

CHAP. V.

PROTESTANT SAINTS—CRUELITIES OF THE HOLLANDERS IN FORCING
PROTESTANTISM INTO THE NETHERLANDS—THE PRINCE OF
ORANGE AND THE DUKE OF ALVA—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR—
PERSECUTIONS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII—PENAL CODE OF
ELIZABETH—IRELAND DRENCHED WITH THE BLOOD OF HER
CHILDREN—D'AUBIGNE AND ST. PATRICK—DESECRATION OF
THE GRAVES OF IRISH SAINTS.

IT is not at all pleasant to open anew the wounds and scars of religious strife, even by allusion. Individually, we would rather allow every form of past impiety, bloodshed and injustice to sleep forever in the dismal graves of their own making, to improve the present, and to look forward with hope to the future; but the spirit of Cain is still rampant among the people, and nowhere does it seem to take deeper root than in the hearts of your Protestant preachers. Observe one of these creatures, in his degraded pulpit, and you cannot fail to discover a want of sincerity, which, to the student of human nature, is truly revolting. Nowhere could you find a purer specimen of this class than the very D. D. of the "two-

steepled" church, for it seems as if his breast is a nest of vipers, and every time he opens his mouth, a serpent thrusts out its head. Poor Darling is bad enough in all conscience, but he is no more to be compared to Clark, in virulence, than a sword-fish is to a crocodile.

This brace of precious revilers have both openly and covertly attacked us, without any provocation whatever, and we must defend ourselves as best we can. They lie continually about us; we shall content ourselves by telling the truth about them. The one calls our Church the "enemy of liberty," and the other, the "cruel persecutor of the saints of God," meaning Protestants. We have disposed of the former accusation, and it now only remains for us to disprove the latter, which we will undertake to do in one sentence: There never was such a being as a *Protestant saint*, and as the Church could not interfere with that which had no existence, the assertion is at once proven to be false.

On the contrary, the spirit of persecution has always accompanied Protestantism, as the following deeds of cruelty will clearly show: The history of Protestantism forms but one long catalogue of violence; it had its origin in rebellion, and blood and murder fast followed in its train. Rousseau, who was educated a Protestant, says, that "the Reformation was intolerant from its cradle, and its authors, universally persecutors."

Good people of the "Dutch Reformed," I pray you, listen to your amiable *saint* Luther: "If we send thieves to the gallows, and robbers to the block, why do we not fall on those masters of perdition, the popes, cardinals, and bishops, with all our force, and not give over till we have bathed our hands in their blood?" He also called the people to arms without waiting for the orders of a magistrate. He counsels his followers after this manner: "If you fall before the beast (pope) has received his mortal wound, you will have but one thing to be sorry for, that you did not bury your dagger in his

breast. All that defend him must be treated like a band of robbers, be they kings or be they Cæsars." These were the first blasts blown from the trumpet of the Reformation, and which summoned the Lutherans and Anabaptists of Lower Germany to deeds of anarchy and confusion. *St.* Zwinglius did the same in Switzerland; he preached his new doctrine by the aid of war and devastation, as did Mahomet. The Anabaptists, as well as the Catholics, came in for their share of the blessed doctrine—little of the milk of the Word, but plenty of cold steel, burnings, and the dungeon. *St.* Philip Melancthon wrote a work in defense of persecutions, and even Bucer, a professor of divinity, sanctioned the dagger and the axe in propagating the new religion; and, in proof of his *saintly* character, he taught, that Servetus should not only be burned, but that "his bowels ought to have been torn out, and his body chopped to pieces!" John Calvin stood chief *saint* of them all in his persecuting principles; he established

his inquisition at Geneva, for the punishment of all who did not embrace his vile doctrine of "Predestination." Poor Servetus, the first victim, was burned at the stake, Gruet lost his head, and Groteus starved to death in one of the prisons of Berne. *St. Beza* also wrote a work in support of persecutions. Baron Des Adrets was a *precious saint*; he resembled a tiger in his thirst for blood; and, on a certain occasion, caused his little son to wash his young hands in Catholic blood!!

Neither time nor space will allow me to record the terrible massacre at Nismes and Montpelier, where thousands were butchered in cold blood, while the Consistories of Calvin looked on with delight.

The cruel devices of the Hollanders in forcing Protestantism into the Netherlands have no parallel in the worst ages of ancient barbarism. Let us give a sample of Dutch cruelty, as portrayed by a Protestant historian, Kerroux, and which we take the liberty to copy from *Plain Talk*: "The ordinary

processes of cruel torture were only the lowest degree of punishment inflicted on the innocent. Their limbs were disjoined; the flesh, hanging in shreds, after a pitiless scourging, was swathed in rags dipped in alcohol, then set on fire until the flesh burnt and the nerves crisped; the bones were bared to view. Sometimes, so much as half a pound of sulphur was employed in burning the armpits and the soles of their feet. Thus martyred, they were abandoned on the fields for days and nights without any relief, only that repeated blows drove sleep away from their eyes. No food was given but herrings, or such as would create a burning thirst, whilst no kind of drink, no, not even water, was allowed. Hornets were inserted to sting their navels. Sonoï went so far, as to cause rabid rats to be placed on the breasts and bellies of those martyrs, inclosed in a box made for the purpose, and covered with combustibles. Fire being applied, these vermin became furious, and would cleave a way for themselves, tearing

the bowels and the hearts of the victims. The wounds were seared with burning coals, or molten lead was poured into them. . . . He had invented even more horrible torments, and he inflicted them in cold blood ; cannibals would be disgraced by his cruelty ; decency forbids us to say more."

In plotting murder and all other abominations, those early Protestants might claim the medal. About the year 1580, Henry III was dispatched after the following manner: the Huguenot faction murdered a Dominican Friar, and one of the assassins put on his habit, sought admission to the royal court, and assassinated the king to make room for Henry IV, who favored their cause.

It was by a mean, contemptible plot that William of Orange, after being defeated by the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, when tranquillity had been restored to that distracted region, threw it back again into anarchy. He conspired with the Hollanders, from his headquarters among the

Huguenots, in France ; he had his emissaries play the role of preachers, and sent them out to stir up a new revolt ; and when the plan was matured, he led out his adherents in great force, before the Duke of Alva was made aware of the fact, and the Flemish dominions were drenched in human gore.

Look through the history of the Thirty Years' War, and see the sanguinary horrors and infamous excesses which those blasphemous heresiarchs brought upon every land through which the generals of the *Infernal Host* led them. They deluged France, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, with rivers of blood ; devastated towns and villages ; and showed no mercy to age, sex, or condition. Estimates of the number slain in battle in the low countries, aside from those hanged, emboweled, starved, burned, died in prison, etc., are variously laid down at from one to two hundred thousand ; add to this the desecration of Churches, the pillage of the sacred vessels, rare and costly paintings and statuary, the

destruction of libraries which contained the collected wisdom of ages, the abuse of woman, the demoralization of children, the lust and licentiousness of every kind and description, and you have the first fruits of your boasted Reformation in Germany.

What has been said of distracted Germany, may be told of France; wherever the Calvinists gained strength and power, fearful carnage ensued. Twenty thousand Catholic Churches were demolished, and even the hospitals which contained the sick and suffering were razed, and the poor inmates abused by a rough and brutal soldiery, and left unsheltered to the mercy of the elements. The whole of Normandy was wrecked in a most frightful manner, priests were murdered, and monks buried alive. In the province of Dauphiny, three hundred and sixty-seven priests and monks were murdered, and nine hundred towns and villages sacked and burned.

In Denmark and Sweden, Protestant violence also did its work, and to this present

day it is a penal offense for a Swede to become a Catholic.

In 1533, *Pope* Harry VIII, of blessed memory to Protestants, sent forth his *bull*, from which we take the following order: "Every person presented or indicted of any heresy, or duly accused by two lawful witnesses, may be cited, arrested or taken by an ordinary, or other of the king's subjects, and committed to the ordinary to answer in open court; and, being convicted, shall abjure his heresies, and, refusing to do so, or falling into relapse, *shall be burned* in open place, for an example to others."

Very soon a poor priest named John Nicholson was condemned, and burned at Smithfield; and after him a man and a woman were also committed to the flames. Two priests and an abbot were hung and quartered at Reading, and the Abbot of Glastonbury was hung and quartered at Torre Hill. Shortly after two monks and the Abbot of Colchester were put to death

for simply denying the king's supremacy. Two noblemen, Sir William Peterson, and Sir William Richardson, priests, were drawn on the rack, hanged and quartered for the same offense. Anne Ascue, a beautiful young lady, who was accused of dogmatizing on an article of faith, met with a most terrible death. After the poor creature had been stretched on the rack, the chancellor ordered the lieutenant of the Tower to turn it still further; the officer refused, and in a moment of rage the chancellor himself put his hands to the cruel instrument, and almost tore her body asunder! This failed to make her renounce her faith, when she was taken out, carried in a chair to Smithfield, and there burned alive with three others, condemned for the same offense.

Some writers calculate that, during the despotic sway of Henry VIII, seventy-two thousand persons were executed, but this falls far below the proper estimate. The truth never can be known, on account of

the numbers that were privately assassinated; and then again, our chief information on the subject is taken from Protestant sources. Most of the Catholics that were left within the realm were so persecuted that their lives were but a slow process of death.

When the perjured Elizabeth, the illegitimate daughter of Henry, ascended the throne, the edicts of persecution were renewed with double energy. The most severe laws and penal enactments were set in motion, the recital of which makes the heart sick. An ecclesiastical commission was set up, called the Star Chamber, the iniquities of which would rival even the court of Pluto. The fiends, on the slightest pretense or suspicion, would arraign a person before them, administer to him an oath, and extort confession by the rack, imprisonment and fines. If one showed the smallest consideration for, or exercised the least act of hospitality or benevolence toward, a religious, he was fined and im-

prisoned. Hanging, burning, emboweling, racking, and quartering, were the order of the day. It seemed as if every feeling of humanity had perished in the bosoms of those inhuman reformers, and that malignity of the most direful kind had taken its place. The tears of the widow, the cries of the orphan, the sobs and groans of the dying, failed to awaken the first minimum of justice, the first impulse of mercy.

During the fierce and bloody reign of Elizabeth, tribunals were established, all over the land, to suppress the Catholic faith, and thousands of that communion were apprehended, confined, banished, hanged and tortured, without a due process of law. Even children, who absented themselves from Protestant worship, were cast into prison, and often executed.

Who has not heard of Edward Campian, the famous scholar, and one of the brightest stars that ever appeared in the galaxy of *Christ Church School*, in London. He it was who delivered the Latin oration before

the beautiful Queen of Scots upon her accession to the throne. He subsequently took the degree of A. M. at Oxford, and was admitted to orders by the Protestant Bishop of Gloucester. When Elizabeth paid her respects to the University, he was again chosen to deliver an oration in Latin, which captivated all present; it was a production of great merit, and a master-piece of eloquence. But, like every great and honest mind, he became suspicious of the reformed doctrines, retired to Ireland, where, after a faithful study of the subject, aided by prayer, he renounced the errors of the Reformation, and embraced the old faith. He threw away, as worthless, all the honors, distinctions and preferments which he had but to stretch out his hand to acquire, even the patronage of the throne, to join the Society of Jesus, and lead the life of a poor missionary priest. He was spotted out in Ireland, and obliged to fly the country; he returned to England, to be arrested for high treason, and condemned, without proper

evidence, with three other priests. They were executed at Tyburn. Here was a man charged with the crime of high treason, whose character was pure and spotless from his youth up, the pride of the learned, an ornament to society, and a friend of humanity, who preferred a life of poverty, with truth and justice for his models, rather than to be a peer among the great ones of earth, with whom humanity was weakness, and justice a mockery.

Search the universe from pole to pole, look back through the annals of Time, and you cannot find any thing to compare in ferocity with the penal laws of Elizabeth. The freedom of man's will was enslaved by brute force; he was forbidden to follow the dictates of his own conscience, and compelled to attend a worship which his reason and faith told him was false. He was taxed beyond his means to support that in which he had no part or concern; he could not entertain for a moment a priest or a teacher of his own choice, beneath his roof, without

exposing himself to fines, imprisonment and even to death. He was robbed of the fruits of toil, forbidden to travel more than five miles from his own home, not even to attend the burial of a fond and tender parent or friend. The wife of his bosom, and the daughter of his affection, were brutalized before his face, and by those, too, who claimed to be the only *legitimate* Christians!!! Three men could not meet in the street, even by accident, without being apprehended and punished. No Catholic could own a horse worth more than £5; should he possess such an animal, a Protestant was at liberty to come and demand it, and if refused might break in the door of the stable and take him by force! If the owner made any objections, the robber might shoot him, without being punished for his crime. No Catholic could act as guardian, or give instruction to the orphan child of a deceased brother or sister. Leases were granted to Protestants alone, beyond a certain term; no Papist could serve on a

jury, or give evidence in a court of law. A Catholic could not be admitted to bail; in fact, he had no privilege that he might call his own! The sum of £5 was paid for the head of his priest and his schoolmaster! It was no unfrequent incident for a ruffian to rush into a Catholic congregation, and thrust a dagger through the body of the priest, while officiating at the altar! These are but samples of the atrocities which poor Ireland had to suffer during the reign of that shameless woman, who was head and mistress of the second Protestant reformation in England.

The sufferings of Irish Catholics during the invasion of Cromwell, that worse than Goth or Vandal, were truly terrific. This pious murderer capped the climax of all inhumanity. But why do I specify? Each English marauder vied with his predecessor in brutality. Murder, robbery, and confiscation were the leading virtues of Protestant rule in Ireland. Thousands upon thousands were slaughtered, so that the land was cov-

ered over with the mangled bodies of its own people. Dr. Curry, who was a man of truth and unblemished character, describes the condition of the province of Munster during the ravages of Elizabeth's troops: "Great companies of men, women and children were often forced into castles and other houses which were then set on fire; and, if any of them attempted to escape from the flames, they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion to these monsters of men, to take up infants on the points of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony, saying that, if suffered to live, they would grow up Popish rebels. Women were found hanging on trees, with their children at their breasts, strangled with their mothers' hair."

Behold the atrocities of John Knox, who has been styled the "Ruffian of the Reformation," and his pack of gospel-mongers. They succeeded in pulling down the ancient landmarks of Catholic faith, and Catholic morality, and finally degraded the once

noble Scot into a semi-infidel, and brought his Highland home into servile subjection to Elizabeth, the harlot Queen of England.

Blessings on you, Ireland, land of strong and steadfast faith; your green hills and fertile valleys were stained with the innocent blood of your own children; though starvation, the jail, the ax, and the gibbet did their work of death and misery, you have survived the shock, and to-day stand as firmly to the religion of St. Patrick, as when that glorious Apostle laid him down to die, by the peaceful waters of the Red Lake!

That weak minded old dotard who undertook to write an apology for the Lutheran revolt, and called it "History," writes another foolish document, claiming St. Patrick for the Presbyterians, in which he makes a laughing stock of himself. As well might the donkey that dug up Joe Smith's Bible claim to be its author, as D'Aubigne to make a Protestant of holy St. Patrick. He never mentions in his

pamphlet, how the Protestants treated the remains of that Saint, in the reign of Henry VIII; how the viceroy of Ireland, to please his royal master, and to weaken the faith of Irishmen, repaired to the County Down, where were interred the bodies of St. Patrick, St. Bridget and St. Columbkille; broke open their graves; dragged their hallowed remains from the sacred precincts of the tomb, and with the aid of a troop of brutal soldiers scattered their ashes to the four winds as they mournfully passed over Lough-Derg.

The untutored savage respects the memory and resting place of his dead, and in his greatest acts of barbarism, pauses before the graves of his sires; nor will he molest the sacred mounds, where are interred his enemies in battle—but it was reserved for Protestants to defile and pollute the hallowed bones of our venerated and sanctified dead.

Protestant tyrants, you have stolen our goods and chattels, robbed us of our

magnificent Christian temples, which the faith and piety of our forefathers had erected to the worship and glory of the Triune God; you have demolished the houses of our religious confraternities, leveled the homes of the poor, and slaughtered our people by the million! But the most brazen of all, for us Irishmen in particular, and the hardest to be borne, is, that after such acts of Vandalism and sacrilege, of murder and persecution, Protestants will turn round and tell us what a liberal set of Christians they are!! Yes, you are very liberal, in your abuse, your hatred and your plunder!! You will even give the old excuse, that you robbed us for our good, murdered and abused us for our souls' sake. Was there ever impudence equal to this? Oh, you race of vipers, your love but equals your hate; your kiss is like the kiss of Judas Iscariot when he betrayed our blessed Lord, and your embrace is as cold and as clammy as the coils of your spiritual father when he seduced mother Eve in the Garden of Eden.

I might fill page after page with deeds of torture, each one worse than the other, and which could not be equaled unless in the regions of the damned. These were the means adopted by the *Saints* of the Reformation to promulgate a new religion among Catholics. These are the choice spirits that Dr. Clark undertakes to defend; he raises his polluted hand (upon which the unction of grace never rested), and declares, in the face of Heaven, that this band of hangmen and cut-throats were "saints," the "elect of God," etc., etc!!! As well try to blot out the stars from the blue vault of night, as to establish them among the friends of the blessed Saviour. Rather, give them their proper title; call them the "hell-hounds" of the great Protestant rebellion!