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Poetry.

FRAGMENT.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the main.
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of Spain.
Better not at all than to be
"Half doing kindly deeds,"
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The touch of the truth.

Romance.

The Last Appeal.

He laughed—laughed while I trembled with passion.

"Why, what have little heroines you would make, Madeline. Could I treasure to some novelist. Kill them? Nonsense! It would be a much more glorious revenge to love another in your turn."

"So I would," I exclaimed, stopping short in my walk across the room. "That would be a poor paltry revenge. Mine should be richer, fuller. They should live to suffer—live to know what I should endure."

He was quite amazed at my vehemence.

"Upon my word, you have remarkable histrionic talents. Dare I ask to wonderful an actress where she has learnt her role? You are not jealous, Madeline?"

His tone hurt me. I sank down on the sofa sobbing.

"Come, come," he said presently, this is childish folly."

I wept afresh. Such words to me!

"Well, well, I see I have spoiled you," he said. Then changing his tone to one of wheedling softness, he added, "I only wanted to vex you a little. Was it too cruel, Madeline?"

His voice, his words, his caress, soothed my passion, and for the time I forgot what he had said. Years after I remembered it, and those lightly-spoken words burned in my brain like fire. He went from the Hall the next day, and I returned to my humble cottage home. How poor and mean it looked, in comparison with the luxurious dwelling I had left. When, after I was quite ready to go, I went to see Mrs. Thorn, to thank her for all her kindness to me and to bid her good-by, the simple lady said to me, with unsuspicious frankness, "I'm sorry to lose you, dear; but, after all, I don't know but it's best you should go."

"Why?" I asked, quickly, my face flushing up.

"O, because you and young Arthur might get to thinking too much of each other. Young men are apt to fall in love with girls, especially with pretty ones, and Mr. Arthur might take a fancy to you now—who knows?"

"What if he did?" I asked, trembling all over with consciousness.

Mrs. Thorn lifted her hands and eyes in amazement.

"Goodness! hear the child! What if he did? Why, don't you see, child, that nothing could ever come of it but sorrow? Mr. Arthur'd go away and forget all about you in a month—that's a way a young man has—and you'd mope, and pine, and fret yourself to death, likely as not. No, no, child; there is a difference between high and low, and no good ever came of trying to bring them together. Never think of marrying above your station. There was Susan Briggs—"

But I cut the old lady short, and ran away from the story of Susan Briggs, which I already knew by heart, and never stopping till I reached one of my secret haunts in the forest, threw myself upon the green sward in an agony of tears. Could it be true that there was such an impassable gulf between Arthur and me? I almost cursed the fate which had made me what I was. I rebelled against the allotments of Providence; I said I would not submit to so cruel a decree. I was like a poor helpless bird, beating vainly against the bars of his cage. But with the elasticity of youth my spirits rebounded. Mrs. Thorn's ideas were an old woman's whims, said I to myself—and consoled myself with the thought. Nevertheless, there weighed upon me a premonition which I could not shake off. I grew thin, and my lately acquired bloom faded again. I tormented myself with images of my desolation, if I should lose Arthur's love. The days dragged wearily by until his return. Strange what power love has! I knew that he had come, though no one had breathed his name to me. All that day I looked for him, but he did not come to the cottage. Why did he delay? I chafed uneasily. A hundred times I looked from the door, hoping to see him appear at the end of the long avenue which led from our cottage to the Hall, but in vain.

The second day I watched for him; but when the twilight deepened into night, and still he did not come, my anguish grew intolerable. I put on my hat at length, and went out alone into the night. It is said that nature is a consoler of sorrow, but to me it was not thus. There stood the calm grand trees as they had stood a hundred years before; they had seen the joys and sorrows of a generation such as I, yet they stood unmoved in their silent majesty, and the moonlight flickered through their leafy domes, and the dew fell soft and cool upon the green sward beneath them. Through the high arches the light faded away into dimness, not a sound of human life broke the stillness of the forest, and in all the silent depths there was no whisper of comfort to me. I went on in my excited mood till I came to a winding brook which sung among the hills that skirted the park, and there I threw myself down and the emotion which I had all day suppressed in my mother's presence, burst forth, uncontrollably. I was too much absorbed in my grief to notice that some one was approaching, and I was scarcely roused by the quick rustle of the leaves around me, when Arthur clasped me in his arms, and in an instant all my sorrow was forgotten. But only for a moment. His neglect had wounded me sorely, and with the remembrance of it there came to me a consciousness that his manner [illegible] had not been [illegible] as it had been.

"Why are you out here in the woods alone at night, child?" he asked.

"Because I was sad at home," I replied.

A shadow crossed his face.

"You are a strange girl. What was the matter?"

"You did not come to see me."

I stopped weeping. He smiled; he liked my homage so frankly spoken, and yet I began to fear that it would annoy him.

"I only returned yesterday morning," he said.

Only yesterday morning! My pride rose, and I forced back my tears and tried to talk of indifferent things. He went with me to the door of our cottage. We stood alone a moment there, and then Arthur said, in a careless way—I remembered it afterwards:

"You won't see me for a little while, often Madeline. The Hall will be crowded with company in a few days, and I shall not have much time for you." Perhaps something in my face softened him, for he added presently, more tenderly, "But they will all be gone in a month, and then I shall be with you my pretty wild flower."

Strange I did not see—strange his words did not reveal to me that I was only the sport for a moment—that he would cast me aside as he would any pretty whim whose novelty had ceased to enchant him. But I was blind, stone blind. My love stood between him and all things else. It was a wild, glorious dream. Do not blame me. Think how terrible was the waking!

One day there was a new arrival at the Hall, and the next morning a troop of equestrians canteered by our cottage. My eyes eagerly sought Arthur. He rode among the foremost, and by his side there was a young lady, a fair graceful creature, and he turned to her with smiles and light words of merriment—such smiles as he had been wont to shower upon me, such words as had lured me by their music. I watched for their return. The party came home at noon, but Arthur and the fair girl were not among them. Still I watched, and at length, slowly advancing through shadowy forest paths, his hand upon her bridle-rein, his head bent towards her, I saw them—O, maddening sight! They rode straight in the door of the cottage. There was no one to go forth except me. My mother was at the Hall, my father at his work on the estate, so I forced myself out. I met him there face to face. Did the smile fade from his lips? was his face blanched? No; he saluted me with his graceful courtesy, and asked me to bring a glass of milk for Miss Granger. I brought it, and watched her while she drank it, a sort of angry passion besieging my breast as I did so. I could have wished it was some deadly poison that should blight her beauty, for she was indeed wondrously lovely.

All the fiercer passions of my nature were kindled. I could scarcely command my countenance to haughty composure. She took from a garland which she held in her hand a spray of honeysuckle, and offered it to me. I took it coldly, mechanically, without a word of thanks. Arthur [illegible] the gesture and [illegible] I crushed them under my feet. I crushed every separate petal; I burnt them and threw the ashes to the winds. She smiled so very kindly, so condescendingly, forsooth, at the peasant girl! What was love to me? she would have said—a plaything. And what was her love? mere shadow crossing her sunshine. She looked surprised when I took her gift so coldly. Did she think I was to be compensated for my stolen love with the gift of a flower? They meet the old gamekeeper as they rode to the Hall, and when the old man stopped an hour after to rest in our cottage, he was warm in praises of her beauty and charms. A rare pleasure to me, was it not? Think you I did not smile and murmur yes, and echo all his words? Ay, but with a fierce anger at my heart.

"It will be a match," said the old man wisely. "The squire has set his heart upon it, and anybody can see that Mr. Arthur is in love with her."

I smothered my passion, and asked how she was disposed toward him.

"I reckon kindly," replied the gamekeeper. "What else would you have?—and master such a fine young fellow. She's none too good for the like of him, wi' all all her beauty an' her blue eyes. He's a match for her."

I kept my patience, and I had need. Now everybody was dinning this news in to my ears. "A fine match it would be," they said. And I bit my lips with wrath, and said it would be a fine match. "Wasn't she beautiful?" they asked. And I ground my teeth and muttered, "Yes."

They were not married this season, I was told. Miss Granger was very young yet, but in a few years he would give a fair mistress to the Hall. All this I pondered in simple peasant misery, smiling in my wretchedness. Was it a wonder that my heart overflowed [illegible] ever?

Arthur and the fair girl walked often in the park. I, too, haunted its shades. I stood [illegible] and said, "Here he called me his own Madeline, and said he loved me, and poured loving words into her ear, and surrounded her with graceful attentions." Then I would rise, and walk swiftly away, a storm of passions ranging in my soul. Once, crossing thence, I met them—her hand was [illegible] his arm, his clasped over it. I know my [illegible] to see her [illegible] so close to him. I was not surprised to hear her whisper as I passed, "Who is that [illegible] looking girl? She looked just so stern and angry when we met her at the cottage door. I longed to hear his reply, but I could not. I wandered alone in the forest, and when I heard the dead leaves crickling I knew they were coming towards me, and so I turned aside into the wood and waited for them to pass. But just opposite me they lingered, and that low-spoken softly-accented word pealed through my brain, and shook me, as if they had been the ravings of a tempest.

"Are you sure you will be true to me, Arthur?" I heard her ask.

I held my breath and listened for the answer. How I recognized those winning tones! I had heard them in the same words many a time.

"Am I sure, Eleanor? Do you doubt me? Don't you believe in my honor? Honor! 'If I never was constant before, dearest Ada, I do now.' I never loved before. You have taught me what it is. Why, my dreams of love were mere shadows compared to the reality that I know now."

Her replay was inarticulate, and they passed on in the shade. "A mere dream!" This, then, was the end of it. I sat down on the [illegible] and said the words over to myself in a kind of stupid wonder. I was not that suffered. I could not comprehend my woe. Who was this Ada Madeline whom I pitied so? I could not understand. I do not know whether I went home or whether they found me there in the woods. I did not mind the lapse of days and hours, but it must have been many hours from that time that Arthur came to see me, and I was sitting, supported by pillows, in a great armchair, by the window. It may have been weeks, I say, for now, as I looked out, the tall elms gleamed sodden in the [illegible] their leaves were grey and green. My mother was flattered by a visit from the young squire, and came in and out of the room with constant apologies and courtesies. While she was absent a few moments, Arthur came to the side of my chair, and said:

"I am sorry to see you ill, Madeline, and more so because I fancy I may be partly to blame for it."

I looked up in his face. He hesitated, faltered a little, and went on:

"When you have had time to think more calmly, I am sure that you will see that it is for the best that we should part now. It was natural enough that we should forget the difference in our stations—everybody does some such foolish thing in their lives—but such a sensible girl as you must see that we could never be happy in marriage. You are uneducated, ignorant of the world; and even your beauties and natural graces would not hinder you from being scorned, if I were to introduce you into my own class. So, Madeline," he continued, speaking more briskly, "is not the kindest thing I could do, to go abroad and leave you to forget, as I shall try to. I should be very sorry to hear that you had made yourself unhappy about me, and I hope when I come home, in three years, you will get your roses back again."

I let him finish his speech, then I lifted my eyes and fixed them unflinchingly upon his.

"I regret that you should give yourself so much unnecessary solicitude about me," I said, coldly. "For my own part, I was tired a long time ago of the little drama we've been acting, and shall be very glad to step off the stage. I think we both deserve credit for having played so well. Amateurs rarely succeed as we have done."

He colored and looked mortified.

"Do you mean to say that you have really been playing a part, Madeline, and that you never cared for me?"

I laughed aloud.

"What an innocent dissembler, Mr. Arthur! Of course I managed to throw myself into the part, to adopt the character [illegible] but I am heartily tired of it, I assure your. The sport doesn't compensate for the exertion."

"What part are you playing now, I wonder?" he said, looking at me keenly.

Again I laughed lightly.

"Do give me some credit for my sincerity. And, by the way, who would have thought you would have made me your *confidante* about your marriage? How things come about! Very amusing, isn't it? How pleased I shall be to welcome your bride home!"

He looked at me yet more keenly; he seemed to try to dive into the secrets of my soul, but I thwarted him, and jested and laughed until his departure, with careless *abandon*. He left me at last, foiled, disappointed, vexed. I hurled a parting shaft after him as he went: "We won't forget this summer, and especially our little drama—ha, ha! What a pleasant memory it will be, will it not?" I caught one last reproachful glance, for which I think I took a mocking smile.

But, O, for all my sneers and contemptuous speeches, I would have laid down my life for his. I would have offered it up, hour by hour, in slow self-sacrifice, if only he had loved me still. He went away, but scornful words in his ear, but in my heart 'what love!' and O, see cruelly wronged. Uneducated, was I? ignorant of the great world's ways? How often had he praised my simplicity, and said he loved me the more that I was not like [illegible] with all the fondness of her dependent nature.

One September morning a brilliant party was assembled in our breakfast-room. Eleanor was there, looking fair and pretty in her white wrapper; the earl, too, reading a newspaper as he sipped his coffee. Suddenly I glanced up at him, and met his eye.

"Here is an arrival which may interest you, Madeline. I think you knew young De Courcy, did you not? He came over in the last steamer, it seems."

"I have seen him," I returned, glancing at Eleanor. Her face was glowing, and she took the first opportunity to slip away from the room. I followed, and found her on the balcony, plucking the petals from one of the rhododendrons.

"Why did you run away, Eleanor?" I said, playfully. "The good earl, innocently looking over his newspaper, made about the arrival in England of my Arthur de Courcy, and then looking round for my best friend, I find that she was vanished!" Eleanor laughed, and scattered the flower petals in a shower at my feet. "If the name of the young man can work such a spell, that will his presence do—for I am going to write directly and ask him here?"

I wrote to Arthur and he came—came with a celerity that proved, not his love for Eleanor, I fancied. With our first meeting I could see his surprise, his admiration; but I was only politely cordial, and led him to entertain other guests. He hovered around Eleanor, but his eyes followed me. Never had I shone more brilliantly than on that evening. Pride lent me new energy, and for once the praises of my husband did not fall flat upon me, for I knew that another, whom I cared to charm, had been there. His first approaches I received coldly. Gradually I relented, and seemed to soften towards him. Then he would presume upon my kindness, and take the tone of an old friend—and I would remise him. I had learnt the secret of controlling that heart. I quickly saw that he had brought home no love for Eleanor. And yet I cannot doubt—and it is this that brings that pale spectre before me—that had I remained cold to him, had I not sought to win him back by every art I could wield, he would have turned to her, and she might have been happy. Fiends! I scorn such happiness. Better misery a thousand times, than happiness founded on a lie.

I did not relent—I pursued my revenge—though Eleanor grew pale, and wan lines began to creep around her lips. Arthur was open in his admiration of me, and yet without exciting the observation of those about us. All were busy in search of pleasure for themselves, and if he was my escort oftener than any other, no one noticed it, and my noble husband, trusting me, was content in my happiness.

One day there was a great hunting party. It had attracted all the gentlemen of our company, for the sporting season was near its close, and this was perhaps one of their last days. The ladies lolled away the time which hung so heavily upon their hands, and I shut myself up in my boudoir to think. That old passion was gaining a strange mastery over me. I had thought I could play with it, but now I was learning my mistake. I almost feared that my revenge would be forgotten in this new flame of love.

As I sat and thought, the sun went down and threw a red glory over the earth; gold and crimson clouds drifted up from the west; the trees waved in the soft evening air; the birds sang by my window. As I gazed dreamily out upon the landscape, I suddenly became conscious of a hurried gathering in the great avenue, and presently a half dozen of the servants ran down towards the gate. They were met by a confused group on foot and horseback. It is the hunting party, I thought. But what is this? How have they returned? There is much running back and forth, much [illegible] talking, many pale faces, some [illegible] and those who advance. They [illegible] and—they advance slowly. Great heaven, what is this? A horrible fear shook me from head to foot, a wild scream parted my lips, an inarticulate sound, which in my heart was that one dear name—Arthur. I ran down stairs, out into the avenue, past the servants, who tried to hold me, breaking from the arms of my friends who clustered weeping about the steps, past the pitying faces, into that crowd of slow moving men. Ah, what was that thing which they bore in their midst? I shrieked wildly—I lifted the white cloth that covered him and looked upon my husband's dead face. Then I felt myself drawn away, and Arthur's voice was in my ear. I do not know what I said then. I think I fainted—from excess of joy it may be—God forgive me! I know that every one pitied me, and said how passionately attached to her husband was Lady Normanby. I listened in silence while they told me that an accidental shot from his own rifle had given him to swift death. They thought it was grief that sealed my lips. There was some real grief in heart when a few days later he was laid in the dark tomb of the Normanbys, for he had loved me truly—no one else had ever cared for me as he had. Well, it was best so; I might have wounded him—I might have been more cruel than death.

I let only Eleanor come to me in my retirement at first; afterwards I received Arthur. Strange I did not relent when Eleanor faded thus before my eyes. If love is deep and true, revenge can be as remorseless and bitter. How can I relate the history of those days? How with that wan shadow gliding ever before my eyes, can I tell how willfully I sought my revenge? Arthur came to me soon, as I expected he would, with an offer of marriage. I was Lady Normanby now, with a large fortune and great fame as my dower. Ah me! the poor peasant Madeline, how much more innocent than I she was, when he wooed her in the forests of Lockwood. If Arthur had only sought me for my for my fame, and rank, and wealth, it would not have been half a triumph. That he loved me better than in those first days of our youthful dream I knew well. This was a triumph, real, magnificent. How could I listen to him and not yield?

"Madeline," he said, with passionate fervor, "do not use your power too cruelly. You know I love you as none ever loved you before. You cannot have forgotten me—you must love me again."

"Really, Mr. De Courcy, you must have studied under good masters abroad. You played well before, I remember; now you surpass yourself."

"Madeline, Madeline, you know not how you torture me. I have asked your forgiveness again and again. I confess I wronged you; but I was young—foolish. Can you hate me forever for that one fault?"

"I do not hate you." He sprang to my side, his face glowing, his eyes flashing. "On the contrary, I like you very well indeed. Don't disenchant me, pray. Doesn't it strike you that we are acting a ridiculous farce? I, a widow of two months, listening to the protestations of an old lover?"

"You did not love him, Madeline. You do him no wrong."

"That is true. And yet he was a noble man—far nobler than you."

He winced, grew pale.

"You may overwhelm me with reproaches, Madeline; I will not reproach you in turn. I have wronged you; you have your revenge."

"Revenge! do you know what the word means, Arthur De Courcy? Did you ever have a revenge? Do you know how sweet it is?"

"No, Madeline, I never hated any one. I may not have loved when I ought, but I never hated. But why do you talk of revenge and hatred? It was of love that I came here to talk to-night. I want your love, Madeline. Will you not give it to me? Forget the past—live now in the future."

"I cannot—there is no love in my heart for you."

"None, Madeline?"

"None, Arthur."

I dwelt upon his name—I uttered it in a soft melodious tone. It brought him to my feet.

"O Madeline, it cannot be that you speak the truth. You are only trying to prove my love. You do not mean to reject me utterly."

"I do mean it."

How madly my pulses leaped, and yet how coldly the words sounded. He caught my hand and covered it with kisses. This is the one look at it. Jewels glitter on every finger—jewels rare and costly—but less precious than his kisses.

"I will wait years, Madeline—years, if you will."

"You must wait." I softened my voice again.

"How long Madeline? You sit there in your strange bewildering beauty, and the most cruel words lose half their sharpness in falling from your lips. And yet those words were very cruel, Madeline. How long must I wait? When will you give me your love?"

He knelt again at my feet. I drew my hand away. I arose from my seat.

"Never, Arthur De Courcy. If only you and I were alone on the wide earth, and we were famishing for love, I would not give you a single loving look, nor take one from you, nor if it would prolong my existence through ages of bliss. I trample upon your love; I scorn it and you."

He gazed at me, wonder-stricken.

"I do not know you in that mood, Madeline."

"No matter; I care not. Go—you weary me."

I waved my hand haughtily. A spasm of wounded pride flitted across his face. He drew himself up—his old *hauteur* came back.

"One moment more, Madeline. I asked your love—you gave my hate. Well, I accept your hate. I do not hate you—I shall not—but those last words of yours have killed my love. Love or hate, it is all one to me now. If you came to me, asking me to accept your love, I would not."

With those words he was gone. I laughed as he closed the door, "Would not you? You do not know yourself, Arthur De Courcy. You are just learning to know what love is. When you can hate as I can, you will realize your love."

I sat down again, and some demon conjured up to me the vision of a home full of love, and goodness, and peace, where us two dwelt together, wrongs forgiven and forgotten. A shiver ran over me. What bliss was this that I had scornfully refused? I sobbed; I laid my head upon the cushions and the hot tears drenched my face. What soft hand is this that pushes away the damp masses of hair from my brow? What voice is it that murmurs so softly? Eleanor knelt by me, and put her arm around me.

"Dear Lady Normanby, forgive me; you locked me in your boudoir. I know now what you feel, and I forgive you, though my heart is broken."

"Eleanor," I exclaimed, forgetting myself in my fright at hearing that piteous tone, "Eleanor, you must not care for him; he is not worthy of you. You shall live—you must not die!"

But vain were my weak works—vain my power to hold her back from death. I would have given her his love now, but it was too late. Swiftly she floated over the the dark river, and one dawn I caught the gleam of her white garments as the dark mists parted and the partly

Continued on fourth Page.

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RULES.

Obituaries, to insure their insertion, should be very brief.

II. We have made it a rule not to sell single copies of the URBANA UNION. Parties wishing to read this paper must subscribe for it.

III. Parties wishing to have illustrated advertisements inserted in the URBANA UNION must pay two prices for the space occupied by the wood cuts.

IV. Where the parties are responsible, we will not discontinue their paper when the time of subscription has expired, unless notified.

V. No communication will be inserted unless the name of a responsible person be given to the publisher. Manuscript sent to this office are to be considered the property of the publisher, and not liable to be returned, except at publisher's option.

VI. We'll be glad to make the URBANA UNION a medium of notable events transpiring in all parts of the County, and to that end would thank our friends in the different townships to forward to us any items that may be of interest in their neighborhoods. Send in facts, in brief, if you choose, and we will "dress them up" for publication.

VII. We have been informed that it is understood by the public that the URBANA UNION does not admit communications from correspondents. We therefore say that the admission of communications depends upon the nature of them. We will insert communications which are short, pointed, spicy, and useful to the public, and shall at all times be glad to receive such. We do not admit articles of a merely personal nature, and particularly when they relate to matters which have not appeared in this paper.

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