

1637

A True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New England, between the English, and the Salvages: With the present state of things there. (1637)

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P. Vincentius [Philip Vincent]

*A True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New
England, between the English, and the Salvages:
With the present state of things there. (1637)*

This brief account of the major engagement of the Pequot War appeared about six months after the Mystic Massacre of May 26, 1637. Its authorship is attributed to Philip Vincent, of whom little is known, including whether he was a witness or even in America, or, if not, who his informant was. The work obviously enjoyed some popularity, going through three separate editions in 1637–38.

The Pequots occupied the region on the north shore of Long Island Sound around present-day New London, Connecticut. Hostilities began in late summer of 1636, when the Massachusetts authorities sent a punitive expedition under John Endicott that destroyed some Pequot villages and fields. The Pequots retaliated with attacks on English settlements along the Connecticut River. In the spring of 1637, the colonies of Connecticut, Plymouth, and Massachusetts Bay combined forces to carry on the war. Under commanders John Underhill and John Mason, they surrounded and burned the large Pequot town near Mystic, killing more than 700 Native inhabitants, shocking their Native allies with their wholesale slaughter of the entire population. Mop-up operations lasted the rest of the summer, but by fall the Pequot nation had been completely eliminated.

This online electronic edition is based on the text of the first edition published in London in 1637. It is short (about 4,00 words) and can be printed out on 14 letter-sized sheets.

A
True Relation of
the Late Battell fought
in *New England*, between
the English, and the
Salvages :
With the present state of
things there.



LONDON,
Printed by *M. P.* for *Nathanael Butter*,
and *John Bellamie*. 1637.



Ad Lectorem

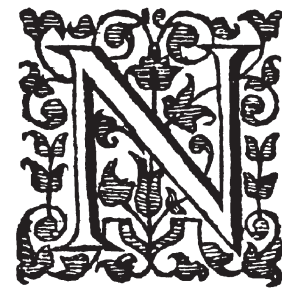
Authoris carmen *ὄυχαείζαον* de Victoria hac Nov'-Anglica, 1637.

D*icit in Americam varios gens Angla Colonos:
et bene conveniunt sydera, terra, solum.
Ast ferus hoc prohibet, solis vagabundus in arvis,
insolitóq; aliquos, incola, Marte necat.
Quod simul invitas crimen pervenit ad aures
Angligenúm, irato murmure cuncta fremunt.
Tunc læsi justa arma movent, hostemq; sequuntur,
struxerat, haud vanis, qui munimenta locis.
Invadunt vallum, palis sudibusq; munitum:
(pax erit: hoc uno solvitur ira modo.)
Undiq; concidunt omnes, pars una crematur:
post, cæsi, aut capti cætera turba luit.
Utraq; lætatur Pequetanis Anglia victis,
et novus æternum, híc, figimur hospes ait.
Virginia exultat, vicina Novoniae gaudet,
Signaq; securæ certa quietis habent.
Plaudite qui colitis Mavortia sacra nepotes,
et serat incultos tutus arator agros.
Qua novus orbis erat, spiranti numine, (Lector)
Anglia nascetur, quæ novus orbis erit.*

P. Vincentius.



A true Relation of the late Battell
fought in *New England*, between the
English and *Salvages*, with the present
state of things there.



New England, a name now every day more famous, is so called, because the English were the first Discoverers, & are now the Planters thereof. It is the Easterne Coast of the North part of *America*, upon the Southwest adjoyning to *Virginia*, and part of that Continent, large and capable of innumerable people. It is in the same height with the North of *Spaine*, and South part of *France*, and the temper not much unlike, as pleasant, as temperate and as fertile as either, if managed by industrious hands.

This is the Stage. Let us in a word see the Actors. The yeare 1620, a Company of English part out of the *Low Countries*, and some out of *Lon-*

don and other parts, were sent for *Virginia*. But being cut short by want of wind, and hardnesse of the Winter, they landed themselves in this Countrey, enduring, with great hope and patience, all the misery that Desart could put upon them, and employed their wits to make their best use of that then Snow-covered land for their necessities. After two yeares experience of the nature of the soyle, commodities, and natives, they returned such intelligence to their Masters, that others tooke notice of their endeavours, and the place. Then some Westernne Merchants collected a stocke, and employed it that way. But they discouraged through losses, and want of present gaine, some Londoners, and others (men of worth) undertooke it, with more resolution, building upon the old foundation. Hence a second plantation adjoyned to the other, but supported with better pillars, and greater meanes. All beginnings are ever difficult. The halfe, saith the Proverbe, is more then the whole. Some errors were committed, and many miseries were endured. No man is wise enough to shunne all evils that may happen; but patience and painefulnesse overcame all. The successe proved answerable even to ambitious expectations, notwithstanding the impediments inevitable to such undertakings.

There is scarce any part of the world but habitable, though more commodiously by humane culture. This part (though in it's Naturals) nourished many natives, distinguished into divers petty nations and factions. It were needlesse curiosity to dispute their originall, or how they came hither. Their outsides say they are men, their actions say they are reasonable. As the thing is, so it operateth. Their correspondency of disposition with us, argueth all to be of the same constitution, & the sons of *Adam*, and that we had the same Maker, the same matter, the same mould. Only *Art* and *Grace* have given us that perfection, which yet they want, but may perhaps be as capable thereof as we. They are of person straight and tall, of limbes big and strong, seldome seene violent, or extreme in any passion. Naked they go except a skin about their waste, and sometimes a Mantle about their shoulders. Armed they are with Bowes and Arrowes, Clubs, Iavelins, &c. But as soyle, aire, diet; & custome make oftentimes a memorable difference in mens natures, so is it among these Nations, whose countries there are like so many Shires here, of which every one hath their Sagamore, or King, who as occasion urgeth, commandeth them in Warre, and ruleth them in Peace. Those where the *English* pitched, have shewed themselves very

loving and friendly, and done courtesies beyond expectation for these new-come Inmates. So that much hath beene written of their civilitie and peacefull conversation, untill this yeare.

But Nature, heavens daughter, and the immediate character of that divine power, as by her light she hath taught us wisdom, for our owne defence, so by her fire she hath made us fierce, injurious, revengefull, and ingenious in the device of meanes for the offence of those we take to be our enemies. This is seene in creatures voide of reason, much more in mankind. We have in us a mixture of all the Elements, and fire is predominant when the humours are exagitated. All motion causeth heat. All provocation mooveth choller, and choller inflamed, becommeth a phrensie, a fury, especially in barbarous and cruell natures. These things are conspicuous in the Inhabitants of *New England*. In whose Southermost part are the *Pequets*, or *Pequants*, a stately warlike people, which have been terrible to their neighbours, and troublesome to the *English*.

In *February* last they killed some *English* at *Seabrooke*, a Southerly Plantation beyond *Cape Cod*, at the mouth of the River of *Connectacutt*. Since that the Lievtenant of the Fort there, with tenne men armed, went out to fire the Meddowes, and to fit them for mowing. Arriving there he started three

Indians, which he pursued a little way, thinking to cut them off. But presently they perceived themselves incompassed with hundreds of them, who let flie their arrowes furiously, and came desperately upon the musles of their Muskets, though the *English* discharged upon them, with all the speed they could. Three *English* men were were slaine, others wounded. The eight that remained, made their way through the *Salvages* with their swords, and so got under the command of the Canon of the Fort, (otherwise they had been all slaine, or taken prisoners) one of the wounded falling downe dead at the Forts Gate. The *Indians* thus fleshed and encouraged, besieged the Fort as neere as they durst approach. The besieged presently dispatched a messenger to the Governour at the *Bay*, to acquaint him with these sad tidings, who with all speed lent unto their aide, Captaine *Vnderhill*, with twenty souldiers. Not long after these *Salvages* went to *Water-Towne*, now called *Wetherfield*, and there fell upon some that were sawing, and slew nine more, whereof one was a woman, the other a childe, and tooke two yong Maids prisoners, killing some of their cattell, and driving some away. Mans nature insulteth in victory and prosperity, and by good successe is animated even in the worst of wicked actions. These *Barbarians* triumphed and proceeded, drawing into their Con-

federacy other *Indians*, as the *Nyantecets*, and part of the *Mohigens*; of whom about fifty chose rather to joyne with the *English*, and sat downe at *New-Towne*, at *Connectacut* (now called *Hereford*, as the other Towne that went from *Dorchester* thither is called *Windsore*.) Fame encreaseth by flying. The former sad newes was augmented by the report of sixtie men slaine at Master *Pinchons* Plantation, &c. which proved false. The *Narragansets* neighbours to the *Pequets*, sent word to the *English* that the *Pequets* had sollicitated them to joyne their forces with them. Hereupon the Councell ordered that none should go to worke, nor travell, no not so much as to Church, without Arms. A Corps of Guard of 14. or 15 souldiers was appointed to watch every night, and Centinels were set in convenient places about the Plantations, the Drumme beating when they went to the Watch, and every man commanded to be in readinesse upon an Alarme, upon paine of five pound. A day of fast and prayers was also kept. Fourty more were sent to strengthen the former twenty that went to the Fort, and 50 under the command of Captain *Mason*, which being conjoynd, were about 100. Two hundred more were to be sent after them with all expedition.

The 50 *Mohigins* that joynd with the *English*, scouring about, espied 7 *Pequets*, killed five of

them outright, wounded the sixt mortally, tooke the seventh prisoner, and brought him to the Fort. He braved the *English*, as though they durst not kill a *Pequet*. Some will have their courage to be thought invincible, when all is desperate. But it availed this Salvage nothing; they tied one of his legs to a post, and 20 men with a rope tied to the other, pulled him in pieces, Captain *Vnderhill* shooting a pistol through him, to dispatch him. The two Maids which were taken prisoners were redeemed by the *Dutch*.

Those 50 sent from the three plantations of *Connectacut* with Captain *Mason*, being joynd with Captain *Vnderhill* and his 20 men, (for the other 40 were not yet arrived with them) immediately went upon an expedition against the *Pequets*, after they had searched for them. The manner was this. The *English* with some *Mohigens* went to the *Naragonsets*, who were discontented that they came no sooner, saying they could arme and set forth two or three hundred at six houres warning, (which they did accordingly, for the assistance of the *English*) onely they desired the advice of the *Sagamore*, *Mydutonno*, what way they should go to worke, and how they should fall on the *Pequets*: whose judgement, in all things, agreed with the *English*, as though they had consulted together. Then went they to the *Nyanticke*, and he set forth

200 more, but before they went, he swore them after his maner upon their knees. As they marched they deliberated which Fort of the *Pequets* they should assault, resolving upon the great Fort, and to be there that night. Being on the way, and having a mile to march through woods and Swamps, the *Nyanticke* hearts failed, for feare of the *Pequets*, and so they ran away, as also did some of the *Narragansets*. Of five or 600 *Indians*, not above halfe were left: and they had followed the rest had not Capttaine *Vnderhill* upbraided them with cowardise, and promised them they should not fight or come within shot of the Fort, but onely surround it afarre off. At breake of day the 70 *English* gave the Fort a Volly of shot, whereat the *Salvages* within made an hideous and pittifull cry, the shot without all question flying through the *Pallisadoes* (which stood not very close) and killing or wounding some of them. Pitty had hindred further hostile proceedings, had not the remembrance of the bloodshed, the captive Maid, and cruell insolency of those *Pequets*, hardned the hearts of the *English*, & stopped their eares unto their cries. Mercy marres all somtimes, severe Iustice must now and then take place.

The long forbearance, and too much lenitie of the *English* toward the Virginian Salvages, had like to have beene the destruction of the whole

Plantation. These Barbarians (ever treacherous) abuse the goodnesse of those that condescend to their rudenesse and imperfections. The English went, resolutely up to the dore of the Fort. What shall wee enter said Captaine *Vnder-hill*? What come we for else? answered one *Hedge*, a young Northampton-shire gentleman: who advancing before the rest, pluckt away some bushes and entred. A stout Pequet encounters him, shootes his arrow (drawne to the head) into his right arme, where it stuck. He slasht the Salvage betwixt the arme and shoulder, who pressing towards the dore, was killed by the English. Immediatly Master *Hedge* incountred another, who perceiving him upon him before he could deliver his arrow, gave backe: but he struck up his heeles and run him thorow; after him hee killed two or three more. Then about halfe the English entred, fell on with courage, and slew manie. But being straitned for roome because of the Wigwams (which are the Salvage huts or cabins) they called for fire to burne them. An English man stept into a Wigwam and stooping for a fire-brand, an Indian was ready to knock out his braines. But he whipt out his sword and runne him into the belly, that his bowels followed. Then were the Wigwams set on fire, which so raged, that what therewith, what with the sword, in little more than an houre, betwixt three and foure

hundred of them were killed, and of the English onely two, one of them by our owne Muskets, as is thought. For the Narragansets beset the Fort so close, that not one escaped. The whole worke ended, ere the Sun was an houre high, the Conquerors retraited downe toward the Pinnace, but in their march were infested by the rest of the Pequets: who scouting up and downe, from the swamps and thickets let flie their arrowes amaine, which were answered by English bullets. The Indians that then assisted the English, waiting the fall of the Pequets, (as the dogge watcheth the shot of the fouler to fetch the prey) still fetched them their heades, as any were slaine. At last the Narragansets perceiving powder and shot to faile, and fearing to fall into the hands of their enemies, betooke themselves to flight upon the sudden, and were as suddenly encompassed by the Pequets: Feare defeateth great armies. If an apprehension of eminent danger once possesse them, it is in vaine to stay the runneawaies. No oratory can recall them, no command can order them againe. The onely sure way, is by all meanes that may be, promises, threats, perswasions, &c. to maintaine and keepe up courage, where yet it is. But these fearefull companions had one Anchor, whose cable was not broken. They sent speedily to the English, who came to their reskew: and af-

ter five Muskets discharged the Pequets fled. Thus freed from that feare, they vowed henceforth to cleave closer to the English, and never to forsake them in time of need. The reason why the English wanted amunition was, because they had left that which they had for store with their drum at the place of their consultation: But found it in their returne. They now all went a ship-board and sayled to Seabrooke-Fort, where the English feasted the Narragansets three daies, and then sent them home in a pinnace.

Let mee now describe this military fortresse which naturall reason & experience hath taught them to erect, without mathematicall skill, or use of yron toole. They choose a piece of ground dry and of best advantage, forty or fifty foote square. (But this was at least 2 acres of ground.) here they pitch close together, as they can young trees and halfe trees, as thicke as a mans thigh, or the calfe of his legge. Ten or twelve foote high they are above the ground, and within rammed three foote deepe, with undermining, the earth being cast up for their better shelter against the enemies dischargements. Betwixt these pallisadoes are divers loope-holes, through which they let flie their winged messengers. The doore for the most part is entred side-waies, which they stop with boughes or bushes as need requireth. The space within is

full of Wigwams, wherein their wives and children live with them. These huts or little houses are framed like our garden arbours, something more round, very strong and handsome, covered with close wrought mats, made by their women of flagges, rushes, and hempen threds, so defensive, that neither raine, though never so sad and long, nor yet the winde, though never so strong can enter. The top through a square hole giveth passage to the smoke, which in rainy weather, is covered with a pluver. This Fort was so crowded with these numerous dwellings, that the English wanted foote-rooms to grapple with their adversaries, and therefore set fire on all.

The Mohigans which sided with the English in this action behaved themselves stoutly. Which the other Pequets understanding, cut off all the Mohigans that remaine with them, (lest they should turne to the English) except seven: who flying to our Countrey-men related this newes, and that about an hundred Pequets were slaine or hurt, in the fight with the English at their returne from the Fort. Moreover that they had resolved to have sent an hundred choyce men out of their Fort as a party against the English, the very day after they were beaten out by them. But being now vanquished Sasacus the Pequetan Captaine, with the remainder of this massacre was fled the Countrey.

It is not good to give breathing to a beaten enemy, lest he returne armed if not with greater puissance, yet with greater despight and revenge. Too much security or neglect in this kinde hath oft times ruined the Conquerours. The 200 English therefore, resolved on before, were now sent forth to chase the Barbarians and utterly roote them out. Whereupon Cap. *Vnderhill* with his 20 men returned and gave this account of those exploits of the New-Englanders, which here we have communicated to the old English world. This last partie invaded the Pequetan Countrey, killed twenty three, saved the lives of two Sagamores for their use hereafter, as occasion shall serve, who have promised to doe great matters for the advancing of the English affaires. They pursued the remnant threescore miles beyond the Country (till within 36. miles of the Dutch plantations on *Hudsons* river) where they fought with them, killed fortie or fiftie besides those that they cut off in their retreat, and tooke prisoners 180, that came out of a Swampe and yeilded themselves upon promise of good quarter. Some other small parties of them were since destroyed, and Captaine *Patrick* with 16. or 18. brought 80 Captives to the Bay of *Boston*. The newes of the flight of *Sassacus* their Sagamore, is also confirmed. He went with forty men to the Mowhacks, which are cruell bloodie Cani-

balls, and the most terrible to their neighbours of all these nations: but will scarce dare ever to carrie armes against the English, of whom they are sore afraid, not daring to encounter white men with their hot-mouth'd weapons, which spit nothing else but bullets and fire.

The terrour of victorie changeth even the affection of the allies of the vanquished, and the securing of our owne estates makes us neglect, yea forsake, or turne against our confederates, and side with their enemies and ours, when wee despaire of better remedie. These cruell, but wily Mowhacks, in contemplation of the English, and to procure their friendship, entertaine the fugitive Pequets and their Captaine, by cutting off all their heads and hands, which they sent to the English, as a testimony of their love and service.

A day of thanksgiving was solemnly celebrated for this happie successe, the Pequetans now seeming nothing but a name, for not lesse than 700. are slaine or taken prisoners. Of the English are not slaine in all above 16. One occurrent *I* may not forget. The endeavours of private men are ever memorable in these beginnings: the meanest of the vulgar is not incapable of vertue, and consequently neither of honour. Some actions of *Plebeians* have elsewhere beene taken for great achievements. A pretty sturdy youth of new *Ipswich*, going forth,

somewhat rashly, to pursue the Salvages, shot off his Musket after them till all his powder and shot were spent; which they perceiving, re-assaulted him, thinking with their hatchets to have knocked him in the head. But he so bestirred himselfe with the stock of his piece, and after with the barrell, when that was broken, that hee brought two of their heads to the armie. His owne desert and the encouragement of others will not suffer him to be namelesse. Hee is called *Francis Waine-wright*, and came over servant with one *Alexander Knight* that kept an Inne in *Chelmsford*.

I have done with this tragick scene, whose catastrophe ended in a triumph. And now give mee leave to speake something of the present state of things there. The transcribing of all Colonies is chargeable, fittest for Princes or states to undertake. Their first beginnings are full of casualty and danger, and obnoxious to many miseries. They must bee well grounded, well followed, and mannaged with great stocks of money, by men of resolution, that will not bee daunted by ordinarie accidents. The *Bermuda's* and *Virginia* are come to perfection from meane, or rather base beginnings, and almost by as weake meanes, beyond all expectation, and reason. But a few private men by uniting their stocks and desires have now raised new-England to that height, that never any plan-

tation of Spaniards, Dutch, or any other arrived at in so small a time. Gaine is the load-stone of adventures: Fish and Furres, with Beaver wooll, were specious baites. But whiles men are all for their private profit, the publique good is neglected and languisheth. Woefull experience had too evidently instructed New Englands Colones in the precedents of Guiana, the Charibe Ilands, Virginia, and Novonia, or New-found-land, (now againe to bee planted by Sir *David Kirke*, though part of the old planters there yet remaine.) Wee are never wiser, than when wee are thus taught. The new Englanders therefore advanced the weale publique all they could, and so the private is taken care for.

Corne and Cattell are wonderfully encreased with them, and thereof they have enough, yea sometime to spare to new commers, besides spare roomes, or good houses to entertaine them in. Where they may make Christmas fires all winter, if they please for nothing. I speake not of the naturals of the Countrey, fish, fowle, &c. which are more than plentifull. They that arrived there this yeere out of divers parts of Old England say that they never saw such a field of 400 acres of all sorts of English graine as they saw at Winter-towne there. Yet that ground is not comparable to other parts of New England, as Salem, Ipswich, Newberry, &c. In a word, they have built

faire Townes of the lands owne materials, and faire Ships too, some whereof are here to be seene on the Thames. They have overcome cold and hunger, are dispersed securely in their Plantations sixty miles along the coast, and within the Land also along some small Creekes and Rivers, and are assured of their peace by killing the Barbarians, better than our English Virginians were by being killed by them. For having once terrified them, by severe execution of just revenge, they shall never heare of more harme from them, except (perhaps) the killing of a man or two at his worke, upon advantage, which their Centinels, and Corps du guards may easily prevent. Nay, they shall have those brutes their servants, their slaves, either willingly or of necessity, and docible enough, if not obsequious. The numbers of the English amount to above thirty thousand, which (though none did augment them out of England) shall every day bee, doubtlesse, encreased, by a facultie that God hath given the Brittain Ilanders to beget and bring forth more children, than any other nation of the world: I could justifie what *I* say from the mouthes of the Hollanders and adjoining Provinces, where they confesse (though good breeders of themselves) that never woman bore two children, nor yet had so many by one man, till the English and Scotch frequented their

warres and married with them. I could give a good reason hereof from nature, as a Philosopher (with modestie bee it spoken) but there is no neede. The aire of new England, and the Diet equall, if not excelling that of old England: besides their honour of marriage, and carefull preventing and punishing of furtive congression giveth them and us no small hope of their future puissance, and multitude of subjects. Herein, saith the Wiseman, consisteth the strength of a King, and likewise of a nation, or Kingdome.

But the desire of more gaine, the slavery of mankinde, was not the onely cause of our English endeavours for a plantation there. The propagation of Religion was that precious jewell, for which these Merchant venturers compassed both Sea and Land, and went into a farre Country to search and seat themselves. This, I am sure, they pretended, and I hope intended. Onely this blessing from my heart I sincerely wish them, and shall ever beseech the Almighty to bestow upon them, devout Piety towards God, faithfull loyaltie towards their Sovereigne, fervent charity among themselves, and discretion and sobriety in themselves, according to the saying of that blessed Apostle, *μη̄ ὑπερφρονεῖν παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν, ἄλλα φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ συφρονεῖν.* Rom 12. 3. Not to bee

wise (in spirituall things) above what wee ought to bee wise; but to bee wise unto wise sobriety.

Doubtlesse there was no other way better to chastise the insolencie of these insulting homicides, than a sharpe warre pursued with dexterity and speed. *Virginia* our mother plantation, and for her precedent a rule, hath taught us what to do in these difficulties; forewarned, forearmed. They were endangered by their friendship and peace, secured by their enmity and warre with the natives. From these experiments, shall the now inhabitants of those two Sister Lands, beat out unto themselves an Armour of prooffe, and lay a sure foundation to their future happinesse.

FINIS.



*Nihil obstare videtur quominus hæc
Relatio typis mandetur.*

Novemb. ix. M.DC.xxxvii.

G. R. W E C K H E R L I N .



Notes

iii.1–23 *Ad Lectorem ... orbis erit.*]

To the Reader,
An ephemeral poem about this
New-England victory, 1637.

The English people lead various colonists into America,
and the stars, the land, and the soil are well-suited.
But the native savage, at large among the empty fields,
hinders this, and murders several in unaccustomed warfare.
As soon as this crime reaches the unwilling ears of the English,
all seethe with angered murmurings.
Then the injured stir just weapons, and pursue the enemy,
who had built fortifications in useful places.
The wall, with its pales and stakes, they storm: (There will be
peace: the wrath will be smoothed in only this way.)
Everywhere, they kill them all; one part is burned.
Afterwards, the others, killed or captive, pay.
Everywhere Anglia rejoices at the defeat of the Pequots,
and the new arrival says “Here we stick, for good.”
Virginia is exultant; neighboring Novonia [Newfoundland] re-
joices; they have sure signs of secure peace.
Applaud, you grandchildren who farm the Martial preserves,
and the safe plowman who sows the [hitherto] untended
fields.
Where there was a new world, an England will be born, that
will be a new world.

(translation courtesy Thomas N. Winter)

iii.24 P. Vincentius.] On the basis of the signature, this work
is attributed to Philip Vincent, of whom relatively lit-
tle is known. He may have been the Philip Vincent
baptized in 1600 at Conisborough, Yorkshire, and edu-
cated at Peterhouse, Cambridge. Another work bearing

the signature “P. Vincent” was published around the same time: *The lamentations of Germany, wherein, as in a glasse, we may behold her miserable condition, composed by Dr Vincent, Theo.* (London, 1638). It is uncertain whether Vincent was present at the events in America he describes or got his information from an informant.

- 5.17 at the *Bay*] *i.e.*, at Boston, on Massachusetts Bay.
- 5.19 Captaine *Vnderhill*] John Underhill (c.1597–1672) published his own account of the Pequot War as *Newes from America* (London, 1638).
- 5.20–21 *Water-Towne*, now called *Wetherfield*] In Connecticut
- 6.9 Master *Pinchons* Plantation] at Agawam, near Springfield, Massachusetts; upriver from Hartford, Connecticut.
- 7.13 Captain *Mason*] John Mason (c.1600–1672); his account of the war was published long afterwards as *A Brief History of the Pequot War* (Boston, 1736).
- 8.4 the great Fort] Near present-day Mystic, Connecticut. The battle occurred on May 26, 1637.
- 9.5 What shall ... *Vnder-hill?*] Underhill’s book disputes this account: “Worthy Reader, let mee intreate you to have a more charitable opinion of me (though unworthy to be better thought of) then is reported in the other Booke: you may remember there is a passage unjustly laid upon mee, that when wee should come to the entrance, I should put forth this question: shall wee enter? others should answer againe; What came we hither for else? It is well knowne to many, it was never my practise in time of my command, when we

are in garrison, much to consult with a private souldier, or to aske his advise in point of Warre, much lesse in a matter of so great a moment as that was, which experience had often taught mee, was not a time to put forth such a question, and therefore pardon him that hath given the wrong information, ...” (*Newes from America*, p. 38).

- 13.24 Captain *Patrick*] Daniel Patrick (d.1643) was a veteran of the Low Country wars who was hired by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630 to train soldiers and manufacture ammunition. He later moved to New Haven Colony and was involved in the founding of Greenwich, Conn. On his death and loose morals, see *The Journal of John Winthrop, 1630–1649* (Cambridge, 1996), pp. 67, 491–92.
- 16.10 Sir *David Kirke*] (c.1597–1654) Merchant and adventurer originally from Dieppe. He had led two successful expeditions against French Canada 1627–1629. He was knighted in 1633, published a description of Newfoundland in 1635, and was made its co-proprietor November 13, 1637.
- 20.4 G. R. WECKERLIN.] Georg Rudolph Weckerlin (1584–1653), deputy to the secretary of state, oversaw the pre-publication licensing for the press of news, history, and matters of state.

Note on the Text

This online electronic edition presents the text of the first edition of *A True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New England, between the English and the Salvages: With the present state of things there*, which was printed by “M.P.” (Marmaduke Parsons) for Nathanael Butter and John Bellamie, and published in London in 1637.

A second edition by the same printer was issued the following year. It had a slightly altered title-page: “Pequet” was inserted before “Salvages,” and “In which was slaine and taken prisoners about 700 of the Salvages, and those which escaped, had their heads cut off by the Mohocks:” was added before “With the present state ...”; and the ornamental device was replaced with a row of four coronets and a row of four floral ornaments. Pages 20 and 21 were re-numbered (erroneously) as 12 and 13. Otherwise, the impression appears to have been produced from the same type.

A third edition, completely reset, printed by Thomas Harper for the same Nathanael Butter and John Bellamie, was also published in London in 1638. That edition shows the fuller subtitle of the second edition.

The text of this electronic edition was transcribed from digital page images of a copy of the first edition held by the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery and accessed online in the Sabin Americana series (#99760). The spelling, punctuation, capitalization, italics, and orthography of the original have been preserved. The following typographical errors have been corrected ([/] indicates a line break in the original):

Note on the Text

<i>Page.line</i>	<i>1637 text</i>	<i>emended to</i>
iii.9	<i>ira o</i>	<i>irato</i>
3.14	therèof	thereof
3.24	onè	one
4.10	take	take
5.14	Gate	Gate.
8.27	<i>English</i>	<i>English</i>
11.4	Englsh	English
12.26	<i>But</i>	But
17.2	where [/]of	whereof

In the Latin poem “*Ad Lectorem*,” (p. iii) the word *sacra* in the 20th line is perhaps an error for *saepta*, but since that reading persists through all three contemporary editions, it has been allowed to stand.

The typeface is IM Fell DW Pica, digitized and furnished by Iginò Marini [<http://www.iginomarini.com/fell.html>]. The decorative ornaments and initials are reconstructions of those used in the first London edition.

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