

MASSACRE OF THE CONESTOGA INDIANS BY THE PAXTANG BOYS—A POEM

By WILLIAM FREDERIC WORNER

IN Vol. XVIII, pp. 169-185, of the Proceedings of The Lancaster County Historical Society, appeared an article entitled, "Massacre of the Conestoga Indians, 1763: Incidents and Details." In this paper the authoress, Miss Lottie M. Bausman, described how ten Conestoga Indians,—the last collective body of the original inhabitants of Lancaster county when it was a wilderness—were murdered, by the "Paxtang Boys" on Tuesday, December 27th, 1763, in the work-house, which stood at the corner of West King and North Prince streets, adjoining the jail to the north, in the borough of Lancaster.

Since that paper was published, my attention has been called to a poem entitled, "On The Massacre at Lancaster," which was written within a day or so after the dastardly event occurred, as the original manuscript of the poem, now in possession of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is dated, "12 Mo. 1763." The name of the author is unknown.¹

The poem is as follows:

"To paint this Deed in proper light,
No tongue can speak, or head indite.
Oh, Lancaster! most sure thou hears
The piteous shrieks of infant years.
Horror thou saw in dire array,
With dreadful fury bent to stay.
Thy street was filled with cruel rage,
And nought but blood could it assuage;
Yet who dare think that parents' cries
For pledges dear and nearest ties
In human breast can't find a place?
But murder! murder! then we'll cease.
Shocking and horrid to relate
That this should be an infant State
Which never spoke an idle word,

¹ Miscellaneous Papers, Lancaster County, 1724-1772, Vol. 1, p. 141.

Or knew a tomahawk from a sword;
But infant looks we don't regard,
The Scripture points out our reward.
'Tis said, that we are men elected
Tho' devil-like by him directed.
The father's groan, or mother's wail,
With men like us cannot avail;
Tho' bended knees and uplift eyes,
We will not hear their savage cries.
The Heathen, sure, we must destroy,—
Else what we steal we can't enjoy.
Your breaking doors and breaking laws,
Sets forth the merits of your cause.
The torrent certain ran most rude,
When you your hands in blood imbru'd.
T'were needless to point out the time,
As sacred record is Divine.
The guilt is great, the cry is loud,
And justice comes when comes a shroud."

PETITION OF INHABITANTS OF LANCASTER TO HON. JOHN PENN NOT TO GRANT REPEAL OF LAW PROVIDING FOR A NIGHT WATCH

By WILLIAM FREDERIC WORNER

IN the manuscripts department of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust street, Philadelphia, is an original paper,¹ yellow with age, which contains the following:

"To the Honourable John Penn, Esquire, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania, and counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware; and to the Honourable the Representatives of the Freemen of the said Pro-

¹ Miscellaneous Papers, Lancaster County, 1724-1772, Vol. 1, p. 157.