

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Now chancicleer upraised his shrillest strain,
And little birds their gossip 'gan to sing,
And at the palace rail love kissed again :
The brothers saw their sister vanishing,
And heard the long-drawn sigh of love's refrain,
But nothing else ;—and with strange wondering,
That shuddered at the mists of morn they went
To tell their father how the night was spent.

They woke him from an old man's phantom dream,
To hear that murdered love gave death the lie.
Their story done, he told of fading gleam
In dying eyes, and oozing spirit's sigh,
But said he never knew a soul redeem
Its pledge of life from death's dark forfeitry :
Unsanctioned love had crazed their sister's brain ;
He would devise a solace for her pain.