

I do not know whether or not people in Ireland care to think of their country as 'debunkable', but I am quite sure that they do not take kindly to debunking by hit-and-miss journalism. For myself, the kindest thing I can say about *Irish Journey* is that its most credible pages are six (pp. 85-91) given over to statistics and a report on unmarried Irish mothers in London provided by the Crusade of Rescue; even though the arithmetic on page 85 is singularly slipshod, the basic figures paint an alarming picture. For the rest there is the odd medical aside which seems to be expected of the author, a rehash of the Honor Tracy saga, a tedious chapter on the banning in Ireland some twenty years ago of an earlier book of the author's, a passion for hearsay, and some windy reasoning. There are, however, some gripping stories, the best of which appear to be left-overs from earlier 'travel' books; but many of the 'native' tales have very long beards.

But there are, nevertheless, some memorable passages, if only because they are in egregious bad taste. 'I walked along the path', Dr Sutherland writes of a visit to a home run by nuns in the West, 'and was mobbed by over a score of the younger children. They said nothing but each struggled to shake my hand. Their hands were clean and cool. Then I realized that to these children I was a potential adopter who might take some boy or girl away to a real home. It was pathetic. Finally I said, "Children, I'm not holding a reception." . . . At the Dogs' Home, Battersea, every dog barks at the visitor in the hope that it will be taken away.' *Molto simpatico*, no doubt.

LEONARD BOYLE, O.P.

ALL IRELAND. By Stephen Rynne. (Batsford; 21s.)

This is a book about Ireland by an Irishman. It is ostensibly addressed to the tourist or intending visitor. There is a tour of the country in the background which provides the framework for the book, and there is a selection of beautiful photographs chosen with the most delicate taste to show not only the outlines of beauty spots but to convey the atmosphere of the countryside and even the subtleties of the weather. It is altogether a most charming book which cannot be too highly recommended to anyone who wishes to know or to feel the Irishness of Ireland.

It is only fair to say that Mr Rynne frequently 'keeps a straight eye on the scenery' and lines up enough of the conventional 'sights' to justify calling the book a book for tourists, but his heart is not in 'the whole silly business of demanding castles and waterfalls in combination with clean hotels and moderately priced meals'. His eye is for the people, his ear for the tune of their speech and, what is frequently more important, the tone of their silence. He is full of sympathy

and he conveys more of what Ireland means to the Irish than anything else I have seen.

URBAN FLANAGAN, O.P.

GLASGOW. By J. M. Reid. (Batsford; 25s.)

The name of Scotland's largest city, Glasgow, conjures up for many people, especially those who do not know its warmth and friendliness, an unattractive picture of an industrial, somewhat uncouth, town, the more repellent when compared with its gracious sister city, Edinburgh. How wrong they are is shown effectively by Mr J. M. Reid in this, almost unexpected, Batsford book with its fine illustrations. There is a great deal more to Glasgow than big business, football and the Gorbals. Unlike the industrial towns born of the Industrial Revolution, Glasgow has a long history, narrated here with a reassuring competence and pleasing objectivity. It divides clearly into four epochs: 'the settlement which was not yet a town; the little city of the bishops created for and by the Church; the merchant burgh, which stretched its interests over half the world'; and, finally, the Glasgow which began with the beginning of the United States.

An intriguing aspect of the last stage of Glasgow's evolution is that it is a Victorian city. 'You might almost call it *the* Victorian city', says Mr Reid, 'the one great town which has maintained a nineteenth-century face of which it may be reasonably proud.' It has, though, its old buildings as well as its eighteenth-century and Victorian gems of architecture. And its citizens are proud of their Art Gallery, which houses, as Mr Reid justly observes, 'a municipal collection that is the finest of its kind in Britain'.

Glasgow is a friendly city. Its citizens are open and generous. They will surely be grateful to Mr Reid who displays here so brilliantly the *nova et vetera* of St Mungo's city.

KIERAN MULVEY, O.P.

HEART OF SCOTLAND. By Charles Richard Cammell. (Robert Hale; 18s.)

This autobiography opens with a lyrical description of the author's return to Scotland at the age of forty after a self-chosen exile of over twenty years. The decision to return came about through a medium with the unusual name of Leigh Hunt telling Mr Cammell that his deceased Highland godmother urged him to go back. He did go back and this volume of memories, from the spring of 1931 till the end of 1935, is the result.

Mr Cammell had the good fortune to meet many fascinating personalities in Scotland, of whom he gives biographical studies and