

The Unsentimental Journey

ment of pride and an affectation of being blind to what nobody else could help seeing.' The refinement of pride and an affectation: in *Jew Süß* the intrigue is rendered, but not the subtlety. It is one of the dangers of a too-economic view that, while it prepares for the interpretation of commercial and royal personages, it can throw no light upon the *Grand Seigneur*. Compared to Karl Alexander, Franz Anselm of Thurn and Taxis seems wraith-like and vague. In a sense it is the material entrenchments and the strong-based quality of Feuchtwanger's talent which leads to this result. It is not only the Christian spirit which escapes him. The *Grands Seigneurs* of the eighteenth century might suffer from the horrors of Revolution, but from posterity they have gone free.

DAVID MATHEW.

PICTANTIAE.

If ever Great Britain is converted, it will not be by the time-serving English Catholics, but by the uncompromising, fearlessly outspoken Irish Catholics domiciled in England, Scotland and Wales.

Mr. John G. Rowe, in *The Catholic World*.

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For every thoughtful man and woman as well as scientists.

From a publisher's advertisement in *The Observer*.

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We Roman Catholics are the religious snobs of the world.

Lord Castlerosse, in *The Sunday Express*.

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Help to stop the organized cruel sports of hunting and coursing, thus releasing land for food production and promoting national prosperity.

From a L.P.C.S. advertisement.