





THE
COVENANTERS.

BY
SALADIN.

[REPRINTED FROM "THE SECULAR REVIEW."]

LONDON :
W. STEWART & Co., 41, FARRINGDON St., E.C.



EVERY THURSDAY.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE SECULAR REVIEW :

A JOURNAL OF AGNOSTICISM.

EDITED BY SALADIN.

THE SECULAR REVIEW is the recognised organ of cultured Freethought in England, and its contributors comprise some of the leading scholars and foremost thinkers of the country.

Subscription 2s. 8½d. per Quarter.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 41, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

IN LIMP CLOTH.

PRICE 2s. POST FREE.

POEMS:

GENERAL, SECULARISTIC, AND SATIRICAL.

By LARA.

Dedicated to Saladin.

“Contains specimens of the most biting satire penned since the days of Pope.”

London: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

PRICE 1s. 6d. POST FREE.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE HYLO-IDEALISTIC PHILOSOPHY

DEMONSTRATING THE TRUE BASIS OF

AGNOSTICISM.

By WILLIAM BELL McTAGGART.

London: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

B3063
N578

[REPRINTED FROM "THE SECULAR REVIEW."]

THE COVENANTERS.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27:h, 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 battle-field. " We have now cast down the walls of Jericho ; let him who rebuildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel the Bethelite " was the refrain of a Tyrtaean 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. Where-soever 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 battle-fields in Polish Prussia, Brandenburg, 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 Beetledom 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.

* Gordon of Ruthven.

Price 2s., post free,

LAYS OF ROMANCE & CHIVALRY.

By W. STEWART ROSS ("SALADIN").

"Some of these effusions are of a very remarkable character, and indicate that Mr. Ross has a genuine vein of poetic inspiration."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"Mr. Stewart Ross shows great power of dramatic expression. . . . The work will be welcomed by all who can appreciate poetic energy applied to the interesting and thrilling incidents of the earlier and more romantic periods of history."—ABERDEEN JOURNAL.

"Many of the poems are characterised by a spirit and ringing martial vigour that stirs the blood."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"A book of romantic, historic verse, aglow in every page with the energy of a true and high poetic genius."—GLASGOW WEEKLY MAIL.

"The author gives ample proof of his varied talents, and his no small share of the minstrel's magic power."—ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.

"There is much that is excellent in the work. . . . Mr. Ross is apparently a scholar, and might make a success in some other walk in literature."—LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

"Mr. Ross is a poet of undoubted power."—HULL MISCELLANY.

"The poems are characterised now by vigour, now by grace, and now by pathos."—NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN.

"Mr. Stewart Ross is not only a poet, he is a scholar and a thinker."—SOUTH LONDON PRESS.

"The poems contain many fine thoughts, expressed in powerful language."—NEWCASTLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

"The book is well worthy the perusal of all readers of taste, and we trust Mr. Stewart Ross will favour this department of literature with further efforts of his genius."—LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

London : W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Just out, price 1d., post free 1½d., The

WHITMINSTER SECULAR SCHOOL INAUGURATION.

Speeches by Glegg Bullock, Esq., Saladin, Lara, Edith Saville, and George Minson.

London : W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Now ready, neatly bound in cloth, price 1s., post free 1s. 2d.,

LIFE AND MIND: ON THE BASIS OF MODERN MEDICINE.

By ROBERT LEWINS, M.D.

With an Appendix by "THALASSOPLEKTOS" ("PIONEER.")

London : W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

RECENT PAMPHLETS.

The Dying Faith, by Lara 0 3
A Visit to the Grave of Thomas Carlyle, by Saladin 0 1
The Divine Interpretation of Scripture, being a Reply to Cardinal Manning, by Saladin 0 1
The Crusades, by Saladin 0 1
The Covenanters, by Saladin 0 1
Christian Persecution, by Saladin 0 1
The Flagellants, by Saladin 0 1
The Iconoclasts, by Saladin 0 1
The Inquisition, by Saladin 0 1
Christian Crackers, by Inquirer 0 4

London: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Just issued, price 10s. 6d., post free,

OUTLINES OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

By J. D. MORELL, LL.D.

(Author of "Manual of History of Philosophy," "English Grammar and Analysis," etc.)

Since the Psychology of the Scottish School (Reid, Stewart, Brown) has ceased to satisfy the requirements of the age, various efforts have been made to discuss the whole question from a more scientific point of view. These were commenced by Sir William Hamilton in his Notes on Reid. Since then James Mill, Alexander Bain, and Herbert Spencer have treated the whole science with great power of analysis from a more sensualistic point of view. Various German systems (Hegel, Herbart, Beneke) have also, during the present century, attempted to throw new light on the subject, each in its own particular form. The present Outlines were designed to take into due account these various attempts at a more complete development of the science, and educe from them a brief and intelligible sketch of a System of Psychology based on a critical apprehension of all the previous analyses. These Outlines are now published with such exposition as the progress of scientific thought on the subject seemed to require. They are thus presented as a Text-book, which may enable the student, in some measure, to test the claims, of opposing systems, and to enter fairly into the main questions which have been mooted by the leading psychologists of Europe in the present age.

London: W. Stewart & Co., the Holborn Viaduct Steps, E.C.
Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Co.

Price One Penny.

Post Free Three-Halfpence.

FROM THE VALLEY
OF
THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

By SALADIN.

IN MEMORIAM

BRUNO STEWART ROSS,

Died 19th November, 1882, aged two years and five weeks.

London: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Recently Published.

Post free Twopence-halfpenny.

WITCHCRAFT

IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

By SALADIN.

Being an Address delivered at the Inauguration of the Secular Society at Stockport, November 19th, 1882—the Marquis of Queensberry in the Chair.

London: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Price 2s. post free.

Elegantly printed in colours.

SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE

OF AN AGNOSTIC'S LIFE.

By HIMSELF.

“It is not an irreverent Agnosticism that is uttered in these pages, although, without doubt, it is terribly heterodox; but the author evidently feels and think, which is more than can be said of some of our versifiers.”
—*Scotsman*, July 21st, 1883.

London: W. STEWART & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Now ready, price 1d., post free 1½d.,

THE DIVINE

INTERPRETATION OF

SCRIPTURE :

A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

BY SALADIN.

*Being a Paper read at the Cassadaga Conference, New York,
by S. P. Putnam, Secretary, American Liberal League.*

"This trenchant and incisive impeachment of the pretensions of our greatest enemy, the Romish Church, was well worth re-printing, and we hope it will have a large circulation."—*Free-thinker.*

16 pp., with Illustration, price One Penny, post free Threehalfpence,

THE CRUSADES.

BY SALADIN.

16 pp., price One Penny, post free Threehalfpence,

CHRISTIAN PERSECUTION.

BY SALADIN.

In neat wrapper, price One Penny, post free Threehalfpence,

THE FLAGELLANTS.

BY SALADIN.

In neat wrapper, price One Penny, post free Threehalfpence,

THE COVENANTERS.

BY SALADIN.

The Publishers will be pleased to forward an assorted parcel of 100 copies of the above Pamphlets (carriage paid) for distribution on receipt of 5s. 6d.

London: W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon Street, E.C.