

A Visit to New York.

Travelling after the close of September is not the most agreeable thing in the world, and what pleasure there is, is more than swallowed up by the discomforts of the journey itself. Of this we had an excellent illustration towards the end of last month, when business called us to New York city for a few days.

Leaving Port Hope by the staunch little Steamer *Norseman*, commanded by Bro. R. Crawford, of Kingston, we found when out a few miles from shore that the water was much more lumpy than we cared for, and we were rather rudely "rocked in the cradle of the deep." However, thanks to the kindness of the Engineer, Mr. R. Riley, who was good enough to give us a seat by his side in the engine-room, we worried through the journey without contributing to the mid-day meal of the finny-tribe, and arrived in Rochester, N. Y., safely at 4.30 p.m. Here, we missed several of our most intimate friends, Bros. Gen. W. H. Briggs, A. H. Smith, Col. Erbeling, and others, who were out of town on a hunting expedition, and, consequently, our long wait over until 11 p.m. would have been a dreary one, had we not succeeded in finding our old friend, Mr. Andrew Erhardt, and later in the evening, an old Port Hope, Bro. F. Vincent. The train, which, of course, was over an hour late because we happened to be waiting for it, finally got under way from Rochester shortly after mid-night, and as we were fortunate enough to secure the last berth on the New York Sleeper, we were soon asleep, banging along at the rate of forty miles an hour. The darkey in charge was good enough to wake us in time for breakfast at Albany, where we got a cup of indifferent coffee, a piece of doughy johnny-cake, and a tough piece of beefsteak,—none of which we were venturesome enough to eat,—all for the small sum of 75c., (probably it cost at least 5c.) but this is only a fair profit, we presume.

At Albany there was a long wait, but, as there was no smoking car attached to the train, the time was not lost by most of the gentlemen, who availed themselves of the opportunity to smoke a cigar, and as the air was keen, a brisk walk up and down the platform was enjoyable.

On starting we found our train had a distinguished addition to its passengers in the person of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose burly form and long hair makes him conspicuous wherever he goes.

The route of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. from Albany to New York is a beautiful one, running as it does in close proximity to the Hudson River, with its busy fleet of all kinds of craft. Our train ar-

rived about noon, and the busy hubbub of New York meets the traveller at once at the Grand Central Depot; but being somewhat of an old stager in the great city, we had no difficulty in making our way to the Gilsey House, on the corner of 27th Street and Broadway. This is one of the finest hotels in the city—home-like in all its surroundings, while its furniture, offices, reading rooms, restaurant, &c., &c., are of the most elegant description, surpassing, because newer, the best of the Chicago palace hotels. We were disappointed in not finding Mr. Chas. Clemes, of Port Hope, here, but, nevertheless, had an excellent room assigned to our use. The Gilsey House is conducted on the European plan, so that one can live as economically or as expensively as he chooses, and as the house is considerably up-town from the business centres, this is really the most desirable and enjoyable class of hotel to go to. The Elevated Railway runs within a short distance of the Gilsey, and other hotels of the better class, so that the inconvenience of getting up and down town is greatly lessened. The Elevated Railway, which has sprung into prominence and popularity in the last few years, is a great convenience to the people of New York, as a journey which would take over an hour on the horse cars is accomplished in a few minutes. We did not quite get the hang of the route, and we will, therefore, not undertake to say where it does or does not go to—but it sadly disfigures some of the streets through which it runs.

The first day of our visit, while carefully threading our way along Printing House Square, we were surprised and pleased at meeting our genial friend M. W. Bro. John W. Simons, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, whom we met in Chicago during the sitting of the Triennial Conclave, of which body he is the Grand Treasurer. Brother Simons is a fervent Democrat, and politics being all the rage, he came to a halt, and as he extended a friendly hand to us remarked "I am sorry to hear that you have turned Republican!" but we assured him we had no intention of doing anything of the kind. In fact, as we depended on the N. Y. papers for our knowledge of American politics, the more we read the more "mixed" we got, and that consequently we couldn't quite make out what constitutes one party or the other. Our venerable friend then located us properly, and on his invitation we accompanied him to his sanctum in the Astor House, where we were fortunate enough to meet several celebrities well-known to the Craft, among them R. W. Bro. Daniel Sickles, P. D. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of New York; M. E. Sir Knight George Wallgrove, Grand Commander of the Grand Com-