

The vicissitudes of the glass during the past five centuries are traced and there are useful historical notes on the treatment of the figures. There is a curious slip in the caption of plate xxii where St Edward the Martyr is called Sir Edward Martyr, and there is some confusion in the Index between this Saint and King Edward II. Otherwise both text and illustrations leave little, or nothing, to be desired.

E. T. LONG.

A CALENDAR OF BRITISH TASTE FROM 1600 to 1800, by E. F. Carritt, (Routledge & Kegan Paul; 21s.)

Without desultory turning of pages you know where you are at once with this book, for its sub-title is 'A Museum of Specimens and Landmarks chronologically arranged'. If you are the sort of person who enjoys a swift tour of, say, the Victoria and Albert, you will enjoy wandering through Mr Carritt's 'museum'. If, on the other hand, the mere thought of visiting a museum gives you a sinking feeling, you will hastily decline Mr Carritt's kind offer to show you something of British taste through two centuries.

Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Horace Walpole, has some observations which could be applied to Mr Carritt's 'museum'. 'We wander', says Macaulay of Walpole's *Strawberry Hill*, 'through a profusion of rarities, of trifling intrinsic value, but so quaint in fashion, or connected with such remarkable names and events, that they may well detain our attention for a moment. . . . One cabinet of trinkets is no sooner closed than another is opened.' In fairness to Mr Carritt, it must be said that many of his cabinets contain more than trinkets.

Mr Carritt's 'Calendar', which has been culled from his commonplace book kept throughout a lifetime, provides a pleasant and leisurely way of observing the evolution of British taste in many spheres.

KIERAN MULVEY, O.P.

MEN OF STONES, by Rex Warner. (Bodley Head; 9s.)

Mr Warner describes his new novel as 'a melodrama'. Its action is unlikely enough, culminating as it does in the performance of *King Lear* on the ramparts of an island prison. And the theme its events subserve is on an immense scale. The Prison Governor conceives himself to have divine power, and the absolute authority he holds in his little kingdom is a plain enough analogy of the perils of totalitarian power. *The Wild Goose Chase*, the first of Mr Warner's novels, was frankly labelled 'an allegory', and all his work—and how unequalled it is in contemporary English writing for originality of conception and confidence of style—reveals a constant awareness of the serious novelist's responsibility as an interpreter of ideas. Yet Mr Warner is free