

MISS KATE HILLARD, in "The New York Tribune," says, —

"If the man who invents a new dish deserves the thanks of humanity, we should surely bestow a still larger measure of gratitude on the genius who discovers a new summer resort. To the veteran pleasure-seeker the old places soon become hackneyed. Newport and Saratoga are the city over again, whisked away on a magic carpet to a new location; the White Mountains and Mount Desert are too crowded with cockneyed tourists; even the Adirondacks have become stale. We long for fresh pastures, and we find them in Campobello, where every prospect pleases, and where even man is not as vile as usual. A steamer leaving Portland at six P.M. will bring you to Eastport about ten the next morning; and, as you sail up the beautiful Passamaquoddy Bay, the island of Campobello stretches away on your right, while far beyond you see the cliffs