

**YANKEE SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD:  
OR, THE NEW ENGLAND  
BICYCLE CLUB IN SCOTLAND,  
ENGLAND, AND PARIS**

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Yankee Schoolboys Abroad: Or, the New England Bicycle Club in Scotland, England, and Paris  
by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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NEW-ENGLAND-BICYCLE-CLUB

IN { SCOTLAND,  
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AND PARIS.

JULY — SEPTEMBER, 1892.

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1893.

## PREFACE.

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Books of travel and adventure of every description have been so multiplied that this unpretentious little volume cannot, perhaps, claim the charm of novelty, nor, indeed, of interest, for any but the immediate friends of the writers. Unlike the Zigzag and Boy Travellers series, however, it represents actual experiences of twelve school and college lads, who, with two teachers, made a bicycle tour through Scotland and England.

On their return, the first eight of the following articles were read by their writers before schoolmates in the Brookline High School. With additions from other members of the party, these are now printed as a souvenir of a pleasant summer's outing. It is believed that any lack of unity that may be apparent is more than balanced by the freshness and variety of the articles, for each boy has told his story in his own way, dwelling upon whatever interested him most.

As results of a trip singularly free from illness or serious accidents, may be mentioned the benefit physically which came from three months' good comradeship in the open air, an intellectual quickening which travel of any sort promotes, and such a familiarity with the portions of England and Scotland visited as only a cyclist or a pedestrian can acquire.

To some, the tour marked the beginning of a genuine interest in cathedrals and church architecture; others with more practical tastes profited by the opportunity to study the political, industrial and social conditions in Great Britain; and all were quickened to a fresh interest in the literature and history of the dear old mother country.

Incidentally, it was a satisfaction to prove that students, boys and young professional men of limited means, need not postpone their travels until they have amassed fortunes, but that they can go far and see much at the very time when sight-seeing will prove most beneficial.

The average daily expense was about \$2.50; in some places it did not exceed \$1.50. The cost of the trip, including all traveling expenses, was about \$230.

THE HIGH SCHOOL,  
Brookline, Feb. 1, 1893.



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# YANKEE SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD.

## I.

### New York to Ben Lomond.

Following is a list of the members of our party, or "family," as it was often called: Messrs. D. S. Sanford, the "Captain," J. C. Packard, the "Sub-Captain," William G. Nash, John Taylor, Charles Jenney, otherwise called "My Little Man," Geo. M. Lane, S. Coffin, F. B. Stearns, E. N. and C. N. Wrightington,—all from Brookline. From Connecticut: Sam Scoville, Jr., F. J. Lockwood, Jos. R. Noyes, and Wm. H. Scoville.

On Thursday, the 30th of June, 1892, our bicycle party turned up in force at the Hungaria Hotel, New York. A hasty lunch, and we were off for Allan Pier. By 2.22 p. m., to be mathematically exact, our steamer, the "State of Nevada," was on the move, a thunder-shower meanwhile keeping the New England Bicycle Club under shelter, and what was worse, out of sight. To conceal our emotion at parting, and to comfort the weeping crowd on the fast receding pier, we cheered. And oh, how we did cheer! Yale, Harvard, Technology, B. H. S., all shared in the general mêlé. Then the on-looking passengers began to inquire who and what we were. (They soon learned, I'll warrant.)

By the time we were tired of making ourselves conspicuous, the weather had cleared and we were steaming down through the Narrows. In a very short time we were beyond Sandy Hook, fairly started on our way across the ocean, with no alternative but to stick to the ship and make the best of it—sea-sickness and all. We were no sooner beyond the point, however, than we struck a blow, and the steamer began to roll most

unmercifully. This was a new sensation, and we began to feel slightly anxious as to the results. One by one the passengers began to "pale" and grow restless. I managed to crawl into a winter overcoat and find a comfortable seat on deck, where all our party sat with closed eyes and silent lips. The wind increased—a sudden roll—and our "Captain" was laid noisily but neatly in the "scuppers,"—chair, man, and steamer-rug in general confusion. Everybody laughed. They do laugh so easily aboard steamer, it seems. My turn came next. I was dozing peacefully, when a huge wave leaped the rail and took me fairly in the mouth. Another laugh, in which I felt it my bounden duty to call up strength enough to join. Then, as if old Neptune couldn't manage us alone, the other elements joined hands to help him. The rain came drizzling down, the thermometer fell, and then the supper bell rang! Some of us braved the horror of the saloon and went below. But we had little to pay for our heroic resolves,—nothing but a bit of boiled mutton quickly eaten, and sardonic grins from the stewards as we silently made our departure.

Well, not to dwell upon the fact longer, we were sea-sick, and had to admit it. One comfort there was, however, all in the party but two were "afflicted," and these two did the "serving" act to us, their stricken friends.

Next morning we all felt better, though somewhat "delicate," as one remarked. The day passed with most of us to our steamer chairs, dozing, sleeping and reading the time away. That night, to show

how much better we all felt, we sang college songs and everything else singable till late. And so the time passed until Sunday, a glorious day, broke upon us. Now our fellow-passengers began to appear, and we busied ourselves with making their acquaintance. We were favored by several high in authority and of note: a judge from Ontario, a doctor from Rhode Island, professors, lawyers, an elocutionist very famous according to his own accounts, several clergymen,—all making up an interesting party. Then the young ladies!—whom I left unmentioned till the last, by way of climax. We certainly could not complain. We now began to hear from without what sort of figures we had been cutting thus far. Such a miserable, sea-sick, sick-of-everything looking crowd as we must have made those first few days! We certainly were our own advertisement. No need was there to ask, "Are you a member of that bicycle touring party?" It was written on our very faces. There, at full length on the deck, lay a dignified member of the party with somewhat of a dreamy, indefinite expression about the mouth—another, as sedate as the first, wandered aimlessly up and down, dressed in a blue sweater, and decked in a felt hat, which the word "sacient" would not half describe. At the bow sat a fellow asleep, head thrown back, mouth open, and in it a lemon peel, which someone had been so unkind as to place there. Another lay dozing in a steamer chair, with cheeks burned a fiery, lobster-like red. "My Little Man," as one of us was sarcastically called, looked disgusted with everybody,—himself, I know, included. But as we began to revive, each and all vowed to take a pleasanter view of life thereafter.

The Fourth of July passed uneventfully. I should mention, however, the startling bill of fare at dinner: Republican soup, cutlets a la Blaine, Protection pudding with

McKinley sauce, Democratic soup, stewed veal and Tammany Hall sauce, Governor pudding with Cleveland sauce. There was something for everybody, from a Mugwump to a Prohibitionist. Surely that was celebration enough for one day—at least so we thought after it was over.

Next morning we awoke to a grand sight. The wind was blowing "half a hurricane," the sea had risen and we were rushing along in splendid style. All day long we sat on the hurricane deck; watching the foaming sea. In front and astern of us the waves rose at times from thirty to forty feet high, and rushed down as if to swamp our steamer, but still we pushed on. The sea's blue was now an angry green, and the white caps surrounded us as far as we could see. Instead of falling, as time passed the wind increased, and by evening a heavy gale was blowing. A pitiful night followed. Some claimed that once, only once, however, the steamer rolled completely over, so quickly that one's senses could not dispute the statement. Perhaps it did for aught we know. At any rate, we found next morning that the wheel-house had been smashed in and that the sea had raised trouble generally. What was worse, we found a heavy rolling swell ready for us when we reached the deck; and we spent the day meditating upon all the discomforts of anticipated seasickness. In fact, from a jolly, joking crowd the passengers had changed to a gloomy, sour-looking party. We knew this could not last, however, and we were right. Next day all were better, and our Fourth-of-July sports came off. Our "boys" managed to capture the majority of the prizes, much to our pride and gratification. Thus the time passed, slowly to be sure, but not decidedly unpleasantly. Several concerts helped to lighten matters, and such games as "shuffle board" and "hop-

skotch" passed away the time. At last Sunday arrived and the longed-for land appeared. All day we skirted the north shore of Ireland—a beautiful, fertile country, apparently. That day seemed perfect in every way. Land was in sight, the sky was clear and bright, and everything seemed welcoming us to that land we had come to see. By six that night we were in the Firth of Clyde, a magnificent and beautiful body of water. We were hemmed in on all sides by a rocky and mountainous coast, the only inhabitants of which were thousands upon thousands of gulls. The scenery was wild in the extreme, and when the sun set, there fell upon the water that beautiful northern twilight one hears so much about. The landscape was rendered a hazy blue, which, together with a full moon, made a picture not soon forgotten. Then came the River Clyde, and next morning we awoke beside the Glasgow pier.

Uncrating and cleaning up wheels occupied a large part of the morning. Then we bade good bye to old Ocean and to our ship, which, for one, could hardly call gallant, though "gallant ship" does sounds poetic and quotation-like. The next few days we looked over the city, and the city most decidedly looked us over. With our ill-fitting suits and our peculiar hats we passed for Germans, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Yankees, and I hardly know what not. But a stare was not sufficient; after it there inevitably came the question, "Where are you from?" "Oh, from America, are you?" Then, with a conceited chuckle, "Did you ride over on your wheels?" That passed all very well for a poor joke, but when the third dozen began the same thing we were no longer in a condition to admire British wit.

Then we stranded on English moosey. After spending by no means a short time in concurring expressions like "th'pence" and "t'pence," and in learning values and

such troublesome things, I entered a restaurant, and with a bold and serious face ordered a "th'pence tart." I got the tart, but a laugh on the girl's face showed that she thought "a th'pence" rather a peculiar piece of money.

Shopping troubled us, too; but then shopping does always trouble fellows. I have hardly spoken of the city itself yet. Glasgow impresses one as a clean, finely built city. It boasts well paved streets, fine bridges, neat hotels, and has besides a cathedral and a fine university. But the city is perhaps most famous for the building of wooden and iron-clad ships. The "trams" are large "double deckers," with huge advertisements of "Sunlight Soap," and are drawn by horses which are "thoroughbreds" as compared with ours.

In sight-seeing of this sort several days went by. The majority of us thus passed the time, while the "would-be" Tech students labored on their "exams." But by Wednesday we were off, on our bicycles, for the Highlands of the Scottish lakes. First our luggage troubled us. We had not brought this down to a science as yet. So when we did really get started we were in no mood for agreeable conversation. But the fine roads and splendid day soon brought back our spirits and we spun along in fine style. Pretty stone villas lined the way, and the neat farm-houses, with their thatched roofs and trailing roses, made a pretty picture. At Dumbarton Castle we made a short stop. The structure is situated on a high rock some 200 feet above the sea. Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Darnley, and Wallace figure in the history of the castle, but beyond these bits of historical associations the castle is not intensely interesting. The town beyond, with its famous ship yards and veritable "election-day" mob, ought perhaps to have detained us, but we had the true "scorching" spirit and were too eager for riding. So on we