

INTER-COLONIAL JOTTINGS.

SOME months ago a Roman Catholic clergyman, named Healy, who was officiating as curate at Wangaratta, showed evident signs of mental aberration, and at length disappeared, in a mysterious manner, from the locality in which he had resided. Search was made for him, but in vain, and his friends were left a prey to the utmost anxiety. Meantime, two members of the police force were engaged to follow up a bushranger who had lately committed some excess, and in the course of their inquiries they came upon the traces of a man whom they supposed, from description, to be the one they were concerned about. They tracked this man to a public-house in the neighborhood of Wagga Wagga, and, besetting the room in which he was sleeping, without making any announcement to the effect that they were policemen, they called on him to surrender, when he, in turn believing them to be bushrangers attacking the house, discharged a pistol at them, which, however, had no effect, and to which they responded in like manner, but unfortunately more effectually, for they succeeded in mortally wounding him. It now turns out to be beyond all doubt that the supposed robber was the Rev. Father Healy, who appears to have been aimlessly wandering about the country, as it often happens to those who are afflicted as he was, and who was thus cruelly shot down by men purporting to be the guardians of the peace. Government has ordered a thorough investigation into the matter.

A movement has been set on foot in New South Wales to encourage Italian immigration into that colony. It would seem that the people of Italy are now on all sides acknowledged to be in anything but flourishing circumstances—a rather astounding fact to those who remember the prophecies that abounded some years ago of the marvellous reforms that would be witnessed when that terrible “ultramontane” party should have been quelled throughout the beautiful peninsula, and the beneficent reign of the “*re galantuomo*” established there. The changes, however, ushered in by the cry of “Italy for the Italians” appear to have resulted by no means satisfactorily for the people, at whose disposal their native land was supposed to have been placed, and it turns out that there is every probability of large numbers of them being anxious to exchange their azure skies and myrtle groves and all the fine things we have been accustomed to hear “highfalutingly” described, including the paternal sway of King Victor Emmanuel, for the arid regions but plentiful rations of New South Wales.

The subscriptions at Sydney for a testimonial to Trickett, the champion oarsman, amount at present to close upon £600, and will probably reach a much higher figure before the lists are closed. The enthusiasm, manifested on the occasion of this Australian hero's victory by the natives of the Queen of the South, reminds us of the tempest of Gallic triumph that hailed the success of the French horse, *Gladiator*, when he won the Derby. There was not a cab-driver that day in Paris who refrained from, exultingly slapping the flanks of his hack, as if the creature were also—*par hasard*—a Bucephalus, and English pre-eminence upon the turf was supposed to have collapsed for ever. Has experience verified the prediction?

An enterprising company has undertaken to import from Europe into the Australian colonies an Italian opera troupe. Genuine Signors and Signoras with the ring of *La Scala*, and the *Boulevard des Italiens* in their performances. We expect that they will meet with lively appreciation in these antipodean climes, for, however certain critics may prose over the “legitimate drama,” or bewail the *florature* and vocal antics generally that distinguish opera, there is no doubt but that the lyric stage has long since attracted to itself the lion's share of public approbation.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR WORKS.

(Continued.)

No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished; none had extended its operation over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the counsels of kings; they deciphered Latin inscriptions; they observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites; they published whole libraries of controversy, casuistry, history, treatises on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the Fathers—madrigals, catechisms, and lampoons. They were to be found in the garb of mandarins superintending the observatory at Peking. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the savages of Paraguay the rudiments of agriculture: yet whatever might be their employment, their spirit was always the same entire devotion to the common cause, the same absolute obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling place or his vocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the Arctic Circle, or under the Equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems, and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading native barbarians under the Southern Cross not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is the heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our time, a terrible pestilence passed around the globe, when, in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together, when the secular clergy had forsaken their flocks, when medical succor was not to be purchased with gold, when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet, which Bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents

of confession, and holding to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the crucified Redeemer.

These are the men whom every smug, vulgar “Stiggins” delights in reviling. Almost immediately after the foundation of the Order, that illustrious Christian hero, Francis Xavier, the “Apostle of the Indies,” started for the East. He travelled through India, Malacca, the Philippine islands, Ceylon and Japan. To Father Ricci we are indebted for the first work published on China. He and his companion, Father Schall, gained a footing in that country by utilising their scientific knowledge—astronomy, hydrography, mathematics and clock-making. They began, as Ranke observes, with mathematics, and ended with religion. The accuracy with which they predicted three eclipses of the moon in 1610 and 1624 raised them immensely in the estimation of the Mandarins, especially as the native astronomers were about an hour at fault on each occasion.

Ricci sent the Emperor a striking clock, which he had made, and was invited to Peking in consequence. Schall conducted the public mathematical school in that city, compiled the calendar, and was created a Mandarin. Fourteen volumes of his writings in Chinese, of which language he acquired a perfect mastery, are preserved in the Vatican library.

(Concluded next week.)

MOZART'S OXEN WALTZ.

THE sensitive nature of Mozart, that sweetest of all musical composers, is well-known. The slightest discord produced in him severe irritation, and when engaged in musical composition his feelings grew so intense that he almost lost consciousness of all going on around him. The following story strikingly illustrates this:—Mozart was engaged in arranging one of the most beautiful airs in an opera he was composing, when the butcher called for his pay, which had long been due. In vain his wife endeavored to attract the attention of the rapt artist, who scribbled away, utterly unconscious of her presence. She ran down stairs, with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled, and speak with Mozart himself, or he would not send him another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, distinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his fantasia on paper when the footsteps resounded in the hall. His stick was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet, he held his stick against the door to keep out intruders. But the steps were approaching. Mozart more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a furtive glance at his stick—it was too short. With anxiety bordering on frenzy he looked around his room, and a pole standing behind the curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might behind the door, writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, but the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded. Words were heard on the staircase, and the intruders renewed their efforts the second time. But the strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast with a force of despair, he still kept out the visitors. He succeeded but for a moment, yet it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured upon the paper—it was saved!

“Mr. Mozart,” said the butcher—

“Halt! halt!” said the composer (seizing the manuscript, and hurrying towards the pianoforte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard responded from the instrument. The eyes of the wife, and even the butcher's, began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and, running to the writing-desk, he filled out what was wanted.

“Well, Mr. Mozart,” said the butcher, when the artist had finished, “you know I am to marry.”

“No, I do not,” said Mozart, who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance.

“Well, then, you know it now; and you also know that you owe me money for meat.”

“I do,” said Mozart with a sigh.

“Never mind,” said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart; “you make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come.”

“It is a bargain!” cried the lively and gifted Mozart; and down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument—such a waltz as the butcher had never before heard.

“Meat for a year, did I say?” exclaimed the enraptured butcher. “No! one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz: but I want it with trumpets, and horns, and fiddles—you know best—and soon, too!”

“You shall have it so,” said Mozart, who could scarcely trust his ears, “and in one hour you may send for it.”

The liberal minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher returned, was delighted with the music, and paid Mozart his one hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he had ever received from the Emperor for the gravest of his operas.

It is to this incident that the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles, the celebrated oxen waltz—a piece of music still unrivalled.

CLIFFORD'S Mirror of the World at the Temperance Hall sustains its interest. A visit to it will be amply repaid by the merit of the entertainment to be found there.