

HISTORY

GREEK CITIES. Sixty-four full-page Photographs and an Essay.
By Peter Hutton. (J. M. Dent, Ltd.; 10/6.)

There are many admirers of Ancient Greece, of her soldiers, her statesmen, her writers, yet how many know what the places, where their heroes lived, looked like? Mr. Hutton has given us a book of most beautiful photographs. It contains pictures of many of the famous places of Greek history, especially those less known and less photographed, showing the glory of the landscape, and the magnificence of her ruins, charged with the magnetic atmosphere of brave deeds done and great songs sung. He has prefaced it with an enthusiastic account of his own travels, written with all the vigour of a first visit. An ideal present for the lover of Greece or of good photography.

F.M.

PHILIP II OF SPAIN. By David Loth. (Routledge; pp. 295;
15/- net.)

Mr. Loth possesses a considerable knowledge of sixteenth-century Europe and his character studies have the charm of consistency, but the lack of detailed reference to his authorities deprives his life of Philip II of much of its value. Still on points of fact he maintains a high standard of accuracy even if he writes of the responsibility for the Escovedo murder, the development of court ceremonial or the intricacies of Spanish economics with an assurance that the evidence hardly warrants. His theories are always tenable even if as explanation they are at times too facile, and if his conception of Philip as an Average Man seems a little inadequate, it is at least a pleasant contrast to that of the Great Romantics, of the *Ballad of Lepanto* or the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Indeed the whole of his new book is marked by an admirable restraint and by a strong sense of reality.

G.M.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE BLUCHER. Edited by Evelyn Princess Blücher and Major Desmond Chapman-Huston. Introduction by Lieut.-Col. Rowland Feilding, D.S.O. (London; John Murray, 1932. Pp. 351; 15/-.)

Gracious memories to dissipate national and class antagonisms, a document to disprove the hasty oppositions of the council-school press, both Right and Left. A Prussian, a great noble, a military name, Silesian Industrials, horses, big-game—this is a combination to rouse all sorts of prejudices. But how

Blackfriars

much of them go when it is seen in the concrete. Prince Blücher was a Catholic, and therefore shared in a European life too deep and old for the raw politicians of Versailles to appreciate. But this is not the sole explanation of how the decencies and graces could flourish in Hohenzollern Germany and Edwardian England. It is possible to desire and work for a new social order and yet regret the passing of the Hapsburg Empire. And not just sentimentally. On the ground of economics the achievement and promise of Central Europe is not particularly impressive. Politically, too, there is a strong case for the view that the advance of the Balkans up the Danube should never have been allowed, still less promoted.

Two chapters are devoted to the great-great-grandfather, Marshal *Vorwärts*, 'the Johnnie who was late for Waterloo.' It is pleasant to have some of the letters he wrote home from his campaigns; the scene of the old bear wanting to drink the brandy he was being rubbed with after having been ridden over at Ligny; and the remark, of our own day, 'But indeed in Germany it is difficult *not* to meet people who are connections of Queen Victoria.'

N. W. T. G.

CHRISTENDOM IN DUBLIN. By G. K. Chesterton. (Sheed & Ward; 2/6.)

Of all the tens of thousands who were in Dublin for the Eucharistic Congress only one could have written this book and, if it were not printed on the cover, anyone could give his name at the first guess—so unmistakably is it stamped with the marks of its author's genius and unique manner. Most of the vast mass of pilgrims, if asked to give their impressions, could only babble banalities or register ecstasy in a helpless manner like dumb people vainly struggling to speak. Mr. Chesterton somehow manages to give articulate expression to the massive mute wonder of that colossal mob of adoring humanity which made Phoenix Park on that historic Sunday look (at least in some respects) like the gathering of the nations for the general judgement. The book is not an exhaustive record of the Congress—fortunately! But one misses allusion to the marvel of the general Communion at the midnight Mass when all Dublin (or was it all Ireland and the rest thrown in?) went to Holy Communion and made a night vigil, unarranged for on the programme and quite improvised, most of the people kneeling in enormous crowds outside the churches.

This is a book to be kept if one would revive such memories and recapture the thrill of happenings not likely to be repeated