

ing of *two records* is, surely, no proof of vanity or vainglory. If every one, who from those days to this has written two records, is to be accused of vanity—what is to become of those who have written a hundred? And then two *such records*—one a chartulary or register of the charters granted and legal proceedings entered into; and the other a *chronicle* of the house. Could there possibly be two more innocent documents? Again, these chartularies and chronicles were part of all monastic establishments, and were evidently very useful, not to say necessary parts; and were expected to be continued down to all time. How, then, can their “grand object” be said to have been to record the actions of Richard the Prior? Richard was not known to be immortal; nor was there any evidence at the time, that Dunstable’s Monastery would sink into the earth the moment Richard died, albeit he was a good and holy man. As things appeared *then*, many Priors were likely to succeed in due order of succession to this one Prior Richard; and, as a matter of fact, many *did*; how, then, can this chartulary and this chronicle have had for their “grand object” the recording the actions of Richard the Prior? Or, how does their having been set on foot by Prior Richard, establish the fact of Prior Richard’s vanity and vainglory? Surely, there is here too much bread to such an unconscionable little sack.

But we have every reason to be thankful to our author for having favored us with *any* proof. Had he, like many authors we wot of, remained silent as to proof—had he rested content with his own *bare assertion*, we should, in all charity have supposed, that there *was* some proof—that he knew a thing or two but would not tell—that the proof, indeed, if necessary was forthcoming, but was withheld if nothing was said out of consideration for Prior Richard’s feeling, or for those of Prior Richard’s friends, if any, who should happen to be in the flesh. All this, one half of his readers, especially the Protestant portion, would have taken for granted, and having swallowed the assertion without examining it, would have gone down to their graves under the pious conviction that *Prior Richard*,

at least, (if not *all Priors*), was a very proud and vainglorious man. All this, we say, would have happened if our author had only known *when* to hold his *tongue*—(or, I suppose I should say his *pen*)—but in an evil hour he spoke—in an unguarded hour, he professed to give reasons for the faith that was in him, and behold, like the ass in the lion’s skin, his own voice was our greatest protection—his own logic was his own most complete conviction.

H. B.

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“THE CATHOLIC WORLD”

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NEW YORK: The Catholic Publication Society. MONTREAL: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Notre Dame Street.

The July number of this excellent monthly magazine is before us, and we give the publication its best praise when we say that it amply redeems its title not only in its Catholic features but in its further professed scope of “general Literature and Science.”—Remembering our old familiar friend, Brownson, with all its Orthodox characteristics and Classical tendency—the influence on public opinion exercised in its day and generation, and the prestige which still clings to the name as the first really creditable periodical in Catholic advocacy and defence, we must, nevertheless, take to our favor with undiminished pride the new aspirant for the leadership in these regards. And not new either, except in comparison. The *Catholic World* has stood that most trying test for all literary ventures—the progress of time—it has grown in popularity as it grew in years: new features of attractiveness are continually added; those who imagine that the profundity of theological discussion would render it an unpopular adjunct to the library table of the home circle, will be disabused by finding that current topics of “general literature and science” are treated with all the sprightliness, but without any of the sensationalism, of secular magazines—and the graces of poetry and wholesome fiction are supplied as acceptable ornament to the more solid repast. The magazine has reached its twenty-seventh volume and if that be not general praise suf-