

the story of his search, via Banaras (popular Hinduism), the headwaters of the Ganges (the geographical and mythological source) and Rishikesh (where Sivanandanagar is one of the centres of Hindu missionary activity for the West). The tone of the book is bluff and even genial, but this does not conceal its seriousness. Plainly Dom Denys is a man of great determination and, though he was careful not to push his enquiries beyond the limits of courtesy, it sounds sometimes as though his swamis are squirming under the pressure of his theology. His conclusion, though stated somewhat less bluntly than this, is that it is unlikely that any yogi exists who has achieved these quasi-miraculous powers: after all, he had looked in the most likely places and questioned many highly educated Hindus who themselves admitted that they had never heard of or met one—educated that is not merely in the sceptical Westernized manner but in Hindu thought and scripture. There is a very impressive and rather moving account of a visit to two swamis of great integrity and spirituality in a Himalayan ashram. Beside the main intention the book is full of observations of Indian life and Hindu *moeurs*, sympathetically and often humorously described.

Good humour is equally characteristic of the second book. We are not told Lobzang Jivaka's English name, and the short account of his conversion to Buddhism and then to Mahayana Buddhism in particular is not impressive intellectually, however courageous his adoption of Indian ways of life. This led him eventually to a monastery in Ladakh where for three months he lived as a novice working in the kitchen—about half the time a man who wanted to join a Western monastery as a laybrother would spend as a postulant before even receiving the habit—though it is only fair to note that the reason he left was that his permit from the Indian authorities ran out and was not renewed. Intellectually therefore, this book does little to mediate Tibetan Buddhism to the western reader. The monastery is observed still from the outside and despite an impressive glossary at the beginning, one is not given any real understanding of (for example) *pūja*, the worship which might be taken to be the equivalent of divine office in choir. Nevertheless, the surface of life is amusingly conveyed, the pranks and trials of laybrother novices in Ladakh are not at all unlike those of laybrother novices in Staffordshire, and the young superior, Kushok Shas, comes across as a vivid and forceful personality capable of inspiring devotion. I finished this book hoping for his own sake that Lobzang Jivaka would be allowed to return, but wishing even more that Kuskok Shas might be brought to the fullness of revealed truth.

BENET WEATHERHEAD, O.P.

CONNOISSEURS AND SECRET AGENTS IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ROME,
by Lesley Lewis; Chatto and Windus; 30s.

In 1718 Pope Clement XI gave the Old Pretender an asylum in Rome, and there in the Muti Palace he held his shadow court until his death forty-eight years later. The English government might fret and fume, but in the then

highly inflammable state of Europe's politics could do little beyond employing secret agents to keep watchful eyes on the Jacobite movements, and report continually on what went on round King James III. One of these agents was a gifted scoundrel, Philip von Stosch, an antiquarian of some repute with an art collection which left him nearly always in debt, who was only too glad to accept this secret assignment at the comfortable salary of £400 per annum. From 1721 until 1731 he faithfully reported all he could learn, but in doing so raised the suspicions of the Jacobites who he declared threatened personal violence, so that he was glad of this excuse to leave Rome for Florence. There for the next twenty years he managed to retain his salary by keeping up a correspondence with friends at Rome and retailing their news to the English minister at Florence, Sir Horace Mann, who forwarded it to London. It was, however, but poor stuff, and Mann's great friend, Horace Walpole, declared 'its only use was to amuse George II'.

A much more influential agent was found in Cardinal Alessandro Albani, nephew of the very Pope who had invited the Old Pretender to Rome and brother to Cardinal Annibale Albani, one of the Jacobite prince's most devoted supporters. From 1743 until 1774 he kept up a continual correspondence with Horace Mann which the author has traced in the Public Record Office and used for this well documented book. Alessandro's motives in helping the Hanoverian government were not entirely selfish. A far-sighted politician, he had very early in his diplomatic career become convinced of the hopelessness of the Jacobite cause, but was wise enough not to oppose it openly either during his uncle's reign or in those of succeeding popes, until Clement XIII on the Pretender's death in 1766 refused the royal title to his son Prince Charles. Alessandro, whose almost life-long cardinalate extended from 1701 to 1779, was a completely worldly prelate and a man of irregular life, but his affable temper and winning personality brought him many influential friends and enabled him to become a successful art dealer, for as the author says 'to his own great advantage the cardinal had noticed that the Romans had the antiques and English gentlemen the money with which to buy them'. Much of his collection is now at Windsor having been sold to George III to provide a dowry for the cardinal's natural daughter, the Countess Lepéri.

WALTER GUMBLEY, O.P.

MY IRELAND, by Kate O'Brien; Batsford; 25s.

Miss Kate O'Brien had already made a considerable name for herself as a playwright, when she made a greater name for herself in 1931 with the publication of *Without My Cloak*. It was realized that a new and original Irish writer had appeared, with a clear vision and wide human sympathies, and more important still, that she knew about Irish life. George Moore was a man of talent, but he always seemed to see this country through his Ebury Street window, while his anti-clericalism was heavy-handed and lacked sincerity. The new novelist had