

'To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.'

Leaguer before Pembroke, 14th June, 1648.

SIR,

All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke. Which is briefly thus:

They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, "Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better it were we should throw them over the walls." It's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay, they should hang him.

We have not got our Guns and Ammunition from Wallingford as yet; but, however, we have scraped up a few, which stands us in very good stead. Last night, we got two little guns planted, which in Twenty-four hours will take away their Mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men; but I am confident the Enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel Dean's Regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town; 'and' Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, Not to keep the Castle longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half-a-pound of beef, and as much bread a-day but it is almost spent.

We much rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent. Upon our thanksgiving for that victory, which was both from Sea and Leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince 'Prince Charles and his revolted Ships,' coming with relief. The other night, they mutinied in the Town. Last night we fired divers houses; which 'fire' runs up the Town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in Fourteen days, by starving. I am,

Sir,
Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.