

For my loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

Upon Wednesday we fought the Scottish Armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms;-lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for

Your affectionate brother,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often;-but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.