For Colonel Valentine Walton: These, in London.

Sleaford, 6th or 5th September, '1644.'

SIR,

We do with grief of heart resent the sad condition of our Army in the West, and of affairs there. That business has our hearts with it; and truly had we wings, we would fly thither! So soon as ever my Lord and the Foot set me loose, there shall be in me no want to hasten what I can to that service.

For indeed all other considerations are to be laid aside, and to give place to it, as being of far more importance. I hope the Kingdom shall see that, in the midst of our necessities, we shall serve them without disputes. We hope to forget our wants, which are exceeding great, and ill cared for: and desire to refer the many slanders heaped upon us by false tongues to God,-who will, in due time, make it appear to the world that we study the glory of God, and the honour and liberty of the Parliament. For which we unanimously fight; without seeking our own interests.

Indeed we never find our men so cheerful as when there is work to do. I trust you will always hear so of them. The Lord is our strength, and in Him is all our hope. Pray for us. Present my Love to my friends: I beg their prayers. The Lord still bless you.

We have some amongst us much slow in action:-if we could all attend our own ends less, and our ease too, our business in this Army would go on wheels for expedition! 'But' because some of us are enemies to rapine, and other wickednesses, we are said to be "factious," to "seek to maintain our opinions in religion by force,"-which we detest and abhor. I profess I could never satisfy myself of the justness of this War, but from the Authority of the Parliament to maintain itself in its rights: and in this Cause, I hope to approve myself an honest man and single-hearted.

Pardon me that I am thus troublesome. I write but seldom: it give me a little ease to pour my mind, in the midst of calumnies, into the bosom of a Friend.

Sir, no man more truly loves you than

Your brother and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.