

companionable and genial man is evident from his portrait. Those persons who only knew him as the translator of the "Rig Veda" and as the author of the introductions to the "Sacred Books of the East," were surprised to find him excel in his reminiscences as a raconteur.

Max Muller could remember Paganini, Sontag Spohr, Felix Mendelssohn and many more as musical students, passing through their ordeal at Dessau. Mendelssohn's visit in particular left a deep impression on his mind. "I was still," he says, "a mere child, he a very young man, and, as I thought, with the head of an angel. Mendelssohn's was always a handsome face, but later in life the sharpness of his features betrayed his Jewish blood. He excelled as an organ player, and while at Dessau he played on the organ in the Grosse Kirche, chiefly extempore. I was standing by him, when he took me on his knees and asked me to play a choral while he played the pedal. I see it all as plainly as if it had been yesterday, and I felt convinced at the time that I, too, would be a musician."

Max Muller's mother used to describe to him how Weber, when he was writing his "Freischutz," would walk about his room the whole day composing, not before the pianoforte, but with a small guitar, and how she heard every melody gradually emerging from the twang of his little instrument.

The fact that as he grew up young Muller found he had not time to serve two masters caused him to give up music as the serious work of his life. He could not practice and study music as it ought to be practiced and studied without neglecting Greek and Latin, and as life became more serious his mind was more and more drawn to the thoughts of antiquity and away from the delights of harmony and melody. Nevertheless, music, besides being a source of the highest enjoyment, often helped him in his pilgrimage through life. Both in Paris and London many a house was open to him which would have remained closed to a mere scholar. He heard Liszt when he was still at school in Leipzig. "It was his first entry into Germany, and he came like a triumphator; he was young, theatrical and terribly attractive, as ladies, young and old, used today. His style of playing was then something quite new; now every player sets off the same fireworks." Liszt appeared in his Hungarian costume, wild and magnificent. Many years after Max Muller saw Liszt once more, at the last visit he paid to London. He came, it seems, to the Lyceum to see Irving and Terry acting "Faust." When the play was over Irving gave a supper party, and Max Muller sat next to Liszt, who however was not in good spirits. A few weeks later his death was announced in the papers.

One reason why musicians took an

interest in Max Muller was because he was the son of the poet, William Muller, whose songs had been set to music not only by Schubert, but by many other popular composers. He remembers that when he told Jenny Lind whose son he was she held up her hands and said: "What! The son of the poet of the 'Muller lieder.' Now, sit down, and let me sing you the 'Schone Mullerin.' " She began to sing, and sang all the principal songs of that pathetic idyl, just moving her head and hands a little, but really acting the whole story, as few actresses could have brought it out.

As Saul saw Samuel and wished he had not seen him, so Max Muller once saw Heine. It was in Paris, in 1846. "One afternoon as I and my friend were sitting on the boulevard near the Rue Richelieu, sipping a cup of coffee. 'Look there,' he said, 'there comes Heine!' I jumped up to see. My friend stopped him and told him who I was. It was a sad sight. He was bent down and dragged himself slowly along; his spare, grayish hair was hanging round his emaciated face; there was no light in his eyes. He lifted one of his paralyzed eyelids with his hands and looked at me. For a time, like the blue sky breaking from behind gray October clouds, there passed a friendly expression across his face, as if he thought of days long gone by. Then he moved on, mumbling a line from Goethe in a deep, broken, yet clear voice, as if appealing for sympathy: 'Das Maulthier sucht in Dustern seinen Weg.' Thus vanished from Max Muller's ken the most sparkling poet of Germany.

Max Muller settled in England in 1847, and married a niece of Mrs. Charles Kingsley and Mrs. J. A. Froude, and, consequently, was thrown into intimate relations with their husbands. Another man of letters whom he knew intimately was Matthew Arnold, whose "Olympian manners began even at Oxford. There was no harm in them; they were natural, not put on. The very sound of his voice and the wave of his arm were Jovialike." Carlyle, Tennyson and Browning are among the immortals with whom he was on friendly terms. He has many interesting anecdotes, too, concerning Ruskin, Emerson, James Russel Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Faraday and Darwin. He often met Thackeray at Oxford and listened to his treasures of sarcasm and wit. Indeed, he knew most of the giants among men of science and men of letters, as well as the great musicians contemporaneous with his remarkable career.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HAS THE PRESS KILLED CONVERSATION?

Why is it that so many educated men, who are fastidious regarding their personal appearance, and bestow upon their bodies the most solicitous care, are yet willing to send their minds abroad

in a state of slovenliness, regardless of the impression they make? Is it because, as some suppose, the press has killed conversation; because the daily newspapers, magazines and reviews—today as "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa"—suck up the intellectual elements of our life, like so many electric machines drawing electricity from the atmosphere into themselves, and thus the subjects of conversation, preëmpted by the press, have lost all their freshness before men and women have met in the drawing room? Or is it because it is thought absurd to regard conversation as an art, and that, depending for its excellence on natural gifts—on a capacity of quick sympathy, mental brightness and a ready power of expression—and, following the chances of the moment, drifting with the temper of the company, talk, of all things in the world, ought to be spontaneous? Is it not artifice, it is urged, here detestable? Does not all the charm of talk vanish the moment any one is suspected of talking by rule or uttering cut-and-dried impromptus, and does not talk, almost without exception, come from the worst of social culprits—a bore?"—Success.

AMERICAN WINES.

Alluding to the probable fate of American wines at the French exposition, something ought to be done to place our magnificent wine industry in its proper light, before not only the people of this country, but of the world outside.

No wine expert, worthy of the name, can deny that true American champagnes, fermented in the bottle and not merely carbonated, are worthy to rank, if not to outrank, in the world's opinions, the best French champagnes. We have in the genuine champagne business a group of thoroughly conscientious and expert men, who take pride in producing an article of which neither they nor their fellow-citizens need be ashamed; and to this end neither time, attention nor expense is spared. The result is the production of a champagne which out-bouquets and out-sparkles the best French brands.

There is one merit claimed for the American champagne which should find it especial favor, as compared with the French. It makes and carries its own honest flavor, which is the result of the peculiar sort of grape used in the making; whereas, it is declared that the French champagne has no flavor until it is added through the medium of other liqueurs at the end of the fermenting process. In other words, the French flavor is made, the American is born.

If American users of Champagne would be careful not to confound the true champagne with the imitation or carbonated sort, they would discover that a very superior quality of champagne is made in their native land.—New York Commercial Journal, June 25, 1900.