

AT THE SEASIDE.

Grant and the Grey Reserves.

Cape May Reaches a Climax—The President of the United States and the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Militia Visit the Island in Conjunction.

From Our Own Correspondent.

STOCKTON HOUSE, CAPE ISLAND, N. J., July 19, 1869. Never at this precise date in the season, and probably never at any other date, was Cape Island so overflowing with people as it is just now.

The Encampment of the Grey Reserves. As all the world was made aware by the 1st Regiment of Pennsylvania Militia, otherwise known as the Grey Reserves, arrived in this sea-side town on Friday afternoon, and pitched their tents for a week's encampment.

Who Wouldn't be a Soldier? The camp, which has been named Camp Upton, in honor of the gallant officer upon whose staff Colonel Latta served during the war, is partially surrounded by clumps of stunted trees.

The President Lights a Cigar. Despite all the welcome and unwelcome calls, and despite all the annoying glances and persistent purring of the ladies, the President, in the morning, in his first day at Cape Island, betook himself to rest in much the same fashion, by way of preliminaries, as is customary with the general run of mankind.

Preparing to Welcome the Enemy. On Saturday morning, however, the second notable incident of the week transpired. A man was espied by one of the guard making in the direction of the camp with all the speed that was at his command.

The Great Honor Reserved for the Grey Reserves. The consternation of the worthy commander, however, was increased tenfold when he was told by the panting messenger that the Tallapoosa was lying off the Cape with the President of the United States and a party of distinguished personages on board.

The President Takes a Bath. Here, again, I can vouch for the entire correctness of my narrative. The event transpired between half past eleven and five minutes after twelve, counting the time during which the President was preparing for a wrestle with the breakers and that during which he was preparing to again face the world on dry land.

The Presidential Party. As appears from the register of the Stockton House, consisted of "His Excellency President Grant and family," "Ex-Secretary Boria," and "Postmaster-General Creswell and family."

along the cornice of the entire apartment. The company that assembled to participate in the affair was one of the largest and most brilliant that has ever been collected on the island.

A Startling Remembrance. To say that the arrival of President Grant at the island on Saturday created a profound sensation would be telling the simple truth.

One free and sovereign citizen, as he was perambulating the front piazza of the Stockton House, on Saturday afternoon, thought at one moment that he would give a kick to the horse of the apple tree at Appomattox, and yet he was troubled by grave doubts.

During a great portion of both Saturday and Sunday, the President was of course the recipient of formal calls by persons of more or less consequence in the world.

Be this story true or false, one assertion which fell from the lips of Mr. J. I. am enabled flatly to contradict. This was to the effect that when the President entered the breakfast room, at half-past 9 precisely, he held a cigar between his fingers and the teeth—the cigar, of course, and not the teeth—he quietly removed as soon as he was seated at table, and placed carefully under the edge of his plate.

Instead of tucking away the remnant of a cigar, the President, as soon as he was settled in his seat, picked up the bill of fare and scanned it hurriedly. He then turned his head slightly to the right, and pronounced in a tone that was perfectly audibly to the attentive gentleman of color, who leaned over the back of his chair, the words: "A cup of coffee, a piece of beefsteak, an omelet, and some dry toast. That is all, I believe."

During the three quarters of an hour which the President passed at the breakfast table, he spoke frequently to the members of his party who were grouped about him, but not once during these three quarters of an hour did he breathe the word "horse." To ask for a cigar. My authority for these statements is the united testimony of the five gentlemen of color who waited upon the Presidential table, some one of whom was constantly immediately behind the Presidential chair.

Such of the bathers as were buffeted by the waves under the immediate proximity of the President, while the latter was taking his bath, noticed at a glance that he had not been headed over ears in the water for two seconds before he became very wet. Completely saturated, and to all appearances the President paid no attention to the circumstance.

But the brilliant achievements of the Grey Reserves, which fate had decreed should be crowded into a single day, were far from being complete. A formal reception at Congress Hall was upon the programme for the evening. The spacious dining-room was magnificently ornamented for the occasion by a concourse of festoons of bunting, stretching

started towards his bath-house, he was completely soaked. Of this fact there can be no doubt. Details Too Numerous to Mention. I might follow the President through the ceremony of dinner; might detail how he passed the afternoon; might explain why he did not eat any supper; might depict the consternation which fell upon the whole island community, and notably upon the Grey Reserves and the First City Troop, when it was announced that the President, instead of remaining until Monday morning, would take his departure for Long Branch at 4 o'clock on the evening of Sunday; might narrate the words which passed between the President and a select committee which devoted a hall hour to attempting to effect a change in the Presidential programme. But I intend to do nothing of the kind.

When the Grey Reserves Overwhelmed. The Grey Reserves, who had actually settled that the Presidential party would board the Tallapoosa at 8 in the evening, the dismay thereby created was somewhat modified by the accompanying announcement that he would pay one more visit to Camp Upton. This was to take place at 7 o'clock, the hour for the regular evening dress parade, as the momentous moment approached, every available conveyance was brought into requisition, the sojourners upon the island still laboring under the delusion that the solitary Jersey mile which stretched between them and Camp Upton was equal to two statute miles and a half.

The hero of Appomattox, for once in his life, had failed to meet a military appointment. At twenty minutes past 7, however, a great cry was raised on the outskirts of the crowd, still lingering on the scene of their discomfiture. Then there was a grand rush and scramble, and on all sides was echoed the command to "fall in!" The Grey Reserves were alike and equally disappointed. Unaware were they taken, that they neglected to "receive their old commander with cheers."

Meanwhile, two carriages had been driven into the centre of the group of tents. In the first sat the President, Postmaster-General Creswell, and A. W. Markley, Esq.; in the second, Mr. Fred. Grant, Mr. Samuel Hour (a son of the Attorney-General), Mrs. Grant, and Miss McIlvaine, a sister-in-law of the Postmaster-General. As soon as the carriages passed the eager crowd pressed about them, and not a few, both ladies and gentlemen, succeeded in getting a shake from the Presidential hand.

On the 18th instant, at 11 o'clock, the President, Postmaster-General Creswell, and A. W. Markley, Esq.; in the second, Mr. Fred. Grant, Mr. Samuel Hour (a son of the Attorney-General), Mrs. Grant, and Miss McIlvaine, a sister-in-law of the Postmaster-General. As soon as the carriages passed the eager crowd pressed about them, and not a few, both ladies and gentlemen, succeeded in getting a shake from the Presidential hand.

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