

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

"O horrible! My child hath wed a curse,
And black perdition on this house will bring!
God's mercy should have stifled her at nurse,
Ere the sweet babe could love an evil thing;
For now,—O agony!—I must do worse!—
And God forgive me, priest, or Hell will sing!
Sons! Go and hire murder's two meanest slaves
To drown your sister in Murano's waves!"

And with the morning sun, came Adeline
To greet her father, as she loved to do.
(O my rude muse! Thou must not touch that scene,
Though thou wilt dare to tell the story through!)
Her father said: "Here, take these flowers. I mean
Them for the Virgin of the sea,—and you
Will carry them to her. Delay no more.
A gondola awaits you at the door."