

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 43.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1876.

NUMBER 5.

## THE Oxford Democrat

Published Every Tuesday Morning, by  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Political Editor.

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## Poetry.

### My Mother's Grave.

Written on the sixth anniversary of her death.

"Tis but a wreath of faded flowers,

That on the grave I lay,

Amid the warning, twilight hours,

Of this fleeting winter day.

This privilege I humbly crave

In all my future years,

To strew bright flowers upon thy grave,

And water them with tears.

While the bitter tears are starting,

And long unbidden flow,

I recall our last, sad parting,

In the old home, long ago.

They gathered round thy dying bed

On thy last, world-weary day;

No blessing rest on my head,

For I was far away.

If e'er thy gentle hand can rest

Upon my throbbing brow,

Then let me feel its fond caress,

And bless me, even now.

The little prayer for peace and light,

Once murmured at thy knee,

Oh in the visions of the night,

Comes stealing back to me.

My twining rings of daisy hair,

Where thy fingers used to play,

Fall now o'er furrows plowed by care,

And are thickly strewn with gray.

When I land my weary feet have pressed

Beyond death's gloomy wave,

Lay me beneath the flowers to rest

Beside my mother's grave.

LEWIS W. A. WADSWORTH.

Hiram, Jan. 15, 1876.

Selected Story.

FOSTER, THE INDIAN HUNTER.

BY THE REV. H. A. GUILD.

The Mohawks were a fierce, blood-

thirsty tribe of Indians; not slow in their

acknowledgment of a favor, but litigious

in the remembrance of an injury. Once

aroused, their anger could only be ap-

peased with blood. Shrewd as well as

savage, and expert in the use of weapons

of warfare, their presence always proved

an inspiration of terror. Enjoying from

time immemorial the uncontested occu-

pation and range of the valley of the

Mohawk and the hills and woods of Her-

kimer, when finally the white man began

to show his face among them all the

fiendish qualities in their nature were

excited; and upon the slightest provoca-

tion, as also quite frequently in the

absence of any provocation whatever,

the tomahawk was buried in the brains

of their rivals. The "hunting-grounds"

of Herkimer belonged to them, so they

conceived; and the "pale face" must

"hands off" or make an unceremonious

pilgrimage to that country where Indians

"cease from troubling, and the weary are

at rest." It would not do to set up the

plea that they were not the themselves

sometimes dispatched upon a journey to

the "happy hunting grounds," for which

they had made no special preparation, and

for which they had no clearly-defined

desire. Appleton's "New American Cy-

clopedia" says of those Mohawks:

"During the French and Indian war

they supported Sir William Johnson,

following him in his most perilous expedi-

tions, and aiding him in the contests of

Lake George and Niagara. After his

death, they transferred their attachment

to his family, and were forced to flee

from their ancestral home to Canada. A

few of them now reside with their breth-

ren, the Senecas, Tuscaroras, and Oneidas;

but the greater portion of them occupy

lands appropriated for their use by the

British government, at Brantford, on the

grand river of Canada west. To this

place they followed their leader, Thay-

endagea (Joseph Brant), at the close of

the revolution."

These facts are sufficiently accurate to

pass for history. They do not, however,

embrace the whole truth. While the

major portion of the Mohawks followed

Brant to Canada, yet there were many

remnants of the tribe still scattered

through the wilds of northern Herkimer,

unwilling to quit the ancestral lurking-

places and game abounding forests fa-

miliarly known to all New Yorkers as the

"John Brown tract." The writer re-

members having met many of these sa-

vages in the town of Salisbury, at different

times, even so late as 1833 and '34. They

would frequently call at his father's re-

sidence, and not ask for, but demand such

articles of food, clothing, and ornament

as they might chance to see, or have

reason to suppose were among the family

possessions. A hesitancy to comply with

their demands was attended by such

peculiar aboriginal contortions of coun-

tenance, and such warlike gesticulations,

as would ordinarily obviate protracted

parleying, and insure the gratification

of their desires. Not only were they con-

summate beggars, after this style, but

they were also most accomplished thieves,

and had a peculiar penchant for fat lambs

and calves, which they would "gobble

up" at libitum. Ramor too, would

sometimes allege that they were in the

habit of "confiscating" little children

when they desired to enjoy a specially

palatable meal. However this may be,

it is certainly true that children did some-

times mysteriously disappear, and were

not recovered by their parents until

months and even years had elapsed, and

in some instances were not recovered at

all. Wild beasts, as panthers, bears, and

wolves, were numerous in those days;

and it is probable that many of their

depredations were placed to the credit of

the Mohawks.

A Mr. Ford had lost all the lambs be-

longing to his flock; and now the sheep

began to disappear. Ford became fear-

fully excited, and swore vengeance

against the "red-skins," assured that they

were the guilty parties. A strict watch

was kept over their movements; but

nothing "sheepish" could be detected

about them. The sheep were in the habit

of roaming with the cows, and for greater

security were driven up with them at

night by the chore-boy. On turning

them into the pasture one morning, this

boy discovered what he supposed to be

the sheep-depredator, and hastened home

to announce the discovery.

"Mr. Ford," he said, "it's a big yellow

dog that's killing all your sheep. I saw

him run up the big maple tree that the

gate is fastened to; and he's there now."

"I guess not," said Ford; "dogs don't

climb trees."

"This one does, 'cause I see him do it;

and if you will go there with me, I'll

show him to you."

"Very well, I will go with you; and if

a dog is there, we must shoot him; for I

have no more sheep to lose."

A little 12-inch rifle, that Ford's

brother had brought home from a sea

voyage, was loaded and given to the boy;

while the old flintlock musket was hear-

ily charged with buckshot, and taken in

charge by Ford; and the two started out

upon a dog hunt. A thicket had to be

passed through before reaching the pas-

ture gate; and as they were emerging

from the thicket, the boy said:

"See, Mr. Ford! there he is now, up

on that limb."

Ford turned deathly











