

SARATOGA, N.Y., JUNE 15TH.

ANOTHER perfect June morning. Had we had any other kind, save and except the "drooking" at Mount Mansfield? If so we did not recall it. After breakfast Slorah's Tally-Ho coach was mounted for a drive to Hilton Park, a visit no sojourner at Saratoga should omit to pay. Then per similar conveyance to Moon's and Frank Leslie's former residence, *Interlaken*, on Saratoga Lake, almost equally enjoyable. These coaches boasted performers on the attenuated horn which could put to shame the efforts of our party on their simpler instruments, but they could never get so much fun out of their perfunctory horn-blowing as we did out of our amateur tooting. Back to dinner to find the dining room half filled by undertakers, who were present from all parts, holding a "convention." Mr. Harris, one of the proprietors of the Clarendon (who also keep the new Genesee at Buffalo) was a very cordial Englishman, who seemingly "knew the ropes" at Washington in addition to his other knowledge. It was not yet "the season" at Saratoga and we were made very comfortable. Here Dwight heard by cable telegram, as he had done at other points during our drive, from his son Lyman, who is one of the Canadian Team which is giving exhibition games of lacrosse throughout Great Britain. Every one was glad to hear of "Imey's" welfare, and of the marked success of the team, many of whom we knew.

At three we left for Albany by train, arriving at 4.30. Visited the granite and marble Capitol and saw through several of its magnificent apartments, thanks to the address of Dwight and the yielding civility of an