

GABLE ENDS.

CORALINDA.

A SUMMER IDYL.

In imitation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"

At "the meeting of the waters,"
Where the Maitland, slowly gliding,
Meets the passionate embraces
Of Lake Huron, as he hurries
To the trysting place, with gladness
Leaping in his wayward bosom,—
On the shore stood Coralinda,
She, who early learned the uses
Of the rowlock and the paddle.
By her side a nymph of beauty;
Ne'er was seen a form so supple,
Ne'er was seen a face so lovely,
As the youthful maiden Birdie—
As the naiad of the river;
The delight of all the young men.

On the Maitland, Coralinda
Launched a light canoe, for rowing,
And exploring all the channels
And the islands of the river.
At the stern the lovely Birdie,
She, the beauty of the village,
Sat and listened to the murmur—
To the murmur of the river,
As it shyly wended onward
To the bosom of Lake Huron.
And the paddles dipping lightly
In the waters, Coralinda
Glided quickly up the river,
For the wind was in her favor,
And was stronger than the current.
And they laughed and chatted gaily,
As they floated up the river,
'Tween the island and the mainland;
Up the middle of the river,
Where the water was the deepest,
Far away from any shallow.

Then, a sudden cry of horror
From the Birdie, she the lovely—
She the beauty of the village,
The delight of all the young men:—
'Coralinda, we are drifting
On a fence that spans the river,"
But the rower, Coralinda,
Did not realize the danger;

Did not know it was of wire;
Did not know that three strong wires
Barbed, and fearful, spanned the river;
Till the boat was borne upon them.
Then she pulled with all her power,
But the wind it was against her,
And exhaustion fell upon her;
While the boat half filled with water,
As she struggled with the wire—
Struggled with the barbed wire!
One strand under-caught the boat's keel,
Half o'er-turned it in the water,
While the topmost tore the bonnet
From her crown of midnight tresses,
Loosed her tresses from the arrow
That confined their wealth of darkness,
And they streamed upon the wild wind
As she struggled with the wire,
Caught and held her in the water,
As she struggled with the wire—
Caught and tangled in the wire—
Tangled in the barbed wire;
Barbed wire that spanned the river,
Where the water was the deepest.

Little time was there for thinking!
Yet her soul was rent within her
When she thought upon the Birdie,
She, the young, the fair, the lovely,
Only daughter of her mother—
Daughter of a widowed mother,—
Lying dead beneath the water—
Cold, and dead beneath the river:
And 'twas she who lured her on it—
Lured her on to her destruction!

Rendered frantic by this thinking,
Still more fierce became her struggles
To escape the snare that held her.
Oh! the horror of the wire;
How it tore her garments from her,
From the wrist unto the shoulder;
And the flesh was torn and bleeding;
And the blood dropped from her fingers—
Dropped and mingled with the waters—
Dropped and trickled from her fingers,
Where the barbs in twenty places
Pierced the hands that grasped the wire.

Then the lovely maiden Birdie,
Spoke in accents calm and saintly,