

killing a child with a junk bottle. And as for men—pshaw! Keep a bright look-out, Paddy. Why, he'd drown your mother, if you had a sister to love. For didn't he drag his own old father and mother down to a dishonoured grave? and do you think—no, you brave, honest Irishman—that he would sleep a wink the less sound for putting you to death? Bah! man. Shoot all the game you spring, but don't waste powder on a tiger or a shark. You dislike him so you are ready to quarrel with him, though? Of course you do—who doubts it? But then, gentlemen quarrel with gentlemen; and this colonel at your elbow is a scoundrel, miscreant, villain, assassin, and—pirate! So you can have nothing in common with him, Paddy Burns.

CHAPTER XL.

PAUL DARCANTEL.

"WELL, Piron, as I have told you, after the peace was made in 1815, I had command of a brig, and took a cruise on the coast of Brazil. After that I was appointed to a thirty-six gun frigate—the old Blazer—and went, for three years, to the East Indies, and round home by the Pacific. When we were paid off I made a tour in Europe with that boy's father, Doctor DarcanTEL, and—"

"But you promised to tell me, Cleveland, something about him."

"Nothing easier; and if we have half an hour before we get to Escondido I will give you all I know, in a general way, of his history. Yes? Well, then, DarcanTEL is descended from one of the oldest and best Creole families in our state of Louisiana, and the plantations of my family and his father were contiguous to each other on the Mississippi, some leagues up the coast above New Orleans. We had the same tutor when we were children, and we grew up from infancy to boyhood together. He was passionate and ungovernable, even as a child; but as he was the heir to a large estate, and his father dead, his weak mother humoured and allowed no one to curb him. I myself, one of a numerous family, was put in the navy, and I went away on cruise after cruise, and did not get home again to the old plantation for full seven years. I was a man then, had seen some active service, and I held a commission as a lieutenant in the navy.

"In the meanwhile, Paul DarcanTEL, who had taken, at the time I left, a strong fancy for medicine and surgery, had been sent to France to begin his studies. How he applied himself we do not know; but with a large letter of credit he spent a great deal of money; and we heard that, with great talents and wonderful skill in his profession, he was yet unfitted for close application, and plunged madly into the vortex of dissipation around him. I heard, too—or, at least, my brothers told me—that his extravagances had seriously impaired his fortune, and that his duels had been so numerous and desperate as to make his name dreaded even in Paris. On one occasion at a café he had out a bullying hussar's head clean off with his own sabre for knocking a woman down; and in another duel, where he had detected a French count cheating him at cards, he shot his nose off for a bet. With this unenviable reputation, and at the urgent solicitations of his agent, after years of absence, he returned to his ancestral home. We met as of old—it was Paul and Henry—and though still the same restive, hot-headed spirit as he had ever been, he yet always listened patiently to what I said, and I could, in a manner, control him. He paid very little attention to his property, however, and when he did go to the city to consult with his factor or trustee, he got into some wild frolic, duel, and scrape, and came back worn out with fatigue and dissipation. He was a fine, stern-looking youth in those days, with great muscular power, which, even with the endurance put upon it by gaming and drinking, seemed not to be lessened.

"After one of these visits to New Orleans, where his long-forbearing agents had at last awakened him to a bitter sense of his delinquencies, and when mortgage upon mortgage were laid with all their shocking truth before him, he returned and came to me. With all his vices and faults he was truthful and generous. He told me all, and how he would try to do better and soothe the declining years of his too indulgent mother.

"I always had great faith in the companion almost of my cradle, and I loved him, I think, better than my own brothers. Well, he spread all his affairs before me, and in my little den of an outhouse on the plantation we both went systematically over the papers. We were two days and nights at the business, and when, at last, I showed him that he would still, with a little prudent economy, have a fair income, and

eventually, perhaps, redeem his hereditary property, he burst out in a wild yell of delight, and hugged me in his arms. When he had put away the papers, I said—

"Paul, you know I am engaged to be married, and I have not seen my sweetheart for two whole days; she has a sister, too, prettier than my Fifiue, whom you have never seen since we were boys together. Come, will you go with me? we can pull ourselves across the river."

"He hesitated; and it would have been, perhaps, better had he refused to accompany me, for dreadful misery came of it."

The commodore gave a deep sigh, and touched his horse with the spur.

"I don't know, though, Piron; there is a fate marked out for us all, and we should not exclaim against the decrees of Providence. Paul went with me across the river. There, on the bank, was a little bower of an old French-built stone house, where dwelt the last of a line of French nobility who dated back to the days of Charlemagne. It was an impoverished family, consisting of a reckless brother and two sisters, who, with a few acres of sugar-cane and some old, faithful servants, managed to make both ends meet, and to support the establishment in a certain air of elegance and comfort, to which they had been accustomed. They were of a proud and haughty race; the brother a disdainful and imperious gentleman, smarting and brooding over the reverses of his family, and rarely visiting his neighbours. His sisters—and they were twins—were trustful, happy girls, and Josephine had been my childish love."

Here Cleveland bent over his saddle-bow, and if the quiet old horse he bedrope believed the large drops which fell upon his sleek neck came from the clouds or the drooping foliage of the forest, that animal was never more deceived in his quadruped life. We know that fact, for it stands upon the angelic record.

"Well, my dear Piron, as we entered the little saloon where Fifiue was seated at the piano playing the sweet airs she had sung to me when a little bit of a girl, and her beautiful sister bending over a table near, absorbed in a book, while the candles under the glass shades lighted up her dark, passionate eyes and brunet complexion, Paul approached her. It was not love at first sight, because they had played together when children, but it was such a love as only begins and dies with man or woman. The brother came in soon afterward, but there was no love exchanged between him and Paul, and they met in a manner which seemed to revive the early dislike they had entertained one toward the other in boyhood.

"So the time passed, and in the course of a few months Josephine and I were married, and our home was made on my own old place. Still, night by night, in storm or freshet, Paul pulled himself in a skiff across that mighty river, and we could see the lights shining to a late hour in the little bower. He had changed a great deal, for he loved with the whole force of his fiery and impetuous nature. Pauline loved, too, though still she feared him. The brother, however, bitterly opposed their union, and stormy scenes arose. Josephine and I did all we could to put matters on a happy footing; but Jacques, the brother, grew more determined as his sister refused to cast off her lover, till at last his feeling against him broke out into open, scornful insult; and though Paul still persisted in seeing Pauline, yet we feared that the impetuous spirits of the two men would, at any moment, burst out into open violence.

"DarcanTEL, however, controlled himself, avoided as much as possible any altercations with Jacques, applied himself to the duties of his plantation, and always promised me that he would wait and see if time would not induce the brother to give his consent to the marriage. Meanwhile, Paul's mother died. A year passed. Fifiue gave me a little boy, who was called after me, and then I went again to sea. Nearly three years later I returned, and the very night before I reached the plantation a dreadful tragedy had occurred. I might, perhaps, have prevented it had I been there, but it was ordered otherwise.

"It seems that two days previously Jacques wrote to Paul—I saw the letter—and it was something painful to read; for he not only recapitulated his vices and follies, but he taxed him with being a ruined gambler, who had brought his mother in sorrow to the grave, and he ended by swearing, in the most solemn manner, that if he dared again to speak to his sister or darken their doors, he would shoot him like a dog!

(To be continued.)

NAPLES.

UNDER existing circumstances, the city of Naples does not wear its ordinary appearance. The Garibaldians are advancing, or have advanced, upon it; have triumphed or been defeated, or will triumph or will be defeated—for who shall say with what news the wires may tremble before another day has closed? Here is Naples, with a tricolour flag, a liberal constitution, a national guard, a king with his personal property packed up, a frigate ready to weigh anchor at his majesty's command, and bear away Bomba the younger from the fair kingdom which wisdom and moderation might have ruled for years. Everything is ready for a change—the hour has come, and the man—Garibaldi—is approaching. What then?

Turning from this subject, and looking at Naples only as tourists and visitors in general are accustomed to regard it, we may remark, that the grandeur and beauty of this city is almost exclusively confined to its aspect from the bay. Dotted with islands and surrounded by shores remarkable for their luxuriant fertility, Naples extends in a long gentle curve from Posilippo to Portici, charming the eye with its graceful variety of town and country, as if Nature and Art were contending in peaceful rivalry which could contribute the most to make the city and its suburbs the loveliest spot in Europe. The declivities in the rear of Naples are clothed with vineyards and gardens, farms and villas; behind these are woody mountains and old monastic houses, and villages that nestle among pine trees, and in the rear of all, its graceful outline, softening into the blue sky, is mount Vesuvius.

Landing and making our way into the town, losing sight of the bay, and only reminded of the mountain by the lava—used in all sorts of ways—around us, we discover Naples to be nothing like so picturesque, poetical, or pleasant as we expected. We find that misery and crime, destitution and disease, are exhibited in all their most repulsive and squalid forms; that rags and wretchedness meet the eye more frequently than is agreeable; and that the hungry children, gesticulating in the mud, and the men and women—who have lost all masculine vigour and feminine grace—lounging about in a dreamy, careless way—are as ill-looking groups as can be seen in any city of Europe. And the quarters out of which they creep, and to which they presently steal back again, are dark, and narrow, and dismal; with tall houses and blank walls that shut out Italy's bright sunshine and blue skies. Beggars are everywhere in Naples; gesticulating, howling, vociferating their complaints, imploring charity, and rapping their chains, and laughing and chattering, and indulging in every kind of antic, swearing by all the saints in the calendar that they are the most afflicted of all human kind. You may leave the poorer quarters of the town, and take to the wider streets and public promenades, and the beggars are not to be left behind; and they are a bold, brazen-faced race, who demand alms, and would fill our mendicancy officers with dismay.

The wider streets and public promenades will not bear comparison with those of London or Paris. The Strada di Toledo, with the Royal Palace at one end and the Piazza di Mercato on the other, the principal street of Naples, is not more than forty or fifty feet in width, and as the houses on both sides are six or seven storeys high, it offers no particular attraction. The squares are better than the streets, but even these are very irregular, and have little to recommend them. Some of these are ornamented with fountains and obelisks of no great architectural merit, and the balconies of the houses add something like picturesque effect to the scene; but there is nothing either majestic or beautiful to excite admiration or gratify good taste. The Cathedral, a Gothic building with its hundred pillars of granite, is a monstrous jumble of ornaments, thrown together in the most discordant style. Amongst the other churches—and there are no less than two hundred—not one presents any architectural excellence, that is not extravagantly intermingled with the corrupt fashions of a bygone age. The palaces are no better than the churches, and, like them, are chiefly remarkable for heterogeneous styles of architecture and meretricious ornament. The royal palace at the end of the Strada di Toledo is a vast building, three storeys in height, and splendidly fitted up by the upholsterers. The palace in the suburbs occupies a noble site, commanding a view of the bay, and is surrounded by well-cultivated gardens, but it has no pretensions to purity of architecture or to grandeur of design. There is a magnificent road leading to this palace from the city, but that is the work of French



VIEW OF THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES.

engineers. The Museum is, perhaps, the most attractive building in Naples, not for its architectural excellence, but on account of the ancient treasures it contains: paintings, bronzes, gems, household furniture, and Etruscan vases, spoils from the buried cities, statues and pictures from the Farnese Palace at Rome, a library containing thousands of valuable works and unique manuscripts; comprising altogether one of the most interesting collections in the world. But a visit to the Museum of Naples, or to the University of that city, leads to a comparison between ancient and modern Italy unfavourable to the latter. When, eighteen hundred years ago, showers of scoriae blotted out the cities at the base of old Vesuvius, it buried places remarkable for grace and beauty, where every ordinary article was a model of elegance, and every citizen a competent critic in literature and art. Centuries of foreign rule, of oppression and ignominy, have changed all this, and we seek in vain, in these modern times, for any trace of the genius of Italia's ancient people. What is there taught in the public schools of Naples that is worth teaching? Where else, except in Turkey, does popular ignorance so widely extend? Some time ago—it may be still in operation—there was an institution at Naples for the instruction of the native Chinese. One is disposed to believe that the Chinese themselves would be more competent to instruct their Neapolitan teachers.

Public letter-writers and lottery-offices are characteristic of Naples. The public letter-writers make a tolerable living by inscribing the epistles of those who cannot do it for themselves; and in the capital of King Ferdinand there are many of this description. As to the lottery-offices, they drive a lucrative trade, and pander to the worst passions and grossest superstitions of the people. Nowhere is popular delusion so prevalent with respect to signs and omens; and any odd circumstance, any trivial occurrence, sends off the speculator to consult the lottery diviner, and buy up the lucky number.

Most of the houses in Naples are palazzos, but certainly not palaces, which uninformed persons

might be led to suppose. These houses have a courtyard, and all round it are little shops—oilmen, sausage makers, macaroni dealers, booksellers, milliners, tailors, shoemakers—each having his own little stall in the palazzo, the upper rooms of which are let out to as miscellaneous a multitude of lodgers as can be possibly be brought together under one roof. But, as to roofs, the Neapolitans are somewhat careless and indifferent. They love street life, and they come out into the public thoroughfares to stitch, and hammer, and saw, and sell their wares, and lounge, and gossip, and listen to singers tinkling cracked guitars, or quack doctors selling their nostrums; now looking on at the antics of a mountebank, and now at a company of monks or troop of soldiers—a strange, motley crowd, thrice happy with a meal of macaroni and a draught of ice-water.

But there is something below all this. Kings of Naples have come to regard this careless, volatile race as only to be kept quiet by “shows, food, and gibbets.” Of late years the pageants have been shorn of their splendour, the food has been of the scantiest, but the gibbets have done their part to overawe the laughing crowds on the sunny pavements of the Chiuga. On the opening of the prisons, the atrocious cruelties which had been done in secret were enough to make a peaceful people warlike, and the most loyal rebellious. Such cruelties were then laid bare as would have added a still darker tinge to the dark reign of imperial Nero. When Nero turned player it was inconsistent with court etiquette that he should appear in sock or buskin in his capital, and Naples was selected for his *début*. Surely the spirit of Nero has not quite forsaken the scene of his triumph; luxury, cruelty, effeminacy have been at work for centuries. The city has undergone many vicissitudes, yet none of these changes have conferred any material improvement on the people; but something far better may be anticipated from the revolution which awakened Italy is now effecting—a new order of things is introduced, and we may fairly hope that a brighter day than has ever yet dawned on the fair city of Naples is now at hand.

THE PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CEBES was one of the disciples of Socrates. He is introduced amongst those who take part in that profound and beautiful treatise of Plato, the *Phaedon*. Faithful to the moral doctrines of his master, he endeavoured to disseminate, both by example and precept, the principles of virtue and integrity, and his pen was invariably employed in the advocacy of what was noble and exalting to the human character. It is generally admitted that he composed three moral works in the form of dialogues. Only one of these has been preserved. It is entitled the “Picture of Cebes,” and is usually printed at the end of the “Manuals of Epictetus.” It is an allegorical picture of Human Life. Cebes supposes that a number of strangers, visiting the Temple of Saturn, are arrested in the vestibule by observing a picture representing in three vast compartments a crowd of individuals busily occupied. The curiosity of the strangers is excited, and they stop to examine minutely this very singular production. While they are so engaged, an aged man approaches, and affords the requisite information in explanation of the picture.

Several modern artists have traced on canvas this old picture of human life—none more successfully than Merian. We have selected the composition of this artist as being the most satisfactory which has been yet produced. We have no space to furnish in this place the ingenious fiction of Cebes, but we cannot too highly commend it to those of our readers whose attainments may enable them to peruse it. It will be enough, however, for the general reader to examine the accompanying engraving, which fully bears out the ideal of the philosopher. We have placed a numeral against each figure introduced, and furnish a key for the guidance of the reader.

1. Children entering on human life. 2. The Good Genius—who leads in the way of truth and virtue. 3. The Evil Genius—who tempts the thoughtless into sin and plunges them in misery. 4. The Gate of Life. 5. Opinions, Sentiments, Passions, Desires,