Clement VII, which had brought him to Spain five years earlier, he had been an easy dupe in the hands of Charles V, failing to prevent the sack of Rome and the humiliation of the Pope. But he could look back with satisfaction to those two short years which he had spent near Guidobaldo.

He had been generously treated in Urbino. A man of lively intellect, of fine presence and of polished manners, he had been admitted as a favored guest to those symposia in which some of the brightest wits and most urbane courtiers of Italy had talked at large of all things under Heaven, save those which universal respect for the lofty characters of the duke and his duchess tacitly put outside the bounds of conversation. Here and there in "The Book of the Courtier" there are passages marked by a certain freedom. But the work is distinguished among the courtly publications of the time for the sustained elevation of its argument and the essential refinement of its tone. Castiglione, we may be sure, was no prig. He was a soldier. He had quitted himself valiantly in the field. He had seen much of men and of affairs. He could carry himself on even terms with those artists and authors, princes and prelates, courtiers and men at arms, who, being what they were, and living in one of the raciest, as well as one of the most cultured epochs of the world, were accustomed to call a spade a spade, even in the presence of women. But it was one of the engaging paradoxes of the Renaissance that the man who could relish a jest of Poggio, or Boccaccio, or Bandello, could delight in the mysticism of Pico; if he was free with his dagger he could put his pen to good purpose, and Castiglione, who must have been well versed in the sinister ways of his contemporaries, was one of those men whose taste inclined them, on the whole, to the cultivation of the humanities on their fairer side. Thus "The Book of the Courtier" remains so edifying a contribution to the literature of manners that Roger Ascham himself could find a good word to say for it, and Dr. Johnson did not hesitate to give it his countenance.

Its popularity has been due to a variety of causes. Conspicuous among these is its value as a picture of a representative court of the Renaissance in Italy. There is, too, the charm of its style, to which, we may observe in passing, Mr. Opdycke does full justice. The composition is cast, moreover, in a very interesting form, the four books into which it is divided being made up of suppositious conversations which the author does not hesitate to attribute to historical personages. Not only "my lady duchess" and other members of the house of Urbino, but Giuliano de Medici, Bibbiena, Bembo and similarly noted individuals are among the interlocutors, and the references to divers notabilities of the Renaissance in and out of Italy are so numerous that throughout we seem to be in the private company of the great ones of this earth. And of what do they talk? Of art and of love; of literature and of politics; of war and of humor; of all the things that entered into the busy life of an Italian gentleman in the sixteenth century. But while they talk of what we may call the mint and cummin of their various themes, they are guided chiefly by a desire to fix the broad lines on which the perfect life of the gentleman should be lived; they aim always at the spirit rather than at the letter of noble conduct. There could be no greater mistake than to look in this book for mere forms of ceremony. Though Johnson could speak warmly of Castiglione, he did him as much injustice when he credited him with no higher ambition than "to teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties" as when he reproached Chesterfield with having the manners of a dancing master. Just as there is a vast difference between the substantial drift of Chesterfield's famous admonitions and the narrow precepts of an ordinary "Manual of Etiquette," so there is a great gulf between the philosophical breadth of "The Book of the Courtier" and the limited scope of a book, say, like the shallow compendium of courtly maxims put together by the Spanish Gracian. If a prince would perform his duties rightly, says Castiglione, "he must devote every study and diligence to wisdom," and his book makes not simply for the "good form" of well disciplined society, but for a "wisdom" which raises manners to a moral plane.

The things that he counsels are magnanimity, and the habit which is perhaps best summarized in the old words "noblesse oblige." He anticipated Chesterfield in his advocacy of a demeanor always dignified but never stiff, always spontaneous and natural but never familiar. He praises courage and truth, but he reprobates vainglory and tactlessness. He would not have a man too closely absorbed in art or letters, but neither would he have him a mere swashbuckler, and if in his attitude toward affairs of state he necessarily inclines somewhat to the principles, more scientific than altruistic, of Machiavelli, he scorns mere ruthlessness and the triumph of ignoble craft. His own good faith was his undoing. "He was too honest a man," says Mr. Opdycke, "to cope with the tortuous politics of the times." His literary monument is one long encomium of honesty in word and deed, and so, while he was powerless to stem the tide of corruption and chicane in his own day, his legacy to the world is a fountain of virtue to those who care to study his pages. "The Book of the Courtier" has a certain quaintness; it is, in a measure, a literary curiosity; but it has indubitable vitality, and is a human, as well as a literary, document. While it will continue to find most of its readers among the amateurs of rare episodes in the history of letters, it ought ultimately, as editors like Mr. Opdycke make it better known, to achieve a stronger position among readers of all sorts. In one respect especially it has a mission to perform in this country. Disclosing as it does that urbanity which always has been, and still is, a prime element in the Italian genius, it should correct the influence of the provincialism which has allowed Sicilian and Neapolitan traits, as illustrated in the baser and more sanguinary types thrown upon our shores, to obscure the truth, known to close students of morals and manners, that Italy has for centuries been a home of good breeding.

A SEAMAN'S STORY.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT" ONCE MORE.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTHEAST. By Frank T. Bullen. Octavo, pp. 354. D. Appleton & Co.

The larger part of this curious book is devoted to what might be called the Acts of the Apostle of the Wren Lane Mission 'All. The leader in that little band of narrow minded, ignorant and perfervid Baptists that worship at first in the stuffy parlor of one of the neater houses in Lupin-st., Rotherhithe, and afterward in a stable, or, rather, a cowshed, converted into a chapel, is the soft-hearted, shiftless but enthusiastic chimney-sweep, Jemmy Maskery. Jemmy is extremely fluent in prayer, and he addresses the Lord with delightful familiarity, as, for example, at the communion one Sunday morning:

Dear Master an' Lord, agen we've met aroun' your table t' remember your broken body, your poured-out blood till you come. We're very poor, very ignorant, very 'umble, but we believe an' are shore 'at you are glad t' 'ave us

FRANK T. BULLEN.
(From a photograph.)

twenty English poets alive who make so much as £50 a year by the exercise of their art, if they take it seriously and do not produce topical verses or words that suit the song writers. The sum is, in any case, substantial, and the offer of it is likely to remind many people that they used to write verses in the days of their youth, and so the number of competitors is likely to be very large indeed.

An ode has been defined as "a poem characterized by sustained noble sentiment and appropriate dignity of style." The author of whose work such a phrase was used would probably be proud, and might not be without justification if he advertised it on sandwich boards in the Strand. Our pity for the small committee arises mainly from the fact that very few poems have been written since the world began whose authors did not regard them as characterized by the qualities enumerated in this definition. There will be plenty of work for the committee before the June number of the magazine appears and the names of the winners are given to the world.

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

BY PROFESSOR CARRUTH.

A fire mist and a planet,
  A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
  The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
  The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea beach,
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
  Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
  A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
  The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
  And others call it God.

come an' do just wot you've told us t' do. We ain't got no priest made by man, because you've told us that you yourself are our 'Igh Priest abidin' continually. We can't see thee, but we know you're 'ere. An' tho' these poor 'ands o' mine takes this bread [taking it up], and breaks it as you did in that upper room long ago, we know that it's all just as pleasant to you as it was w'en you 'ad all your disciples aroun' you. We know an' are shore that all your beloved ones is one with you as this loaf is one now, an' we know that as we break this loaf [breaking it into four], accordin' to thy commandment, so your blessed body, the 'uman body you wore fur our sakes, was broken fur us. An' now we're goin' t' 'and it round an' eat of it, accordin' t' thy word—"This do in remembrance of me till I come."

The real hero of the story, if a very loosely connected series of pictures can be called a story, is the sailor, Saul Andrews. He had been a drunken vagabond, but had been converted at the mission, and, while still preserving his name of Saul, was now, when at home from his long voyages, the very pillar of the congregation, paying liberally from his savings for the rent of the new hall and its expenses. A part of the book follows him to sea, and these chapters are the most dramatic and the most realistic of the whole. They read like extracts from a prose epic of muscular Christianity. Long bits of his prayers and exhortations are given, and he somehow seems more natural than the pious chimney-sweep, though his feats at sea strain one's credulity to a certain degree.

Let us get a glimpse of him on board ship. 'Tis a pale and cheerless morning, with an accompaniment of furious squalls of bitter rain. He had slept a dreamless sleep, and at the watchman's call he leaped from his bunk, lighted his pipe and dressed with marvellous celerity, smoking vigorously the while. He is the bo'sun, and the ship is about to sail. Saul reports to the mate, and almost immediately, having refused a glass of grog, sets to work setting his men to work, for, as the author takes some space to explain, the bo'sun corresponds to the foreman of a gang. He instantly comes into conflict with some of the shirks of the crew, and shirking he will not allow. We will let Mr. Bullen describe the first rencounter:

His keen eyes soon detected the absence of certain members of his crew, whom he had mentally noted before as "being slack in stays." And leaving those who were at work to get on with their tasks by themselves for a while, he went in search of the black sheep. The first one he found was reclining comfortably in a corner of the "foesle," with pipe in full blast and a look of utter indifference on his face. To him Saul suddenly entered with the crisp remark. "Now, then, young man, you're in the wrong place. I want the work finished, and when it's knock off time I'll let you know." He was a big Liverpool Irishman, a peculiar breed of men found in considerable numbers at sea, and hardly to be matched on the wide earth's surface for truculence, insubordination or laziness when they give their minds to the practice of these things, as so many of them do. He looked up nonchalantly at Saul, saying: "Me nairves demand a verse o' th' poipe at reg'lar intervals t' kape 'em in orrdher, an' ef yer don't like me little ways yez kin just git t' 'ell out ov it an' lave me recover. Me nam's Larry Doolan, an' I come from Scotland Road, an' I don't take any nigger dhrivin' frum any —— lime juicer afloat, d'ye moind." Saul listened patiently, and when he had finished, for all answer took two steps toward him, seized him by waist and neck and hurled him on deck. He fell in a heap, dazed. When he recovered he struggled to his feet and made a blind rush at the quiet man before him, his mouth full of cursing and red murder in his heart. But he was met by two fists as grimly irresistible as a stone wall would have been. And as he staggered back, once more Saul's quiet, certain voice penetrated his ears: "You'd better get on with the work, and not try and impose on your shipmates. You'll only get badly hurt if you keep on as you're goin'." This self-evident fact was so very clear to him that after a momentary pause he turned and walked aft, to where a little group of men were busy lashing some spars in the starboard scuppers, and without another word he joined in the work.

Before the ship has reached Calcutta the crew, with scarcely an exception, have been transformed into a choir of saints; and the captain, who at first had sneered, confesses his conversion at the Gospel meeting at the Radha Bazaar. On his return to London the bluff bo'sun succumbs to the charms of Elizabeth Carter and marries her, much to the detriment of the Wren Place Mission, now deprived of his weekly stipend. He goes to sea again, is shipwrecked, saved in a very melodramatic manner, and after a long voyage, in which he saves his captain from a mutiny, he at last returns. While he is gone the chapel has hard times; the fund is stolen by a crook named Patterson, whose ultimate conversion is described with great unction; poor Jemmy is driven by his wife's constant nagging to take some of the chapel funds, but is saved from any tragic consequences, and Elizabeth becomes so desperate by poverty, not hearing anything from her husband, that she is driven to evil courses. When at last Saul comes home from his long wanderings, like those of Ulysses, he finds his wife, bears with her petulance, ill temper and bad character, and finally redeems her. Such are the outlines of a book which, though crude and often clumsy in construction, has no small power of description and considerable humor.

CONCERNING FICTION IN ENGLAND.

From The London Chronicle.

A large proportion of the novels for this autumn, and certainly the most interesting, are now out. How are they faring? Not very well, in many cases. "So far," said a leading bookseller yesterday, "it has not been a good novel season, whatever else it may prove to be." A few stories have "boomed" heartily enough, but the averagely successful novel, which, after all, is the real book overturn, lags behind in sales. Take a novel which might be expected to sell from two to four thousand copies. It has probably fallen short of its usual sale by five hundred copies—in some cases by more than that number. This is the estimate made by a trade expert, and certainly it is not encouraging. What is the explanation of this dulness in the world of novels? Various explanations might be suggested, only they will suggest themselves to any bookman—the war, too many novels, and so on.

A SONG OF THE SETTLEMENT.

H. H. Bashford, in The London Spectator.

I sing a song of the West land,
  Though how shall a song but fail
To capture the blue horizons
  That swallow the prairie trail!

And how shall letters and paper
  Imprison the breadth of life!
They know, who travel the prairie,
  We know the song of its strife—

The shouting nights, when the blizzard
  Is reeling across the plain,
The lazy hum of the west wind
  At play with the gleaming grain.

The sigh of the sleeping grassland
  To the low hung golden moon,
The song of the waving wheat tops
  Alaze with the crown of noon.

The low hoarse voice of the hunter,
  His eyes, and their warning gleam,
The creep in moccasined silence,
  The old log trail to the stream.

The sudden rap of a rifle,
  The fall of a startled moose,
The day-long wait—and at evening
  The songs in the old caboose.

The glint of snow through the shadows,
  The echo of sharpened steel,
The crack of the falling timbers,
  The poplar's earthward reel.

The ring of sleighs on the home trail,
  The glimmer of lights afar,
The glow of the shanty firelight,
  The gleam of the evening star.

The wail of wolves in the darkness,
  The children's song in the light,
The large sweet grip of the daytime,
  The awe of the great deep night.

But how shall letters and paper
  Bring aught of its life to you,
The fruitless toil of the many,
  The scant success of the few;

The hopes and fears of the prairie,
  Its word to the sons of men;
Nay, how should a volume hold it,
  Inscribed with a human pen?