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Ireland's Sad Lamentation; Discovering its Present DANGER, in Some Remarkable Passages Which have happened since the Discovery of the Horrid POPIISH PLOT.

*In a Letter from a Person of Honour to his Friend in London,
upon the Dissolution of the Late Parliament.*

MY Pen is not able to represent to your view the Dusky Scene, which the Dissolution of the Parliament hath drawn on the Hearts and Countenances of all Loyal Protestants in this Kingdom; from this great Sessions, we hoped some Commiseration would have been had of us, considering the great and eminent dangers we now lie under: But these hopeful Joys being frustrated, and expecting neither Redress from or by the assistance of our present Governor, nor any other part of the Government here, we do, as Men in a General Wreck, give up our selves to the Protection of God Almighty, and the Mercy of those incessant Billows that threaten us with Death.

We have little hopes, if at all any, of being secured from that Popish Cruelty which most of us have felt in this Age. You of *England* may object, *Your Danger is equal to ours, that our Governor and other Magistracy are all Protestants, the Arms ours, (or at least ought to be so) and all other strengths.* This indeed, were it so, might abate our Jealousies, but I shall make a Collection of some remarkable Passages, such as at present will occur to my Memory, and then I leave you to be the impartial Judge.

In the year 1677. at the height of the Plot, the Duke of *Ormond*, by the interest of the Duke of *York*, received his Commission to supersede the Earl of *Essex* in the Government of *Ireland*, and accordingly, on the 24th of *August*, in the same year, made his Entrance with great Solemnity.

The next Spring (being a time when the grand Consults were held for putting an end to their Infernal Designs) he takes a Progress over the whole Kingdom, to see in what posture the same lay, (for what design I know not;) in which Journey he was much attended by Popish Gentry, freely conferring (I will not say to make Profelytes) the Honour of Knighthood on many undeserving Persons, as he passed through the Countrey.

The Plot being discovered in *September* 1678, there was little or no notice taken of it here at Court, though it was proved those of the Plot of *England* held a Correspondency with some in *Ireland*, and that many *Black Bills*, &c. were, or was to be sent over for the Massacre intended, yet no means were used by the Lord Lieutenant, with assistance of the Council, for the security of the Nation, or prevention of that Horrid Design; but the vigorous Protestant Magistracy of this City raised their Militia, both Foot and Horse, part of whom were ordered to guard every night in their turns, but in the outward part of the Town, so intolerable was the usage we received; they would not suffer our Companies to guard in the City, (which must be the refuge in time of extremity) alledging the King's Guards were appointed to defend the same; so that upon any Attempt; our Voluntier Inhabitants must certainly have perished, before the King's Soldiery, who receives Pay, had enter'd into any dangerous Engagement. Of this City the Earl of *Arran*, Son to the Duke, is Governor.

Thus were we all exposed every man to provide for his own Safety: the first vapor of Popish Venom which might give us occasion not to doubt what they intended for us, was this, The Lord Mayor went in person, with some of his Brethren, to demolish the Mass-Houses of this City, by removing the Altars, and other Idols, locking up the Doors, and committing the Keys to the Church-Wardens of the respective Parishes: It happened that at one of those obnoxious Houses an Officer of the Mayors, a waggish Fellow, taking some of their Popish Trumpery, (and in derision of that Superstitious Religion) began to act the Priest; then taking their Holy-water, and sprinkling part of it on some of his Fellowes, the rest on the Floor, like a Shopkeeper's Apprentice to lay the Dust, he was told by one who stood by, *He should dearly repent those direful Actions.* And that very Night going to his own house, about



about Ten a clock was set upon by four or five persons, who stifling him, threw him down, then wounded him in several places, crying, *Kill the Rogue, Kill the Rogue*; which they had certainly done, had he not had Armor on, which he always wore for his own safety in the execution of his Office: Yet this Assassination had no more effect at Court, than a sport to laugh at, how the poor Catchpole was served in his kind.

When the Duke received a Command to seize Colonel *Talbot*, the Colonel was Revelling at the Duke's Table, sitting with him at Dinner; and most people think if he had not been there at the Duke's receipt of the Commands, he had not been Apprehended. The Reasons which induced them to that Opinion, is, when the Colonel attained his Liberty upon Surety; the aforefaid Earl of *Arran* was his Bail.

Not long after the Discovery, upon several Suggestions of the Protestants against the Insolence of the Popish Clergy and the Assemblies, the Lord Lieutenant and Council put forth a Proclamation, For the Apprehension of Priests and Jesuites; therein inserting a Reward of Five Pounds for a Priest, and Ten Pounds for a Jesuite.

In Obedience to which, a Captain of the Trained-Bands, took several in one *Saints Eve*, privately Celebrating Mass in their Popish Vestments, and the next morning brought them before the Duke; where, upon Examination, some of them produced the Duke's own Protection, some Protected by Colonel *Fitz-Patrick*, and other Eminent Popish Gentry.

In fine. They were all dismissed, as well those who were Protected, as those who were not, as well all who were afterwards taken, the Apprehenders being gratified with no other than a Reproof for their too much diligence, by which means the Papists have found no discouragement nor obstruction in their Proceedings; and I do believe their Hopes are raised to as great an Extasie as ever, having so much influence on the present Government of this Kingdom.

When the *Irish Plot* broke forth, and *Bourke* Accused the Earl of *Tyrone*, all Endeavors possible were used for the Vindication of the Earl; but when he was cleared at *Waterford*, and *Bourke* did not appear, then had the Papists got Cock-a-hoop again, and no man durst say within the Castle of *Dublin*, (or anywhere else, if it came to the Duke's Ear) That there was any such thing then on foot, or lately designed, as a Plot to invade this Kingdom, extirpate the Protestant Religion, and subvert the Government thereof. I say, no man under pain of gaining the Duke of *Ormond's* displeasure, durst speak his Apprehension of such a thing as a Plot in this Kingdom.

The Inclinations of the Duke hath been more visible of late, by the Actings of his Son, (who, without doubt, did nothing without his Fathers permission) in the Tryal of the Lord *Stafford*, basely pledging his Honour; to Acquit that most Culpable and Undeniable Traytor; which hath given so great a wound to his Reputation, that the Name of the *Butlers* is grown a Load to almost the Generality of this Nation.

When Complaint was made against the Duke in *England* for his Misbehavior in this Government, he applied himself to the Council for a Certificate, That he had Acted nothing Unjust in his Station: But 'twas refused by several Privy-Counsellors, who are good and just men, valuing the Protestant Interest, and Abhorring all Foreign Jurisdiction or Authority from or under the See of *Rome*.

I shall say little of our Chancellor, who, by the Duke of *York's* Interest, was made Primate also of this Kingdom, the two onely Places that can sway the Government, and, without doubt, will not be so ungrateful to his Promoter, but, when occasion shall serve, he may command his Service either as to Ecclesiastical or Civil Matters, or what else will best tend to his advantage; part of his Injustice hath already appeared before His Majesty in Council, which would seem but a Grain or Drachm, were it weigh'd with his other insulting Oppressions.

*By this you may see the tender Care that hath been taken of us; what strength the Protestants can have in a Conscientious War, I mean, against the Papists or Foreign Enemies; when we can judge no less but our Leader is our Opposite; when we cannot enjoy the presence of our Dread Sovereign to awe those Rebels who daily combine against us. We want an Essex again, whose Judgments and Justice were so equally Ballanc'd, that even his worst of Enemies without shame to themselves cannot calumniate his Honourable Proceedings. I must tell you again, we want an Essex, a Shaftsbury, that is to say, A Good and Zealous Protestant that will stand up for us in this time of Eminent and scarce-to-be-avoided Danger. I can assure you, here's no man harbours an evil thought of his King, no man doubts of his Excellency and Compassion towards us; but rather are given to think He is under the same misfortune of some of His Predecessors, lead by evil Counsellors, which God of his mercy grant may not prove fatal: We onely, with sufficient cause, reflect on his Ministers and Officers here, and unanimously say, with the Prophet *Isaiah*, His Watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are dumb Dogs that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yea, they are greedy Dogs that can never have enough; they are Shepherds that will not understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his quarter. And now that His Majesty, with the Assistance of his great Council of Parliament, would purge the Officers of his Dominions, and those who shall be found defiled and unclean, to cast out; and those who are pure and clean, prone to the advancement of His Honour, to Establish, on his to be the Prayers of you and all good Protestants, as 'tis of, Sir,*
Your faithful humble Servant,
Dublin, January
F. L.

1680.

POST-SCRIPT.

WE hear that Colonel *Fitz-Patrick*, a Manager of our Kingdom, and who married the Duke of *Ormond's* Sister, wof late turn'd Protestant, and now in *England*: I like no such Masquerade, turning upon an Exigent. One whose Generation hath been counted Primitives of the Romish Church, cannot surely forget his Ancestors Fame: His Father a bairous Rebel, and his Mother Hang'd for making Candles of Englishmens Grease in the time of the late Rebellion.