

A Relation of the manner of the loss of Prague (21 November 1620)

An English Gentleman

Transcript

British Library, Harley MS 389, ff. 1r–1v

1r

A Relation of the manner of the losse of Prague by an English Gentleman there & then
present Dated Novemb. 21 [*Left margin: 1620*] stylo veteri./ 1620

The losse of Prague was & is the last wonder of that k
{gap: damage}

[*Left margin: //* Octob 28] His Ma[jes]tie coming to Court on the saturday^{//} at 3 of the clock,
with a countenance of glee told his Queene, that the Enimie was come within 2 Dutch miles
of the Citty, which is 8 English; but his Army of 28000 was betwixt them & it. That night we
slept securely as free from doubt, as we supposed ourselues quit from danger. [*Left margin: //*
Octob 29] On the Sunday^{//} the Lords dined at Court, with whom [th]e Queene had taken
resolution to go into the Armie: But while we wer{e} at our cuppes, the Enimie was vpon a
march towards us; and when they were approached within 2 English miles they perceived our
Armie to ly in plaine not entrenched or any way wi{th} advantage against them. When this
was discovered, the Duke of Bavaria enquired of a Dominican Friar (who all these warres
hath beene his Oracle) whether he should fight or no. He going a ceremonious time apart
returned with an encouragement to them to fight, assuring them, a troupe of Angells were
over t{hem} for their defence. with this superstition & their owne priuate necessitie (for the
Enimie had had no bread in 4 days before & hardly any water) they putt on a resolution to
bring things {to} an exigent. For the better effecting of which, they came
{gap: damage}

bettell aray up an hill on which the Kings cannon were place{d} but so to our small
advantage, as that they did disadvantage them nothing. At the foot of this ill-defended hill
stood the Kings forces, but neerer the Citty: and from the topp of the {Hill} 6000 Hungarians
put towards the Enimie, the which were encountred by a yong man of 30 yeares old called
the great nephew to the Bishop of Mentz, who onely had some 3 compnies of horse not
surmounting the number of 500, & putt them a{ll} to so base a flight, as that in lesse then
halfe an houre all the Kingdome of Bohemie was lost. Our foot seeing such a disc
{gap: damage}

routed & sealed their owne vnworthines with their bloud.

{gap: damage}

Hungarians like men of their owne mould, forsook their hors{es} their pistolls, their swords,
leapt downe headlong to their ow{n} ruine, tooke rivers that served to choak them; and all
this p{ro}ceeding from their first apprehension; for in all this pursuit th{ere} was not a pistoll
shott at them, nor did the Enimie well kno{w} whether their flight were fained: For, as since
many of them {have} protested, had we but made a stand, their Armie had runne. But when
they perceived it reall, then fell they to execution & cutt to peeces 1200 Hungarians, & by this
time the Enimies foot

{gap: damage}

gott our Cannon, & taken all the Kings carriadges, amongst whi{ch} they found a garter of his Order of St Georg.

The vnanswerable & unparalleld unworthines of the Prin{ce}

1v

21 November 1620/1

of Anhalt Generall of the foot & of Count Hollock Generall of the horse must not, to their perpetuall shame, be left vntold, who at the first appearance of danger left the feild & came running into the Citty, more pale then death could have made them; & never returned to try, if they could againe rally some troupes which were but disordered & had not as yet felt [th]e danger of a bullet or sword. None of any worth, none of any worth forbore the Citty, but the Prince of Anhalts son, who to wash o{ff} (as I conceive) his fathers leprosie of cowardize, shedd much bloud, fought gallantly, & is now the Enimies wounded prisoner [*Left margin: Thurne*] With him stayd the Grave van Tour⁺ an old & gallant noble man, who till the day shutt in, shutt not himselfe into the Citty. At this discomfortable Feast the people ot Moravia gave worst entertainment to their vnwelcome guests, for they have the honour of their deaths carved vpon their bodies in great characters: In this slaughter there dyed on the conquered parte about 4000 & on the Conquering not a 1000 confest, & all done in as short a time as so many throats could be cutt.

But to adde to this strange tale a relation scarce to be beleaved, is that 4000 being but lost of 28000, we could ~~{gap: illegible}~~ never heare, what became of the saved multitude, nor as ye{t} [*Left margin: {w}eeks after*] where they are: for those that felt not this furie, had they beene reinforced, had beene enough to have kept the Citty from twice so many as the Enemie was, who was but 26000 stronge