

A portrait of Benjamin Franklin, an older man with long, wavy grey hair, wearing a white cravat and a light-colored coat. He is looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. The background is dark and textured.

# THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

VOLUME 4: 1763 - 1768

# The Works of Benjamin Franklin

Volume 4

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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WRITINGS  
1763 - 1768**

**CCXXXVI. TO WILLIAM GREENE, WARWIC, RHODE  
ISLAND**

Providence, 19 July, 1763.

Dear Sir:—

From the very hospitable and kind treatment we met at your house, I must think it will be agreeable to you to hear, that your guests got well in before the rain. We hope that you and Mrs. Greene were likewise safe at home before night, and found all well. We all join in the most cordial thanks and best wishes, and shall be glad on every occasion to hear of the welfare of you and yours. I beg you will present our compliments to your good neighbour, Captain Fry, and tell him we shall always retain a grateful remembrance of his civilities.

The soreness in my breast seems to diminish hourly. To rest and temperance I ascribe it chiefly, though the bleeding had doubtless some share in the effect. We purpose setting out to go to Wrentham this afternoon, in order to make an easy day's journey into Boston tomorrow. Present our respects to Mrs. Ray, and believe me, with much esteem, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient, humble servant,

*B. Franklin.*

## CCXXXVII. TO MRS. CATHERINE GREENE

Boston, 1 August, 1763.

Dear Friend:—

I ought to acquaint you that I feel myself growing daily firmer and freer from the effects of my fall, and hope a few days more will make me quite forget it. I shall, however, never forget the kindness I met with at your house on that occasion.

Make my compliments acceptable to your Mr. Greene, and let him know that I acknowledge the receipt of his obliging letter, and thank him for it. It gave me great pleasure to hear you got home before the rain. My compliments, too, to Mr. Merchant and Miss Ward, if they are still with you; and kiss the ladies for me. Sally says, "And for me too." She adds her best respects to Mr. Greene and you, and that she could have spent a week with you with great pleasure, if I had not hurried her away.

My brother is returned to Rhode Island. Sister Mecom thanks you for your kind remembrance of her, and presents her respects. With perfect esteem and regard I am, dear Katy (I can't yet alter my style to "Madam"), your affectionate friend,

*B. Franklin.*

## CCXXXVIII. TO MRS. CATHERINE GREENE

Boston, 5 September, 1763.

Dear Friend:—

On my returning hither from Portsmouth, I find your obliging favor of the 18th past, for which I thank you. I am almost ashamed to tell you, that I have had another fall,

and put my shoulder out. It is well reduced again, but is still affected with constant, though not very acute pain. I am not yet able to travel rough roads, and must lie by awhile, as I can neither hold reins nor whip with my right hand till it grows stronger.

Do you think, after this, that even your kindest invitations and Mr. Greene's can prevail with me to venture myself again on such roads? And yet it would be a great pleasure to me to see you and yours once more. Sally and my sister Mecom thank you for your remembrance of them, and present their affectionate regards. My best respects to good Mr. Greene, Mrs. Ray, and love to your little ones. I am glad to hear they are well, and that your Celia goes alone. I am, dear friend, yours affectionately.

*B. Franklin.* *Ref. 002*

## CCXXXIX. TO WILLIAM STRAHAN

Boston, 22 September, 1763.

Dear Friend:—

I write in pain with an arm lately dislocated, so can only acknowledge the receipt of your favours of May 3 and 10, and thank you for the intelligence they contain concerning your publick affairs. I am now 400 miles from home, but hope to be there again in about three weeks. The Indian war upon our Western settlements was undoubtedly stirr'd up by the French on the Mississippi, before they had heard of the peace between the two nations; and will probably cease when we are in possession of what is there ceded to us. My respects to Mrs. Strahan, and love to your children. I am, dear friend, very affectionately yours,

*B. Franklin.*

## CCXL. TO MISS MARY STEVENSON

Philadelphia, 14 March, 1764.

Dear Polly:—

I have received your kind letters of August 30th and November 16th. Please to return my thanks, with those of my friend, to Mr. Stanley for his favor in the music, which gives great satisfaction. I am glad to hear of the welfare of the Blount family, and the addition it has lately received, and particularly that your Dolly's health is mended. Present my best respects to them and to the good Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth when you see them.

I believe you were right in dissuading your good mother from coming hither. The proposal was a hasty thought of mine, in which I considered only some profit she might make by the adventure and the pleasure to me and my family from the visit, but forgot poor Polly and what her feelings must be on the occasion, and perhaps did not sufficiently reflect that the inconveniences of such a voyage to a person of her years and sex must be more than the advantages could compensate.

I am sincerely concerned to hear of Mrs. Rooke's long-continued affliction with that cruel gout. My best wishes attend her and good Mrs. Tickell. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford it. You can scarce conceive the pleasure your letters give me. Blessings on his soul that first invented writing, without which I should at this distance be as effectually cut off from my friends in England as the dead are from the living. But I write so little that I can have no claim to much from you. Business, publick and private, devours all my time. I must return to England for repose. With such thoughts I flatter myself, and need some kind friend to put me often in mind that old trees cannot safely be transplanted.



Adieu, my amiable friend, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,  
*B. Franklin.*

## CCXLI. TO WILLIAM STRAHAN

Philadelphia, 30 March, 1764.

Dear Friend:—

I begin to think it long since I had the pleasure of hearing from you.

Enclosed is one of our last Gazettes, in which you will see that our dissensions are broke out again, more violently than ever. Such a necklace of Resolves! and all *nemine contradicente*, I believe you have seldom seen. If you can find room for them and our messages in the *Chronicle* (but perhaps 'tis too much to ask), I should be glad to have them there; as it may prepare the minds of those in power for an application that I believe will shortly be made from this Province to the crown, to take the government into its own hands. They talk of sending me over with it, but it will be too soon for me. At least I think so at present. Adieu, my dear Friend, and believe me ever

yours affectionately,

*B. Franklin.*

P. S.—My love to my young Wife, and to Mrs. Strahan, Rachey, Billy, &c., &c. In your next tell me how you all do, and don't oblige me to come and see before I am quite ready.

## CCXLII. TO MRS. CATHERINE GREENE

Philadelphia, 15 April, 1764.

Dear Friend:—

I have before me your most acceptable favor of December 24th. Publick business and our publick confusions have so taken up my attention that I suspect I did not answer it when I received it, but am really not certain; so, to make sure, I write this line to acknowledge the receiving of it, and to thank you for it. I condole with you on the death of the good old lady, your mother. Separations of this kind from those we love are grievous; but it is the will of God that such should be the nature of things in this world. All that ever were born are either dead or must die. It becomes us to submit and to comfort ourselves with the hope of a better life and more happy meeting hereafter.

Sally kept to her horse the greatest part of the journey, and was much pleased with the tour. She often remembers, with pleasure and gratitude, the kindnesses she met with and received from our friends everywhere, and particularly at your house. She talks of writing by this post, and my dame sends her love to you, and thanks for the care you took of her old man, but, having bad spectacles, cannot write at present.

Mr. Kent's compliment is a very extraordinary one, as he was obliged to kill himself and two others in order to make it; but, being killed in imagination only, they and he are all yet alive and well, thanks to God, and I hope will continue so as long as, dear Katy, your affectionate friend,

*B. Franklin.*

P. S.—My best respects to Mrs. Greene, and love to “the little dear creatures.” I believe the instructions relating to the post-office have been sent to Mr. Rufus Greene.

### **CCXLIII.. TO WILLIAM STRAHAN**

Philadelphia, 1 May, 1764.

Dear Straney:—

I received your favour of December 20th. You cannot conceive the satisfaction and pleasure you give your friends here by your political letters. Your accounts are so clear, circumstantial, and complete, that tho' there is nothing too much, nothing is wanting to give us, as I imagine, a more perfect knowledge of your publick affairs than most people have that live among you. The characters of your speakers and actors are so admirably sketch'd, and their views so plainly opened, that we see and know everybody; they all become of our acquaintance. So excellent a manner of writing seems to me a superfluous gift to a mere printer. If you do not commence author for the benefit of mankind, you will certainly be found guilty hereafter of burying your talent. It is true that it will puzzle the Devil himself to find any thing else to accuse you of, but remember he may make a great deal of that. If I were king (which may God in mercy to us all prevent) I should certainly make you the historiographer of my reign. There could be but one objection—I suspect you might be a little partial in my favour. But your other qualifications for an historian being duly considered, I believe we might get over that.

Our petty publick affairs here are in the greatest confusion, and will never, in my opinion, be composed, while the Proprietary Government subsists. I have wrote a little piece (which I send enclos'd) to persuade a change. People talk of sending me to England to negotiate it, but I grow very indolent. Bustling is for younger men.

Mrs. Franklin, Sally, and my son and daughter of the Jerseys, with whom I lately spent a week, all join in best wishes of prosperity to you and all yours, with, dear sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

*B. Franklin.*

P. S.—I will do every thing in my power to recommend the work Mr. Griffith mentions, having the same sentiments of it that you express. But I conceive many more of them come to America than he imagines. Our booksellers, perhaps, write for but few, but the reason is that a multitude of our people trade more or less to London; and all that are bookishly dispos'd receive the reviews singly from their correspondents as they come out.

### CCXLIV. TO JONATHAN WILLIAMS

Philadelphia, 24 May, 1764.

Dear Kinsman:—

The bearer is the Rev. Mr. Rothenbuler, minister of a new Calvinist German Church lately erected in this city. The congregation is but poor at present, being many of them new comers, and (like other builders) deceived in their previous calculations, they have distressed themselves by the expense of their building; but, as they are an industrious, sober people, they will be able in time to afford that assistance to others, which they now humbly crave for themselves.

His business in Boston is to petition the generous and charitable among his Presbyterian brethren for their kind benefactions. As he will be a stranger in New England, and I know you are ready to do every good work, I take the freedom to recommend him and his business to you for your friendly advice and countenance. The civilities you show him shall be acknowledged as done to your affectionate uncle,

*B. Franklin.*

## CCXLV. TO GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Philadelphia, 19 June, 1764.

Dear Friend:—

I received your favors of the 21st past and of the 3d instant, and immediately sent the enclosed as directed.

Your frequently repeated wishes for my eternal as well as my temporal happiness are very obliging, and I can only thank you for them and offer you mine in return. I have myself no doubt, that I shall enjoy as much of both as is proper for me. That Being, who gave me existence, and through almost threescore years has been continually showering his favors upon me, whose very chastisements have been blessings to me; can I doubt that he loves me? And if he loves me, can I doubt that he will go on to take care of me, not only here but hereafter? This to some may seem presumption; to me it appears the best grounded hope; hope of the future built on experience of the past.

By the accounts I have of your late labors, I conclude your health is mended by your journey, which gives me pleasure. Mrs. Franklin presents her cordial respects, with, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

*B. Franklin.*

P. S.—We hope you will not be deterred from visiting your friends here, by the bugbear Boston account of the unhealthiness of Philadelphia.

## CCXLVI- TO WILLIAM STRAHAN

Philadelphia, 25 June, 1764.

Dear Sir:—

I wrote a few lines to you *via* Liverpool; but they were too late for the ship, and now accompany this.

I gave Mr. Parker a power of attorney to act for you and myself with respect to Mecom's affairs, who has under oath surrendered all he possessed into his hands, to be divided proportionately between us and his other creditors, which are chiefly Rivington and Fletcher and Hamilton and Balfour. The effects consist of a printing press, some tolerably good letter, and some books and stationery. He has rendered particular and exact accounts, but his all will fall vastly short of payment. I suppose it will scarce amount to four shillings in the pound. Parker thinks him honest, and has let him have a small printing house at New Haven, in Connecticut, where he is now at work; but having a wife and a number of small children, I doubt it will be long ere he gets any thing beforehand so as to lessen much of his old debt. I think it will be well for each of his creditors to take again what remains unsold of their respective goods, of which there are separate accounts, and join in empowering Mr. Parker to sell the remainder, to be divided among us. Tho' on second thoughts, perhaps the fairest way is to sell and divide the whole. You can obtain their sentiments, and send me your own. As to what Parker<sup>Ref.</sup>  
<sup>003</sup> owes you, it is very safe, and you must have interest.

I hope the bath will fully re-establish good Mrs. Strahan's health. I enjoy the pleasure with which you speak of your children. God has been very good to you, from whence I think you may be assured that he loves you, and that he will take at least as good care of your future happiness as he has done of your present. What assurance of the future can be better founded than that which is built on experience of the past? Thank me for giving you this hint, by the help of which you may die as cheerfully as you live. If you had Christian faith, *quantum suff.* this might not be necessary; but as matters are it may be of use.

Your political letters are oracles here. I beseech you to continue them. With unfeigned esteem, I am, as ever, dear friend, yours affectionately,

*B. Franklin.*

## CCXLVII. TO WILLIAM STRAHAN

Philadelphia, 24 September, 1764.

Dear Mr. Strahan:—

I wrote to you of the first instant, and sent you a bill for £13, and a little list of books to be bought with it. But as Mr. Becket has since sent them to me, I hope this will come time enough to countermand that order. The money, if you have received it, may be paid to Mr. Stephenson, to whom we have wrote for sundry things.

I thank you for inserting the messages and resolutions entire. I believe it has had a good effect; for a friend writes me that it is astonishing with what success it was propagated in London by the Proprietaries; that the resolutions were the most indecent and undutiful to the Crown, &c., so that when he saw them, having before heard those reports, he could not believe they were the same.

I was always unwilling to give a copy of the chapter for fear it would be printed, and by that means I should be deprived of the pleasure I often had in amusing people with it. I could not, however, refuse it to two of the best men in the world, Lord Kames and Mr. Small, and should not to the third if he had not been a printer. But you have overpaid me for the loss of that pleasure by the kind things you have so handsomely said of your friend in the introduction.

You tell me that the value I set on your political letters is a strong proof that my judgment is on the decline. People

seldom have friends kind enough to tell them that disagreeable truth, however useful it might be to know it; and indeed I learn more from what you say than you intended I should; for it convinces me that you had observed the decline for some time past in other instances, as 't is very unlikely you should see it first in my good opinion of your writings; but you have kept the observation to yourself till you had an opportunity of hinting it to me kindly under the guise of modesty in regard to your own performances. I will confess to you another circumstance that must confirm your judgment of me, which is that I have of late fancy'd myself to write better than ever I did; and, farther, that when any thing of mine is abridged in the papers or magazines, I conceit that the abridger has left out the very best and brightest parts. These, my friend, are much stronger proofs, and put me in mind of Gil Blas's patron, the homily-maker.

I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Strahan is recovering; that your family in general is well, and that my little woman in particular is so, and has not forgot our tender connection. The enlarging of your house and the coach-house and stables you mention make me think of living with you when I come; for I love ease more than ever, and by daily using your horses I can be of service to you and them by preventing their growing too fat and becoming restif.

Mrs. Franklin and Sally join in best wishes for you and all yours, with your affectionate

*B. Franklin.*

Dear Sir:—

I wrote a few lines to you by this opportunity, but omitted desiring you to call on Mr. Jackson of the Temple and pay him for the copying a manuscript he sent me which he paid the stationer for doing on my account. Yours affectionately,

*B. Franklin.*



## CCXLVIII. TO JONATHAN WILLIAMS

Philadelphia, 3 November, 1764.

Loving Kinsman:—

The case of the Armonica came home to-night, and the spindle, with all the rest of the work, seems well done. But on further consideration I think it is not worth while to take one of them to London, to be filled with glasses, as we intended. It will be better to send you one complete from thence, made under my direction, which I will take care shall be good. The glasses here will serve for these cases when I come back, if it please God that I live to return, and some friends will be glad of them.

Enclosed I send you that impostor's letter. Perhaps he may be found by his handwriting.

We sail on Wednesday. The merchants here in two hours subscribed eleven hundred pounds, to be lent the publick for the charges of my voyage, &c. I shall take with me but part of it, five hundred pounds sterling. Any sum is to be had that I may want. My love to all. Adieu. Yours affectionately,

*B. Franklin.* *Ref. 004*

## CCXLIX. TO SARAH FRANKLIN

Reedy Island, 7 at night, 8 November, 1764.

My Dear Sally:—

We got down here at sunset, having taken in more live stock at Newcastle, with some other things we wanted. Our good friends, Mr. Galloway, Mr. Wharton and Mr. James, came with me in the ship from Chester to Newcastle, and went ashore there. It was kind to favor me with their good

company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blessed you with makes it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice. I shall therefore only say that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me. But why should I mention *me* when you have a so much higher promise in the commandments that such conduct will recommend you to the favor of God. You know I have many enemies, all indeed on the publick account (for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offence to any one whatever), yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behaviour, that no advantage may be given to their malevolence. Ref. 005

Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be, and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than a man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do.

For the rest, I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments, arithmetic and book-keeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see company on the hours you set apart for those studies.

We expect to be at sea to-morrow if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you, which is worth more than a thousand of mine, though they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister, <sup>Ref. 006</sup> as I cannot write to them, and remember me affectionately to the young ladies, your friends, and to our good neighbors. I am, my dear child, your affectionate father,

*B. Franklin.*

### **CCL. TO MRS. DEBORAH FRANKLIN**

Saint Helen's Road, Isle of Wight, 5 o'clock, p.m., 9 December, 1764.

My Dear Debby:—

This line is just to let you know that we have this moment come to an anchor here, and that I am going ashore at Portsmouth, and hope to be in London on Tuesday morning. No father could have been tenderer to a child than Captain Robinson has been to me, for which I am greatly obliged to Messrs. James and Drinker; but we have had terrible weather, and I have often been thankful that our dear Sally was not with me. Tell our friends that dined with us on the turtle, that the kind prayer they then put up for thirty days' fair wind to me was favorably heard and answered, we being just thirty days from land to land.

I am, thanks to God, very well and hearty. John has behaved well to me, and so has everybody on board. I thank all my friends for their favors, which contributed so much to the comfort of my voyage. I have not time to name names. You know whom I love and honor. Say all the proper things for me to everybody. Love to our children, and to my dear brother and sister. I am, dear Debby, your ever loving husband,

*B. Franklin. Ref. 007*

## **CCLI: A NARRATIVE**

of the late massacres, in Lancaster county, of a number of Indians, friends of this province, by persons unknown. with some observations on the same.

These Indians were the remains of a tribe of the Six Nations, settled at Conestogo, and thence called Conestogo Indians. On the first arrival of the English in Pennsylvania, messengers from this tribe came to welcome them, with presents of venison, corn, and skins; and the whole tribe entered into a treaty of friendship with the first proprietor, William Penn, which was to last "as long as the sun should shine, or the waters run in the rivers."

This treaty has been since frequently renewed, and the chain brightened, as they express it, from time to time. It has never been violated, on their part or ours, till now. As their lands by degrees were mostly purchased, and the settlements of the white people began to surround them, the proprietor assigned them lands on the manor of Conestogo, which they might not part with; there they have lived many years in friendship with their white neighbours, who loved them for their peaceable inoffensive behaviour.

It has always been observed that Indians settled in the neighbourhood of white people do not increase, but diminish continually. This tribe accordingly went on diminishing, till there remained in their town on the manor but twenty persons, viz.: seven men, five women, and eight children, boys and girls.

Of these, Shehaes was a very old man, having assisted at the second treaty held with them, by Mr. Penn, in 1701, and ever since continued a faithful and affectionate friend to the English. He is said to have been an exceeding good man, considering his education, being naturally of a most kind, benevolent temper.

Peggy was Shehaes's daughter; she worked for her aged father, continuing to live with him, though married, and attended him with filial duty and tenderness.

John was another good old man; his son Harry helped to support him.

George and Will Soc were two brothers, both young men.

John Smith, a valuable young man of the Cayuga nation, who became acquainted with Peggy, Shehaes's daughter, some few years since, married, and settled in that family. They had one child, about three years old.

Betty, a harmless old woman; and her son Peter, a likely young lad.

Sally, whose Indian name was Wyanjoy, a woman much esteemed by all that knew her, for her prudent and good behaviour in some very trying situations of life. She was a truly good and amiable woman, had no children of her own; but, a distant relation dying, she had taken a child of that relation's, to bring up as her own, and performed towards it all the duties of an affectionate parent.

The reader will observe that many of the names are English. It is common with the Indians, that have an affection for the English, to give themselves and their children the names of such English persons as they particularly esteem.

This little society continued the custom they had begun, when more numerous, of addressing every new governor, and every descendant of the first proprietor, welcoming him to the province, assuring him of their fidelity, and praying a continuance of that favor and protection they had hitherto experienced. They had accordingly sent up an address of this kind to our present governor, on his arrival; but the same was scarce delivered when the unfortunate catastrophe happened, which we are about to relate.

On Wednesday, the 14th of December, 1763, fifty-seven men from some of our frontier townships, who had projected the destruction of this little commonwealth, came, all well mounted, and armed with fire-locks, hangers, and hatchets, having travelled through the country in the night, to Conestogo manor. There they surrounded the small village of Indian huts, and just at break of day broke into them all at once. Only three men, two women, and a young boy were found at home, the rest being out among the neighbouring white people, some to sell the baskets, brooms, and bowls they manufactured, and others on other occasions. These poor defenceless creatures were immediately fired upon, stabbed, and hatcheted to death! The good Shehaes, among the rest, cut to pieces in his bed. All of them were scalped and otherwise horribly mangled. Then their huts were set on fire, and most of them burnt down. Then the troop, pleased with their own conduct and bravery, but enraged that any of the poor Indians had escaped the massacre, rode off, and in small parties, by different roads, went home.

The universal concern of the neighbouring white people, on hearing of this event, and the lamentations of the younger Indians, when they returned and saw the desolation, and the butchered, half-burnt bodies of their murdered parents and other relations, cannot well be expressed.

The magistrates of Lancaster sent out to collect the remaining Indians, brought them into the town for their better security against any farther attempt; and, it is said, condoled with them on the misfortune that had happened, took them by the hand, comforted, and promised them protection. They were all put into the workhouse, a strong building, as the place of greatest safety.

When the shocking news arrived in town, a proclamation was issued by the governor, in the following terms, viz.:

*John Penn*

“Whereas I have received information that on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of this month, a number of people, armed and mounted on horseback, unlawfully assembled together, and went to the Indian town in the Conestogo manor, in Lancaster county, and without the least reason or provocation, in cool blood, barbarously killed six of the Indians settled there, and burnt and destroyed all their houses and effects; and whereas so cruel and inhuman an act, committed in the heart of this province on the said Indians, who have lived peaceably and inoffensively among us during all our late troubles, and for many years before, and were justly considered as under the protection of this government and its laws, calls loudly for the vigorous exertion of the civil authority, to detect the offenders, and bring them to condign punishment; I have, therefore, by and with the advice and consent of the council, thought fit to issue this proclamation, and do hereby strictly charge and enjoin all judges, justices, sheriffs, constables, officers, civil and military, and all other his Majesty’s liege subjects within this province, to make diligent search and inquiry after the authors and perpetrators of the said crime, their abettors and accomplices, and to use all possible means to apprehend and secure them in some of the public gaols of this province, that they may be brought to their trials, and be proceeded against according to law.

And whereas a number of other Indians, who lately lived on or near the frontiers of this province, being willing and desirous to preserve and continue the ancient friendship, which heretofore subsisted between them and the good people of this province, have, at their own earnest request, been removed from their habitations, and brought into the county of Philadelphia, and seated for the present, for their better security, on the Province Island, and in other places in the neighborhood of the city of Philadelphia, where provision is made for them at the public expense; I do, therefore, hereby strictly forbid all persons whatsoever, to molest or injure any of the said Indians, as they will answer the contrary at their peril.

Given under my hand, and the great seal of the said province, at Philadelphia, the twenty-second day of December, *anno Domini*, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three, and in the fourth year of his Majesty's reign.

*John Penn.*

By his Honor's command,  
Joseph Shippen, Jr., *Secretary*.  
God save the King."

Notwithstanding this proclamation, those cruel men again assembled themselves, and, hearing that the remaining fourteen Indians were in the workhouse at Lancaster, they suddenly appeared in that town, on the 27th of December. Fifty of them, armed as before, dismounting, went directly to the workhouse, and by violence broke open the door, and entered with the utmost fury in their countenances. When the poor wretches saw they had no protection nigh, nor could possibly escape, and being without the least weapon for defence, they divided into their little families, the children clinging to the parents; they fell on their knees, protested their innocence, declared their love to the English, and that in their whole lives they had never done them injury; and in this posture



they all received the hatchet! Men, women, and little children were every one inhumanly murdered in cold blood!

The barbarous men who committed the atrocious fact, in defiance of government, of all laws human and divine, and to the eternal disgrace of their country and color, then mounted their horses, huzzaed in triumph, as if they had gained a victory, and rode off *unmolested!*

The bodies of the murdered were then brought out and exposed in the street, till a hole could be made in the earth to receive and cover them.

But the wickedness cannot be covered; the guilt will lie on the whole land, till justice is done on the murderers. The blood of the innocent will cry to Heaven for vengeance.

It is said that Shehaes being before told, that it was to be feared some English might come from the frontier into the country, and murder him and his people, he replied: "It is impossible; there are Indians, indeed, in the woods, who would kill me and mine, if they could get at us, for my friendship to the English; but the English will wrap me in their matchcoat, and secure me from all danger." How unfortunately was he mistaken!

Another proclamation has been issued, offering a great reward for apprehending the murderers, in the following terms, viz.:

*John Penn*

"Whereas on the twenty-second day of December last, I issued a proclamation for the apprehending and bringing to justice a number of persons, who, in violation of the public faith, and in defiance of all law, had inhumanly killed six of the Indians, who had lived in Conestogo manor, for the course of many years, peaceably and inoffensively, under the protection of this government, on lands assigned to them for their habitation; notwithstanding which, I have received information, that on the twenty-seventh of the same month, a large party of armed men again assembled and met together in a riotous and tumultuous manner, in

the county of Lancaster, and proceeded to the town of Lancaster, where they violently broke open the workhouse, and butchered and put to death fourteen of the said Conestogo Indians, men, women, and children, who had been taken under the immediate care and protection of the magistrates of the said county, and lodged for their better security in the said workhouse, till they should be more effectually provided for by order of the government; and whereas common justice loudly demands, and the laws of the land (upon the preservation of which not only the liberty and security of every individual, but the being of the government itself depends) require, that the above offenders should be brought to condign punishment: I have, therefore, by and with the advice of the council, published this proclamation, and do hereby strictly charge and command all judges, justices, sheriffs, constables, officers, civil and military, and all other his Majesty's faithful and liege subjects within this province, to make diligent search and inquiries after the authors and perpetrators of the said last-mentioned offence, their abettors and accomplices, and that they use all possible means to apprehend and secure them in some of the public gaols of this province, to be dealt with according to law.

And I do hereby further promise and engage, that any person or persons who shall apprehend and secure, or cause to be apprehended and secured, any three of the ringleaders of the said party, and prosecute them to conviction, shall have and receive for each the public reward of two hundred pounds; and any accomplice, not concerned in the immediate shedding the blood of the said Indians, who shall make discovery of any or either of the said ringleaders, and apprehend and prosecute them to conviction, shall, over and above the said reward, have all the weight and influence of the government, for obtaining his Majesty's pardon for his offence.

Given under my hand, and the great seal of the said province, at Philadelphia, the second day of January, in the fourth year of his Majesty's reign, and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four."

*John Penn.*

By his Honor's command,  
Joseph Shippen, Jr., *Secretary*.  
God save the King."

These proclamations have as yet produced no discovery, the murderers having given out such threatenings against those that disapprove their proceedings, that the whole country seems to be in terror, and no one dare speak what he knows; even the letters from thence are unsigned in which any dislike is expressed of the rioters.

There are some (I am ashamed to hear it) who would extenuate the enormous wickedness of these actions by saying: "The inhabitants of the frontiers are exasperated with the murder of their relations by the enemy Indians in the present war." It is possible; but though this might justify their going out into the woods to seek for those enemies and avenge upon them those murders, it can never justify their turning into the heart of the country to murder their friends.

If an Indian injures me, does it follow that I may revenge that injury on all Indians? It is well known that Indians are of different tribes, nations, and languages as well as the white people. In Europe, if the French, who are white people, should injure the Dutch, are they to revenge it on the English, because they too are white people? The only crime of these poor wretches seems to have been that they had a reddish-brown skin and black hair, and some people of that sort, it seems, had murdered some of our relations. If it be right to kill men for such a reason, then should any man with a freckled face and red hair kill a wife or child of mine, it would be right for me to revenge it by killing all the

freckled, red-haired men, women, and children I could afterwards anywhere meet with.

But it seems these people think they have a better justification; nothing less than the Word of God. With the Scriptures in their hand and mouths they can set at nought that express demand, *Thou shalt do no murder*, and justify their wickedness by the command given Joshua to destroy the heathen. Horrid perversion of Scripture and of religion! To father the worst of crimes on the God of peace and love! Even the Jews, to whom that particular commission was directed, spared the Gibeonites on account of their faith once given. The faith of this government has been frequently given to those Indians; but that did not avail them with people who despise government.

We pretend to be Christians, and from the superior light we enjoy ought to exceed heathens, Turks, Saracens, Moors, Negroes, and Indians in the knowledge and practice of what is right. I will endeavour to show, by a few examples from books and history, the sense those people have had of such actions.

Homer wrote his poem, called the *Odyssey*, some hundred years before the birth of Christ. He frequently speaks of what he calls not only the duties, but the sacred rites of hospitality, exercised towards strangers while in our house or territory, as including, besides all the common circumstances of entertainment, full safety and protection of person from all danger of life, from all injuries, and even insults. The rites of hospitality were called *sacred*, because the stranger, the poor, and the weak, when they applied for protection and relief, were from the religion of those times supposed to be sent by the Deity to try the goodness of men, and that he would avenge the injuries they might receive where they ought to have been protected. These sentiments, therefore, influenced the manners of all ranks of people, even the meanest; for we find that when Ulysses came as a poor stranger to the hut of Eumæus, the

swineherd, and his great dogs ran out to tear the ragged man, Eumæus drove them away with stones, and

“ ‘Unhappy stranger!’ (thus the faithful swain  
Began, with accent gracious and humane)  
‘What sorrow had been mine, if at *my* gate  
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate!  
But enter this my lonely roof, and see  
Our woods not void of hospitality.’  
He said, and seconding the kind request,  
With friendly step precedes the unknown guest,  
A shaggy goat’s soft hide beneath him spread,  
And with fresh rushes heaped an ample bed.  
Joy touched the hero’s tender soul, to find  
So just reception from a heart so kind;  
And ‘O ye gods, with all your blessings grace’  
(He thus broke forth) ‘this friend of human race!’  
The swain replied: ‘It never was our guise  
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise.  
For Jove unfolds the hospitable door,  
’T is Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.’ ”

These heathen people thought that after a breach of the rights of hospitality a curse from Heaven would attend them in every thing they did, and even their honest industry in their callings would fail of success. Thus when Ulysses tells Eumæus, who doubted the truth of what he related: “If I deceive you in this I should deserve death, and I consent that you should put me to death”; Eumæus rejects the proposal as what would be attended with both infamy and misfortune, saying ironically:

“Doubtless, O guest, great laud and praise were mine,  
If, after social rites and gifts bestowed,  
I stained my hospitable hearth with blood.  
How would the gods my righteous toils succeed,

And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?  
No more."

Even an open enemy, in the heat of battle, throwing down his arms, submitting to his foe, and asking life and protection, was supposed to acquire an immediate right to that protection. Thus one describes his being saved when his party was defeated:

"We turned to flight; the gathering vengeance spread  
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.  
The radiant helmet from my brows unlaced,  
And lo, on earth my shield and javelin cast,  
I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,  
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.  
He heard, he saved, he placed me at his side;  
My state he pitied, and my tears he dried;  
Restrained the rage the vengeful foe expressed,  
And turned the deadly weapons from my breast.  
Pious to guard the hospitable rite,  
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight."

The suitors of Penelope are, by the same ancient poet, described as a set of lawless men, who were regardless of the sacred rights of hospitality. And, therefore, when the Queen was informed they were slain, and that by Ulysses, she, not believing that Ulysses was returned, says:

"Ah no! some god the suitors' deaths decreed,  
Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed;  
Blind, to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,  
And violate all hospitable laws!  
. . . The powers they defied;  
But Heaven is just, and by a god they died."