Irish Review (Dublin)

The Charwoman's Daughter by James Stephens

The Irish Review (Dublin), Vol. 2, No. 17 (Jul., 1912), p. 278

Published by: [Irish Review \(Dublin\)](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/30062853>

Accessed: 15/06/2014 21:13

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at
<http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Irish Review (Dublin) is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Irish Review (Dublin)*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

THE IRISH REVIEW

ego to receive the illumined consciousness of intimate union with Nature's moods, has been noted as a feature alike of ancient Irish poetry and of poetry in English by Irish poets and writers of Irish extraction. Mr. Cousins is appreciated by many admirers chiefly on the score of his already published poems, like the "Corn-crake," which reveal this sympathetic quality in a marked degree, and the present volume contains some striking examples, like the "Starling and the Robin," which should endear him to the rising generation.

MAURICE A. C. WILKINS.

THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER. By James Stephens. 3s. 6d.
Macmillan and Co.

Readers of "The Irish Review" have no need to be informed of the merits of the story which they know as "Mary." Of those who read the book, eight out of every ten will be prepared to declare that "The Charwoman's Daughter" is one of the best stories they have ever read. All the time Mr. Stephens is speaking to the wise, kindly and sympathetic side of ourselves, and his story of the charwoman and her daughter has the profound reality of a fairy tale. In making Dublin the setting for the story Mr. Stephens has done more for our Capital than a national Government could do—he has made Dublin a most interesting and exciting place. Stephen's Green and the Phoenix Park have become like the territory that is round the Well at the World's End, and the Streets of Dublin have become full of romantic possibilities, for we know the policeman who stands where Grafton Street and Nassau Street cross, and we hope to meet the wayfarers that Mary has seen—the tall man with the sweeping brown beard who seemed to know everybody, the tall, thin black man who was always smiling sweetly to himself, the man who looked at Mary once and who gave her the impression that she had known him well hundreds of years before, and that he remembered her also, and the man who looks the tireddest man in the world. We are glad that Mr. Stephens has not put "Finis" at the end of his story, but has written there "Thus far the story of Mary Makebelieve." We hope to meet her again with Mrs. Makebelieve and with the young man whom Mr. Stephens has left at Mary's side "exploring with a delicate finger his half-closed eye." Meantime, we can put "The Charwoman's Daughter" with the best loved books on her shelves—even beside "Don Quixote." It is a story that Cervantes would have loved.

CONAL O'RIORDAN'S PLAYS.

Shakespeare's End and other Irish Plays by Conal O'Riordan (Norrys Connell).
London: Stephen Swift and Co.

If "Shakespeare's End" shows Conal O'Riordan capable of making feckless experiments, the other two plays in this volume shows him capable of more