

monks as they did for Don Carlos; for the latter was a dwarf (*chicotito*) and a tyrant and the others were plunderers and robbers. I told them they must beware of confounding religion with priestcraft, and that in their abhorrence of the latter they must not forget that there is a God and a Christ to whom they must look for salvation, and whose word it was incumbent upon them to study on every occasion; whereupon they all expressed a devout belief in Christ and the Virgin.

We can readily imagine those hardy outlaws to be peculiarly intolerant of the yoke of religion, and to have a great fancy for placing their necks in the short collar of unbelief. These gentlemen are a great catch for Protestantism. In Portugal Mr. Borrow finds a Portuguese peasant wearing a charm round his neck, as a protection against robbers. The charm our author deciphers. He finds it to be a series of prayers and ejaculations "written in bad Portuguese," and he adds the following reflections:

The belief in witchcraft is very prevalent amongst the peasantry of the Alentejo, and of other provinces of Portugal. *This is one of the relics of the monkish system*, the aim of which, in all countries where it has existed, seems to have been to besot the minds of the people, that they might be more easily misled. *All these charms were fabrications of the monks, who had sold them to their infatuated confessants.*

Now we surely have no occasion to recur to the trite but true observation that the decay or downfall of Catholicism in any country has always been signalized by the extraordinary prevalence of these baleful superstitions; that the great theatre for witchcraft has been Protestant and Puritan England and New England; that the very savages of America, comparing the Catholic settlers from France with the protestants from England, had a saying that "the Great Spirit sends no witches" among the French; that while Calamy, Baxter, Hopkins, Sir Matthew Hale, and Sir Thomas Browne were urging or sanctioning witch prosecutions, Protestant Sweden was illustrated by cruelties of like atrocity; that Sir Isaac Newton had a sort of faith in the medical efficacy of wearing certain precious stones: and the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" believed in herbs gathered on a Friday. All these Protestant relics of Popery are trite and familiar enough in the gross. But it is more to our purpose here to show that while our author, without evidence, asserts these charms, "written in bad Portuguese," to be "fabrications of the monks" (which, of course, is itself a pure fabrication,) the clergy in the Peninsula are employed in denouncing witchcraft and these very charms, and speak of the great increase of this superstition as following hard upon the expulsion of the monks and orthodox clergy. By a very odd coincidence it happens that in the narrative of the recent events relating to the "Church in Portugal," of which we published part last week, there occurs a passage lamenting this very state of things. We extract the following sentences:—

Amongst those who still call themselves Christians, much superstition exists: they

seek to cure complaints by *escritinos*, little pieces of paper folded in a certain form, and scribbled over with figures like algebraical ones; those papers are kept in the bosom as if they were relics, the bearers expecting to be cured by them. The belief in the existence of ghosts and witches is also on the increase.

Another pleasant extravagance of our author is to represent the people as extremely ignorant of the Scriptures, though extremely intelligent in all other respects. When questioned about the Scriptures, they had never heard of them, and knew not even what their questioner meant. We need hardly retort by begging our Biblical to return home to Norfolk, the peasantry of which are far more degraded than even he describes the Portuguese to be—inasmuch as they are dull and stupid in every respect, and (far from knowing anything about the Scriptures) are found, on official investigation, to be ignorant even of the existence of Providence. Neither need we direct attention to the theological proficiency of our children of the mimes. We meet these dishonest assertions by quoting another of the same kidney, but too extravagant to meet with any belief, even from the most desperate. At page 190 of the third volume, our author tells us that a late professor of philosophy in Madrid—a friar, of course—was so ignorant as to confound the Scriptures "with the works of Virgil." This at once stamps the character of the writer.

The *Times*, in a very fair and candid criticism of this work, has hinted a doubt as to whether Mr. Borrow is a member of the Church of England. We should say most certainly not. In page 383 of the third volume occurs the following sentence: "With respect to Christ, there (the Moors) ideas even of him are much more just than those of the Papists: they say he is a mighty prophet; whilst, according to the others, he is either a piece of bread or a helpless infant." This, of course, involves two falsehoods; but we quote it merely to show that the author disbelieves the incarnation of the Second Person of the Trinity. He is, in fact, a Socinian. Moreover; his Socinianism is of a very brutal and loathsome kind. At page 343, he describes himself as entering a Moorish mosque:—"I looked around for the abominable thing and found it not: no scarlet strumpet with a crown of false gold sat nursing an ugly changeling in a niche." He then goes on with much civility to say, "Come here, Papists, and take a lesson. \* \* \* Fool, thy walls are stuck with idols; thou callest a stone 'thy Father, and a piece of rotting wood the Queen of Heaven. Fool,' &c. To all which elegancies of language we answer very shortly, "Fool, thou liest."

We had a good deal more to say about this work, but our space is nearly exhausted. The oddity of it is, that while from a great part of it you might imagine that the writer was a mere roving man of the world, to whom it cost nothing to be a looker on, at least at a gipsy cheat, a smuggler's fraud, a vagabond Jew's "gold dust robbery," or any other extravagant

• What will he say of the Stone worshipped by the Moors in a Mahomedan mosque? See Dr. Richardson's Tour in the Levant.—Ed.

proceeding, so that he might gratify his taste for flash life—he every now and then crams his piece of anti-popish blasphemy as a sop to his Earl-street employers.—In particular, towards the close of the third volume, the man raves like the Demoniac among the tombs. However, to show the value and consistency of the author's opinion on these matters, we will just put side by side two sets of opinions. At page 80 of the second volume he tells us that Popery is "a delusion which more than any other has tended to debase and brutalize the human mind;" and at page 79 of the third volume he informs us that "Rome is fully aware that she is not a Christian Church, and has no desire to become so." Compare these "beauties of Borrow" with the following, from the first volume, on the Jesuits:—"I am ready to assert that there are no people in the world better qualified, on the whole, to be intrusted with the education of youth. Their moral system and discipline are truly admirable."—p. 94. Are the Jesuits Papists? This passage is enough to prove to demonstration that the appearances of fanaticism elsewhere exhibited are mere appearances—dirty and dishonest tricks of the Bible Society trade.

Since the above was written, the following letter has appeared in the *Times*:  
To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—In a notice of "The Bible for Spain," which appeared in your journal of the 24th inst., there are one or two passages on which I humbly crave permission to say a few words.

1. You infer from various expressions in that work that I am not a member of the Church of England. Allow me at once to undeceive you. I am a member of the Anglican Church, and am a sincere admirer and upholder of the form of worship established by law in the time of the mighty and gracious Elizabeth.

Had it pleased Providence, however, to have ordered my birth amongst those who are generally termed "Dissenters," I certainly should not have been ashamed of the connexion; I believe them, upon the whole, to be a gallant and estimable body of men, and have no hesitation in saying, from what I know of them, that if serious danger threatened the Established Church, she would find amongst them as sturdy champions as among her own professed children.

2. Allow me to state, that in no part of the "Bible for Spain" is there any passage which warrants the supposition, that I wish to convey the idea that among the Spanish Clergy there are some who practise in secret the rites of Mahomedanism; there are no Mahometans among the Spaniards. I believe, however, that among the Spanish clergy there are several of Jewish ancestry, who still cling in secret to Judaism—a fact which assuredly can cause but little wonder, though whether it is a subject for congratulation or not, I shall not at present pretend to say.

During my sojourn in Spain I had various opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Spanish Jews, a singular race, who live amongst the Spaniards without

being known for what they are, except in a few instances. They occasionally assisted me in the object of my mission. I should have been more explicit concerning them in "The Bible for Spain" had I not been withheld by a certain feeling of honour. Supposing me to be one of their own nation, they revealed to me many things which they certainly would not have done had they thought me a Nazarene; the Spanish Jews are not vagabonds like the Gitanos, and I felt no inclination to divulge their secrets, more especially as they might be exposed to danger and inconvenience from such a breach of confidence.

I have the honour to be,

With profound respect, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE BORROW.

Suffolk, Dec. 26.

Mr. Borrow's mission is aided by Jews who pretend to be Catholics; who are not generally known to be otherwise, and only reveal their secret to one who convinces them that he too is an unbelieving Jew, falsely, and for an express purpose, assuming the title of a Christian. They revealed to him many things which they certainly would not have done had they even thought him a Nazarene; he had entirely convinced them on that point, and they were his chosen aids in circulating (for the wages of a money-making society) the Protestant Scriptures among the Catholics of Spain. Appropriate and well selected allies! Such are the foreign agents of the Bible Society.

THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.—We have carefully looked over the muster-roll of these conspirators, and to the credit of Philadelphia be it spoken, we have found but few, very few indeed, who are natives of the city, and those few have a standing so obscure, that we are at a loss to imagine, what characters are to be assigned them in the farce, about to be brought forward.

The majority however, are master spirits—mouthers of "civil and religious liberty," "freedom of conscience" and "all that sort of thing"—descendants of the Saints, who, under Oliver Cromwell, "enjoyed the earth"—and whose consciences were so outraged by the words, "thy kingdom come" in the Lord's prayer, that they had it changed by authority to "thy commonwealth come." Whose fathers hung up the Baptists and Quakers, for daring to differ from them in religious notions—and whose brothers for a like reason, recently fired the house of aged and unprotected females!!! We may truly say "they are worthy sons of worthy sires."—*Cor. of the Catholic Herald.*

In our last number it was stated, on the authority of the Lisbon correspondent of the *Times*, that the negotiations between Rome and Lisbon had been happily terminated. We find now that the *Uniers* of the 23 inst., and the *Union Catholique* of the 25th inst., make similar announcements, the former paper on the authority of a morning Parisian print, and the latter on that of a provincial one. No details, however, beyond those given in this journal last week are contained in the above French papers.—*True Table.*

There will have been 53 Saturdays in the present year, and of course 53 numbers of every Saturday-paper, the first and last days of the year having been on a Saturday; a circumstance that will not recur till 1858.