

ask what had become of him—whether he was alive, or not? He himself,—though a tall man standing in that exposed position, and remaining at one time the only individual on deck, all others having been either disabled or sent below by him with orders,—was never wounded; but he had several wonderfully narrow escapes. He was, of course, in uniform, but wearing, instead of his cocked hat, a round hat, which afforded better shade to his eyes; this hat was pierced right through the upper part of both sides, by a bullet which left two distinct holes, but did not actually touch his head. The same thing happened to his coat sleeve, which he habitually wore rather loose, and which, just above the wrist, had two holes from a bullet which pierced it without wounding his arm. On one occasion his watch was the means of saving his life: he wore it, not in the waistcoat pocket as at the present day, but, according to the custom of his own day, in a fob, with a broad ribbon and one seal depending from it. A ball struck the watch in his fob, indented its gold sides and broke its works, and left him uninjured! Indeed, he seemed to bear a charmed life, for Tahir Pacha afterwards told Mr. Kerigan, and others on board His Majesty's ship *Blonde*, that he had himself during the battle directed a company of riflemen to take aim at the English Admiral, and shoot him if they could. During the latter part of the battle, after the Asia had conquered her chief opponent, and suffered much herself from others while doing so, he continued walking up and down on the poop from side to side of the ship. The Asia's mizen-mast, which had been badly wounded, fell with all the wreck of sails and rigging hanging about it, right aft over the poop; and the Admiral in his short turns up and down had only just passed from the spot where it fell, in time to save him from being crushed under it in its fall."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We are at a loss to understand what has induced Mr. W. Maccall to reprint, under the title of *Foreign Biographies* (Tinsley Brothers), a number of articles which he contributed several years ago to the *Gentleman's Magazine* and other periodicals. We can detect in these biographies nothing that justifies their re-appearance.

ANY ONE who is desirous of forming an easy and pleasant acquaintance with the best works of German authors may be safely recommended to study *Outlines of German Literature*, by Joseph Gostwick and Robert Harrison (Williams & Norgate). The book gives a very complete view of German literature from the earliest times, passing with judicious brevity over some of those works which have rather earned the respect of scholars than the esteem of general readers, and bringing out more fully the leading characteristics of the true German classics. At the same time the authors have not shrunk from grappling with German philosophy, although the staple of their work is of a more popular character. There is decided merit in many of the translations in verse, which are pretty copiously scattered over the volume, and the reader will find much to enliven his passage through the wide field of German literature, while, unless he is thoroughly conversant with the subject already, his stock of information will be sensibly increased.

DR. WILLIAM ANDERSON was a Presbyterian minister in Glasgow, of considerable local repute. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have sent us a Life of him, by Dr. G. Gillilan, which will no doubt please a certain class of readers. If we except occasional passages, where Dr. Gillilan has indulged in the tawdry rhetoric to which he is partly, I think, the biographer is less marked by had taste than most biographers of ministers or clergymen. We wish, however, that Dr. Gillilan wrote better English. The following expressions are curious: "to mandate," "sublimated the soul," "letter of declination," "pat to the period and edged with beauty."

We have received from Messrs. Longmans & Co a

bulky octavo, called *Terza Incongnita; or, the Convents of the United Kingdom*. The author, Mr. J. N. Murphy, having found that ultra-Protestants usually know extremely little about the convent they dread so much, has written this big book to enlighten them. Mr. Murphy states the Roman Catholic view of English Convents and their history in a quiet moderate way that does him credit, and a perusal of his volume might benefit some of his opponents. He is, however, terribly diffuse, and has loaded his book with irrelevant matter.

Messrs. SMITH & ELDER have sent us a handsome reprint of Mrs. Gaskell's charming *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, which forms an appropriate pendant to the illustrated edition of the works of Currer Bell and her sister that has lately appeared.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Theology.*  
 Christianity Irrespective of Churches, 12mo. 2/6 cl.  
 Fanny's Bible Text, roy. 18mo. 1/1 cl.  
 Fulton's (J.) Index Canonum, 8vo. 12/1 cl.  
 Coulburn's (E. M.) Holy Catholic Church, 12mo. 6/5 cl.  
 Lucie's (S.) Noëtic Deluge, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.  
 M'Farlane's (Rev. S.) Story of the Life Mission, post 8vo. 6/1 cl.  
 Morioun's (J.) Mark's Memoirs of Jesus Christ, 8vo. 11/1 cl.  
 Per-wine's (J. S.) Book of Palms, Vol. I, 3rd edit. 8vo. 18/1  
 Saphir's (Rev. A.) Christ Crucified, cr. 8vo. 3/4 cl.  
 Spiritual Guide, with Introduction by Rev. S. S. Carter, 6/1  
 Tabular's (T. De W.) Grammatical Sketch, 1/1, 4th edit. cr. 8vo. 3/6  
 Trivier's (C. L.) How I Came out from Rome, 12mo. 3/1 cl.  
 Tyerman's (Rev. L.) Oxford Methodists, 8vo. 10/6 cl.  
 Windell's (Rev.) Scripture Text-Book, 32mo. 1/1 plain.

*Law.*  
 Corryton's (J.) Stageright, a Compendium of the Law relating to Dramatic Authors, 8vo. 7/6 cl.  
 Lyons's (A.) Law of India, 9 vols. 8vo. 56/1 cl.  
 Fritzepp's (H. T.) Code of Criminal Procedure, British India, 4th edit. roy. 4/1 cl.  
 Wilkinson's (T. L.) Short Lectures Explanatory of Our Land Laws, 12mo. 2/1 cl.

*Fine Art.*  
 Jackson's (T. J.) Modern Gothic Architecture, cr. 8vo. 5/1  
 Lenol's (P.) The Fayoum, or Artist in Egypt, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.

*Music.*  
 Bishop's (K. K.) Notes on Church Organs, 8vo. 4/6 swd.  
 Gergymen's Record of Hymns and Chants, 18mo. 1/6 cl.  
 Owen's (J.) First series of the Gems of Welsh Melody, fol. 2/6

*Poetry.*  
 Browning's (R.) Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, fcap. 9/1 cl.  
 Durand's (Ledy) Imitations from the German of Spitta and Tersteegen, cr. 8vo. 4/1 cl.  
 Stone's (S. J.) Knight of Intercession, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6/1 cl.  
 Turner's (Rev. C. T.) Sonnets and Lyrics and Translations, 4/6

*History.*  
 Anipère (A. M.) Story of His Love, being Journal and Early Correspondence, 8vo. 12/6 cl.  
 Grote (G.) Personal Life of, by Mrs. Grote, 8vo. 12/1 cl.  
 Houghton's (Lurch) Monographs, Personal and Social, cr. 8vo. 10/6  
 Lives of the Church Reformers, from Wiclif to Fox, new edit. 3/1  
 Panizzi's (Sir A.) Biographical Sketch of, by R. Cowtan, 8vo. 3/6  
 Bu-h's (R.) Court of London, from 1816 to 1825, 8vo. 10/1 cl.  
 Scott's (W. T.) Antiquities of an Essex Parish, 5/1 cl.

*Geography.*  
 Black's Guide to the North of France, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
 Black's Guide to Normandy and Brittany, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.  
 Black's Guide to the North-East of France, cr. 8vo. 4/6 cl.  
 Black's Guide to Paris, and Excursions from Paris, new edit. 2/6  
 Black's Guide to the South of France, cr. 8vo. 5/1 cl.  
 Medley's (J. G.) Autumn Tour in the United States, cr. 8vo. 5/1

*Philology.*  
 Herodotus, with English Notes, &c., by H. G. Woods, Book I. cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.; Book II. 5/1 cl.  
 Jebb's (R. C.) Translations into Greek and Latin Verse, 10/4 cl.  
 Juvenalis Satire, with a Literal English Prose Translation and Notes, by J. D. Lewis, 8vo. 14/1 cl.  
 Mair's (J.) Practical German Grammar, 1st Course, 12mo. 2/1  
 Penrice's (J.) Dictionary and Glossary of the Norwegian, 4to. 21/1 cl.  
 Plyod's (L.) New Guide to German Conversation, 12mo. 2/6  
 Snell's (A.) Reading Made Easy, with Introduction, 12mo. 1/1

*Sciences.*  
 Coles's (O.) Manual of Dental Mechanics, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.  
 Howard's (J.) Practical Chemistry, 12mo. 1/1 cl.  
 Hunter's (G. Y.) Health in India, 12mo. 3/1 cl.  
 Rodwell's (G. F.) Notes of 19 Lectures on Natural Philosophy, 5/1  
 Stewart's (J.) Lessons in Elementary Physics, new edit. 16/1 cl.  
 Thompson's (Sir I.) Preventative Treatment of Calculous Disease, fcap. 2/6 cl.  
 Tomkin's (E.) Machine Construction and Drawing, Vol. I, 1/1  
 Year-Book of Nature for 1873, edited by J. C. Draper, cr. 8vo. 9/1

*General Literature.*  
 Abbott's (Rev. E.) Parables for Children, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
 Alexander's (Major-Gen. Sir J. E.) Bar-Fighting, 8vo. 10/1 cl.  
 All the Year Round, New Series, Vol. 9, 5/6 cl.  
 Bank's (Mrs. B. L.) God's Providence House, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
 Bratton's (F.) Economic Sophisms, 8vo. 6/1 cl.  
 Bryant's (F.) Greek Grammar, and Grammar-Lessons, new edit. 6/1  
 Bryant's (F.) Greek Grammar, 8vo. 2/1 cl.  
 Fenton's (J. D.) Evidences of Deism, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.  
 Greville's (G. W.) Bulk of Beliefs, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21/1  
 Hawthorne's (J.) Bertram, a Romance, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21/1 cl.  
 Life in the Walls, the Heath, and the East, 1/1 cl.  
 My Mites and I, roy. 18mo. 1/6 cl.  
 Our Daily Trials, and How to Bear them, 18mo. 1/1 cl.  
 P. E. J. Story of Jean-Jacques, new and cheap, 2/1 cl.

Pomeroy's Lady Moy's Intentions, cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.  
 Read and Boucault's Foul Play, new edit. cr. 8vo. 2/6 bds.  
 Robert Ord's Amusement, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.  
 Royal Blue Book, April, 1873, 18mo. 5/1 bound.  
 Sargent's (W. E.) Urban and his Friends, roy. 16mo. 3/6 cl.  
 Scott's (Sir W.) Waverley Novels, Vol. 5, Pocket Edition, 1/6  
 Slip (A.) in the Fens, cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.  
 Temple's (G.) Little Wavie, fcap. 2/1 cl.  
 Wallace's (R.) A Life's Destiny, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21/1 cl.  
 Webster's Red Book, April, 1873, 16mo. 6/1 cl.  
 Whitney's (Mrs. T. D.) Other Girls, post 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
 Williams's (P.) Broken Lives, 12mo. 7/6 cl.  
 Yates's (E. A.) Waiting Race, new edit. cr. 8vo. 2/1 bds.  
 Yonge's (C. M.) Pillars of the House, Vol. 2, cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Nook Farm, Hartford, Conn., April 12, 1873

ALTHOUGH I belong by chance and by choice to a nation which will not do unto the authors of another nation what it would like to have that nation do unto its own authors, and I have no standing in your court, perhaps you will permit me to make a little statement in the interest of nobody in particular.

Last Christmas time, under cover of the charity of that season, a little volume was published called 'Back-Log Studies.' It was made up of seven papers which had appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*,—the author's rights being reserved in that copyrighted periodical,—and of four other papers; the whole forming a volume complete in itself according to the author's plan. It was published simultaneously in Boston and London, and the proper steps were taken to secure the right of the publication in England to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., who were to pay the author the equivalent of a copyright. This is the only English house from which the author receives any compensation—it having voluntarily sent him an honorarium for a previous book.

And now this writer receives from bountiful England a copy of another book, called also 'Back-Log Studies,' with his name on the title-page, and with the imprint of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler, published after Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. had, by advertising, made a market for a book of that name. But it is not the same book. It contains, it is true, the seven papers which were in *Scribner's*, chopped up into a score, but not the four others which the writer inserted to make the volume complete; and it has in addition a portion of an address delivered on a college anniversary, which has no more connexion with this volume than it has with the Book of Acts. By the insertion of this the author is put in the attitude of one delivering an earnest appeal to the shore and tongs of his own fireside.

Now I will not say that I should not be glad and proud to write books merely to have upon them the imprint of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler—it might be a pleasure to do that just for the sake of having an occupation; but both pleasure and occupation are gone when they make up books for me and put my name on them.

However, I do not write to complain, but only to express my appreciation of the delicacy they must have felt in preparing this volume, without consulting the owner of the name on the title-page, and in such a manner that nothing is left to the publishers or to the author of the genuine book but admiration of the cleverness of the performance.

CHAS. D. WARNER.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

Vienna, Hotel zum Rumpelstilz Kaiser, 1st May, 1873, 4 P.M.

I HAVE just returned from the opening of the Weltausstellung in a storm of wind and rain.

At 9 A.M. we set out with no small apprehensions of what was to come. The official programme ordered us to be present between that hour and 11 A.M., and threatened us with confinement till 6 P.M. There is a restaurant, but it has not yet been opened; a cake of chocolate suffices for the other sex, but our equivalent of tobacco was forbidden, and the furtive bun is not of a satisfactory nature.

The day of SS. Philip and James opened gloomily. This May-day of May-days began with

that slow drizzling rain which is the despair of sight-seers, and with that dreary "French-grey" sky which would deform Paradise itself. Yet a week ago the winter of our discontent, when snow-flakes fell in the North Adriatic towns, had changed into glorious summer in this springless land. Nothing more curious than the contrast of Italy and Norway to those who came from Illyria or Syria; the snow-laden pines rising under the dark-blue vault, with a sun which rained gold through the cloudless air.

The *Illustrations* have made you familiar with the form and fashion of the building towards which we drove, and the *Dailies* have dosed you with a *quant. suff.* of topographical description. Yet the previous impressions which haunted me as I approached the scene of action were so much modified that perhaps the modifications may interest your readers.

The Prater now bears a city of its own, not a city of glass and cast iron, but a solid and substantial settlement of zinc and stone. It would contain the citizens of Reykjavik in a corner; it would lodge easily and comfortably all the inhabitants of Iceland in a wing, and it would give standing room to the whole population of Syria and Palestine.

The Haupt-eingang to the south is approached by a picturesque enclosure of wood-work à jour, coloured warm-brown, and perhaps it is the most pleasing of the details. An avenue of stunted trees, evidently transplanted, lines the broad carriage-road leading from the "porter's lodge" to the mansion. We remarked on both sides a series of squirts, which induced for the first time a sort of national and patriotic pride in Trafalgar Square.

The avenue gives a fair general view of the elevation, which, *au rest*, is seen in every stationer's window. And first of the Rotunda, which has vastness in its favour, and in its disfavour the defect of St. Peter's—that it looks small. I will not complain of the spire, a huge crown red and gold. I admire the upper cupola with its immense arches filled with glass. But from this point downwards the dome, instead of being the segment of a circle, as domes are, describes a perfectly straight line, and its surface is the liveliest possible image of open-tart work. This peculiarity is further brought out by the mansard roofs of the wings flanking the entrances, and of the Imperial and Jury Pavilions. The whole effect is undoubtedly Hippodromic.

From the Rotunda extend east and west two long straight arms called east and west transepts. Their plain waggon-tilt roofs, zinc-plated like the dome, are inevitably connected by the modern mind with railway-stations in general and particularly with Charing Cross. Each arm, which I should call a nave, has a multitude of cross transepts, also barrel-roofed and zinc covered; the stone pinnacles bear in golden letters the name of the nationalities to which they belong, Great Britain being upon the extreme west—*penitus toto*, &c. The southern façade wholly masks the various cottages and the machinery shed, which subtends the northern face, and there are legions of items for which see the guide book.

The arrangements were theoretically excellent and practically despised. Each ticket had a ground-plan of the Rotunda, and bore the letter to which the bearer, policeman-like, belonged. The season tickets were in the outermost circle below the arches of the Rotunda, and as this was almost the worst place, the season tickets did not obey. The "Damen" were in an inner concentric circle, and those who could not escape from it grumbled aloud. The "Herren" were upon the floor of the house, eight steps below the more favoured sex; on the left, or west, were the single letters ranging from A to L, and on the right—against the sun—ran the same letters doubled. The north-eastern quadrant was allotted to the singers and orchestra. The Imperial estrade faced the southern portal or great entrance, which was set apart to Royalty. It was garnished with red and white chairs, and was backed by the organ and a screen of verdure, which concealed from public sight the rough planks and

the beggarly account of empty boxes which human energy, however expended, during the night of April 30th, could not "eliminate."

Unhappily, we succeeded in effecting an entrance about 10 A.M., and two dreary hours had to be "minuted" through before the excitement began. The vast spaces of the Prater Strasse showed plenty of mounted guards, but a minimum of spectators, and in such weather no wonder. We entered at No. 5 gate, and found our places without a lost moment. The hum and murmur of a gathering multitude continued till 11 A.M.; then came a comparative hush, deepening to deep silence at noon, when, punctual to a moment, the Imperial and Royal party appeared.

The herald of the approach was the Folshymn, but the salute of the programme, if fired, was not audible in the vast Rotunda—so vast and at the same time so small that only the dim perspective of faces and forms gave a measure of its size. The entrance was received by a series of mild explosives, which sounded much like "Ho!" and these were repeated at stated intervals, as a fagelman waved his hand. Fatal bar to enthusiasm! When the Royalties had taken their stand upon the estrade, John Strauss made himself heard. Followed a short speech by the Archduke Protector. The Kaiser briefly replying in an audible voice, and with a manner pleasingly emphatic, declared officially the world's exhibition of the year of grace 1873 open to the world. Loud plaudits. Fanfares, and a second inaudible salute.

More speeches from the Minister-President and the Burgomeister. After this the Imperial party and suite left the estrade once for all, and promenade, first down the eastern, and then the western, so-called transepts. Immense was the confusion thereupon. All who had legs to run pressed forwards to secure places where the Imperial party could just be seen: a simon of dust filled the Rotunda, which became Araby the Blessèd in a storm, and the boarded ground resounded, as under a charge of cavalry.

The brilliant moment was during the Imperial speech; uniforms pleasantly varied the dark aspect of the crowd, and amongst the Austrian uniforms, picturesque and various as they were, stood out in startling distinctness the noble and splendid attire of the Hungarian grandees and officers. Hungary alone in Europe has preserved the magnificence of the Middle Ages, and the reward of the Hungarian is the admiration of all who see him. England might revive Charles the First, and France Louis Quatorze: in the mean time Hungary is king. English uniforms were rare, and principally silver. I am glad to say that a knot of sturdy Britons raised a hurrah as their Prince passed by, and that the same hurrah contrasted pleasantly with "Ho!" There were only three American uniforms—naval officers all. Two Chinese were conspicuous, but the costumes of the world shone by their absence.

The Imperial party disappeared by the southern portal at 2:40 P.M., and at 3 P.M. we were all en route for our carriages. Then the wind and the rain. I hastily close this letter to secure the post.

RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

#### DICKENS IN WELSH.

ALLOW me to briefly reply to Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The facts are these:—Some time ago I had an interview with Mr. Chapman, and proposed to him my plan for producing the works of Charles Dickens in the Welsh language. I frankly explained to him my mode of translation,—my own original idea,—showed him how a popular tale had, at my suggestion, been so produced and published, and otherwise discussed with him the prospect of Dickens in Welsh.

Mr. Chapman was struck with the idea, and at once and freely acknowledged its novelty and practicability. He thanked me warmly for bringing it to him, begged that I would not enter into arrangements with any other house, and, in fact, accepted my proposal. We then discussed details.

It was agreed between us that September or October would be the best time for starting; that the issue should be in weekly numbers and monthly parts, illustrated; and that 'David Copperfield' and 'Oliver Twist' would be the best tales to start the series. Moreover, Mr. Chapman promised to arrange at once for carrying my notion into effect. The only point left unsettled was the amount of my honorarium. Unfortunately, I did not insist upon a written agreement, and have not yet been enabled to obtain one. To this fact, and this alone—if I except Mr. Chapman's infirmity of memory—can I attribute the strangely disingenuous and misleading letter in last week's *Athenæum* signed "Chapman & Hall."

GEORGE FREDERICK PARDOY.

#### A COMPLAINT.

Bessan, April 27, 1873.

IN the recently published edition of Chapman's 'Dramatic Works' (London, John Pearson, 1873), which has reached me only to-day, I find besides an extract (duly acknowledged) of my Introduction to the tragedy of 'Alphonsus,' as contained in my edition of this play, an extensive selection from my notes, which, to my surprise, are given without any mention whatever of my name (vol. iii. p. 361-365). The anonymous editor, at the end of his memoir of the author (vol. i. p. xlv), very coolly says: "A few notes and illustrations gathered from various sources, and partly original, have been added to each volume." Such a wholesale acknowledgment is nowise satisfactory, and cannot supercede the duty of specifying these "various sources" in each particular case. The proceeding of the editor is the more provoking, as not a single note besides mine, either original or taken from another source, has been added to the play in question, except the following quotation, on p. 362, "See also *Byron's 'Conspiracie'* (vol. ii. p. 149)," so that the entire illustration of the play with which the editor has favoured his readers is my unacknowledged property. The whole of the notes and illustrations in vol. iii. comprises no more than six pages and a half, of which upwards of three pages are literally taken from my edition. The editor has not even taken care to bring my notes in unison with his text. Thus, on page 361, he has copied the following words:—"Bohemia" (his text reads "Bohémie") "in this verse, which in the original is erroneously given to Alphonsus," &c. His reprint, of course, does the same, whilst I have assigned the line to Lorenzo, to whom it undoubtedly belongs. The note on the words "an upspring" (p. 364) is defaced by the misprint "Hüpfant" instead of "Hüpfauft." This, as well as other misprints which have met my eye, does not augur well for the accuracy of a fac-simile reprint. I think it, however, quite sufficient to call public attention to the facts, and leave it to your readers to pass sentence on such a style of editing. I am content to have claimed my property.

KARL ELZE.

\* \* We have omitted from Dr. Elze's letter a parenthetical sentence, in which he makes a guess at the name of the editor of Mr. Pearson's reprint.

#### Literary Gossip.

WE have learnt with great satisfaction that the manuscripts of Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Discourses,' together with the correspondence referring to his resignation of the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, which were sold the other day, have been secured for the library of the Royal Academy, the most suitable place for such documents. The 'Discourses' being in Reynolds's autograph, with his own alterations, corrections, and peculiar spelling, are invaluable as proving that neither Johnson, Burke, Malouin, nor any of the other persons to whom Sir Joshua's detractors have from time to time ascribed them, had any share in their composition. We believe this most desirable addition