

interest of the human race, both as a source of emotion and as a motive to conduct, many have perceived; but we know not if any one before M. Comte realized so fully as he has done all the majesty of which that idea is capable. It ascends to the unknown recesses of the Past, embraces the manifold Present, and descends into the indefinite and unforeseeable Future."

Much might be added, but we must conclude. Yet this also we would note from that day's conversation,—the high esteem with which Mr. Mill spoke of that other great Scotsman of this generation, so different from Mr. Mill himself in his intellectual activity, Mr. Thomas Carlyle. But this was characteristic; and very false will be the conception entertained of Mr. Mill, if he is thought of only as the dry logician and political economist. In him, a tender and passionate heart was united with a splendid intellect. But was it not necessarily so! For truth and justice were at once the great aims of his intellect and chief features of its results. And is truth and justice possible without the large-heartedness of love?

#### GEORGE CHAPMAN'S PLAYS.

May 12, 1873.

THE extract from Dr. Elze's Introduction to the 'Tragedy of Alphonsus,' given p. xxx to xxxv of my memoir of Chapman, is preceded by the following words:—"Some observations [on this play] by a recent German critic are too valuable not to be included in this place." A little further on (p. xxxiii), Dr. Elze is alluded to as "this ingenious critic." At the close of the extract, the title-page of Dr. Elze's book is thus carefully quoted *in extenso*, in a footnote:—"George Chapman's Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, with an Introduction and Notes by Karl Elze. Leipzig: 1867."

At the end of my Memoir (p. xlv), I have scrupulously informed the reader that the "few notes and illustrations added to each volume" are only "partly original," the majority of them having been "gathered from various sources." I think any candid reader will perceive that the source of the notes appended to 'Alphonsus' is thus sufficiently indicated, and that my obligations to Dr. Elze are acknowledged in language eulogistic enough to satisfy any one not a perfect cormorant for praise. Dr. Elze accuses me of writing "very coolly"; his own letter is certainly not lacking in warmth. It is a pity that literary men should so easily lose their temper, and that the text of an Elizabethan poet should so frequently become a battle-field for critics to fight their duels on.

The twenty-four pages of notes and illustrations appended to the three volumes of Chapman's Plays were added of my own motion, and with the view of elucidating, in the minimum of space, a few obscure and difficult passages, and of verifying quotations. They were compiled without the request or knowledge of the publisher, whose only desire was to give an accurate facsimile of the original texts, and I am, therefore, solely responsible for their appearance. All available sources of information were laid under contribution; and the notes borrowed were in many cases so far altered, corrected, abridged, or amplified, as to become almost my own. I did not, therefore, think it necessary (more especially as my own name was withheld) to encumber my pages and to harass the reader by assigning each note or part of a note to its respective author, or by individually distinguishing the original from the borrowed notes, but thought it enough to admit the obligation in general terms. If any one is aggrieved in the affair, it is not so much Dr. Elze, who is thrice referred to in the Memoir, as Malone, Reed, Stevens, Nichols, Gullier, and Dilke, whose researches I have interwoven with my own without any direct mention of their names. I must leave the book, as well as my "style of editing," to the judgment of the public, merely adding that in a work of this character, extending to nearly twelve hundred closely-printed pages, it is

hardly fair in Dr. Elze to obtrude the accidental misprint of one German word (not in the text, but in the notes), and then to infer general inaccuracy in the fac-simile. Fortunately, the misprint "Häpfauf," to which he refers, corrects itself, as the word occurs twice again, rightly spelt, in the same note. Dr. Elze speaks vaguely of "other misprints which have met my eye"; but unless he can substantiate this gratuitous assertion, I must tell him that he has most unjustly and unwarrantably endeavoured to cast a slur upon an honourable and important contribution to English literature, in which the fame of a great Elizabethan poet, and not my own ephemeral reputation, is the only thing I have aimed to establish and perpetuate.

THE EDITOR OF 'CHAPMAN'S PLAYS.'

#### THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

Zum Römischen Kaiser, Vienna.

MY last letter to you was, perhaps, a little over-gloomy, but what can you expect from a man in such a medium as this was? The sun of Friday and Saturday made us feel somewhat more charitable, although early May has out-April'd April. Now there are bursts of fiery heat as full of agues as the sun in March. Then the damp cold causes fust and blankets to be at a premium, and when you apply for an extra covering the *Stub-mädchen* owns with a blush that there are not any to spare. Moreover

The new days live the old days o'er;

and we—unfortunate enough, for *vingt ans après* is never a joke, to have seen the Exhibition of 1851, the first and the last of the World's Fairs that we shall ever admire—cannot help indulging in a certain odious practice. Yet, when the building shall have been completed, the long lines of tunnel-roof broken and lit up by flags, and the avenues and the Venetian masts blaze with colour, Vienna's Welt-ausstellung will take high rank in the history of its kind, and Austria shall be once more as usual "Felix." At any rate it will not wear that *blasé* look, and show that general seadiness which hung over ours in 1862, and which culminated in a "People's Palace." Quite the reverse: it is rather *gauche* than otherwise, like a *débutante*, whose self-consciousness makes her shy, and who is not thoroughly broken to the art and mystery of "Society." This was fully shown on our opening day, when the worst places were given to the season tickets and to the *Damen*, who, as is the wont of dames, naturally determined to be as near the estrade as possible. And those wise in such matters would not have ordered the public to remain seated during the Imperial and Royal *Rund-gang*: the latter, of course, caused a general stampede, especially amongst those who are not *hof-fähig*.

The important question, "Shall the Exhibition be temporarily closed or not?" has been duly discussed and settled. Those in favour of the former measure contended that if we, the many-headed, were admitted, delay and inconvenience would result. Happily, they were not listened to. The effect of closing would simply have been to give rise to a report that the whole thing had been an entire failure, and great would have been the loss to hotel-keepers, commissionaires, and the horde of other hangers who are making their fortunes this summer.

Come with me to the Rotunda, which reminds us pleasantly of the physical suffering heroically endured on May-day, not the least torment being the cutting draughts that converged like charging columns upon the floor of the house. We pass through the Haupt-eingang, or Prater entrance, up the Kaiser Allee, between the squirts and a pair of lions, very contemptible and benevolent looking beast-kings. The Süd-Portal, the place of honour, is copiously adorned with statues of Peace, Prosperity, and similar highly interesting personages, and bears between the names of the Emperor and the Empress the mystic legend *viribus unitis*, which is repeated upon all the main entrances, and, like "Excelsior" at Boston, throughout Vienna. The Portal is out of character owing to its immediate contact with the tunnel or wagon-tilt roofs, which might have been gilded where most conspicuous;

and a crest line of open iron-work would have been less hurtful to the eye. The perpetual use of zinc is perhaps a necessary evil, but why was not the fine ornamental trellising of the Prater entrance covered with decorated shingles coloured like their substructure?

The Rotunda is in a dismantled state, and the clash and clang of tools and instruments contrast strongly with the silence which the Wise King considered so impressive. There is a thick cloud of dust blurring every outline, and works of art are being disposed in concentric rings. The centre-piece, which drew upon itself such obloquy, and the best part of which was the bright bouquets of azuleas, turns out after all to be a fountain in embryo: the omphalos, the very umbro of the pile was mean enough, but we were grateful to it for not obstructing the view. The dome is vastness itself: it has in its favour size, the first element of sublimity, and it hangs unsupported as if it would subside bodily. Its measure becomes intelligible only when you look at a face under the opposite arches, or by ascending the seventeen flights, each of eight steps, which lead to the upper gallery, crowded during the opening ceremony. On the northern exterior of the dome is a corkscrew staircase, leading to the lantern, for the benefit of those who worship high places and their prospects. The interior is terribly cold in cold weather, and during showers the rattle of the zinc startles the weak nerved. Deserved blame is cast upon the twenty-eight arches of the Rotunda: all are equal in size and unpleasantly monotonous. The four great adits at the cardinal points should have been of double proportions, and the result would have been a joy to the eye: now a trifle of gilding is all that distinguishes the entrances to the east and west transepts. "Never too late to mend," however, will not apply here. Again, the sort of sausage-roll which descends from the dome and forms the covered passage round the Rotunda has an unpleasant effect. In damp weather the plaster which conceals the brick-work, and serves for easy decoration, is apt to erupt in unwholesome spots. The brown and gold of the sloping ceiling are perhaps dull, but not too dull for a summer's sun at Vienna. Altogether the art is purely engineer's art, and the structure is not such a stately pleasure-dome as Kublai Khan decreed at Xanadu.

The transepts are at present the most interesting part of the building: we at once remark the utter absence of galleries, which usually characterize World's Fairs, and the art with which all deficiencies were veiled on May-day. The left or western wing contains Great Britain, Brazil, and the United States. Our country has done remarkably well considering the distance and the difficulty offered by unelastic continental railways: her part of the machinery-shed is all furnished with implements so finished that the "foreigner" must at present look upon them despairingly; and in general readiness she ranks only after little Switzerland, which is *facile princeps*; and after Belgium, which is a good second. I need hardly say that all the praise is due to the individual exertions of the Briton. Every one halts to look at Messrs. Hanwell, who, immeasurably ahead of Robek and Egidi, exhibit about half a million of pounds sterling, and whose cinnamon diamonds and pink pearls are too often mistaken for topazes and corals. The East Indian Court is charming; thanks to Lieut.-Colonel Michael, and his confrères; the reclining Nabob smoking a vast hookah, attracted the attention of the Emperor; and the case of trophies brought home by the Commissioner, the man-eating tiger, the broken elephant's tusk, the black buck with parallel horns, and other items, each having its appropriate history, caught the eye of the Princess of Prussia. The Colonies at present look mean and meagre, and the Cape of Good Hope should be ashamed to expose a pair of "scrivellos"—the London Docks can always supply ivories weighing at least 120 lb each. The United States, despite a large amount of money, are, for a wonder, the last in the world's race: the vast area shows a beggarly account of a few revolvers and full boxes, whilst the patriotic

citizens, who, as usual, swarm through the land, are highly disgusted with the want of tact at home, which threatens serious permanent consequences abroad. On the other hand, they may console themselves with the reflection that Great Britain has again ceded to them a bit of territory—this time. It is true, without arbitration; and the energetic southerner, Dr. Collyer, will exhibit a triumph of manufacturing art, a wondrous process of working Chinese grass (*Bacca nira*), converting what appears to be a stick of liquorice into a lustrous white fibre, soft as silk.

The Eastern transept is of far greater extent than the Western, and huge spaces in it are of course given to Austria. A mass of trash will be submitted to the public, and some clever "Special" will do kindly service by extracting from the official lists what really deserves seeing and buying—for instance, the metal-work of Russia and Prussia, and the gloves, glass, and weapons of Austria. Visitors naturally congregate under the mansard roof of the right wing, which covers the further east, Egypt and Turkey, Persia and Siam, China and Japan. At present all is confusion; part is corded across, part is planked up, and everywhere we read that the *Bingang* is *verboten*. Yet, in China especially, we catch glimpses of a charming art which will delight connoisseurs. Turkey is essentially prosaic, and Greece, which, here at least, sits under the protecting shadow of iron Russia, shows herself wondrous practical in exhibiting grains and fruits, marbles and minerals; *les bois de la Flor* *Hellénique* are mounted with neat and useful specimens of flowers.

The western grounds will soon be finished; the eastern outlines about the Kunst Halle, and the Exposition des Amateurs, are mostly in embryo, and will require, say the most sanguine, a month's hard work. For facility of reference, the whole Exposition has been divided into four narrow parallelograms, called zones, to the utter confusion of that term. No. 1. contains the southern outlines, Austrian Lloyd's pavilion, the Egyptian mosque, the kiosks, and the host of "Restaurations." No. 2. holds the Rotunda with the so-called transcripts, which are aisles and wings. No. 3. is another immense scatter of detached pavilions, very large and very small; whilst No. 4. embraces the long machinery-shed and the short agricultural hall. Everything is disposed geographically: the west of the building contains the Western World, and the east the Eastern—a pleasing and lucid order, unrivalled even in Paris; and the size casts 1867 into the shade.

A stroll about the grounds is as curious as it is fatiguing, and strangers wonder at seeing so few men at work. Peasants in shaggy capotes and the sheep-skins of Syrian Fellahs contrast with uniformed policemen, red-capped commissionaires, and bath-chairmen in dark-green. Fatigue parties of soldiers, in and out of uniform, march up and down the grounds; before opening-day we found them within the building, muttering strange oaths at the pantomime of those who ordered without understanding them. Short terms of service and the admission of "Freiwilliger" into the ranks have had a marked effect upon what was once the finest army in Europe. England may learn a lesson from the change. To the joy and gladness of the wearers, the white tunic has been abolished, or rather made exceptional; those who admire uniform, lament the substitution of dull blue, but hygienically the change is justified. Do you know the difference that arises between two litters of pups, for instance, brought up one in a white and the other in a blue room? You do, of course, being omniscient—how many others do? But I digress, and return to the grounds.

The Nord-bahn branches through and almost round the building; tramways are laid down everywhere, and heavy drays toil about the grounds. The mason, the smith, and the carpenter are at work, but listlessly, at the scaffold, the truck, the bulder, and the barrow, the watering-pot, the rake, and the spade. Inside there are colours of varnish, outside of pitch and tar. A tal tube, evidently temporary, vomits its foul con-

tents, and amongst the machinery there are many chimneys which are not temporary. Here are teams of horses dragging to the perpendicular a transplanted tree, one of the many junipers which contrast so remarkably with half-a-dozen leafless veterans near Cæsar's approach. Headless and ragged as to branch and bole, their presence is another eyesore to those who remember upwards of two decades ago,—

Sitting beneath the budding elms  
In English May.

And yet we, sons of civilization, like that mild vegetarian, the Hindu, look upon the destruction of a tree more seriously than upon the death of a man. There, a steam-roller crunches over the gravel, into which the foot sinks a couple of inches, and which forms after rain a fine brick-clay, heart-gladdening to Dr. Hewson. Of course you have read his book, 'The Use of Earth in Surgery': this modern Hercules reverses the fable of Anteus, and cures him by contact with the All-Mother.

During the end of April, when the lowering clouds broke in flirts of rain, when the snow-flakes fluttered about the streets, when the dust flew before the storm-wind over the Prater, and when the impure breath of the factory chimney, which, here, as in Edinburg, deforms the lovely view, was beaten down upon our devoted heads, the coaches and the *coupés*, the masters and the men, all followed the fashion of the world, and—struck. Travellers, landed at the distant railway stations, either found 'busses or walked to their hotels. In certain "good old days," when the city, like the bills, was smaller, the bastinado would have settled the question in an hour: now there must be a deputation, an interview, and other business of constitutionalism. On May-day Jehu reigned a king. He prescribed his times and his prices; he scoffed at our feeble remonstrances; and he charged nine florins a drive and forty a day. He has since subsided into two florins the course, but his temper is still ticklish, and after ruling he is loth to obey.

The hotels are, of course, overcrowded, and there are grisly tales of distinguished foreigners wandering about the streets, not knowing where to lay their heads. The Kaiser lately made a round of visits to nineteen archdukes and arch-duchesses. After the eventful May-day there was no outpour of departing guests, nor any abatement of that hurry and excitement, utterly futile, and apparently instinctive, not reasonable, which characterizes human nature on these occasions, and which mostly evidences itself by originating and spreading "shaves." For a study, go to any hotel—the larger the better. Presently, from a host of bristling individualities, man will once more become a sociable being.

Vienna, perhaps the most beautiful of modern cities, is at once dull and excited. For many reasons, there are here no resident English upon whom one can fall back, and our foreign compatriots are flighty as during the London season. At 3 p.m. society drives to the Exhibition. Friday, May 2, was a five-florin day, whereas Monday, May 5, fell to one florin; yet the price apparently makes little difference, and on both occasions there was nothing like a crowd. I hardly venture to prophesy what will take place when the royalties depart. The Prater, whose magnificent distances along the Danube make it an English park, totally unlike the Neva Gardens, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Central Park of New York, sees its narrow roads crowded about 6 p.m. It is great in anomalies; one handsome equipage, for instance, being followed by half-a-dozen hacks. The real original dog-cart, single and pair, promenades the streets after the fashion of Germany, and another old-world institution, the Hetera, holds her own. After the Prater, official banquets and private dinner-parties. A stall may sometimes be had at the Opera by paying forty florins. The Volksgarten and open-air concerts are cowed by the weather. The Court was in mourning till the 13th, and the presentation spoken of did not take place. On the 7th there was a review: and

in the evening a ball at the British Embassy, and probably at a dozen other houses, besides private coteries, where Marie *toutens* Julie.

You will probably hear from me again when the Exhibition really opens. Meanwhile, remember that the cream of the cream will be in June and July. Earlier the works will not be completed; later on Vienna becomes a Jehannum of a climate, deserted withal. The prizes will be distributed upon the Imperial birthday, August 18th.

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

P.S.—For rooms you will pay six to eight florins each, and you will dine at E. Sacher's, or any other restaurant, for five florins. Vienna is less exorbitant than the country towns. A certain Prince T— passed two days at a well-known seaport, and found an account of 900 florins and more. He at once paid the bill, and congratulated the manager upon possessing talents superior to those of any with whom he ever had had dealings. So much by way of statistics.

#### DICKENS IN WELSH.

We are constrained to notice a letter from Mr. G. F. Pardon, in your paper of the 10th inst., headed "Dickens in Welsh." Mr. Pardon speaks of an arrangement which we had promised to make for carrying out his plan of such a translation;—declares that the only point unsettled was the amount of honorarium to be paid him;—regrets that he had not insisted on a written engagement;—and then accuses us of shortness of memory and of being disingenuous.

We have to state that as we did not entertain the idea of publishing a translation of Dickens's works in Welsh, there was never any arrangement between us—any position in which it was possible that any honorarium could be fixed, or any conditions under which a written engagement could even have been suggested. In proof of this we beg you to print the following letter from Mr. Pardon, dated 5th February last, and our reply. Nothing has been done on our part giving to Mr. Pardon, either any right to use our copyright or any just ground for complaint. CHAPMAN & HALL.

Mr. Pardon to Mr. Chapman.

"Dear Sir,—With regard to the carrying out of my proposal to issue the works of Charles Dickens in the Welsh language, about which I have seen and written you, and have received a letter, dated Jan. 20, stating that you 'did not see how I could help you in any way,' I beg to make you acquainted with the following facts:—

"(1st.) The idea is entirely and solely mine.

"(2nd.) The mode of carrying it out is entirely and solely of my original suggestion.

"(3.) The work cannot be honourably or fairly undertaken by you without my co-operation.

"(4th.) In making the proposal to you, I stated distinctly and unequivocally that I expected for it a satisfactory pecuniary acknowledgment, and I have now respectfully to submit that unless I receive from you a suitable recompense for the idea, I shall, after waiting a reasonable time for your reply and decision, consider the advisability of producing the works of Dickens in Welsh at my own risk, or in conjunction with another publisher.—I am, &c.,

"(Signed) GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON."

Mr. Chapman to Mr. Pardon.

"Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 5th February last, we have to inform you that the copyrights of Mr. Charles Dickens belong to us, and that should you issue a publication of any of them, or of any part of one of them, in Great Britain or any other country in which British copyrights are protected by law, we should obtain an injunction to restrain you.—We are, &c.

"(Signed) CHAPMAN & HALL."

#### MR DEUTSCH.

MR. EMANUEL OSCAR DEUTSCH was born at Neisse, in Silesia, on the 31st of October, 1831, of Hebrew parents of good family. His early training was conducted by an uncle, to whom he owed