

of black and white, are, in their measure, a re-statement of spiritual truth as impressive, and as necessary for our time, as is the very different vision of Rouault.

ILLTUD EVANS, O.P.

THE LAST OF THE DRAGOMANS. By Sir Andrew Ryan, K.B.E., C.M.G. (Geoffrey Bles; 25s.)

The interaction of European and Asiatic civilisations is the major political problem of the world today. Sir Andrew Ryan, who, as Dragoman to the Embassy in Constantinople for many years, was in effect its Oriental Secretary, was able to see from nearby the beginnings of the Orient's great protestation against Europe's dominance and privileged position, and to witness, in Turkey, the divergence of Islam's religious energy to political nationalism.

This is an extraordinarily unpretentious narrative. The author never claims for himself any outstanding importance or prescience, and, when he takes part in great events like the Lausanne Conference, he really understates his part in them. At moments the book seems dull but, in fact, this objective modesty produces a quite powerful impression of what the author must have been like. Catholic, Irish, humorous in an old-fashioned way, definitely a diplomat of the old school, and a product of traditional classic education, Sir Andrew pursues his quiet way through violent events in Turkey, Saudi Arabia and Albania, never being wise after the event, clearly appreciative of a world that vanished utterly in 1914, and creating incidentally the picture of a most attractive family man and colleague. To all this Sir Reader Bullard's Foreword gives witness.

Curiously enough, it is after he had described his life in Turkey that Sir Andrew's narrative acquires real liveliness, and his description of life in a new-born Arab state is most enlightening. It is, though, as an autobiography, not as a diplomatic history, that this book must be judged and it is with sympathy and conviction that one follows the career of this unobtrusive and very intelligent man until, as the Foreword records, he is told of the imminence of death and replies: 'Well, I have been preparing for this all my life'. PAUL FOSTER, O.P.

THE DIARIES OF LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST, 1833-1852. Edited by the Earl of Bessborough. (Murray; 18s.)

The first thought that occurs after reading Lord Bessborough's admirable volume of extracts from the journal of his grandmother is that here is a book which will appeal to two sets of readers. To begin with, there are those who will enjoy a diary, pleasantly and easily written, which carries them away from the present and gives them, in Petrarch's phrase, that *iniqui temporis oblivio*, that opportunity to forget for a moment our own dreadful time, which the more rigorous regard

as 'escapism'. The second sort of reader is the man who has some knowledge of the nineteenth century. He will be delighted. Lady Charlotte was supremely and triumphantly the product of her age, and knits together the golden age of Whig aristocracy with the gas-lit splendour of the new industrial feudalism, which the fashion of the last twenty-five years has so absurdly misrepresented. In her diary the reader can watch the latter in all its strength and in all its weakness. The transition from Dowlais House to Canford becomes intelligible.

Moreover this book would provide—and the consideration is illuminating—an admirable means of testing a claim to appreciate the age of Victoria. Here is a mine from which the well-read can entertain themselves by extracting a series of gobbets: 'explain and comment on the following . . .'. Among such I should place first Lady Charlotte's reaction to *Manon Lescaut* (p. 267). And coupled with it would be the threat of an unconditional gamma for any attempt to treat it in the style of the late Lytton Strachey. Or, again, if the reader can appreciate the exact connotation of the adjective 'useful' he will be able to claim with some justice that the Victorian age is not unintelligible to him.

Catholics will find the chapters on the restoration of the hierarchy highly enlightening. The predominant impression which they leave is the remoteness of the Church from English life, and it is perhaps significant that in 1951 the editor sees nothing odd in his grandmother's conviction that the prelate who was so inconveniently invited to Dowlais House by Mrs Hutchins was 'the Bishop of Merthyr'.

The book is disfigured by some bad proof-reading where Welsh place-names or words are concerned. Presumably, for instance, it was 'gosteg!' rather than 'goshcy!', which caused the miners at Dowlais to smile (p. 51). Probably the book was in the press before Miss Gregory's important article on the 'Cymreigyddion y Fenni' appeared in *Llên Cymru*; but the English reader needs explanatory notes on the significance of such figures as Lady Llanover, Tegid, Carnhuanawc and Lord Aberdare, if he is to appreciate Lady Charlotte Guest's achievement.

T. CHARLES EDWARDS.

## NOTICES

A TREATISE ON INDUCTION AND PROBABILITY. By G. H. Von Wright. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 30s.)

We have read no book on a notoriously complex and muddled subject which proceeds with such delicate and successful confidence as does this. Anyone even moderately competent at discourse in the calculi of propositions and predicates, to which all the formal procedure sticks very close, will be able to follow most of it easily, and will find