

"They have wakened from slumber at last—
The mighty and terrible people!
And Liberty's Bell is recast
To ring from a loftier steeple."

But we have said Mrs. Milne's poetry is not rich in quotable lines. It is simple melody. Our author sings because she must, out of a full heart and observing mind. If these lines lack for the most part the full resonance and peremptory call of the verse of Charles Mackay, they remind us of some of the poetry which originated out of the Chartist movement, a little of which has survived as literature. That part of the present volume which consists of personal tributes to the leaders of the Single Tax movement or which are suggested by phases of its progress—the part indeed which is closest to the real heart of poetry—will be recalled by the historian of the movement and quoted with delight long after more pretentious verse of more artistic mould is forgotten. Certainly, the complete chronicle of the early days of the movement will be incomplete without the mention of the name of its sweet singer.

J. D. M.

* THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

While the avowed tendency of this book is one of intimate personal import, it reaches out and above the author's intention, and touches sharply and directly upon the questions which shake humanity. The Unwritten Law is, apparently, that law of nature which parents in all ranks of life disregard, either through heedlessness or deliberate misunderstanding, leaving their children in ignorance of the main facts of life, leaving them to find out what vitally concerns them of themselves, generally through disaster. But while this more intimate personal conflict is engaging the author's attention, he finds how often and how keenly it touches those larger conflicts which we call the social questions, and, whether wittingly, or unwittingly, he does not say, * * * he shows us how even the laws of nature bear less heavily on those whom fortune has favored than on those nearer the bottom of that scale which begins in mere existence and ends in wanton luxury. There is so much that is good in this book, that it is hard to choose some one point better than others, but if we must choose, then we should say that the finest and most artistic work is done in the depicting of such characters as would always be moulded by their surroundings, and the pitiless exposing of the results brought about by those surroundings. The middle class in every way, the mediocre in intellect, soul and fortune, are those most bound hand and foot by the wheel of life,

most incapable of thought above the convention that surrounds them. In the depicting of such characters Mr. Henry has done some marvellously fine work in this novel, and he has shown how this inert mass, "the compact majority," as Ibsen so cleverly terms it in one of his plays, is the great bar to progress in the social and mental sphere, how it holds down the aspirations of those in the strata below it, and hampers and cheapens the moving towards justice in the strata above.

Social questions are touched upon in a manner so free from tendency that the pictures of life among a certain type of young people in our city streets, also products of their surroundings, are of immense value through the power their frank humanity gives them. The arraignment of official law as shown in the trial of Karl Fischer is also powerful in its directness, although the character of the young lawyer who is its mouthpiece is too didactic to be as real as are the other people in the book.

The social aspect of the life of New York is a field just beginning to open to our writers of fiction. We have thus far seen our chief American city treated in its spectacular aspects, or in "society novels" of the lighter kind, which have nothing national about them. Of the few books which have as yet endeavored to pierce the golden haze that rests over the various strata of New York life, this novel is one of the most direct and powerful, in that it does not concern itself with one little corner of the town, with some un-American and peculiar color of the kaleidoscope, but shows that part of New York life which is purely American in character, which is rapidly absorbing all the other elements and becoming typical of the city. And the picture as given here makes us stop and think.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

* THE FAIR LAND TYROL.

This beautifully illustrated volume from the pen of W. D. McCrackan is a loving portrayal of the lands through which the author has made more than one pilgrimage. The topography, the art, the architecture, and the people of these interesting lands are subjected to discriminating treatment, and the volume bears every evidence of that care and scholarship which have distinguished the other works of our author.

Some of the material herein contained has previously appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, the *New England Magazine* and other periodicals. But some of it will be new to magazine readers, and the collection of it all in book form will be a welcome addition to our knowledge of the Tyrol and its people.

* The Unwritten Law. By Arthur Henry. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

* The Fair Land Tyrol. By W. D. McCrackan. 18mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Price \$1.60 net, 328 pages. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.