

him retire to *Outlands*, and from thence to *Reading*, and so to *Oxford*, that being thought the fittest Place for his Court and Council to reside in.

The Battel of *Marston Moor* near *York*, was fought on *July* the 2d : Prince *Rupert* commanded the King's Army ; and the Earls of *Manchester* and *Leven* (better known by the name of Colonel *Lesly*) and the Lord *Ferdinando Fairfax*, commanded the Forces of the Parliament ; at first Prince *Rupert* got Ground, and those in the main Battel were so hard put to it, that they fell on the Reserve of the *Scots* behind, and the right Wing of the Parliament Horse being as hard put to it by the left Wing of the Prince they committed the like Disorder, by falling on the Lord *Fairfax's* Foot and the *Scots* Reserve, and by this means the Prince possessed himself of their Canon, and those three Generals of the Parliament retired.

This News came flying to *Oxford*, being reported by some of the Parliament Soldiers who had fled out of the Field, and it was so welcome there, that it was entertained with Bells and Bonfires, and discharging all the Canon about the Town.

But there being no Horse sent to make good the Ground which was left by the Parliament Forces in their Retreat, and the Prince's Soldiers being very earnest upon Pillage, Colonel *Cromwel* who commanded the Earl of *Manchester's* Horse, and who made a fair Retreat in the heat of the Battel, on Purpose to put new Life into his Men, and having rallied the broken Foot into some Order, he then pressed hard upon the Prince and turned the Fortune of the Day, for which Service he was cried up to be the Saviour of three Kingdoms.

There were more killed in this Battel than in any other during the whole course of the War, for those who buried the Dead found the Bodies of 8000 Men slain.

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