

UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.
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THE YOUTHFUL MISSIONARY.

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To Our Old Editorial Pine Table.

ALL-ALONG-HERE, Aug. 23, '60.
Time will not allow a detail of the many interesting historical and personal events which lead to my pen's end in the rich and populous valley of the Mohawk river. We pass the Schoharie bridge, whose worn-out timbers not long since broke down as two railway trains, going opposite ways, pressed upon it at once—causing much suffering and the loss of many precious lives. We cross the Oriskany, not far from the bloody defile where the brave Dutch General, Herkimer, received his death-wound from the Tories and Indians, and lost so many men in the Revolution. Within fifteen miles of Utica, we reach the village of Rome, which looks as if it might contain nearly 10,000 inhabitants on the site of Fort Stanwix, (of Revolutionary celebrity) built in 1755. The Mohawk, coming from the north, here turns square east, and empties into the Hudson—sue on the west, a short distance, Wood creek runs into Lake Ontario, which is 21 miles long and 6 or 8 broad, and empties into Lake Ontario through the Oswego river. This short river drains a large tract of country, embracing Oneida, Onondaga, Otsego, Schoharie, Owasco, Cayuga, Seneca, Chautauque, and Canadawaga Lakes. Rome is situated on the summit level between the Lakes and the Ocean, being 435 feet above tide at Albany. About 1795, the "Western Navigation Company" made a short canal between the Mohawk and Wood creek. This was deemed, both before and after the Revolution, nature's own highway for a water communication, and was quite a "striking piece" for a time; but the Oswego and Mohawk rivers are unsuited and insufficient for the immense trade and travel of our day.

piece had upon it an inscription to "The Grand Erie Canal, a splendid monument of the enterprise and liberality of the State of New York, and of the sagacity and energy of DeWitt Clinton, at that time Governor of the State." Quoting from memory of many years gone by, I am probably not exact as to the words, but would give more for one of those plates or other Canal crockery than for any crucifix which our nominalists are now half mad over.

Whizzing by rail along this dead-level country, contrasts somewhat with what was esteemed tip-top traveling, by "spoke-wheels," 20 and 30 years ago. Those who traveled six, eight or ten miles an hour, thought it fast work, and looked with some contempt on respectable "time boats," which, having more freight and fewer horses to change, were necessarily slower. Yet that mode of locomotion had its advantages and comforts to people not in a hurry. Of a cool day you could read or talk at leisure, sleep without any fear of locks on this long level, or hard ones anywhere. But, hot days and nights, what a purgatory! what a live for guests and passengers! and how the "fever and ager" did seem to rise visibly along that moist level! The highway sought the same smooth, even route, east up by Nature for travel; and the necessary draining, cutting down the wood for fuel and letting in the sun, have made thousands and thousands of acres of dry land which I used to see in dark, dank swamps, dotted with common air ferns and explosive moisture which, when ignited, produced dreadful consequences. Such an accident occurred recently in England; and though so far away, the warning should not pass unheeded by any who use this admirable and obedient, but powerful agent. "There had been an escape of gas in this house," says the account, "and when a candle was lighted in the evening, an explosion took place. The door and the whole of the windows of the house were blown out, and three persons, who happened to be in the room at the time, were severely injured. If you find the gas escaping in your house, have the pipes examined and repaired immediately. Never leave a jet of gas burning in your chamber, unless it is turned down to a very small point. Some accident might happen at the gas works, cutting off the pressure for a moment, and setting out your lights, and, the difficulty being removed, the jet would flow out again to submerge you, or produce an explosive mixture to blow you up when you strike a match. Be careful. Gas is tasteless, odorless, and does not let it get the start of you."

Dangers of Gas.

While gas, for illuminating purposes, is universally conceded to be a great "improvement," it must not be forgotten that harm and death, as well as light and profit, sometimes result from its use or misuse. A certain proportion of gas mingled with common air forms an explosive mixture which, when ignited, produces dreadful consequences. Such an accident occurred recently in England; and though so far away, the warning should not pass unheeded by any who use this admirable and obedient, but powerful agent. "There had been an escape of gas in this house," says the account, "and when a candle was lighted in the evening, an explosion took place. The door and the whole of the windows of the house were blown out, and three persons, who happened to be in the room at the time, were severely injured. If you find the gas escaping in your house, have the pipes examined and repaired immediately. Never leave a jet of gas burning in your chamber, unless it is turned down to a very small point. Some accident might happen at the gas works, cutting off the pressure for a moment, and setting out your lights, and, the difficulty being removed, the jet would flow out again to submerge you, or produce an explosive mixture to blow you up when you strike a match. Be careful. Gas is tasteless, odorless, and does not let it get the start of you."

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

The press was deep and rugged, but he ran like a whirlwind on the grass and left the wolves behind.—The Doctor.
"Mike, what kind of night would this be for fine shooting?" said the Doctor to that meditative Nimrod, who was busy sewing up a muscabin by the light of the camp fire, after a week of travel.
"Saw," replied Mike, without looking up.
"I am going, I think."
No answer. Mike put on the moccasins, and drew off the other.
"Do you think we can kill anything?"
"I pass," replied Mike.
"Come, Charlie, let us try it for a little while."
This was all a ruse on the part of Mike, in order to make Mike think our great hunt was an unaccommodated affair, and thereby increase the glory of killing so much game. It had been arranged between us, during the day, that we would try fire-hunting that night. It promised to be a cloudy night, which was of great advantage, as it prevented the game from seeing anything if the hunters, and at the same time rendered their eyes more reflective when exposed to the torch-light. We had even gone so far as to make our pitch-pine torches, and the whole preparation was complete. It was a party of two—the Doctor and myself. There would be rather more interest in getting the game alone; and, besides that, Mike's opinion on fire-shooting was well known, and we knew he would not go with us—so constant a hunter seemed so primitive a snare as the one we proposed. The negroes we did not want, for the fever in a party the better. So, one of us taking a gun, and the other carrying a torch, we left the camp.

"It is the devil, he will have you now."
"How can you talk so?" said the Doctor, with a strong accent on the "ran."
"There is your deer, Poke, in the wind-fall," said I, as I caught sight of the eye moving rapidly along over the mass of timber that lay heaped and knotted together.
"That's no deer," said Poke, "an eleven-foot could go over that wind-fall that way. I would rather see the night hunter than the day hunter. They see those eyes again." As he was speaking, I saw in the inky darkness ahead of us, another pair of eyes, and two or three pairs on the left. The truth flashed on me. The scarcity of the deer, the restlessness of those baleful eyes, all gave me the clue—the wolves were around us!

Some Tough Old "Subjects."

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There are many "springs" through this region which have a local celebrity for medicinal qualities, and the "Onondaga Sulphur" and the "Clifton" in Ontario county, are known abroad. One "Sulphur Springs," in an open woods, I think in Otsego, myself and other contemporaries afflicted with urticaria were once excited to, on a foot-voyage; we washed in its waters, which precipitated a sulphury color, and had not an odor of "Araby the blest" but we took home jugs of the liquid, kept it in cool cellars, drank it periodically—and subsequently thereto were relieved of the severely-tickling propositus of the epidemic!

Synacton is the modern name for "Salt Pine," which, with the adjacent villages of Geddes, Salina, and Liverpool, must comprise 50,000 people within a circuit of ten miles. It lies at the south end of Onondaga Lake—a sheet of water say two miles wide by five or six long, having Goddes on its south west, Salina on the east, and Liverpool on its north-east border—the latter village having a charming look from the Railroad under the rays of a summer's sun. Syracuse is said to be growing faster than any other interior city in the State, and vies with Utica and Rochester in the extent of its traveling ramifications. (Its "underground railroad" has a "national" reputation unsurpassed.) The buildings to be seen in passing are not so substantial and costly as in many cities, but there is a great appearance of life, and a population reputed to number 31,000. You know that salt is the "staple" of Syracuse—"salt-making" its speciality. There are saline springs throughout this region, but no works except on a small scale at Montezuma, and on a large and increasing scale here. The salt water is pumped from wells, and 45 to 55 gallons of it will make a bushel of pure salt, while 250 gallons of sea water are required to make 75 pounds. Fine salt is produced by boiling over hot fires, and coarse salt by solar evaporation. Frames with low roofs are made, to roll over the vats or pans subjected to the sun's rays, in time of snow or rain, and on the under side of these roofs salt sometimes crystallizes and is removed. These roofs look like the tents of an immense army; a recent storm played havoc, driving them about almost like ships without anchors, and "sweetening the tea" with fresh-water noisies profitable. It is stated that people have here bored 250 feet without finding the fossil or rock salt, but the brine increased in strength. The salt mines of Poland are 750, and those of Eperies 900 feet deep—no there may quite probably be enough salt in this mine to "preserve the Union" from partition for thousands of years.

Office Hunting.

The certainty of the approaching triumph of the Republican party is already developing the office-hunting mania. We honestly believe the last for office, which is raised into such preternatural activity every four years, the greatest curse connected with our elective system. Thousands of active men abandon their legitimate business in the eager hope of making something more out of a government office. They desert the industrial interests of the country for the withdrawal from them for weeks, or even months, of men whose energy and labor would aid largely to the total of our national wealth. But worse than this is the miserable habit of depending on official support, instead of upon their own individual energies, which is taken up by so many, especially of the young men of the country. And then there are the heart-burnings and the jealousies which invariably grow out of the embittered contests of rival applicants. Before the war of chasing claims acts in, let us say one word.

"I was just wondering at this absence of deer, and could not account for it, as it was a rare thing to go a mile in Florida without seeing one."
"Where?" I whispered; "I don't see it."
"Hush! it has gone now; but we will see it in a moment again."
We advanced on top toe, both in body and expectation.
"There! there!" said the Doctor, pointing with his finger a little distance to the left; but the luminous spot was gone before I hardly got my eyes on it.
We were in the very place for deer. A heavy wind fell right ahead of us, and the mingled trunks and twisted branches looked like the *Arctostaphylos* to some great encampment. The flickering light made the shadows move back and forth with a spectral effect, as though dancing, and the hush of the forest was unbroken by any sound. Every moment I expected to see again the two phosphorescent stars that indicate the deer's eyes, and then the true shot would bring us the prize for our labor. It seemed a long time in coming again.
"That deer must be very shy," whispered the Doctor, just above his breath.
The next time I saw it first. It was some distance ahead, and there were two; but just before I could point them out to my comrade, they had disappeared. Presently, we saw it on one side of us.
"Charlie, that's a wild-o'-the-wisp," said Poke, in rather a subdued tone, "or the devil; who ever heard of a deer going around so?"
"He is examining you, to see what manner of man you are."
"Perchance it is some spirit of a departed soul, leading us a wild chase to destroy us."
"There it is, right behind me, as I live!" ejaculated the Doctor, in evident trepidation.
Sure enough, as I turned my head, I saw the two blue lights that indicate the reflecting lenses of the eye. The Doctor was taking aim, but I noticed it was not very steady. He pulled the trigger—a dull snap announced a misfire. He pulled the other trigger—it snapped in the same way. The gun was wet with rain.
"Was anything ever, so provoking?" said Poke, as the eyes vanished in the darkness.

"I am going, I think."
No answer. Mike put on the moccasins, and drew off the other.
"Do you think we can kill anything?"
"I pass," replied Mike.
"Come, Charlie, let us try it for a little while."
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MONDAY, NOV. 5, 1860.

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