

bursting heart. Two days after that, Phillip quitted the town for Liverpool, and in about ten more, Millicent received news of his departure for Melbourne. She then sent the following note to Mr. Crauford:—

"The time has now come when I am released from my obligation of secrecy. Give me an opportunity of clearing myself in your mind, whatever you may then decide as to our future. I am ill and unhappy; do not continue to cherish resentment against me."

"MILICENT CRANE."

To which the following answer came:—"DEAR MISS CRANE.—When my son left for New York (for which port he sailed three days since with the view of transacting business with our firm,) he empowered me to open any letters that might come for him. Hence your note has fallen into my hands, and as it is not upon business matters, I take the liberty of returning it to you. I expect Richard will be home in about three months; but if you wish, I will give you his address in New York. Will you forgive my saying that I sincerely regretted the rupture which your son informed me took place between you and himself [the nature of which he did not impart to me,] for I know no young lady whom I would rather have seen his wife."

Your ever sincere friend,
THOMAS CRAUFORD."

So there was nothing for poor Millicent but to wait, and alternate between despair and hope. But the present disappointment combined with the anxiety of mind she had lately endured, threw her into a dangerous illness which brought her to the brink of the grave. She was ill for many weeks, and when she recovered, was ordered away from home, for change of air. She went to Liverpool, where some relations of her own mother's lived, and with whom she had formerly once spent a few weeks. Here she stayed the summer, and recovered her bodily health. But not her spirits; for the non-return of Richard Crauford affected her much. It was the beginning of autumn before she proceeded home, which she did alone, her friends seeing her safely to the train, in the morning, and into a first class carriage. "Mind you don't get flirting and run away, Millicent, now you are left all alone to yourself for three or four hours," one of them, young like herself, laughingly observed; and Millicent laughed a response in the same joking spirit; a hollow laugh though, she felt it to be in her own heart. She flirted and ran away!

When the train arrived at a certain station on its route, the passengers were informed that they must there await for a branch train; so they crowded, grumblingly, into the waiting-rooms. Millicent, however, made her way to a seat she espied beyond the platform, a rude bench, placed underneath a bank; and here she sat, enjoying the fine fresh air of the autumn day, and occasionally reading. The near approach of a gentleman, an impatient fellow-passenger who was strutting about, caused her to look up. A sudden shock fell over her; she knew not what she did. The book was hastily dropped upon the bench, and she took a step forward. For it was Richard Crauford.

"Richard!" she exclaimed, "is it really you? Do we meet here?"

He took her hand with a cool air; he could not avoid taking it; for she, in the impulse of the moment had held it out to him, and the tone of his voice was very cold.

"You have returned from America, then," she uttered.

"I am on my way now, from Liverpool," he replied; "we only made the port yesterday. You look ill, Miss Crane."

"I have been very ill since you left," she murmured, and have been all the summer in Liverpool with my relations, for change of air. I am well now."

They stood facing each other, and there was a silence. He was the first to break it, by saying a few formal words of adieu, and was about to turn away.

"Oh, but, Richard, you must hear me," she exclaimed, a terror coming over her lest they were to part again for an indefinite period without an explanation. "I have not yet had the opportunity of justifying myself to you."

"But I must tell you," she feverishly exclaimed, "I cannot let you go

through life suspecting me of imprudence, or perhaps, wickedness. Are you aware who it was I went to see in that wretched street? I thought—knowing what you did know—that you must have suspected him at the time; and that was the cause of my terror."

"You are talking riddles to me," interposed Mr. Crauford. "But I have no wish, and now no right, to be made the confidant of your private affairs. It is too late."

"Oh, yes, yes," she uttered in agitation. "I am not alluding to—the relations between ourselves; I only ask to be justified. That sailor was my brother."

"Your brother, Millicent!" he ejaculated, staring at her.

"Yes," she said, bursting into tears, fruits of her misery, long pent up, and her present agitation. "He had disguised himself as you saw—if you did see him—in those wide, rough clothes, and the black curls and whiskers."

"Do you mean your brother Phillip?" he asked, fully aroused from his displayed indifference.

"I have no other brother," she replied; "whom else could I mean? He had been in concealment ever since that dreadful affair in London, had been reduced to great straits and had come down to ask my help to ship himself off to Australia. Whilst he was hiding in that room in Port street, I was engaged in collecting together sufficient money for him. You will say perhaps, that I ought not to have visited him; but he had no other friend in the world to cling to him in his distress, and I believed my duty—as my love—lay in going to see and comfort him."

"But, Millicent, though there is much that I do not yet understand—why did you not confide this to me?"

"First of all, your own prohibition, and secondly—"

"What prohibition?" interrupted Mr. Crauford, "What are you talking of?"

Millicent, thinking his memory extraordinarily oblivious, proceeded to recapitulate what passed the night they first received news of Phillip's guilt. She repeated—for she remembered—the very words used by Mrs. Crane. "Mrs. Crane purposely deceived you!" he exclaimed. She never mentioned the subject to me. I assure you, Millicent, that until this moment, I did not know but that your brother was still in his situation in London."

"Then what must you have thought of me?" groaned Millicent; "of my stolen visits to that undesirable street, and that strange sailor!"

"No matter now, what I thought. You were deeply to blame, Millicent; you ought not to have deceived me."

"Oh, Richard, if I might have told you! You do not know how I longed to do so;—though I believed you could not have failed to have a suspicion of the true secret. And Phillip feared that you in your high sense of probity and honor, might deem it incumbent on you to betray him to justice. Would you have done so, Richard?"

"No," said Mr. Crauford. "I would have helped him away—to get the disgrace of his conduct far from you."

"That day, when you came up, as I was reading the note in the street, which he, in his disguise, had put in my hands, I should have told you all, Richard, for I was greatly in need of an adviser, but for the prohibition so falsely imposed upon me by Mrs. Crane."

"Mrs. Crane has much to answer for, he returned, a strange expression of bitter regret arising to his quivering lips. "She has parted us forever, Millicent."

"You do not—you will never think well of me again!" she faltered.

"Yes I shall, he said, "I shall think of you again, and always as the best woman who has ever crossed my path in life who was, and still ought to be, the dearest. But that must not be. I am a married man, Millicent."

They had been standing close to the bench, neither having sat; but now Millicent sank down upon it. In spite of her efforts to retain calmness, in his presence at this announcement, she felt the color forsake her parted lips, and her frame began to shake as if she had the ague.

"I thought you were irrevocably lost to me," proceeded Mr. Crauford, "and my feelings towards you were a compound of rage and bitterness. In New York I met with a young lady,

the daughter of one of our correspondents there, who took my fancy—not my heart, Millicent, that had died out with you. Partly in the indulgence of my admiration, partly to gratify the exasperation I felt toward you, I married her; and have brought her home to the home that was to have been yours. She is with me here to-day."

Millicent stood up again. She strove still for calmness, though she knew that life's sunshine was gone forever.—The bell was ringing for the passengers to take their places, and she offered her hand, in farewell, to Mr. Crauford.

"Am I justified in your heart?" she asked.

"Yes. Better though, for that heart, that you had not been, for it has lodged a regret in that will never pass away. God bless you, Millicent," he whispered, as he wrung her hand in his—"God bless you, my dearest, and render your future destiny a happy one—happier than mine will be!"

He turned away to the platform, and Millicent slowly followed. She saw him bring out a lady, young and very handsome, from the waiting room, place her in a carriage, and follow her in. Millicent found her way into another. As the train moved slowly past the station, Millicent saw her book lying on the bench. She had forgotten it, so it was lost. Lost! what mattered that, or any other loss, to a heart, sick as hers was, with its excess of anguish!

And so it is, in this world. That the commission of one crime will entail a wide field of consequence, more than, at the time can be suspected will pertain to it. When Phillip Crane lapsed into guilt, to stop up the fruit of his reckless extravagance, he little thought that he was involving the life's happiness of one who was dearer to him than even his folly—his sister Millicent.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

JOHN S. MANN, EDITOR.
COUDERSPORT, PA.
THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1856.
Republican Nomination.
For President,
John C. Fremont,
OF CALIFORNIA.
For Vice President,
William L. Dayton,
OF NEW JERSEY.

We call attention to the advertisement of Smith & Jones in another column. They have a fine stock of goods on hand, and Mr. Collins Smith the senior partner of the firm, is well known as one of the first merchants in the County. Give them a call.

The crops of this county look better than for three years past, and the weather continues most favorable. We feel new life and hope as we go abroad, and see how every thing grows and flourishes. Such a crop of grass we scarce ever saw in this county. Wheat and oats look fine, and the corn is coming forward luxuriantly.

We give another letter this week from Sheldon Russell in relation to Kansas affairs, and we ask every man who desires to know the fruits of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to read it.

Our East Smithfield letter this week, is more than usually interesting.

Why have not the murderers of Dow and other free State men in Kansas, been arrested? Simply because the Kansas bill was passed for the purpose of enabling Slavery to go into Kansas, and killing off free State men is a part of the programme.

Every prominent free state man in the Territory has been indicted for no crime whatever, except that of being a free man, and not a single pro-Slavery man has yet been arrested for any offence although, they have robbed the free state men of their property, burned their dwellings, and taken their lives. And the Buchanan press of the states look on approvingly, or at least silently on this monstrous tyranny. Would Jefferson recognize such democracy as this? Who believes it?

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.
While the Douglas Kansas Nebraska bill was before Congress, A. H. Stevens of Georgia spoke to the Northern members in the following characteristic

style:—"Well, gentlemen, you make a good deal of clamor over the Nebraska measure, but it don't alarm us at all. We have got used to that kind of talk. You have threatened before, but you have never performed. You have always caved in, and you will again. You are a mouthing white-livered set. Of course you will oppose the measure; we expected that; but we don't care for your opposition. You will rail, but we don't care for your railing. You will hiss, but so do others. We expect it of adlers and we expect it of you. You are like the devils that were pitched over the battlements of heaven into hell. They set up a howl at their discomfiture, and so will you. But their fate was sealed, and so is yours. You must submit to the yoke but don't chafe. You tried to drive us to the wall in 1850, but times are changed. * * * * You went a wooing, and have come home fleeced. Don't be so impudent as to complain. You will only be slapped in the face. Don't resist. You will only be lashed into obedience."

This is rather plainer language than is often used by Southern members, but all of them talk in this spirit. The comments of Butler and Toombs on the Summer assault, is quite as insolent and overbearing. We commend the above to Timothy Ives, F. W. Knox, N. L. Diko, Samuel Haven, and all others in this county who figured in the anti-Nebraska Convention, held in our Court House Feb. 20, 1854; who are now supporting James Buchanan for the Presidency. Mr. Stevens has drawn your portraits with a master's hand. You have certainly "caved in," as we expected at the time; and if the other epithets so gracefully used by this champion of Southern chivalry, may be properly applied to any body, it is to such as you, who always submit to every outrage of the slave power.

SOMETHING UP.

Judge Ives declines being a candidate for Surveyor General, and a Democratic State Convention is to be held at Chambersburg on the 6th of August, to fill the vacancy thus created.—Philadelphia Sun.

Mr. Ives is not the first man who has had occasion to exclaim "save me from my friends."

This statement is that "Judge Ives declines," but it will be found he was dragged into that step.

In fact, we have known for some time past, that Arnold Plumer, and his set were doing their utmost to drive Mr. Ives from the ticket, but we did not believe the State Committee would be used by them. We were mistaken. The State Committee has yielded to the importunities of the most corrupt clique of politicians that ever infested a State.

Mr. Ives is bad enough—quite as bad no doubt as these vampires represent him; but he is no worse than they are; and if he was not fit to be Surveyor General, which we freely concede, neither is either one of the clique which has compassed his dishonor. The people will take care to consign the whole of them to a safe retreat. Who will next decline?

APOLOGISTS.

There are a class of men in the North who are continually finding fault with their neighbors who happen to believe in the justifiable rights of man. Thus, for example, we find men here who apologize for the infamous outrages in Kansas, on the ground that the poor, dear, innocent border ruffians were provoked by the aggressions of naughty Yankee fanatics.

The following article from the Philadelphia North American throws some light upon this subject and so we give it entire. The New England Emigrant Aid Society cannot furnish the dough-faces with any more arguments against freedom. What a pity it is that four of the five prisoners held by Democracy for High Treason should have disgraced this State by being Pennsylvanians. But the love of freedom is not confined to any particular locality, so we suppose the fanatics mentioned below cannot help it.

THE KANSAS CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE having arrived at Detroit, Michigan, will, it is said, hold a session in that city to examine several witnesses whom violence has driven from the territory. The Hon. W. A. Howard, one of the members of the Committee, informs the editor of the Advertiser that a state of things really exists in Kansas far worse than is represented in the papers. The mails are stopped both ways, opened, searched, and nothing allowed to pass that does not suit the Border Ruffians. We have similar information also from Mr. Hugh Young, one of the editors of the Lawrence Herald of Freedom, by whom we were

visited yesterday. One fact he mentions which ought to attract attention in this region. It is that, of the five persons who are in prison in Kansas, on the charge of high treason, for merely exercising the commonest rights of freemen in a free country, four are emigrants from the State of Pennsylvania, viz: G. W. Deitzler, from Schuylkill County, G. W. Brown, from Crawford County, Gaius Jenkins, from Wayne County, and Judge Smith, from Butler County. To this list we may also add the names of Ex-Governor Andrew H. Reed and his Secretary, G. P. Lowry, both of Northampton County, Lieutenant Governor Roberts, and Mr. Young himself. The latter was formerly of Goudersport, Potter County. It will thus be seen that, so far from the alleged rebellion in Kansas being fomented by the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, those who participated most prominently in the Free State movements there, are from our own State. Mr. Brown alone took with him two hundred emigrants from Pennsylvania. It was his newspaper establishment which was destroyed at Lawrence by the Missourians, headed by the notorious Jones. By this ruthless act, the territory was left entirely destitute of a free journal. The steam press was broken to pieces with sledge hammers so as to be a mere wreck; the types and cases thrown into the Kansas river, the stock of paper and ink destroyed and the house fired. The materials were all taken from Pennsylvania by Mr. Brown. His appeal, therefore, for aid to re-establish his paper, comes with peculiar force to the people of this Commonwealth, and we ask attention to the documents on the subject, which we publish to-day on our first page.

The Fillmore National club of New York, having over three thousand members, has gone over to the support of Fremont and Dayton. At the meeting of the club on Saturday evening, June 21st, the following among other excellent resolutions, was adopted:

Resolved, That the National Club of the City of New York recognize in the aggressions of the South upon Northern interests—as exemplified in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which Henry Clay and his compatriots enacted to remain inviolate forever—in the bloody and cowardly attack upon a Northern representative in the United States Senate, to restrain freedom of speech, the inalienable prerogative of an American freeman—and in the cruel butcheries of Free State American settlers in the Territory of Kansas, to facilitate the spread of an institution that is a blight and a curse to a free people—an attempt on the part of the South to form and maintain a sectional party, tenets of which are repugnant to the feelings of every true American freeman.

FROM KANSAS.

LAWRENCE, June 10, 1856.

FRIEND MANN: Reliable news has just reached us relative to the sacking of the town of Osawottamie. Last Saturday an armed mob entered the town, and robbed the citizens of everything they could carry off, taking provisions, clothing, money, and even divesting ladies of the rings they wore upon their fingers. After they had consummated their work of plunder they fired the town, but the citizens extinguished the flames before much damage was done. No resistance was shown by the citizens of Osawottamie, there being but few in the town; but a messenger was sent to the Captain of a company of dragoons encamped two miles south of Lawrence, informing him that if he did not go and protect the town, the citizens of Lawrence would. The Capt. replied he would go, and started; but in keeping with all of the administrative acts, they arrived just as the mob had finished their ruthless plundering, but in time to prevent the free State men from interfering. This has been the Pierce and Shannon game for the last two weeks—pretending an interposition with the troops, by ordering them to different points; but it has only served as a safeguard for those whom Shannon enrolled as territorial Militia but who now are turned loose upon the prairies to perpetrate these fiendish acts upon unoffending citizens, with the intention of driving them out of the Territory. To give you a correct idea of the treatment that free state men receive from Shannon's Militia, I will relate an occurrence which transpired last Saturday, on the Santo Fe trail between Willow Springs and the Big Stranger. I have the account from the man himself, and from others who rendered him assistance in his precarious condition. Robert Hill from Jasper Co., Iowa, while on his way to Kansas City, met three men of whom he inquired if they could direct him to a place where he could water his

horses. They referred him to a ravine near by. He drove down, the men going with him pretending they were thirsty. After reaching the place they requested him to say his prayers, telling him that he had a long time to live, drawing their revolvers on him, at the same time demanding his money. He handed them \$211, all he had. They then placed his hands behind him, and tied them together, then tied his feet together, and then fastened his hands and feet together. After putting a gag in his mouth and fastening his hat over his face they commenced to tantalize him by telling him that his hat would keep the flies from biting him. Finally after scoffing at him until satisfied, they got into his wagon and drove off, leaving him as they supposed to die by inches, but fortunately he succeeded in getting off one of his boots, and thus extracted his feet. After walking about eleven miles he reached a house where they removed the gag and unloosed his hands. These men said they were Alabamians, and two gave their names as Bond & Elliott. This act of "law and order" was perpetrated by Shannon's Militia sent here to enforce laws as ignoble as the ones that try to enforce it; and similar outrages are committed every day in Kansas. Men are taken while traveling the highway, and led with a rope around their necks to the nearest tree, and asked questions like the following: Will you lend your influence to make Kansas a free or a slave State? If for Slavery you live; if for freedom you die. Yesterday, between this place and Kansas City, a man was led out and suspended to a tree three successive times, and upon his declaring he would vote to make Kansas a free State every time, the hangmen told him to leave, that it was no use to try to convert him. Teams are stolen, men are robbed and murdered, houses are burnt; the assassin stained with blood, boasts of the murders he has committed, and the incendiary stalks on the prairies with the lighted torch in his hands. A guerrilla warfare is now existing in Kansas, which is daily growing more and more atrocious in its appearance, and which undoubtedly will result in the subjugation of Freedom or Slavery. Some of the free state men driven to desperation, have formed themselves into guerrilla parties and are on the prairies ready to meet the blood-thirsty Southern cavalry. They have met five pro-slavery men have lost their lives, and eight free State men are arrested for murder, to answer the charge before Judge Cato of the district court, another a better man than Lecompte, Shannon has fled, and is now on his way to St. Louis. Some think to testify before the Committee was left here yesterday; others think he is like the Irishman "afraid of justice" and has left to evade the halter which he so richly deserves. Robinson, Jenkins, Brown, and Deitzler are encamped two miles this side of Lecompton with nothing to serve as a shelter but a tattered tent, little larger than a gaffer's hill—in dry weather half suffocated, in wet drenched to the skin; and for what? Because they dared to assert their rights as freemen in Kansas.

The Legislature will meet on the 4th of July at Topeka. Notwithstanding the number arrested for treason, there are enough left for a quorum. I notice that Border Ruffianism has struck some of the Senators very forcibly at Washington. The mail is just in, and the driver reports two hundred Missourians are on their way up here, and says Westport is all alive with the ruffians who are swearing they will wipe out the last d—d abolitionist. They draw their revolvers on the troops yesterday, and swore they would not disband. The troops being but few in number have sent a dispatch Fort Leavenworth for Sumner.

The mail is filled every night between this place and Kansas City, but I want you to write; for occasionally a letter comes through. All sorts of rumors are afloat about men coming from the East to help. Some say large numbers are on their way, others say not.
Yours truly,
S. C. RUSSELL.

CONUNDRUM.—Why does "Old Buck" remain a bachelor? Because he is afraid of giving "umbrage" to any of the "Doe-faces" among his dear friends.