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MAX MULLER.

THE SCHOLAR'S EARLIER LIFE IN GERMANY AND AT OXFORD.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. A Fragment. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller, K. M. With portraits. 8vo, pp. xi, 327. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Life in the miniature court town of Dessau, where Max Müller was born, was confined within a narrow horizon. The town was still surrounded by walls, whose gates were closed

then at Leipsic, where he breathed full the atmosphere of music that enveloped the city. His ideal of a scholar's career had already been formed, and was strong enough to prompt a refusal of a brilliant offer of princely aid to enter the diplomatic service. For a time philosophy attracted him, and he gives an amusing account of his desperate attempts to comprehend the Hegelian "idea." Hegelianism was then the "state philosophy," as he calls it; the best road to advancement. University students discussed the "idea," but Professor Max Müller confesses that he could never discern just what it was; and he held to his first love, Sanskrit.

had published, and inquired warmly after my teachers in Germany.

It was his advice that confirmed Max Müller more and more in his desire to give himself up to the Veda, which was then his special subject of study. In 1846 he started on to London to collate certain essential manuscripts in the library of the East India Company, and it was the turning point of his career. Here Baron Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, befriended him to the totally unexpected extent of inducing the East India Company to publish an edition of the Veda. This kept him in London for a time, but finally sent him to Oxford, where—though the story does not reach so far—still more unexpected good fortune came to him in his professorship. His confessions of his first experience with English society are amusing. He offended people by not returning their calls and not leaving a card after having dined with them.

How should I know? Nobody had ever told me, and I thought it intrusive to call. Nor did I know that in England to touch fish with a knife or to help yourself to potatoes with a fork was as fatal as to drop or put in an "h." When I received an invitation to dine with the Bishop of Oxford, who addressed me as "My dear sir," I wrote back, "My dear sir," and said that I should be very happy. How Samuel Wilberforce must have chuckled when he read my epistle!

He could not imagine a more perfect state of existence than that of an undergraduate, a fellow or a professor at Oxford when the beauties of that university were first disclosed to him. There were many things to cause surprise as well as pleasure. His host was Dr. Plumtre, master of University College and vice-chancellor of the university, "and I believe I never saw him except in his cap and gown and with two medals walking before him, the one with a gold, the other with a silver pike in his hands." All the professors and the undergraduates looked to him very grand, so different from the German students in their pink cotton trousers and dressing gowns. The whole scale of life at Oxford was calculated to amaze a member of the cotton trouser contingent.

There was practically no society at Oxford in those years except that of the Heads of Houses, but the young German was hospitably invited into that awful circle, and gratefully acknowledges his obligations. They were the heroes of many anecdotes, of which Professor Max Müller gives a number; though he by no means vouches for the historical accuracy of these "common roomers," many of which are well known. The dean of Christ Church, Dr. Gaisford, came to call one morning while Max Müller was shaving. His face was half covered with lather when his landlady rushed in and told him that his dogs were pulling the dean about:

Covered with lather as I was, I had to rush in to quiet the dogs, and in this state I had to receive the Very Rev. the Dean, and explain to him the nature of the work that brought me to Oxford. It was certainly awkward, but in spite of the disorder of my room, in spite also of the tobacco smoke, of which the dean did not approve, all went off well, though I confess I felt somewhat ashamed.

Among his undergraduate friends were some who have gained fame. Palgrave aroused great expectations, "but he kept us waiting for some time."

He had a wonderful gift of admiring, his great hero being Tennyson, and he was more than disappointed if others did not join in his unequalled panegyrics of the great poet. . . . His knowledge of English literature, particularly poetry, was quite astounding. . . . Some of his friends complained of his great command of language, and even Tennyson, I am told, found it sometimes too much.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

STORIES OF OUR MEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE WAYS OF THE SERVICE. By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, pp. 346. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Never mind! Whatever they are, they are our ways—the ways of the service—and dear to us." This is the saying, put in the mouth of Mrs. Gorrison, one of his characters, which Mr. Palmer attempts to illustrate in eight stories of varying lengths. His attempt is successful. Seeking his material among the American officers and men engaged in the Philippine campaign, he gives his tales unmistakable actuality. The scenes are those which scores of writers—Mr. Palmer among them—have described so voluminously in the press that to most of us they have become excessively familiar. Here



FREDERICK PALMER.

Author of "The Ways of the Service," Charles Scribner's Sons.

and there he freely introduces the name of some commander known to every one, General Lawton or General MacArthur. The conflicts with which he deals are just such conflicts as have been reported in the newspapers over and over again. But Mr. Palmer gives a romantic turn to his narratives.

The officer engaged to be married, but deflected from his loyalty in a moment of impulse and dying as he is forgiven by his sweetheart; the millionaire's son disguised as a private and winning his bride under difficulties; the men at odds over a love affair that is forgotten in a crisis which brings each to his senses; the soldier with Indian and Greaser blood in his veins, who yields to the temptation they lead him into, but ultimately makes his honor whole; these are some of the characters portrayed in Mr. Palmer's book. His work carries conviction. He writes with the authority of a man who has studied his models at close quarters. A disposition to dot his i's, to drag in explicit references to "the ways of the service" when his exhibition of them in action is all that is required, is noticed with regret, as is his rather unsportsmanlike habit of sneering at the foe. But on the main point he is sound. He tells a brisk story, he interests his reader in the romance which underlies the hard work of which

we hear most in the official reports of what American soldiers and sailors are doing in the Philippines.

IN THE EAST AND ELSEWHERE.

TRAVELLERS' TALES AND NOVELS BROUGHT OUT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Charles Scribner's Sons' spring announcements are rich in books of timely interest and in representatives of the new fiction. Possibly the most notable publication at hand is the work in two volumes on "China and the Allies," by A. Henry Savage Landor. He was with the relief

shows many titles. "The Inlander," is by Harrison Robertson, author of "Red Blood and Blue." Henry James's new book, "The Sacred Fount," is another of the author's analyses of English modern life. Imogen Clark, in "God's Puppets," has given a picture of New York City in the middle of the eighteenth century. "The Abandoned Farmer," by Sydney Herman Preston, author of "The Green Pigs," tells the story in humorous vein of the farmer rather than the neglected farm. "The White Cottage," by "ZACK," author of the powerful book of short stories, "Life is Life," is a longer novel than she has yet done. Edith Wharton's new book of stories is entitled "Crucial Instances." Frederick Palmer has a volume of short stories of the East in "The Ways of the Service," which deals



NELL GWYN, BY SIR PETER LELY.

From "Mistress Nell."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

column commanded by Admiral Seymour, which tried to reach Peking, and later entered the capital with the allied forces. The book is profusely illustrated, there being sixteen full page color illustrations, forty-eight full pages in black and white, and two hundred text illustrations. Another timely book is "Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos," by Albert Sonnichsen, who was held a prisoner in the Filipino capital and during the long and trying flight of Aguinaldo's forces toward the northern coast of Luzon. A book of interest to New-Yorkers especially, is "The Old New-York Frontier," by Francis W. Halsey, which concerns itself with the history and traditions of the old boundary line of the Susquehanna.

In fiction, the list of Messrs. Scribner's Sons

with the army in the Philippines. "A Reading of Life," with other poems, is the latest contribution in verse from the pen of George Meredith. It contains a large collection of translations from the Iliad.

A STORY TOLD AT FERRYBRIDGE.

From "The Athenaeum." A very nervous gentleman who was going from there to York left without knowing it his purse on the table at the inn. A postboy was sent after him with the missing property, and coming up to the window called out, "Your purse, sir; your purse!" The nervous gentleman took him for a highwayman, and at once shot the poor fellow dead.



From "My Autobiography," TRAVELS OF THE MAX MÜLLER.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

every night. Everybody knew everybody else and his business, and gossip reigned supreme. There were still people who called Goethe a wicked man and an overvalued poet. The little rulers of Anhalt-Dessau were in advance of their time, and "patronized" literature and the arts. Max Müller's family was prominent in the best circles; his grandfather was Prime Minister and his father, Wilhelm Müller, one of the most popular poets of his day in Germany—Heine ranked his lyrics next to Goethe's—author of the "Müllerlied" and the "Winterreise" immortalized by Schubert. The boy studied first at Dessau,

and comparative philology, however, were then in no very good odor, and we see him fighting the prejudices of the classical scholars and growing in enthusiasm for the new science. It took him ultimately to Paris, where a new world was opened to the young German scholar. His first care was to summon up courage to visit the great Burnouf:

My French was very poor as yet, but I walked in and found a dear old gentleman in his robe de chambre surrounded by his books and his children. . . . He received me with great civility, such as I had not been accustomed to before. He spoke of some little book which I