

# CYCLING

*A Mirror of Wheeling Events—Devoted to the Interest of Cyclists in General.*

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## *A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.*

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING  
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT  
OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS  
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—VIII.

Our next day's experience was a peculiar yet pleasant one. McBride had some friends he wished to see in Moffat, so we did not leave the town until almost noon; but as we were feeling in good riding form and the distance to Carlisle being only about thirty-five miles, we expected to be in England within three or four hours. The road was good and we were spinning merrily along, when, almost within the space of half-an-hour, a storm came up—one of the energetic kind, and we were forced to give up, after riding for a few miles in the rain, hoping that the downpour would cease. After crossing a miniature bridge which spanned a little stream, we came to a house which we noticed contained a few jars of candy in the window, together with some other articles of merchandise, so we concluded we might risk asking for shelter and refreshment. Leaving our wheels under the shelter of a couple of mammoth elms and additionally protected by our waterproof capes, we entered the house and were given seats by the large, open fireplace. Under the influence of the warmth emitted by the pine knots which lay crackling and blazing within the hearth, our clothing soon became dry, and we were made additionally comfortable by an unlimited quantity of milk being placed at our disposal. We very soon decided that we were prisoners for the afternoon, as our new friends assured us we were in for a few hours of thorough Scotch mist. The circumstance of our detention resulted in a gratifying experience as we were treated in such a kindly manner by Mr. and Mrs. Murphie, in whose house we had taken refuge, that our few hours delay at Johnston Bridge was more than a pleasant incident in the journey. We found Mr. Murphie a hale, hearty, old Scotch gentleman, full of anecdotes connected with the country. Remarking on the vigor with which the rain came down, he went on to

tell us of a storm he remembered seeing years ago, before the railroad was built and when all travelling was done by coach over the turnpike roads, how that on one occasion, when the stage was on its way from Moffat to Selkirk, a most terrific snow storm came on with so much force and violence, accompanied by such intense cold, that the two guards, who happened to be the only occupants, were frozen to death, and the coach completely enveloped in snow, the occurrence was only immediately discovered by the mail bags having been hung on the top of the poles placed to mark the road in those days. This story seemed still more strange, as in this part of Scotland very little snow falls at any time.

What a jolly afternoon we did have with our hospitable Scotch friends! An early supper was given us, consisting of marmalade, delicious cream, and tea as it only can be made in Scotland; this we found in honor of our advent was laid in the parlor, and upon entering the room we were pleasantly surprised to see a piano, an instrument not often run across in the rural homes of Great Britain; this discovery was too good an opportunity to miss. So, after we had done ample justice to the appetizing viands spread before us, we mentioned to our hostess that we had an impressario in our midst in the person of Peard, who probably if sufficiently pressed would favor the company with an exhibition of his musical genius. With that ready acquiescence resulting from an unsatisfied craving of several days' duration, our friend of the safety, sat down before the piano and went through his complete repertoire, including one or two encores, the family seeming to appreciate the selections; well, they of course had never heard of his masterly touch before, nor did they enjoy the ripe old friendship that existed between ourselves and the classic airs our friend was familiar with. After our attention had become somewhat diverted from the entertainment of the moment, we realised that the clouds were clearing away, disclosing the sun sinking in a wealth of golden beauty, reminding us that we should again continue our journey, but at our earnest solicitation, before taking our departure, Mr. Murphie and one of his daughters sang for us "The Auld Hause" in true Scotch style. Taking with us many