

Letter of Oliver Cromwell, copied exactly from the original, indorsed thus:

“For the Hon. William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons’ House of Parliament.”

“Sir,

*Haverbrowe, June 14, 1643.*

Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God, towards you and us. We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Haverbrowe, and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us. Both armies engaged. We, after three hours fight very doubtful, at last routed his army; killed and took about 5000; very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had, and all his guns, being 12 in number; whereof 2 were demi-culverins, and (I think) the rest lancers. We pursued the enemy from three miles short of Haverbrowe to nine beyond, even to the fight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

Sir, this is none other but the hand of God, and to him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour; and the best commendation I can give of him is, that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself, which is an honest and a thriving way: yet as much for bravery must be given him in this action as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.”

and Britons in ancient times may seem to have used for a wood, considering that two mighty great woods, the one in that part of Gaul called Gallica Belgica, and the other, amongst us, in Warwickshire, are by one and the self-same name termed Arden. For the forest of *Dean* in the county of Gloucester, so called, as he conjectures, from cutting off the first syllable of the word *Arden*, was a wonderful thick forest, and in former ages so dark and terrible, by reason of crooked and winding ways, as also the griesly shade therein, that it made the inhabitants more fierce and bold to commit robberies; for in the reign of King Henry VI. they so infested all the Severn side with robbing and spoiling, that there were laws made by authority of the parliament to restrain them; but since that rich mines of iron were found here, those thick woods began to thin by little and little” (p. 558). Tradition informs us *Harborians* that the site of our ancient St. Mary’s church and its cemetery were formerly encompassed with a thick wood, which extended Westward beyond the town. Camden tells also that “the pretty mercat town of Henley in Arden in the county of Warwick is seated among the woods” (p. 566). And my nephew, the Rev. Richard Bloxam, tells me the present very respectable and genteel society of archers near Atherston in the same county style themselves Woodmen, and have the word Arden engraved on the buttons of their uniform. So much for the term *Arden*. You ask if there are any other epitaphs in the old church? and say you should be glad of any particulars relative to it, to the earliest register, or to the town. I have collected a large number of notes relative to each of them, sufficient almost to furnish answers to the queries addressed to the nobility, gentry, clergy, and others, of Great Britain and Ireland, circulated by you a few years ago; or to make a thin number of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*; but I really have not had time to digest and copy them.”