

deliberately—a purveyor of that which was false." Lest hers should be deemed a prejudiced statement, she quotes Mr. Andrew Lang's "unalterable belief," that "Mr. Froude, as historian and biographer, never consciously and knowingly gave a false impression."

It is just possible, says the *Morning Post*, that the next Australian Commonwealth Parliament may include a woman, for Miss Vida Goldstein, President of the Women's Federal Political Association, has been asked to become a candidate for the Senate. Some doubt has been expressed as to the eligibility of women to become members of the Federal Parliament, but Sir William Lyne, the Minister for Home Affairs, holds the view that they are quite eligible. The Constitution provides with regard to the qualification of a Senator that "he must be of the full age of twenty-one years," and "must have been for three years at least a resident within the limits of the Commonwealth," and "must be a subject of the Queen for at least five years naturalised." The word "he" includes the feminine gender by Clause 23 of the Commonwealth Acts Interpretation Act, which sets out that, unless the contrary intention appeared, "words importing the masculine gender shall include the feminine." The Minister is therefore certain that women can become members of the Senate if they can command a sufficient number of votes.

A Book of the Week.

LONDON ROSES.*

There are points about Miss McChesney's work which merit great praise. Her mind is delicate, her perceptions are keen, and she writes with an appreciation of "the mysterious heart of common things," which is a rare and most excellent gift.

What she needs is more experience. It was Rhoda Broughton, I think, who somewhere remarked that Miss Yonge's young men were all "governesses in trousers." The same criticism might with equal truth be applied to Miss McChesney's Fulford brothers. She would be wise if—until her own experience of men is considerably widened—she were to adopt Jane Austen's golden rule of never recording a conversation between two men without a woman present.

Her story is too slight for the mountain of talk-talkee which she piles upon it, and is marred by whole chapters of guide-book descriptions of London, Windsor Castle, the Thames, &c., during which the wonderful young men enumerate every historical character who was ever known to walk the scene, the girls coming in a good second in antiquarian research.

But, these defects notwithstanding, there is much to praise in the book. The Manuscript Room in the British Museum is not at first sight a fruitful soil for romance. But Rhoda Comstock, the young American girl, is delightful in many ways, and where her blooming face intrudes, romance is pretty sure to follow. There are also many bright sayings embedded here and there in the endless would-be smart chatter.

"He would have been happier had he known more of her parentage and family. Americans, it appeared, had a disconcerting scriptural way of judging a tree by its fruits, and not keeping record of all its grafts and branches."

Perhaps the most pathetic figure is that of Mr.

* By Dana Greenwell McChesney. Smith, Elder.

Anthony Pettigrew—the Moth, as Rhoda calls him—the poor little Museum hack, with his life's harvest of useless notes.

"There was the comparative history of English colleges—I was fresh from college myself then—that required a great amount of research; and then I began studying the collections here and arranging my data for my 'Cosmic Unity on the Mythologies.' At that time I remember I nearly completed my little brochure on the 'Significance of Serpent Worship.'" And then his voice died away, and he sat staring before him with dim, absent eyes.

The death of this little man, and his theft, which bore such tragic consequences, touch a higher level than is reached by any other portion of the book. The immense amount of "padding" is to be regretted; only a very few enthusiasts could bear the way in which everything, from a restaurant to an old manuscript, enables the people in the story, male and female, English or American, "audibly to hear the trailing of Wolsey's priestly robes" or the gay laughter of Anne Boleyn. But with a little more self-criticism Miss McChesney should write a good book. G. M. R.

Song of the Free Man.

Oh, it's North, North, to the free and fragrant fells,
Where the plover glances sunward, and Truth, the
hermit, dwells.

Oh, it's up, up, up, to the hills and watered dales,
Where the landrail sings at even and the lonely cur-
lew wails.

Oh, it's on, on, on, to the starry, wind-swept heights,
Where a man may prove his courage by sharing
Nature's fights.

Oh, it's up, up, up, with the steady, hill-trained
swing,
While every ready muscle counts its sport to breast the
ling.

Oh, it's on, on, on, with the God-Song in your ears,
And your dead sins buried safely by the dead, for-
gotten years.

Oh, it's up, up, up, and the sky is very close,
And for friends you've got the wind-gusts, and you
never heed your foes.

Oh, it's on, on, on, to the forward days of hope,
While you stand a cubit higher, and your man's heart
finds its scope.

Oh, it's up, up, up, to the sweet and cleanly hills,
And it's live, live, live, while the God of Courage
wills.

Oh, it's North, North, North, to the free and fragrant
fells,
Where the plover glances sunward and Truth, the
hermit, dwells.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

What to Read.

- "Warwick Castle and its Earls, from Saxon Time to the Present Day." By the Countess of Warwick.
- "Said the Fisherman." By Marmaduke Pickthall.
- "The Rose of Joy." By Mary Findlater.
- "Tommy Wideawake." By H. H. Bashford.
- "More Kin than Kind." By Gerald Fitzstephen.

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