

nation and abhorrence that pollution of the sacred name of charity of which it is guilty, awaken one general tempest of feeling, which, in its progress shall forever dry up the fountains of its wealth, and totally the moral atmosphere from this pestilence of craft.

“ Drag forth the legal monster into light,
And bid the wicked see the pains they give.”

From the Irishman

Lies mixed with truths in words that vary still,
Of ease with news, unknowing ears come fill.
Some convey tales, all in the telling grove,
And every author adds to what he knows.”

Mr. Editor—It is gravely stated (for the ephemeral newspapers that retail and contradict countless untruths, are a weighty authority) that the Pope has permitted the Catholic Clergy to marry. Though the truth of this is questionable not only from its source being anonymous, but from its *prima facie* improbability; yet an apprehension *ne res publica quid detrimenti capiat*, influences me herein, lest he might make us pay for his kindness—and his act become one of the discriminating wonders of the age, to be transmitted to more distant times, with the discovery of perpetual motion, and the quadrature of the circle, which will certainly distinguish us as supremely illuminated and most happily freed from the old way of thinking and acting. This apprehension induces me to lay these observations before the public, that they might co-operate with me in my humble efforts to prevent the introduction of his favour into our country, and the evil which will result to the body politic from this extraordinary and undreamed concession. As I have neither time nor disposition (and really this is not the occasion or paper suitable to it) to discuss the opposite advantages of celibacy and the honorable state. I will abstain from any reflection of a polemic tendency: satisfied that the plain statement of real evils will compensate for the absence of unnecessary argument.

Had I, Mr. Editor, been at Rome at the time this reputed favor was about to be granted, an irreverent zeal might have carried me into the papal presence so far, as to drop a few reflections into his ear on the inexpediency, as well as the inconsistency of it. As I sought for common sense in the Classic springs, malgré the Classicophobia of a certain wonder of his age, as in the dull elongated and trailing prosings of the pulpit, I might have observed to him, as Tully has before now of one Augustus meeting another, that he did not know how they refrain from laughing at the consciousness of the religious imposture practised by each—the very same I might have done in the present case *mutato nomine*, that I did not know how that unperturbable and saturnine gravity of countenance in the pulpit could be affected therein before the helpmate; how a pastoral declamation on the ascendancy of the human passions could be carried through before such a witness of their existence in the gowned moralist himself: I would require the consistency of divine and chambermaids to be explained, of writing desks and cradles, of books and

distaffs, of pens and spindles, of a perplexing search through tomes silent in their oriental east, concerning omens and omens and neculations about the effect of the Tariff on ladies' gowns and children's frocks, between the sudden and rhapsodical bawling of babies and the solemn illapse divine, the lullaby of nurses and the tranquil and possessed meditations on the emptiness of sublunary goods, between delicacy offended at every turn and spiritual breathings of evangelic rapture, and the elevation *a thoro jugali* and the elevation to the pulpit—to sing the praises of the Lord too pure for even the angels in heaven.

If this representation of inconsistencies could not have availed, I would only have to rely on what I at present propose, the popular denunciation of the measure, as interfering with our constitution. It is by induction only we come to a knowledge of this, for certainly at first view, what is it to us? That a parson seeing that “the daughters of men are fair” should take unto himself a lady adjutant in the ministry, who however must according to St. Paul go into church with her bonnet on. His conspicuous predilections concern not us, but in the end after the due and natural revolution of months when “*jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto*” it appears that we have the worst of it, that there is according to pretty respectable evidence, sea truly and according to what is generally known, a necessity of sending in ribbons, head-dresses, swathing bands, sweet cakes, wine, little stockings, &c. &c. I think it becomes the duty of every good citizen to prevent the further multiplication of these exactions on public benevolence. The Rev. Mrs. ——— is a coönchant, immediately is a contribution levied!—This extract from a late miscellaneous compilation of much merit and popularity might enlighten the case a little:—“*The merchant presents him, i. e. the Rev. Mr. ——— a quarter case of maderia, the planter a barrel of rice, the ladies send him sweet-meats, and all the baby clothes of his children are made in advance!*” by the courteous labour of his youthful parishioners.” The increasing necessities of an increasing family will besides be felt by the community. Desperate cases require desperate resources, as the man is unfitted because of his biblical abstractions for any secular employment that would support his *pignora conjugii*. The want of bread will make a man determine on any contrivance to avert it. “*Græculus esuriens in calumjussaria ibit*.” Hence we have young men's and young women's societies striving in the pleasant rivalries of bachelor and maid committees, life memberships, and missionary expeditions encumbered with matrimonial baggage, made for the ostensible purpose of converting these Satyrs, against whom however we are to furnish them with fire-arms for the protection of their wives;—an incident similar to which actually occurred as mentioned in the journal of the ship *Duff*, which transported from England some apostles to Oahete, nine of whom being destined for Tongataboo, consulted whether they would march to it with fire-arms, and at last resolved by a majority of six to three in the affirmative. How

great must not these sums of money be, not taking into account the cradles and nurses. Our money is thus unprofitably expended, our finances not so well supported as they would be in the absence of this incubus on the national prosperity. Consider also how great will not the charge be, if Death, who is no respecter of persons, should make two of one, what will not be the consequence? Trouble and affliction will be found in Zion! Her harps will be hung on the willows! Furthermore, should the half-remaining with us not be satisfied with having recovered the rib he originally lost when

“ Adam's bride
Came from her closet in his side.”—Hud.

but should from a private comment given from above on the 1 Cor. vii. 9, feel disposed for the better alternative; should he feel a pious yearning after the honorable state, seat how great will not the charge be? The repetition of sweet cakes and baby clothes takes place and other evils against which, Mr. Editor, I solicit your countenance, and that you will not fail to oppose the Pope in his seeming favor.

When I sat down to write this article, I expected that the matter of it might be a hoax, but as my pen advanced, an alarm of the evils enumerated in its progress made me a little serious, and consequently to think that the affair is too serious to have been invented by persons, who while themselves would be eating the kernel, would in the irony of wantonness be flinging the nutshells at others. Such a hardened piece of inhumanity, as would be betrayed herein makes me suppose, that no person has been so guilty as to have invented it, it must then be the fact: against which I use the publicity of your paper.

“ Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, & should be yours.
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feels for all mankind.”

MISOPSEUDES.

FRATELLI DE MISERICORDIA,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY.

Two or three days after my arrival in Pisa, I was talking in the streets with an Italian gentleman, when about thirty fellows came round the corner, walking two and two, not soberly as pious folks move in procession, but with stout manly strides, and wearing a disguise of so uncouth a fashion, that the moment they caught my eye I muttered a “God bless me!” and asked who they were. They were clothed in black sackcloth from top to toe, girted round the waist, and the hood not only covered the head, but fell before the face down to the breast, with two small peep-holes for the eyes. Each carried a rosary in his hand and at his shoulder bore a broad brimmed hat. “*Dio mène guardà! macchi sono questi?*” My Italian answered, “*Te Misericordia*.” Whether owing to the word *Misericordia*, or to their sackcloth and rosaries, or both, or what, I know not, but without further question I set them down in my