

The end of the Offrey Case

STATE OF FEELING IN ITALY.

From the Norwich Mercury, England.

So far as we can gather from appearances, supported by the various accounts which have arrived from all parts of Italy, the feelings of the Italians themselves may fairly be confessed to be with Louis Napoleon and the French. When we see a man like Cavour the Minister of a Constitutional State, on the one hand, and Garibaldi, who ten years ago fought against the French army in defence of the Roman republic—when we see the Tuscan liberal revolution of 1848 repeated in support of the French despotism in 1859, we can have no doubt that the Italians, for the sake of getting rid of the Austrians, are willing to take their chance for what the gods and the French Emperor may provide for them. Nor is this conclusion inconsistent with statements uttered on the authority of English travellers, that the peasantry throughout Lombardy are not hostile to their rulers, and that the same class in Sardinia do not share the patriotic fervour of the better educated city populations. It is time to have done with this argument in favour of arbitrary governments, which is derived from the stupid acquiescence of the ignorant, and to the stigmas cast upon liberty by representing the discontented as composed of ambitious idlers fretting under restraint. Of course it must be the educated who feel the most keenly the degradation of a foreign yoke. Of course it is the mind quickened by enlightenment, which must first revolt against the jealous impediments opposed to the exercise of talents. Under that rigid and deadening bureaucratic system, which is the inevitable curse of Government, directed from head quarters to civil and military subordinates alike, there can be no independence, and no free play of the faculties. To the thoughtful, the reading, and the ambitious, this methodised slavery becomes intolerable, and if such men see in the class beneath them the lifeless inconsideration of the poor labourer, in a round of routine for bare subsistence, they the more bewail the fruits of a system which can reduce a whole population to stupid animal existence. Both stories, then, may be, and indeed are true. It is only from the better-trained sons of the upper classes, and from the middle-class people of the towns that Austria dreads opposition. She can always, through the devoted agency of the priesthood, retain her poor serfs in order. When some thirteen years ago, the Austrian police organised a massacre of the discontented nobles of Galicia, no difficulty was found in making the peasantry of that old Polish province the agents for the horrid work. It was Count Montalembert, with whose name England is so familiar, who, in the Chamber of Peers, gave full and unquestionable details of that atrocious massacre. So far as the Austrian Government from denying it, that they unblushingly rewarded the chief perpetrators of the work of murder, of violation, and of incendiarism. But Louis Philippe, with his usual caution, avoided making a remonstrance. When such a lurid light as this was thrown on the Austrian system, how is it to be wondered at that the dissolution of the empire a couple of years afterwards was only prevented by a Russian army of 200,000 men. By that Russian delivery Austria's own subjection to Russian will was supposed to have been purchased. The debt was shirked, but the time is at hand when it will be again demanded with interest. When the illustrious Kossuth harangues English meetings on the subject of neutrality, he, as a Hungarian, expresses exactly the feelings of Italians of the class corresponding to his own. He has no reason to love Louis Napoleon, who inhospitably refused to allow him, sick and suffering as he was, a passage across France. The Hungarian soldiery in the Austrian army are said to be as reliable as we found our own Sikh allies, whom we conquered at Sobraon; and the same is asserted of the Lombard regiments. It may be so, and the fact, if true, can be accounted for by the habits of military obedience, which like other habits, become second nature. But the natural spokesman of national wants, as they are the natural leaders in movements for their vindication, are the educated and the intelligent, the men fit to take part in public life, and to whom obscurity is privation, Kossuth, who witnessed the brutal confiscation of the oldest constitution in Europe, followed by the imposition of the Concordat on the Protestant people of Hungary and Bohemia, implores England to leave the quarrel between the two military despots to the arbitration of the God of battles. Let not a sinner be raised by fre: England on behalf of organizers of the massacre of the Gallician nobility—of the destroyers of the liberties of Hungary,

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Literature.

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

I live in a garret, but what do I care?
I'm safer than some of my great neighbors are;
The loss of my wealth I'm not troubled about,
And my diet will certainly keep off the gout.
Then a truce to all grumbling, for happen what may,
While I've health I'll be happy, by night and by day.

Their's old Mr. Graball, whose dwelling's hard by,
At the loss of a dollar is ready to cry,
And yet I'll be bound that the old fellow's dime
Outnumber, by far, his quintillion of crimes.
Then a truce to all grumbling—the morsel I eat
Is honestly gotten, and wholesome, and sweet.

Then there's Mr. Frestiver, over the way,
Who groans with dyspepsia, day after day,
If nature's permitted, how quickly would he
Be willing to banter conditions with me?
Then a truce to all grumbling, for champagne,
'tis clear,
Is not so conducive to health as small beer.

Give me but the power to labor, and then
As happy I'll be as the richest of men;
Oad the evils committed in grasping for gold
Can't trouble my conscience when I have grown old.
Then a truce to all grumbling, for happen what may,
While I've health I'll be happy by night and by day.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID

(Continued.)

At this crisis in my dream, I was again suddenly awakened—this time not by the plashing of water, but by the sharp 'spang' of a rifle that had been fired near.

'Jake has found the turkeys,' thought I. 'I hope he has taken good aim. I should like to carry one to the fort. It might be welcome at the mess-table, since I hear that the larder is not overstocked. Jake is a good shot, and not likely to miss. If—'

My reflections were suddenly interrupted by a second report, which, from its sharp detonation, I knew to be also that of a rifle.

'My God! what can it mean? Jake has but one gun, and but one barrel—he cannot have reloaded since he has not had time. Was the first only a fancy of my dream?—Surely I heard a report surely it was that which awaked me! There were two shots—I could not be mistaken.'

In surprise, I sprang to my feet. I was alarmed as well. I was alarmed for the safety of my companion. Certainly I had heard two reports. Two rifles must have been fired, and by two men. Jake may have been one, but who was the other? We were upon dangerous ground. Was it an enemy? I shouted out, calling the black by name.

I was relieved on hearing his voice. I heard it at some distance off in the woods; but I drew fresh alarm from it as I listened. It was uttered, not in reply to my call, but in accents of terror.

Mystified, as well as alarmed, I seized my pistols, and ran forward to meet him. I could tell that he was coming towards me, and was near; but under the dark shadow of the trees his black body was not yet visible. He still continued to cry out, and I could now distinguish what he was saying.

'Gorramighty! Gorramighty! he exclaimed in a tone of extreme terror. 'Lor! Massr George, are you hurt?'

'Hurt! what the deuce should hurt me?'

But for the two reports, I should have fancied that he had fired the rifle in my direction, and was under the impression he might have hit me.

'You are not shot? Gorramighty be thanked you are not shot, Massr Why, Jake, what does it all mean?'

At this moment, he emerged from the heavy timber, and in the open ground I had a clear view of him. His aspect did not relieve me from the apprehension that something strange had occurred.

'O Lor! it war him; ise sure it war him.'
'Him! who?'

'O Massr George; you shure you not hurt. He fire at you. I see him take aim; I fire at him—I fire after; I miss; he run away.'
'Who fired? who ran away?'

'O Gor! it war him; him or him ghost.'
'For heaven's sake, explain! what him! what ghost? Was it the devil you have seen?'

'Troof, Massr George; dat am de troof. It war de dobbel I see: it war Yell' Jake.'
'Yellow Jake?'

CHAPTER XXV.
WHO FIRED THE SHOT!
'Impossible!'

'Den, massr, e't be impossible, it am de troof. Suro as da gospel, I see Yellow Jake; he fire at you from ahind, tha gun-tree. Den I fire at 'im. Sure, Massr George, you hear boaf de two shot?'

'True; I heard two shots, or fancied I did.'
'Gollys! massr, da wa'nt no fancy 'bout 'em. Whugh! no—da dam raskel he fire, surc. Lookce da, Massr George! What I say!'

Lookce da!'

We had been advancing towards the pond, and were now close to the magnolia under whose shade I had slept. I observed Jake in a stooping attitude under the tree, and pointing to its trunk. I looked in the direction indicated. Low down, on the smooth bark, I saw the score of a bullet. It had creased the tree, and passed onward. The wound was green and fresh, the sap still flowing. Beyond doubt, I had been fired at by some one, and missed only by an inch. The leaden missile must have passed close to my head where it rested upon the valise—close to my ears, too, for I now remembered that almost simultaneously with the first report, I had heard the 'whoop' of a bullet.

'Now, you b'lieve um, Massr George?' interposed the black with an air of confident interrogation.—'Now you b'lieve dat dis chile see no dalossyun?'

'Certainly, I believe that I have been shot at by some one'—'Yell' Jake, Massr George! Yell' Jake, by Gor! earnestly asseverated my companion. 'I seed da yailer raskel plain's I see dat log afore me.'

'Yellow skin or red skin, we can't shift our quarters too soon. Give me the rifle: I shall keep watch while you are saddling. Haste, and let us be gone!'

I speedily reloaded the piece; and, placing myself behind the trunk of a tree, turned my eyes in that direction whence the shot must have come. The black brought the horses to the rear of my position, and proceeded with all dispatch to saddle them, and buckle on our impedimenta.

No enemy, white or black, red or yellow, made his appearance, either on our front, flank, or rear.—We encountered not a living creature till we rode up to the stockade of Fort King; which we entered, just as the sun was sinking behind the dark line of the forest horizon.

Of late not much used to the saddle, the ride had fatigued me. I heard the *revulle*, but not yet being ordered on duty, I disregarded the call, and kept my bed till a later hour.

The notes of a bugle bursting through the open window, and the quick rolling of drums, once more awoke me. I recognised the paradoxical music, and sprang from my couch. Jake at this moment entered to assist me in my toilet.

beaded, and tasselled; others were clad in tunics of printed cotton stuff, checked or flowered, with leggings of cloth, blue, green, or scarlet, reaching from hip to ankle, and girt below the knee with bed-embroidered gaiters, whose tagged and tasselled ends hung down the outside of the leg.

Hurrying on my uniform, I hastened out; and took my place among the staff of the general. A few minutes after, we were on the ground, face to face with the assembled chiefs.

The troops formed in line, the general taking his stand in front of the colours, with the commissioner by his side. Behind these were grouped the officers of the staff with clerks, interpreters, and some civilians of note—the Kinggolds, and others—who, by courtesy, were to take part in the proceedings.

Hands were shaken between the officers and chiefs; the friendly salutation was passed round; and the council at length inaugurated.

CHAPTER XXVII.
THE COUNCIL.
First came the speech of the commissioner.

It is too voluminous to be given in detail. Its chief points were, an appeal to the Indians to conform peacefully to the terms of the Oclawaha treaty—to yield up their lands in Florida—to move to the west—to the country assigned them upon the White River of Arkansas—in short, to accept all the terms which the government had commissioned him to require.

There was an interval of breathless silence. The eyes of the whole assemblage, of both red men and white men, rested upon the king. There were only a few who were in the secret of his sentiments; and how he would decide, was to most of those present a matter of uncertainty. Hence the anxiety with which they awaited his words.

At this crisis a movement was observed among the people who stood behind the king. They were making way for some one who was passing through their midst. It was evidently one of authority, for the crowd readily yielded him passage.

The moment after, he appeared in front—a young warrior, proudly caparisoned, and of noble aspect. He wore the insignia of a chief; but it needed not this to tell that he was one. There was that in his look and bearing which at once pronounced him a leader of men.

The appearance of this remarkable man produced an electric effect upon all present. It was similar to that exhibited by the audience in a theatre on the *entree* of the great tragedian for whom they had been waiting.

Not from the behaviour of the young chief himself—with right modest—but from the action of the others, I perceived that he was in reality the hero of the hour. The *dramatis persona* who had already performed their parts were evidently but secondary characters; and this was the man for whom all had been waiting.

There followed a movement—a murmur of voices—an excited tremor among the crowd—and then, simultaneously, as if from one throat, was shouted the name: Oceola!

THE RISING SUN.
This by-play was of short duration. Thompson could endure the suspense no longer.

'Tell Onopa,' said he to the interpreter, 'that the council awaits his answer.'

The interpreter did as commanded.

'I have but one answer to make,' replied the taciturn king, without deigning to rise from his seat; 'I am content with my present home; I am not going to leave it. A burst of applause from the patriots followed this declaration.—Perhaps these were the most popular words that old Onopa had ever uttered. From that moment he was possessed of real kingly power, and might command in his nation.

and their party wore black looks.—Their gloomy glances betokened their discontent; and from their gestures and attitudes, it was evident that one and all of them were suffering under serious apprehension.

They had cause. They were no longer suspected, no longer traitors only attainted; their treason was now patent—it had been declared. It was fortunate for them that Fort King was so near—well that they stood in the presence of that embattled line. They might need its bayonets to protect them.

The commissioner had by this time lost command of his temper.—Even official dignity gave way, and he now descended to angry exclamations, threats, and bitter invective.

In the last, he was personal, calling the chiefs by name, and charging them with faithlessness and falsehood. He accused Onopa of having already signed the treaty of the Oclawaha; and when the latter denied having done so, the commissioner told him he lied. Even the savage did not reciprocate the vulgar accusation, but treated it with silent disdain.

After spending a portion of his spleen upon various chiefs of the council, he turned towards the front, and in a loud angry tone cried out:—'It is you who have done this—you, Powell!'

I started at the word. I looked to see who was addressed—whit was that bore that well-known name.

The commissioner guided my glance both by look and gesture. He was standing with arm outstretched, and finger pointed in menace. His eye was bent upon the young warrior—upon Oceola!

All at once a light broke upon me. Already strange memories had been playing with my fancy; I thought that through the vermilion paint I saw features I had seen before.

Now I recognised them. In the young Indian hero, I beheld the friend of my boyhood—the preserver of my life—the brother of Maumee!

Over the mess-table I gathered much knowledge. Men talk freely while the wine is flowing, and under the influence of champagne, the wisest grow voluble.

The commissioner made little secret either of his own designs or the views of the president, but most already guessed them.

It is needless to say that Oceola's character was commented upon; and about the young chief, opinions were as different as vice from virtue. With some, he was the 'noble savage' he seemed; but I was astonished to find the majority dissent from this view. 'Drunken savage,' 'cattle thief,' 'impostor,' and such-like appellations were freely bestowed upon him.

The conversation next turned upon 'runaways'—upon the numbers of negroes there might be among the tribes—upon the influence they would exert against us in case of a conflict.

These were topics of serious importance. It was well known there were large numbers of black and yellow men 'located' in the reserve: some as agriculturists—some graziers—not a few wandering through the savannas and forests, rifle in hand—having adopted the true style of Indian hunter-life.

(To be continued.)

A HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

The satire of the following extract from a pretended correspondence of a Turk traveling in this country is exquisite. We doubt, however, whether occasion could be found for such bitter irony outside of that Babylon, New York.

On a sunny morning of the first day of the second week of my sojourn here, I requested my young fellow-lodger at the St. Nicholas to conduct me to one of the numerous sanctuaries.—He proposed that we should visit the Church of the Shinning Kaleidoscope, and we proceeded thither. On our entering the sacred edifice, the sexton received us quite coolly, as if to say, 'What business have you in this establishment?' but when my companion opened his coat and displayed a diamond breast pin of ordinary size, the face of the official blossomed with smiles and he conducted us to an excellent pew in the central aisle.

My attention was first attracted by the decorations of the walls and ceiling. The principle colors used in the work of adornment were light blue, bright yellow and deep red, each endeavoring to display itself to the best advantage. Their effect, when combined, with all the other tints of the rainbow, shed through the stained glass windows, was somewhat remarkable; and I observed that a portly lady just behind me had, as the result of a play of light, a green forehead, blue nose, yellow lips, purple chin, orange hair, and a patch of deep violet over the left eye. Indeed, I had observed no such sterling style of ornament anywhere else, except in the brilliant restaurant of Mr. Taylor, Broadway. Wonderful, O my Lybian lion, is the power of association—for such was the influence of this point upon my imagination, that I came near asking the usher, who was promenadeing the aisle, to bring me a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts and a vase of iced sherbert.

The services commenced presently, by reading, on the part of a person who occupied a room in the rear of the building, and responses from a portion of the congregation. The reader pitched his voice so that it seemed to issue from his toes, and you may judge, therefore that his intonations were hardly natural (since he did not stand on his head) but as it was his to do with supernatural, it may be presumed that such sepulchral utterances, were appropriate to the occasion.

Next came the song of praise by four persons in the organ loft. How beautifully they warbled. I was carried back to the opera, with its pride and pomp of scenic illusion, intoxicating sounds, brilliant eyes, dazzling toilets, immaculate kids. The soprano led off with splendid saccato passage, in which the lights danced and capered like lambs on the hillside.

Then she ceased, and the tenor took up her strain, and prolonged it with clear trumpet tones; then he stopped, and the contralto sang a few sweet notes; and lastly the basso added his voice to the others, and the whole party commenced a terrific struggle for the supremacy in the final fugue. The contest was exciting, and the result doubtful for a few moments, but at last the soprano was victorious, ending with a tremendous shrill, which entirely silenced her antagonists. I lifted up my hands to applaud, but was checked by my friend, who informed me that, however delighted, I must not express my gratification in the same way that I would at the Academy of Music. Though this distinction seemed to be rather nicely drawn, I of course yielded to the suggestions of his experience.—N. Y. Evening Post.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to others; and even then noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

What's the use, asked an idle fellow, of a man's working himself to death to get a living?

USES OF THE DANDELION.

Its uses are endless; the young leaves blanched make an agreeable and wholesome early salad; and they may be boiled, like cabbages, with salt meat. The French, too, slice the roots and eat them, as well as the leaves, with bread and butter, the tradition says that the inhabitants of Minorca once subsisted for weeks on this plant, when their harvest had been entirely destroyed by insects. The leaves are ever a favorite and useful article of food in the Vale of Kashmir, where—in spite of the preconceived prejudices we all have to the contrary, dandelions, and other humble examples of our northern 'weeds,' do venture to associate themselves with the rose or the jasmine of its eastern soil.

On the banks of the Rhine the plant is cultivated as a substitute for coffee, and Dr Harrison contends that it possesses the fine flavour and substance of the best Mocha coffee, without its injurious principle; and that it promotes sleep when taken at night, instead of banishing it as coffee does. Mrs. Moodie gives us her experience with dandelion roots, which seems to have been of a most satisfactory nature. She first cuts the roots into small pieces, and dries them in the oven until they were brown and crisp as coffee, and in this state they appear to have been eaten. But certain it is that she ground a portion of them, and made a most superior coffee. In some parts of Canada they make an excellent beer of the leaves, in which the saccharine matter they afford forms a substitute for malt, and the bitter flavour serves instead of hops. In medicine, too, it is invaluable.—Lady Wilkinson's Weeds and Wild-Flowers.

WILD FLOWERS.
The wild flower is the earliest thing of beauty which every child that treads a green field or wanders a green lane takes to itself; it loves the flowers as it were by instinct, and this love is the best and surest portal to the memory. Cultivate it and you will find how quickly the young will learn and remember, not the names merely of their favorites, but much of their botanical history, provided only that these things are taught not as a schoolroom task, full of long names and technicalities, but as the pleasant out-door lesson, in which the affections are engaged as well as the intellect. Thus may be laid in the young mind a love for the natural sciences which will never forsake it, and which may in after years prove a solace and resource amid the cares of life's battle or perchance, a real service in that battle itself. Nay, more—the time is coming fast when no man or woman shall be considered properly educated who is ignorant of the leading facts, at least, of the natural sciences, and when the knowledge and study of these natural revelations from God will rank second only to knowledge of the higher revelation He has given us of himself.

DESPERATE ATTACK.—On Tuesday night, a negro named Cludds, who represented himself to be an escaped slave, was conveyed to the General Hospital under the following circumstances: According to his own account, he had been walking along the wharf when he was attacked by six assailants, and received a blow from a stone which laid open his upper lip and knocked out several of his teeth. He stated that this was done without any provocation. In the hospital, the man received prompt attention at the hands of Dr. Craig. The police are on the look out for the perpetrators of the cowardly outrage.—Montreal Herald.

Widow Mournful, what on earth are you thinking about? Nothing else in the world but my departed husband. He was such a devoted man always bringing home his little kindnesses to me. I couldn't help thinking just now, when I heard Mrs. Brown's sashings sizzling, about what poor Mr. Mournful used to do to me. He knewed I was fond of sashings, and he hardly ever somedered came home in his life without fetching me a sashing in his pocket. He was fond of eggs himself, and would occasionally fetch a few of them for himself. But he was always sure to lay a sashing on the table. Never laid his eggs there—never think of 'em; and sometimes I'd ask, 'Simon, where's your eggs?' Just as like as not he'd been a-setting on 'em!

Did you ever know a young lady who was so weak to stand up during prayer-time in church, who could not dance all night without being tired?