The Paris soldier is a conscript, the London soldier a volunteer. In Paris priests celebrate their marriages, in London they themselves get married. In Paris girls are rigidly kept, in London they are free. In Paris married women are free, in London they are not. Paris opens its museums on Sundays, London on week days. In Paris churches are always open, in London they are nearly always closed. Paris has sedentary judges, London ambulatory. Paris has her milkmaids seated, London her milkmen with 'rounds.' Paris warms herself with wood, London with coal. Paris buries her dead too soon, London too late. Paris throws her refuse into the streets, London keeps it inside. Paris retains her sewage in the house, London throws it at once in the river. Paris has more mad people, London more idiots. Paris has more suicides, London more homicides. Paris is more of an artist, London more of a merchant. In Paris men are more lively than horses, in London horses are more frisky than men. Paris works, London traffics. London is religious, Paris humane. Paris is democratic, London aristocratic. Paris workmen call each other citizens, London workmen mechanics. The former work in their blouses, the latter in coats. Working Paris wears a *casquette* (a cap), working London a hat. *Canaille* Paris fights with the feet, a London mob with its fists. Working Paris calls the pawnbroker 'my aunt,' working London 'my uncle.' Working London says, like its Queen, "*Dieu et mon Droit*," Rule Britannia; working Paris says, like the Republic, 'Rights of Man, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'"—*Ibid.*

MUSICAL ECHOES.

Sleepy old Halifax seems at last to be waking up, even in matters musical. The Conservatory is now fairly launched with a good staff of teachers, and over one hundred pupils, whose numbers are rapidly increasing. It will, doubtless, realize ere long the intention of its promoters and become the musical centre for the Maritime Provinces, as the one just opened in Toronto will be for Upper Canada. The latter is specially favored in starting fully equipped with a capital of \$50,000 and forty-five teachers, but the Halifax Conservatory will, no doubt, be equally successful on a smaller scale, its prosperity being assured with Mr. C. H. Porter, Jr., for presiding genius. As pianist, conductor and composer, his powers are already well known to us, and have won for him golden opinions both in Germany and the United States.

We have come to the point of intelligent (!) rapturing about the "great masters," where the name Beethoven stands as the personification of all grades and kinds of good music. This of course, is not musical taste. It is simply an incident in the increasing information about music, from which scarcely any man who reads at all can escape; but it is not musical taste, nor, properly speaking, is it musical information. In fact our well-informed learned men are in about the same condition respecting Beethoven, that the average reader of the newspapers is in regard to Shakespeare; it is the correct thing to know that Shakespeare *was* a great writer, but is impossible to do this without reading any of his work—and *this* is the way in which it is generally done. It is the same with Ruskin; how many who mention his name with such an account of certainty have read the "Modern Painters"? Very few, I fancy, unless I have encountered a set of unfavorable specimens.—*W. F. Matthews A. M.*

Verdi's "Othello" seems to have been a success. Criticisms of the most varying sort have come to us by cable, but the final judgment is, that it is a work worthy of the composer's name. Italian music is taking a fresh start and may, after all, resolve the eternal problem, how to write a fresh, melodious work, but, withal, earnest and profound. The old Italian school is dead, and may it never be resuscitated with its insipid melodies and meaningless ornaments, and yet after all, it is the most singable music. Singers like it, and say it does not ruin the voice like Wagner. To Italy, then, we must look for the preservation of *Bel Canto*, and Verdi, while not slavishly imitating Wagner, shows his influence, and the consequence is, that in "Othello" we have a work as far removed from artificiality as from pedantry.—*Etude*.

THE CZAR AS A MUSIC TEACHER.—A letter from St. Petersburg to one of the Vienna papers says that the Czar is much absorbed just now by giving lessons on the pianoforte to his little daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, who has made marked progress under her father's instruction. His Majesty dislikes the classical composers, and teaches his daughter exclusively dance music. The child has been promised a long-coveted bracelet if she learns a favorite waltz of the Czar's by next month.—*London Telegraph*.