

'To Lieutenant-General Ireton, Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland: These.'

Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

SIR,

Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me 'too;' for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace.-I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh; His Name be praised.

We have been engaged upon a Service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and 'who' pretended to be stumbled at our Invasion:-indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security; they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also. We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our Army; brought it very low,-from Fourteen to Eleven thousand: Three-thousand five-hundred horse, and Seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The Enemy Sixteen-thousand foot, and Six-thousand horse.

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their Army:-after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole Army; killed near Three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, Ten-thousand prisoners; their whole Train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near two-hundred Colours. I am persuaded near. Fifteen-thousand Arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not about Thirty men. Before the fight, our condition was made very sad, the Enemy greatly insulted and menaced 'us;' but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handiwork of the Lord would stir up your minds to praise and rejoicing; and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment; and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter of praise also,-I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who had thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to live them all our days. Salute all our dear Friends with you, as if I named them. I have no more;-but rest,

Your loving father and true friend,  
OLIVER CROMWELL.