1888

Glenn Springs, So. Ca. : its location, discovery, history, personal sketches of its habitues, what it will cure, &c.

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Glenn Springs,

SO. CA.

ITS LOCATION,

DISCOVERY, HISTORY,

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF ITS HABITUES,

What it Will Cure, &c.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.:
TRIMMIER'S PRINTING OFFICE AND BOOK STORE.
1888.
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SO. CA.
ITS LOCATION,
DISCOVERY, HISTORY,
PERSONAL SKETCHES OF ITS HABITUES,
What it Will Cure, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this little volume, it is with the hope that it will not find its way directly to the waste basket—as such pamphlets too often do without their merits being known—but that it will be read by every one into whose hands it may fall.

If you are suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Hepatitis, Jaundice, Torpor of Liver, and General Debility following upon Malarial Diseases, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Uterine, Renal and Cystic Diseases, Haematuria, Rheumatism, Catamenial Derangement, and other Female Complaints, you will find here the means of a sure and speedy relief. Or if you expect to leave home for the summer you will find interesting descriptions of South Carolina's favorite resort.

Or if you are neither sick nor expect to leave home for the summer you will find this an interesting little volume, containing a romance of the discovery of Glenn Springs in the time of the Indians; its re-discovery by the white man, and its history, with personal sketches of some of South Carolina's distinguished men, who were constant visitors at this fountain of health; and other description of Glenn Springs as a Summer Resort, and accounts of the wonderful results from the use of this water.

SIMPSON & SIMPSON,
Proprietors.
They had never been worked lower than the water level, and none of them had yet reached the granite, where he believed with Profs. Toumey and Lieber, that the most astonishing results would be obtained.

From these interesting mines we went to the iron region of the county, and he was more astonished at the rich astonishing results would be obtained.

"And he was more astonished at the rich astonishing results would be obtained. At Musgroves, Van Pattons and numerous other places on this noble stream the falls are equally as interesting, and it is impossible to examine them without being struck with the great facilities which they afford at small cost, for manufacturing purposes. At Trough Shoals, on the Pacolet, this magnificent stream rushes through a crevice in the rock, only eight feet wide, at an inclination of twenty feet in sixty chains crashing like pipe stems the toughest, and the most obstinate timber thrown in to impede its progress."

Those were some of the natural and almost undeveloped resources of the region of country, which impressed Mr. Lancaster, the English gentleman, of whom we have spoken with wonder and amazement.

A few mornings, about the close of the season, before he left, he rushed into my room before I had made my toilet with amazement and delight depicted upon his ingenious face, exclaiming "see what I have found," at the same time holding out to me what seemed to be the fragment of a white coral, but now much defaced and disfigured by exposure and time.

"Oh!" said I, "a coral, you have found evidences of the submergence of this locality."

"No," he eloquently replied, "this is a primary formation of the Cambrian period, and has not been under the water since the flat of the Almighty Architect of the universe went forth. Let the water under the Heaven be gathered together in one place, and the dry land appear, and so it was. No, this piece of coral was brought from the sea coast, by the Indians and 'thereby hangs a tale' which is now being dimly brought to mind. When I was a boy, I was much devoted to reading, and in my father's library were many quaint and curious volumes of "forgotten lore," as Poe, the poet of America, has it, and many manuscripts containing incidents of the personal history of my ancestors, which had been kept up for generations. Among these, was one containing the adventures of my great-grandfather, subsequently the Duke of Lancaster in the province of South Carolina about the year 1760. Some of the incidents I remember, distinctly, but not enough to give you now, a connected account of them. They related as I believe to this piece of coral, and to the discovery of this wonderful Spring. When I go home I will send you a copy of the manuscript to which I allude, and which I am sure will be an interesting chapter in your local history. Place this piece of coral with the other specimens which I will leave, as a memento for the Glenn Springs Cabinet."

In a few days after this, to the regret of every visitor at the Springs, he left for his home, and I heard no more from him, until a few days ago, when I received the following letter:

BIRMINGHAM, ENGL., Nov. 1, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR: I arrived at home safely, after leaving your pleasant locality, some weeks ago. I have made my report of its manufacturing and mining resources to the parties who sent me out, which is so satisfactory that they are making arrangements to invest in these industries. I congratulate you, and the country upon the brilliant prospects which are in store for you. It is possible that some length of time may elapse before these arrangements are consummated, and it is highly probable that I may see you again the next season. In the mean time, however, as I promised, I send you the manuscript of the adventures of my great-grandfather, in your region of country in 1760. Having seen many of the places which he describes in his narrative, it was to me again exceedingly interesting, and I am sure it will be to you.

Please accept my grateful recollections of your kindness, while at Glenn Springs, and the assurance of my highest regard. Very truly,

GEORGE LANCASTER.

NARRATIVE.

In accordance with the custom and injunctions of my ancestors, I proceed to give some of the most important and striking incidents of my life—

"I am now an old man, and for fifty years or more my life has been a hum-drum affair. I can recall nothing during all this long time that is worthy of mention or remembrance. During the winter I have generally spent my time in town, and the rest of the year on my estate, and for this part of my life, this is all I have to say. Whether this indifference to placing a higher estimate upon this portion of my life results from old age, (which is said to be oblivious to recent and passing events,) I do not know, but I do know that the incidents of my boyhood and early manhood pass before me as vividly as if they had occurred but yesterday. I remember my boyhood home, my boyhood sports, my boyhood striifes, sorrows, and troubles, with distinct vividness. They are now passing before me, as steadily and as connectedly as the rolling canvass of the panorama. I remember my mother, pale, fragile, and sickly. I remember her death and burial, and the greatest sorrow of my life. I remember my brother, my eldest and only brother, who inherited the constitution, but not the temper and disposition of my mother. He was weak in constitution and petulant, irascible and exacting in his temper. He was not lovable, yet, I loved him. His weak and delicate constitution prevented him..."
from being sent from home to
school, while I, being rather more
able and stout, was sent off, so we
spent but little of our boyhood and
manhood together. After my school
days were over, I came back to my
home, fully resolved to offer all the
tenderness of my heart to my suffer-
ing brother, I did so, but it was not
accepted in the spirit in which it was
offered. On one occasion, he spurned
my offer and charged me with
hypocrisy, with secretly desiring his
death that it might inherit from our
father his estate. I had never
thought of such an idea and was
immeasurably shocked. But how
strange and mysterious are the work-
ings of the human heart. The un-
natural thought took root in my
mind, and I reasoned why should
one brother inherit the wealth,
titles and position of the common
father, and the other be cast off to
make his fortune as he could? I
was shocked that it had entered my
mind, but I could not banish it. It
had effected a lodgement there. I
had just arrived at my majority.
Being the youngest child, my
mother had bequeathed to me her
little patrimony, and my father, who
was my trustee, had proffered to
turn it over to me. I resolved to
accept it and leave England forever.

My chum at Cambridge was Wil-
liam Henry Lyttleton, the son of the
Governor of the Province of South
Carolina, and since his return to his
home he had repeatedly invited me
to visit him, and I resolved to do so,
little caring where I might go, so I
left England. Bidding an affection-
ate farewell to my brother, whom I
never expected to see again I sailed
for the town of Charleston. Upon
my arrival, I found the place all astir
with military preparations. A mes-
senger had just reached the Govern-
er from the command of Fort
Princ e George, in the Cherokee
nation, that the Indians were en-
raged by the killing of some of their
warriors (returning from assisting
the English in Canada) by the
people of Virginia, as they were
passing through that Province.
After they had been making war for
the whites, they regarded this as a
great wrong, and being unable or
unwilling to discriminate, they were
revenge ing themselves on the people
of South Carolina. Already num-
bers of families, men, women and
children had been massacred in the
most revolting manner, and the fort
itself was most seriously threatened.
The commandant seemed to have no
doubt that a terrible Indian war
was brewing. Governor Lyttleton
had ordered all the troops under
his command to rendezvous at the
Congaree. The more peaceable and
right minded of the Indians, hear-
ing of these preparations, and de-
precating the conduct of their more
furious warriors, were anxious, if
possible, to avert a war, and thirty
or more of their chiefs and wise men,
headed by Attakullakulla, the chief
of all the Cherokees, had just arriv-
ed in Charleston to have a council.
Being upon intimate terms with the
Governor and his household, I was
fortunately permitted to be present
at this interview. They were the
first Indians I had ever seen. They
were dressed in buck skin hunting
shirts, leggings and mocassins, fan-
cifully embroidered with beads, with
nicely dressed buffalo robes thrown
over their shoulders, no two, how-
ever, being decorated alike, but
each in remarkable taste and well
adapted to his form. They were
all most remarkable, and in many
respects a noble looking set of men.
Tall, straight and athletic, and pos-
sessing all the grace and ease of
motion of the most accomplished
courtiers. Even at this length of
time, I remember distinctly their
appearance, and can recall some of
their beautiful and euphonious
names. There were Attakullakulla,
the great chief, Oconostota, Skig-
esta, a favorite chief with the
whites, Corane, the raven, Simrnawa,
the hawk's head, Owasta, Yorhalehe,
Yahoma, of Keowee, and Canachugh,
the head beloved Medicine man,
whose striking appearance riveted
my attention at once, and who will
be one of the chief personages of
this narrative. The conference was
opened by the Governor in a rude
and dictatorial manner. He stated
to the Indians that he was aware of
all the acts of hostility of which
their people had been guilty, and
likewise those which they were con-
templating, enumerating some of
them, and added that he would soon
be in their country with his army,
when he would let them know his
commands, and the satisfaction
which he required, and which he
would certainly take, if it was re-
fused. As they had come to Char-
leston to treat with him, they might
go home in safety, and not a hair of
their beads should be touched, but
as he had many warriors in arms in
different parts of the province, he
would not be answerable for what
should happen to them, unless they
kept with him. After this speech
was ended, Oconostota, who was
distinguished by the name of the
great warrior of the Cherokees, be-
gan to speak, but the Governor
rudely waved him back, declaring
that he would have no talk in vind-
cication of his people, nor any pro-
posal with regard to peace. I saw
indignation flash from the eyes of
every chief in the chamber, and
simultaneously drawing themselves
to their full height, and wrapping
their robes around them, one by one,
they gracefully strode away from the
council chamber.

A few days after the conference,
the Governor set out for the Con-
garee, his place of rendezvous, and
at his request I gladly accompanied
him. With the command of the
Governor the Cherokees marched,
apparently contented, but in fact
burning with fury. When we ar-
ived at the Congaree, the Indians
were made prisoners, and put under
a captain's guard. My sense of
right as well as of expediency, was
shocked by this course of the Gov-
ernor, and I was irresistibly drawn to
them. The manner, appearance and
bearing of Canachugh, the great med-
icine man, attracted me more than
any one of the others. He was an
old man, and straight as an arrow.
He was attired with remarkable
care and taste. His only appear-
ance of ornament was a small buck
skin pouch suspended upon his left
breast, and ornamented with tastily
assorted beads, and gold trinkets in
the most exquisite manner, and
which seemed to contain some un-
yielding substance about the size of
one's hand. Canachugh seemed to
have attracted also the notice of the
soldiers, or more probably the beau-
tiful ornament which he wore, and
many were the surmises as to its
contents. Many inquiries were
made with regard to it, but he treated
them all with sublime
indifference.

On the first day's march from the
Congaree, one of his guards, who
could no longer repress his curiosi-
ty, stealthily stepping up behind
the medicine man; grasped the pen-
cent pouch and adroitly lifted it
from his person. In the twinkling
of an eye, Canachugh unsheathing
his scalping knife, turned around,
and was in the act of plunging it
in the breast of the fool-hardy tress-
passer. I was standing by the sol-
dier when the assault was commit-
ted, and realizing at once the danger
in which he stood, grasping with one
hand the abstracted pouch, and with
the other hurling him beyond the
reach of the medicine man's gleam-
ing knife, I held out to him his am-
ulet and said: 'Let the medicine
man think.' In a moment his knife
was sheathed, and with a look of
the tenderest affection, he accepted
the pouch from my hands, and placed it again upon his breast. After this the closest intimacy sprang up between us which continued until his death.

From the Congaree, our route lay through the most beautiful country I had ever seen—a country whose landscape was neither rugged with mountains, nor monotonously tame with unbroken plains, but a succession of elevated ranges, undulating hills and flowery vales. From the Congaree, it was a succession of war-like hills, and beautiful valleys, and as we approached Fort Prince George the hills rose up to towering mountains, whose blue tops, like giant emblements against the northern sky, imparting at a glance the lesson of the geologists, that some mighty eruption of nature had elevated this romantic region, and had driven the inclement waters far to the South to occupy their present bed.

Without further incident, in a few days march through this wonderful region, we reached Fort Prince George on the Congaree, a tributary of the Isagunda, or Savannah River. When we arrived at the fort, the Indians were shut up in a hut, scarcely sufficient for the accommodation of six soldiers, and securely guarded. Upon his arrival, the Governor at once found that he had not only been impolitic in his conduct towards the Indians, but too hurried in his preparations for the campaign. The army was not only poorly armed and disciplined, but was discontented and mutinous, and he saw that the only course left him was to make the terms which, at Charleston, he had refused. He therefore sent for Attakullakulla, and proposed terms which he accepted, and released him with several of his chiefs and wise men, to assist in carrying out the terms which they had made, among them was Occonostota, the powerful and influential chief, which the Governor had so rudely treated at the conference in Charleston, and (at my solicitation,) Canachugh, the medicine man. When they were leaving I approached Canachugh who with the intuitions of the Indian, recognized the agency which I had in procuring his freedom. Upon his departure he took my proffered hand and said:

"While fire burns or water runs, Canachugh will be the friend of his pale face son, he has now no one to love but him."

At the time, I did not realize the strength of his attachment, nor did I suppose that I would ever need his friendship.

After this hastily patched up treaty of peace, Gov. Lylleton marched his army back to their homes. Desiring to see more of frontier life, I remained in the fort, little dreaming of any adventure of more importance than ordinary fort life. No sooner, however, was the army well out of hearing, than the indications were, that the Indians were far from being satisfied with the terms of the peace, which Attakullakulla had made, which was that, twenty-six of their warriors should be delivered up for punishment, instead of the imprisoned chiefs The Indians soon saw that they could make no impression upon the fort by direct assault, and therefore, resorted to this expedient. Occonostota, one of the liberated chiefs, placed in a secluded thicket on the banks of the Keowee, an ambuscade, and sent a well known Indian to the fort to request the commandant to meet him, representing he had important intelligence to communicate. When the messenger reached the fort, I was present in the quarters of the captain, when he sent back his reply that he would meet him. Summoning those around him consisting of myself and two or three of his officers we went at once to the point designated. As we neared the spot, we saw Occonostota standing with a bridle in his hand, apparently composed, and unconcerned. Some colloquy took place between the Indian and the commandant, about the former going to Charleston to intercede for the liberation of the imprisoned chiefs, Occonostota asking for this purpose a horse and a guide. As the commandant was replying to him, Occonostota rapidly whirled the bridle around his head, and at that signal the Indians delivered a murderous fire from the ambuscade. All the party fell to the ground. I was wounded, but at once regained an erect position, and stood paralyzed more from astonishment than fear. While thus standing two Indians from the ambuscade advanced rapidly upon me, seized me and hurried me off while others were scalping my prostrate companions.

My captors proceeded with me with a rapidity which defied pursuit. As we went along I heard the drums of the fort, and an occasional volley of fire arms, but knew nothing of the result. It was in the afternoon when we were attacked, a little while before the setting of the sun I was carried in a northerly direction, and as night fell upon us I saw by the moon and the stars that we were still going in the same direction, and we continued in the same course until the night was far advanced. Not a word was spoken by my captors or myself. Late in the night, I saw before us the glimmering of lights, and heard the barking of dogs, and I knew that we were approaching some human habitation. To me it was an inexpressible relief, as I was sick and sore. As I expected, we directly came to an Indian village. I was hurried into a wig-wam scarcely bound, and as improbable as it may seem, we soon were in a profound slumber.

In the morning I was awaked by the young Indians around the wig-wam. I saw from the preparations they were making that I was to be subjected to the torture. The young Indians all had their bows, and the squaws ligaments for binding me. I was taken out of the lodge and securely bound to a tree. The Indians then repaired to a point, some twenty or thirty yards distant, and were preparing their bows and arrows for the sport. I felt that I was at death's door and the incidents of my life were passing in review before me. I, however, had but little time to think before an arrow came whistling towards me, and was buried in the tree a little above my head. Then another, and another, and another, all missing me but by a hair's breadth, and exciting among the young marksmen the greatest hilarity and sport. At this moment I saw approaching us a tall and commanding looking Indian, and heard him give some authoritative command to the party engaged in my torture. They at once desisted, and as he came nearer I recognized Canachugh, the medicine man. He came to the tree where I was bound, cut the thongs, and I felt that I was safe. He immediately led me to his wig-wam, bound up my wound, placed me upon a pallet of buffalo robes. He spoke and understood the English language, with tolerable facility, and I soon made him acquainted with the circumstances of my capture. He deprecates them, and predicted a terrible war. During the day the Indians returned from the fort with the scalps of my slain companions, and were received with the greatest exultation. A council of war was held around the fire in the centre of the village, which seemed to be, as well as I could gather from the lodge in which I was placed, all for war. The scalps were elevated in their midst and the warriors and squaws were dancing around them with the greatest exultation. I again trembled for my
spirits. " He assured me that his friendship and protection, as long as water runs or spirit within him.

I knew nothing more. I was given the most signal proofs of his regard, and I saw he intended to give me others. Strong and uncivilized minds often carry their friendships as well as their enmities to an astonishing pitch and in the case of Canachugh, he had already surpassed civilization itself in the practice of the most self-denying and noblest duties of the friend. Rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, and looking intently into my face he said:

The white man and the red man have both angered the Great Spirit, my son, and I will take you deep into the woods where you and I can commune with each other alone. I know a spot where your health and strength, now greatly broken, will be regained, and a medicine contained in a bubbling spring, which will infuse new life into your enfeebled frame, which no pale face has ever seen, but which I will discover to you. In the distant future I see the time when the pale faces will crowd it with their sick. It is a wonderful spring, and is far away towards the rising sun, and placing his hand upon the beautiful pouch hanging upon his left breast, he continued, "and is associated in my mind with the loss of a daughter, the lovely Enoree, the Muscogee, and nothing but the finding of a son, and his restoration to health, can reconcile me to seeing it again. We will start at the going down of the moon, and before the rising of five suns, we will drink its healing waters."

"Canachugh," I replied, "I will follow you wherever your footsteps may lead." He then threw over me an additional buffalo robe, and laid himself down upon his own couch to sleep.

In the darkness of the night, I was aroused from a most refreshing sleep by the stealthy touch of Canachugh, "arise my son," said he, "the moon has hid her face, the lights of all the lodges are out, and it is time for us to be on our journey." Raising me, and lifting me up as easily and tenderly as an infant, he placed me on a little pony standing at the door of his lodge, and we stole away while all the village was in a profound slumber. We continued the journey silently and stealthily along a beaten trail (which seemed to be well known to Canachugh) without noise or incident, except the howling of wolves, which made night hideous. In Canachugh, they excited no alarm. Upon my asking him what they were, he simply replied, Wolf! Muscogee Coward! As the sun was rising, we were ascending a high hill and when we reached the top, there burst upon our view one of the most beautiful and sublime prospects which I had ever seen. Away off in the north, the blue top of the distant mountains gleamed in the sun, being yet covered here and there with snow, and in the foreground there loomed up a "Towering cliff whose awful form, Rose midway the sky to meet the storm."

We involuntarily stopped, and gazed upon the scene, with admiration and delight. As we descended the hill we came to a bubbling spring, at its base, and then for the first time since we left the village, we rested.

Little Chotie, on which I rode, was a wonderful pack horse. After helping me off, and laying me down upon the young grass, Canachugh commenced unloading Chotie. First came buffalo robes, then deer skin sacks, then implements of cooking and so forth until he had almost deposited a wagon load. From one of the many sacks he brought out a ham of dried venison, and from another, some dried corn, and rapidly kindling a fire with two flints and some rotten wood, called spunk, we soon had a most savory and refreshing meal. Before letting me eat, however, he brought some water from the spring in a cup made from a large green leaf, croupped up to hold it, and drawing from a pouch a white looking powder, dropped a little of it in the improvised cup, and which he continued to repeat before each meal until we arrived at our destination, and bade me drink. With the most implicit reliance I quaffed it down. After our breakfast, Canachugh made me down a pallet of buffalo robes, and I was soon asleep. When I awoke, the sun was high up in the heavens, and Canachugh said:

"My pale face son sleeps well, we can now continue our journey."

Loading up Chotie again, and placing me upon his broad back, we took up the line of our march, Canachugh in the front, and Chotie and I conveniently behind. As we went along, I noticed that the little streams we crossed were running in an opposite direction from those at the fort. and I knew that we had crossed the water shed of two important streams, and I asked Canachugh what river was before us, and he said the Saluda, which I recognized as the Saluda of the Provincial maps. In the afternoom we reached this beautiful stream, and we rested again, and for the night, on its banks. Upon our arrival, Canachugh arranged me as he had done in the morning, turning out little Chotie to nip the succulent grass, upon its banks. Canachugh, then took up his bow and quiver, and went down the stream a little distance to a broad and shallow shoal and soon came back with two of the most beautiful fish I ever saw, they were about eighteen inches long and weighing several pounds. With the skill of an accomplished cook they were soon broiling upon the coals,
and sending out the most delicious and appetising odor. Drawing from his pouch, a white compact substance which proved to be the dried breast of the wild turkey, for bread, we made our evening meal. After we had eaten I could not resist the curiosity to go with Canachugh to the shoals, where he had taken the fish, and there I saw schools of thousands, gamboling and sporting in the limpid water and gleaming sunshine. Canachugh informed me that at this season of the year, the fish came up the large streams and their tributaries for spawning and at the falling of the leaves the little fry went down to the sea until the next spawning season. With his bow and arrow, he secured enough for our morning meal, and we returned to our camp.

The day was a counterpart of the rest of our journey. The country through which we passed was beautifully undulating. The Indians for observations were in the habit of burning off the leaves, and but little undergrowth survived these periodic fires, but in its place there was a wilderness of perennial grasses. In this succulent pasture the wild buck and his doe would fit across the path with impunity, as it was not the season for killing them. Then we would come across magnificent flock of wild turkeys, indigenous alone to this new world. Then again, we would see roving before us or on our right or left immense herds of buffaloes. The medicine man informed me that this region of country, stretching down to the Congaree, was a hunting ground for the Cherokees, Catawbas and the Muskgogees. I asked now if it was not also the battle ground of these tribes, and he told me that some of the fiercest and the most sanguinary battles had occurred here.

On the evening of the fourth day we arrived upon the banks of one of the most beautiful streams which we had yet crossed. As far up and down as we could see it was festooned with clambering vines, and as it rolled and frolicked and danced over a series of beautiful cascades, and as the spray which was thrown up glistened in the rays of the drooping sun, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful, and raising my hands with speechless admiration and delight, Canachugh exclaimed, "the Enoree," and relapsed into a reverie which I did not understand, and from which I dared not arouse him; and which lasted until we arrived at our destination. Late in the evening of the succeeding day, after crossing the Enoree, our trail led us across other water courses until we arrived at another water shed, and here upon a commanding eminence, from which could be seen miles and miles of undulating hills, stretching off towards the south and east, with the beautiful blue tops of the distant mountains, bordering the northern view, was the lodge of Canachugh, the great medicine man of the Cherokees. It had been previously an extensive village, but as the Indians had gradually gone westward, only one lodge was habitable, and that was the lodge of Canachugh. Upon our arrival our crasse pecus, little Chotie, was unpacked, the lodge somewhat repaired, and our plunder stowed away, and then Canachugh led me down the hill to the spring, which bubbled up at its base and bade me drink. Rising up from my recumbent position, he bade me drink again. He then unbend my inflamed and festering wound, and bathed it with the cool and sparkling water. He then scooped up from the little branch which ran from the spring a dark colored and sulphurous odorized deposit, and bound it upon my wound. He then bade me drink again, and we started to the lodge at the top of the hill. From the water which I had drunk, or the exertion which I had made in reaching the hill top, most profuse perspiration ensued, and I felt that my malady had given way.

The medicine man watched the progress of my cure with the most intense interest and satisfaction. Day by day the same curative agency was employed, and day by day my health and vigor was being restored. It was not until my health permitted me to go with Canachugh upon hunting expeditions and to assist him in planting and cultivating a small parcel of ground (which had been cleared at some former time) in maize, a kind of corn only known to the Indians, and pumpkins and squashes. This patch afforded us abundant vegetables and the fish and wild game supplied us with meat.

In one of our hunting excursions Canachugh carried me to a hill some few miles east of the medicine spring, where there was a vein of quartz rock, protruding through the slate on the side of the hill, with fragments scattered along the course of the vein, and upon breaking some of these we picked out some particles of pure gold, which seemed to be abundant, but which would require more machinery than we could improvise to extract it. But it satisfied me as to the source of the many trinkets and ornaments of gold which adorned the dusky maidens and warriors of the tribe.

Thus our time quietly and peacefully glided away. Canachugh would often tell me of marvelous Indian exploits, and I in my turn would recount to him the splendid and more peaceful pursuits of civilized life. It was, however, a mystery to me that he never referred to his own history, and I would not press an inquiry which he seemed to avoid. As the Autumn was closing and that beautiful season known in the province as the Indian Summer was approaching, and as my health had become thoroughly and completely restored, even from the malady which I had inherited from my mother, the watchful care of Canachugh over me was not so necessary, and he imparted to me his intention to go back to the frontier of his people to learn their fate. Accordingly Chotie was again brought into requisition, and he turned his face to the west, bidding me an affectionate farewell and promising to return by the full of the moon, which was just visible in its crescent shape in the west.

The time of his absence hung heavily upon my hands. I was in the midst of a most profound and impressive solitude. I did not know but that I was the only human being in this vast and extensive territory. We had seen no one else since we arrived. I longed for the full of the moon, and watched its every phase. About the time it was to occur I took my bow and arrow, having by this time become expert in its use, and followed its trail to the west, hoping to meet my friend and father at the Enoree, the only crossing place. When I got to the river he was not there, and being tired and fatigued, I laid down on a beautiful tuft of grass under a spreading tree, near the ford of the river, and fell fast asleep. How long I slept I did not know, but I was awakened by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the falling of a heavy body almost directly upon me, and was startled to see a full grown American lion or panther, the terror of these woods. As soon as I saw the danger through which I had passed, I knew my deliverer could only be Canachugh, and I saw him approaching me trembling with emotion.

As he came he said: "There is danger when the pale face sleeps."

Of course I was overjoyed to see him.

In a rapid way he narrated to me
the news which he had gathered. 

War was then raging between the whites and the Cherokees, and the latter had been driven far towards the west.

We then turned up the stream, gathering as we went the luscious fruit hanging from the luxuriant vines. Canachugh stopped and murmured, Enoree! Enoree! in the tenderest and most plaintive tones. "The vines which you see," said he, "now hanging with brawn and purple fruit, was once the delight of my life. Many years ago I had a lodge upon this beautiful stream. My wife, who was then alive, and my little daughter, whom I named Enoree, the muscadine, were living with me. My wife sickened and died; I moved with my little Enoree back upon the hills, where my lodge now is. She grew up to be as agile and as graceful as the fawn, and as luscious and as sweet as the full ripe muscadine. My happiness was again restored. I had found a secret for health in the medicine spring which had restored it to you. Shortly after I had found the spring I accidentally discovered that by boiling down the water a deposit was left. It was a white powder. I tasted it, and it tasted like the water. I tried it and it acted like a charm. I had found the life of the water. With my tribe I became a great medicine man. In all cases of sickness among my people the medicine of Canachugh was a specific."

"But," he said, "I will take you to my old lodge near by and will relate to you that portion of my history which I have never referred, even to you."

Leading me along the banks of the stream, we soon came to a gentle eminence, which bore marks of an ancient lodge now entirely gone. At the foot of the hill there burst out from the rocks a bold and pleasant spring, and we made preparations for the night. After we had taken

left the lodge for the frontier, and I was only waiting for the Great Spirit to take me away. But I was still restless, and yearned to see my home again, and when I arrived at the place Enoree, my lost child, was quietly watching for me. I was overpowered and fell upon her neck. The Great Spirit had guided me. She was encased and pale, and trembled with emotion, and was well nigh overcome, and for a long time hovered between life and death, but the Great Spirit restored her, and I was happy again. I did not ask her, nor did she allude to her absence, I was too happy she had returned. But my happiness did not last long. When four moons had come and gone, and when the leaves were falling like the mist of the early morning she melted away again and I could not tell where she had gone until I discovered in the lodge this beautiful amulet, which I have ever since worn next to my heart. No eyes but mine have ever seen it since it was found, but I will shew to the pale face brother the frozen life of his lost sister," at the same time holding out to me the pouch and which he had so constantly worn. I took it from his hand and opened it, it was a beautiful piece of white coral, and in its whiteness and purity it looked, indeed, like the congealed breath of innocence. Handing it back to him to replace it upon its resting place he resumed his narrative.

"I found it," said he, "in the middle of the lodge, upon it was an arrow head of the Muskogee! wolf! coward! robber! and a full ripe muscadine. I read the history as clearly as the white man can the letters upon his paper. Enoree had gone to the Muskogees, wolves, cowards, robbers. She had deserted her country and her tribe. My child was forever lost to me. I searched for her no more. I kept this trinket about me as the life of my daughter, and which I want buried with me, but I cast as far as I could send it, the arrow of the Muskogee, wolf, coward, robber, and my heart was barren until I found my pale face son."

Canachugh then relapsed into his accustomed reverie. Not wishing to disturb him, I stole away and wrapping my robe around me surrendered myself to sleep. In the morning I was aroused by him. He looked as if though he had not closed his eyes, but he said:

"Let Canachugh show his pale face son the grave of his mother."

He then lead me to a mound of stones near by, and after we had with conjugal and filial reverence, placed upon it some additional stones, we silently left, to make preparation for continuing our journey.

When we reached the lodge, we found that I had not been provident in securing game as Canachugh had been in the custom of doing, and earley the next morning he went down to the spring where the deer were in the habit of resorting, to slake their thirst, and where many an antlered buck had fallen at his hands. He soon met with an opportunity. A magnificent monarch stealthily approached the spring. I heard the sharp crack of the rifle and going to the place saw in the distance a struggle between the Indian and the deer. He was only wounded, but Canachugh had left his hunting knife, and could only worry without dispatching the buck. It was a terrific struggle. When at bay, the buck is no mean antagonist, and it called into play all the strength and agility of the Indian. At length I came to his assistance and we dispatched him, and Canachugh placed him upon his shoulders and carried him to the lodge. As he threw him down upon the ground I saw that the beautiful amulet which he had so constantly worn and of which he had given me the
history was gone. I said to him: "My father has lost his amulet," pointing to the place where it had hung. He placed his hands upon his breast to satisfy himself that it was gone, and immediately started to the theatre of the struggle with the deer, but failed to find it. The deer demanding our attention, we returned to the lodge, and after dressing it and placing its hams over a fire to dry, we again resumed our search for the lost treasure, but the leaves were rapidly falling, and every moment lessened the chances of its recovery. As night approached we returned again to the lodge.

In the morning Canachugh waked me up from my sleep and said: "Canachugh has had a vision.

"He thought he was at the door of his lodge, looking off towards the Muskogee country. Everything looked as black as night. Gradually a ray of light appeared in the direction in which he was looking. It became brighter and brighter, while on each side the darkness appeared the more profound. Far down in this vista he could see the trees and the hill tops gradually becoming more distinct, but as they became plain they seemed to melt away as others far in advance came into view to melt away in their turn until he could see far away in the distance the edge of the sea. He looked with wandering and admiring gaze on this strange vision, and it seemed as if he could even hear the roar of the ocean.

While he was looking he saw a woman standing upon the edge of the sea looking far away into its bosom. She then turned suddenly around, facing the vista through which he was looking, and he recognized the form and features of his lost Enoree. The recognition was mutual, and holding up in one of her hands the lost coral, with the other she beckoned him to her, and in his struggle to go he was awakened and found himself standing upright in the middle of the lodge, with a bright light glowing from the rekindling of the smouldering fire. The vision had fled, but he could sleep no more."

"We must go to the edge of the sea, and we will meet our Enoree."

His impressions were so strong, and being myself nothing averse to mingling again in civilized life, I threw no obstacle in his way. Packing up the 'hutie again, we commenced our march, and in due time without accident apart from the new and wonderful country through which we passed, we reached the town of Charlestown. There I found dispatches awaiting me which informed me that my father and brother were both dead, and that my affairs demanded attention, answers to which had been returned that I was supposed to be dead or in the hands of the savages. No time, therefore, was to be lost, and while I was considering what I should do, Canachugh burst into my apartment leading by the hand a most beautiful Indian woman, and she, a little Indian boy, apparently about three or four years of age, and behind them all was a noble looking Muskogee, her husband.

The thought flashed into my mind that they should go with me to England. I broke it to Canachugh, and after some conference with his newly found family, it was agreed to, and a short time we all, with little boats, were on the bosom of the ocean on our way to the old world.

During the voyage I learned from the Indians that Osceola, her husband, had captured her in one of his marauding expeditions among the Cherokees and being so profoundly impressed with her beauty and loveliness, resolved if possible to make her his wife. Escaping all danger of recapture he carried her to his tribe and his home on the coast of Florida. He had to contend against prejudice of tribe, and hereditary enmity, but the same old story of the one wooing and the other repelling occurred between them. It was over again the case of Hunchback and his cousin Annie, abhorrence, tolerance and love, a sequence not uncommon or unnatural.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, As to be hated, needs but to be seen, Yet seen too oft, we become familiar with her face. We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This was the consumation. But after a time Enoree sickened and pined to see her home, and drink from the spring of her childhood. Osceola accompanied her as far as he dared, and making promises to meet at the high shoals on the Enoree at the full moon, when the leaves were falling, he left her to find her way to her native lodge. The subsequent events Canachugh has detailed.

And now I have but little else to tell. We reached England after a charming voyage. I built a lodge for my Indians in the deep recesses of a beautiful park on my estate, as their mode of life required. In the course of time both Enoree and Osceola died, leaving Canachugh and his grand-son Osceola all alone. As time passed the Great Spirit summoned the medicine man, and when he saw that his end was nigh, he called Osceola to his bedside, and waving all others from the lodge, he was alone with him for a long time, and when he left him his great spirit had departed. What occurred between the two no one ever knew, but from the restless desire of Osceola to return to the new world I supposed this was the subject of their conference. Failing to prevail upon Osceola to remain in England and adopt the habits of civilization, I filed him with arms and other necessities of Indian life, and presenting him with Chottie, sent them to Charlestown. When the vessel returned, my correspondent informed me that in a few hours after Osceola reached the city he dropped the habiliments of civilized life and was on his way with a party of Muskogees to their nation, and I heard from him no more. 

LANCASTER.

In the year 1837, the present improvements at Glenn Springs were commenced, and in the next year this celebrated watering place was thrown open to the public, and hundreds and hundreds have availed themselves of its healing waters, thus fulfilling the predictions of Canachugh, the medicine man of the preceding narrative.

During the time of the busy hum of preparation at Glenn Springs, a frightful Indian war was raging in Florida. A brave and gallant Indian Chief had defied all the efforts of the government of the United States to remove his little band beyond the Mississippi. He resolved not to leave the graves of his fathers. After all efforts had been exhausted the officer in command sent to the chief a flag of truce to summon him to a conference. He met the United States by its officers in council, under a flag of truce, and while under its folds he was most treacherously captured and sent to Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor, and there confined. His proud spirit chafed at this treachery and confinement, and it wore his life away.

Near a sally port in the rear of the fort is a simple marble slab enclosed with a neat iron railing, bearing the following inscription, which the readers of this narrative will recognize as a tribute to Osceola, the great-grand-son of Canachugh, the great medicine man of the Cherokees. He is the patriot warrior whose remains are thus marked:

OSCEOLA:

Patriot and Warrior,

Died at Fort Moultrie

January 30th, 1838.

(The end.)
THE HIGH APPRECIATION OF NATURAL MINERAL WATERS
—BY THE—
MEDICAL PROFESSION.

To show the high appreciation of mineral waters by the medical profession, we copy from the Congressional Record an extract from a petition for the free transportation of natural mineral waters, signed by Dr. Gross, Dr. Toner, Dr. Bowditch, and 920 other physicians of the country.

"During the last few years the attention of the medical profession in general has been directed to the examination of natural mineral waters, and it has been universally recognized that they are extremely valuable and in many cases necessary as medicinal agents.

"For it is well known that artificial mineral waters do not answer the same purpose as the natural mineral waters. In support of this view we could bring many authorities, but we think it sufficient to quote Sir Henry Thompson, one of the leading medical men of England, who, in one of his lectures, says:

"You will therefore readily understand how essential to our end it is to employ the natural mineral waters. Since what are called 'artificial waters,' however admirably prepared, are simply pharmaceutical products, and are destitute of the very quality which distinguishes the remedies they are designed to imitate."

HISTORY
—OF—
GLENN SPRINGS FROM ITS DISCOVERY;
With Personal Sketches of its Habitues.

BY MRS. T. SUMTER MEANS.

"The cygnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin in the blood,—his spirit-insight dulled
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
He feels it quicken in the dark sometimes;
Then mark, be reverent, be obedient,—
For such dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the Hereafter."

It is an idea of some French writer that the constitution of Mineral Waters is analogous to that of the serum of the blood. Such a speculation is authorized, if not sustained by watching the reviving effects of mineral waters on the human system. To draw a strict line of demarcation between ordinary and mineral waters is scarcely possible. The excess of mineral constituents or temperature are often so undefined, that it is only by the therapeutic action, they can at all be classified.

The water of Glenn Springs is as pronounced in its effects on the body as that of any Spa in the United States, and the appropriate sphere of this water in the treatment of chronic diseases, and its tonic properties in nervous prostration, &c., are thoroughly recognized by the Medical men of South Carolina, and the adjoining States. Its local reputation has long been established, and, despite the fact of its lying far in the interior of the State and off of the direct line of railroads, it is every year increasing in popularity and patronage. The late Dr. John Darby, in a private letter written whilst he was Professor in the University of New York, said: "I use it frequently in my private practice here, by sending special orders for it. If it were on draught or in bottles in the city, as other mineral waters are, I would introduce it to general notice. In certain disorders it is invaluable."

Its therapeutic action in cases of dyspepsia, diabetes, gravel, inflammation of the bladder, dropsy, jaundice, anaemia after fevers, from enlargement of the spleen, etc., chronic diarrhoea, diseases of the skin, nervous affections and a whole category of female complaints, is markedly beneficial; in many instances sufferers having been, through the use of the water, restored to perfect health.

The climate is good, the country undulating, and the county town of Spartanburg only twelve miles distant; the State Asylum for Mutes and Blind; the pretty gorge of Golightly Falls, are all pleasant drives to relieve the visitor from monotony.
Those persons who are in the advanced stages of phthisic find the water fatal; it accelerates the course of the disease by acting specifically on the bowels, the patient becomes rapidly exhausted. Whenever a confirmed consumptive chance visits Glenn's Spring the proprietors advise them not to taste the water.

It has been an interesting task to trace the history of this spring back to its discovery. The first settlers of this portion of the backwoods of South Carolina found the spot a quagmire, and known to the Indians as a "deerlick." It was soon noticeable to them, too, that the cows loved to browse around it, and lap the water that settled here and there amid the black mud in little pools. From the peculiar smell pervading the mud, it came to be designated as the "Sulphur Swamp." This section then belonged to North Carolina, and was in Mecklenburg county. For many years after the State lines were established it was known as the "New Acquisition." We find it constantly so called in the Documentary History of the Revolution. Later on it took the name of Ninety-Six District, but finally the quagmire fell into the lower edge of a county laid off and named Spartanburg.

The curative qualities of the spot were revealed by a commonplace accident. During the Revolutionary war, from the unavoidable filth of camp life, scabbes, or as it is vulgarly termed, "the itch," was the plague of the rank and file of the American army. After the war, the irritating disease "stuck closer than a brother," and returning soldiers infected their families. A man living in the neighborhood of the "Sulphur Swamp," with a round dozen "quivers in his bow," had every one broken out with scabes. One day the cows did not come at milking time, one of the boys of this family going out to look them up, found them in the quagmire. In getting them out, he fell in, and came home covered up to the neck with the black ill-smelling mud. It was a lucky "souse," for in a few days he found himself entirely well of the hateful "itch." The father must have been a man who thought, for he took the cue, marched the whole family up to the swamp for a mud bath, and the result was they were all healed. True, some of them, had to dip more than once, but finally all were cured. Of course such good luck was told from one to another, and the place was resorted to by the country folks for miles around, and used for mud baths, by those affected with skin diseases.

A long dry spell of weather in 1800, or thereabouts, dried up the "Sulphur Swamp," and revealed at its edge a clear, running spring. From the peculiar smell pervading the mud, it came to be designated as the "Sulphur Swamp." It was soon noticeable to them, too, that the cows loved to browse around it, and lap the water that settled here and there amid the black mud in little pools. From the peculiar smell pervading the mud, it came to be designated as the "Sulphur Swamp." This section then belonged to North Carolina, and was in Mecklenburg county. For many years after the State lines were established it was known as the "New Acquisition." We find it constantly so called in the Documentary History of the Revolution. Later on it took the name of Ninety-Six District, but finally the quagmire fell into the lower edge of a county laid off and named Spartanburg.

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A long dry spell of weather in 1800, or thereabouts, dried up the "Sulphur Swamp," and revealed at its edge a clear, running spring. Many free stone fountains were dried up at their sources, and a family living near the spring were glad to use the water. It had a queer taste, and curdled when soap was put in it, yet they felt assured that it was good to drink, and soon grew to like the peculiar flavor belonging to it. Other water, after drinking from the new spring, seemed to lack seasoning. It came to pass, therefore, even after the drought was broken, and other springs were convenient, the family would often prefer the water of this spring. A drooping old kinsman visited them, and it was suggested that the queer tasting water might help him. Its action on kidneys and skin was unmistakable, and in a few weeks he was convinced that the use of the water had benefited him. He continued to drink it, until he was restored to health.

From this, the first cure made by Glenn Springs Water, until now, each year individual cases, have shown conclusively the recuperative properties belonging to it. And many sufferers gratefully acknowledge the benefits received from its use.

The tract of land, then comprising a thousand acres, on which the spring is situated, was sold early in this century for three hundred dollars. An old Baptist preacher, Mr. Johnson, was considered, in getting that price, to have made a fine sale. Somewhere between 1815-20 a Mr. James P. Means built a two-storied frame house on a hill near the mineral spring. Strange to say, part of this house is still in use. The water was sufficiently known as a curative agency to create a demand for a boarding house in the neighborhood, and he had at all times under his roof some visitors using the water for their health's sake. Mr. Means sold the place in 1825-26 to Mr. John B. Glenn. The tract of land belonging to the spring was now reduced to less than five hundred acres, for which he paid eight hundred dollars. Up to this time it had been called "the Powder Spring," the odor of the water, from the presence of sulphured hydrogen, being similar to that of water which had been used to wash out a gun. Now, that its use had grown into popular favor, Mr. Glenn enlarged his house, and opened a regular inn for the travelling public. He was a man much beloved by all who knew him, and finally the mineral spring took his name, and has ever since been definitely known as Glenn's Spring.

The capacity of his hotel did not at all meet the demands of the public, and Mr. Glenn built a number of log cabins on the hillside, leading to the spring, to rent to families. Gentlemen, from the adjoining districts, by permission, built cabins for their own use, and Glenn's Spring came to be the summer resort of many prominent up-country families.

Let us make a seeming digression, to say something of these people who first brought Glenn's Spring into general and permanent popularity: For many years the stamp of their individuality was recognizable on the company who congregated there. Among these early habitues of Glenn's Spring were the Sims and Sheltons, representative fox-hunting squires, such as Fielding painted. Farnandis and Norris, sparkling wits, even if it was scimitar edged at times, its very brilliancy restored good humor; Dr. Maurice A. Moore; a Sir Roger de Coverly, who clung to the ruffle-shirt and courtly bows of an old Congress; Williams of Laurens; Rice of Union; the Smiths and Bobos of Spartanburg; Irvine of Greenville; Moorman, Pierson and Mc Lmore of Newberry, are the names of the first drinkers of the "medicine waters."—Shadows flitting across the face of the camera, so ghost-like, we cannot print their pictures here. Enough to say: they were men and women of the old South.

It was in the summer of 1835, that fifteen gentlemen, then at Glenn Springs, conceived the idea of forming a stock company to buy the property of Mr. Glenn, and to build a fine hotel.

It was during also this year that Dr. McMahon, of Union County, quite a young man, fell ill of health. His father was a man of wealth, and the son at once consulted the best physicians in the State. Finding himself growing steadily worse, he went to New York and Philadelphia, and had the opinion of the most eminent medical men in the United States. All gave the same diagnosis. His heart was incurably diseased, and they advised him to return home and accept the inevitable. His father, to soothe the declining days of the young man, put servant, horses, and carriage at his command. The invalid went to Limestone Spring, then
a popular summer resort. Whilst there, some one advised him to go to Glenn Spring, and try the mineral water for his case. The drowning man catches at a straw; he went immediately to Glenn Springs, and began to drink the water. In ten days he felt that he was more comfortable than he had been in months. At the end of a month he could walk several hundred yards. He went home to let his father see his improvement, but returned in a short while, and remained, steadily drinking the water for five months. At the end of this time he felt himself perfectly restored to health; he entered on the active life of a country doctor, and continued in this career until an advanced age, without any return of the disease that had so seriously menaced him with an early death.

It was this notable cure, which formulated the idea of a stock company into a reality. The charter was obtained in 1836 under the name of "The Glenn's Spring Company." Dr. Maurice A. Moore, President. They gave Mr. Glenn fifteen thousand dollars for the property, and at once got a plan for a hotel. The specifications called for the best heart pine, post oak and poplar materials.

"You have heard of the wonderful one-hoss Shay, That was built in such a logical way It ran a hundred years to the day.

It was on its plan that the Glenn's Spring Hotel was built.

"The strongest oak, That couldn't be split, nor bent nor broke. The floor was just as strong as the sills, And the panels just as strong as the floor."

The main body of the house was to be sixty feet square, three stories and a half high, ceilings twelve and ten feet in height. Three wings, two stories in height, fifty feet in length. Dining-room, drawing-room and ball-room, fifty feet each. Mr. Murray, a notable landscape gardener, was employed to lay out the grounds and set out forest trees. The old trees were now growing in the campus, shading the cottages and walks, were planted under his supervision. Handsome furniture was ordered from New York for parlor, dining-room and card rooms. A fine meat and pastry cook was secured, and a string band employed. The company determined that all the auspices of the establishment should be in fine style. July, 1838 the new hotel was opened. The public showed its appreciation by giving a liberal patronage. Travelling was then done on the dirt roads; private vehicles and public stages constantly rolled up to the hotel. However, was too short, and the expenditures had been too lavish for pecuniary success, and after about five brilliant social seasons at the Spa, the company found themselves well in solvent, and the property was sold by Mr. Murph and his nephew, Mr. John C. Zimmerman. The latter gentleman was for years the popular and successful proprietor of Glenn's Spring. He sold it in 1858; since then it has changed hands several times, until it was bought by the present owners. These gentlemen have shown no small amount of energy and ability in the management of the place, and, since Glenn's Spring has fallen into their hands, have done much to restore it to its old standard as a popular and pleasant summer resort. Belonging themselves to an old and influential family, first-rate people are naturally attracted to a health resort over which they preside. Their gentlemanly demeanor and honorable dealings compel the respect of all who sojourn under their roof. In hurrying over the outlines of the history of our Spa, we have omitted individual sketches, without which the story of the old watering place would be incomplete.

There were from the opening season of 1838 up to the war in 1860, many men, frequenters of Glenn's Spring, who made the history of South Carolina. In ante bellum days the constitution of the State did not allow its Chief Executive during his term of office to leave the State, and the Governor was glad to fix for several weeks each summer, and often for the whole season, his headquarters at Glenn's Spring. Judges, U. S. Senators and Representatives, congregated there, and some important decisions of the Supreme Court were written out in its precincts, and more than one State paper of importance drafted in the shadow of its walls.

Slowly walking up and down the campus, in the times of which we speak, summer after summer, was to be seen the tall, wasted form of Chancellor Harper, the beautiful integrity of whose private life adorned the office which he filled. Every one recognized Judge Harper as a truly great man. His legal opinions were quoted in English and European courts; and it was his strong intellect that coined from the inalienable sovereignty of the States, the doctrine of, the right of secession. Calhoun grasped the idea, and became the earnest apostle of the new political creed, thereby forging all hope of national honors.

Col. William C. Preston, the silver-tongued orator, was a brother-in-law of Harper's, and always a strong Union man. After leaving the U. S. Senate he was made President of the South Carolina College. He always spent a part of his summers at Glenn's Spring. He used to say, that in spite of his partiality for his native Virginia, he was forced to admit that no waters of the Old Dominion built up his broken down nerve force as surely as the water of Glenn's Spring.

Judges Butler, Huger, Cheves, DeSaussure, the Johnsons, both Chancellor and Judge, Elmore, Seabrook, Hayne, Laborde, Barnwell, Pickens, O'Neale, men of all shades of thought and profession, came to drink and be healed. "Ah! gentlemen!" said Col. Preston. "Think you not Ponce de Leon made a mistake in his bearings; had he come up higher he might have found here the waters for which he searched?"

It was in 1847 that the survivors of the Palmetto Regiment, heroes of Monterey and Resaca de la Palma, came to recruit from wounds and the effects of the hardships of the Mexican War. Giadden, Eves, Cary Styles, Brooks and others, carried off the honors, petted and admired by all; any civilian was thrown over mercilessly to give a dance to one of the Mexican Volunteers.

Col. Brooks used to tell a good thing on himself. It occurred that summer. We all know that invalids claim a sort of heroism from their weakness, and the common run of sick men, give them half a chance, will tell the minutiae of their case to any listener. Col. Brooks said that he rode up to the Spring one day, a young man who stood by, sprang forward, assisted him out of his carriage, helped him into the pavilion, handed him water, and kindly remarked, "You seem very feeble, sir!" So much interest from a stranger opened the flood-gates, and Col. Brooks incontinentely entered on the history of his case. For a while a respectful, sympathetic interest was lent, but the recital grew exhaustive. "it, sir! you are used up generally!" interjected the gentle stranger.
The diagnosis was a true one; Col. Brooks bought a summer place near the Glenn's Spring, and his fragile form for years pointed the tale, when he told it.

No story is complete without a woman, and the annals of Glenn Springs have two, Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Famandis; any sketch of the place would be very faulty were they not introduced. Mrs. Bacon was the widow of Judge Longstreet's famous delineation Ned Brace. In 1840 she was brought on a bed to Glenn Springs. Her stomach was intolerant of all food, to such a degree was she reduced, that she was fearfully weak and emaciated. At first, a teaspoonful of water was as much as she could retain. For days a larger dose would nauseate her intensely, but by the end of a month, she could quaff off, what she chose. For the rest of her life, thirty years, (she lived to be ninety) she kept well; she came, however, every summer for a month to Glenn Springs, drinking the water, she said, to insure herself against a land marks of Glenn's Spring. The first summer the hotel was opened she was there the whole season, and came unfailingly every year after ward until the opening of our civil war. Soon after her marriage, whilst still a young, pretty woman, she had a fall, from which she received internal injuries which never healed. Glenn's Spring water, whilst it could not cure, made her very much more comfortable. Warm hearted and generous-natured, entering into the joys and sorrows of all around, uniting in kindness, cheerful in affliction, she was for years a central figure at the watering place.

No one of the therapeutic effects of the water is more valuable than the tonic properties, that enable the steady drinker of alcoholic liquors to give up his accustomed stimulant without letting down his nervous system. Men whose condition, when away from the effects of the water, seems to demand the moderate use of stimulants, can, while drinking the Glenn's Spring water, not feel at all the need of their toddy. It is said that the economy of the universe supplies for every curse a blessing; for every poison an antidote. It is certain that any man who desires to quit the habitual use of stimulants may do so by spending a summer at Glenn's Spring, and drinking freely of the mineral water.

There is quite a little village around the spring. Soon after the hotel was built in 1838, some of the stockholders built summer houses. A store and post-office were opened, some persons who liked the climate for summer, concluded to become permanent residents. A male academy was opened, and year after year there have been new and then additions. In 1850 an Episcopal church was built, and it is a great pleasure to Church folks to find a pretty little consecrated house of prayer, with semi-monthly services, in which they may refresh their souls by the way.

Within the last few years the Presbyterians, too, have built a neat house of worship, which is regularly supplied with preaching. In the old days, before these places of prayer were built, visiting clergymen often preached in the hotel parlor; it was there that Dr. Thornwell, when quite a young man, preached for the first time his celebrated sermon on "The Judgment," knocking the candle out of the candle-stick in one of his fervid gestures.

A good string band discoursed music every evening for the accommodation of the dancers. Youth and beauty chased time with flying feet. Beneath the shadow of the oaks, hearts were lost and won, and the silvery moon inspired poetic effusions now and then. Here are some verses written the summer of 1859 by a boy poet:

"THE NIGHT WHEN FIRST WE MET."

"O, wilt thou, when thou'rt far away,
At thine own peaceful, beauteous home,
When thou art happy, bright and gay,
Think of the lonely post-boy.
Who never, never will forget
That brightest hour of greatest joy—
The night when first we met."

"Mary" was a beautiful blonde, the rhymers, William M. Martin, the first martyr of the Confederate war. He died from illness incurred in camp life, the first Southern soldier who lost his life. He and "Mary" belong to the land of shadows.

The season of 1860 was the most brilliant that Glenn's Spring ever knew. There was at one time that summer, tabernacles in hotel cottages and private houses, a thousand visitors. Driving, games and dancing gave pastime to pleasure seekers, as freely as the spring ran water for the invalids. Little recked the young and gay how many would fall in battle; how soon sorrow and suspense was to throw a pall over the bright panorama.

Since the war, in spite of the fact that Glenn's Spring is not on a rail road, and has only a country market to rely upon, the old resort has still a good patronage.

A new feature of the place is the "Bottling House." This is established at the spring. The demand for the water is steadily increasing, and it is shipped in cases of one and two dozen quart bottles, east and west. The water is also kept on draught in many of the principal Southern cities.

One word in conclusion, to those who drink Glenn's Spring water: "Be temperate in all things," may apply even to water drinking. Take one or two tumblersfull before breakfast, not more. After breakfast, if you are able, go to the spring, sit in the pavilion, and drink as much as you conveniently can. During the afternoon and night drink moderately of the water. At the end of three weeks for a few days, drink less, then resume full rations. This advice is based on the observation of years, by a medical man of the first order of talent; and it is confirmed by two practitioners of Spartanburg, who have been familiar with the effects of the water from boyhood, and have for years watched its therapeutic action from a scientific standpoint.

Notes of the Proprietors. — This gentleman, Dr. Maurice A. Moore, was for nearly forty years a resident of Glenn's Spring, and was the individual who inaugurated the stock company and was its President. For years, after all his business interest in the property was given up, he retained a lively social intercourse with the visitors—encouraging falling hearts to keep up, and persuading them in drinking the water. His fund of anecdotes cheering their depressed spirits, and his unflagging sympathy securing the confidence of the sufferers, his graphic accounts of a similar case to each patient, only perhaps in worse condition, who finally recovered, was for years a cheering influence to the visitors at Glenn's Spring. He was a gentleman of independent fortune, of fine order of talents, handsome personal appearance, elegant manners and gentle wit. For many years he was the ornament of Glenn's Spring, and constantly send patients to drink its water.

Mrs. T. Hunter Means and J. Nott Moore, now of Spartanburg, are originally from the vicinity of Glenn's Spring, and constantly send patients to drink its water.
FAVORITE CLIPPINGS.

LETTER FROM THE NEWS AND COURIER.

By its Regular Correspondent.

GLENN SPRINGS, July 10th, 1883.—For more than half a century numberless annual pilgrimages have been made to this Mecca of health and pleasure, and hundreds who have come here enfeebled by disease and wearied with the cares and duties of life have, after drinking for a few days the health giving waters, to be found here only, returned home with elastic limbs, strengthened bodies and sparkling eyes, betokening their return to life and its enjoyments. Already during the present season the register contains the names of scores who have come for health or recreation, and the number is daily increasing. Just now there are here representatives of three States and of thirteen counties in this State, among them Charleston, Georgetown, Darlington and Colleton.

The appetite is tempted by a tempting bill of fare at the table, and indulge their newly acquired wants. Abundant rains have just fallen and all animated nature seems to rejoice.

NORTH COTTAGE, GLENN SPRINGS.

Of course on rising in the morning the first thing in order is a visit to the spring, where an unlimited amount of water is drunk, and an hour or more is passed in pleasant conversation. Then all await breakfast with a comforting sense of duty done, and all, even including the confirmed dyspeptics, are ready to respond to the call of the bell, take their places at the table, and indulge their newly acquired appetites. A tempting bill of fare is offered and none are able to resist. The day is spent in strolling, reading, conversation, and playing ten-pins, cards, billiards, bagatelle, chess, croquet, &c. Pistol and rifle shooting, fancy work and swinging are also indulged in, and every one does just what he or she may feel like doing. In the evening dancing is in order, and quadrilles, waltzes, &c., follow each other in quick succession. There is also much instrumental and vocal music, which is greatly enjoyed.

The weather is delightful, and mountain breezes (the mountains themselves are in sight of the hotel) are our constant visitors. Abundant rains have just fallen and all animated nature seems to rejoice.

Since last summer a bottling establishment has been built near the spring, from which the water is shipped to all parts of the country. Bottles, ornamented with a monogram designed by one of the proprietors, are prepared specially for this purpose and are all hermetically sealed, so that the gasses of the water may not escape.

Nothing can be added to the many words already spoken as to the cure of the special diseases for which the water is a specific. A host of living witnesses voice its praises, and lives prolonged and constitutions restored speak loudly in its behalf. Physicians in all parts of the State have sent and are sending their patients here that they may find the health that medicine and treatment have failed to supply, and wretched dyspeptics and worn-out men of business have sought and found for themselves restored strength in these life-giving waters, and others continue to do so year by year.

J. H. B.

LETTER FROM W. H. GAINES.

Of the Augusta Chronicle.

GLENN'S SPRING, S. C., July 30, 1883.—This spring is certainly one among the finest on the continent for people troubled with dropsy or kidney affection and many other complaints, such as malarial poison, dyspepsia, liver troubles, etc., etc. People overworked in sedentary avocation or wretched dyspeptics and worn-out men of business have sought and found for themselves restored strength in these life-giving waters, and others continue to do so year by year.

Mr. Dozier, since 1873, has visited Glenn's Spring for years testify to the wonderful curative qualities of the water. I will take the liberty of giving the name of one gentleman, Hon. R. Dozier, of Georgetown, S. C., who came here on the 26th of June, 1883, in a very low state, being afflicted with dropsy so badly that he could not lie down. After using the water for two weeks the effusion began to pass off, and in one month he was able to lie in any position. Mr. Dozier, since 1883, has visited the spring regularly, and is here at present, and seems to be enjoying good health. There are a number of cases that have come under my observation since my arrival that have been cured by the use of this mineral water—some with dyspepsia, others with kidney and liver troubles, etc. All certify to having been cured by the use of this water. One gentleman says, after suffering for months from the effects of a scaled limb, and after drinking the water and applying the mineral mud to the limb for only one month, he was entirely cured. So this water and substance are beneficial as an external remedy also.

While speaking of the water and mud as an external medicine, I will relate an incident in the early history of this spring and before it was known as a mineral spring. During the Revolutionary war an irritable skin disease prevailed throughout the whole country. A family of twelve in number living near this place, Sulphur Swamp it was called then, were troubled with this skin affection. It was the custom to send some of the children out in the range evenings to drive up the cows, and as the cattle were mostly found near or in this swamp, the children would go there to look for them. On one occasion, while driving the cows out of this swamp, one of the children stepped in a mirey place, and before the others could get him out, sank up to his ears in the mud. In a few days it was discovered that the chap was entirely well of the skin trouble. The father, it is stated, seemed to take in at once the cause of his child's relief, and therefore applied the mud to the entire family, and the result was that they were all cured. When this remarkable cure was noise abroad, the people from all over this section came to try the mud for their skin troubles, and in like manner were cured. The above mentioned incident is about the first that was known of this water as containing medicinal or healing properties. A few years after this there was a severe drought in the land, and all streams dried up, but in the centre of this swamp there was a beautiful supply of water from a fountain. It was put in proper condition to supply the neighbors with water, and soon after this an old man who had been affected with dropsey drank of the water, began to improve, and was in a short time relieved of his trouble. My object in stating the above facts is to show that Glenn's Spring was not hunted up by scientific men, but was first discovered by parties absolutely ignorant of the medical propensities it contained, and that it was found by accident. So much for the discovery and first notice of the healing qualities of this truly great blessing to suffering humanity. One hundred years have rolled by and many changes have occurred, but the valuable properties of this natural blessing have never changed. The hotel here is a large one, situated on an elevated plateau, surrounded by lovely shade trees of various kinds, mainly oak, mulberry, locust and sycamore, and the enclosure is covered with green swar.
FAVORITE CLIPPINGS.

with the hotel there are a number of nice little cottages for the special use of visitors. At present there are near two hundred people using the water here. Besides, the water is being shipped in bottles to all parts of the country, and is sold by druggists. The object of the proprietors is to introduce this valuable natural medicine throughout the entire country, so that suffering humanity everywhere may be able to procure and drink this mineral water.

LETTER FROM COL. THOS. F. GRENEXER
TO COL. T. B. CREWS,
Of the Laurensville Herald.

Col. T. B. Crews,—Agreeably to the promise made you, after enjoying your hospitality a few nights ago, I now sit down to give you and your readers a brief account of my visit to Glenn Springs, a spot made famous by its health-restoring water.

Three years have come and gone since I last had the pleasure of abiding at this fountain of health, and it is gratifying to say that there are about one hundred and seventy-five persons here, besides myself, who have come variously for the recovery of both health, recreation from business and the ambition of telling to less favored mortals that I have enjoyed delightful twoweeks or a month at Glenn Springs, after a return home. It would be singular if this large and increasing crowd did not predominate with "God's best gift to man," lovely woman, and her younger sisters, the Misses of sweet sixteen and under.

THE SOCIETY IS CHARMING,
as it ever is, when composed of so many of the fairer sex. I am glad to see this growing interest and love for this health resort after its passage through a decade of years of neglect and indifference. I cannot but repeat the advice so often given, away back yonder in the past,—for this is my fifteenth season here, and I hope that it will not be the last—that every affected son or daughter of Adam, who can possibly get away, will do so by all means.

Newberry, in Newberry County, is at liberty to display their skill in the field of barley, and so hungry it is a hard thing to get a crop. The women should not stay away from this remarkable water; no matter what may be their disease, old or young, it is certain to cure by drinking freely of it. In my past long life I have visited the greater portion of the watering places in the United States, and Germany, but I have found none equal to Glenn's water for all diseases. This water has a powerful reputation from the fact that it is shipped very little all over the United States. The shipments have become great, amounting to from $10,000 to $15,000 per annum at $8 per case of 24 quart bottles. The water is shipped in winter equal to all other. By shipping in kegs or barrels it comes cheaper than by case.)

The proprietors have erected a good new house at the spring for bottling and putting up the water for shipment. The arrangements are complete and scientific, that none of the medical properties of the water can escape before leaving the springs. It is true this water is good when shipped, but nothing like it is when drank at the spring, where you can dip down deep and drink from one gallon to ten gallons a day of the cool water of life. When it is shipped, and you have to buy the water, very few drink enough. This water will not hurt, no matter how much you drink, the more the better. This water is shipped to every county in the State, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, New Orleans, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Florida, Washington, Virginia, and over the whole western bound of the States. (When I first landed here this season the number of visitors was not great, but for the last two weeks great numbers have come in, the guests amounting to about 250 of all sorts, old and young, and many distinguished gentlemen and ladies of this and other States. I will not attempt to name leading gentlemen of the State. I find all guests both gentlemen and ladies so perfect in their manners and deportment, I can't make any distinction. The old and young come here for the benefit of the water, but this water soon makes visitors to have life, and they must have amusements, cutting the fantastic, throwing nine pins, playing billiards, and all kinds of games of cards for amusement. Some games are very exciting and closely contested. Some contend the fastest on record, equal to Maud S. making it in one, nine and half seconds. The game of Percent is common. I wish for my friends in Newberry county to take a hand in the game. The young ladies and gentlemen dress well and make a fine appearance, excelling anything in the way of style in the ball room I ever saw, except at balls in Newberry.

This water is remarkable to give any person an appetite; man, woman or child will eat four times as much as at home. The proprietors give good fare, and plenty of it, and good servants; but the great trouble is four cooks, though experts, cannot prepare food fast enough. As soon as the bell rings the guests come to the table like swarms of black birds on a field of barley, and so hungry it is a hard matter for them to wait on the waters. These 250 water drinkers eat as much as 1,000 persons who have not access to the water.

K. P.

If the water has failed in its effects on the body of our veteran, it seems to have stirred up his imaginative powers wonderfully. He has become a great promoter of such things. Think of his drinking ten gallons per day, and eating four times as much as while at home.—Ed. H. & N.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE SOUTHERN
Musical Journal.

DEAR JOURNAL: Remembering my promise to write something for your jour-
NAI, I now proceed to fulfill it. I have spent two weeks at Glenn Springs, South Carolina. Aside from the benefit which is such a derived one from the spring water, the place itself is most attractive. Spacious dining halls, parlors, a billiard and ball room, and a ten-pin alley, add to the general comfort, convenience and amusement of the guests. All these and the beautiful walks upon which shadows of arching branches of giant trees fall like pictured lace-work; refreshing breezes from antique and sunny in the distance like a grey etching upon the clear blue sky, and kind attention from hosts, make Glenn Springs the place in which weary minds and tired bodies can find sweet rest.

EDITORIAL FROM THE INDUSTRIAL ISSUE OF THE SPARTANBURG HERALD, Nov., 1886.

It at first glance seems almost superfluous to undertake to say anything new of a summer resort, especially if that resort possesses merit backed by age and a line of more or less distinguished patronage. Ordinarily, under such circumstances, one might as well attempt to "paint the lily or adorn the rose." But the HERALD reporter, believing he might find something interesting in the likeness at Glenn Springs recently visited the justly famed resort. In the life-giving air of a pleasant October morning what a charming drive was composed in the twelve miles that separate Spartanburg from her suburban and health restoring resort. October tints were just beginning to tip the luxuriant foliage with promise of deeper and richer coloring; from summits of hills broad and inviting landscapes were at view upon either hand, here were fields of cotton, clad in fleecy white robes; there were sere and yellow patches of corn dimming against the sky, and as a background were the varied shades of green and gold which nature spreads upon her canvass at this season of the year.

As we drove along the highway we could not help thinking how fortunate it was that the main avenue of approach to Glenn Springs was via Spartanburg. More often or perhaps never than we think are we impressed by surroundings, and the impression received by the springs to the followers who make the pathway we did not attempt to complain that nature had spared us a lavish hand in creating scenic effects in these twelve miles.

The HERALD reporter did not visit the springs as an invalid, nor does he give voice to an invalid's rhapsodies in this article. He was instructed to acquaint himself somewhat with things as they are and as they have been—to tell the readers of to-day's issue of the patronage accorded the springs as a resort; in brief, to find out what we could.

Messrs. Simpson & Simpson, ascertain ing our errand and its nature, were desirous of accquiring us every facility for observa tion; why they could not have done this only briefly. Though the hotel was about to be closed, there were a few autumn guests, some twenty or more, and we talked with them.

ENTHUSIASTIC?

Why that is no term in which to voice their laudatory expressions.

"Do you derive benefit from the water?" we asked of a gentleman from Newberry, that vicinity, and he actually seemed to pity our ignorance. One of the water lads thought from the expression of his face that Glenn Springs water was what Ponce de Leon so long and so vainly sought for.

He evidently believed in its curative properties, and truth compels us to say that he goes back home in a few days a healthy, rugged man, whereas he had been a decided invalid.

But there is no use in citing illustrative cases. They exist from time out of mind. For a century or more these springs have been known; at first their reputation was purely local; by degrees this reputation extended to adjacent counties and States; marvelous cures are reported, and yet we dare say that not half the truth has been told. The "low country" people "swear by" Glenn Springs. They come here for health, rest, recreation. Some have come who never expected to leave other than as a corpse; others have been benefited to a greater or less degree, and again one and another speak of the benefits he or she derives they influence neighbors or friends, and, especially to Messrs. Simpson & Simpson. The pleasing result is to be found in the scores of hundreds of visitors this year from the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, and all the country south of here.

Of course they are pleased. At times the Springs Hotel would be overcrowded, had not accommodations, during the season now closed, as many as 300 guests, and the total number for the season is an indication of what an begins there will be hitherward next year. And why should there not be? Consider the altitude, the pure air, the social and health giving features of the spot. Don't wholly look upon it as a sanitarium, don't entirely revel in the springs, but occasionally reflect that there are halls and billiards; there are bowling alleys and beautiful promenades; there are beaux and belles; there are good things.

The writer, having enjoyed a most excellent dinner, is disposed, perhaps, to be a little extravagant, and, quoting from Tom Moore's Lallah Rookh, says:

"If there be an elysium upon earth, Is it this—is it this?"

Asking pardon for any flights of fancy in the foregoing, we come down to good plain talk to sensible people. Here, in as delightful a section of the country as exists anywhere, there is a health resort that since the war has been steadily growing in popular favor. When the Messrs. Simpson assumed charge of the springs, hotel and cottages five years ago, they found that an immense amount of work was necessary to be done before the place could be, even by a stretch of the imagination, considered attractive. They have worked with a will since then. The hotel, a mammoth frame structure, has been improved; the old time cottages have been rendered more attractive and new ones built. The double cottage erected this year is a model of its class, and before next season opens it will be supplemented by others. Walks and drives and the park in front of the hotel have been improved; sodding of a park of ten acres, covered with a beautiful grove of forest trees, is being carried out, and hillside, ravine and terrace will look vastly different next year from now.

The mineral properties of the springs will be increased. They are the same yesterday, to day and forever. More than a hundred years ago these properties were known; in the year of grace 1886 they are better and more widely known than ever before. The information relative to them is mainly disseminated in two ways:

1. By visitors to the springs.
2. By consumption of the waters abroad.

Within the past four years much has sprung up for Glenn Springs water, and in drug stores throughout the South we find it alongside the best known mineral waters of the world. Nor is its reputation wholly confined to the South. Philadelphia, Boston and other Northern cities are beginning to use it, and it is not unfair to presume that the day is not far distant when invalids from extremest North will join other invalids from extremest South and swear eternal fidelity to each other over "zvi glass" of Glenn Springs water.

Aside from its medical or curative effect the water is very palatable. It's astonishing, too, how the taste for it grows on one. One of the Messrs. Simpson told us there was a boy there this summer that drank fifty gallons a day. [Mr. Simpson says he said five gallons, but our note book shows fifty gallons, and so we stick to it. The story isn't any larger than the average boy's tank capacity, anyway.] "And what does this water cure?" does some one ask? Well, its easier to tell what it don't benefit or cure. Dyspepsia, derangement of the liver, general debility, dropsical effusions, consumption this, that, and the other. A thousand maladies, and a thousand other maladies, it is a specific for, and the Messrs. Simpson might refer to half the prominent people of South Carolina as to the curative properties of the water.

Just now the bottling and shipping of the water is at its height, and this department of the business has grown wonderfully. Recently a shipping agency or depot has been established at Spartanburg, and orders for any quantity sent there or to the springs will be promptly filled.

For further information we would refer inquirers to Messrs. Simpson & Simpson. They will gladly give detailed information, and the HERALD doesn't hesitate to state that their representations can be relied upon.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF THE FARMERS' INTERSTATE ENCAMPMENT.

There is no more pleasant place to visit from purely social standpoint, a place so well known as to need no description in detail. It is scarcely more than a suburb of the gay city of the Spartans, being only about twenty-five miles distant, and it will be thus enabled to get a glimpse of one of the garden spots of Spartanburg county. The road to the springs is rather attractive, and no better proof of the wealth of the Glenn Springs section of the county could be cited than the character of the farm houses that line the road. They are, without exception, far above the ordinary rural home, and their style is indicative of thrift, economy and happiness.

Glenn Springs is a little town of more than three hundred inhabitants. It has a daily mail and is connected with Spartanburg by telephone. A railroad is now in course of construction from Columbia, via Glenn Springs, to Spartanburg, and it is hoped will be completed in less than two summers. This little town takes its name...
from the famous mineral springs, whose waters are known throughout the South for their wonderful curative powers in all diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach and skin, for dyspepsia and all female complaints. The water is bottled in quart bottles and packed—two dozen bottles in a case—and is being shipped far and near. Many a sufferer and confirmed invalid has been restored to perfect health by the use of this water. In fact, in many instances invalids have been taken out of the very jaws of death and transformed into a state of perfect health and activity.

The knowledge of the sanative properties of the waters of Glenn Springs goes away back into the history of the county. There have been constant improvements going on in the way of securing comfort at the hotel, and even within the last three months, preparatory to the opening of the present season, the work of perfecting the details has been going on. The present proprietors, Messrs. Simpson & Simpson, are progressive men in every sense of the word, and are aware of the fact that Glenn Springs is one of the best, perhaps the chief resort in South Carolina, north of Columbia.

The hotel is embowered in a leafy grove of native oaks on one of the hundred and one hills in its immediate vicinity. In front of the spacious piazza is a well kept lawn extending eastward, and which is flanked on either side by a row of neat cottages.

Descending a large grove towards the north at a distance of about three hundred yards the famous spring is reached in a cool and shady ravine. Down this slope pretty walks wind about the hillsides and over ravines by rustic bridges.

The hotel proper is a large, cool and roomy building, with sixty sleeping apartments, a handsomely furnished parlor and a large dancing hall. The weekly hops are features of life at the Springs, and are given on every Friday night. The hotel furnishes a tempting table.

Glen Springs is a delightful place to go. There are offered there a cheerful home, telephone communication with Spartanburg, and all that Messrs. Simpson & Simpson can do, which is a great deal, to make a brief or protracted stay at the springs a pleasant recollection.

Glenn Springs Mineral Water

Is bottled in Quart Bottles and put up in cases of 2 dozen bottles. Is sold by

All Druggists

And Mineral Water Dealers.

Orders direct to the proprietors also promptly filled.

SUGGESTIONS TO PERSONS ORDERING GLENN SPRINGS MINERAL WATER.

1. We keep no vessels on hand except bottles. Persons wishing the water shipped in other vessels will please send their own vessels, directed to the proprietors and marked from whom shipped, and with the freight prepaid.

2. We will allow 25 cents per dozen for empty Glenn Springs water bottles returned, the freight on which must in all cases be prepaid to Spartanburg, and must be marked on the box from whom sent.

3. In ordering please state whether to be shipped by express or by freight.

4. Unless arrangements have been made to the contrary, persons must accompany their orders with the price of water.
GLENN SPRINGS MINERAL WATER,
SIMPSON & SIMPSON, PROPRIETORS.

GLENN SPRINGS MINERAL WATER
Is Bottled in Quart Bottles and put up in Cases
of 2 dozen bottles.
IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
AND MINERAL WATER DEALERS.
Orders direct to the Proprietors also Promptly Filled.

IT WILL CURE

Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint,
CHRONIC HEPTATITIS,
JAUNDICE, TORPOR OF LIVER,
And General Debility following upon Malarial Diseases.

Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
CONSTITUTION, HEMORRHoids, UTERINE,
Renal and Cystic Diseases,
Haematuria, Rheumatism, Catamenial Derangement and
OTHER FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.