

American

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

VOL. 35.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1849.

AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 62.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

It is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be readily adhered to:

For one year, in advance, \$2 00
For six months, in advance, \$1 00
No subscription taken for less than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.
Twenty-five percent additional on the price for those who will be required to fallow in advance.

POETICAL.

PENNSYLVANIA.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

A fair and lovely State is ours, with valleys broad and green,
Where, smiling in the summer ray, the cultured farmer
Cares, his spires and turrets proud, and rivers winding
By mountain, whose stormy summit rises to meet the arching sky.

When harvest suns are golden and high, upon a thousand fields,
The billowy swell of green grain, its bounteous tribute yields;
Upon a thousand hillsides fair, the lowing cattle graze,
And all the land rejoices, health Thyri's smiling rays.

Amid the damp coal-caves is heard the mine's din,
Where falls the light of day, and comes the steady stream;
Along the lonely mountain side and through the valley
The "iron steed" with tireless speed, goes thundering on his way.

Alas, for Pennsylvania! a curse is on her brow,
Down her hereditary sin, she looks her lot forlorn;
Obscuring all her former pride, a cloud is on her face,
A heavy burden bears she now, a weary load of shame.

What though the summer golden warmth shall bless the hills,
And droughtless harvest fields repay the labors of the tiller,
The bill must be paid, few farmers think upon the debt they bear,
And when their duties call, must see his footsteps there!

Oh! raise ye in your strength and pride, the freedom of our land,
No longer deem departing calm, or still inactive stand!
Show that the spirit yet is yours that made our fathers free,
For though your fortunes may be crushed, your honor must not be.

Then up and act from Chester's plains to Erie's ocean,
Where Beaver meets Ohio's war, or Delaware rolls in pride,
Mid Clinton's pine-clad hills, where flows the autumn rain,
Where Susquehanna lingers slow, Wyoming's classic vale.

Be not the boast of former days can well become us now,
We may not point to Penn's pure milk, or Franklin's laurel brow;
No more the King of the Arch, may Pennsylvania be,
'Till will our red-hot load of shame, be set will then be free.

Miscellaneous.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Thrust up the window! 'Tis a warm for me,
In its most sultry luxury, the air
Is like a breath from a fever's wound,
And the sun beats down upon my head,
Parting the hair as softly as my brow."

The delicious morning whiff is glowing around me,
and which has called the exquisite description of my grief and consolation, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days that are gone." I will remember how the sense of that morose exceeding loneliness burdened my heart with a sweet weight—and how, at last, blinding aside the dull book, I had at length, and with a glow of delight, my light sun banner, and bounded out of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had rendered prison-like. I then turned my steps towards a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl who had been introduced to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there had been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she had become the betrothed of "one of ours," a favorite cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, my friend, was also to my mind, gliding before me, in thy soft ethereal robes, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily like grace, tall and fragile.

"With all this glowing sun shining beams,
And all the air so warm and sweet,
With thine eyes of softest violet, and thy cheek of delicatest rose bloom."

"I must think of thee,
Oh gentlest of all gentle things,
A young girl creature with a soul of gold,
An eye of rapture, and a lip of bloom,
Singing sweetest music, and a heart of true,
Whispering by my side beneath the shade of June."

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most lovable character, an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affection, and fervent piety. He was a young student of Divinity—had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this noble, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared—"I was passing through"—our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossip about the matter for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village life flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. Mr. Gordon had called the night before, to bid us adieu, as he had to be absent many months, and I thought his betrothal needed a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work, as usual, and but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long brown eye lash, told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently enquired.

"In May—little less than one year."

"And then?"

"And then we are to be married—so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid, and, with the season of earnest, untiring, and prayerful toil, with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill of autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, who on my night visit to her father's, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—took cold, and she, who my reader anticipates the mournful consequences? Her mother and elder sister had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was upon her brow, and the very voice which she uttered in the anguish which shook her fragile frame. We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptive, knew it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she had been exposed to a severe cold, and that she was surprised by her changed appearance, when he should return in the spring. Not a word of the dread, last parting before the end of the grave, which might have exposed to the tolling for Christ's sake, that flower, is still a cherished memory of a sadly beautiful past and a touching remembrance of a noble and holy husband, and an undying claim, where ever breath the roses of love, in the bloom of immortality in the bosom of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know almost

to a day when that you tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say, another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it waves to the passing breeze—and at starlight trembles around it, and low, sweetly sleeps the cold dew-drops in its glowing heart!

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

At the appointed time, a large number of friends of the parties having previously assembled in the church, the priest, attired in rich vestments, and attended by a deacon, proceeded down the church from the altar to the door, where he received the candidates for matrimony. After he had delivered to each a lighted taper, and made the sign of the cross three times on their foreheads he conducted them to the upper nave. The bride was attended by young ladies in splendid dresses, and inense was scattered before them as they advanced. The priest, as he went, recited a prayer, in which the chorists assisted, and, at its conclusion, halted before a table, on which the rings were deposited; then, turning towards the altar, with the bride and bridegroom behind him, he repeated a short and very impressive prayer or invocation. This he then turned round to the couple and blessed them; and then, taking the bride's hand, he said: "that they stood married to each other." The declaration he repeated three times, the bride and bridegroom exchanging rings at each declaration. The rings were then again surrendered to the priest, who, after having crossed the foreheads of the young couple with them, placed them on the forefinger of the right hand of each. He then again turned towards the altar and read another impressive part of the service, in which allusion is made to all the passages of the Bible in which a ring is mentioned as the symbol of union, honor, and power.

William Gordon saw her firmness and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene.

"In close heart shutting up his pain," resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and sympathy, turned and went. Annie hurried back to her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well-known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me find you once more to my heart, before I go—it will go to my strength."

He then came knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbed like a child, as she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful to the death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their united spirits, as the foundation of the soul's great deep were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt Wm. Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last, raising his eyes heavenward, and those lips which were in whispering prayer—be it around his arms—and would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast! A smile of joy irradiated his face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up at him with a smile, and something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest bursts of grief—

"Are you not stronger, dear William?"

"Ah, I fear not my love."

"It is strange, for when I felt the strength of clinging from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lover than strength! I must never leave you, Annie."

"Never!"

"The ring of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guileless of ribbon or lace. I wished to twice in her hair a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's—but she gently put it from her.

"What, no ornaments?" I enquired.

"None," she replied; "but yes, if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely rose tree; which William planted when I first knew him—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom, glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wraists, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eyes, and the deepened luster of her cheek! When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was low weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her. She smiled sadly, and she whispered—

"You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church) proceeded, the face of the bride bore expressive alternately of earthly and heavenly love's softness and solemnity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew shadowy and dim. At last, she received the tender congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

"Like a rainbow clasping the sunset earth,
And meeting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now. Every morning she looked into her eyes, and the violet let her grow pale, and every soft smile which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinna. Her dearest father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—a stout holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured—

"Pray, once again, my beloved—it will plume my wings, and I will fly to meet thee. On the day of my hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And Wm. Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint like submission and a child like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed spirit. Suddenly he passed—her heart had ceased its beatings! His brow became convulsed and his eyes were wild and tremulous as he died. "She has left us; oh! our Father she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"Oh! sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose bud twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural graveyard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when Wm. Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be, a last adieu. He was going out on a mission to India. On the last day of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and return again. We both remarked a single rosebud, very like the one which were on her marriage day, and at that second bride, when she was wedded to the dust, and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I do not think that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he toiling for Christ's sake, that flower, is still a cherished memory of a sadly beautiful past and a touching remembrance of a noble and holy husband, and an undying claim, where ever breath the roses of love, in the bloom of immortality in the bosom of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know almost

Watering Places and other Summer Resorts in Pennsylvania.

As the summer months approach it may not be uninteresting to such of our citizens as leave home during the summer, to take a brief survey of the various watering places and other resorts in this State.

The Bedford Springs, in the county of Bedford, are 200 miles from Philadelphia, and may be reached by railroad to Chambersburg, and thence by stage to Bedford Springs, and thence by a day and a night. There is also another route by the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Ohio Railroad, with staging from Cumberland, Md. There are six springs. The waters are eminently medicinal. Some of the cures they have effected are astounding. Many of the most distinguished physicians recommended them for dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, chronic obstructions, &c. We can imagine no more beautiful spot than Bedford Springs. It is about a mile from the borough of the same name, and is situated in a gorge or narrow valley between two towering hills. Here the heats of summer are rarely felt, and rural life is enjoyed without measure. The hotel and adjacent buildings are kept in the very best order; all the conveniences of the season, and all the advantages of the most excellent table, are to be had here. Bedford, being a public institution. The baths are a great feature of the establishment. The evenings pass amid dancing and song. Numerous shady retreats invite the invalid to rest. The gay have their walks and all the amusements of fashionable life. Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, is enterprising and intelligent, and he prepared this season to open his house to a larger number than he has ever entertained. The season begins about the middle of the end of June.

The Yellow Springs, in Chester county, accessible by Philadelphia, either by the Reading or Columbia railroads, are situated in a healthy and picturesque spot, provided with baths, walks, two fine hotels and other accommodations for visitors. These Springs were discovered as early as 1722, and a rude shaft was erected in 1750, for the use of the sick. The medicinal qualities of the springs are highly prized. The hotel at the popular place of resort (2000 yards distance from the city) were built last season, and attracted crowds of Philadelphia society.

The York Springs, are situated about 21 miles from Harrisburg, among picturesque and varied scenery. The medicinal properties of the waters have been highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

TAYLOR'S PLEDGES EXAMINED.

The Position of a No-Party Man Defended.

The following letter, says the Washington Union, carries force with it, because its main statement is true: "General Taylor could never have been elected without the vote of the Taylor democrats, and he could never have obtained their votes without the pledges which he gave. We call the reader's attention particularly to the correspondence which passed between Mr. Lippard and General Taylor during the campaign. The General's letter to Mr. L. has been frequently published, but Mr. L.'s letter to the General is now for the first time given to the world. This letter sheds light upon the General's. It shows why the General wrote his letter, and how it is to be interpreted.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1849.

Will you pardon me if I make bold to say a few words to you in explanation of the reasons which induced me to support you for the office of President of the United States? These reasons, I have no good ground of idea of the motive which swayed hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens.

I am no politician. I never yet asked for an office, and certainly shall not ask you for one in speaking to you. I do not say this to any party or interest. I am backed by no clique, and no body of voters; I only speak to you as a citizen of the United States, having no influence beyond my vote, and the truth which I utter.

In the year 1847, while a member of the Democratic Association of the County of Philadelphia, I began the first of a series of four works upon the history of Mexico. That first book of the series was intended to comprise a history of your campaigns in Mexico. While writing the work, I became vitally interested with the franchise, the iron common sense, the unwavering sincerity of your character. Sick of the warfare of parties, I looked to you as the man who had been called by Providence to put an end to mercenary bickerings of the warfare, by assuming the position of Washington—not with parties, but in the hearts of the people.

And this idea of your character, embodied in the work to which reference is made, was diffused by its passage among a class of voters entirely distinct and separate from the whig party; a class of voters who, imbued with the progressive spirit of Christianity, are opposed to the principles of the whig party, as embodied in the history of the whig corporation of Philadelphia, and who are in favor of judicial and national reform—who advocate the freedom of the whig domain, and the right of labor to the harvest of its soil. This idea induced me to desert my party associations, break party lines, and advocate Zachary Taylor as the candidate of the people.

In the month of April, 1848, your chances for the Presidency were vague and uncertain. Whig politicians in Philadelphia—at least the most prominent of them—all fairly laughed at the mention of your name in connection with that high office. When the Baltimore convention assembled, it was the earnest hope of thousands of the Democratic masses that you were receiving the nomination at the hands of the whig representatives of the Democratic party. This hope proved fruitless. But at the Whig Convention, assembled in Philadelphia in June, 1848, party lines were finally broken; the very spirit and force of the whig party were crushed. Henry Clay, beheld in the name of the Whig party, failed to receive the vote, and Zachary Taylor, nominated "in the name of the people," was presented to the people without any other platform than his independence from the Whig party.

Without, you have often heard described to you the scenes which marked the history of this June convention—the dismay of the Whig politicians of the variable Whig school—the curses, both loud and low, which were hurled against the name of Taylor, and the cheering of Whig principles, Whig platforms, and Whig City, at the feet of Zachary Taylor.

Nominated at this convention amid the ruins of Whigism, and nominated in the name of the people, the Whig party did not dare to claim you as a veritable Whig; the Whig party, of the true Whig stamp, until the 5th of July, 1848, when news came to Philadelphia that Hon. Bill Peyton had, in New Orleans, solemnly endorsed you as a Whig, and placed your feet upon the ruins of the demolished Whig platform.

This statement gave inexpressible pain to thousands of your friends in Pennsylvania. Well aware that you had not been nominated as the candidate of any party, certain that you could not be by any chance elected in the name of the platform of the Whig party, your friends—I speak of the Whig party, who loved you for yourself and for your independent position—received the statement of Mr. Peyton with an emotion that was not to be mistaken or evaded. They felt that either Mr. Peyton was in error, or that Zachary Taylor had falsified his often repeated pledges. Under the influence of this wild spread feeling, I made bold to write and send to you the following letter. Its very abruptness of style indicates the sincerity which impelled its composition:

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1848.

General: Will you regard a word from a friend as impertinent or obtrusive? It is far a great deal of importance that I am induced to trouble you again; but having faith in you now, as I have had ever since I pledged whigery reputation to possess you in my book—"The Legend of Mexico, or Battles of Taylor"—I make bold to say a frank word to the General of the people.

This is the case. With thousands of Democrats in this State, I depend upon your declaration "that you would in no case be the President of the Whig party, but the President of the people." On this ground, Democrats of Pennsylvania will vote for you by hundreds and thousands.

But we are now told that you are exclusively the Whig candidate, to be run as a Whig, elected as a Whig, and under Whig laws.

If this be the case, the State of Pennsylvania will be lost to Taylor and the country.

I do not believe this to be the case. Those who think me in this county do not believe it. But to set the matter at rest, will you answer this letter with one line? and with that line the Democratic hundreds and thousands of Pennsylvania will move in a body for you.

General, do not reject this appeal from a man who loves you for your battles, and the moral grandeur displayed in them; but loves you, first and last, because you have taken the position of Washington—not with parties, but in the hearts of the people.

And as for the line, say simply: "I am with the candidate, not of a party exclusively, but of a candidate at all, the candidate of the whole people."

GEORGE LIPPARD.

To President ZACHARY TAYLOR.

RAISE MORE FRUIT.

When Dr. Dwight first removed to New Haven, there was but little fruit raised there. He urged his neighbors to plant fruit trees; but they said it was of no use, "the soil would steal all the fruit." "Plant more fruit," was the answer. "Make good fruit plenty, and it will not be plundered." Fifteen years afterwards, he pointed to the abundance of fruit, and the absence of pilferage then enjoyed in the proof of his principle.

A mother admonishing her son, said of about seven years of age, "It is no use to say, 'I will never defer till to-morrow what I can do to-day.'"

"Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding to-night."

The reply of Charles the Second, when importuned to communitate something of a private nature, deserves to be engraven in the heart of every man:

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the subtle monarch.

"Most faithfully," returned the nobleman.

"So can I," was the laconic and severe reply of Charles.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it you reason, that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I really don't know, sir; but what do you care for the most, is that the pair don't draw upon the heels?"

"Delaware will never yield and look," said a patriotic Delawarean, when the Pea Patch was warred. "If she did," replied a by-stander, "she would lose half her territory!"

Watering Places and other Summer Resorts in Pennsylvania.

As the summer months approach it may not be uninteresting to such of our citizens as leave home during the summer, to take a brief survey of the various watering places and other resorts in this State.

The Bedford Springs, in the county of Bedford, are 200 miles from Philadelphia, and may be reached by railroad to Chambersburg, and thence by stage to Bedford Springs, and thence by a day and a night. There is also another route by the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Ohio Railroad, with staging from Cumberland, Md. There are six springs. The waters are eminently medicinal. Some of the cures they have effected are astounding. Many of the most distinguished physicians recommended them for dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, chronic obstructions, &c. We can imagine no more beautiful spot than Bedford Springs. It is about a mile from the borough of the same name, and is situated in a gorge or narrow valley between two towering hills. Here the heats of summer are rarely felt, and rural life is enjoyed without measure. The hotel and adjacent buildings are kept in the very best order; all the conveniences of the season, and all the advantages of the most excellent table, are to be had here. Bedford, being a public institution. The baths are a great feature of the establishment. The evenings pass amid dancing and song. Numerous shady retreats invite the invalid to rest. The gay have their walks and all the amusements of fashionable life. Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, is enterprising and intelligent, and he prepared this season to open his house to a larger number than he has ever entertained. The season begins about the middle of the end of June.

The Yellow Springs, in Chester county, accessible by Philadelphia, either by the Reading or Columbia railroads, are situated in a healthy and picturesque spot, provided with baths, walks, two fine hotels and other accommodations for visitors. These Springs were discovered as early as 1722, and a rude shaft was erected in 1750, for the use of the sick. The medicinal qualities of the springs are highly prized. The hotel at the popular place of resort (2000 yards distance from the city) were built last season, and attracted crowds of Philadelphia society.

The York Springs, are situated about 21 miles from Harrisburg, among picturesque and varied scenery. The medicinal properties of the waters have been highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.

These, we believe, are our chief watering places; but there are many other resorts in which great numbers spend the summer months. Health is promoted, and the medicinal properties of the waters are highly extolled, particularly for their efficacy in cases of debilitated constitutions. Access by stage from Harrisburg or York boroughs; railroads from York and Harrisburg. The York Springs are situated in a secluded valley, and surrounded by the scenery of the blue mountains. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and their accommodations for visitors are of the first order.