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Review

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REVIEWS

EIGHT O'CLOCK AND OTHER STUDIES. By St. John Ervine.
Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.

The trouble with many Irish prose writers is that they write in prose. Mr. Ervine's book has suffered from it rather badly. There are many good sketches in the book, but there is something wrong about most of them. Some should assuredly have been painted instead of written, some only thought, some sung, but what most of them lack is rime and rhythm.

There are books in a French style of which one cannot be certain afterwards whether they were written in French or English, and there are books of which one cannot be sure whether they were written in prose or verse—as, for instance, the “Crock of Gold”; but Mr. Ervine has got but half-way to this, and we are only conscious that the verse-form is lacking.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY HERO. By the Hon. Georgina O'Brien.
Maunsel. 6s.

There is the stuff for a novel in this book, plot, incident, action, and well-evolved characterisation; in fact, there is but one fault, the author is too well educated. In dealing with educated people, so obviously well-known to her, she uses natural language and puts natural speech into their mouths; when confronted with the necessity for interpreting the thoughts and ideals of an ignorant girl who, further, has no religious knowledge, she cannot apparently get away from her education, is driven back on herself, uses artificial, stilted and precious language, and even imposes her own personality on the unfortunate heroine. It is also a pity that Miss O'Brien is so familiar with the works of other authors.

BROADSHEET BALLADS. Introduction by Padraic Colum.
Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.

Most of the best of the familiar street ballads are included in this little collection, also a few that are unfamiliar to the public. The introduction is necessary and adequate, though Mr. Colum's notions of what constitutes internal correspondence and assonance require some revision and correction.

POETRY AND DRAMA. Vol. I.—No. 4. 2s. 6d. net.

The new number of this important quarterly is very interesting, but intensely confusing. It is worth hundreds of half-crowns. The critics who write in it