

**SEA-WEED AND WHAT WE  
SEED: MY  
VACATION AT LONG  
BRANCH AND SARATOGA**

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Sea-Weed and What We Seed: My Vacation at Long Branch and Saratoga by John Paul  
(Charles H. Webb)

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**JOHN PAUL (CHARLES H. WEBB)**

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VACATION AT LONG  
BRANCH AND SARATOGA**



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*1<sup>st</sup> Ed.*

SEA - W E E D

AND

WHAT WE SEED.

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MY VACATION

AT

LONG BRANCH AND SARATOGA.

BY

"JOHN PAUL"

(CHARLES H. WELLS),

AUTHOR OF

"*Fifth Lark*," "*St. Twel'no*," "*A Wicked Woman*,"  
*etc., etc.*



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## PREFACE.

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THAT which we now entitle "Preface of a Book" was once known as the "Argument"—perhaps because it was held that a good deal of argument is necessary to prove that one has any right to put a book upon the public. That point I will not now argue, as the burden rests on my publishers. But perhaps I had better explain that the loose-letters, here bound and sheaved, appeared in the *New York Tribune* during the summer just past, under the title head of "JOHN PAUL'S VACATION." Why so labelled, I do not know, for certainly the writing of them is the only work I have done during the year. Possibly "Vacation" was a misprint for "Vocation." Indeed it seems my fate to drift round among the watering places every summer, writing letters which, in the regular course of nature, find their way into *Tribune* supplements, within a month or two of being written. As before remarked, last summer's work you have here. For all the work and wisdom that went before you must go to "JOHN PAUL'S BOOK," a big volume, published by a large Hartford firm at an astonishingly small price.

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## MY VACATION.

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ARRIVAL AT LONG BRANCH—COMPARATIVE ATTRAC-  
TIONS OF LONG BRANCH AND THE PIT CALLED  
BOTTOMLESS—HOW LONG A TANNER MAY LAST  
YOU—SAILING UP THE BAY—THE HOTEL CLERK  
OF THE PERIOD.



REQUENTLY I have asked of myself  
(as well as of other personal friends)  
what makes Long Branch so favorite a  
watering-place. Ease of access, all reply. Now  
I do not see that this explains it at all. The  
Pit-called Bottomless is proverbially easy of  
access, but it has never come into much favor  
as a good watering-place. On the contrary,  
does it not stand glaringly and nakedly forth  
as perhaps the worst watering-place to be  
found in the world or out of it—if we except,  
possibly, Coney Island? In both places it  
is said that you find scant vegetation and a  
plentiful lack of shade, and is not this peculiarity

common to Long Branch as well? But do not for a moment imagine that I am desirous of drawing a parallel between Long Branch and either of the popular resorts above referred to. Shades of similarity exist, of course, but I can point you to some very wide differences when it comes to narrowing the thing down fine. For instance, President Grant is here and he isn't there—I am sorry to say. Sorry to say, I say, because the facilities for smoking on the sandy reaches of Coney Island far exceed any which this world—elsewhere—can offer. Again, they charge more here and do not really give one much better accommodations for the money. Where it is so hot that greenbacks would burn, a hotel proprietor is less intent on getting your last dollar, I fancy.

By the way, did I say President Grant was here? If I did, I lied! He's at Cape May. And may it not be that to that may he has gone to indicate that under certain circumstances he might—? Who knows? But may he not find doubling that cape a very different sort of thing from trebling a term?