

CYCLING

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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.

How did the idea of the tour originate? That is a question rather hard to answer. It certainly does seem a little out of the ordinary course of expectation that six members of the same bicycle club—the Torontos—should conceive the idea of going through Europe at the same season, and by the same means of locomotion—a bicycle—when such a mode of travelling would be feasible; but the dormant desire in the undecided became quickened into life at the stories of anticipation supplied by the one or two who had decided on the trip many months before. May was the month looked forward to as the commencement of the journey, and the first disappointment presented itself when Messrs. Robinson and Stark found that, to take the tour at all, they would have to start early in April. Our party was one of four, consisting of R. H. McBride, C. Langley, F. F. Peard and D. H. McLean, of Ottawa, although "Donald" did not join us until we reached London, in consequence of Toronto University demanding his presence at convocation to receive the B.A. degree. The cause of his delay did not tend to lessen his enjoyment, however, when he did get on the wheel. After several delays which almost induced Langley, who was impatient to get off and forget the first two days' experience at sea, to start a steamer ahead of the other boys, the little band of voyagers left the Union Station on the afternoon of the 27th of May, 1890, amidst the farewell wishes and last good-byes of a number of friends who had assembled to wish us *bon voyage*. What a peculiar sensation is experienced when you feel yourself being carried away from the old familiar scenes and faces, with the certainty of seeing neither for a lengthened period, and despite the brightness surrounding the prospective delights of the journey, the mind cannot but

picture the possibilities that may take place before time brings about a reunion. If we indulged in any such gloomy reveries, they were entirely dispelled by the time our Pullman drew into the station at Hamilton. What Torontonian could pass Hamilton and not feel at peace with himself and the world. We had our first amusing experience at Niagara Falls, where we were compelled to see that our baggage was re-checked for New York. Peard had on his polo cap with "Torontos" on the peak, and in looking after his wardrobe, which occupied one corner of a good-sized trunk, taken—the trunk I mean—for the purpose of creating additional revenue for the Canadian Government on the return journey, at least that is what McBride believed while supervising the handling of this most necessary adjunct to the success of the trip, his spirit was humbled by an energetic and guileless female, who innocently requested him to "Please check this trunk for Syracuse, sir." After this incident we almost persuaded him to take off the emblem of distinction, but being the far-famed "McClelland Bullion," it was allowed to remain in its place for the sake of the donor and the organization. It represented New York was reached without the occurrence of any further incidents of interest, but I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without mentioning the magnificent scenery witnessed from the dangerous, but exhilarating seat on the steps of our car. The morning was a radiant one, and as we rushed along, now losing the sun for an instant in the depths of a tunnel, now stopping for a moment at a station, from which we could see the little town nestling on the banks of the majestic Hudson below, the thought occurred to me, will nature show us any result of her handiwork more sublime than this? Our first desire after reaching the hotel was to see the boat that was to bear us to the land of Scotia, for we expected our bicycles to meet us at Glasgow. The good ship "State of Indiana" lay at her pier in Brooklyn preparing for the departure of the morrow, and having received the opinion of McBride—who is an authority on nautical matters—that the steamer was perfectly sea worthy, we decided that our