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our friends. Then we started to ride. We had not covered more than a mile when the rain began again. And the wind! I won't describe that ride of twenty-seven miles against a perfect storm of both. We fought bravely, and Fitzjames, who had the best of hearts, insisted upon my riding behind him for shelter, but the odds were too great. A nasty pain came into my left side, and on reaching Spean Bridge I was obliged to give in. I was sorry to disappoint my friend in being unable to complete our programme, but he was too nice to show any disappointment he might feel, and at my suggestion we sought the railway station and took train for Glasgow. I was quite fagged out, and fell into a deep sleep as soon as we entered the carriage. Our 400 miles among wet mountain roads against head winds had been too much for me. Next day I put my machine on board a sailing ship bound for Adelaide. I did not wish to see it again for a long time.

Thus ended our tour among some of Scotland's grandest scenes. Dear, dear! How the mention of that name brings to my mind memories of former pleasant holidays spent amid her wild moorlands, her stern rugged mountains, or by her sweet lochs' sides! But those were days when the sun shone occasionally, and before my experiments with bicycles began. Future visits to a country I love dearly will be paid by means of coaches, railway trains, and steamers.