

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.—XVIII.

(Conclusion.)

Glasgow looked just the same, on this our second visit to the city, as it did on that memorable evening in June when we alighted from the train which had carried us from the landing place at Greenock. We even had the rain coming down in torrents; so that our second impression of the slow yet solid Scotch city would not exhibit any startling change from that first formed. We had yet a few days before our steamer sailed, and availed ourselves of the chance to visit one of the most hospitable of Northern England homes in the vicinity of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where two days were most pleasantly spent. We cut short a more extended visit in this region, with its special delights of going down into coal mines, etc., etc., for the prospective tour through the Trossachs. When we got up bright and early on the morning of our last Monday in Scotland to take the train for Edinburgh, where we were to join the other members of the party, we were disappointed to see threatening clouds overhead, which portended rain, and thorough Scotch rain at that. Before we came in sight of Arthur's Seat the mist was penetrating the atmosphere with that sincerity of purpose that left no doubt in our minds that a start for the Lake district that day was out of the range of possibilities. Many, many times during that and the succeeding two days, during which time we saw nothing but a continuous fall of rain, did we wish ourselves back in Ryton-on-Tyne. Wednesday morning, as we took our train for Glasgow, old Sol did show himself, but his smiling presence came too late for us, we had to sail the next day and the final preparations had yet to be made. We had throughout our journey, when possible, made headquarters at the Waverley temperance hotels, and upon going to our quarters in Glasgow found many of the passengers who had experienced the honor of crossing with us on the *Indiana*. We heard various rumors as to the number of people that were to return on the *State of Nebraska*, and many rumors as to difficulties experienced in securing desirable accommodation on the boat, so that we were more than ever better pleased that we had booked

our state-rooms in June. We are on the tender, and have said a last "good-bye" to the friends who are rapidly fading from view on the dock; and when, in our minds, we look back over the days that have been spent on our little cycling jaunt, now that the wheeling portion is really over, what a decidedly good time we have had. We drive away the gloom, or passing sorrow that comes to us, when we think of the friends we are leaving behind, in the self-assurance that this is but a beginning—we will have, surely, one more at least such experience, and to this we will look forward. The first thing we do the next morning is to open our port, which is permissible by a sea as calm as glass, and good old Ireland greets our vision. There are the hills just beyond Moville, and the ruin of Green Castle on the right, making altogether a very pretty picture.

While waiting for the passengers from Belfast a few of us took advantage of the opportunity to make the somewhat ungraceful, if not perilous, descent of a rope ladder to a sailboat belonging to one of the pilots, and went on shore to take a look at Green Castle, and have a last ride in a jaunting-car. We got some excellent pictures with our kodaks of the castle and its surroundings, and had a delightful bath in the sea. As the day wore on the wind had increased, so that when we got aboard our craft again to reach the steamer there was considerable sea running. We eventually reached the deck of the *Nebraska*, but we were a pretty damp lot. The Toronto contingent was even stronger on the return voyage than it was when crossing over, and certainly much more agreeable, in consequence of a number of decidedly interesting Toronto young ladies with whom McBride and one or two others got on very good terms at an early stage of the trip. The daily routine on shipboard was much the same as our former experience—we simply had a thoroughly good time and did nothing. We had the good fortune of enjoying the most pleasant voyage the *Nebraska* had made during the whole of the summer, so that when we landed in New York on a hot afternoon, during one of the last days of August, we felt satisfied that we had been given everything that we deserved. Whether in August or December, it matters not which, New York is a charming place, and before the conclusion of the journey we spent a few days there, as a fitting conclusion to our holidays.

We have come to the end of our little story. There is nothing more to say, but to thank our kind and indulgent friends who have followed us through the medium of