ask what had become of him—whether he was alive, or not! He himself,—though a tall man standing in that exasperated position, and remaining at one time the only individual on deck, all others being either disabled, or being carried by his own orders,—was never wounded; but he had several wonderfully narrow escapes. He was, of course, most anxious not to be caught, but he 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 he had before, but fastened it inside the breast of his coat; and the bullet, instead of passing through it, lodged in the watch-case and broke it, and left him uninjured.

Indeed, he succeeded in bearing a charmed life, for Tanan Pacha afterwards told Mr. krige and others on board His Majesty's ship Blandford, that he had himself during the battle directed a company of riflemen to take aim at the English Admiral. When his signal to fire was given, he was seated in the litter beside the English Admiral, but he continued walking up and down on the poop from side to side of the ship. The Asa's own mast, which had been badly wounded, fell with all the weight of its metal, ships, and everything about it, right over the poop; and the Admiral in his short turns up and down had only just passed from the spot in time to fall from being crushed under it in its fall.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We are at a loss to understand what has induced Mr. W. Macallic to reprint, under the title of Picturae Biographiae (Thomas Durell), a number of articles which he contributed several years ago to the Gentleman's Magazine and other periodicals. The value of the original biographies nothing that justifies their re-appearance.

Art oen is desiring of forming an easy and pleasant maintenance with the best works of German authors, we beg to suggest a study of the German Litteratur, by Joseph Gwot and Robert Harrissan (William and Norgog). This work is a very complete view of German literature from the earliest times, passing through the subsequent brevity over some of those works which are the most pleasant to the scholars than the esteem of general readers, and bringing out more fully the feeling characteristics of the true German classics. At the same time the authors have not shrank from grouping with the German philosophers, although the staple of their work is of a more popular character. There is, indeed, seen in many of their translations in very which are prettily eminently scattered over the volume, and the reader will find much to enliven his passage through the whole field of German literature which he is thoroughly conversant with the subject, already, his stock of information will be sensibly increased.

Dr. A. Anderson was a Presbyterian minister in Blairgowrie, of considerable local repute. Mesar. Huddler Stoughton have cut out the life of him, by Dr. G. Griffith, which will soon make a certain class of readers. If we except occasional passages, where Dr. Griffith has indulged in the tawdry rhetoric to which he is parti, the biography is less marked by bad taste than by the mere author's prejudices and cares. We wish, however, that Dr. Griffith wrote better English. The following expressions are common:

"for which he has the more in the service of decks, &c., that the period and edged with beauty."
A COMPLAINT.

To the recently published edition of Chapman's "Dunciad Works" (London, John Preston, 1757), which has reached me only to-day, I find besides an extract (daily acknowledged) of my Introduction to the "Alphabetum," as contained in my edition of this poem, an extensive selection from my notes, which, to my surprise, are given without any mention whatever of my name (vol. iii. p. 361). The editor has even omitted the dedication of the year of grace 1673 open to the world. Lord plaudits. Fansfades, and a second invaluable salute.

More speeches from the Minister-President and the Burgomaster to the Imperial party and suite left the estrade once for all, and pronounced, first dawn to the east, and then the north. The battery of forts, which was the confusion thereof. All who had legs to run pressed forwards to secure places where the Imperial party could not see a single one filled the Rotunda, which becomes to the Bells in a storm, and the bearded ground resonated, as under a charge of cavalry.

The brilliant moment was during the Imperial speech; uniforms splendidly 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 magnificent hussar dress, and the reward of the Hungarian is the admiration of all who see him. England might revive Charles the First and his Redcoats; 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 hurrath, at their Prince's name. The same hurrath contrasted pleasantly with "He!"

There were only three Austrian uniforms—naval officers all. Two Chinese were conspicuous, but the costumes of the world alone shone by their absence.

The Imperial party disappeared by the southern portal at 2:10 p.m., and at 3 p.m. we were all on route for our carriages. Then the wind and the rain. I hastily close this letter to secure the post.

RICHARD F. BRITTON, R.P.O.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 M. Chapman, and proposed to him a plan for producing the works of Charles Dickens in the Welsh language. He kindly explained to him mode of translation,—my original idea, showed him how a popular tale might be adapted, and published, and otherwise discussed with him the prospect of Dickens in Welsh.

Mr. Chapman was struck with the idea, and at once adopted it, and after due consideration, accepted my proposal. We then discussed details.

It was agreed upon that September or October should be the time set for the commencement, and that the issue should be by weekly numbers, and finally printed, illustrated; and that "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist" would be the first tales to start out. The plan was most readily approved, and the work begun at once for carrying my notion into effect.

The only point left unset was the amount of subscription. Fortunately, 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 respect Mr. Chapman's infirmity of memory (which I do), I believe this bookish and misleading letter in last week's Athenæum signed "Chapman & Hall."

GEORGE FREDERICK PARSONS.

LITERARY BIBLIOGRAPHY.

We have learnt with great satisfaction that the manuscript of Sir John Reynolds's "Discourses," together with the correspondence referring to his resignation of the Presidency of the Royal Academy, which were sold the other day, have been secured for the library of the Royal Academy, and are now in the possession of the Institution for future use.

The "Discourses" being in Reynolds's autograph, with his own annotations, corrections, and peculiar spelling, are invaluable as proving that neither Johnson, Burke, nor any of the other persons to whom it has been attributed, ever had time to correct them, or had any share in their composition. We believe this most desirable addition