

Poetry.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labor, love, and pray;
The right to weep when those they sleep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear;
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to soothe the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The rights when earthly hopes all fail
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to reach above earth's joys,
And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well,
Thy silent influence none can tell.
If these are thine, why ask for more,
Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God has given;
Life's duty done, thy rest is Heaven.

Literature.

From the "Montreal Witness."

HERMINE DE LANCY;

OR,
THE TONGUE OF SLANDER.

BY ANNIE APTON.—CHAPTER I.

"Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape censure!"—SHAKESPEARE.
Concluded from our last.

"Oh! yes, dear Hermine; but I pine for you, my own good daughter, for, being poor, and without friends or relatives, your mother excepted, you must and will prove a severe sufferer; for this will cling to your name through life. Let it be a warning, dear one, and, thinking of your own sad case, never give a ready ear to the tongue of slander. Poor dear child, God grant me that I may live to see you righted."

"Yes, mother," returned Hermine cheerily, "I think now that I am unfortunate, but what would become of me if deprived of you. Then indeed would my position be miserable. You know the adage may in my case be verified, which says:—'Never a dark cloud but had a silver lining.'"

"I sincerely hope so, dear girl, and cannot bring myself to believe that God will suffer us to live with this stigma so unjustly attached to our name."

"We'll try to forget it, dear mother; and strive each to contribute to the amusement of the other; and poor Hermine resumed her song, and in endeavoring to teach a little bird which hung caged above the flowers, tried to amuse her desponding mother."

And thus many days past, until one morning the landlord informed them that Mr. Willis Owen had been in the village a fortnight, but intended leaving it altogether on the following day. This was sad news for the real nature of his feelings toward herself, ranked him, reluctantly though, among the number designated as unworthy the title of friends.

It was true that Willis Owen intended leaving; he felt wretched and unhappy, where he had hoped to have been happy and cheerful; and determined on a change of scene and employment by way of improving the state of his mind.

We will not follow our heroine through years of sorrow and woe, during which time she lived in quiet with her mother, without ever seeing any of their former friends except at the little village church where they, unnoticed, failed not to supplicate fervently of God, that he would sustain them and justify them before the world; we will not follow them we say, through the dark, bitter part of their history, but hasten to the brighter period, where we trust our tale will point out the necessity for not giving a too ready ear to the tongue of slander.

CHAPTER II.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But, Error wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.—BYRON.

Ten years have rolled by, and worked such changes in the village of L—. Grace Farnham, and many others have married and settled some there, and others in the city; and perhaps only in one house do we find no change—where Hermine and her mother have lived so long. Start not, nor wonder, gentle reader, that she had not regained her position. Such cases, we doubt not, are of frequent occurrence, and pro-

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bably, the victims of these base assertions have passed their remaining years of life, as Hermine passed these ten, in patient hoping and quiet submission to her hard fate.

Of or from Willis Owen they never heard; indeed, they had almost forgotten him. We, however, know more of him, and will beg the reader to follow us into the city of —; and in one of its principal business streets we remark almost immediately, the name 'Willis Owen,' in large white letters extending along the front of a large store. We will enter to learn more of him, and of what ten years have left him in their onward course. Two gentlemen are seated in a room comfortably furnished as a private office. In one, we recognize little Stephen Mills, and in the other, a grave man at his side, Willis Owen. Mills had just announced the fact of his engagement to marry 'some few thousands, with an embezzlement in the shape of a pretty damsel'; and as Willis had done in years gone by, he asked his friend's congratulations and continued thus:

"But, by-the-by, Owen, how is it, the charms of the fair have never captivated you? Surely you never left your heart with that Hermine De Lancy? And Stephen's little wicked eyes danced again as he spoke.

"I shall never marry," responded Willis, with gravity.

"Heigh! ho! Never marry, eh? What a different story you told ten years ago!"

"Do not joke about it, Stephen. I, has proved no jesting matter with me, I assure you. My determination is unalterable,—I shall never marry."

"And in the name of goodness, why have you been spending all this while in becoming rich? And why have you lived only in business pursuits, without participating in the amusements of other men? Why have you worked for wealth, if you are not going to have a woman to spend it?"

"My application to business has been, perhaps, more steady, because the amusements and pleasures of other men—men of your stamp, Mills—do not please me. I was intended for a purely domestic man."

"A pity you hadn't been one then," said Mills. "However, I dare say you'd forget Hermine one of these days, and carry off some other charmer."

Both were silent for some minutes when Willis resumed:

"I have heard, and indeed have made many enquiries relative to Mrs. De Lancy and her daughter; and it seems that all this time, they have lived isolated and deserted, nothing having occurred to restore to Hermine her good name; and still I cannot—will not, yet believe ought against her."

"Then, why don't you marry her? and Stephen Mills rose from his seat and walked the floor. "Honestly now, Owen, did you ever believe what I told you concerning Hermine?"

"Probably, I wouldn't have noticed it on your single assertion; but, when all her friends deserted her, and it was whispered in all directions, I must confess I was—made to believe it, altogether, but somehow—Oh! I don't know! At all events, I could not get rid of the idea."

Still Stephen walked the floor. "Ha! ha! Hermine De Lancy, no other woman would turn me from her house again. She wouldn't forget me, if she knew the truth!"

And saying this, his head was bowed and a spiteful, provoking expression played on his face.

A new light flashed on Willis Owen, as he asked haughtily: "What do you mean, Mr. Mills?"

"Ha! ha!" again laughed Stephen "can't you guess?"

"A suspicion occurs to my mind—but I repulse it—for I cannot believe that that you, Stephen Mills, were the propagator of those slanders!"

Whatever your words imply, explain quickly."

"Well, if you suspect that I did it, you're pretty near the mark; and I tell you, it doesn't do for a woman to vex a man, for she is sure to get the worst of it. I will confess, I didn't think it would prove so serious to her, poor girl. However, you can marry her, Willis, and try to forget all that passed, ten—why it's so long since, I wonder you did not forget before!"

Willis Owen's brow flushed—his eyes betokened that with difficulty he restrained his rising passion, as,

drawing himself up to his full height he said with scorn:

"Stephen Mills, you are unworthy the name of a man, sir, and I despise you. Who, with the soul of a man would act the base part you have acted?—who, unless devoid of principle and self-respect, would make himself a slanderer of woman? Well for you sir, that I am not a man of hasty passions, else would your hopes and prospects be crushed—even as mine have been—though, with less hope. Yes, from my soul I despise you or any other man so base! And now, hear my commands—for you shall obey them!"

Willis Owen locked the door, and taking the key, continued: "Before yonder sun is couched in the Heavens, you will confess to Miss De Lancy how you have wronged her. More too, you will do—but you know enough for the present; and Willis rang a bell, summoning a servant and bade him procure a chaise."

Little Stephen Mills' anger was aroused; but being a coward, he only reflected that Willis, being the largest man of the two, and moreover, the door being locked, he would probably not improve his position by showing any temper. At last he mustered courage to say:

"What right have you, Owen, to treat me thus?"

"The right every man has to revenge an insult to a woman, sir! I say you shall make full reparation; and if you show sign of objection, I shall administer as through a chastisement as your base, cowardly spirit deserves. Here's the coach, come, and with the air of one determined to be obeyed, he placed the arm of the cowering Mills, within his own, and led him to the chaise. "To—depot!" he cried to the driver, and off they went.

Let us, in the meantime, go back to the village of L—. We have said there was no change in the little boarding-house; but now, we fear there is likely soon to be, for Mrs. De Lancy has grown ill and weak, during the past year, and we fear she will soon fall under the combined effects of age and ill-health. Supported by pillows, she reclines in bed attended by Hermine, to whom ten years added a more womanly appearance, and a gentle dignity of manner.

"Well, Hermine, it is ten years, dear, since we entered on this hermit life; but yet, time has not brought us what we hoped for. So be it, my daughter; tonight that we can do, may after it; only let us take what poor consolation is offered, and remain in hope."

"I think hope never deserts the human breast," said Hermine, "else how has I lived so long under this imputation?"

"The consciousness of innocence, dear, has sustained you; and rest assured, Hermine, truth will rise again, and you will triumph."

"I look for it mamma; because, I cannot believe that God will permit me to be much longer the bearer of this unjust, but, oh! how severe, punishment."

They were interrupted by the pastor of the village, who had made a daily pastoral call on Mrs. De Lancy since her illness. Conversation turned on general topics at first, and then, after reading a chapter, and when they were about joining in prayer, the landlord announced two gentlemen.

Wondering who they could be, Hermine descended to the parlor.

On her entering the room, both gentlemen rose and bowed respectfully; she returned their salute with coolness, and a manner that told the visitors they were not recognized.

"I think Miss De Lancy has forgotten me—Willis Owen."

"Mr. Owen?" she asked, in surprise, "I had not recognized you; time has changed you considerably; and seating herself, she motioned them to be seated also; but Willis, taking the hand of Stephen, advanced towards her."

"Miss De Lancy, before saying anything further, let me ask your pardon for having many years ago given ear to a tale of slander concerning you. To assert that I did not believe it at the time—nor have I ever since—would seem a strange contradiction to my conduct; think of me, I beg of you, as the least of your offenders, and let me be forgiven for never having defended you."

Hermine's eyes filled with tears, and her face flushed red as she answered with difficulty: "I have suffered so long, and so much—and

so unjustly too—from the tales you refer to, that you might not be surprised were I too refuse. Mr. Owen my heart has been wrung—my spirit crushed—years of grief and soul suffering have been my portion; and God in Heaven knows none were ever punished more unjustly. I have little care to live; were my name again established, me-thinks I would gladly die. Hope, that I should one day be righted, has alone kept life in this breast; but whatever my offences in life may have been, I look to God for pardon, and thus cannot refuse what you ask. Take it, Mr. Owen, you are forgiven."

Poor Hermine! It was a sad trial for her, and she went bitterly. Willis Owen read in her deep grief and the low earnestness of her words, what misery he might have saved, had he not given a too ready ear to the tongue of slander!

"Miss De Lancy, this person has something of importance to relate. May I ask for him your attention?" Mr. Stephen Mills.

Hermine bowed coldly; her recollections of the gentleman were not of the most agreeable.

"Miss De Lancy may remember me," said Stephen.

Again Hermine bowed.

"Well, Miss De Lancy, if you would know the propagator of the tales which slandered your fair name; if you would know who first breathed vile words concerning you, to all your friends; if you would learn who prevented this gentleman, Mr. Owen, from making to you a tender of his heart and hand, on the plea of these slanderous tales, ten years ago; I say, if you would know these things, I can answer; and to one and all I answer—Stephen Mills. Hermine De Lancy, ten years ago you dismissed me from your house, for conduct you considered impertinent and insulting. I vowed to have my revenge, and I have kept my vow."

"And well have you done it; and dark, bitter and sad, the results, Mr. Mills. But, probably, you would do the same thing again with as little indifference. If you ever contemplated such a thing, think of my words—a woman's words—be a drunkard, a robber, a murderer, if you will; be anything, degrading or criminal—but the cowardly slanderer of defenceless women; and poor Hermine sobbed aloud."

A gesture from Willis, and Mills was on his knees.

"Perhaps—"

"No, Mr. Mills; this acknowledgment, to me, is no reparation for your deep offence. Wait, gentlemen, and leaving the room she hastened to her mother."

"Dear mamma, two gentlemen wait, will you see them?" And leaving that room in strange haste, she returned to the parlor, and summoned the two upstairs. Seating herself near her mother's bed—

"Mr. Owen, Mr. Mills, have the goodness to repeat to my mother and this gentleman all you have told me."

And here Mills told, about in the same words, what he had said below.

After some conversation on the subject, it was determined that Willis Owen, as well as Mills, should remain over the following day, which was the Sabbath; and Mr. Owen, after a few words with the pastor, left the house, and proceeded with Mills to the village inn, where they remained till the morning.

After divine service, the minister, whose sermon had been much to the purpose, requested the congregation to remain; and before them Willis Owen arose and introduced Mr. Mills who a third time related his tale of slander. This produced a great sensation in the village, and was the theme of conversation for many days. Stephen Mills was sent, thoroughly humbled and debased in the opinion of all, back to the city. The whole news of the affair arrived there before him, however, and he soon found himself dismissed from the house of his intended bride, and his company shunned by all his friends.

Willis Owen yet remained in L—. His heart was light, for Hermine was righted.

The sun was low in the Heavens on Monday afternoon, when the pastor was sent for in haste, to attend Mrs. De Lancy. Willis met the messenger at the door, and he, too, hastened into the little boarding-house. On being made aware of his presence in the house, Mrs. De Lancy requested him to attend in her room. When he entered, Hermine,

standing by her dying mother and holding her hand, said slowly, and as if to call her mother's attention to him:

"Dear mamma, here is Mr. Owen." Mrs. De Lancy held out her hand which he took. "O! may God bless you, Mr. Owen, for what you have done for my poor, crushed Hermine!"

"Mrs. De Lancy, my conscience reproaches me deeply for ever having permitted myself to listen to aught against her. Ten years ago, my visit to the city was to obtain my father's permission to make her my wife, and to procure some settlement to offer her, when, on my return, these tidings met me. I shall never pardon myself for having given ear to them; nor for the deep grief I aided in causing to Miss De Lancy. Listen, mamma, I have not married, nor shall I do so, unless with your daughter. Say, Hermine, will you forget the past, and grant me the power of protecting you in the future."

Hermine was overcome and said nought; but her mother placed her hand in his. "Take her, Willis, care for her; she needs a protector such as you."

Here the good pastor made his appearance, and at Willis' earnest request, and poor Mrs. De Lancy's solicitation, Willis Owen and Hermine De Lancy were made man and wife.

Scarce had the last words of the last prayer been uttered, when Mrs. De Lancy said: "God bless you, my children! Be happy, ever; but ever remember my last words: 'GIVE NOT A READY EAR TO THE TONGUE OF SLANDER!'"

They laid her in the village churchyard, and Willis Owen took home his bride.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

From a N. Y. Paper.

A monstrous scheme to cheat and rob the credulous, both rich and poor, known as the "Dollar Jewelry Trade," has begun to unfold itself in this city, and thousands of agents will soon be dispatched to all quarters of the Union, the Canadas, Mexico, South America and the West Indies, with the design of reaping a plentiful harvest while the "enterprise" lasts, and before the game shall be "blown." The honor of the conception of this swindle belongs to a well known firm in the gift-book business. Perceiving a flagging business, and perceiving the want of some brilliant scheme to revivify their trade and keep their coffers full—after a great deal of labor, one of the firm conceived the present adroit plan. The costliest part of the apparatus used in this manufacture gift stuff is undoubtedly the moulds and forms in which the jewelry, the bracelets, chains, rings, lockets, &c., are shaped and cut. And were they obliged to have these moulds and forms made expressly for them, changed too with each new fashion originated in ornamental jewelry, their profits would be lessened nearly one-half from the figure they now amount to. They avail themselves of what in the business is known as the Attleboro Dodge. This is the old plan adopted years ago by the manufacturing companies of cheap jewelry, who bought from the leading and really honest houses in the trade the moulds with which they had made the positive and substantial gold jewelry, of course of the latest pattern too; in these moulds they cast their own cheap composition metals, and out of them turned a deceptive imitation of the true article. It is in such moulds, then, purchased third-hand from these last manufacturers, that our "Dollar Jewelry" men make up these articles which for the last six weeks have been seen and wondered over by the public, exhibited in certain shop windows in our principal thoroughfares. Every species of jewelry ornament is made up the same; set of ear rings and breast pins, bracelets, watch-chains, rings, seals, watch-keys—some set with those French glass bangles, tinted to represent pearls; some with polished white and colored bone, cut and fashioned in imitation of coral; some with plaster mouldings, and called cameos; some with daubings on shaded clay, to imitate mosaics; all of them set in, attached to, or surrounded by the so-called gold! and each piece displayed in the windows and spread out on cards in glass cases inside the store, and labelled prominently, with a placard on which,

in staring letters, is painted, "Any article of jewelry in this store for only one dollar." Reader, let us tell you that in seven-eighths of this stuff there is not one grain of gold! and even in that single proportion the quantity of gold in each single proportion does not amount to the value of two and a-half cents! The principal composition used in the manufacture of this stuff, is a manufactured metal, the invention of Frenchmen, and was introduced to the jewelers of this country several years ago, and is known by the name of Oreida. It is the most positive imitation of gold that has ever been discovered; it wears like it—in not discoloring anything it touches, as brass or copper will; it may be engraved and chased—being the same all the way through; it is much softer and more readily fused than gold, and is of about twice the value of common brass. It is of this metal, possessing, as we have said, not one particle, of the hundredth mite of an atom of gold in its composition, that seven-eighths of this stuff is made. A very brilliant idea, indeed, then, was it to manufacture a lot of this trumpery, the most expensive looking piece of which does not cost, for the metal, moulding, putting together, and making up, thirty-eight cents! and which is sold at the "retail" price of one dollar, sacrificed of course merely to get the cash wherewith to meet their notes, save themselves from the obligation to suspend or fail, and preserve their honor as merchants? About ten weeks ago the first shop for the sale of this trash was opened in Philadelphia, and about the same time another was started in Boston. It is not quite two months since the "original one" was started in Broadway in this city. And now they swarm in every prominent promenade and business street of each of these cities, are represented by at least one in almost every town or city of any prominence in the Union, East, North and West. You can hardly pass a block in any of the streets usually crowded with promenaders, without coming across any of these dens, the showy windows surrounded with a greedy and admiring crowd. It is a fearful and astounding fact that although this "Dollar Jewelry" humbug has not been two months introduced, there are now no less than twenty-six different places where it is on sale in New York alone, and half as many in Brooklyn and Williamsburg alone. The city is positively flooded with it! and unless the public accept the warning in time those men who have gotten up this fraud will actually fulfil their intention, in originating it, of actually duping the credulous of this city and country out of more than five million dollars, which they have earned hard enough, but which in such a case as this, to purchase this stuff, would be nothing less than casting it with open eyes and clear senses, yet wantonly into the streets.

"OLD MORTALITY."—The only occupation of the old man was wandering about the country repairing the tombstones of the Covenanters, traveling from one churchyard to another mounted on his old white pony, till he was found dead one day by the roadside. His family experienced a singular variety of fortune—one of his sons went to America and settled at Baltimore, where he made a large fortune. He had a son who married an American lady—the latter outliving her husband, became Marchioness of Wexley. His daughter was married to Jerome Bonaparte, and after her separation from him wedded Al Serrum, the French Consul at Baltimore. What would Old Mortality have thought, as he pored among the neglected grave-stones in Scotland, had he foreseen that the widow of his grandson was to become an English Marchioness, and sister-in-law to the Duke of Wellington; and his grand-daughter, Queen of Westphalia, and sister in law to the great Napoleon Bonaparte.

A tailor was charged with having unjustifiably dismissed a servant girl from his service. The defendant pled that the girl was so enormously voracious that he could not keep her in food. "If all four and sixpence a week (the usual amount of board wages allowed a servant) keep her?" "Not near," replied the defendant. "Will six shillings do?" questioned the Sheriff. "No, that wadna keep her." "Now take care," said the Judge, "and answer cautiously." "Will seven shillings do?" "It will take eight," said the persisting defender. "Then, said the Sheriff, "I decern that you pay eight shillings a week to the girl till the expiry of her engagement."

He must be a very thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.—Some of the facts stated by Mr. Gough, in his lecture on the 'Streets of London,' are very curious. He says the population is increasing at the rate of 1,000 per week; from this it follows that, in the average, in every hour of the day and night there are six persons in London more than there were the hour before. The city is 60 miles in circumference, and has 5,000 miles of paved streets. Land in the vicinity of Cornhill and the Exchange has been sold for \$5,000,000 per acre. The fog of London had never been adequately described. It was an odd sensation, when he was speaking in Exeter Hall, produced in the course of a few minutes, not to be able to see one in the crowded galleries—to be speaking to people, and see nobody there. If you go out in the streets, it seems as if you were wading in an illuminated sea of pea soup. These fogs never rise higher than 200 feet above the city; they come in December, and are never seen after February. They are supposed to be caused by the smoke of bituminous coal issuing from innumerable chimneys. As an illustration of the benevolence of London, the lecturer instanced the amount raised for the soldiers in the Crimea—\$6,500,000 in less than six months by subscription. In the prisons the prisoners said they could not give money, but they would give their provisions, and they starved themselves twenty-hours so that the amount of a day's provisions could go into the sun. The lecturer described the ragged schools, of which there are 170, with 25,000 pupils; also the various shifts made to get a living. Nothing is wasted in London—the hoofs and nostrils of dead horses serve to make a fine gelatine, and the blood is used to give a particularly nice flavor to catsup. Mr. Gough closed with a humorous account of the celebration of Guy Fawkes's day, the 5th of November.

ELECTRICAL ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA AND DISEASE

At a late meeting of the Manchester (England) Philosophical Society a paper was read by Thoma Moffat, M.D., on the prevalence of certain forms of disease in connection with snow, hail and rain storms. During observations made for eight years, it was found that persons subject to apoplexy, paralysis, and vertigo were affected in a most marked manner when hail and snow storms prevailed. A table had been formed of 236 cases of the above diseases and upwards of one thousand observations were made with the electrometer, and it was shown that the nervous centres were affected according to the electrical condition of the atmosphere. On the approach of great storms the air was electrically negative, and diseases of the nervous centres and convulsions were common. Other forms of disease also frequently accompanied such electrical conditions of the atmosphere, such as cramps, vertigo, and diarrhoea. It therefore appears that negative electricity in the atmosphere plays an important part in relation to the morbid conditions of the human system.

As in England so in America, the condition of the atmosphere affects the human system almost in the same manner as related in the above abstract of Dr. Moffat's paper; and although we are not aware of any observations having been made to determine the electrical condition of our atmosphere during storms, we have no doubt but the causes are the same on both continents. During the prevalence of east, north-east, and southeast winds on the American Atlantic coast, persons subject to rheumatic and nervous diseases generally suffer acutely.—Is there any remedy for this?—Scientific American.

A distinguished counsel, being employed for the defence on a trial for murder, found it necessary, in the course of his speech, to comment with some severity on the testimony of a witness for the prosecution. In the midst of a most searching and logical sentence, wherein he was convincing the jury that the witness had sworn to more than the truth, he was interrupted by a uryman, a tall, lank fellow, evidently from the backwoods, who, rising, thus addressed him: "See here, Mr. Lawyer, I don't want yer to go on that way abusing me; I won't stand it; I'll break up the court if you do; I didn't come to be abused!" My dear sir, replied the barrister, in his politest manner, "I was alluding to the witness, not to you; my remarks were not intended to apply to any of the jurors." "I'll then," said the juror, "just quit a pitting your finger at me when you talk that way."

EARLY RISING.—"What makes you get up so late, sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast table about ten o'clock.

"Late! why, father, I was up with the lark."

"Well, then, sir, for the future don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."

An Albany barber having to shave an intemperate man on Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut, as it was a punishable offence to open a "run hole" on the Sabbath.