

by his wife from completed sections and notes left by him. The book is a history of painting, painters and patrons in the fourteenth century, and an interpretative account of wall paintings as far as they exist or can be deduced from remains and records. The range of illuminating reference to contemporary literature is particularly impressive, and the plates, extending to sixty-four pages, fully illustrate the text. There is also a full descriptive catalogue compiled in collaboration with Monica Bardswell. The one important fault is that the reproductions in general are merely indifferent paraphrases of the originals and Professor Tristram's copies, lacking in many cases even the detail and balance of shading possible in half-tone. In all other respects the book is a pleasant and fine production.

A. D. MOODY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By A. O. J. Cockshut. (Collins; 16s.)

It is part of the thesis of this book 'that Trollope is a gloomier, more introspective, more satirical and more profound writer than he is usually credited with being'. In support of this Mr Cockshut concentrates on the novels written between 1868 and 1882, which, in the second part of the book, he submits to a detailed analysis. Part I is concerned with a general account of Trollopian themes, with reference to the earlier works, and here one wonders if Mr Cockshut, by the excellence of his exposition, is not conferring a greater dignity on the novels than they can bear. Several chinks become visible in his protective criticism; for example: 'His interest in the subject' (love) 'was too vague and general for him to produce a precise analysis of the appropriate feelings'; 'Trollope's political world is easy-going. Not many of its inhabitants believe political ideas or political measures to be supremely important'; 'Most of Trollope's clergy have little concern with religion'. These indicate the weakness of Trollope's earlier novels, and suggest the reason for the popularity of the *Barchester* series—they are easy-going; they lack the central conflict, embodied in the hero-figure, which gives significance to the novelist's theme. Because Trollope lacked the sharp focus of the sensitive imagination, the obsession, which would give force and depth to his characters and centralize the conflicts in a protagonist, his novels up to 1868 make no demands on the reader.

In the second part, however, Mr Cockshut emphasises the seriousness of the later works under the title 'Progress to Pessimism'. In addition to a revealing chapter on Trollope's literary reputation this contains a series of illuminating criticisms. Commenting on *He Knew He Was Right*, Mr Cockshut remarks: 'In Trollope's world, there is no remedy for loneliness'. Now, the sentimental remoteness of Mr Harding has given way to the near-heroic isolation of characters like Louis Trevelyan,

Nora Rowley, and Priscilla Stanbury. They and their like stand at the gates of the city whose inhabitants include Heathcliff, young Copperfield, Jude, Nostromo and Scobie.

This is the rewarding part of the book, and one is grateful for the critical integrity the author has observed in speaking of the novels, not of the man.

JAMES REED

IRISH PILGRIMAGE. By Daphne D. C. Pochin Mould. (Gill; 16s.)

The history of the great Irish centres of pilgrimage is remarkably little known when compared with that of their main continental counterparts. Most visitors to Lourdes or Fatima must know about Bernadette or the three children; but few penitents at Lough Derg or Croagh Patrick could give any but the vaguest account of the history of the exercises on which they are engaged. Yet if they could forget their sore feet for long enough to think about the matter, they would find plenty of questions to be asked. Why should the place of pilgrimage be on an island (or the top of a mountain)? Why is it visited only at certain periods of the year? What is the origin of the 'stations'—those curious circles of stone round which the pilgrim stumbles reciting his endless prayers? Why does he always go round them right-handed?

To these and other questions Miss Pochin Mould's book provides the answer. She puts the more famous Irish pilgrimage centres in their full setting: she describes from personal experience the other and lesser-known pilgrimages, such as the gruelling round at Glencolumbkille; she traces back their history so far as it is known, and she offers an explanation of their probable origin in the earliest days of Celtic Christianity. She has written a pleasant, discursive book, based on a wide knowledge of Celtic history. The illustrations are admirable: it is a pity that there is no map.

J. H. WHYTE

NO PASSING GLORY. By Andrew Boyle. (Collins; 16s.).

To write of a man who has become a legendary figure in his own life-time, and that before the age of forty, must present a biographer with special difficulties. And Group Captain Cheshire is perhaps only at the beginning of the career for which he will be ultimately remembered. Yet Mr Boyle was abundantly justified in writing a life of his friend, if only to set in proper focus the wilder legends of the war-hero who saw the Bomb drop at Nagasaki, became a Catholic and henceforth devoted his life to the most heroic exercise of the corporal works of mercy. The picture is not as simple as that, and Cheshire's true greatness already demands an interpretation.