

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

They left their daggers quivering in its heart,
And dragged the warm limp body to the boat,
Where like a huddled heap flung from a cart
It lay, until Murano's yawning throat
Was reached ; and there, with horrid fumbling art,
They weighted it with stones, lest it should float,
And slid it overboard ; and thence it sped
To find a place among the murdered dead.

Some of them stirred : And one grinned horribly,
And one did lift its eyeless face all pale,
And one dark form half rose, then helplessly
Fell back again. O what a mournful tale,
If those unburied souls their agony
Of death could speak ! Full surely, 'twould avail
With pitying heaven to give them painless sleep,
Till the loud trump shall call from deep to deep.