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The Manifold Miseries of Civill Warre and Discord in a Kingdome : By the Examples of Germany, France, Ireland, and Other Places. with Some Memorable Examples of Gods Justice, in Punishing the Authors and Causers of Rebellion and Treason

Henry Parker

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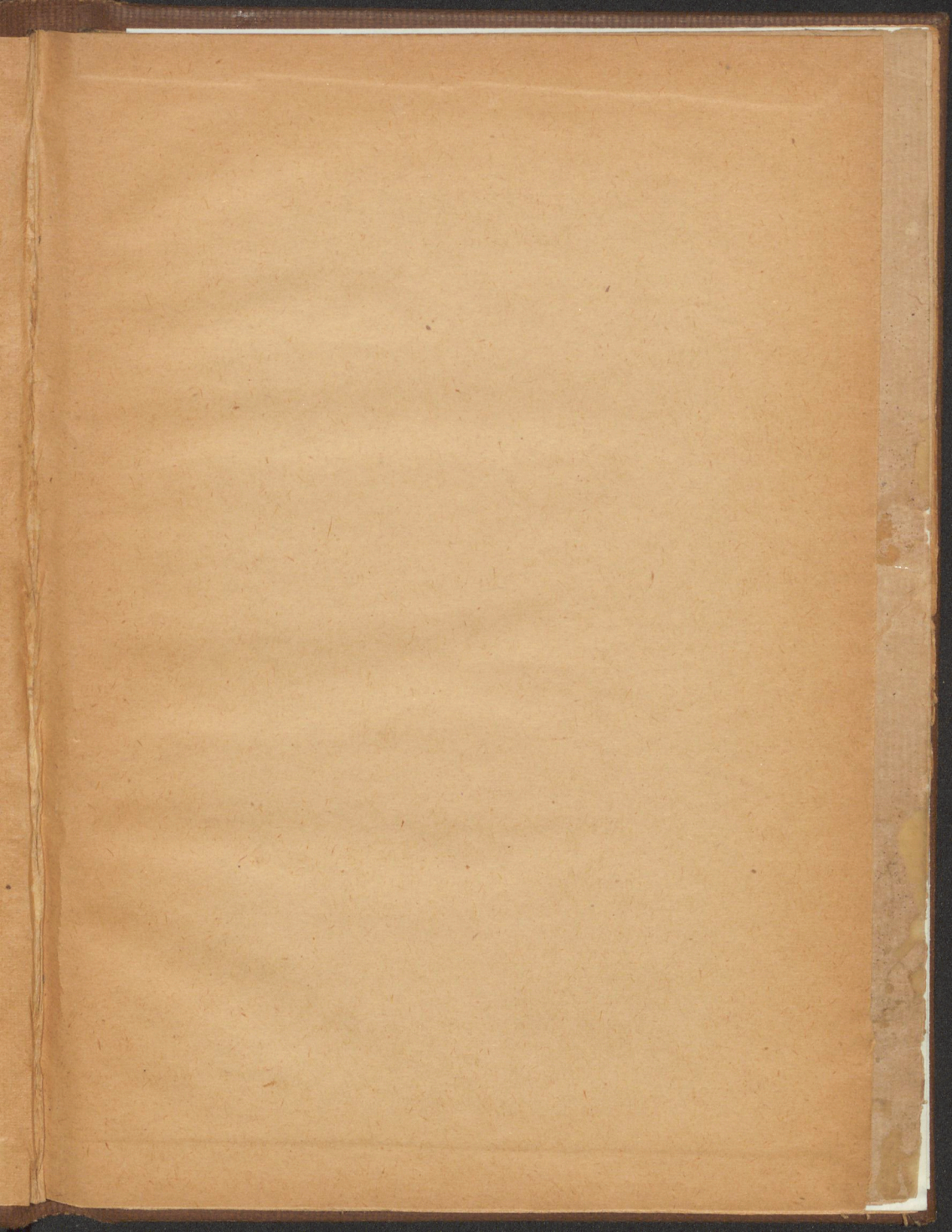
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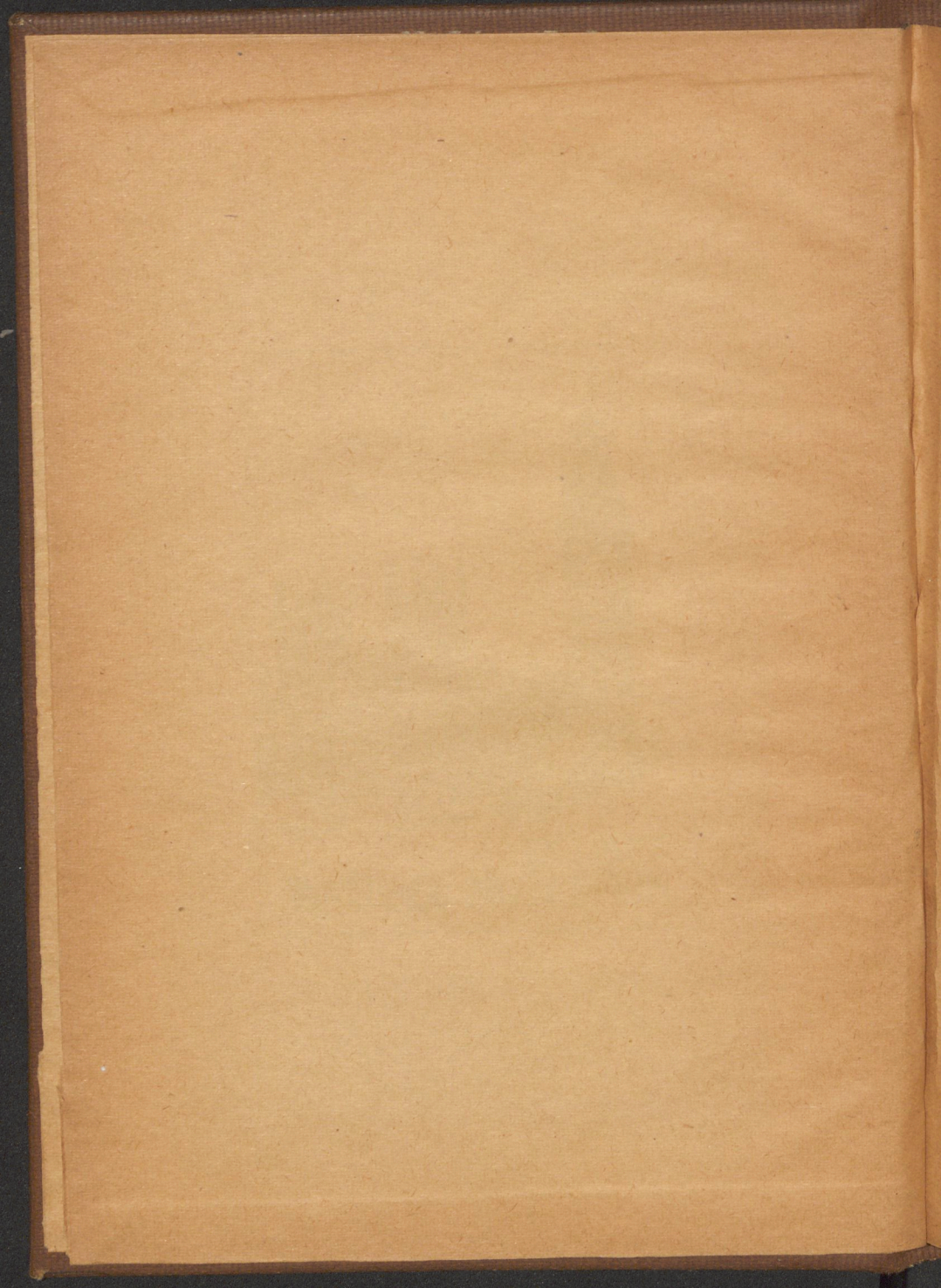
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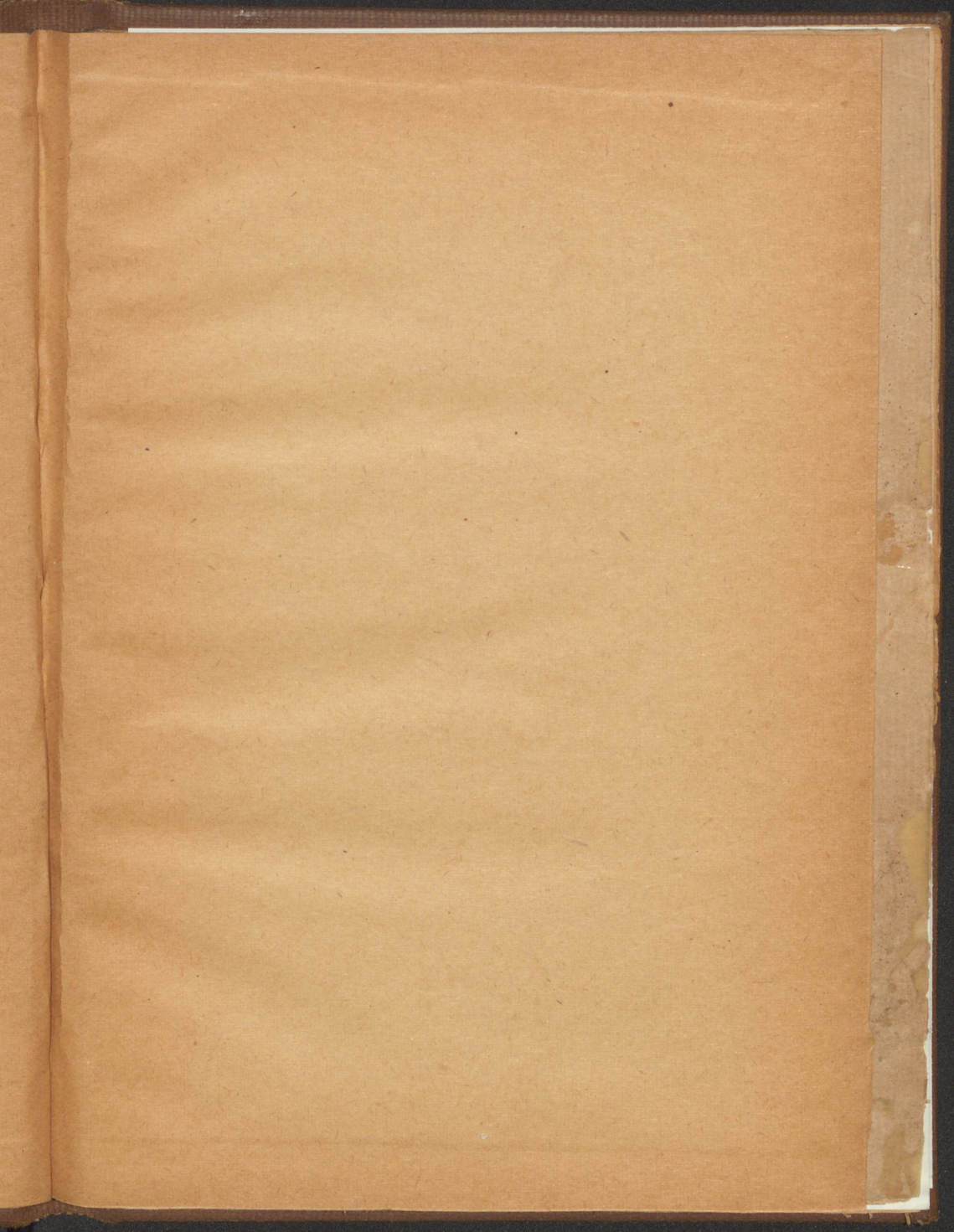
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THE MANIFOLD
MISERIES
OF CIVILL VVARRE
AND DISCORD IN A
KINGDOME:

BY

The Examples of *Germany, France,*
Ireland, and other places.

With some memorable Examples of
Gods Iustice, in punishing the Authors and
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BY

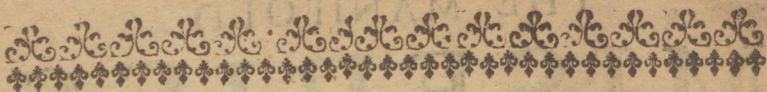
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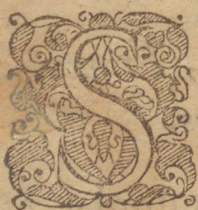
...sented; and
solemnly invited by Letters and the
...ces, by the King and his Mother, a general

L O N D O N

Printed for George Lindsey, July the second. 1642.



THE MANIFOLD
MISERIES OF
CIVILL VVARRE
and Discord in a Kingdome.



O many are the Miseries of a Land embroiled in Civill Warre, and so enterwoven one with another, that like fine shaddows in a piece of rich Tapisstry, they deceive our sight, and passe our imagination, as by wofull experience *Germany, France,* and other Neighbour Countries hath been tryed and proved. And to begin with *Germany*, who can be ignorant how much that Empire hath suffered formerly in Civill Dissention among themselves in matter of Religion, and since, yea at this present in the warres between the *Sweeds* and themselves, that goodly and most fertile Countrey wasted with famine, fire, and sword, now lying like a Wildernesse, in many places desolate and uninhabited, so that not onely men, women, and children have dyed for very hunger, but also wild beasts in Woods and Forrests for want of food have perished. Let me give you one onely example, which a follower of the right Honourable the Earle of *Arundell* related unto mee (presently after my Lords retourne from his Embassage in *Germany*) at *Alburie* in *Surrey*, which is this. A poore man bare-foot and bare-legd followed my Lords Coach to beg bread or other sustenance of him; while an hunger-starved Fox followed this poore soule close, to get a piece of the calf of his leg to satisfie his hunger, which my Lord seeing he relieved the man, and caused him to be growne with but he dyed presently after, notwithstanding his belly was filled.

Many men and women in woods, fields, and high wayes were found dead, with grasse in their mouths; so that what the sword could

could not devoure, famine did. Now though ambition in generall, and private ends in particular, as Title and supposed right in Princes, sometimes malice and revenge, yet generally all is clocked under the cause or reformation of Religion, as we may read in *Sleidan* of those bloody warrs in *Germany* made by the Boores and the frantick Anabaptists, and their fellows in *Munster*. *David*, *George*, *Knipperdoling*, against the Princes there, and their Lords; But of all other let us cast an eye upon our Neighbour *France*, and take a view of that flourishing Kingdome, see how it hath been rent and torne in peeces (as the Willow-tree complained in the Fable of her bowes and branches, which were lopt off to make wedges to rend her bodie) by her owne childien, and the fruit may say of her bodie, what bloody Battailes have been fought between the *Protestants* and *Papists*, the King and the *Guisians*. But I will relate in brieft some particulars, as I finde them recorded in their own Histories, and by their own Writers, beginning from the yeare 1572. when that great and horrible Massacre was committed upon the poore *Protestants* by the King himselfe, the Duke of *Guise*, and the then Queen-Mother; of whom was then made that true and wittie *Anagram*;

Catharina de Medicis Regina Mater,
In me regnat Thais, dira Medea Circo.

And whom *Th. Beza* in a witty Epigram in Latine in all respects compares with *Jezebell*, saying that whereas the dogges ate up and devoured *Jezebell*, he thought verily shee was so bad that no dog would touch her; *Vel canes ipsi respuant Catharinam*, be his words, but to our purpose, but take a view of some of her sonnes and the *Guise* his pranks, for they were all of a knot.

A marriage was pretended between the young K: of *Navarre* and the Lady *Margaret* the Kings Sister, which was performed by the Cardinall of *Burbon* 1572. upon the 18. of *August* in our Lady Church in *Paris*, in the presence of the King, the Queen-Mother, the Dukes of *Anjou* and *Alençon*, the Prince of *Conde*, and all the principall *Protestants*: at what time was nothing seen but banquetting, tilting, feasting, nothing heard but musick & friendly salutations, all old rancor and malice between *Protestant* and *Papist* seeming to be forgotten and buried; and to this end the *Protestants* were solemnly invited by Letters and most loving Messages from all places, by the King and his Mother, a generall peace being before proclaimed. The Admirall was sent for from

Roebell, where he was (dissemblingly) entertained by the K: in a most loving and friendly manner, who called him Father at every word; when the Admirall kneeled, the King tooke him up, protesting and deeply swearing, he was the welcomest man in the world, and no day could happen so joyfull as that, wherein he enjoyed his company, &c. The Citizens from all places flocked, from all parts to behold him (for his wisdome, valour, and experience, he was of all wonderfully beloved and honoured) his Son *Telignic* was much honoured & presented with great gifts, to the joy of the *Protestants*, and the (seeming) grieffe of the *Catholikes*. But this faire day was quickly over-clouded, with the hellish and black Clouds of Murder and Mischiefe, for as the Admirall was going from the Court to his Lodging, he was shot & sore wounded with three Bullets, as he went softly in the street, (from a house where *Villemus* stood, Master to the Duke of *Guises* Children lodged) reading of a Supplication.

The King being at Tennis, threw downe his Racket, seeming to be extremly grieved, and taking with him his Mother and two Brethren, went to visit him, looked upon his wounds, (for his forefinger was shot off, & with another Bullet he was wounded in his left arme) and told him, though he had the hurt and felt the paine, the dishonour was his, because he upon his faith and promise, had sent for him, vowing to secure him from all danger, & whosoever had done it or consented thereunto, should be severely punished; The Admirall answered, he knew the Authors well enough, but left the revenge unto God, and because he knew not how long he had to live, he desired to speake with the King in private of matters of great importance, the King seemed to listen a while, but the Queen-Mother cunningly brake off their discourse, and upon Saturday which was the 23. of *August*, the Kings Councill sat to examine the fact, seeming to take great pains to boulte out the truth, but all in dissimulation, for the King seeing he had the Admirall and *Protestants* in a trap, in the dead of the night at the sound of a Bell from the *Louvre*, Harquebuziers were sent out and commanded to kill all that came in their way, *Cossy* being their Captaine, and breaking into the Admirals chamber, one *Besme* a ruffian finding him at his prayers upon his knees, asked him, if he were the Admirall, he answered so I am called, with that he ran him through, another shot him into the brest with a Pistoll, and the rest stabbed him with their daggers,

and

and after threw his body out at a window into the street, this was the Religion and fidelitie of the Queen Mother and her son to the Protestants. An *Italian* cut off the Admirals head, and sent it for a present to the Pope; others cut off his hands and privie members, trailing his bodie up and down the street, hanging it up after at *Mountfaulcon* their *Tyburne*. This Noble Gentleman was, for his wisdom, policie, courage and constancie in professing Gods truth, one of the most excellent and famous men that ever were bred or brought up in *France*.

Now with this noble Admirall were murdered in most cruel manner of Protestant Nobilitie, the Count *Rochfaucourt*, a complete wittie and learned Gentleman, dearly beloved for his wittie and conceited humour of *Hen. the 2. Teligny de Montrevill* the Amirals son in law, whose widow named *Lois*, afterward *William of Nassau* Prince of *Orange*, and father to *Henry* now Prince of *Orange* married, and by which Lady he had him. Besides the Baron of *Pardaillon*, of *Pilles*, *Soubize*, and *Puciant*, all brave men, and all Commanders: But to see the butcherie they made in the streets of men, women and young children, would have made an heart of marble to have melted, all the streets being paved with carkasses, nothing but weeping and wailing, and a wofull out-crie through the whole Citie. There being slain above 10000. persons, as well Noblemen as Gentlemen, Presidents of Courts, Counsellors, Scholers, Prætors, Preachers, Physitians, Merchants, Handicrafts men, women, maids, and children, the King and Queen with their brethren went in the evening to behold the dead bodies, amongst others, the honest Queen mother would behold the bodie of *Soubize* stark naked, because she had heard (she said) that he was not able to get a child; this most cruell and bloodie massacre, plotted by her the Duke of *Guise* and her sonne then *Charles* the ninth, was acted upon *Bartholomew* day being the 24. of August, *Anno 1572.* and it is worthy of observation, that this King so led by his mother was not past 29. yeers of age when he died, and dying, abundance of blood issued from all the open parts of his body, no question but by the just judgement of God, for the blood which he formerly had in such abundance shed.

From *Paris* let us go to *Sancerre*, and after the Sword shew the horror and miserie of *Famine*.

Sancerre after it was besieged by the Marshall *Danville*, Lieutenant

tenant for the King in *Languedoc La Chastre*, and the Catholikes was brought in the beginning of the fourth Civill warre to that extreme necessitie, that after they had eaten up all their Horses, Asses, Dogs, Cats, and the like, they were constrained to make meat of their skins, roasting, seething and broyling them upon gridirons like tripes, mice and rats were great dainties, and hanger, they made meat of their old shoes, horns, hofses, and bullocks hoofs which had many yeers lien in the dunghill, and little children would broil and rost their leather girdles to fill their hungrie bellies; roots, herbs, grasse and bark of trees were accounted for dainties. The father and the mother eat their own child which was starved to death, and for so horrible a fact were both burned.

The famine in *Rochel* was also very sore, but God did miraculously help them in their extremity, being even ready for want of food to yeeld up their Town to the enemy, for he sent into their Haven (never seen among them before) exceeding multitudes of Muscles, Cockles and small fishes, whereby they plentifully stored themselves in despite of the Romish Catholiques their enemies, for hereby the women, maids and children took courage and exposed themselves to all hazards, animating such as sought by cheerfull words and hardie examples, and one among the rest adventuring in the hottest of the skirmish, and seeing one of the Catholiques slain, ran and took away his sword and harguebuz, which she carried in triumph into the Town, saying, she had furnished her self with the spoils of her enemies. But we will leave *France*, and come home to the modern miseries of *Ireland*, occasioned by their Rebellion.

The Rebellion began in *Ireland* upon the 23. of October last past, when the Romish priests (with whom the countrey abounded) swore all the people to banish and drive all the Protestants out of the Land, if they resisted to kill them though they were their next neighbours and friends. In the North of *Ireland* they killed man, woman and child, they arose at once in nine Provinces of *Ulster*, and at *Loughall* they cut a bridge in two, and then took an hundred Protestants English and Scots, with women and children, and bound them two and two back to back, and then threw them into the Rivers. Within two miles of *Dungannon*, which is the seat or dwelling of Sir *Philemic* (or *Philip*)

lip) *Oncale*, there dwelt a Scottish Minister whose name was *Maders*, into whose house they brake in the night, and finding him within with his wife and children, they cut off his head and threw it into his wives lap, telling her there was a New-years gift for her. A Scot walking upon the high way in the same Countie with his wife and six children, they murdered the man and all his children, and his wife falling upon her knees, and with tears and prayers entreating they would spare her that she might bury them: they stabbed her to the heart with their skeines (which are thick and long sharp pointed daggers, with dudgeon hefts much like unto Cooks knives) and threw her upon the top of the rest.

In the Town of *Machera* in the Countie of *London-Derrie*, they killed a Parish Clerk and his five children, after they cut off his wives eares, whereupon she ran mad.

If they met with any English, men or women travelling on the wayes, or in the woods, they would make holes under their chinnes, and hang them up on boughs of trees cut off and sharpened.

Young children and infants, they will teare quarter from quarter, as hounds would do a wild-cat, or the like vermine. They cut of Mr. *Romleis* a Justice of Peace his head in the Countie of *London-Derrie*, then turning up the back of the body, they stuck upon a stick the head in his fundament, and after set it upon a stake.

With their Darts, and before named Skeines half a yard long, they stab and rip up the bellies of women with child; and then will not suffer them to be buried, but leave them for the woolves and fowls of the aire to devoure.

Some come from them that have the fairest quarter and mercie shewed them, with their hands, some with their eares, cut off, cleft down the shoulder, or with one of their eyes put out: filly women and young children, they will put into some old thatcht house, and then set it on fire, keeping them in till they be consumed to ashes.

To relate all the cruell murders and villanies of these base villaines, would astonish and terrifie the hardest and most inhumane heart (I am perswaded) of the veriest Turk or Jew in the world, neither can any beastly villanie be thought whatsoever, but it is committed among them, and these forsooth
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counted the best of your Romane Catholikes, but I leave their punishment to God, and the valour of our *English* and *Scots* now serving amongst them; neither hath any Countrey in the world been more plentifull in Treasons then this, though we our selves have had Traitors enough, whom God hath ever more cut off almost in the very execution of their Treasons, I cannot stand to particularize the men, nor the manners of their severall plots. *Queen Elizabeth* had plotted against her 35. severall Treasons, yet God delivered her out of all. Let me conclude with the just reward of a Traitor who betrayed the Isle of *Rhodes* to *Soliman*, being so long and so bravely defended by *Lisleadam* & the Christians; this Traitor being a gentleman and a Commander in that service, sent privily word to the Turk, if he would advance him, he would help him to the possession of the whole Island and Castle. *Soliman* promised him he would, nay more, he would give him his daughter in marriage with three millions of Barbaric Duckets for a portion: by his means the whole Isle, Town and Castle were taken. He then being brought before *Soliman*, was graciously entertained, *Soliman* sent for his daughter most gloriously drest with gold and jewels of inestimable value; Daughter, quoth *Soliman*, I have chosen this gentleman for your husband, therefore I charge you to love him, embrace him with all dutifull respect. And son, quoth *Soliman*, because you shall see that I am every way as good as my word, in those chests (which stood by) there is the gold I promised you, and some foure dayes hence your marriage shall be solemnized; no Bashaw was in more honor then was this Traitor throughout the Turks whole Armie. Upon the third day *Soliman* calls for his son in law, and tels him that he was a Christian, and his daughter a *Musulman*, or right beleever, and he feared they would not agree; therefore, son quoth he, you must be stript of your baptized and uncircumcised skin, and laid all night upon a bed of salt, and if by the morning you can find in your heart to turn to her Religion, she shall come to bed to you, otherwise you must lie as quietly as you can by your self. But he being fleied, & laid tumbling without a skin upon the bed of salt, which was a most cruell torment, died within an hour after: If all Traitors to their Princes and Countreys were punished with the like sawce (especially those in *Ireland*) the world would be at a far better passe then it is; which God in his appointed time will accomplish. And so I end this discourse.

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