

THE
FLAGELLANTS

AND

THE
COVENANTERS

(New Edition).

BY

SALADIN.

Author of "God and His Book," etc.

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THE FLAGELLANTS.

FROM the era of its half-mythical Galilean downwards, Christianity has laid incontestable claims to be considered the Religion of Misery. A radical doctrine of the faith is that this world is only a Babelmandeb, or Gate of Tears to the "glory that shall yet be revealed." The teachings recorded of Christ have all the jaundiced acerbity of the Essenes. The son of Mary was an ascetic, or nothing. According to him, the end of the world was close at hand. Its concerns and aims were despicable, and the best that could be done was to regard its pleasures as pernicious seductions and lay up "treasures in heaven," as it would avail a man nothing should he "gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Strictly compatible with the teachings of Christ were the doctrines of Cardinal Damiani, when he wrote a panegyric upon the efficacy of self-inflicted suffering, and those of the celebrated Dominic, when he introduced penitential hymns, to be chanted to a tune to which the self-inflicted lash kept time. Hair shirts, protracted periods of fasting, and the like, had long been in vogue as means to propitiate an angry heaven; but Dominic affirmed that twenty recitations of the Psalms, accompanied by self-inflicted scourging, was equal to a hundred years of ordinary penitence.

Dominic flourished towards the middle of the eleventh century; but it was not till about two centuries later (1260) that the seed of asceticism he had sown sprang up to be a great and popular tree of self-torture. It was in an age of gloom and suffering and wickedness that, at Pergugia, in Italy, a monk named Regnier, with wild and bitter eloquence, preached Flagellation as the antidote that would restore an afflicted people to the

favour of an angry God. Like Peter the Hermit in the first Crusade, like Luther at the Reformation, or Bernhardt of the Millenarian insanity, this Regnier had rightly interpreted the spirit of the times. He put in his sickle, and the corn was already ripe for the harvest. The wars of Guelph and Ghibelline, famine, pestilence, rapine, murder, and misery had, after a thousand years of Christianity, made Italy and the most of Europe feel that life was, indeed, not worth living, but only a horrid and mysterious burden, which was taken up involuntarily, and which left those who bore it such cravens that they had not the courage to lay it down.

And so another violent epidemic of *Lose your Reason to Save your Soul* fell upon Christendom like a rinderpest. The memory and inspiration of the Man of Sorrows was again to lay the load of a great sorrow upon the shoulders of the world. Once more, as, under the preaching of Bernhardt and Peter the Hermit, rowdy and rascal, swash-buckler and sword-player, blackguard and blackleg, worked themselves into a frenzy concerning one Jesus, whose name has always been a spell-word with miscreants from the time of the Christian cut-throats mentioned by Tacitus down to Booth's latest prize, the "blood-washed soul" of 'Arry Juggins the burglar.

Two by two the holy ones of the whip-lash marched through the gaping multitudes on the crowded streets. Their heads were covered with sackcloth; their remaining article of attire was a bandage round the loins, which rendered them a little decent for God's sake. Their backs and breasts were entirely nude. The back bore a huge cross, daubed upon the skin with red paint; and another cross was smeared upon the naked breast. On through the town, and through the wilderness, in long and narrow file, like the march of the ducks from the dub to the dung-hill, marched those nasty saints of God. The hand of each sacred fanatic bore a heavy and horrible whip, the thongs tipped with iron; and, with this whip, every pious madman lashed his own bare back till the thongs were clotted and gory, and long lines of blood running down

from the scapula to the pelvis defaced the red cross which had been painted on the skin.

To what shall we liken the men of that generation? To a crazy dog, refusing its food and chewing off its own hind legs to please its master. But the analogy is imperfect, and the man flogging his own back to please his Jesus is more irrational than the dog chewing off his own hind legs to please his master; for the dog is positively sure he has a master; but the ablest Christian that has ever written has not been able to establish that his Jesus really ever existed. The only record of him is in four so-called "Gospels," written by nobody knows who, nobody knows where, and nobody knows when, and the statements of which are contradicted by each other and are utterly unsupported by history. A pretty source, indeed, from which to derive a Jesus in whose honour you can flog your back! But backs always will be flogged, and noses ever will be held close to the grindstone, till he with the back and he with the nose takes the trouble to cultivate his brain, and dares to confront, eagle-eyed, the authorities that would make him a chattel and a poor mad cats-paw in the hands of priest and tyrant.

Jehovah has ever liked singing and dancing and capers to his glory and honour. David, the "man according to God's own heart," danced naked before deity and certain young girls; and another worthy sang to God's glory with acceptance because Jael had hammered a nail into her guest's head while he slept. So the Flagellants, besides tickling their own backs with whips, deemed it would be well to tickle Jehovah's ears with music. Accordingly they sang while they flogged. If you think flogging your back is conducive to making you rival the efforts of Sims Reeves, just try the experiment. Flog your back while you sing, and you will find that many a quaver flies off into a scream, and that many a crotchet is dead-born. But the Lord had just to content himself with such music as was obtainable under the circumstances. Certain fragments of the hymns which the Flagellants sang have been preserved. Here are brief specimens:—

“Through love of man the Saviour came,
Through love of man he died ;
He suffered want, reproach, and shame,
Was scourged and crucified.
Oh, think, then, on thy Saviour’s pain,
And lash the sinner, lash again !” *

The following are a few lines from the metrical rendering into English of “The Ancient Song of the Flagellants” :—

“Tears from our sorrowing eyes we weep,
Therefore so firm our faith we keep
With all our hearts, with all our senses :
Christ bore his cross for our offences.
Ply well the scourge, for Jesu’s sake,
And God, through Christ, your sin will take.
For love of God abandon sin—
To mend your vicious lives begin ;
So shall we his mercy win.” †

Thirty-three days and a-half was the shortest term in which a Flagellant must macerate and lacerate himself ; and these thirty-three and a-half days were meant to be mystically symbolical of the thirty-three years and a-half which the third part of God, and yet equal to the whole of God, had lived on earth “saving souls” and making three-legged stools. The devotees fell down on their dirty knees in the dirty streets, and, setting up their naked, putrid, and horrible backs, prayed to Jah and Jesus and Mary to have mercy on their souls, before having taken the trouble to find out whether they had souls or not. Jah and Jesus and Mary had, however, something else to do than attend to kneeling lunatics with voices like cross-cut saws and backs like half-cooked beef-steaks. But the cities, then as now, had plenty of fools, and certain of them rushed out at their doors or leapt from their windows for God’s sake to join the ranks of those who lashed their hurdies with thongs and prayed with their knees in the gutter. When all Christendom had managed to lash its back to its own satisfaction, it threw down the whip, got up from its knees, and took to swearing and sinning in the usual way.

But, some fifty years afterwards, Christendom again took it into its head that its back would be

* Preserved by L’Evesque : quoted by Lingard.

† Dr. Hecker.

all the better for a flogging. So, in 1296, the saints, particularly those of Strasburg, Spires, and Frankfort, took unto themselves whips, and began business in earnest. The Jews had good broad backs, which they were impious enough never to whip, and this mightily offended the Christian Flagellants. The Jews did not see their way to whip their own backs, so, in the most obliging manner, the Christians offered to whip them for them. The Jews preferred to look after their commercial enterprises to tearing away with a scourge at their own dorsal rafters; and, for this deadly sin, they were foully massacred. The wretches who did not scourge their backs had scourged the third of deity and crucified him. Down with them to Tophet! One Jew, goaded to desperation by Christian persecution and outrage, set fire to the Town Hall and the Cathedral of Frankfort, and they were reduced to ashes. Down with the seed of Iscariot and Barabbas! The holy ones flung away their whips, and, seizing sword, hatchet, and knife, devoted some hours of horror to the slaughter of man, woman, and child of the seed of Israel. The God of Jacob looked on; but, apparently, did not see his way to interfere. In Frankfort, of all the sons and daughters of Salem whose ancestors had sung to the Lord by the streams of Babel, none remained alive, except a small remnant that, bursting through the carnage, had escaped into Bohemia. Christ had "redeemed" these Christians (they were well worth it) by a bloody sacrifice upon Calvary, and, out of compliment—like Catherine Medici in her sanguinous bath—they set him in blood to the chin. Every tree must be judged by its fruit. I hereby defy the history of all the other faiths to produce a tree like the Christian one, which, from the deepest root to the topmost twig, is dyed with human gore.

After the Frankfort tragedy of 1296, Flagellantism did not rear its head conspicuously till the year 1348. To students of history the mention of this date recalls the deepest and widest grave that was ever dug to receive the slag and refuse of morality. The "BLACK DEATH" took into her hands the besom of destruction, and swept into the sepulchre twenty-five millions of human beings! Europe fell upon

her knees, and from Dirt appealed to Deity. But the appeal was in vain. In every Christian city there was a plethora of disgusting sewage and unspeakable stench. Cleanliness is, proverbially, next to godliness; but the citizens of mediæval Europe were so godly that they forgot to be cleanly. Outside Mohammedan Constantinople there was not a bath on the entire European continent, from the Straits of Behring to the Straits of Messina. Pious Ignorance and theological Intolerance sat to the eyes in filth, which it would give my readers the jaundice to describe; and mankind perished as do clouds of locusts when overtaken by a gale at sea, or as perish at the end of autumn tens of thousands of hives of bees, when imprisoned amid the fumes of burning brimstone.

“God in heaven, Mary and all the Saints, what is the matter now?” gasped Christendom, as, with pale lips and phrenzied eye, she, in whole cityfuls, staggered into the grave. Nothing practical, as connected with this wretched “Vale of Tears,” suggested itself to the follower of Jesus. He was beyond and above attending to the carnal conditions of this despicable earth, and from the midst of his priests and relics and shrines and miracles his whole hope was in heaven, and his only court of appeal his “Maker and Redeemer.” But neither Maker nor Redeemer could be induced to interfere; and graves were dug till there were none left to dig them, and corpses were borne out of the streets and houses till there were none left to bear them. There were only the voice of prayer, the cry of pain, and the rattle of the death-cart; and in certain districts even these sounds died away. In the houses the dead were left with the dead. There lay a disused cart and a skeleton horse. Grass and weeds flourished in the streets where a busy traffic had rolled its tides, and there the wind waved ghastly shreds of human apparel, still adhering to more ghastly relics of human beings. There was high carnival for maggot and fly, and dogs and swine tugged and snarled among the entrails of those who had trusted in Jesus and neglected their dust-bins.

The New Testament was looked to as the antidote to the bane; and, whatever may be its merits,

it is a poor manual of hygiene. Scrubbing is never mentioned, and there is no reference to washing, except to the washing of "souls," whatever they may be, in blood. There is, moreover, allusion to the washing of a certain party's feet with tears, and then drying them with maiden's hair; but this is a sentimental and not an efficacious lavation. It is not on record that Mary or Tabitha, or anyone else, ever washed the shirt or tunica which was worn under the seamless garment of Jesus, and I question if it was ever washed or changed from the day on which he left the carpenter's bench till the day that, with his life, he expiated his sedition and folly. Through all the horrors of the Black Death we hear of no wholesome and honest washing with water; but there certainly was a washing of the streets with blood. It was surmised that this visitation of the wrath of Heaven was instigated by the sinfulness of the Christians in allowing the Jews to live; for it was the Jews who had crucified the Lord; and yet, according to the Christian theory, if the Lord had not been crucified, the world would inevitably have been lost. The Black Death was accompanied with another merciless massacre of the Jews. It was also accompanied by another pitiless flogging of backs. So fanatically wild did this self-inflicted back-flogging become that many held that the rite of Flagellation should, in the Christian Church, supersede the rite of Baptism. Many literally flogged away the flesh off their bones, and yet the plague did not abate; and the sky and the earth were pregnant with supernatural terrors. A pillar of fire hung over the pope's palace at Avignon; a red ball of fire in the heavens blazed over Paris, and Greece and Italy were shaken with an earthquake. And the Christians flogged and prayed, and prayed and flogged, and sang and slew, and slew and sang, and still the plague went on.

Flagellantism was not without its serio-comic aspect. I cannot say whether it copied from the game of Leap-the-Frog, or whether Leap-the-Frog has copied from it. In Leap-the-Frog each boy vaults over his neighbour's bended back, and then bends his own, and so on the process goes till each has vaulted over the back of all. The Flagellants lay

in rows, and one ran along the row scourging furiously as he went with a leathern scourge tipped with iron, and then he lay down; and so on and so on, till each had flogged the naked backs of all. In lying in the rows to be flogged, however, those who wished to do penance for certain crimes had to observe certain recognized postures indicative of these crimes. If the crime was perjury, till it was his turn to get up and flog, the penitent lay on his side, holding up three fingers; if it was adultery, he lay flat with his face on the ground; and so on, different postures of the body were fixed upon to indicate different crimes. The Flagellants, too, were not without their grotesque impostures in the shape of pious forgeries. At one of their assemblies they actually read a letter which had been sent to them direct from heaven, and in which Jesus Christ was good enough to give them his favourable opinion of the efficacy of flagellation. The "Blessed Virgin" had, with maternal affection, given her son some assistance in the composition of this celestial missive.

Unlike the Millenarian mania, the Flagellant craze extended even to England. In 1351 a deputation of 120 continental Flagellants visited London; but insular stolidity did not see its way to carry its piety to the extent of lacerating its own flesh with scourges. Even on the continent the frenzy began to exhaust itself. The leaders betook themselves to desperate resources to buttress up a falling cause. They set themselves to the task of restoring life to a dead child, and performed the "miracle" so clumsily that the performance hastened their dissolution instead of giving them a new lease of influence. In the hey-day of their fanaticism neither king nor pontiff saw it prudent to interfere with the Flagellants; but when the tide turned against them, king and pontiff turned against them too. A bitter persecution set in, and Flagellantism, like most other isms, was called upon to furnish its roll of martyrs, and it heroically enough responded to the call. Its dying spasm—and it was a vigorous and terrible one—was in 1414, and some time later it finally expired in the dungeons and amid the fagots of the Holy Inquisition. Mankind, in the mass, continue to be fools; but, in the last four

centuries, there has been some small advance towards sanity, and it is now somewhat difficult to get anyone to flog his own back for the love of God.

W. S. R.

THE COVENANTERS.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1884.

The House met at four o'clock.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Answering Mr. Buchanan, the Marquis of Hartington said he had communicated with Lord Wolseley as to the employment of a greater number of Presbyterian chaplains with the Scottish regiments under his charge, adding that one at present at Alexandria would be available, if his services were required.

ALAS, that the world has not yet dispensed with the services of Presbyterian Beetles of god and gun! I myself ran such a narrow escape of being a Scotch Beetle that this project of employing the *Scarabæus Scotorum* in Egypt brings up to my memory sundry of the bloodthirsty insects' previous ravages scrolled over history's panoramic canvas, and that in pigments of blackness and fire.

There, with high cheek-bones and scowling brows, with black gowns and Geneva bands, file past the *dour* and grim fanatics who barred the path of Charles I., and of Laud, Juxon, and Wren. There go they who, for twenty-eight years, through steel and blood and heather, set their backs against the wall of Fate, and practically swore to lead Scotland to Hell, rather than to Rome.

History has a pretty feasible hint that the shower of clasp-Bibles that, on July 23rd, 1637, rained so murderously round the head of Dean Hanna, in St. Giles's Church, were flung by Scottish ministers, dressed in female gowns and mutches, and that their pulpit-trained voices initiated the popular yell of "Anti-Christ! Anti-Christ! A Pope! A Pope! A Belly-god! Stone him!" It was the fanatical and hard-headed Presbyterian Beetles who, by their wild biblically-phrased warnings, roused the Scottish

peers to a vivid apprehension that, if Charles and Laud succeeded, the estates which had been confiscated from the Church at the Reformation would be wrenched from the nobles and restored to Rome. This was a potent argument ; for, whatever might be the territorial lord's desire for a place in the kingdom of heaven, he would fight and sing psalms for twenty years rather than lose a single acre of his lands in the kingdom of Scotland. And thus there was almost instantly arrayed against the Government a black phalanx of ninety Beetles, walled round by John, Earl of Rothes ; John, Earl of Cassilis ; Alexander, Earl of Eglinton ; James, Earl of Home ; William, Earl of Lothian ; John, Earl of Wemyss ; and John, Earl of Loudon ; Lord Lindesay, Lord Yester, Lord Balmerino, Lord Cranston, and large numbers of the gentry and lesser nobility. These, of course, led with them the psalm-singing yokels of their estates, primed up by the Beetles to a perfect phrenzy of religious fanaticism, which could not fail to be exceedingly profitable to their lords and masters. There is no patriotism in denying that Scotland's desperate struggle in the seventeenth century was carried out by the immoral instrumentality of Beetle and noble-primed bumbkins, howling from Jeremiah and canting from Ezekiel, grimly frantic with suffering and fanaticism, who, singing psalms, mutilated the slain, and dashed their texts and swords at the same time through the bodies of the dragoons of the Government. Scotland did all this drunk with divinity, and I should respect her quite as much if she had done it all drunk with whisky. And yet I should like to see the land in the whole world that can afford to scoff at her. Man, up to this time, has been a small and nasty animal at the best, and what are magniloquently called his noblest motives will not bear anything like rigid analysis. You are kinder to mankind when you expect too little of them, than when you expect too much. And it will puzzle your ingenuity to expect less than you will get.

The passage in Genesis, anent God's making all things very good, would have stood better on its legs if it had read, " God made all things very good.

save man, and him he made mad." It is teleology alone that makes man madder than his "earth-born companions and fellow-mortals." Well might Burns apostrophise the mouse:—

"Still thou art blest, compared wi' me :
The Present only toucheth thee ;
But, ah ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear ;
And, forward though I canna see,
I guess and fear,"

It is all very well for writers of the school of Dr. Lewins to abjure teleology absolutely. It rises superior to abjuration. The speculatively religious instinct is strong in normal man, and I, for one, rejoice rather than lament that it is so. It is not the religious instinct that has stultified and cursed the race, but the diversion of that instinct into baleful channels by interested sacerdotal and civil chicane. Man has too little religion, rather than too much ; but he has certainly too much theology, rather than too little.

But, back to the Black-Beetles of the Presbyterian corner of the vineyard of the Lord. So well did the interested leaven of religious sedition work, that in June, 1638, the High Commissioner swaggered up to Holyrood escorted by 20,000 men, most of them mounted. There were present, moreover, 700 Beetles, the most sour and grim kind that ever banged a bible for the love of God. Many of them had buff coats under their Geneva cloaks, and, according to Burnet, many wore in their belts swords, pistols, and daggers, that, for the love of heaven, they might redden the earth with blood. Madly Beetle-bitten, the peasantry flew to arms ; every Beetle-box in the country breathed of fire and slaughter ; the crackle of musketry was in every sermon, the roar of cannon in every prayer ; the sword-blade was sharpened on the pulpit, and the kirk became a recruiting-ground for the battlefield. "We have now cast down the walls of Jericho ; let him who rebuildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel and Bethelite," was the refrain of a Tyrtæan sermon by Henderson, of Leuchars. Beetles Mushet, Row, Cant, Dickson, and a mighty host of murderous piety, took up the cry. It was thundered from hundreds of pulpits. The heather was, indeed,

on fire. The Beetle struck the Bible with his fist in the emphasis of bloodthirsty rhetoric, and his voice found a terrible echo in the ring of the armourer's anvil, as the hammer clashed and clanged upon the red-hot iron that was being fashioned into bit and stirrup, helmet and sword-blade.

The Lords of the Covenant prepared for war. Wheresoever the carcase of prey is, there shall the eagles of militarism be gathered together. Heretofore Scotland had proved too stale and pacific to be a fitting arena for the restless energies of her gentlemen of the sword and swashbuckling fire-eaters, and they had accordingly poured in thousands from the banks of the Forth, the Dee, and the Clyde to the banks of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Danube, to follow Gustavus Adolphus for gold and glory, and write their names imperishably in their blood in the annals of the Thirty Years' War, in which the stubborn valour of the Scottish Legion filled all Europe with their renown. The Beetles had now wrung the coin out of the pockets of their frugal countrymen at home, and their fighting countrymen abroad rushed back to offer their steel blades and their blood for the merks of the peasant and the burgher. The world had no better soldiers than the Scoto-Swedish officers of Gustavus, among the most distinguished of whom were Sir Alexander Leslie, Sir Alexander Hamilton, Sir James Livingstone, Monroe, Baillie, and other heroes of Prague and Fleura, and numerous battlefields in Polish Prussia, Brändenberg, Westphalia, and Silesia. The Beetle, the ancestor of him now wanted in Egypt, had done it with a vengeance. Every *fourth* man in Scotland was to consider himself a soldier. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! The land was as busy as a beehive declaiming sermons, whining prayers, drawling psalms, and getting ready arms and munitions—body armour for the cavalry, buff-coats and morions for pikemen, and muskets with rests for the musketeers. A cannon foundry was, moreover, established at the Potter Row, Edinburgh, under the direction of Sir Alexander Hamilton, formerly master of the cannon-foundries of Gustavus Adolphus at Urbowe, in Sweden. And all Beetle-dom was up on end, and raving to Jehovah to hurl

down the curse of Meroz upon those who failed to gird up their loins and go forth to help the Lord against the mighty.

The old legend-book of Judah was clasped to the very heart of Scotland. Its bloodiest and most terrible texts were interwoven with the common parlance of mundane affairs, and preached from with a wild and volcanic vehemence. "And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine: and all flesh shall know that I, the Lord, am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty one of Jacob." "The Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea." "Cursed be he who keepeth back his sword from blood." "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out, from gate to gate, throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour." These were the sort of bases of Beetle-spun harangues that scared the pee-wheet and the plover of the hills and moors. "Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass. And Saul gathered the people together, and numbered them in Telaim, two hundred thousand footmen, and ten thousand men of Judah. And the Lord sent thee on a journey, and said: Go and utterly destroy the sinners, the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed," was the fearful text from which a certain Beetle of Hell preached, and incited the Covenanters to, after the Battle of Philiphaugh, enclose the defeated musketeers of Montrose in the courtyard of Newark Castle, and pour in volley after volley of shot upon the defenceless and unresisting mass, till not a man remained standing; and the gunpowder smoke cleared away and left the court covered with blood and brains like the floor of a slaughter-house, and the air rent with the shrieks of those to whom Death had not yet come in mercy to end their agony. After this holy massacre, 1,000 corpses were interred in a spot which to this day bears the shuddering name of

The Slain Man's Lea. And so much did the Presbyterian Beetles insist upon the curses that would overtake those who spared the Amalekites, the enemies of God, and so terribly did they emphasise "*man and woman, infant and suckling,*" that the swords of the Covenant ripped open the bodies of the women with child, and transfixed the unborn babe with the blade reeking with the blood of its mangled mother,* that the Scripture might be fulfilled.

So much for the antecedents of the Presbyterian Beetles Mr. Buchanan inquires about so kindly, and in regard to whom the Marquis of Hartington replies that there is a spare one to be had at Alexandria. Even now, it would seem, Scottish soldiers do not feel they can slaughter properly for the Lord unless they are under the beetlefications of an Ephraim MacBriar or a Gabriel Kettledrummle!

How long, O Lord, how long, will it be accounted glorious to drill a bayonet through a diaphragm, and valorous to lodge a leaden pellet in the medulla oblongata? No religion whatever can be true whose God is the God of Battles, and whose priests officiate in the sanctification of slaughter. O that there were a righteous heaven, and that man's objective Paradise was correlative with man's subjective desire! Then would I call to this heaven to witness that the torn banners and emblazoned rags of war are hung up as trophies in the Christian churches and cathedrals—the relics and memorials of wounds and misery and hate and death in the temples of "the Prince of Peace"! I have sat in a certain cathedral and listened to the Gospel of goodwill to all mankind, although, at the entrance, I had to pass dusty, torn, and ghastly relics of some of the bloodiest engagements in India and the Peninsula. I yearn for the religion that will account State murder and private murder alike unhallowed, and which will find no room in its fanes for bannered rags in memorial of burning towns, slaughtered men, shrieking widows, and breadless orphans, more than for the gory knives which were wielded by the miscreants and murderers whose infamy is perpetuated in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

W. S. R.

* Gordon of Ruthven.

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