THE COOL SPOTS OF THE LAND.

GOSSIP FROM WHERE THE SUN SHINES, BUT SCORCHES NOT.

Thoughts by the Sea-side, on the Rail, and on the Majestic Mountain-tops.

A JOURNEY TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS AND THE SCENES EN ROUTE.

A Glance at New York, Newport, Boston, Portland, and Gorham.

A FULL VIEW OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S GRANITE HILLS.

An Ascent of Mount Washington, amid July Snows, to the Tip-Top House.

LETTERS FROM CAPE MAY—A REFLEX OF THE LIFE THERE.

It is impossible for one unaccustomed to toil and care to fully appreciate the buoyancy of spirit and the sweet feeling of relief which is experienced by the man who has braved and fought the world without cessation for nearly a twelvemonth, when he finds himself suddenly let loose, with a two weeks vacation on his hands; and it is surprising with what rapidity the breezes from sweet clover fields erases the hard lines of labor. We are disposed to allow nothing, however unpleasant, to disturb the composure and equanimity of our minds, and are determined to enjoy ourselves under all circumstances. Such were our feelings as we found ourselves on Monday morning, the 17th day of July last, on the way to New York. The day was everything that could be wished. The watery rain of heaven had quenched the dusty reign of earth, much to the satisfaction of travellers, and gratification of Jersey farmers. Whizzing we went, while the green fields and clear waters lived and laughed on every side. Everything smiled upon us in the luxuriant beauty of midsummer, and seemingly invited us to enjoy the charms so lavishly bestowed. Admiring every beauty as time allows, we soon find ourselves on board the Jersey City ferry-boat, for New York.

Our travelling friend remarked that his first impression upon arriving in New York, was to feel for his watch and pocket-book.

NEW YORK.

How like an old friend does New York seem to one who is in the habit of visiting that great city but seldom! As we put foot upon its streets we feel as if we ought to shake hands with somebody, and say how glad we are to see you. Repressing these feelings and having satisfied our appetites, which we can assure our readers are not small, after four hours' ride in the railway cars, a few hours leisure previous to the starting of the boat to Newport was employed in visiting Broadway. The streets are not so crowded as when we last walked them in the early spring, and there seems to be but little business stirring. The ruins of Barnum's Museum was surrounded on all sides by curiosity seekers and sight seers to such an extent, indeed, as to considerably interfere with the travel along the street. We have there an evidence of the indomitable determination of New Yorkers to advertise their business in every possible way. The ruins are still smoking, and the fire is, it may be said, still unquenched; yet in the midst of all the ruins and smoke, and falling debris, painted on every possible space, and pasted on every crumblingwall, are large, bold placards and enormous signs, announcing the peculiar virtues of bitters, dentifrices, &c., &c., just the place where everybody must see them. Barnum has a notice up informing the public of the location of his business office, St. Paul's Church, opposite the museum, has suffered much. The plaster and paint is peeled off in spots over the entire front, and its venerable appearance is, for the time, ruined. Many of the gas-fixtures used in the Fourth of July illumination remain in their positions along Broadway, and if we may judge from their number and the elaborate workmanship now visible, the celebration in the gas-light way must have been extensive and beautiful. In the car to go to the steamer Newport, on the North River, we pass along several of the New York markets; and such miseries, filth, broken-down, and beggarly-looking stalls and market-places we never had the misfortune to behold before. Our sheds which formerly stood along Market street were princely in comparison. These places in New York look like hot-beds of disease, corruption, and filth.

ON THE STEAMER NEWPORT.

Here let me try to give a short description of this magnificent floating palace. We do not exaggerate when we call her by this name. She appears to be about one hundred and sixty feet in length, and forty in breadth, at the widest part. She has four boilers, four smoke stacks, and machinery of the latest and most approved description. She made her first trip on the 4th day of July last, and is, of course, entirely new. The state-rooms are ranged along both sides of the upper deck, and on the after part of the lower. The furniture of each state-room is of walnut and plush velvet, with heavy silk damask and lace hangings. The carpets throughout are of the richest and most costly kind of velvet. The saloon on the upper deck is furnished in the most luxurious manner with velvet carpet, elegant mirrors, bronze statues, walnut and plush velvet furniture, gold ornamented ceilings and state-room walls, magnificent chandeliers and luxurious lounges. The dining saloon on the forward part of the lower deck is alike magnificent. On each side of the dining hall are the berths ranged in three tiers, one above the other. Each berth is about two feet and a half in the clear, and they are hidden by curtains of silk damask, crimson, purple, and green, with heavy gilt cornices. They thus add greatly to the general appearance of the hall. The dining-table, when set, presents a magnificent appearance. The chandeliers, which rest upon the table, are of silver, and of six lights. They burn candles, which are, however, hidden from view in silver tubes, so that only the light is seen. The china is beautifully ornamented, each piece having upon it, in ornamented letters, the word "Newport." The plate is distributed in elegant profusion over the table; and real lava vases, holding sweet-scented flowers, and small silver vases, also with flowers, are, at intervals, over each table. The waiters are dressed in spotless white linen, and the *loud ensemble* of the dining-room is grand and imposing. As is generally the case, unfortunately for voracious appetites, where there is so much display, the substantials are neglected, and it is with difficulty that one satisfies himself with the numerous dishes that are spread before him. Being determined, however, to be satisfied, and to enjoy our vacation, we arose from the table well contented, and proceeded to inspect the machinery, which almost outshone in brilliancy the clear silver of the table we had just left. With what feelings of respect do we look upon any great piece of mechanism, and how instinctively we pass from the object of our admiration to the mind which planned and carried into execution the great work!

ON THE SOUND.

The Newport started at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, and the day being remarkably fine, there was great demand for seats on deck. It was consequently crowded, and if there is any fault to be found with this beautiful steamer, it is in the want of space on deck for passengers. The sail along the sound was one of the most pleasant we ever experienced. The sunset, all golden, never was more beautiful, and the water was calm as the surface of a summer lake. As night and darkness came on the stars shone with seemingly unwonted brilliancy; not a cloud appeared to obscure a star, and the constellations were easily discernible and readily found, while the Connecticut light winked and blinked over the waters of Long Island Sound.

About o'clock we retired for rest. At about half-past three in the morning we awoke, the boat having arrived at Newport. We took the cars at this place, and here, for the first time, we saw

AN ENGLISH RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Such a one, we imagine, in which some horrible crimes of which we have read have been committed in England. It presents the appearance of the bodies of six hotel stages fastened together and run on a railway truck. An iron step goes around the outside of the car for the conductor to pass and collect tickets, or for other purposes. Each carriage is furnished with a table, two chairs, and a cushioned seat on one side. These cars are called sleeping cars, but they don't much look as if they were intended for that purpose. The charge for occupying a carriage is one dollar additional. For family parties we should think they would be very cozy and pleasant; but to be thrown into one with strangers, and particularly uncongenial ones, we would rather not.

TO BOSTON.

On our way to Boston we pass through Fall River, Bridgeton, Stoughton, Weymouth, and other large manufacturing towns. Mr. Edmunds, of this city, who was our travelling companion, as we passed through these New England States, said to me: "Do you notice how much the villages and country of the South suffer in comparison with the towns and hills of New England?"

We had been in the Southern country a good deal within the past year, and had each, therefore, a pretty good idea of both. I was not so much struck with his remark as I was with the coincidence, for that was just the question I was going to put to him. It is lamentably true. Down in Virginia, where the soil only needs to be "tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest," everything is neglected. There is an air of careless indifference; no pride of cleanliness; no desire to be more comfortable in appearance, and apparent disregard of comfort or happiness. Here in the East every house looks as if it had been newly painted. The farms are all clear of rubbish; the stones, of which there are a great abundance, are carefully collected and made into fences. Everybody is thrifty, and everybody wants to feel comfortable.

BOSTON.

We arrive in Boston by seven o'clock, and are soon comfortably seated at the breakfast table of the American House, kept by Mr. Rice. Every care for the comfort of the guest is taken here; in this matter excelling some of the hotels of our own city. One is not obliged to wait all day for his meal, after having ordered it, but is attended to promptly and politely. It being our first visit to this city, we determined to remain over night, for the purpose of seeing whatever of interest the time upon our hands would allow. We accordingly visited a studio and a picture store, and saw there, amongst other things, an excellent painting, by Meyer, styled "Consolation," representing a Sister of Charity attending a dying soldier in camp. The medicines are upon an old inverted basket, and a coarse army blanket covers the person of the soldier. His face bears the imprint of death, and his hands are attenuated, and transparent with sickness. The kind Sister, whose face beams with love and kindness, is reading to the poor fellow words of consolation from an open book. The pictures is certainly an excellent one. We also saw here a number of portraits of soldiers, ranking from a sergeant up to a lieutenant-colonel—Boston heroes, we were told. Among no people, as a class, is the love of their own people, their own institutions, and their own relies, so strongly marked as with the New England people. We went from the picture gallery to the Boston Commons, of which we had heard so much, and here again is the love of relics strongly displayed. There is in the old Common an elm whose age is not certainly known, but it is supposed to be at least two hundred years old. The elm is surrounded by a picket fence, to prevent its being injured, and it has been bound several times with strong iron bands. We could distinguish where it had been bound years ago. The tree had grown over the iron, leaving only space enough uncovered to show that it had been so secured. Had this elm been in Philadelphia, it might have rotted and blown away for all any one here would have cared. The Boston Commons, we must say, did not come up to our ideas of what they were. The old Common does not contain over fifteen acres. It has no carriage drive. The trees are large and old. It is quite hilly, and rather picturesque. The new Common is about the same size as the old one, and joins it. It has no trees of any extent in it. It has a hot-house, and is thickly planted with rare exotic and other plants. There is a pond in the centre, with a number of swans and two row-boats. The pond is serpentine in shape, and is about one hundred yards long. There is not the least shade in any part of the new Common. An iron arbor stands on the edge of the pool, but it is innocent of anything like a chair, and consequently of *tête-à-têtes*, and there is no necessity of imparting the advice, "Never take ten in the arbor." There is here a log-cabin built by Abraham Lincoln, and in which he lived in Illinois; an admission fee of ten cents is charged to see this wonderful house. Our mortal part having given out while we were feasting the immortal, we returned to our hotel; and here we must say that of all the abominable cities to find one's way in, Boston is the most abominable. It seems to have been built with the courthouse as a centre, and all the other streets to form circles around it. Our experience is, that to go two squares in Boston one must walk four. We were informed, however, that, although this be true of the down town part of Boston, the upper and newer part is *beautifully* laid out and, in many respects, like our own loved Philadelphia. We stopped on our way at the Boston Public Library; but from some cause or other, which we are unable to explain, the door was locked and we were unable to gain admittance. The outside of the building presents a beautiful appearance. It is of brown stone, two stories in height, and is about forty feet in front. Having refreshed our inner man, we visited Bunker Hill Monument, which is easily reached by means of the horse cars. It is situated in the upper and eastern portion of the city. It, with the ground adjoining, occupies a space of about an acre, enclosed with an iron railing. The mounds which were part of the fortifications, still remain. A block of granite bedded in the ground, marks the spot where General Warren fell. The top of the monument is reached by means of circular stone stairs, and from it an excellent view of the city and its surroundings is had. A fee of twenty cents is charged by the gate-keeper to go up the monument. The grand organ of which we had heard is played only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and as this was Tuesday, we did not have the pleasure of hearing this immense piece of musical mechanism. The only amusement going on during the evening was the minstrels, and as we did not feel in a minstrel humor, we spent our evening quietly at the hotel, enjoying, for a time, a beautiful game of billiards between experts. Next morning, at half-past seven o'clock, we took the Eastern railroad for Portland.

TO PORTLAND.

The passage to Portland was rather dusty, but as everything along the route was new to us we enjoyed it hugely. The scenery is rather fine, there being a diversity of hill and dale and some beautiful water views. We pass on our way many important cities and towns, some of which we know to have seen active service with muskins; we may mention Lynn, Reading, Danvers, Andover, Haverhill, Exeter, South Berwick, North Berwick, Somersworth, Rochester, Kennebunk, Biddeford, Scarboro, and Saco. These towns are, speaking generally, not very large. The houses are made principally of wood, neatly painted. A church spire is visible in nearly all of them. North Berwick is deserving of notice, on account of the world-renowned sponge-cake which may be obtained here. The cars wait five minutes for refreshments, and no one should pass North Berwick without securing some of this truly excellent sponge-cake. We met here our esteemed fellow-citizen, Charles E. Lex, Esq. It made me think of home to see his familiar, jovial face. We had a pleasant chat and proceeded on our way.

PORTLAND.

We arrived in Portland shortly after one o'clock. We did justice to our dinner, and did not slight the blue-berry pudding, which seems to be a favorite dish down East. Blueberries are very much like our huckleberries, but are larger and have fewer seeds. The pudding which is made of them is, to our taste, excellent. In fact, we have no hesitation in saying that in pastry and sweetmeats the Down-East folks excel. Having finished our dinner, we called upon our old friend, Captain B., who we found as hale and hearty as any one could wish to be, and at his invitation we eschewed the hotel, and were kindly welcomed by him and his family to their hearts and home. There is no mistaking the welcome of the New England people. It is from the heart, and one cannot fail to feel that it is. There is no doubtful coldness in it, but the warmest glow of kind-heartedness draws one irresistibly toward them. We turn with pleasure from thoughts of crooked and crowded Boston to Portland, the city of gardens. It is situated on a peninsula running into Casco Bay, and has one of the finest harbors in America. It was proposed to bring the Great Eastern to this port upon the first trip, as it was believed to be the most available in all respects for the accommodation of that immense steamship. In anticipation of that event, a grand white marble hotel was nearly completed by a Mr. Wood, but the great ship failing to come to Portland, the hotel has not yet been completed, and it stands beautiful in its whiteness and elevation. The cost of this enterprise must have been over half a million of dollars, and it is hardly probable that one-fourth that amount will ever be realized from it. Portland has a theatre, at which Miss Avonia Jones was playing "East Lynne." The theatre is not of much consequence. It is on the second floor of a brick building on the main street. The public buildings, the courthouse, post-office, &c., are fine structures. The courthouse is nearly new, and has a front of Pictou stone. Portland is the most beautifully laid-out city we have ever had the good fortune to visit. There is an air of home comfort about the houses; nearly every one of which is surrounded by a garden, luxuriating in the finest flowers and the rarest plants. In its harbor, Casco Bay, are three hundred and sixty-five islands—one for every day in the year—all of which are large enough to build a house upon. These islands are the resort of excursionists, and on some is scenery of the most romantic description. During our stay we visited Cushing's Island, which is a summer resort, and on which the Ottawa House is built. Here is sea-bathing in still water and surf. Here are pathless woods to Whitehead Rock, from which the open sea is visible. Here may be realized:

"The pleasure in the pathless wood,
The rapture on the lonely shore,
Society where none intrude,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Chebeague Island, Diamond Cove, and Cape Elizabeth are also noted summer resorts.

They have no public parks in Portland, but the promenades are fully as pleasant, and as much frequented as the parks of our own city. The Western Promenade, as its name indicates, is in the western portion of the city, and every evening before sunset the young and romantic visit this spot, to witness the going down of day. An arm of Casco Bay lies before us a hundred feet below; and the White Mountains may sometimes be seen in the dim distance. Sit down on the benches, and with the noise of the city shut out behind, and the setting sun and tinted cloud landscape before you, you are apt to feel just a little romantic here, and try to remember, with the rising moon, a few "appropriate remarks for the occasion." At least that is the way in which we were affected, and we silently envied the couple on our right, who had taken a bench in the closing twilight.

Evergreen Cemetery, on the road northward from the promenade, and about three miles from the heart of the city, is a lovely spot. Shut out by heavy foliage from the rude world, all is calm, all still. The horses' hoofs sound loudly on the hard, rolled ground, but not even a loud whisper breaks the solitude. Here are many of Portland's sons and daughters gathered. Costly monuments mark the spot where lie the unforgotten dead, and this city of the dead seems too full for beautiful, laughing Portland.

THE ROAD TO GORHAM.

We leave Portland, ticketed to Gorham, via the Grand Trunk Railway. The cars of the Grand Trunk Railway are models of elegance and comfort. They are well furnished, and are much lighter and more airy than those leaving our own city. Besides, gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies are not obliged, in any Eastern railroad, to sit in something very much resembling a hog-pen, where one has to sit with his feet up on the front seat, or wade up to his ankles in tobacco spit. If our railroad men would think the matter over, they would eventually come to the conclusion that there was no necessity for putting men in a car by themselves, specially adapted for them on account of its dinginess, and other unpleasant qualities. On our way to Gorham we pass the beautiful little town Yarmouth, also Lewiston Falls, Mechanic Falls; and here we see a poor little shrunken stream, brawling and fretting in its narrow channel, and we are told that is the Androscoggin River. Why will people call creeks—which one can walk over without getting his shoes wet—rivers? Bryant's Pond is a most beautiful and romantic place, the scenery being unsurpassed. We soon come to Paris—North Paris Bethel. The most beautiful scenery on any railroad is probably on the Grand Trunk road, beginning at Bethel. The scenery is agreeably diversified with hill and valley, cultivated fields and woodland, farm-houses and homestead. Hay-making was in full blast, and we noticed in many places women and boys as hard at the harvest work as those of stonier hearts and stronger hands. The mountains in the distance add an additional charm to the unsurpassed splendor visible on every hand. The cattle standing in the stream, the mill by the brook, so many scenes, each in itself a picture, that no pen can describe the feelings experienced as one after another they passed before our enraptured vision.

GORHAM.

Gorham is the station on the Grand Trunk road, at which passengers for the White Mountains alight. It has about a hundred and a post-office, and a large hotel called the "Alpine House." Many who go to the mountains never go farther than the Alpine House. It is at the foot of the mountains and commands some excellent views. There is adjacent to this house, on the Peabody River and other streams, fine trout fishing. Gorham is eight miles from the "Glen House," and we find awaiting, upon the arrival of the train, the Glen-House coach.

FROM GORHAM TO THE GLEN HOUSE.

We immediately take position on the top of the coach. Inside riding is not the most agreeable on a fine summer day, on the pictures-que road over which we are about to pass, and however inconvenient, we advise ladies as well as gentlemen visiting the Glen to secure, if possible, an outside seat. We have six bay horses, in splendid condition, and without delay are on our way. The road in some places is as level as a race course, at others we had to climb steep acclivities, trying to the horses, and again to descend steep hills. The springs of the coaches did some good service; we were knocked about almost like india-rubber balls. We passed through dense forests of pine, maple, oak, black cherry, and other trees. Delicious wild raspberries, bunchberries, and blueberries grazed the horses' feet. We twice cross our path several times, directly in front of the horses, partridges, seeming as tame as barn-door fowls. We cross one or two rustic bridges, spanning rivulets, and for some distance the road runs along the Peabody River. We catch glimpses of this stream as it slowly murmurs on its ever-onward course, and as it opens to our view we hear exclamations of delight from our fellow-travelers, such as "superb! magnificent! lovely!" Nothing, however, that pen can write or pencil portray can equal the beauty of this ride. With the mountains ever in view, and with the feeling that we are going upward continually, the mind free from care, all nature labor vishing her charms upon us, our organ of speech cannot find words to express the thoughts of our hearts, and we sit in silent admiration and awe. To our minds, the ride along this road is more beautiful than the ascent of Mount Washington itself. 'Tis true, there is something more grand and awful in ascending the exceedingly high mountain, but for real beauty we claim that this road excels. The air was soft, and our horses, as if considerate of our enjoyment, prolonged it by crawling up the long ascent. As we neared the Glen House, the driver of the coach, who was a very agreeable person, and who gave us all the information we desired, told us we were now eight hundred feet higher than when we started. Arrived at

THE GLEN HOUSE,

Mr. Thompson, the host with solemn mien, gravely informed us that the first thing we had to do was to get down. We thought he must be a dancing man to make such a grave mark, and wondered whether he was going to tell us after we were down what the next thing to do was. We had keen appetites, and the dinner was about ready. Without Mr. Thompson's instructions, we went to dinner and enjoyed it hugely. After dinner we sat on the porch and, through a telescope, had a view up Mount Washington and descried an approaching stage. We also enjoyed looking at a series of stereoscopic views of the mountains, including amongst others one of the Tip Top House, where we had made up our minds to spend the night, with the object of seeing sunset and sunrise on the top of the mountain. We concluded that the Tip Top House was a rocky place. The Glen House is advantageously situated on a small plateau in front of Mount Washington range. Before the hotel is a grassy lawn, beyond which and intervening between the mountains is a sylvan landscape beautifully relieving the sterner features of the rugged mountains beyond. Mount Washington summit, rearing its head 6,290 feet above the sea level, bears west by south, and beyond that, but not visible from the Glen House, is the Franconia Notch. We have been informed that although there are mountains of greater altitude, and mountains far more difficult of ascent, up which all the engineering science of the world could not construct a carriage road, yet there is no mountain range in North America more calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the sublime than that opposite the Glen House.

RUSH OF VISITORS.

We were informed by the gentlemanly clerk at the Glen, that never in its history had there been such a rush of visitors to it as there had been this season. The day before our arrival there had one hundred and fifty persons gone from the house, and about one hundred had arrived. A very intelligent lady, with whom we had the pleasure of conversing, told us that the night before came sixteen to a room with seven others, four of whom slept on the floor, and the other four on two beds. She said that her room-mates were principally old ladies, and their disgust at their beds was fully ventilated during the whole night, so that sleep in that room was out of the question. There are very few visitors for the season to this hotel, nor are they desired. The proprietor prefers transient guests. This is a shrewd calculation as it is suggestive of egregious gains in the form of stage fares. The house is well conducted, and the accommodations all that could be expected. There were no mosquitoes at the house, except a Marquis and Marchioness and suite, who called themselves from England.

There is very little monkey-show display at the mountains. There is very little extravagant dressing, and none of that stuck-up exclusiveness which one always meets at Saratoga, Cape May, and other bathing watering places. People actually come here for enjoyment and recuperation, and not to ape a sham aristocracy.

ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

To sojourn at the base of White Mountains, without ascending to its summit, would be so heterodox, that we determined to make the journey without delay, and see sunset and sunrise on the very top of the mountain. Accordingly, at five o'clock in the afternoon, having secured a carriage for the purpose, we began the ascent. The day was everything that could have been desired. There never was a day more free from mist, and our horses were fresh, not having been up before during the day. We had five in our wagon, besides the driver, and a four-horse team.

OUR COMPANIONS.

Our fellow-travellers consisted of a young lady from Portland, a gentleman from Philadelphia, and two other young gentlemen from New York. Our way was enlivened with "quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles," relieved with frequent shouts of hilarious laughter. There was also a six-horse team, which went up at the same time. There were seven in that wagon, beside the driver. It was amusing to see the Kaleridascopic changes of clothing as we continued to ascend. First travelling dresses were visible; shortly afterwards woolen sacks were assumed. As we continued to ascend, and the cold became greater, heavy blanket shawls were produced, and soon after thick woolen scarfs. The spirits of everybody seemed to raise by the cold, and all declared it to be "first-rate," "jolly," "tip-top." We soon crossed Victoria Bridge, which crosses one of the tributaries to the St. Lawrence River, which is crossed by its more majestic namesake; also, shortly after, is a bridge crossing another wild stream, called the Prince Albert Bridge. We soon reached the half-way house; the driver stopped to let the horses rest. There is in this vicinity an immense number of withered pines, which have become bleached in the inclement weather. Nothing can exceed the barren and desolate look of this portion of our route. There were also near here a number of blackened, charred trunks of trees, some lying prostrate, bearing evidence to a wide range of fire which swept over the mountains some years ago.

THE GLEN HOUSE SEEN FROM ABOVE.

Let us look back to the place which we have left. We see the Glen House below, looking no larger than a playhouse. The mountains surrounding it look like ordinary hills. The large pine trees look like green sward. The carriage road over which we have just passed looks like a narrow ribbon lying in careless waves down the mountain side.

SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

It was quite dark down at the Glen; it was night there; up where we were it was sunset. Never was a more beautiful scene beheld on the mountain. The host at the Tip-top House so informed us, and our own senses told us that there could hardly be a more beautiful one. The tops of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, neighboring mountains, are tinged with the golden hue; in a small cloud above the sun, all the colors of the rainbow are seen, one after the other, one fading while another comes in view. To the east is another cloud, in which this phenomena is reflected. A lake, called Blood Lake, away off to the west, seems to have been correctly named. The sun has given the water of the lake the color of the richest arterial blood. Our little crowd was an admiring, an enthusiastic one, especially the lady from Portland, who exclaimed so frequently, "Delightful!" "Charming!" "Beautiful!" "Grand!" "Tip-top!" The driver pointed out to us on the side of the mountain, a few rods distant from the carriage-way, a patch of snow. There it lay, in the middle of the month of July. It didn't look near so refreshing as we expected to see it; for by this time we were nearly frozen with cold, and we were consequently prepared for mountains of ice almost.

THE TIP-TOP HOUSE.

A turn in the road brought us in sight of the Tip-Top House, a one-and-a-half-story concern. The first story is built of the roughest sort of stone, laid together closely, and forming a wall some three feet in thickness. The roof was a slanting one of heavy timbers, with windows cut in it for light for the upper story. The roof was chained down by means of heavy iron cables, firmly secured in the rocks to prevent it being blown away. We were soon at the stable, and a short walk up a steep and rough path took us within. We were glad to find ourselves in an unpretending but comfortable apartment, about eighteen by twenty-five feet, heated by a stove, and filled with visitors, twelve of whom had just arrived. The company assembled in the sitting-room was a cheerful and happy one, and all seemed ready to talk without the formality of an introduction. Some of the party present, we afterwards learned, had come up on horseback from the Crawford House. Having partaken of a substantial supper of beefsteak, toast and eggs, and black cake, tea, &c., almost everybody wrote a letter on the paper to be purchased at the desk, having on one side of the sheet and on the envelope a picture of the Tip-top House. Soon all retired to bed in the house near by, sometimes called the Summit House.

THE RETURN.

Having partaken of a hearty breakfast, we left the Tip-Top House at six o'clock in the morning, and we made the downward journey pleasantly, enjoying the magnificent scenery below and around without further incident, and we arrived at the Glen House at half-past seven o'clock.

Taking the whole thing into consideration, a trip from Philadelphia to the White Mountains, by the way of Newport, Boston, Portland, and Gorham, is as pleasant, we venture to say, as any one in the United States, and the scenery from the town of Bethel, on the Grand Trunk Railway, to the Glen House, and that which surrounds Mount Washington, in a circuit of ten miles, is not surpassed by any in the world. The American who visits Europe, without having first seen the mountains of New Hampshire, is devoid of a correct appreciation of the beautiful.

CAPE MAY.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

CONGRESS HALL, CAPE ISLAND, N. J., July 30, 1865.

I commence my letter with a good, healthy growl! For the past two days I have suffered an annoyance, compared to which, finding yourself just too late dinner time with a ravishing appetite, or that your bathing robes have been appropriated about 11 A. M. by some irrespecter of commandments, are trifles. The daily routine of pleasure-seekers here is familiar to many; and that too, knock out one of the items, especially, if it be the most important, is some thing akin to play *Hamlet* with the character of the *Prince* omitted. For instance, those of us who rise with the sun, take an appetizer along the beach in the shape of a two-mile stroll before breakfast, and then resort to billiards, bowling, shooting, and driving, until the bathing hour, when follows in quick succession the "cobbler," a "half-dozen on the shell," and the arrival of the train from Philadelphia, the latter bringing to thousands an old and ever welcomed friend, whose clear face, and clean, open countenance, even before communicating a word of the intelligence you have been so longing for, makes you the possessor of an indescribable pleasure. Imagine, then, if you can, the bitterness, disappointment, as you step confidently to the agent, and ask for that friend, *The Press*, and you are met with the reply, "very sorry, sir; all gone!" Entreaty, supplication, or profanity, evoke no other reply, and as you rush from one dealer to another with the same success, and survey hundreds of you naves in precisely the same delightful, cozy nook, with feet at the proper elevation, and fragrant Havana, digesting with greedy avidity the columns of spicy items of news, politics and literature, collated daily from every accessible quarter of the globe, you feel that you have just so many inveterate enemies who are making merry over your misery. For the next two hours, until you can beg, borrow, or steal a copy, you are in about as uncomfortable a condition of mind as the inhabitants of a place who will greet the leaders of the recent rebellion as old acquaintances. The news agent has done me a grievous injury, but I forgive him, as he promises that his supply in future shall equal the demand, if he has to monopolize the entire edition of *The Press*.

MR. SEWARD.

The great statesman is a centre of attraction. The recent terrible events have served to enshrine him deeper in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, which manifests itself upon every occasion of his appearance in the public promenades. With a commendable delicacy, which is highly appreciated by himself and members of his family, his privacy is not invaded, and the visitors appear to have resolved themselves into a body-guard to prevent any annoyances, and render his visit as pleasant and beneficial as possible. Last evening he made his appearance in the corridors of the hotel, and was quickly surrounded by a large crowd, who evinced their pleasure in a becoming manner under the circumstances. His face is yet much disfigured by the assassin's knife, and all who gazed upon him seemed to express in silent language a devout thankfulness for the escape the nation made from an irreparable calamity. During the few moments he remained in public a number of persons were introduced to him by Alexander G. Cattell, Esq., and to each of which he addressed a pleasant, cheerful remark. Though here for relaxation, he devotes a large portion of his time to public business, and last evening, by appointment, received a delegation of Jerseymen, composed of Gen. John S. Irick, Col. James W. Allen, Hon. Samuel Stockton, and others, on business connected with the State. It is uncertain when he will return to Washington.

A PROFITABLE SEASON.

The twenty-two hotels, and all the cottages on the island, are filled to repletion, and have been so for the past fortnight. Fully fifteen thousand visitors are now here, with a good prospect of the number not diminishing materially for the next month. It will be a highly profitable season to the proprietors of all the large hotels.

THE SOCIETY.

While we miss the noisy, arrogant, Southern aristocracy, who, before the rebellion, were wont to spend their summer months and shave hard-earnings with us, their loss is more than requited by the presence of a better class. There is less "flash," but more solid, substantial worth. In those days, fare banks and other gambling institutions flourished, but now they are at a discount, and only one that I know of has an existence on the island, and that very sickly, I am informed. We have some few Southerners here, but generally they were not ardent Secessionists. They resignedly accept the logic of events of the past few years, and express the wise determination to cheerfully conform to the new order of things. I have conversed with several, and have yet to meet the first one who has not totally abandoned all idea of negro slavery ever being resuscitated in this country. Several prominent late rebel officers have been here, and among others General Heth. Their fraternization with Union officers, who have been opposed to them in the field, is more cordial than many would expect. There is no bitterness of feeling, and old campaigns are talked over and explained with great freedom, with a mutual concurrence in expression of disgust and detestation of Copperheads of the Ben Wood stripe.

PROJECTED IMPROVEMENTS.

The completion of the railroad from Philadelphia to the island, bringing it within three hours' distance of the former place, has forever settled the popularity and superiority of this celebrated watering-place. The officers of the road are giving their daily personal attention to remedying many small defects incident to the management of any new enterprise, and devising such improvements as shall better conduce to the comfort of their patrons. Some of the hackmen at the depot practicing extortion upon the unwary, the Company passed a resolution to supply hacks at their own expense to carry passengers to and from the cars to any point on the island, which arrangement has now been in operation for two weeks. New hotels will also be erected, and others enlarged, for the accommodation of additional visitors. The beach and surf cannot be improved. They are *excelsior*; and it is a noteworthy fact, that among the thousands daily bathing, not a single life has been lost this season, or any occasion offered for the services of the surf boats always in attendance.

FINE "TURN-OUTS."

While Cape May does not pretend to rival Saratoga in its magnificent gambling palaces or costly teams, yet this season has witnessed the introduction of a large number of fine horses on the island, and is but a forerunner of what may be expected, as the drives, either on the beach or in the country, afford an excellent opportunity for displays of skill and grace in handling the ribbons of a "four-in-hand" or single "flyer."

POLITICAL.

There are a large number of politicians congregated here from all quarters, and considerable of interest centres upon the approaching campaign in New Jersey, owing to the anomalous position it occupies, through the action of a Copperhead Legislature, of being a free-slave State. A determined, and, it is confidently believed, successful effort will be made to elect Marcus L. Ward and a Union Legislature, which will place the State right upon the constitutional amendment.

F. F. P.

COLUMBIA HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND, N. J., July 31st, 1865.

SECRETARY SEWARD.

Excitement and gayety have held complete sway on Cape Island for a week past; for what with balls, concerts, hops, and the arrival of Secretary Seward, the heads of half the guests have been turned. The principal event of the preceding week has been the arrival of the Secretary of State, Mr. Frederick Seward, Attorney General Speed, and other members of the Secretary's family. They had been expected for a fortnight, and all were on the qui vive to see the man who, during the recent rebellion, had so nobly performed the arduous duties of his high office.

THE ARRIVAL.

On Thursday morning, about ten o'clock, the revenue-cutter William H. Seward, commanded by Captain Nones, hove in sight, and in a few minutes announced, by the anxious inquiries of her canon, to those on shore that the *guest of guests* had arrived. A boat immediately put out and joined the steamer, and from the captain the rowers learned that Mr. Seward had arrived on the gunboat Northerner, then lying in the Breakwater, and that he might be expected that evening. Upon arrival at the steamboat landing he was met by a deputation of guests from Congress Hall, and was escorted to the cottage provided for him with all due form. He has employed his time since here in riding out, and on Saturday last was upon the beach, about bathing hour, in company with your eminent townsman, Benj. Brewster, Esq. All along he was recognized and cheered by the assembled crowds, which he acknowledged by slightly raising his hat. The rooms furnished for the distinguished party are situated on a bluff in the rear of Congress Hall, and are nearer the ocean than any other apartments on the Island. Meals are served from the hotel, and everything possible has been done to enhance the pleasure and comfort of the party.

BALL AND CONCERT.

On Friday evening, a grand concert and ball was given at Congress Hall, by Mr. Mark Hassler, who was assisted by his brother and his Fairmount Park Minstrels, which, no doubt, will be long remembered, and was, without doubt, one of the greatest affairs of the kind Cape May has witnessed for many a long day.

J. R. S.

Personal.

— Prof. George E. Day, of Lane Seminary, Ohio, has been elected Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Theology in the Yale Theological Seminary; and Rev. Dr. Harris, of the Bangor Theological School, has been elected Professor of Didactic Theology. Arthur M. Wheeler, a recent graduate, has been elected Professor of History in Yale College, and Colonel Alfred B. Rockwell Professor of Mining in Yale Scientific School.

— General Beauregard is expected to arrive in New York in the course of a few days, with a view to his departure for Europe. It is understood that the Government has given him permission to leave the country, on condition that he will never again take up arms against it. It is supposed he will tender his services to the French army.

— The late guerilla Mosby is in Richmond, holding his head as high as the most loyal citizen.

— The Paris *Siecle* says: "A rumor of sad import has been in circulation for the last few days, to the effect that the illustrious orator, M. Berryer, is obliged to sell his property of Augerville, where he has spent so many years of his above-named places. Particular attention paid to the handling of freight.

Fare from Chester to Philadelphia, 25 cents; from Billingsport, 25 cents; from Red Bank, 15 cents.

jy21-1m Capt. J. Q. A. DENNY.

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je20-3t6t

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