

Tuesday, 28 January 1449

My dearest John

I write in fear of my life and the life of our children - the two boys and the one yet to come.

Early this morning Lord Moleyns' men arrived, a small army a thousand strong, carrying poll-axe, crossbow, and sword.

We have done what we can, our small household of twelve, to protect ourselves, but we are sore afeared that they will force entry. We have made great ordinance within the house, made bars to bar the doors crosswise, and made wickets on every quarter of the house to shoot out, both with bows and with handguns; and the holes that be made for handguns be scarce knee high from the floor, and of such holes be made five.

I beseech you to send crossbows, for your house here be so low that no man may shoot out with long bow, though we had never so much need. Two or three short poll-axes will help our need, to keep with doors, and as many jacks as you may. Never was our need so urgent.

Your loving wife,

Margaret