

be entitled 'The Tormented'. For the author, though he tries to illuminate and so palliate the minds of the Soviet officials and guards who create these hideous scenes, does not really succeed. One is forced to ask, at the end of the book, why are there enough Russians to be 'The Tormentors'.  
P.F.

THE LAND OF ITALY. By Jasper More. (Batsford; 18s.)

To cover the whole of Italy in 250 pages is a task that should make even Baedeker tremble. But Baedeker solves the problem of travel-books by abandoning style in favour of information. Mr More attempts a compromise. He wants to provide the visitor to Italy with at least a hint of what he may expect to find in every town; but he feels bound, too, to be a commentator, and the resources of style and space alike are inadequate for the purpose.

Mr More has an endearing Englishness that recalls a sturdy tradition of continental travel, which found a ready connection between Catholicism and a lack of hygiene. Indeed, behind his up-to-dateness there lurk the skirts of Mrs Sherwood. An amused tolerance of foreign ways scarcely conceals a conviction that these things are ordered better at home. 'Obliging priests are often not above giving their advice' on local wines; members of religious orders are 'inmates of these institutions', and a list of religious occupations ends with the ambiguous statement that 'Jesuits are given to works of many kinds'. To deal with Italy as though it were a repository of wonderful views and marvellous works of art (with 'foreigners' to provide a human interest) is perhaps inevitable, and Mr More is usually readable enough. But his book raises in an acute form the general difficulty of the book of travel that ambitiously intends to be more than a guide. Too often it succeeds only in being pedestrian in another sense.

But Batsford books are, one supposes, often bought for the pictures, and more than a hundred-and-sixty photographs illustrate the text of *The Land of Italy*. Judged by other than Batsford standards, they must be counted superb. But they seem to lack the originality of selection that made the illustrations to the companion *Land of France* so memorable. Photographs of views and monuments are available at every kiosk: in a book of this sort one looks for something subtler, a glance at the Italy overlooked by Alinari. And they are reproduced in an off-sepia which does less than justice to the clarity of the Italian air.  
I.E.

DUBLIN. A STUDY IN ENVIRONMENT. By John Harvey. (Batsford; 15s.)

*This is a Batsford book.* There this review might well end; for the name Batsford immediately brings to mind all that is best in book production: a handsome turn-out at a reasonable price; illustrations, profuse and of a very high order; vivacious, accurate and intelligent treatment of subject. This Batsford *Dublin*, however,

deserves special mention, for the subject obviously presented many difficulties to the author, an Englishman with a 'holiday acquaintance' (albeit extending over thirty years!) with Dublin. These difficulties Mr Harvey has surmounted admirably: the statements he makes are authoritatively supported; his topographical and statistical knowledge of Dublin (not alone of present-day Dublin but of Dublin through the ages) very extensive; his realistic deference to all the implications of the New Ireland very gratifying. Above all else the book is invaluable for its thorough treatment of Georgian Dublin; it is a 'must' for anyone who wishes to assess the Georgian legacy. A magnificent tribute to Dublin, 'where life still keeps the full flavour of humanity'; but when the author contrasts the 'grand culture' of Dublin with that of other cities, London for instance, he is hardly correct in saying that religion and race are only *superficial* explanations of the 'remarkable position of Dublin'.  
L.M.B.

**VOLUNTEER EARL.** By Maurice Craig. (The Cresset Press, 18s.)

The architectural harmony of Dublin is largely due to its brief flowering as a capital city during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. This was the period of 'Grattan's Parliament', before the Act of Union imposed by William Pitt, and the Volunteer Earl was the great nobleman who gave Grattan his seat in Parliament. This book is a biography of the Earl of Charlemont, whose leadership of the Volunteer Movement, called out by the exigencies of the war of American Independence, applied the pressure necessary to create Grattan's Parliament. It was the Earl, also, who brought to Ireland, only just emerging from the most savage period of the Penal Laws, the cultivated taste in architecture and the other arts which helped enormously to create the harmonious Dublin we can still see today. The background to this interesting, though limited, Anglo-Irish nobleman is fairly fully indicated, but one cannot help feeling that, for English readers, a more comprehensive picture of the Irish political system of that day would have been useful and illuminating. It is a pleasantly written book and one could wish it had been considerably longer. Mr Craig has a well-balanced judgment on things political; one will look forward to other studies from him on less tenuous themes. PAUL FOSTER, O.P.

**THE SPICE OF LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By Donal O'Sullivan. (Brown and Nolan; 10s.6d.)

Since Chesterton died and Belloc withdrew into old age, the English essay—apart from the immortal 'Y.Y.'—has practically disappeared. Catholics are not the only losers; but they should have been the last to lose. You cannot very well be a Catholic and know more and more about less and less, which is the prime disability of our age and its essayists. Here Ireland, still in her highest reaches humane, comes to our rescue; and Mr Donal O'Sullivan, Civil Servant, sailor, barrister, authority on Gaelic music and poetry, and