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What Freedom has done for the North and Slavery for the South.

What has made the United States great and powerful, is chiefly the giant-like progress of the *northern* states, through the free labor of free men. We point with pride and astonishment to the statistical tables exhibiting the growth of the Union in wealth and power—but this growth is solely in the North. Here industry and trade have worked miracles; here thousands of towns and cities have sprung from the earth like mushrooms; here smoke the chimneys of manufactories; here hum the looms, here rattle the spindles and resound the hammers, where but a few years since the savage wended his way through the primitive forests; here rushes the steam-horse through endless plains which, in the reccollection of the present generation, were far beyond the bounds of civilization; here, in the course of a lifetime, wildernesses have been converted into flourishing states, which, with rapid strides overtake and outstrip states, of the South, now over two centuries old. But this is not all. Here, too, within a few decades a literature has arisen, which will bear comparison with any of its contemporaries; here, not a single branch of human knowledge is without its worthy representatives, no acquisition of science or art but here finds due recognition; and here, lastly, every one, even the poorest, finds opportunity to educate himself—an academical education is here open to all.

Thus much for the North—But in the South? . . . Countries like Virginia, surpassed by none in the world for inexhaustibleness of natural sources, according to the testimony of their own statesmen, enfeebled and on the verge of ruin; the once fruitful soil wasted by senseless, suicidal management; the mineral wealth of the country undeveloped, its water-power unregarded: all necessities of life, with the exception of food, imported from the northern states or from England; states, the history of which scarcely dates back as far as the life of man, exhibiting the most lamentable exhaustion of soil; and a want of refinement among the masses, and among the wealthiest but little appreciation of refined and artistic enjoyments—such are some of the characteristics of the South.—*N. Yorker Abend-Zeitung.*

MILLICENT AND PHILIP CRANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE UNHOLY WISH.

CHAPTER I.

The day had been wet and dreary, fit emblem of its month, November; and as the evening postman splashed through the mud, on his rounds in a certain suburb of a manufacturing town in England, the family groups looked from their warm, cozy sitting-rooms, and said they would rather he had his walk than they, in the wintry weather.

He left letters at many houses, but not at all, as he would have done in the manufacturing districts of the town; and whilst he is knocking at one door, that of a well kept, pretty house standing in a small garden, let us glance into its front parlor, preceding by a minute, the letter that will soon be there.

The family are at dinner there. Two ladies only. One, young still, and handsome, sits at the head of the table, the other, much younger and equally well-looking, though in a different style, sits opposite to her, facing the window. Surely they cannot be mother and child! It is not only that there appears scarcely sufficient contrast in the age, but they are so totally unlike in face, form and expression; the elder all fire and pride, the younger all grace and sweetness. No, they are only step-mother and daughter.

'Make haste, Nancy,' said the young lady to the servant in waiting, 'there's the postman coming here.'

Her accent was exceedingly gay and joyful. She expected, perhaps some pleasant news, poor girl; and the maid left the room with alacrity.

'For me?' she questioned, as the girl returned with a letter.

'Not for you miss,' was the servant's answer. 'For my mistress.'

She put the letter on the tablecloth by the side of Mrs. Crane, and the latter laid down the spoon with which she was eating some rice pudding, and took it up.

'Whom is it from, mamma?'

'How can I tell, Millicent, before it is opened? It looks like some business letter, or a circular. A large-sized sheet of blue paper, and no envelope. It can wait. Will you take some more pudding?'

'Philip sometimes writes on those business sheets,' cried Miss Crane, eagerly. 'Is it his hand-writing, mamma?'

'Philip! nothing but Philip! Your thoughts are forever running upon him. I ask you about pudding, and you reply with Philip! Were I Mr. Crauford, I should be jealous.'

'No more, thank you,' was the rejoinder of the young lady, while a smile and a bright blush rose to her candid face. 'Mamma, you have never appreciated Philip,' she said. But the elder lady had opened her letter, and was deep in its contents.

'Nancy,' cried out Mrs. Crane, in a sharp, hasty tone, as she folded the letter together, in what seemed a movement of anger, 'take all away, and put the desert on. No cheese for me today, and Miss Millicent does not care for it. Be quick. I want the room cleared. Ring for Harriet to help you.'

In Mrs. Crane's impatient moods she brooked no dilatory serving, and the domestics well knew it. So that her wish, in this instance, was executed with all despatch, and she and her step-daughter were left alone together.

'I have never appreciated Philip, you say,' she began, as the door closed. 'Not as you do, I am aware. I have always told you, Millicent, that your exalted opinion of him, your exaggerated love, would sometime receive a check. This letter is from his employers.'

'Yes!' hesitated Millicent, for there was something hard, defiant and triumphant in her step-mother's accent and words, and it terrified her.

'He has robbed them and has now decamped: They warn me to give him up to justice if he should come hiding here.'

In the first shock of this terrible assertion, Millicent Crane gasped for breath, so that the impassioned denial she sought to utter would not come. For her confidence in her brother was strong, and her heart whispered to her that the accusation was not true.

'There is some mistake,' she said recovering her agitation, and speaking quite calmly.

'Read the letter,' returned Mrs. Crane, pushing it over the table towards her; and Millicent read, and her confidence and her hope died away.

When Millicent Crane had been ten and her brother eight, they were left motherless. Mr. Crane after a short lapse of time, married again a young wife. She did not talk kindly to the two children, or they to her. She used to say to lookers on that they were so wrapt up other in eachthey had no love to give her. But the children themselves, knew that their new mother disliked them, in her inmost heart; that had they loved her, with a true and entire love, she could never have returned it—for who so quick as children, in detecting where their affections may securely be placed? To an open rupture with the children she never came, as she might have done had a family of her own been born to her. She encouraged herself in her antipathy to the children, and towards Philip it grew into a positive hatred. He was a generous, high-spirited, but tiresome boy, as boys, who are worth anything, are apt to be. He kept the house in commotion, and the drawing-room in a litter, spinning tops on its carpet, and breaking its windows with his India-rubber ball. Mrs. Crane was perpetually slipping upon marbles, and treacherous hooks and fishing tackle were wont to entangle themselves in her stockings and feet. She invoked no end of storms on his head, and the boy would gather his play-things together and decamp with them; but, the next day they, or others more troublesome would be lying about again. What provoked Mrs. Crane worse than all was, that she could not put Philip out of temper. When she attacked him with passionate anger, he replied by a laugh and a merry word, sometimes an impertinent one, for, if the truth must be avowed, Philip was not always deferent towards his step-mother. She had the ear of their father, not they; and she got the children put to school. Millicent was eighteen and Philip sixteen before they returned home, and then Mr. Crane was dead, and the money, which ought to have been theirs, was left to the widow for her life; and to them afterwards—and she but twelve or fourteen years older than they were! Mrs. Crane was charged to pay them £50 a year each, during her life; an additional fifty to Philip till he attained the age of twenty-one, then to cease; and Millicent was to have her home with her step-mother, until removed from it by marriage.

'It's a wicked will,' burst forth Philip in the height of his indignation; 'my father must have lost his senses before he made such a will.'

'We must make the best of it, Philip,' whispered his gentle sister, soothingly; "it is done, and there is no remedy. You shall have my £50 as well as your own. I shall not want it."

"Don't talk nonsense, Millicent, returned the boy. "You'll want your £50 for clothes and pocket-money, do not flatter yourself that deceitful old crocodile will furnish them. And if she did, do you think I would take the paltry pittance from you?"

Phillip said he would go to sea, but Millicent cried and sobbed, and entreated that he would not; for she possessed the dread of a sea life, indigenous in many women; and Philip, who loved her dearly, yielded to her.—Then he said he would go into the army; but where was his commission to come from? Mrs. Crane declined to furnish funds for it. At length an old friend of his father's obtained for him an admission into one of the London banking houses. He was then seventeen; but he was not to expect a salary for over so long a period after admission, and his £100 a year was all he had to keep him, in every way. "Enough, too! as Mrs. Crane said, and as many others may say. Yes, amply enough, when a young man has the moral strength to resist expensive temptations, but very little to encounter those which bubble up in the vortex of London life. From five o'clock in the evening, about which hour he left business, was Philip Crane his own master, without a home, save his solitary lodgings, and without relatives. Friends (as they are so called) he made for himself, but they were friends that he had better been without; for they were mostly young men of expensive habits, and of means superior to his. As the years went on, debt came; embarrassments came; despair came; and, in an evil hour, it was on his twenty-second birthday, Philip Crane took what did not belong to him, and detection followed. Hence the letter which the reader has seen addressed to Mrs. Crane by the firm, in which they gave free vent to the fullness of their indignation.

Millicent sat with her eyes and thoughts concentrated on the letter; and a slow conviction of its truth came to her. "Oh Philip! Philip!" she wailed forth, "anything but this! I would have worked to save you from dishonor—I would have died to save you from crime. Mrs. Crane! mamma! what he has taken must be instantly replaced."

"Not by me," was the harsh reply. "You will never find me offering a premium for theft. He deserves punishment and I trust he will meet it.—If he attempts to come here, I shall assuredly give him up to justice."

Millicent did not answer, did not remonstrate, but sat with her head bowed in her clasped hands. She knew how resolute was Mrs. Crane, where her dislike was concerned, and she knew, now, that she hated Philip; she had long suspected it. A knock at the house door aroused Millicent.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, starting up, "that is Mr. Crauford. He must be told this. Perhaps—when he knows—he will not—I am going up stairs," she added, more hurriedly, as she heard a servant advancing to admit the visiter. "Do you tell him."

How many phases of thought pass through the mind in an instant of time! In the interval of Millicent's escaping from the room, and Mr. Crauford's entrance to it, Mrs. Crane had run over the matter with herself and taken her resolution. She would not tell Mr. Crauford. He was on the point (within a few months, for it was to be spring) of marriage with Millicent; she desired the latter married with all heart and wish, and certainly she would not give information of any kind, which might tend to stop that marriage. Mrs. Crane was a vain woman, fond of admiration; her head had latterly been running on the possibility of a second marriage; she wanted Millicent gone, that herself and her movements might be left without incumbrance.

Mr. Crauford entered, a gentlemanly man of about thirty. His manners were pleasing, and his countenance was handsome, but its chief expression was that of resolute pride. He was in business with his father, a flourishing manufacturer of the town, and was much attached to Millicent. People said how fortunate she had been, what a desirable man he was, and what a good match.

He sat with Mrs. Crane the whole evening, and took tea with her. Millicent never came down. Mrs. Crane told him Millicent was not well, and she believed, had retired to rest.—When he left the house, Millicent came shivering into the parlor, and crept close to the fire, for she was very cold.

"Mamma, how is it? What does he say?"

"Millicent," said the elder lady, turning away her face, which was blushing hotly for her untruth, to tell which, was not one of Mrs, Crane's frequent faults, "it will make no difference in his attentions towards you. He must feel the degradation Philip has brought, but he will not visit it on you—upon one condition."

"What condition?" asked Millicent, raising her eyes to her step-mother.

"That you never speak of your brother to him: that you never, directly or indirectly allude to him in his presence; and should Mr. Crauford, in a moment of forgetfulness, mention Philip's name before you, that you will not notice it, but turn the conversation to another subject."

"And is this restriction to continue after our marriage?" inquired Millicent.

"I know nothing about that. When people are married they seen find out what matters they may, or may not enter upon with each other. It is enough, Millicent that you observe it for the present."

"It is no difficult restriction," mused Millicent. "For what could I have to say *now* about Philip that I should wish to talk of to him!" She laid her her head against the side marble of the mantel-piece as she spoke, and a sort of a half-sigh, half moan escaped her. Mrs. Crane looked at her troubled countenance, at her eyes closed in pain, at the silent tears trickling down. "And for an ungrateful rake!" she contemptuously uttered.

CHAPTER II.

The weeks went on, several, and with them, the preparation for Millicent Crane's marriage with Mr. Crauford. For once—rare occurrence!—it was a union of love, and Millicent's happiness would have been unclouded but for the agitating suspense she was in about her brother. His hiding place had not been traced, but it was the opinion of the banking-firm, that he had escaped to America. And there they quietly suffered him to remain, for his defalcation had not been great—not sufficient for them to go to the expense and trouble of tracking him there. Millicent's days were anxious and her nights weary; she loved this brother with a lively, enduring love; like as a mother clings to her child; so did Millicent cling to him. She pictured him wandering the earth, homeless, friendless, destitute; overwhelmed with remorse, for she knew that an honorable nature, like Philip's could not commit a crime and then forget it; or she pictured him revelling with dissolute companions, sinking deeper into sin, day by day. Before Mr. Crauford alone she strove to appear cheerful and happy, not wishing him, after his restriction, to think she dwelt too much on this erring brother.

One day, in the beginning of February, she was walking unaccompanied into the town, when a man, dressed loosely in the garb of a sailor, wearing a large, shabby pilot jacket, and with huge black whiskers, stepped up to her and put a note into her hand without speaking, touched his hat and disappeared down a side-street; Millicent, much surprised, started after the man and opened it.

"My Dear Sister.—Come to me this evening at dusk, if you can do so without suspicion at home. I have been days on the watch, and have not been able to get speech of you. I am now writing this, hoping to give it to you, if not to-day, some other. Be very cautious; the police are no doubt on the look-out for me here, as they have been in London. I am at 21, Port street: the house is mean and low, and you must come up to the top story, and enter the door on your right hand. Will you dare this for my sake?

"P. C."

Millicent had unconsciously stood still while she read the note, and her face was turning as white as death. So intent was she as not to perceive Mr Crauford, who happened, by ill-luck to be passing through the street—an unusual part of the town for him to be in, at that hour of the day. He crossed over the road, and touched her on the shoulder, and Millicent, whose head was full of officers of justice looking after Philip, positively screamed in alarm, and crumbled the note up in her hand; and thrust it into her bosom.

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. Crauford, looking at her in astonishment.

"I thought—I—is it only you?" stammered Millicent.

"Only me! Whom did you expect it was? What has happened, Millicent, to drive away your color, like this? What is that letter you have just hidden, with as much terror as if it were a forged banknote?"

"The letter's—nothing," she gasped, her teeth chattering with agitation and fright.

(To be continued.)