

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Dark horror seized upon the listening priest;—
For he heard hollow laughter in his prayer;
And knew the maiden met in nightly tryst,
A spectred lover sworn to seek her there.—
And hasting like a saint from sin releast,
He told her father he must penance bear,
And pay for requiem mass and holy charm,
To lay the ghost, and rid his house of harm.

The anxious father many a penance sought;
—Groaning in spirit, as his gold he spends—
The priest went lean and piously distraught,
Until he found a secret hour to cleanse
The haunted room with holy water, brought
From Jordan's sacred stream, for wondrous ends:
For Adeline did seldom venture forth;—
Since night meant love, the day was little worth.