







Miscellaneous Department

THE BALLAD OF MARGARET GARDNER

The howling wind, on the midnight heave, she stirred the monster...

And kissed her boy that slumbering lay with slant-folded hands...

Nor knew a mother, with her hands in prayer, that in the woods was straying...

That weary thralld had delved a nest on distant fields whose...

Was of those fears that are temporal for my bylone...

When the day spent in weary toil from moon till evening...

And at night was passed in heavy sleep broken by sudden fear...

Now the midnight fall of the equinox, it came with availing and...

As the wind, the wilderness the roar of a wind and a lightning...

Slow tremulous o'er the wide morass she sought a footing sore...

While the moon shone crooked far o'er the desolated and...

As still at midnight wandering forth to journey on was fate...

And o'er the wilderness steadily there fell the heavy rain...

And save the falling of the rain, the wilderness was dumb...

Or the chirp of the spruce banqueting on the gold and crimson...

The gray hawk, in the air above, was soaring for the prey...

And then, all silently, wheeled o'er the woods away...

And as she held her little brood that in her arms lay dead...

The shadow stole it went before—behind her followed Fate...

The wild swan led his followers in lengthening lines and slow...

Winged their way far southward, and the winter birds were wild...

Warbled with beating feet, as to the mother's arms her child...

And with their heavy feet, like to the wounded deer...

Will they be angry with me for the wrong I have done...

Or like those that will fly, in her most bitter need...

But to the swift and arrowy flight of the presiding gale...

Side came a great streamer, the waves unnumbered low and...

And in the bosom's bay she bathed her burning forehead...

And in the bosom's bay she bathed her burning forehead...

But still she thought all this and fear her weary toll was...

And even on the new-found shore will weathers she sought...

And by the harbor's mouth she sought to find some place...

But even there the child of fate, the child of fate lay by...

And with her hands she clasped the infant to her breast...

And feathered wild upon her face and crown lay...

She seized the knife for murder and said, "Thou shalt be free..."

My child, and wait a little and I will come to thee...

Free from their pitiless talons, and the winter birds were wild...

That through death's portals only can and the rest they seek...

"Thou art afraid, thy shameless face far o'er the earth's most...

And they that breathe with heavy chains, and scourge with...

And with their wings from out worn thence, their bark of...

My only freight was little, and that is utter wreck..."

Then, mid a craven people, this woman grand and bold...

The canting priest, the placeman man and the doomsman...

standing round...

And when the old-time scarce finds her gossam'ry mate...

This vainly having struggled, she yielded to her fate...

And she of whom, in after times the world shall proudly speak...

As of the imperial Roman, or of the heavenly Greek...

Was led down to the waters by vile and breathing hands...

A great despair within her breast and eyes upon the shade...

Before her feet she halted, nor closed her eyes to sleep...

Nor on the mooring river, and the winter birds were wild...

And as she bled, the stranger waters 'mid the wreck, at dead...

night...

She saw, on the lips of her drowning child, death's ghastly...

And as the day the bargain, as the day before, was made...

And in the mast the chapman still piled his pirated trade...

And from his gloomy nostrils, the plover's white bill sang...

As he told his threasure story, with a more gossam'ry trade...

And there was also story of them who, for the placeman's...

place...

And of the shame, mounting stairs with bold and brazen...

face...

"But God, who reigns forevermore," she said, "with vengeance...

shall come on them who, night and day, do spoil His weeping...

people..."

And far, away the stranger, they sought her out again...

And offered her success, at last, from treading 'neath their...

And she, the woman, she had, from their cruel lips...

And she, the woman, she had, from their cruel lips...

And whether now she drifted she reeled, not, neither wit...

While the black water onward, into the throbbing mist...

Fast passing, faded, laden with her anguish and her fears...

Adown the silver river, till she reached the sea...

Her country, Pennsylvania, October, 1869.

"The reader who is familiar with the reader is not with the...

discrepancy between the two, as to time and place; but, in...

the matter, I have adhered to what is written."

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE ORFERTH.

CHAP. XI.

The jailer had told Col. Verter that his daughter was...

and she was prisoner, and he was not, as we had...

expected, startled by her presence. But Madge's keen...

eye detected the frown on her father's brow, and she...

had already tried to conceal from him...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...

when she saw that they were not to be in any act...

of violence, she turned to her father and said...

"I am before you, papa, in my visit."

"Yes, dear, why don't you wait for me, or let me...

know when you are here, so that I may be ready to...

receive you?"

"Madge did not understand so well as we do the courtly...

politeness which, looked down a falsehood, and she...

was not displeased with her for going to the jail. But she gave a...

curious glance toward Hayes and the trader, and...