



LETTER FROM THE King of Poland TO HIS QUEEN.

In which is Incerted

*Many Particulars Relating to the Victories obtained
against the Turks. With a Prayer of the Turks against
the Christians.*

Translated from the Cologne Gazette, Octob. 19. 1683. Numb. 84.

THE Immortal God, (to whom Honour and Glory be Ascribed for Ever) has Blest us with so Signal a Victory, as scarce the Memory of Man can Equal: The Enemy was not only content to Raise the Siege of Vienna, and Leave us Masters of the Field; But also of all their Cannon, and Tents, with Inestimable Treasure, and clim'd over Mountains of Carcasses made by their own Body's in the Flight. My Eyes were never Blest Before with so delightful a Prospect as to see my Soldiers follow here a great Drove of their Sheep and Oxen, and there a much greater Herd of *Turkish* Captives; Nor my Ear's ere Charin'd with so pleasing Musick, as the Howlings and Dying-Groans of these Miserable Wretches: So great was their Hast, that the Prime Visier almost alone and forsaken of all, was forc't without the Ceremony of his Turbant, to take his Flight; But yet he left me Heir to his Tent and Riches, which were shewn me by a Renegado of his own Retinue.

I have Presented the *Turkish* Standard to His Holyness, who was Instrumental no less by His Money, than His Prayers, to their Overthrow. The Prime Visier's Horse with all his Trappings, I reserv'd for my self; And tho' he was so Fortunate in his Flight to Escape us, yet his Caymecan, or Lieutenant-General, with some of the most Considerable Bassa's, fell by our Swords; But the approaching Night put a Stop to our Pursuit, and their Slaughter. Those Janizaries which were left behind in the Mines and Trenches, we thought not worth the dulling of our Swords, therefore we made but one Funeral Pile for 'em all, and burnt 'em.

In that Action there were about Thirty Thousand *Turks* kill'd, besides *Tartars*, and One Hundred Thousand Tents taken. Our Souldiers, and the Burghers of Vienna, were Two whole Nights, and One Day, in Rifling their Tents and Body's, and I believe a Week would scarce suffice to finish it.

The Rarities which were found in the Prime Vizir's Tent, were no less Numerous than Strange and Surprising, as very curious Parrots, and some Birds of Paradise; with all his Baniq's, and Fountains, and some Ostriches, which he Chose rather to Kill, than let 'em fall Alive into our Hands; Nay his Dispair and Jealousy transported him so far, as to Destroy his very Women for the same Reason.

The whole Army Attributes the Glory of this Victory to God, and Us, and all the Princes of the Empire, with the Great Officers, as the Dukes of Bavaria and Lorraine, Prince Waldeck, &c. were so far transported with my Valour and Success,

Success, that their Thanks and Praises were more Numerous, than was their Fears before; and Count *Staremberg* the Governour, Saluted me with the Title of his Mighty Deliverer. The Common People in my going to and from the Churches, pay'd their Veneration even to my very Garments, and made their Cry's and Acclamations reach the Sky, of *Long Live the King of Poland*.

In the Battel we Lost some of our Friends, as Prince *Haticki*, and the Treasurer of our Household. The Reverend *Marius Daviano*, heapt on me his Pray'rs and Blessings, and told me he saw a White Dove fluttering o're the Army, which he look'd upon as an happy Augure of our Victory.

We are now on our March towards *Hungary*; taking the Advantage of their Distracted, to Defeat the Remainder of their scatter'd Troops, and Surprise *Gran of Newbenfell*. I have all the Princes of the Empire my Companions in this Enterprize, who tell me they are ready to follow such a Leader not only into *Hungary*, but to the End of the World.

The Prime Visir being unable to put a Stop to our Pursuit, told his Eldest Son *Mahomet Han*, That he must now bid Adieu to all his Greatness, and never expect to be in Safety, whilst their Lye's one Stone upon another in the Walls of *Vienna*, but withal bid him hasten to the Grand Seignor and Demand a Speedy Succour, to whom his Son Reply'd, That he knew him too well for that, and there was nothing for 'em now to Rely on but their Flight.

I am just now going to take Horse, and all my way for Two *Hungarian* Miles together, are so strew'd with the Carcasses of Men, Horses, and Camels, that the Stench of 'em would be insupportable to any but a Soldier.

I have sent several Dispatches to Foreign Princes to give Notice of this Action, but the King of *France* was forgotten.

I Rejoyce to see our Son *Alexander* of so Clear and Undanted a Courage who always stuck to me in my most imminent Dangers: and made the first onset on a Body of *Turkish Spahis*, with that Courage that he put 'em soon to flight, and Receiv'd the Applauses of the whole Army. He has Contracted a very Intimate Friendship with the young Duke of *Bavaria* with whom he equally devided the spoyl, This Prince has been very Assiduious in his Services to me; therefore I have presented him three of my Hories, the *Bassa* of *Egypt*'s Tent and Sandard, and ten Pieces of Cannon. To his Sister the *Dauphiness*, a Locket of Diamonds. Yet there Remains such heaps of their Colours and Synecters in our possession as are not to be numbred.

All my Countrey men March't with the same Bravery to the Relief of *Vienna*, as the Souldiers of *Godfrey of Bullain* did to the *Holy Land*, and the miraculous Cross that you presented me with (which was his Companion in that Expedition) I Believe Contributed no less to our Victory.

Thanks be to Heaven, now the Half-Moon Triumphs no longer o're the Cross, And 'twas thrown down from *St. Stephen's Steeple* in *Vienna* (whom it had o'retop'd so long) immediately on the Defeat: Neither have the *Turks* any occasion to upbraid us with their Blasphemous *Mahometan Proverb*. *Ye Christians where is Your God?*

The *Turks* Prayer against the *Christians*.

ETernal God and Creator of all things, and thou O *Mahomet* his Sacred and Divine Prophet. We Beseech Thee let us not dread the *Christians*, who are so mean and silly to Rely on a Crucified God. By the Power of thy Right Hand, so strengthen ours that we may surround this Foolish People, on every side, and utterly destroy 'em. At length fulfill our Prayers and put these Miscreants into our hands, that we may Establish thy Throne for ever in *Mecha*, and Sacrifice all those Enemies of our most Holy Religion at thy Tomb. Blow us with thy mighty Breath like Swarms of Flies into their Quarters, and let the Eyes of these Infidels be Daz'd with the Luitre of our Moon. Consume them with thy fiery Darts, and Blind them with the Dust which they themselves have Raised. Destroy them all in thine Anger. Break all their Bones in pieces, and Consume the Flesh and Blood of those who despise thy Sacrifice, and hang the Sacred Light of Circumcision on their Criss. Wash them with Showers of many Waters, who are so stupid to Worship Gods they know not: and make their Christ a Son to that God who ne're Begot him. Hasten therfore their Destruction we humbly Intreat thee, and blott out their Name and Religion, which they Glory so much in, from off the Face of the Earth, that they may be no more, who Condemn and Mock at thy Law. Amen.

London, Printed for R. Baldwin, in the Old-Bailey. 1683.