

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

The murderers homeward turned; and laboured hard
Ere dawn should point red fingers at the blood
Upon the stair, and spoil their heart's reward
In fiendish revel, when next night they stood
Outside love's portal never more unbarred
For love,—now love lies weltering 'neath the flood.
“Ha ha!” they said: “The rarest sport will be
To hear our sister in her misery.”

Like evil things scenting a new-made grave,
They skulked, and squatted at her chamber door,
To feast on woful sounds that sob and rave;—
As though someone were crazed and walked the floor,
And pressed the lattice with cold lips that crave
A boon of death,—since love doth come no more—
Only to hear the dead-march of the sea,
And the sad night-wind sighing fearfully.