

CYCLING

A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General.

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1891.

No. 10.

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.—IV.

Poor old foggy, muddy, dirty Glasgow did provide us with a perfect morning of discontent following our first night in this ancient city. No bicycles; oh how we did yearn for the close proximity of Harry Davies and "Singer" Payne of London, Ontario; the latter's name suggests what its owner would have experienced if McBride (notwithstanding the gentle spirit which is characteristic of the man) had had a short interview with him. To facilitate matters, we engaged a special wire to Coventry and used it pretty thoroughly all day in awakening the comatose occupants of the several factories to the fact that we existed and were in the country, but they did not seem at all put out or surprised, and it was here we received our first lesson that it is absolutely useless to attempt to hurry a business house in England. Nothing will have any effect in expediting their movements; while they are very courteous and agreeable they will not be rushed, so we found out to our sorrow. After borrowing an umbrella to keep the damp atmosphere from totally obliterating the bright russet hue on Peard's shoes, we succeeded in reaching the State Steamship Co.'s office and secured our state-rooms for the return passage, which we were almost tempted to make by the next steamer in consequence of the depressed condition of our spirits, as a result of the absence of our machines which gave no promise of appearing for several days. We did not allow the clouds overhead or the vexatious circumstance of being imprisoned in Glasgow to keep our spirits at zero point for a very long period. We were now expecting some news of our friends Robinson and Stark who had preceded us, but to our surprise and disappointment, were unable to glean any tidings of where they were or what plans they had made, beyond the fact of ascertaining from the Humber

Company's representative that one of them had purchased a wheel from him.

In consideration of the combination of adverse circumstances—the continued rain and our afore-mentioned trials—we did not feel much like sight-seeing. However, we donned our rain protectors and sallied forth to see the grand old Cathedral, which is one of the finest productions of mediæval architecture to be found in Great Britain. But here, as in many of the other old churches throughout Europe, the ruthless hand of modern renovation has shown itself, but the mind can still picture the scenes enacted within the various chapels during the days of the Reformation, and as we pass through the vaulted arches, listening to the tales of reminiscence connected with each particular window or tomb, we can almost imagine we hear the subdued music of the choir chanting a requiem over the death of one of Scotland's early heroes. Before leaving the Cathedral we ran across two ladies who had crossed the ocean with us, and with the additional pleasure of their presence we continued our tour of investigation, passing over the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the churchyard with the cemetery, and found ourselves in Glasgow's city of the dead. With commendable forethought this cemetery has been laid out on one of the highest elevations of the city, and on a clear summer's day must be a spot of brightness and beauty; but, as the rain did not relax its aggressiveness even here, we hurried through, and on to the Asylum for the Blind, which lies quite close to the Cathedral. We were conducted over this interesting institution under the guidance of the matron, who was very kind, showing us the young women at their work of making brushes, which they do with marvellous dexterity, and also the two extremes: the old ladies contentedly sitting in their ward knitting away as though they never realized the absence of the most valuable of the senses, and the little children whose faces glowed with pleasurable pride when, in response to their teacher's direction, they successfully pointed out to us some city, lake or river on the globe of raised material placed in front of them. We came out feeling very much more thankful for our blessings and privi-