

a spy who hastens with his information to the Council of the Ten? Or that dark portico opposite, who knows that in its shadow may not lurk a follower of the all-powerful Medici?

Ah! What is the meaning of this flood of light? Does it come from the lanterns of the city guards? And this noise? Is it the rush of men from the Piazza di San Marco, or the tocsin ringing the alarm from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchia? Neither, friend. The fancy is over, and my adventure with it. I step past my fearful barber into the street, feeling myself a favorite of fortune.

I returned to the manse, with a calm and peaceful mind. My object was attained, my fears vanished. And as to my conscience, I am half ashamed to confess it, but it neither troubled me then, nor has it since. That is the only time I have consciously defied the law, and shall very probably remain the last. I do not anticipate any evil consequences to myself from the experience, but I am sometimes troubled about the temptation into which I led that barber. It is true, he thought he was well repaid, but I am afraid it may encourage him in lawlessness.

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And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,
Nor understanding bound nor boundlessness,
Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.
And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

—Tennyson.