

he had praised so much, is worthless ; that to live for ever upon this earth is to live in nothing diviner than himself ; that in humanity's affections alone are humanity's divinest heritage ; that it is not given to men to place mind beyond the earth, yet treasure the heart within it ; that a youth which shall be indeed imperishable should be no nowhere sought but in the spirit. He learns how much is given to nature that is refused to science ; how much of the inscrutable wisdom of heaven lies even in the crimes of men ; above all, how majestic and beauteous a thing is Death, and of what sublime virtues is he robbed who yields to that mistaken thirst of virtue which would seek to refuse to die. After centuries of ideal life, Zanoni, in the midst of a short and sudden whirlpool of the real, finds out all this. Then Love subdues him to itself, and for it he resolves to sacrifice further existence upon earth. Nor has he ever been wiser, in all his long life, than when at last he comprehends the mystery of death ; nor have ages of enjoyment upon the earth shed more bliss into his soul than is concentrated in the single moment which opens to his love enlightened spirit the eternity beyond the grave. The true ordeal, and real victory, have thus been achieved at last.

The story commences with a sketch of the father of the heroine ;—A Neapolitan musician, a silent Paganini, an enthusiast whose violin has become the only conscious or vital part of him, a simple-hearted, neglected, laughed at man of genius, whose works have been equally despised with himself till his daughter's devotion and success give fame to both :—about as exquisite a thing as Bulwer has written.

We begin our quotations with the evening supper in the house of Gaetano Pisani, after his daughter's triumph in the long neglected opera :

"Pass over the congratulations of the good Cardinal-Virtuoso, astonished at finding himself and all Naples had been hitherto wrong on a subject of taste,—still more astonished at finding himself and all Naples combining to confess it ; pass over the whispered ecstasies of admiration which buzzed in the singer's ear, as once more,

in her modest veil and quiet dress, she escaped the crowd of gallants that choked up every avenue behind the scenes ; pass over the sweet embrace of father and child, returning through the starlit streets, and along the deserted Chiaja, in the Cardinal's carriage ; never pause now to note the tears and ejaculations of the good, simple-hearted mother. . . . See them returned—see the well known room, *zenimus ad larem nostrum*—see old Gionetta bustling at the supper—and hear Pisani as he rouses the barbiton from its case, communicating all that has happened to the intelligent Familiar ; hark to the mother's merry low English laugh,—Why, Viola, strange child, sittest thou apart, thy face leaning on thy fair hands, thine eyes fixed on space ? Up rouse thee ! Every dimple on the cheek of home must smile to-night.

"And a happy re-union it was round that humble table ; a feast that Lucullus might have envied in his hall, of Apollo, in the dried grapes and the dainty sardines, and the luxurious polenta, and old lacrima, a present from the good Cardinal. The barbiton, placed in a chair—a tall, high-backed chair—beside the musician—seemed to take a part in the festive meal. Its honest-varnished face glowed in the light of the lamp : and there was an impish, sly demureness in its very silence, as its master, between every mouthful, turned to talk of something he had forgotten to relate before. The good wife looked affectionately on, and could not eat for joy ; but suddenly she rose, and placed on the artist's temples a laurel wreath, which she had woven beforehand in fond anticipation : and Viola, on the other side her brother, the barbiton, rearranged the chaplet, and smoothing back her father's hair, whispered, 'Caro Padre, you will not let *him* scold me again.'

"Then poor Pisani, rather distracted between the two, and excited both by the lacrima and his triumph, turned to the younger child with so naive and grotesque a pride, 'I don't know which to thank the most—you give me so much joy, child,—I am so proud of thee and myself. But he and I, poor fellow, have been so often unhappy together !'

Here is a digression on a matter of interest not always rightly understood :

"They who command best the ideal enjoy most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence ;