

579

The teares of IRELAND

Wherein is lively presented as in a Map, a List of the unheard off Cruelties and perfidious Treacheries of bloud-thirsty Jesuits and the Popish Faction.

As a warning piece to her Sister Nations to prevent the like miseries, as are now acted on the Stage of this fresh bleeding Nation.

Reported by Gentlemen of good Credit living there, but forced to flie for their lives, as *Iobs* Messengers, to tell us what they have heard and seene with their eyes, illustrated by Pictures.

Fit to be reserved by all true Protestants as a Monument of their perpetuall reproach and ignominy, and to animate the spirits of Protestants against such bloody Villains.

LONDON,

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HELIUM K06
MADE IN ENGLAND

10TMS



Courteous Reader:



It is my hearty pray-
 for thee which was
 the last desire of Lu-
 ther for his friends,
 that thou mayest be
 filled with the love
 of Christ, and ha-
 tred of the Pope, He
 that loves not the Lord Jesus Christ, let
 him be accursed, hee that hates not the
 Pope, loves not Christ; ^a The Pope is
 that Antichrist; This indeed is questio-
 ned by some Factors for Rome, but de-
 termined by the Apostle. Who is An-
 tichrist, but ^b the man of sin, and son of
 perdition? who is this man of sin & son
 of perdition but the Pope? There were
 never seene greater monsters, and pro-
 digies in the World for all kinde of ac-
 cursed

^a Abbot Down-
ham, Sharp,
&c. de Anti-
christo.

^b 2 Theff. 2.

To the Reader.

curfed abominations, then they were that have fate in that Chaire of pestilence, as their own *c Platina* relates; In which there are reckoned ten *Sodomites*, fourteene infamous for adulteries; nine Simoniacks, twelve Tyrants, three and twenty Necromanticks, that gave themselves to the Devill, ten Traitors, fifty in an ordinary succession unworthy that name, *d* many that have justified the vilest of the Heathen Emperours in the most abominable of their excesses. There were never any that so puld up the floud-gates to open a way for the inundation of Wickednesse as the popes; *e* by dispensations for Sodomie, Incest, Murther, fornication, &c. *f* and by indulgencies, *g* by doctrine. If the pope should declare that vertue is vice, and vice vertue, the Church is bound to believe it to be so, and practice accordingly. There was never such a sonne of perdition; hee is that *Apollyon*, or destroyer of whom Saint *John*, a destroyer of souls, and shedder of blood; but especially drunke with the blood of Saints. It is credibly *h* related that in the space

c Szegedin. Spec. Pontificum Rom.

d Selneccer. v. de Pontif.

e Idea reform. antichrist. tom. 1. part. 2. sect. 2. c. 7.

f Bpenf. in tit. 1. sig. 1. mus. loc. com. g Bellar. de pont. Rom. lib. 4. c. 5.

h Idea reform. Antichrist. vide supra c. 6.

To the Reader.

space of eight hundred yeeres, hee hath been the death of twelve Millions, one alone pope *i Iulius* the Second in seven yeeres of his papacie destroyed 200000 Christians: But their outrageous fury against the Saints who can relate? How bloody were the persecutions raised against the *Waldenses*, in which there was no *k* mercy shewed to any age, sex, condition, their rage extended it self to the destruction of the brutish beasts, and senseless trees? *l* what internecine wars were stirred up against the *Hussites* in *Bohemia*? what Country or Kingdome cannot produce instances of cruelty more then barbarous? The Low. countries lament the death of eighteen thousand executed by the Duke of *Alva* in the space of three thousand yeeres in the cause of Religion. *m Bartholomeis* slaughter will be for ever infamous in *France*? where by a prodigious Treason and unparallel cruelty, the Rivers did run with the blood of *Hugonets*, *England* hath still in fresh remembrance Queen *Maries* fires; *Italie*, *Spaine*, &c. doe yet groan under the mercilesse inquisition. The

i Baleus de actis Rom. Pontif. l. 7.

k Hist. Waldens.

l Sleidanus.

m Thuanus.

To the Reader.

The report of these cruelties doth astonish the Readers and relators, but not quench the thirst, glut the never to be fatiated ravine of these blood-thirstie Monsters, whose delight is that of the

o **Cardinall Farnesius** to see Rivers of the blood of **Lutherans** to his horse bridle. But thou wilt say what is this to the pope, that he should be hated? Consider this blood was shed by his instigation, by his approbation. It was hee that granted a *Croisado* against the *p Waldenses*, and *q Bohemians*, promising pardon of sins to all such as should die in the expedition for their extirpation; It was hee that hearing of the Massacre in *Paris* skipped for joy, and commanded a solemne triumph, and panegyrick for that cause; But what is that to us? What? Have wee never heard of the popes good will to *England*? *r* How long wee have stood proscribed, exposed to the fire, and sword of a Catholic-like invader? have wee never heard of those many horrid treasons hatched, and furthered against our Kings, and State, by that bloody *Moloch* and his instruments,

o Idæa reform. Antich. tom. 2. part. 2. c. 6.

p Hist. Waldens. *q* Booke Martyrs tom. 1.

r Bulla Pii 5ci. against Queen Elizabeth

To the Reader.

ments, and sworn Vassals? What treason was ever intended against our Church, or State, in which a priest, or Jesuit hath not had a hand? And as a learned Bishop hath shewed *f*: that most devillish, and hel-borne plot of the Gun-powder Treason, by whom should it have bin acted? by whom was it invented? It hath found an *Apolo- t* **gie** from *Eudæmon*, approbation from *Claudius Aquaviva*, excuse from *Bellar- mine*, absolution from *Hamon*; al Jesuits. But yet there is nothing done against us? And papists amongst us abhor this bloudinesse; What intentions, and desperate machinations are against us the Lord discover, and disappoint; but consider. That in their account we are hereticks, and declared to be so by the pope; Now consider of their doctrine; *u* **A** hereticke loseth all right to all that hee hath; And being *w* declared to be such, any one may kill him though a King, nay; though the pope should be willing to suffer him *x* yet may not the people, nay; *y* though hee would change his Religion, and leave his herefie, that can give him no safety. Witnesse *Henry* the

Fourth

f B. Carleton.

t Prideaux Sermon on the Gunpowder Treason.

u Azorius Instit. moral. li. 8. de penis heretic.

w Symanch. instit. lib. 23. c. 11.

Saunders de visibil. Monarch. l. 2. c. 4.

x Bannes in 2. g. 12. artic. 2.

y Symancha ubi supra.

To the Reader.

Fourth of *France*, who after he was turned papist, was stab'd in the mouth by one *John Castile*, and to the heart by *Ravilliac*; **z** By heresie all bonds and obligations of nature, of covenant, of oath, of duty are dissolved, witness the practices of these *Irish* Rebels: Hereticks may be slain by sword, by treason, **a** even with the destruction of many innocent Catholikes. O devillish! Upon these, and such like grounds, our Liturgie justly censured their religion rebellion, and the sometime worthy professors of our two famous Universities concluded, that it was impossible, but that an absolute Papist living under a Protestant Prince, and standing to his own grounds, should be an absolute traitor. And that wee feele not the effects of this *Romish* doctrine, it is God's providence, in them not want of will, but want of power; **b** *Bannes* speaks plainly. The *English* and *Saxon* Catholikes are to be excused for not rebelling, because they want strength sufficient to make their party good; I pray God they may alway want it; **c** The Pope sent a Breve or Bull against

a Azor. inst. mor. l. 8. c. 13.

a Eudæm. A-pol. pro Garner. cap. 4. Collect for Gunpowder treason. D. Davenant. determ. qu. 17. D. Prideaux. sex. Higgajon and Selah.

b In 32^a. vide suprà.

c Abbor. Anti-log. c. 6. p. 85.

To the Reader.

against our blessed Queene *Elizabeth*, with this limitation; that it should be always in force against her and the hereticks, but should not oblige the Papists as matters did then stand, but should oblige them when it might be put in execution; so they wait for a time, and I pray God their eyes may sinke in their heads while they wait; But Reader doe not think there is nothing done against us; Is not *Ireland* our sister Nation? Doe not our flesh and our blood suffer there? Doe we not heare of their threatnings breathed against us? That when they have finished their worke there, they intend *England* for the *Acelandama*, the seat of war, and field of blood; I will not stay thee longer still in the porch; Enter in and behold, the miseries of *Ireland*, and if thou findest cruelties unexampled, remember they are Papists, and have, as I am informed, ten thousand Priests in the head of their armies, who besides their tyranny towards our bodies would (was it in their power) send our souls in fiery chariots into hell! So *Hoffeus* the Jesuite. Well read,

To the Reader.

reade, and bestow some pittie, prayers,
relief on poore *Ireland*, prayes for *Eng-
land*, increase in the love of Christ, and
hatred of the Pope; I rest

Thine

I. Cranford.

Irelands

Irelands Warning to England.

Look on me (your sister Nation) and
pittie me, I am your bone and your
flesh, I am wounded by them that I
have too long trusted and harboured in
my bosome (I mean bloody Papists) ra-
ther then better friends, take warning
by me on sad experience: *Was there ever
sorrow like my sorrow?*

Look on me, Repent, Amend, let my
fins be your summons, my judgements
be your feare, and learne righteousnesse
by them. *When thy judgements are on the
earth, the inhabitants thereof shall learne
righteousnesse.*

Look on me, pray and fight, my ene-
mies are yours, my cause is yours, wee
have one God, one Christ, one Gospel,
one Religion, united under one King, if
we fail one another now, the proud ene-
my will blaspheme our God, dishonour
our Royall King, scorne our Religion.
Hold out faith and prayer, surely the
victory

victory is yours, you pray, and the enemy blasphemes, up and be doing, and the Lord shall be with you. Shall wee be lesse zealous for the Lord of hosts, then they are for their wooden Idols.

Solicit my Cause to his Majesty, to the Parliament, make my case yours, be with mee as in the body, stir now or never, Helpe the Lord against the mighty, your work will be glorious, You shall be called the repairers of our breaches.

Look on me and adventure you that are Gods Stewards, who knows but God intrusted thee with an estate for this Designe. The Designe is honourable, your purchase a Kingdome for Christ. Back your selves with friends, weaken the bloud-thirsty enemies, secure your selves better, try God if hee will not be your Ensurer double and treble. *Cast thy bread on the waters, and after many dayes thou shalt finde it.* They are bloody men, *The bloody men shall not live out halfe their days.* They are cruell to the faint, to the weary, cruell to women, to
poore

poore children, mark what God threatened against *Amaleck* for the same thing. Remember what *Amaleck* did unto thee, &c. how hee smote the hindermost, even all that were feeble behind thee when thou wast faint and weary, and hee feared not God. Therefore when the Lord thy God shall give thee rest from all thine enemies round about in the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance to possess it: that thou shalt blot out the remembrance of *Amaleck* from under heaven, thou shalt not forget it, Deut. 25. 17, 18, 19.



To confirm the truth of these ensuing Tragick Stories, you may be pleas'd to reade this Letter, the Copy whereof was read the fourteenth of *December*, in the Honorable House of Commons, and also read againe before the right Honorable the Lords at a Committee of both Houses, and desired to be entered into the journals of both Houses.

It was also read in a publike Congregation in London, by an eminent Minister on the Fast day for Ireland to stir up bowels of pittie towards them.

SIR,

ALL I can tell you is the miserable estate wee continue under, for the Rebels daily increase in men and munition in all parts, except the Province

vince of *Munster*, exercising all manner of cruelties, and striving who can be most barbarously exquisite in tormenting the poore Protestants; wheresoever they come; Cutting off their privy members, eares, fingers, & hands, plucking out their eyes, boyling the heads of little Children before their Mothers faces, and then ripping up their Mothers Bowels, stripping women naked, and standing by them being naked, whilst they are in Travell, killing the Children as soon as they are born, and ripping up their Mothers bellies, as soone as they are delivered; driving men, women, and children, by hundreds together upon Bridges, and from thence cast them down into Rivers, such as drown'd not, they knock their brains out with poles, or shoot them with Muskets, that endeavour to escape by swimming out, ravishing wives before their husbands faces, and Virgins before their Parents faces, after they have abused their bodies, making them renounce their Religion, and then marry them to the basest of their fellows.

Oh that the Lord, who hath moved the Kingdomes of *England* and *Scotland*,
to

to send reliefe to these afflicted Protestants, would like wise stirre them to effect their undertaking with all possible expedition, lest it be too late.

Some of the persons particularly mentioned to have suffered, who are knowne unto you, are, Master *Jerome* Minister of *Brides*, his body mangled, and his members cut off. Master *Fullerton* Minister of *Lughall*, *Simon Hastings* his eares cut off, Master *Blandry* Minister, hanged, his flesh pull'd off from his bones, in the presence of his wife, in small pieces, he being hang'd two dayes before her, in the place where shee is now prisoner. *Abraham James* of *Newtowne*, in the Diocesse of *Clohor*, cut in pieces, and it is reported that the Bishop of *Clohor* is turned to the Rebels, thus moving pardon in presuming to trouble you at this time in your publike employments, doe with humble remembrance of his best respects to you, and your vertuous Lady, remayn

Novemb. 27. 1641.

9

Your Servant to command,

Thomas Partington.



**A true Relation of the
bloody Massacre and damnable
Treason of the cruell Papists in-
tended against *Dublin*, *October 23.*
1641. desperatly acted in most parts
of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, tending
to the utter ruine and extirpation
of all the Protestants
there :**

**With a list of the severall tortures,
cruelties, outrages, on the bodies of
poore Christians, related by persons
of good credit, who are fled from
those bloody men, to tell us what
they have seen with their eyes and
heard with their eares, on ex-
aminations of divers of
the Actors in this Tragedy
*illustrated by Pictures.***

Behold, as in a Map of blood,
the unwearied plottings,
and restless contivements
of bloody men only skil-
full to destroy, whose Religion is
founded

2 Irelands teares.

founded in blood, whose obedience will not be bounded with oaths, affirmations, nay execrations, as the ensuing Story of cruelty relates, who are true (as steel) to their damned Principles, *Nulla fides cum Hæreticis* whose principles are steep blood, tolerating Rebellion against King and Kingdome, murdering of Princes, blowing up of Parliament, sowing seeds of division betweene Confederate Kingdomes, as those two Handfasted and Troth-plighted Nations in a League of love, indissoluble (blessed be God) can testifie: blowing up coals of Division, hotter then coals of Juniper in the same Kingdome, where they live in too much peace. Witnesse *England*, who hath had wofull experience of their plottings to breake Union betweene King and people, King and Parliament.

But now behold, these bloody Papists with their Vizard puld off, and now acting their plots like incarnate Devils (as our Saviour cald their brethren the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*. For the works of their father they doe) I say now

England, Scotland.

Witnesse *Germany*, that field of blood, as a book of their miseries called the *Imitation of Germany* lately printed relates.

Irelands teares. 3

now acting their Devillish designe on the Stage of *Ireland* our sister Nation, ayming no lower then the death and ruine of the whole Kingdome at one blow. For had their plot on *Dublin* Castle taken (which they had laid with so much subtilty and secrecie) as in probability it had, *had not the keeper of Israel which slumbers not* prevented it, in a most miraculous manner, they had beene by the morning light at work, cutting off man, woman and child, till they had not left one remaining among them that bore the name of a Protestant. Blessed be God their snare was broken, and that poore City designed to destruction, delivered, the relation of which *Tragedie* now begins: Oh that our eares may tingle! and our bowels yern at the relation of this horrid designe: and at the relations of those cruelties and tortures exceeding all parallel, unheard off among *Pagans, Turks, or Barbarians*, except you would enter into the confines of Hell it selfe, to see the Devils (those Engineers of cruelty) acting of their parts: I know not where

B 2 you

you will find their fellows, making it their sport to torture and to vex those poore distressed Protestants, he that is most cruell merits most of their bloody Jesuits. Those firebrands of Hell preach to them in their Massings and Conventicles, as is truly related by Gentlemen of *Ireland* of good worth, who like *Jobs* Messengers are escaped their mercilesse hands, relating nothing but what they have heard with their eares, upon examination of witnesses, or seen with their eyes, that so men might not be deluded with false and idle Pamphlets, but reade and see the truth of things that all men may behold what bloody Tigris and Vultures these Popish spirits are, how perfidious and basely treacherous to those Nations that succour them; never any Kingdom being long at peace where they were tolerated, as this fresh bleeding Nation of *Ireland* can fidly relate you in this ensuing Narration.

Here

Here begins the bloudie attempts upon the Kingdome of Ireland in the generall, and on Dublin in particular.

UPON the three and twentieth day of *October* last 1641, the Cattle of *Dublin*, should have surprized (as at that time it might easily have beene) for there was no feare or suspition of Treachery, there being at that time foure hundred *Irish* Papiſts elected out of most parts of *Ireland*, desperate persons designed and appointed for that bloody and desperate attempt; all lodging and sculking in severall places of the City and Suburbs, waiting and expecting the time and watch-word, when to give the onset. But that God that keepeth *Israel* saw their bloody intentions to overthrow and ruinate all the professours of the true Religion, disapointed their wicked hopes, and (to their owne shame and confusion) discovered and laid open their hel-

hellish plot to succeeding ages, that the Lord alone might be admired, and they confounded. And this he did by moving in the heart of one of their own Countymen at that time, an abhorring of so foule and detestable a Treason, and to reveale it to Sir *William Parsons* Knight and Baronet, Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, and Sir *John Borlase* Knight, Master of the Ordnance, both Lords Justices of the Kingdome of *Ireland*. The party who discovered the plot had been formerly a servant to Sir *John Clotworthy*, a godly and religious Gentleman, but at time (when hee revealed their designe) hee served one Captaine *Mack-Mahowne* an Irishman, who lodged at the signe of the Artichoake, vulgarly called *Saint Maries Abbey* in the Suburbs of the City of *Dublin*, The servants name was *Owen Mack-Connel*, who being with his Master Captaine *Mack-Mahowne*, in a house in *Cookstreet*, at the Lodging of the Lord *Mack-Gueere*, also an Irishman in the City of *Dublin*. Upon the two and twentieth of *October*, being the
night

night afore; his Master did then and there reveale the whole plot unto him in the presence of the Lord *Mack-Gueere*, and others.

Now this *Owen Mack-Connel*, had married an English woman by whom hee had children living in the County of *Antrim* in the Province of *Ulster*, & she was and is a Protestant; as soon as this *Owen Mack-Connel* had heard and understood the plot and damnable intention of those sons of *Belial*, with a sad countenance, asked his Master what should become of his wife and poore children, hee replied in these words, *viz.* hang her English Kite, we will get thee a better wife, but the company perceiving that his thoughts were troubled at the relation of this horrid Tragedy, now to be acted on the Stage of *Ireland*, which within few houres was to bee in a flame of confusion, the word to be given, that man, woman, & child should have bin butchered the next morning, the poor mans heart failed him at this hellish and barbarous Massacre, whereupon these bloody Villaines perceiving by
the

the same alteration of his countenance, that he approved not, or rather like a man amazed, startled at such a bloody motion, as to imbrue his hands in the blood of his own dearest wife and children, and that that is more, of his own Country and Kingdom, they began to bethinke themselves what to doe with him, they resolved to make him drunk, and thereupon enforced him unnaturally (which a man would not doe to a beast) to drinke so much that hee could hardly drink more, yet they plyed him close, and provoked him, hee desired to be excused, they to give him his load, poured it down his throat, he resisting such unreasonable violence more then brutish, there steps towards him in a desperate maner one *Donal Mack-Gueere*, what will you not drink your liquor? see if you dare deny to pledg me, there upon set a pistoll to his breast (see the Popish religion their best argument is fire and gunpowder) with two bullets, the pan being primed with powder and brimstone that so it might not fail to speed, twice it was offered against him,

Owen Macke-onell, who discovered the plot of takinge Dublin, had a Pistoll Charged with two Bullets, the pane primed with powder & Brimstone twice offered against him tooke not fire. So the Rebels said God will not suffer him to be killed & he will be on our side, I warrant you,



Owen Macke-onell leapinge over a wall escaped & was sent to our Parliament with letters & was rewarded 500 lb. & 200 per annum.



him, and took no fire: oh see the hand of God! whereupon Captain *Mack-Mahonne* stept in and spake these words, *videlicet*, let him alone, God will not suffer him to be kild, he will be on our side, I warrant yee How blind with malice and rage were these Monsters of nature, that could not see that the God that over-ruled the fire & the brimstone could over-rule the: for it is observed, that it is very rare and seldome, that Gunpowder and Brimstone mingled ever fail firing so that sequell proved, that God would not suffer him to be kild as his Master said, but preserved him to be a deliverer most miraculously to his distressed Nation: not to be (as they supposed) on their side but against them, for within lesse then an hour after hee discovered the treason to Sir *William Parsons* as aforesaid, for after they had foxt him (as they thought sufficiently) they led him from the Lord *Mack-Gueeres* lodging in Cookstreet, to goe along with his Master Captain *Mack-Mahonne* to his lodging, but the poore man with a longing and earnest desire to be delivered of what his head and heart were so big with, and impatient

of any longer delay to conceal so foul and horrid a Treason, fained himselfe more drunk then hee was, and taking the advantage of the time and place, willingly fell downe in a dirty channell, and was so contaminated and bemired with stinking mud, that none would lay hands on him to help him up, so that with much adoe hee crept out of the kennell, and reeled to the stoop or seat of a door, and fate down to sleepe, but the workings of his thoughts would not suffer him to rest till hee had discovered this devillish designe neither did hee (at all) intend to rest as himselfe confest, till hee had made it knowne, but hee seeming to sleepe, the fellow which was left with him to watch him, departed, which this *Owen Mack-Connel* perceiving, assoone as ever his backe was turned, with a bold resolution arose up, and went to the Merchants Key in *Dublin*, betweene eleven and twelve of the clocke at night to Sir *William Parsons* house, one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*, where knocking at the doore, the Porter knowing him, demanded of him what he

he would have, he answered the Porter that hee must needs speak with his Lord, the Porter replyed that his Lord was in Bed, It is no matter answered *Owen Mack-Connel*, I must and will speak with him, for my businesse concerns both King & Kingdom, then the Porter let him in, wondring to see him in such a pickle, still hee hastned the Porter, untill hee had called up one of his Lords Gentlemen, who got up speedily, and went into his Lords Bed-chamber, where hee acquainted his Lord with the earnest desire that this *Owen Mack-Connel* had to speake with him concerning a businesse of waighty consequence, but would not reveal it to any but his Honour, whereupon he was called up and had access to my Lord, unto whom hee discovered the whole Plot, which was to be executed the same morning at nine of the clock, this being between twelve and one.

At the first the Lord *Parsons* did seem to slight it, but *Owen Mack-Connel*, confidently affirmed the thing to my Lord in the hearing of his servants to be true, and withall told him thus:

viz.

viz. My Lord, my Lord, I have discharged my duty and my conscience, look you to it; I will goe backe to my Master, because neither hee nor the rest shall suspect me.

Your Lordship shall find my Lord *Mack-Gueere* at Master *Cadowgans* house in Cookstreet, and Captaine *Mack-Mahown*, at the Artichoke in the aforefaid *Maryes* Abbey, to which place I am going now. This *Owen Mack-Connel* going homewards to his Masters lodging, takes up dirt in his hands and besmuts and dirties his face that he might appear to them to have tumbled over and over in the dirt, whose approach and entrance into the roome (where a great many of them were assembled together, drinking and making merry, for they intended not to goe to bed) was so ridiculous that the company burst out into such a loud and sudden laughter with shouting and hollowing that the place rung of them round about, and to welcome him home the company fell to their old course to make him drinke more, but at last he told them that he

must

must needs goe down into the yard, so they suffered him to goe, but commanded two of his companions to attend him and bring him up againe, but they let him goe into the yard by himselfe, not suspecting what he had done; nor what hee meant to doe: no footer was he in the yard, but knowing the place, leaped over the pale, and so escaped from them.

Great search they made in the yard for him, and up and downe the house, thinking hee had been crept to bed, or hid himself in the barn or stable, so that they were amazed to think what should become of him, because they generally believed him to be so drunk and in such a pickle, they refrained looking any further after him, conceiving that hee was past care to tell tales wheresoever he was, and so fell to their mirth and jollitie again.

But not long after, in the midst of their mirth, came some of the Guard belonging to the Lords Justices, entered the House, where there was little or no resistance, apprehended Cap-
tain

tain *Mack-Mahowne*, and one *Rory Magennis*, being the chief in that place at the Artichoake, and brought them bound before the Lords, about five of the clock in the morning, being upon the Saturday, which was the three and twentieth day of *October* last. At the same time and hour the rest of the Guard apprehended the Lord *Mack-Guere* in Cookstreet, in the house of Master *Cadogan* where they found him under a bed with a case of Pistols charged and a Skeene by his side, but did not offer to shoot.

Captaine *Mack-Mahowne* upon his examination confessed the whole plot, how that morning the Castle of *Dublin* should have beene surprized by forty Irish Papists desperate Villains in this manner following.

First, they should have gone into the Castle (to avoid suspition) one by one, some at the water-gate, and some at the Castle-gate, each man with his Skeen, and so to have met in the great Court, and suddenly to have rushed upon the Warders, and to have murdered them, and so to have possess
them-

themselves of their Halberds and other weapons, and then to have stood in the entrance of both Gates to let in the rest being three hundred and sixty more, appointed for the execution of that Hel-hatcht Designs; they could not have wanted help, the odds was so great on their side, I mean the bloody Romish party, and I am of opinion there would have been but little or no resistance, their party would have beene so strong, there being at that time one hundred Papists to five Protestants within the very City of *Dublin*, to my knowledge, and so they are generally throughout the whole Kingdome, what a combustion had there been in *Dublin* that day? what a distraction had our poore Countrymen, I meane the English Protestants been in: and I my self being then one belonging to the Crowne Office in *Dublin*, and an eye witness of their passages amongst the rest? I dare be bold to say, that if they had taken that Castle, being so richly furnished with all manner of Munition, as powder, shot and Armes being also
streng-

strengthened with above one hundred pieces of Ordnance of all sorts with their carriages, that all *Ireland* had been before this day an *Acheldama*, or a field of bloud, and I am of opinion that of all the English Plantators in *Ireland*, there would not have been living one Family.

Some of those Villains that should have surprized the Castle, to wit, *Rory Mack Mahonne, William O Neale, Thady O Duffe*, and others, have been taken and examined before the Councill; and upon their examinations have confessed, that upon the Sabbath day night after they had surprized the Castle (being the day following) their intent was to have marked all the Irish houses with a Crosse, to have distinguished them from the English, and so to have murdered them by entring forcibly and treacherously upon them, and also to have seized all the shipping at the Rings end neere *Dublin*, that there had beene no way or meanes left for man, woman, or child to have escaped their fury, nor
C any

any place of refuge left to have found mercy. Stand and pause a while and consider the depth of this horrid treason to have cut off all the Protestants! Oh the cries, the shrieks, the teares of poore souls flying, this way and that way, still into the mouth of these ravenous Lions, and this would have beene their Sabbath dayes work, a fit sacrifice for him whose servants they were. But praysed be the Lord, their net is broken, and we have escaped.

What man so blinde as may not herein behold the handy worke of God, and how the hands and hearts of those malicious furies and firebrands of *Rome* are bent to shed innocent blood, that notwithstanding they have so often failed in their wicked & bloody purposes and intents both private and publike, which they have secretly attempted in darknesse, will not see although they live in the light nor take warning, but still run on in their blood-thirstinesse to extirpate whole States, to suppress the Truth, and to shed the blood of Gods Saints, but I
trust

trust they shall fall into the pit that they digged for others.

It was concluded by the Lords Justices and Councill of *Ireland*, that the aforementioned *Owen Mack-Connel*, who had discovered this Treason should be sent with Letters to the Parliament here in *England*, the King being at that time in *Scotland*, who at his coming was rewarded with a gratuity of five hundred pounds in money, and an allowance towards the mayntenance of himselfe, his wife and children of two hundred pounds a yeere, untill his Majesty finde out some better gift to bestow upon him, I am verily perswaded that his discovery of this Treason hath preserved the lives of a hundred thousand men, women and children and many more, in the severall Provinces and Counties of *Ireland*.

Now to enter into this direfull Tragedy, every step being a step in blood.

Heere followeth a true description or relation of sundrie sad and lamentable collections, taken from the mouthes of verie credible persons, and out of Letters sent from Ireland to this Citie of London, of the perfidious outrages and barbarous cruelties, which the Irish Papists have committed upon the persons of the Protestants, both men, women, and children in that Kingdome. Anno Dom. 1641.

THE Irish Nation is well knowne to be a people both proud and envious. For the Comonaltie (they are for the most part) ignorant and illiterate, poore, and lazie; and will rather beg or starve, then worke: & therefore fit subjects for the Priests and Jesuits to spur on upon such bloody actions and murth'rous Designes. Ignorance is their Mother, which is devoid of mercy: God deliver all
good

good Christians from the cruelty of such a Mother and Children.

It is too well knowne, (the more is the pitie and to be lamented) that the *Irish* have murth'rd of the Protestant party in the Provinces of *Ulster*, *Leinster*, *Connaght* and *Munster*, of men, women, and children, the number of fifty thousand, as it is credibly reported by *Englishmen*, who have beene over all parts of the Kingdome, and doe protest upon their oaths that there are above five thousand Families destroyed.

The Kingdome of *Ireland* hath foure Provinces, wherein there are contained two and thirty Counties, besides Cities and County Townes, in all which places the *English* are planted up and downe in all parts, where the *Irish* have most murth'rously and trayterously surprized them upon great advantages, and without respect of persons either of age, youth, or infancy, of yongmen or maids, or of old men or babes, stript all to their skins, naked as ever they
C 3 were

*list of
names
in
1641*

were borne into the World, so they have gone out of the World, many hundreds having been found starved to death in Ditches for want of food and rayment, where the rebellious *Irish* have shewed them no more mercy or compassion, no, nor so much as they would doe to their Dogs. Thus much for the generall, now I come to particulars.

At one Master *Atkins* house, seven Papists brake in & beat out his brains, then ripped up his Wife with childe, after they had ravished her, and *Nero*-like view'd Nature's bed of conception, they then took the child, and sacrificed it in the fire.

They have flead the skin from the bones of others like Butchers: the principles of whose Religion is blood. Witnesse our Books of Martyrs those Chronicles of blood. Witnesse those thousands of butchered Protestants in *France*, in *Germany*.

They burned others, firing their Houses, Towns, Villages, those sons of the Coale, as if their habitation were in Hell,

They

At one M. Atkins house 7 Papists brake in & beate out his braines, then ripped up his wife with Childe, after they had ravished her, & Nero like viewed nature's bed of conception then took they the Childe & sacrificed it in the fire.



English Protestants stripped naked & turned into the mountaines, in the frost, & snowe, where many hundreds are perished to death, & many lyenge dead in ditches & Sauvages upbraided them saynge now are ye wilde Irish as well as wee.



24 Irelands teares.

They have vowed to root out all the English Nation out of this Kingdome.

They have turned all the Protestants out of *Kilkenny*.

At *Belurbali* in the County of *Cavan*, the Popish Rebels demanded the Town on promise, that if they would surrender they should passe free with bag and baggage, they backt their promise with oaths and execrations, cursing themselves, if they did not let them goe withall. On serious considerations of the inhabitants and the Governour, they were perswaded to yield it up, which when they had done, and drawing away their goods and moneys, they like treacherous Villains sent about twenty or thirty to guard them, when they had guarded them seven miles from the Town, they with more of that desperate forsworn rabble seized on them, robbed all the Protestants, being betweene five hundred and a thousand persons,
men

Irelands teares. 25

men, women, and children; who submitting themselves to their mercy, found no quarter but cruelty: they stript them all naked, and turn'd them out of their houses into the open fields in bitter cold weather, in a most vile and shamefull manner, not affording them one of their lowzy rags to hide those parts which should be covered. Take notice of the faith of a Papist, who for his own advantage, casts off all bonds of fidelity and common honesty.

They are remarkable for perfidiousnesse and treachery, as you may behold in that Master of Mis-rule, the Arch-rebell Sir *Philem-Oneal*, basely pretending to be a Suitor to the old Lady *Camfield* being a Widow, and made faire promises of his respects to her, and when hee had his advantage of possession of her house and goods, turned them out of all, and bound them prisoners, and made her whom he intended his neereft Companion to be his lowest Vassall.

In the Towne of *Lurgon*, in the Coun-

County of *Armagh*, the *Mac-kans* skirmishing with the Englishmen, slue divers of our men, whereupon they entred parley demanding the Towne: *Sir William Brundlow* being Governour of the Castle, on some considerations thought good to yield thereupon they promised and backt it with oaths & great protestations, that they should have faire quarter, and passe without prejudice to their lives: yet behold the perfidiousnesse of these brutish creatures, as men not fearing God or Devill, whose practice they imitate, who was a liar from the beginning. Notwithstanding all these faire pretences they knew no mercy, killed men, spoiled women, nay, in their boundlesse rage, slue and massacred, and stript helpless Ministers, whose calling might have pleaded pity. But what speake wee of pity to men, that have no bowels?

In *Londra Derry*, at the Towne of *Belly-bagh* belonging to the *Londoners*. *Sir Philem-Oneal*, promised under hand and seale to let the poore Protestants

stants to passe with bag and baggage, only to part with their Town, which was a faire goodly place: yet this perfidious Rebell, as if it was not enough to make these poore souls harborless, to lay them open to vvind and vvether, but to adde to all their misery, stript man, vvoman and child, took their clothes for a prey, and sent them out naked, vvithout a shirt or smock to their backs, lest them not vvorth a groat, this vvvas one of their vvorks of mercy, if they scaped vvith their lives: but how many lives might be lost by this immodest and inhumane act, judge. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruell.

Will you behold another mercifull act and record it. Captaine *Rory Macquire*, the Lord *Macquires* brother at the beginning of the rebellion for the first fortnight commands his Souldiers to give quarter to women and children, but to massacre all the men to spare none. Woe to him that makes the wife a widow and the children fatherless, but after they began to resist,

sist, and to gather into Companies: then heare the Charge of this bloody man, Give no quarter, no not to women, though teares and prayers interpose, yet know no pity: no not to harmlesse babes, though it was death enough to kill their parents, nor spare neither man, woman, or child.

It is reported by an eminent Gentleman that hath long dwelt among the Rebels, but it's thought fit to forbear the names of those that give intelligence of the barbarous cruelties of these savage beasts, because they threaten to be the death of them that shall unmaske them. It is reported by this Gentleman that the *Handlowans* came to *Town-regis*, divers of them assaulted the Castle, of which Captain *Saint John* was Commander, hee with his son got away with some difficulty, leaping over the wall, they fearing they might fetch supplies to recover their lost Castle, most inhumanely tooke the Captaines wife, (poore Gentlewoman) and set her on the wall having stript her to her smock,

smock, who was big with child (and within an houre of her delivery) that in case the Captain and his son should have assaulted the Towne, his Wife should have beene the white at which hee must have levelled: oh extreame and unheard of cruelty!

As for the Protestant Ministers whom they surprize, their cruelty is such towards them, as it would make the hardest heart to melt into teares. Their manner is first to strip them, and after bind them to a tree or some post where they please, and then to ravish their wives and daughters before their faces (in sight of all their mercilesse rabble) with the basest Villains they can pick out, after they hang up their husbands and parents before their faces, and then cut them downe before they be half dead, then quarter them, after dismember them, and stop their mouthes therewith.

They basely abused one *M. Trafford* a Minister in the North of *Ireland* who was assaulted by these bloody wolves of *Romes* brood, that know not God,
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nor

nor any bowels of mercy. This poore distressed Minister desired but so much time to bethink himselfe before he took his farewell of the World to call upon God: but these mercilesse wretches would admit no time, but instantly fell on him, hackt and hewed him to pieces.

Doctor *Tate* Minister of *Belly-Hayes* they stript starke naked, and then wounded him dangerously in the head, and then let him go towards *Dublin*, where hee lay long sick.

Sir *Patrick Dunstons* Wife ravished before him, slue his Servants, spurned his Children till they died, bound him with roubles of Match to a board, that his eyes burst out, cut off his eares and nose, teared off both his cheeks, after cut off his arms and legs, cut out his tongue, after run a red hot iron into him.

Many



Many Gentlewomen have they ravished before their husbands faces, stripping them first naked to the view of their wicked companions, taunting and mocking them (after they have spoiled them) with bitter and reproachfull words, sending them away in such a shamefull, or rather shamelesse manner, that most of them have died with shame and grief, or else have starved with want and cold. Base cruelty unheard of, exceeding the brute beasts, and so much the worse because they are reasonable, which makes them skilfull to destroy.

One Master *Luttrell* dwelling within three miles of the Burrough of *Cavan*, a Gentleman worth by report, two or three hundred pounds a yeere, with a very great stock of Cattle, was basely betrayed by an *Irish* Boy that hee had bred up in his house. See the baseness of the Popish brood, who when hee was at Dinner (being upon the thirtieth day of *October* last) was surprized by threescore of those *Irish* unmercifull Villains, with a company
of

of dirty Whoores and Bastards that followed them, which this Boy let in at a back doore, where pulling him and his vertuous Wife from the Table, and foure smal children, the eldest of them being not sixe yeeres of age, and one sucking at her brest without pity or humanity stript them naked, notwithstanding their prayers and teares to have let them kept their clothes, and then thrusting them in a cruell and violent manner out of doores, threatned to kill them if they went not speedily away. Take notice how uncertaine all our outward comforts are. So they departed (for feare) away, being ashamed to bee seene of their servants, some of them running one way, and some another to shift for themselves, but the distressed Gentleman with his Wife and Children, and a little youth, directed their course towards *Dublin*, hoping to find some of their friends in the way to relieve them, but the farther they came the more miserable they were, meeting their loving Friends robbed (by
D others)

others) in the same manner, which struck in them such amazement and feare, that their hearts failed them, so that being naked and hungry, helpless and hopelesse, the poore Infants crying in their cares, which must needs kill their hearts, they went not far but fate downe under a Hedge or Ditch, and there died: being not (at that time above sixe miles from his own house, for this little youth that he had bred up (being an English boy) forsooke not his Master when the rest ran from him, but continued with him till death, the same day, some Horsemen or Troopers riding that way to coast the Country, met this youth, unto whom hee told this sad story, and being not far from the place led them to this lamentable sight, where they beheld the true love of Man and Wife, embracing each other in their death, the three eldest children dead, but the sucking childe was alive preserved through heat, being between them both, and grabling and gaping for the dead Mothers brest. So
the

the Troopers tooke up the child, carrying it to a Nurse, for they knew the Parents well, and bestowed some clothes upon the English youth, who came to *Dublin* within few days after, and related the story in my hearing.

In the County of *Roscommon*, neere the Town of *Roscommon*, there fled into the Parish Church, eleven score of the English, men, women, and children, where they remayned three dayes and nights without any sustenance, till they were almost starved, so that at last (what with the cryes of their children and their own wants) they were forced to commit themselves to the cruelty of the *Irish*, who according to their usuall manner first stript them naked, after drove them through the Town like so many harmless Sheep and Lambs over a Bridge at the Townes end, having before broke down one of the middle arches where a strong water runneth, so that either they must leap in or come back, their intent being there to murder them, as they did. For the poore
D 2 wretches

36 *Irelands teares.*

wretches being sicke, weak and faint for food and sleepe (yet unwilling to hasten their own ends) some returned back whom they kild without mercy, others they thrust into the water who were drowned, some that could, did swim towards the shoare, and there inhumane villanies, brutish furies, ran and met them before they could get to land, and knockt them in the head in the water, some few escaped that did swim to the other side of the River, where the *Irish* could not come at them, having before broken downe the Bridge themselves, and so escaped to *Dublin*, to be sad witnesses of this lamentable Tragedy.

Master *Blandry* a Minister they hanged, after puld his flesh from his bones in his Wifes sight.

Many Ladies and Gentlewomen (which they have surprized in the province of *Ulster*) being great with child, they have turned them out of their houses naked into the fields, where

Drivunge Men Women & Children by hundreds vpon Briges & casting them into Rivers, who drowned not were killed with poles & shot with muskets



M^r Blandry Minister hanged after puld his flesh from his bones in his wifes sight



where they have bin delivered without the helpe of any woman, and so have ended their misery, others that have escaped death in Child-bearing, they have mercilesly carried away upon Carts (lying in lowlie and stinking straw naked,) to places where they and their poore infants have bin destroyed.

There was one Gentlewoman which was wife to Master *King* a Deane (Brother to the Bishop of *Clogne*) and Parson of *Dundalke*, in the County of *Lowth*, who having three thousand inhabitants in his Parish, had but thirty Communicants of the Protestant Party, the rest being all *Irish* and Papist, and although this Gentleman did for many days together (by his own Relation to mee) sollicite his wife to goe to *Dublin*, and to remove his goods thither living at a place about two miles from *Dundalke*, she being great with child, yet would not be perswaded, although she knew the Rebels were at the *Newry* within eight miles of *Dundalke*, whereupon hee left her and his Family, and going to a Friends house within two miles

miles of his own (for feare of the multitude of the *Irish*, that lived about his own Houe) he remayned there but two days when tydings was brought him, that the *Irish* had seized upon his wife and all that he had, so that he was forced to fly away for his life with his friends, who was pursued by the Rebels above twelve miles, but through Gods mercy he escaped with his precious life (which they hunted after) with the loss of his whole estate, and wife whom they turned out of doores (having first abused her) where shee was delivered in straw, without the helpe of any woman, and so perished. She was a charitable Gentlewoman, and in her life time had relieved many hundreds of the poore *Irish*, and this mercy they afforded her for her charity.

The Lord *Blany* escaped their cruelty, being forced to ride fourteene miles upon a poore carrion jade, without either bridle or saddle to save his life, his vertuous Lady being surprized by these Villains, the same day and his children, who use her most ignobly and cruelly,

neither

neither regarding her noblenesse of birth, nor her Lord, but forc'd her to lodge in straw with a poore allowance of two pence a day to relieve her and her children: and to adde affliction to the good Ladies misery, slue a Kinsman of hers, and caused him to be hanged up before her face two days and two nights in the roome where shee lay to terrifie her, telling her withall, she must expect that end.

In the County of *Tyrone* (even in that rebellious part) which is above all other inhabited by those Romish Locusts and wolves, who in nature differ not from the dog wolves that breed amongst them, was the cruellst murther (of all the rest) committed by some of the Souldiers belonging to *Sir Philem O Neal* that *Tyroneish* of-spring and *Rory Mack-Gueere*, the Lord *Mack-Gueeres* brother, who are known to be the most eminent Rebels in this Treason, upon the bodies of one *Master Charles Davenant*, his wife, and two young children. The Villaine which first entred the house and most forwardest in cruelty was known by his name,

the Lord Blany forced to ride 14 Miles without Bridle or Sadell to save his life: his Lady Lodged in Strawe, beeing allowed 2^d a day to releue her & her Children, slew a kinsman of hers and hanged him up before her face 2 dayes telling her, she must expect the same, to terrifie her the moore



Mr Davenant and his Wife bound in their Chaires: Striped the 2 Eldest Children of 7 years old, rosted them upon Spittes before their Parents faces: Cutt their throats, and after murdered him.



name, to one of the servants in the house, to be commonly called *Thady O Swillyvane*, sometime a servant to this Master *Davenant*, and lived at the time of this Tragedie not farre from *Dungannon* in the County of *Tyrone*. The servant of the house that knew him was born in *Ireland*, in the City of *Clogher* in the said County, but of English parents, his name is *Thomas Maddin*, but hee could speake good *Irish*, and so escaped, being an eye-witnesse of these passages ensuing. This *Swillyvane* and his rout broke in forcibly into the house where they found three or foure servants that made no resistance, in the Kitchin, but going further into the house they found Master *Davenant*, sitting by a fire with his Wife and Children two young Daughters, they immediatly seized upon him and his Wife and bound them both fast in their chaires, making a very huge and great fire, after they stripped the two children, the eldest being not above seven yeeres old, slue them in the sight of their parents, and after rosted them upon spits before their faces,

such

such barbarous cruelty was never knowne. With great patience they were compelled (poore soules) to behold that cruelty which they could not help, after they stript his wife, forcing her most uncivilly and unmercifully before his face, and afterward cut her throat, the distressed Gentleman being overpressed with the lamentable sight of the death of his wife and children, strived and strugled in his chaire where hee was bound, and held, hoping they would have kild him, choosing rather to die any death, then to live any longer. So when they had made an end of his wife and children in this barbarous manner, they unried him and stript him, and afterwards murdered him, when hee had confest to them where his money was. There was a Letter written about the middle of *November* last, from *Stabound* in the said County of *Tyrone*, by one Master *Birrom*, unto one Master *Cusack* dwelling in Highstreet in *Dublin*, which Letter I did read and tooke a copy off: and before I came out of *Ireland* the above said *Thomas Maddin* came from the

Citie

Citic of *Clogher*, in the County of *Fer-*
managh unto *Dublin*, and testified the
contents of this Letter, being an eye-
witness of the certain passages thereof,
and did give God great thanks that hee
had escaped their hands in my hearing,
for he said his soule could not endure to
be any longer amongst them, they did
daily commit such cruelty, murther, and
outrages upon the English Protestants
in those parts.

At the Borough of *Kello*; or,
as some Letters report, at the Bo-
rough of *Trim*, being both in the
County of *Meath*, in the Province of
Ulster, the Rebels surprized the house
of one *Arthur Robinson*, he him selfe be-
ing at that time in *Dublin*, which was
upon the sixt day of *November* last, about
some suits hee had in law, being in the
last *Michaemas* Terme, he not knowing
that the Rebels were risen in those
parts there, hee intending to have gone
home to his wife and family, five or six
days after, hoping by that time to have
ended his businesse, and indeed when he
came

came from his house to *Dublin*, which
was on the twentieth day of *October*, the
Rebellion was not begun in any part of
Ireland, but before his appointed time
to return home, a Messenger prevented
him with heavy tydings, even his only
Daughter whom hee quickly knew,
though shee were much disguised, for
the Rebels have slain most of his Fami-
ly, robbed and pillaged the house, after
they had stripped his wife and ravished
her, they sought ought for this young
Virgin (being about fourteene yeares of
age) who had hid her selfe in a Barne,
where the Villains quickly found her:
but she made what resistance she could
to preserve her Chastity, and with a
Knife shee had (unseen to them) woun-
ded one of them, which the rest percei-
ving seized upon her violently, stripped
her, and then bound her with her armes
abroad, in such manner as she could not
help her self any way, and so like hel-
hounds defloured her one after another,
till they had spoiled her, and to shew
their unheard off malice, were not here-
with content, but puld the haire from
her

her head, and cut out her tongue: because shee should not report the truth and their cruelty, but the maid could write, though shee could not speak, and so discovered their inhumane usage to her and her mother. The maid was sent with a letter from her Father in *Dublin* to *Mynhead* in *Somersetshire*, to her Uncle *William Dyer*, her Mothers Brother living within three miles of *Mynhead*, which letter I have seen here in Towne, containing the contents above-written, being dated at *Dublin*, the twentieth of *November* last.

About the eighth of *January* last a distressed Minister came to *Dublin*, that had left some goods with a supposed Friend, sent for them, the goods could not be delivered, unlesse he or his wife came for them, hee would not goe, but she went and when she came where her goods were (as if that were too little to lose her estate, but her life must goe also) they hanged her up. Was there ever such Barbarisme among the Heathen?

In

Arthur Robinsons daughter 14 yeeres old, the Rebels bounde her armes a broad, deflowered her, one after an other, till they spoiled her, then pulled the haire from her headd, and cut out her tongue, that she might not tell of their Cruelty, but she declared it by writing.



A Minister and his wife came to Dublin Jan: 30. 1641. left behinde him some goods with a supposed friend, sent for them but could not be delivered unlesse he or his wife come for them, she came and presently they hanged her up.



In the Countie of *Fermannagh*, in the Province of *Ulster*, they murdered one Master *Champion* a Justice of Peace, and a Burgesse of the Parliament for the Borough of *Iniskillin* in the said County, who was betray'd by an *Irish* Villaine his Tenant, whom hee had saved himself twice before from the gallows. The Rogue's name was *Patrick Mack-Dermot*, who finding one of his Companion, brings him to Master *Champion's* House, and tels Master *Champion* that he found this Thiefe stealing of his cattle, The Gentleman knowing this *Mack-Dermot*, said unto him before one Master *Iremonger* an Attorney, I am glad thou art turn'd from a Thiefe to catch a Thiefe, whereupon he return'd him this peremptory answer, That hee was no more Thiefe than himselfe. No sooner had he utter'd these words in the Court before his house, but there rushes in upon them a great number of these rebels, who without respect of mercy stabb'd Master *Champion*, instantly before hee could get into his house: so that hee fell down immediatly, but their fury went fur-

further then death, for they wounded him with their Skeins in thirty places after hee was dead, and then cut off his head to make sure worke, while the rest ran into the house after Master *Iremonger*, whom they followed so close that hee had not time to lay hold on his sword to help himself, but falling down upon his knees and calling upon God for mercy, they fell upon him, and ran him thorow and thorow, and so he died. One of Master *Champions* servants escaped to *Dublin*, and reported this in my hearing in *December* last. A third was likewise slaine, then the Rebels entred the House and kild more: his wife's sister and her brother in law, with two others in the house they keep prisoners to this day, taking possession of all they had within the house and without, his wife was down on her knees to beg a sheet to put her hubands dead body in. And another Gentleman with other Friends that came to visit him over night, lost their lives next morning.

In the County of *Monaghan*, within two miles of the Towne of *Monaghan*,

E

they

they murdered one Master *George Foord* in his Garden, a great company having gotten into a roome or loft over a stable (being between him and the house) surprized him, This was upon the one and twentieth of *November* last, being the Lords day, for when hee with his wife and Family were gone to Church, in that place they hid themselves till their coming back from Church, and so watching their time and opportunity, first set upon him without any words, and then entred the house, for the house was strong and not to be easily broken, unlesse they were let in at the doores, so they bound all the servants being some English, and some Irish, till they had found Mistris *Foord*, whom they stript naked and bound taking from her, her keyes, having also with them her Husbands keyes, who lay murdered in the Garden, and rifled, and opened every Trunke and box in the house to finde their money, where they found but little to that they looked for, for they knew that Master *Foord* was rich and well monyed, wherefore they began with

M. Foordes house rifled, and to make her Confesse where her money lay, they tooke hot tonges clappinge them to the Soules of her feete & to the Palmes of her handes so tormented her that with the paine thereof shee died.



They haue set men & women on hot Gridirons to make them Confesse where their money was



with threats to kill her if shee did not speedily tell them, but alas shee could not, then they fell to torturing of her, heating a paire of Tongues in the fire, and clapping them to the soles of her feet, and to the palms of her hands, so that with the pain thereof she died. After shee was dead, they ript her body to see if shee had not swallowed any gold into her guts, and so when they had pillaged the house, and carried away with the Gentlemans own Horses and Carts, all that was worth the carriage, they unbound the *Irisb* servants which they before had bound, and murdered such of the *English* as they pleased, and then departed. I heard *Affidavit* made of the truth and certainty of this Massacre, in this manner before recited, before divers of the Privy Councill in *Dublin* in *Ireland*.

They have set up Gallows five miles distant in divers places on purpose, to hang up the Protestant Spies, which they have done accordingly, they have likewise cruelly set women & men one
red

red hot Gridions to make them confesse where such coyne, and money, and goods as they had, or whether they have hid or sold any.

And all these cruelties are not done without the advice and animation of the Friers, Priests, and Jesuits, and their religious men, or rather Firebrands of Hell; who at their Masses, and their incendiary Sermons, stir up the people to the committing of these Massacres, promising them pardon for the same, and assuring them the more merit, by how much the more they exceed in their villainous cruelties: they themselves being still in the first of these executions. For no stratagem of warre, nor other horrid action or designe whatsoever, is there undertaken, without them. They going on with their Souldiers in the head and front of every battaile, and by their mischievous advices and counsels do make them mad, Tigre-like, with fiercenesse and cruelty, assuring them that to imbrue their hands in the bloud of us Protestants (which they terme Heretikes) shall adde to their merits and
Cano-

Canonization of Saints, and gain them higher place and reward in Heaven.

Master *Jerome* Minister they basely abused who lived neere *Dublin* sometimes: but when he was thus murdered, he lived neere the Borough of *Athie*, in the County of *Kildare*, they hanged him then, mangled his body, cut off his members, stopt his mouth with them, then quartered him, This is reported by a Citizen of *Dublin* now in *London* to beare witness to this Truth.

A Proclamation was made that neither *English* nor *Irish* should either sell or keep in their houses any powder upon the losse of goods and life: except with licence, and at two shillings the pound.

Ministers they hate and breath out cruelty against cruelty, massacring their bodies, burning their books, and tearing them in pieces, and it is likely where they can light on them they use them accordingly.

They



They rob all *English* Protestants, stripping them stark naked, and so turn them into the open fields and mountaines in frost and snow, where hundreds have perished.

They destroy the *English* breed of Cattel out of malice to the Protestants, that the poore dumbe creatures fare the worse and are spoiled, though one of ours is worth foure of theirs.

They have cut off mens privy members and stopt their mouthes with them (like cruell savage beasts) that they might commit such horrid villanies without noyse and lest their pittiless bowels might be moved with the cryes of those so cruelly massacred Protestants.

At *Waterford*, some poore Protestants ready to be starved, came to the Towne for reliefe, and their charity threw them some bread over the wall: it is likely the Dogs should have had the same entertainment.

The Papists curse the Jesuites and Friars that have bene the cause of all
this

this, this gives hopes their Kingdome being divided cannot stand.

These bloody Papists forced the Protestants to pull off their clothes, and then killed them on purpose, that they might have their clothes without holes.

After they had knocked a man down dead, they fearing he might counterfeit they doe run their swords twenty times into his bodie lest hee might revive again.

They have stripped Ladies and Gentlewomen, Virgins both old and yong stark naked, turning them into the open fields.

Many hundreds have bin found dead in ditches with cold and want of food and rayment, esteeming them no better then Dogs.

They labour what they can to make death appear more dreadfull then it is in it selfe: they hang up Husband, Kindred, Children, before the faces of their living wives and tender mothers ready to dye for griefe, a death worse then death it selfe, and this they do on purpose
to

to increase their dolorous paine and anguish.

They have forced (as is reported) some to turn to their cursed bloody Religion, and then perswaded them that they were fittest to die, and then treacherously kill their bodies and do what in them lies to damne their souls.

Debtors basely murdering their Creditors, Tenants sheathing their swords in their Landlords bowels, servants unnaturally slaying their Masters, others possessing themselves of their lands, goods, plates, money, jewels, household-stuffe, corn, and cattle, and thrust them out of doores naked. Oh inhumane crueltie!

Many great mens servants being *Irish* ran away from their Masters with their best Horses to the Rebels.

Many of the Protestants usually took into their houses, *Irish* boys, as Servants and those did basely betray their Masters like *Judas*, into the hands of these bloody Wolves. A good caveat to look to our servants before we take them, and to instruct them in the feare of God when we have.

Q:

Others they have wounded to death, and then left them languishing, their bellies being ript up & guts issuing out, they poore wretches lying on Dunghils (see the charity of cruell Papists) all this lest they should be out of their misery too soon.

It seems it was their delight to linger out their cruelties (like men that wanted Bowels) for whereas the primitive persecutions were exquisitely cruel yet they made a quicke dispatch of them: but these sons of *Belial* found new ways of persecution by extreame cold and hunger to starve (which aggravates their cruelty) tender women with childe, poore helpless infants and sucklings.

An *Irish* Rebell (as a credible friend reports) snatched an innocent babe out of the arms of the mother, and cast it into the fire before her face, but God met with this bloody wretch: for before he went from that place, hee brake his neck.

The Rebels have burned all the Plantation Townes in the County of *London Derry*.

One

One hundred and twenty they threw into the water by force, drowning some that could not swim, others that could they knock'd on the head.

Many rich and great men have fled into *England*, carrying their estates with them, they have left no reliefe for the poore distressed people that came hither. thousands are thus fled into *Dublin*, many hundreds starved to death with hunger and cold, the poore Citizens relieve them beyond their abilities the charge lying on the poorer sort.

Many of their wives they have ravished in their fights before the multitude like brut beasts, stripping them naked to the view of their wicked companions, taunting them, scoffing them, and then sending them away shamefully, that they have died with grief, or beene starved with cold.

One Master *Wels* Minister losing his notes, went back to looke them, and as he returned hee met the Rebels crying, Kill all, Kill all, the head Rebels command. Thereupon hee fled over a Mountain, was up to the breast in cold snow

in snow water and so scaped to *Dublin* very hardly with his life.

Three thousand six hundred poore souls fled naked into *Dublin*, and starved with hunger, came to eat something and died with eating, twenty in a day lay dead in the open streets, as men smitten with the plague.

Sir *James Crag* being in his Castle, having many with him was besieged with the Rebels, and almost famished the Knight was constrained to put forty out of the Castle which else must have beene famished with the rest: behold the cruelty of these bloud-sucking Papists, when they were turned out, and left to their mercie, they made quicke dispatch set on them, and slue every man.

Another as savage of that Bloud-hound *Rory Macqueere*, at the beginning of the Rebellion, who came into an *English* Gentlemans house, and found him in his bed, and there began to cruciate

ciate and torture his naked body, that hee might extort of him a Confession where his treasure lay, which when this poore distracted Gentleman acknowledged in hopes to be eased, they cruelly killed him, and then stript his wife naked, and turned her out of doors, as if they would make all savage like themselves: and lastly, *Makqueere* took his daughter being a proper Gentlewoman, and satisfied his beastly lust on her deflouring her, as if this was too little to kill her father, turn her mother out of doores, and abuse her himselfe, but like an inhumane Villain cut off her garments by the middle, and then turned her to the mercy of the common Souldiers, to be abused at their pleasure.

Take notice of the bloody practices, and cruelties of *Romish* party, especially of the Jesuits and Priests, those firebrands of Hell, who at this very day to encourage their Disciples to murder, as is afore-written, doe anoint them with the Sacrament of the *Unction*, as-
furing

The Preestes & Iesuites anoints the Rebels with there Sacrament of unction before they goe. to murder & robe assuring them that for there meritorious Service, if they be killed he shall escape Purgatory & go to heaven im- mediately



They do usually mangell there dead Car- casses layng wagons who shall cut deepeft into there dead flesh with there Skenes.



they destroy our English Sheepe in detesta- tion of us, although one is better then 4 of theirs. they have vowed to roote out the name of the English.

William
Jesse
his B

firing them that for their meritorious service (if they chance to be killed) they shall immediatly enter into Heaven, and escape Purgatory, and what they get from the Protestant party, by murdering, robbing and stealing, the one halfe shall be their owne, and what man would not be willing to venture upon such conditions to get wealth upon earth, and purchase Heaven for murder. O damnable Doctrine & Doctors!

They doe usually mangle their dead carcasses laying wagers, who shall cut deepest into their flesh with their skeins.

At *Carvagh*, neere *Colerane*, the Rebels came to begirt the Towne, Master *Rowly* Brother to the worthy Knight Sir *John Clotworthy*, came forth with a small Company about three hundred men to prevent them, they came upon them with a very great company, and slue all but eight of the Protestants, base cowardize where they want courage, they make it up with heaps and multitudes of frightened Hares, and the more fearefull and cowardly, ever the more cruell upon any advantage.

All

All their cruelties have been usually on disarmed men in small Villages, where was no strength to resist them, there they have tyrannizd over the weaker sex, women, & they have basely triumphed over little children their rage hath beene exercised. Oh base cowardise if they have ventured sometimes on our men, it hath beene when they were naked, as they have bin flying from those Furies which their party have newly stript naked: by and by they met with more of those White-livered Villaines in companies. They would likewise abuse those poor naked Protestants like Dogs, adding to their misery beating them and bruising their naked bodies with cudgels, breaking the heads of some and wounding others that if they have not died, they have beene dangerously sicke with the inhumane usage of those mercilefs wretches: nay, rather then they will be (no body) they will shew their manhood in abusing dead bodies, as this story declares by very credible testimony from their own Countrymen.

F

Here

Here I shall acquaint you with a remarkable Story, which I received from a Citizen of *Dublins* testimony of good repute there and here : wherein you may behold the promise made good to the Protestant side, which the Lord himselfe made to his People *Israel*, that five should chase a hundred.

It pleased God by one man and few with him to out-dare about thirty thousand of those cowardly Rebels, whose cause is base, whose Religion is but a meere pretence for their bloody designs, and thus it was as that Citizen related.

A very great Army of about thirty thousand Rebels besieged *Drohedah*, wherein was that valiant and religious Commander *Sir Henry Tichbourn*, with a few of the Protestant party with him in comparison of those multitudes of Rebels, trusting to their great Army, boldly demanded the Towne, if they would yield, no question, but they should have faire quarter : but *Sir Henry* know :

knowing them (its likely) very well how perfidious they were, and the lesse to be believed, the more they swore and execrated themselves, resolutely replied, and sent the Rebels this Answer. Be it knowne to you I am a Souldier bred, and wil never yield but upon three conditions :

- 1 Before I surrender I will kill all the Papists in the Town.
- 2 I will destroy all the Nunneries.
- 3 I will fire the Towne, and march in the light of it, by the help of God to *Dublin*.

Nay, rather then I will give up, I will feed on a piece of a dead horse, and if that faile, I will eat the shoulder of an old Popish Alderman. This bone hee threw among those hungry wolves, and you may imagine how they relished it.

And that remarkable instance which was published by order of the Right Honorable the House of Lords concerning this Noble and Religious Knight

Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, how it pleased God to honour him with a succesfully victory against the Rebels now very lately, they being driven in *Drobedah*, to eat horse flesh for want of other provision. The Rebels having chained up the River in hope to keepe out provision by Sea, that no reliefe might come from *Dublin*, it pleased God to raise such a storme that broke the chain, and scattered the enemies boats, and opened a free passage from *Dublin*, whereby they were relieved, blessed be God. Thus the Lord fought for them by winds and Seas. As the windes and Seas obey him, and hee rules in them, so on the land he rules. It is not by many but by few, one shall chase a hundred when God fights for his people.

It is remarkable to see how few have chased these Rebels, as appears in a Letter read in the Parliament, what they did before *Tredagh*. An Army of the Rebels by Land lying before the City, assaulted them in hopes to famish them: whereupon this Noble Captain *Sir Henry Tichbourn*, sally'd out of the Town, but with forty Muskeeters, and as many horse, beat off foure hun-

Pulling them about the streets by the haire of the head, desiring the Childrens braines against the postes saynge, these were the Digges of the English Sower.



Drogheda so bloked up that a bushell of wheate was sold for 23. Skill. & meate scarce to be had at any rate, Jan. 4. 1641.



hundred of the enemies, killed above threescore of them, recovered fourscore Cows and Oxen, and two hundred sheep, burned foure Towns and brought home two of their Colours,

Here take notice of their cowardise againe attempted on a noble Lady by a Letter sent from seven of the grand Rebels, with her resolute and undaunted answer to them as followe.

The Rebels Letter to the Lady *Offalia*,
in her Castle at *Geshel*.

To the honorable and thrice vertuous
Lady, the Lady *Digby*, these give.

Honorable,

WE his Majesties loyall Subjects being at the present employed in his Highnesse Service for the taking of this your Castle, you are therefore to deliver unto us free possession of your said Castle, promising faithfully, that your Ladiship, together with
the

the rest in the said Castle restant shall have a reasonable composition; oiberwise upon the yielding of the Castle, wee doe assure you that we will burn the whole Town, kill all the Protestants, and spare neither man, woman nor child upon taking the Castle: Consider (*Madam*) of this our offer, and impute not the blame of your owne folly unto us, thinke not that here wee brag: your Ladiship upon submission, shall have a safe convoy to secure you from the hands of your enemies, and to lead you where you leave. A speedy reply is desired with all expedition, and thus wee surcease:

Henry Demfy.
Charles Demfy.
Andrew Fitz Patrick.
Conn Dempsy.
Phelim Demfy.
John Vicars.
James m Donel.

The Lady *Offalia* her answer
to the Rebels.

For

For my Cousin *Henry Dempsey*
and the rest.

I Received your Letter, wherein you threaten to sack this my Castle by his Majesties authority; I am and ever have beene a loyall subject, and a good neighbour amongst you, and therefore cannot but wonder at such an assault; I thank you for your offer of a convoy, wherein I hold little safety, and therefore my resolution is, that being free from offending his Majesty, or doing wrong to any of you, I will live and die innocently, and will doe my best to defend my owne, leaving the issue to God; and though I have beene and still am desirous to avoid the shedding of Christian blood, yet being provoked your threats shall no whit dismay me.

Lettrice O'ffalia.

These stories I relate that all true-hearted Protestants may take heart, and likewise take notice that God is vindicating his owne glory against these desperate Atheists that began to insult, and
to

to aske (as wee are credibly informed) what is become of the God of the Protestants, and likewise what spirit and courage God is able to put into the hearts of those that fight for him, and for his cause against his blond-thirsty enemies. And therefore be not dismayed you Protestants, 'tis a great honour to fight under the Banner of Christ, they fight under the Banner of Antichrist, the Lord is with you while yee are with him. See the blasphemies and cruelties of these bloody men: it is that their names (as *Amalek*) may be blotted out from under Heaven, for surely the day of recompence is comming, that God will make his arrowes drunke in their blood, they love blood, and therefore God will give them blood in great measure.

As for instance. I shall relate you a bloody story of one of those cruell beasts. The Protestant Troopers about the beginning of *February* last, marched out of *Dublin*, as they use to do, to view the Coasts, they espied a cruell Rebell hewing and mangling a woman in so
hor

horrid a manner that it was not possible to know her, having acted his Devillish part he triumph'd over her dead corps, and washed his hands in her blood, whereupon the Troopers apprehended this barbarous Villaine in the very act of crueltie, and brought him to *Dublin* with his hands all bloody, and was adjudged to be hang'd immediatly, hee ascended the Ladder, and would not stay till the Executioner turned him off, but desperatly left off and hanged himself. This was in the beginning of *February* last, and is credibly reported by a Citizen of *Dublin*, who saw him thus hanged with his hands all bloody.

It is remarkable to take notice of the rice of this bloody act, it was thus. A Frier and this Villaine was drinking together in a Village, the Frier hearing of a poore English woman, there hee commanded this Rebelle to murder her which he did, as you have read attested by a Gentleman of *Ireland*, of good credit.

Thus these poore deluded wretches guld with their Jesuits damnable doctrine,

A Woman mangled in so horred a manner that it was not possible shee should be knowne, & after the Villaine washed his handes in her blood, was taken by the Troopers adjudged to be hanged leaped of the ladder & hanged himselfe like a Bloodey Tiger,



Companies of the Rebells meeting with the English, flyinge for their lives, falling downe before them crying for mercy, thrust their Pitchforkes into their Childrens bellies & threw them into the water.



Strine, who assure them on their words, that the *more cruell, the more meritorious*. An Article no where to be found but in the Devils Creed.

Would any man believe that these Villains should take children and toss them with pitchforks like dung into Rivers: one was an eye witness (who lost a great estate there, and since have received reliefe from the Parliament) who saw a cruell wretch, throw a woman crying with teares one way, and her Childe with a pitchfork another way.

They have cruelly murdered women great with child, and then left them in ditches, to the fury of their dogs, who learned to be cruell from their bloody Masters, for they have eaten the Children out of the bowels of the mother.

At *Lesgoole* Castle in the County of *Fourmanagh*, they have burned fifty *Scots*, men, women, and children.

Sixteen *Scots* more they have barbarously hanged at *Clonies* in the County of *Monaghan*.

Thirty *Scots* they burned in *Tolagh*.
It

It is remarkable that they deale thus cruelly with those Noble *Scots*, who have bin renowned through the Christian World, for their zeale against that Antichristian Rabble, that these Rebels would wish they had but one neck, that they might cut them off at one blow, but the Protestant Cause shall stand in *England* and *Scotland*, when they and their *Babel* shall be cast into the Bottomlesse pit.

Rory Mackqueere at *New towne* in the County of *Fourmanagh*, above foure hundred poore Protestants fled in the Church to shrowd themselves under its rooffe, for safety from the rage of those men of bloud, where they might have been famished, but the mercy of this mercilesse Beast affords them quarter to goe away with their clothes to *Dublin*, and vows he will not hurt them: before they got out of the Town, his Souldiers stript some and killed others like base perfidious wretches.

The *Irish* Lievtenant pretending they came for the King perfidiously come under favour, pretends to borrow the
armes

armes of the inhabitants, as they say, to quell the Rebels, then breake into their houses, and turne their weapons against themselves, make havock taking their featherbeds, & throw out their feathers, and in the tikes put up what precious things they can find in the house, and carry all away, and so turne them out of doores, the next company takes away their clothes, and clothe them with their rags. The next company thinking they may have mony in those rags, they will take them also, search their mouthes, and those parts which modesty will not admit of an expression: if they can find none, they set their Skeins at their breasts, that if they can extort any thing when the poore Protestants are naked. Blush! δ Sun, to behold the inhumane cruelties and beastly usages of these unheard of Cannibals.

They inslave the poore protestants under them, making them worke like horses all day, digging and delving for them, and then are shut up all night, not knowing what wages whether life or death shall be allotted, and so every night

George Forde. hanged on a tree in his own ground, cut his flesh a pease, carrying it up & downe, saying this is the flesh of one of the traitors against our Holy Father the Pope.



a Proclamation that neither English nor Irish should either sell or keepe in their houses any Row: dar upon the losse of goods & life neither any thing whatsoeuer: except with a licence to them but five pound at most, at a Shall 5^o pound.



night lie trembling & praying that they may be delivered from their cruelties.

Some Ministers they whip, others they fet in the stocks, and make others goe to Masse against their wils, then tell them now they have saved their souls, they would hang their bodies.

A Minister seeing his Wife abused, & his children roasted, desired them to put him out of his extremity of anguish, to see such cruelty on those so neere him, they most inhumanely cut his tongue out of his head.

And for a conclusion of this dreadfull Tragedy. It is related from one of the last Letters from *Ireland*, that seventeen of those barbarous Monsters came to a Ministers house, where they violently fell on him and his wife, stript them naked, bound them back to back, then cut off the Ministers privy members, afterward ravished his wife on his back, and then inhumanely cut their throats: transcendent cruelty exceeding Pagans and Atheists.

For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy: now will I arise, saith the Lord, and set him at liberty from him that puffeth at him.
Psal. 125.

FINIS.