

that in a tremendous squall the Euryalus lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in two hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries, built close to what was the residence of the great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck. On the peace taking place I went on half-pay, where I remained till I was appointed to the *Galatea*, which ship I commanded for three years on this station; and I hope and trust that I have faithfully done my duty during that period to my king and country."

From the peculiarity of his manner in company, a stranger would conclude that he is a man who is guided in all his actions by the impulses of the moment: you could not come to a more erroneous conclusion; for though seemingly a person who had abandoned himself to the inspirations of the instant, everything he does is the result of the deepest forethought. He lays his plans in their leading features beforehand with the most scrupulous care; and anticipates and provides for contingencies which may arise to defeat them, with a certainty which amounts to a species of intuition.

Nor is the genius of Commodore Napier limited to the laying down of those plans which hold out the greatest probability of his being able to accomplish his purposes; he is equally happy in carrying into practical effect the schemes which he has devised. He hesitates in such cases at no personal sacrifices; he deems no employment too degrading for him provided he can thereby further the object he has in view. He does when occasion requires, it, what very few commanders could undertake to do without diminishing their authority over their men, namely, engage personally in doing the work of the common sailors, and for a time identifying himself as closely with them in conversation and conduct as if he had all his life been the humblest man that ever paced the deck, or mounted the shrouds. Of this he furnished a memorable proof during the recent siege of St. Jean d'Acre. There he was to be seen, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves tucked up, toiling away at the lowest and hardest description of labour in which the allied forces found it necessary on that occasion to engage. And not only was the gallant officer to be seen toiling as if his own life had depended on his labour, at the humblest and hardest work consequent on that engagement, but he displayed a sort of temporary ubiquity. He was to be seen at all places, and engaged in all sorts of manual labour at once.

Commodore Napier is a man of singularly plain and unsophisticated manners on shore as well as at sea. Nothing affords him greater pleasure than to meet with some old acquaintances, however humble in circumstances, especially if they were the companions of his early life, in the streets of Portsmouth or any other place. If he should happen to meet at the same moment with an old acquaintance and the first nobleman in the land, in any of our public thoroughfares, he would give an unhesitating preference to an interchange of friendship with the former. In our leading government sea-ports, he is known to "the inhabitant generally" by the frequency with which he is to be seen giving a pinch of snuff to the jolly tars he meets in the streets, out of the valuable gold box, richly studded with brilliants, which Don Pedro presented to him some years ago, in testimony of his sense of the

service which the gallant gentleman rendered to the liberal cause in Portugal.

His mode of dressing and personal appearance are as much out of the beaten path as his manners are eccentric. His carelessness in the article of dressing borders on slovenliness. When in this country his head is encircled by a broad-brimmed, low-crowned, worn-out hat, which he always wears in such a way as would lead the uninitiated to conclude, that he intended it for the protection of his shoulders rather than for the convenience or ornament of the more elevated part of his person. When at sea, and in warm latitudes, he is partial to a straw chapeau, the brim of which is of such ample proportions as to serve the purposes of an umbrella, or rather of a parasol, to protect him from the inconveniences of a burning sun.

On several occasions during his recent service in the East, he was to be seen astride a donkey—one that on some occasions too, "wouldn't go"—with his straw hat hanging over his shoulders, without cravat, waistcoat, or neckerchief, while his shirt sleeves were tucked up to his shoulders. The reader will readily imagine what a picture it must have been to see the gallant Commodore on such occasions.

The aspect of his countenance is singular. In his dark brown eyes there is an extraordinary expression of wildness mingled with energy of purpose. His features are large and marked. The form of his countenance is more than usually circular; his complexion is dark, and his hair, though here and there exhibiting symptoms of a coming greyish colour, is still essentially black. In size he is slightly below the middle height, and of a hardy compact make. He was born in 1786, and is consequently in his fifty-fifth year.

WITHERED HOPES.

A DREAMER'S TALE.

CHAPTER 2.

(Continued from page 55.)

We spent the whole of the week following in going the rounds of the city. I will not weary my reader with the detail of the various sights. Has not the most commonplace tourist warmed into eloquence in this chapter of his work; and besides, are they not all given at large in the guide-books of Mr. Murray and the rest of the Row? We did as I suppose other travellers are accustomed to do; began the day with devising a thousand plans of activity, and effected something under one-fourth of what we devised; then blamed ourselves for not doing more, and fell into the same error on the day following: drove, walked, and rode to satiety, and alternated these fits of activity with seasons of occasional loitering and repose.

And oftenest we found ourselves lingering in the two sculpture galleries and Santa Croce, with the adjoining Medicean chapel. The divine shapes of Grecian beauty, those only embodiments of the ideal, which are preserved to us in the former, can make even the sorrowful forget; and I stole away Harley from himself very often in the contemplation of some incomparable statue. Who can pass by the unfathomable grief of that Niobe, the dignity of the Apollo, the severe majesty of the Juno, or the impassioned Venus, or the intellectual Minerva, unmoved? Yet I may thus only pass-