

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Cork, 19th December, 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford,-by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give further opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning,-unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison: which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas; a castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil,-I having sent before to him to march up to me,-sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,-whose finger, to our knowledge, never ached in all these expeditions,-fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march, and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honour, courage, and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company:-yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup;-of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take in the Fort of Passage, and that Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service, I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about three-hundred and twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about five-hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil; Colonel

Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, were there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance: but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three-hundred and fifty prisoners,-amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five-hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed; the renegado Wogan with twenty-four Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, &c. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching towards him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster,-which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labour,-That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge. Than which no worldly thing is more desired, and endeavoured by

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.