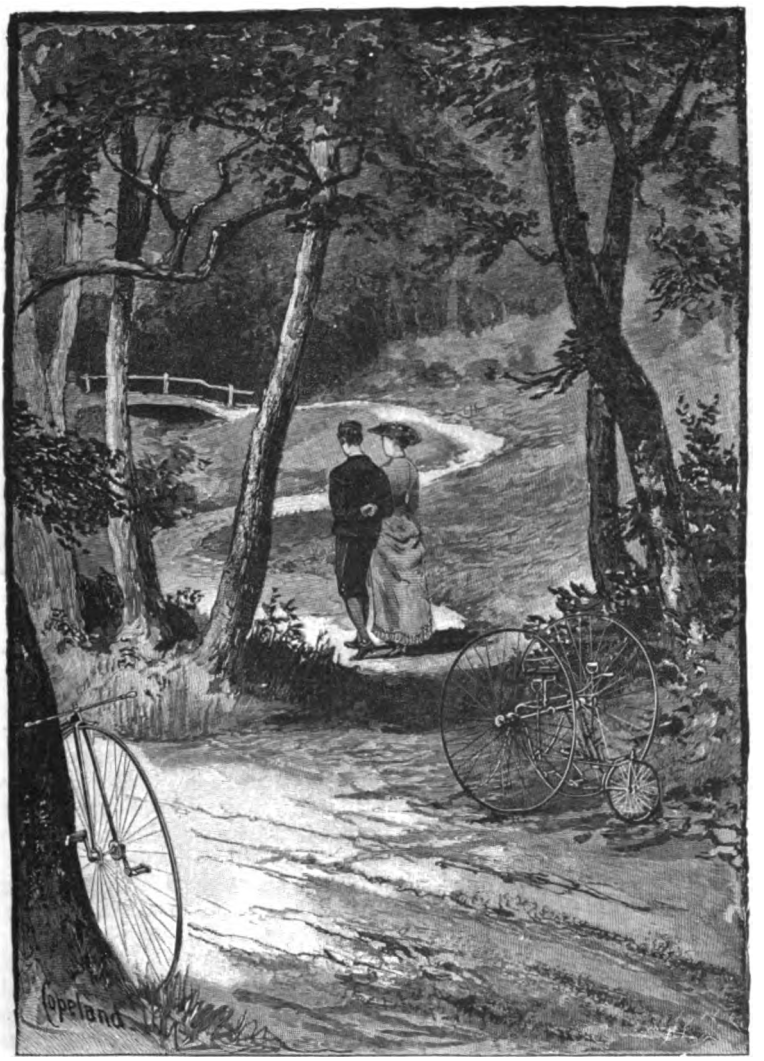
THE WHEELMAN.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1883. No. 3.

A HILL BY THE SEA.

MEMORIES OF AGAMENTICUS.



THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE VILLAGE.

A THOUSAND by-ways in our country are filled with beauties too often passed by unnoticed for years, until some circumstance leads to the discovery of the long-hidden charms.

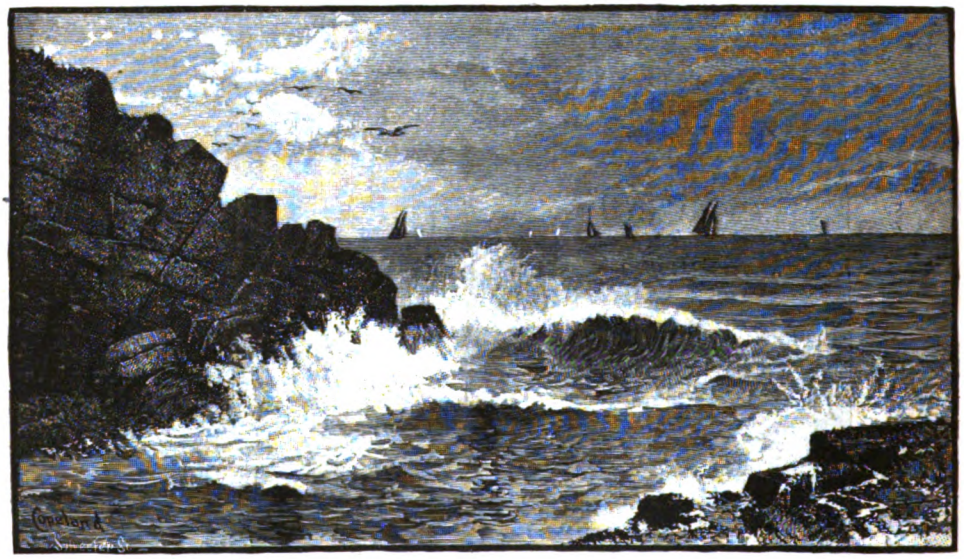
It is like awaking the Sleeping Beauty, who for a hundred years had slumbered unmolested, to arouse the echoes

"That from dreamless slumbers in the caves awake,
And haunt the wood, and linger near the lake."

Many a time the cars had taken me through a little village near Agamenticus; many a time I had waited eagerly for the long train to start from the station, and bring me to places of interest, little thinking that less than an hour's ride on my wheel would bring me where

"The dark, green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers;
Where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams
With joyous music in their flow."

But, on this particular summer, I and my wheel, being on a journey of discovery, came unexpectedly upon this very town. On nearer acquaintance it proved to be a busy place, — too busy, in fact, to tempt the wheelman to linger within the sound of its bells and whistles; so I turned up the shady, winding street that led from the village to the farm lands and the hills. It was there that I suddenly found the "Sleeping Beauty." Before me lay a landscape, hushed and dream-like, beneath the faint light of a pale moon. The western sky still glowed with the red of sunset, but from the valleys the evening mists were slowly rising, and in the distance the lights of the village appeared, one after another, in the cottage windows, serving both as welcome and guide to the returning laborer. On the hills the moonlight cast long shadows and the trees that crowned their summits stood out clearly against the sky. At my right a dense forest of white pines seemed almost impenetrable, while the few tree-trunks that reflected the light only rendered the forest still blacker. "The wind came up out of the sea" and touched the pine branches, as a master touches the keys of a mighty organ, and the air was filled with wonderful melody.

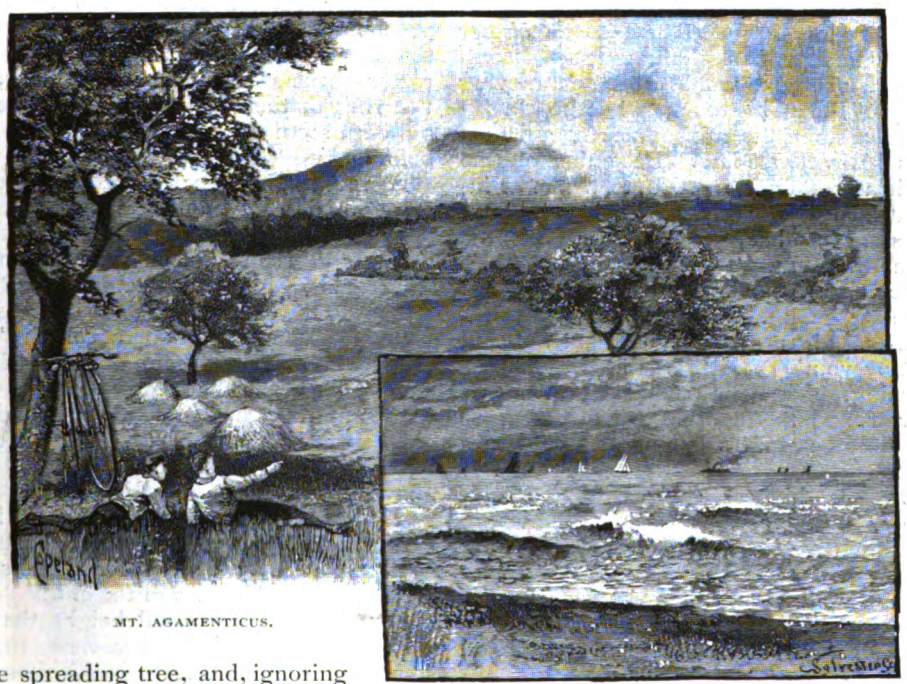


THE CLIFF.

Succeeding days revealed new beauties and new objects of interest in this retired spot, and many pleasant runs were made between hill and shore.

The shortest path to the village from the farm-house which was my home during my stay in this region was quite unlike the dusty road through which I had wheeled on the evening of my arrival. To go "across lots to the post-office" was to follow a narrow path, amid the tall, waving grasses, then on through a sunshiny field gay with daisies, red lilies, and golden-

rod; then through a cool grove, carpeted with wild flowers and mosses, ferns and trailing-vines. Here the path widened and descended into a green ravine watered by a broad, shallow brook, whose only bridge was a worm-eaten log, which, though securely fastened, bent with every step. Beyond the brook the path leads through a clump of oaks and chestnuts, then through a green lane, which at length "has its turning," and emerges into the busy street. What a delight it was to follow that winding brook! Often I have left my faithful wheel resting on a bank of moss beneath some spreading tree, and, ignoring the more modern luxury of the rustic bridge, have swung myself, by the aid of overhanging branches, down a steep embankment to the water's edge, where I could cross the stream by means of "stepping-stones." The waters seemed to sing the sweet idyl of "The Brook": —



MT. AGAMENTICUS.

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the nettled sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows."

And as I followed its course, as it hurried on "to join the brimming river," a series of pictures were revealed well worthy the poet's song or the artist's portrayal. I wandered through the smooth meadows, by the stream with its varying charms, — first a tiny waterfall and then a ruined mill-dam, whose rocky foundations are spanned by fallen tree-trunks. The opposite side of the stream was hilly and wooded; but it was an easy matter to cross the brook on the fallen trees, and climb the ascent to the woods. Here the air was delicious with the odor of the pines, and the ground, thickly covered with pine-needles and moss, was soft to the feet. The birds sang in the high branches, and the squirrels, evidently much surprised at the unwonted intrusion on their domain, chattered vivaciously to each other. A wide avenue through the woods was filled with ferns exquisitely fresh and graceful; a single red lily lifted its ruby flower from among the emerald greenness.

A few moments more and I had mounted my wheel and was on the road to visit the neighboring farms, where I was cordially welcomed, and opportunities were afforded to examine many curiosities, interesting because of their connection with the early history of this region. Indian relics — scalping-knives, tomahawks, great stone clubs, gouges for making canoes, sinkers

and arrow-heads — have been found in this neighborhood in large numbers. An old inhabitant told me he had broken three ploughshares in one day by striking against the rounded stones used by the Indians for ovens. The tribes inhabiting this region were under the rule of Passaconaway, the chief of the Pennacooks. He "possessed talents and sagacity which gave him most exalted rank and influence among his countrymen. He was a prophet, or *pow-wow*, as well as a civil ruler, and, by that claim to the supernatural which has always exerted a potent spell over the savage mind, he swayed and controlled them at his pleasure. He claimed that he could restore a burned leaf to its former beauty and greenness, and that the cast-off skin of a serpent would become a moving thing of life at his touch, while he himself could assume the appearance of a flame; thus his will was law. Becoming old, he made a great feast, in 1660, to which he invited his tribes, calling them his children. 'Harken,' said he, 'the white men are sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright above them. Sure as you light the fires, the breath of Heaven will turn the flames upon you, and destroy you.'" But they did not heed his warning, and their broken implements of war, and the deserted hearthstones, are the only reminders left us of the famous tribes.

On the highest shelves of the old-fashioned cupboards are also stored rare old china, pewter plates, once the wedding dowry of some Priscilla, and tiny silver spoons, used in the old days when tea was a luxury. Tall clocks stand in nearly every kitchen, and in the attics are disused spinning-wheels, — the latter regarded with especial interest by the wheelman, who fancies he has inherited his devotion to the wheel from some industrious ancestor.

The farm-houses are surrounded by well-tilled fields; and near the homes are wide barns, stored with hay. One of these in particular comes back to me as a pleasant memory, because of the almost human friendliness with which it made room for its inmates. It was an old barn; its rafters were gray with time and festooned with cobwebs. Here was a whole colony of barn-swallows, that built their nests in the dim corners, undisturbed and secure. In and out of the great doors they flew, or through the broken windows high above the loft. Here they made their homes, lived their little lives, filled, no doubt, with joys and sorrows, comedies and tragedies, and the old barn knew all their secrets.

At twilight the faithful horse here found his oats awaiting him in the stall, the weary oxen were unyoked and led into the barn for their night's rest. One by one the chickens flew to their chosen perches near the stalls, the cows came home from the pastures, and a flock of sheep left the meadow to find shelter in the fold. The great doors of the barn were wide open, and the rays of the setting sun touched beam, and rafter, and hay-mow, and, like an alchemist, turned them all to gold. A grandfather, with the milking pails on his arm, entered, followed by his four little grandchildren, their bright dresses giving the focus of color to the scene, while the patter of their feet on the worn floor, and the ring of their sweet voices, made the old barn seem even more hospitable than before.

A morning's wheel over poor roads, strong and sandy, ended in a refreshing view of the beach; but a little farther on was a cliff rising like a castle from the waves, and, leaving my machine, I hastened on foot to the lonely rock.

"The sea is bluer than usual, sir," the man had said with whom I left my wheel; and, indeed, on that early autumn day the sea and sky had a depth of wondrous color that is beyond description, — blue — blue — blue, — as far as the eye could see, above and beyond.

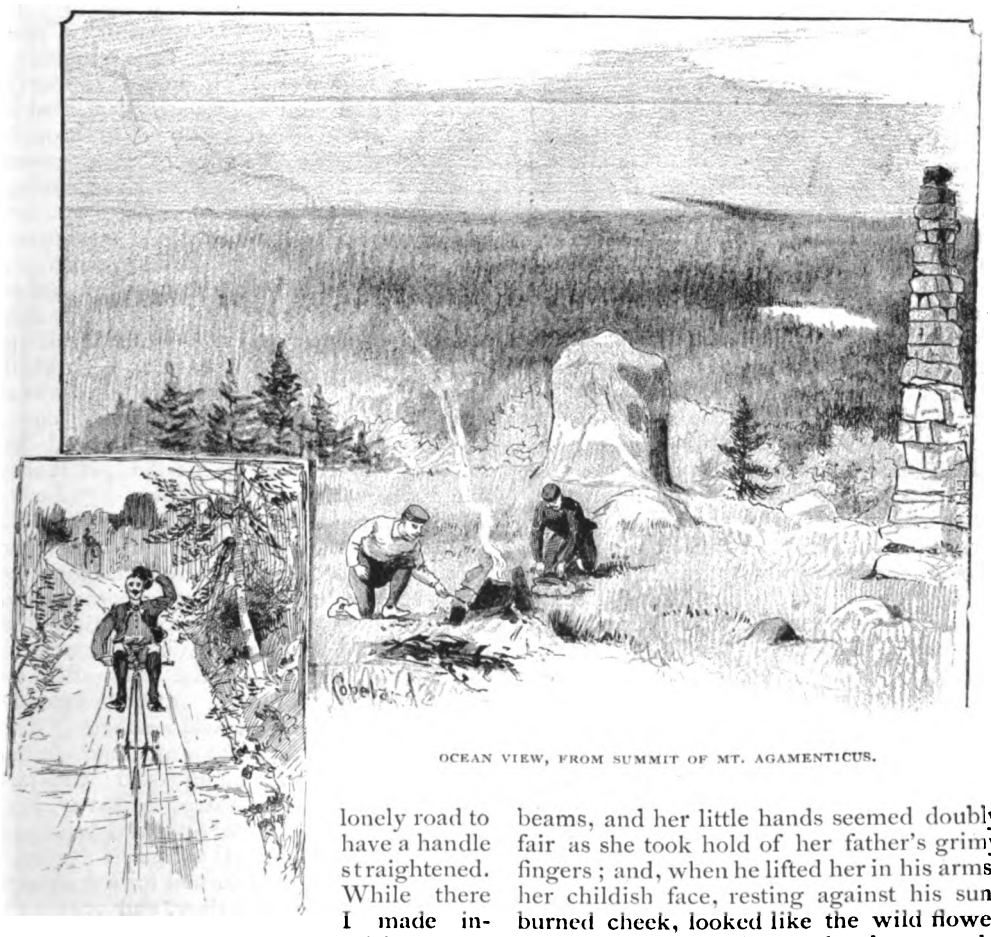
The waters were as calm as a lake, except where the tide broke constantly against the rocks, dashing the white spray far up against the sides of the cliff.

Standing on this grand height, that for ages has withstood the ceaseless, tireless command of the waves to make room for them, one cannot but feel a sense of security and rest. "Hitherto shalt thou come but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," comes to the mind with new meaning as the eye looks from this stony barricade to the glittering line of sand that forms the beach on either hand. Thence, as well as from this rocky height, the waves again and again returned to the sea conquered. The two, the cliff and the shore, seemed like perfect characters that no storm could overthrow, — no calm, subtle day entice to an unguarded moment. The cliff, in its strength and grandeur, and the quiet, beautiful shore, were types of noble, manly, and womanly lives.

While returning, I passed a field that was so thickly covered with picturesque

rocks as to seem an American Stonehenge, with Druid temples and altars. Not far away is a granite boulder, which rises to a great height, and is over fifty feet in circumference. It is so striking a feature in the landscape that it was probably used by the Indians as a landmark and meeting-place.

In spite of the recent warning in THE WHEELMAN to avoid the "village blacksmith" if the bicycle needs any attention, I was obliged to stop at a little shop on a lonely road to have a handle straightened. While there I made inquiries concerning the rock and its history.



OCEAN VIEW, FROM SUMMIT OF MT. AGAMENTICUS.

"Has it a story?"

"A story! yes, indeed, lots of them, sir. Ask my little girl here; she knows them all by heart. Here, child; this gentleman wants to know about the big rock yonder;" and, in a quick aside to me, he added, "She's blind, sir; and I tell her stories to amuse her, and carry her about through the woods and down to the sea. She knows all this place 'most as well as I do myself, and she believes all the stories I tell her, every word of them, sir!"

The child and her dog now came from behind a pile of old iron, in a dark corner of the shop, and, as the strong light from the forge fell upon her, there was something almost weird in her beauty. As she stood beside the stalwart blacksmith, she looked no larger than a child of seven, though she told me she was twelve. Her hair was as bright as if spun from the sunbeams, and her little hands seemed doubly fair as she took hold of her father's grimy fingers; and, when he lifted her in his arms, her childish face, resting against his sunburned cheek, looked like the wild flower that blooms beside the weather-beaten oak. Her story of the rock was in substance as follows:—

"When the English made their first settlement in this region they found two Indian tribes bitterly hostile to each other. This hostility was increased when one tribe became friendly to the white strangers. The chief of this tribe was a young brave, who loved the daughter of his enemy, the aged sagamore of the other tribe. His

daughter was a typical Indian beauty, with long black hair, dusky eyes, and a step so light and fleet that she was called the Wind.

"The lovers' meeting-place was the old rock, and many a time the Indian girl had stolen away from the camp-fire, and noiselessly made her way through the forest to the place where the noble chief awaited her. One night she told him that on the following day the English settlement was to be burned by her father's command. As the young chief was the friend of the 'white men,' he promised to warn them of the coming danger; and with a tender farewell to the weeping girl, and the assurance that he would return to her when the moon was full, he hastened away.

"But the Indians had suddenly changed their plan of attack, and that very night, as the young chief went to the cabin-doors to arouse the English to arms, the hostile tribe made a most savage invasion upon the settlement, and the friendly Indian was one of their first victims

"When the moon was full the maiden waited by the rock, — waited until the moon sank behind the pines and the morning dawned. From that time on, in summer's heat, or winter's cold, the shadow of the waiting Indian girl can be seen when the moon is full."

In a mountainous country the attention is somewhat distracted by the numberless forms and varying lights and shades of the surrounding hills; and thus it often takes years to become fully acquainted with the entire range. But, while near the sea, I had only one mountain to study, and it became a friend to me.

Whichever road I followed, on my many 'cycling trips, I always saw the symmetrically rounded outline of Agamenticus. Sometimes my wheel would take me so far away that the mountains seemed like a blue cloud in the distance; sometimes I would dismount near its base, and wander for hours through the old forests which surround it. At dawn it caught the first bright sunshine; at evening it long reflected the rosy sunset, and in the night, beneath the stars, it kept its solemn watch over land and sea. On clear days each tree could be seen from base to summit; when the atmosphere was hazy it seemed to veil itself in violet mists and purple shadows. After a storm it was wonderfully beautiful, — its sides illuminated by the strong yellow light that broke through the dark clouds, while far above arched the glowing rainbow.

It was a pleasant morning when I started to make the nearer acquaintance of Agamenticus. For several miles I wheeled through country roads, past small villages with their district school-houses and tiny white churches, — now through a forest road, under a grand arch of white pines, — now past deserted homesteads, the unpainted houses half-hidden by vines and tangled shrubbery; the old well-sweeps, a few gnarled apple-trees, and gay flowers near the doors, the only reminders of the former happy home life.

At length the ride a-wheel ended; a pair of bars separated the highway from a side road which led to the base of the mountain. Near the bars was an old house, so lonely in its situation and appearance that, had it not been for the cheerful song heard through the open window, I should have supposed it another "deserted home." Here leaving my wheel, I made the necessary inquiries as to the path to the top of Agamenticus.

A mile-and-a-half walk through a narrow, up-hill road, over rocks, under low hanging branches, through sunshine, through shadow, brought me to a small clearing at the very foot of the mountain. Unbroken forests extended on all sides, but here was a little home, with fields of ripening corn, and an orchard and garden. I asked the farmer, whom I met in his field, if it was not lonesome there in winter. "Lonesome? No, indeed; the roads are splendid, and teams are passing all the time, drawing thousands of logs." But even that amount of gayety seemed somewhat monotonous to the wheelman, and I almost pitied the hermit-life of the farmer, until I came to the house, and saw the rosy-cheeked children about the door. An hour's steady climb and the summit was reached. The ascent was easy, since for some distance the "wood-road" could be followed; the last part of the way was steep, however, and the path could not be followed without careful observation of "blazed trees." When near the top, I turned for a moment to look at the forest below, and was surprised by an extended view.

Standing on a rocky ledge, with the highest point of Agamenticus yet a few feet above, one can look far out to sea. In the dense forest below were two small lakes, clear as mirrors, reflecting the trees that encircled them. A few moments more, and the summit revealed a wide outlook, including the forests and one beautiful lake, the sea-coast, and the villages of York and Wells, and beyond, the broad ocean with

its white sails. 'Tis said that this mountain is a land-mark for sailors, and they have no need of a chart, "as long as old Agamenticus is in sight." It is seen some sixty miles out at sea, and is supposed to be the land first discovered by Captain Gosnold, in 1602. The view in the opposite direction is somewhat similar to that just described; instead of the sea, a range of mountains forms the background of the picture. An old book in the Massachusetts Historical Society furnishes the following glowing account of the view from this spot: —

THE ROCK.

"From this elevation there is a most enchanting prospect. The cultivated parts of the country, especially on the south and south-west, appear a beautiful garden, intersected by the majestic river Piscataqua, its bays and branches. The immense ranges of mountains on the north and north-west afford a sublime spectacle, and on the sea-side, the various indentings of the coast, from Cape Ann to Cape Elizabeth, are plainly in view on a clear day; and the wide Atlantic stretches to the east as far as the power of vision extends."

The Indians had great veneration for the tops of mountains, as they supposed them inhabited by invisible people, and therefore rarely dared to go to their summits.

"The Penacook Indians used to predict the weather from the movement of the morning fog, which usually passed off in a

MOUNTAIN VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF AGAMENTICUS.

direction towards the sea, or towards the mountains. They said: 'If the fog goes a-fishing, we shall have fair weather; but if it goes hunting, look for a storm.'"

The word "Agamenticus" means "on the other side of the river"; and the mountain was probably so named by the Indians because the river Agamenticus lay between it and the sea-shore.

The summit of the mountain is covered with low trees and bushes, while here and there are large boulders, one of which, it is said, is the tombstone of St. Aspinquid, whose legend, as found in Vol. III. of the Historical Collections of New Hampshire, is as follows: —

"He was born in 1538, and was more

than forty years old when converted to Christianity. He died May 1, 1632, on Mt. Agamenticus, where his sepulchre remains to this day. On his tombstone is still to be seen this couplet: —

"Present, useful; absent, wanted.
Lived, desired; died, lamented."

"The sachems of the different tribes attended his funeral obsequies, and made a collection of a great number of wild beasts, to do him honor by a sacrifice on the occasion, agreeably to the customs of their nations, — and on that day were slain accordingly, 23 bucks, 67 does, 99 bears, 36 moose, 240 wolves, 32 wild-cats, 8 catamounts, 432 foxes, 32 buffaloes, 400 otters, 620 beavers, 1,500 minks, 110 ferrets, 520 raccoons, 900 muskquashes, 501 fishes, 3 ermines, 33 porcupines, 50 weasels, 832 martins, 59 woodchucks, 112 rattlesnakes — total, 6,711.

"He was a preacher of the Gospel to sixty-six different nations for forty years, — from the Atlantic ocean to the Californian sea."

It is supposed by some that St. Aspinquid is identical with the great Passaconaway already referred to, and that he was so named by the English after his conversion. Though the history of Passaconaway and the legend of Aspinquid fail to agree in some points, yet there are reasons for supposing they refer to the same person.

Passaconaway certainly gave great evidence of his belief in Christianity. Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, mentioned him in "The Lights Appearing," written in 1649, as follows: —

"The chief at Pawtucket, and at Merrimack, is Passaconaway, whom I mentioned to you the last year who gave up himself and his sons to pray unto God. This man did this year show a great affection to me and to the word of God." The sagamore urged Mr. Eliot to come often to instruct his tribe, arguing that "they soon had forgotten what he taught, it being so seldom"; and, "many of his subjects would not believe him (their chief) that praying to God was good." He wished "praying to be opened to them."

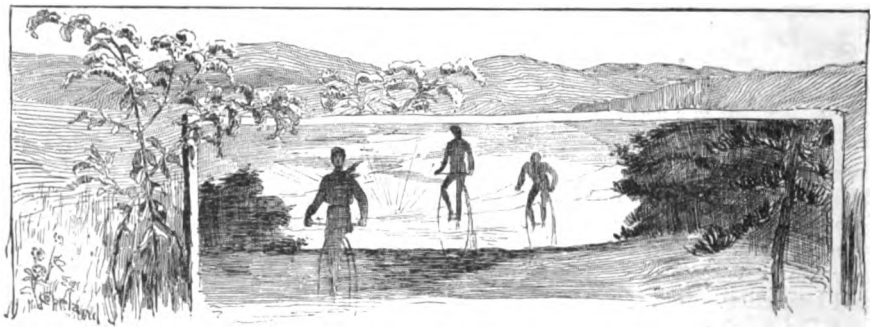
Passaconaway was so opposed to the wars against the English that he is said to have withdrawn from the tribes and secluded himself in the distant woods. All this agrees with the record of St. Aspinquid's life. A few stories concerning him are still to be found in the quaint language of the early time, from which the following selections are taken: —

"Strange man was he; 'twas said he oft pursued
The sable bear, and slew him in his den,
That oft he howled through many a pathless wood;
And many a tangled wild and poisonous fen
That ne'er was trod by mortal men.
The craggy ledge for rattlesnakes he sought,
And choked them one by one;
O'ertook the tall gray moose as quick as thought.
. . . . . .
And once upon a car of flaming fire
This dreadful Indian shook with fear to see
The king of Penacook, his chief, his sire,
Ride flaming up towards heaven,
Than any mountain higher."

The "strange man" here referred to was a wonderful Indian brave, evidently a Penacook. He had wandered in his wild freedom too far away from his tribe to hear of the death of his chief, and the funeral obsequies.

Gazing from the high mountain-top of one of the White hills of New Hampshire, his eye turned towards his distant home. The sacrificial flame and smoke ascending from Mt. Agamenticus arrested his attention, and gazing, "shook with fear," as from its midst he saw ascending to the "happy hunting-ground" the soul of his venerated sachem, Passaconaway, called St. Aspinquid.

C.



HOW MR. O'TULLIVER BARD WAS ASSASSINATED.

THE business of the club was proceeding with unusual dulness when Mr. Perker entered the club-room hurriedly, and with visible tokens of strong excitement. The club all noticed this, and waited by common impulse for him to speak. As soon as he could catch his breath and collect his thoughts, he addressed the Chair, and made the startling announcement: —

"Mr. President, — I have just been informed that intelligence was received by his family, a few minutes ago, that our fellow-member, Mr. O'Tulliver Bard, was shot at by a drunken hackman, to-day, in the streets of Pontiac, where Mr. Bard went this morning on his bicycle for an excursion."

This news naturally created a sensation. A buzz of indignant comment ran around the room, during which Mr. Twiddle came rushing in, even more breathless and excited than Mr. Perker had been. As soon as Mr. Twiddle could speak he announced: —

"Mr. President, — I have just heard a report, which came, I am assured, directly from the family, that our esteemed brother, Mr. O'Tulliver Bard, was shot and instantly killed by a hack-driver in Pontiac, about 2 o'clock this afternoon. Mr. Bard was just leaving that town for Detroit when the affray occurred. This statement I obtained from a lad who is employed as a stable-boy by one of the neighbors of the Bards; and I at once hastened here with it, instead of going to Mr. Bard's house, in order to inform the club before its meeting should adjourn."

This announcement created a prodigious excitement. All the members fell to asking questions at once of Mr. Twiddle. For five minutes the proceedings were confused and disorderly. The Chair then called the club to order with the suggestion that, as yet, neither the Chair nor the club had received any certain information that Mr. Bard was dead. It appeared that Mr. Perker had heard a street rumor that Mr. Bard had been shot. Mr. Twiddle had been told by a stable-boy, employed by one of Mr. Bard's neighbors, that he (the stable-boy) had heard that Mr. Bard was killed. The Chair, however, was resolved not to bury any member of this club until it was known, beyond doubt, that burial was necessary. The Chair was not ready to credit these horrible rumors; hence the Chair, upon the first announcement made by Mr. Perker, had instantly despatched the janitor to Mr. Bard's house with instructions to ascertain the exact facts, and hurry back with definite and trustworthy information. Meanwhile, the Chair would suggest that all proceedings be suspended until the return of his messenger, the club meanwhile taking a recess, which would give members time to consult with each other. The suggestion of the Chair was at once adopted.

The club members gathered in little groups and discussed the tragedy and the situation in low and solemn tones, while the Chair sat with his elbows on the table and his chin supported by both his hands, gloomily awaiting the return of the janitor, and thinking over his acquaintance with Mr. Bard. That he had become involved in some trouble, the president saw no reason to doubt; but that any such tragedy had occurred as was reported the president could not and would not believe.

Mr. O'Tulliver Bard was a warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, and manly young Irish gentleman. To get into a scrape easily was his normal condition; but it was also his normal condition to get out of it with equal facility. Everybody in the club liked him. He was a bold and reckless rider, apt to take a header, from sheer carelessness, every little while; but ready to laugh as heartily as anybody at his mishaps. His jollity was perennial and infectious. Fun oozed from him as naturally as water from a pump-spout. His capacity for making amusing blunders, in both speech and action, was simply amazing. But, withal, he had a fund of shrewdness, and, sometimes, really brilliant sense. Hence, he was a successful business man, and well-off for a young fellow of his age. He was naturally a gentleman — courteous, kindly, and gallant. While he had the hot-headedness of his countrymen, he was not quarrelsome. A better companion on a bicycle excursion it would be difficult to find, or a more pleasant one on any occasion. Although he had been well educated, his speeches, whenever he attempted to make an address, were racy of Irish blunders and bulls, so that it was

really delicious to listen to him. He had, I know, started for Pontiac in the morning in company with Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, and Littleweed; and I felt confident that these gentlemen would take good care of him; and, if anything really serious had happened, they would immediately have telegraphed the news to me.

Just as the suspense was becoming quite painful, the tramp of many feet was heard upon the stairway leading to the club-room, and in a moment Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, and Littleweed entered, and after them followed — could it be possible? — no — yes — Mr. O'Tulliver Bard! All the party were evidently in gay spirits; but they were struck with the evident astonishment of the club, and stood staring and wondering what it meant. They were more astonished than the rest of us when the president, followed by the entire club, rushed at O'Tulliver Bard and shook him frantically by the hand, and capered about him half hysterically, as if frantic with joy. Mr. Bard's eyes bulged out and his mouth stood open with speechless amazement at this enthusiastic reception; but he shook hands with each of us just as zealously as if he understood what it all meant, turning with a ludicrously puzzled look from one to the other, as if to ask for an explanation.

Before any one could explain, the janitor came in. On seeing Mr. O'Tulliver Bard he was so shocked that, what with his being out of breath from running, he sat down in a chair, and then collapsed, and sat down on the floor. The secretary promptly began to pour water on his head; and as soon as it began to run down the back of his neck he revived suddenly, knocked the pitcher out of the secretary's hand so that it fell and broke, splashing water all over Mr. Layout's new pants and Mr. Perker's freshly-shined boots. Then the janitor hurriedly leaped up, grasped Mr. O'Tulliver Bard's hand, gave it a tremendous shake, and exclaimed: —

"So ye're alive, after all. God bless you! I'm mighty glad of it! Why, I've just been to your house, by order of the president, where I told yer folks that you were shot and assassinated to death with a pistol by a bloody hackman; an' I axed 'em if it was true; and they all set up a-shrickin' and a-wailin', and the old lady gave a great shriek, an' fainted right away; an' the only answer I could get out of any of 'em was from the little girl; and she said I was the foremost one to bring the bad news, — bad luck to me! — an' where was the body. An' with that I came away as fast as ever I could to report to the president. But I'm thinkin' ye'd better run home, an' show 'em ye're alive, to oncet."

"The devil ye did!" exclaimed Mr. Bard, turning and flying down the stairway, four steps at a bound, at the risk of breaking his neck.

The president instantly despatched Mr. Littleweed after Mr. Bard, after hurriedly explaining the situation to Mr. Littleweed, with instructions to bring Brother Bard back to the club-room as soon as the alarm in his family should be quieted.

During their absence, Messrs. High, Lowe, and Condor explained that Mr. Bard did have some words with a hackman in Pontiac, about the right of way when the street was blocked up with a brick pile, all but a narrow passage; but, just before the rest of the party came up, the hackman good-naturedly backed his team out of the way. Then a yellow cur ran out of a house-yard and snapped at Mr. Condor's heels, making him fall off his wheel, whereupon Mr. Condor, who carries a small pistol for dogs, shot at the cur, which ran under the house yelping; and his owner came out and said it served the dog right. They could not account for the report which had alarmed the club, unless some railroad passenger had got the affair mixed up, and brought the alarming story to the city in advance of their arrival.

In about half an hour Mr. Bard and Mr. Littleweed returned. They reported having found the family and the neighborhood greatly alarmed and excited; and Mr. Bard's reception at home, Mr. Littleweed said, was a "genuine ovation." They had quieted the excitement as speedily as possible, and returned.

The club was now called to order again, and Mr. Perker withdrew his resolutions. Then Mr. Lowe moved that Mr. O'Tulliver Bard be requested to address the club concerning the extraordinary events of the evening.

The motion was carried unanimously, whereupon Mr. O'Tulliver Bard arose to address the club, amid tumultuous applause. He was a good deal embarrassed, but gained confidence as he proceeded. Mr. Bard said: —

"Mr. President, — Sir, when I was shot and killed by this hack-driving assassin, I did not know of it until I was

informed of it by a member of this club, when I immediately contradicted it. [Laughter.] I take this occasion to assure you, sir, that, in truth, it's a lie; and that this most reprehensible occurrence did not occur. [Applause.] But, sir, and gentlemen all, it fills my bosom with grateful pride to observe that the report of the assassin's pistol — which, sir, was never fired at all, and, moreover, there wasn't any assassin nor any pistol — created a sound which reverberated through the halls of this club, so that in the shocked silence the warm hearts of my fellow-members stood still with chilly horror till you could hear them beat with generous indignation. [Loud applause.] Sir, it was truly fortunate that the author of this horrible villany never committed it. [Laughter.] Every sensible mind shudders when it contemplates the worst crime which illustrates the annals of this club, and draws a breath of profound relief that it did not take place. [Applause.] As you all perceive, gentlemen, the rascal did not kill me, and I freely forgive him for it. [Laughter.] But, sir, if it had been otherwise, if I really had been murdered, I should now stand here to thank you all the more warmly for your noble sympathy in this nefarious transaction. [Loud applause.] Sir, there has been a mistake; I have not been injured; in reality my enemy is my friend. He is a hackman, by the name of O'Dowd. [Laughter.] We had an angry altercation, it is true, but it was in the most friendly spirit. [More laughter.] There was no pistol and no shooting, beyond a few cutting remarks. [Great laughter.] There wasn't even a blow struck by either of us, except that maybe he had been drinking. [Applause and laughter.] Neither of us feared the slightest personal danger, which is what we were both apprehensive of during the controversy. [Loud laughter.] It was an affair of no importance whatever; and I am proud and grateful that the club has made so much of it. [Much applause.] I trust, sir, that whenever any member of this club is likely to get into difficulty, we shall all of us be ready to help him along. [Tremendous applause.] As for myself, gentlemen, I shall always be eager to shield any of my fellow-members against an assault from any quarter, as soon as I know that it has been committed. [Great laughter.] Sir, it will inspire each of us with courage to feel that, the moment he is confronted with danger, all the members of this club will range themselves behind him. [Applause.] Then if he falls he will fall standing proudly erect in the full strength of our noble organization. [Prolonged applause.] Again, gentlemen, all, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for supporting me so generously through the imminent peril which, fortunately, I was never really exposed to. [Long continued and tumultuous applause.]"

The hour being late the club then adjourned. But no one left the room. We all wanted to hear Mr. O'Tulliver Bard relate his encounter with the hackman. Cigars were produced and lighted, and Mr. Bard, after elevating his legs upon the secretary's desk, blew out a cloud of smoke, and proceeded to explain: —

"Well, gentlemen, the way of it was this: There was a narrow passage, just wide enough for one team, for about thirty feet, between a brick-pile and the ditch. I saw the hack coming, and I put on a spurt to pass the obstruction — the passage, I mean — first. The hackman saw me, and he whipped up his beasts, to get through first. I beat the fellow, and got nearly through when he met me. He pulled up, and I pulled up.

"'Get out of the road with that thing,' says he, 'or I'll run ye down!'

"'Divil a get!' says I, dismounting and standing in front of his team. 'Get out yourself!'

"With that he lashed his horses, and made 'em prance, but he took good pains not to let 'em go forward any.

"'Be off!' says he.

"'Do you own the road?' says I.

"'Are ye goin'?' says he.

"'Divil a go!' says I.

"'Then I'll make ye!' says he.

"'Fire away!' says I.

"With this he climbed down from his seat, and wound the lash of his whip around his wrist, taking the stick in his hand with the loaded end up for a club, and came at me; and I picked up a brick, and put myself in the attitude. When we were near enough to begin he raised up his whip, and I raised up my brick.

"'Now, ye divil,' says he, 'will ye git out of the road?'

"'I won't,' says I.

"'Do ye mane it?' says he. 'This is the last time of axin'.'

"'For a last time, never a stir!' says I.

"Then he looked me in the eye for a minute, and I looked him in the eye.

"'Well, then, if ye won't, be gob I

will meself,' says he. And with that he took his team by the bits and backed 'em out. Then he took off his hat and bowed very polite. 'There's the road,' says he, 'an' joy go with ye.'

"Seeing him so accommodating, I just took my wheel and backed it out the other way. 'I only meant to teach you manners,' says I, 'because you hackmen think you own the whole road. But you're welcome to go by, and God bless you!'

"'Gentlemen first,' says he; 'go by yourself.'

"'I'm in no hurry,' says I.

"'Will ye go on?' says he.

"'I won't,' says I.

"'I'll make ye!' says he.

"With this he came at me again, and I met him half-way.

"'Is your name O'Tulliver Bard?' says he, walking up as fierce as a lion.

"'It is,' says I.

"'I'm Corny O'Dowd,' says he, 'and I've often druv yer father. It's a foine ould gintleman he is.'

"'Will you shake hands?' says I.

"'Faith an' I will,' says he.

"So we shook. Then says he, 'Guv me the order; for it would ill become the likes o' me to dispute with your father's son.'

"'Then I'll ride on,' says I, 'and here's a cigar to smoke in remembrance.' And so I mounted and rode on, and presently the other gentlemen came up; and that was all the murdering any of us got, except the shooting of the dog by Mister Condor."

President Bates.

PIXIE AND I.

EVEN the "second fastest on record" ocean passage grows wearisome as you lie off the bar waiting for the tide's consent to your English tours, and at least two of the "Alaska's" passengers were very glad to leave the gallant steamer in mid-stream, and reach the Liverpool docks by means of a black little tender, on the first of August, 1883. We were two youths from the nutmeg State, newly fledged graduates of the Yale Medical School, and had had great trouble in deciding how to come over. Some of my friends had told me I should enjoy the experiences of a steerage trip, while at least two had sent me checks to pay for a cabin passage; but I decided in favor of the steerage experience, and money saved, while my friend, "Doc.," as he is always called, bought an "intermediate" passage ticket. We chose the "Alaska" because the misery would be over more quickly on the "Queen of the Ocean," and went on board with all our traps early on the morning of July 24th. My fears were all centred upon the subject of the steerage "bed," and were quickened when I saw the calico bags which were being sold upon the dock. I sought the steward at once, introduced myself by means of four shillings, and found that I could for a sovereign have a hair mattrass in the steward's room, which had accommodations for eight, whereas only four slept there, the steward and his assistant, a New York police captain, and myself. This room was in the steerage, and it struck me as a grand good way to acquire the experience and the reputation of the steerage passage, and yet obtain as comfortable a bed as if in the first cabin; so the steward and I shook hands, the shake costing me four dollars and eighty-eight cents. The steward did everything for my comfort — was very obliging and kind. The "Doc." had a berth a little farther forward, in the intermediate cabin, where we both took our meals, getting on very well with the assistance of two large baskets which my mother and other New Haven friends had filled with canned meats of all kinds, sardines, jellies, crackers, canned chocolate, pickles, jars of blackberries, and maple syrup. Fortunately, the sea was such that we could eat with a good degree of impunity. The weather was fine, though a good many were sick for a day or two. We both escaped, being doctors. Most of my days were spent in studying up routes and brushing up my French enough to carry me through Belgium, for my plan was to avoid the railroads as much as possible. I intended to ride directly to London through the midland counties, spend a few days in London, and then, leaving most of England, Scotland, and Wales till another time, take two weeks or more and see Belgium and Holland very thoroughly, riding on through Germany to Göttingen.

In Göttingen I wish to study German and medicine in conjunction with bicycling trips through the Hartz mountains, down the Rhine, through the Tyrol, and to Berlin and Dresden. Then, in the spring of '84, I want to spend six weeks in Italy with my wheel, going to France and Switzerland in the late summer, with just a taste of Spain; then spend the next winter in Vienna, working in the hospital and riding down through Southern Austria. If the plans are carried out, shall I not have a bicycle feast? As to the success, I will tell you as time goes on, though I am a firm believer in the silent steed as a means of travel, and wish more American wheelmen would make a practical use of their machines in Europe. As ill-luck will have it, though I have owned two bicycles I have none at the very time I most wish it. My "Special Columbia," which has carried me one hundred and twenty-five miles from light to dusk, through several races and many a tour, was sold after my graduation from college, that it might not give credence to the story so common among business men as to the uselessness of college boys for real work. So I must buy an English wheel. But, to give up the planning and come back to facts; we two "medics" stood and with anxious eyes saw Mrs. Langtry and her fourteen large trunks pass the custom-house officials without a pause, while we must wait until two or three dignified Britons can examine the several hundred trunks which precede ours; but at last we too hail our cabman and are driven to the Star and Garter Hotel, paying perhaps three times the proper fare on account of our honest American faces. I go at once to the special club agency, and am informed that I cannot receive a 48-inch before three weeks. After spending the whole afternoon without finding what I want — a light machine — I find a company in Birkenhead, "The Wirrol," which will build me a bicycle with "Æolus" ball-bearings to both wheels and to the pedals, to weigh thirty-six lbs., with saddle, and to have seventy-two spokes to the front wheel; and they will lend me a wheel for a tour through North Wales while I am waiting a week for my own machine. In the absence of my Yankee "Pixie" I can do no better than to accept this proposition. My friend "Doc." is not a 'cyclist, and sorrowfully consents to see to my luggage and meet me at Chester for a couple of hours, and afterward go to London with me, meeting my bicycle at the various points of interest by train. On the afternoon of the 2d of August, the day after our landing, I cross the ferry and mount my wheel at Birkenhead, having promised to meet "Doc." at the Pied Ball Hotel, and have tea with him and see the Cathedral.

I leave at four, and have before me a famous road of sixteen and a half miles. I need not say that I am happy with a capital surface, no hills, no medical books demanding instant perusal, and my favorite steed under me. I ride along rather leisurely, the more to enjoy my first view of the "hedges of England," and the country seats which line the turnpike. Reach the "Pied Ball" at a quarter of six, and find no "Doc."; leave my wheel and go to the Cathedral for half an hour. This dates back to 1093, and is the first really ancient thing my eyes have ever beheld, — barring some evidences of the glacial period, which our geological professor once pointed out to us; therefore it is the more interesting. Saw here two old friends. They appeared in the shape of two flags which were in the battle of Bunker Hill. Carried away some ivy leaves from the outside of the cloisters, walked a little way upon the wall, and went back to the inn to sit down alone, as is the English custom, to a great roast of beef. Look about and wait for the "Doc.," but all in vain; and at last give him up and start for Wrexham. [Afterward learned that he has forgotten the name of the inn, and gone to the first one shouted at him by the cabmen at the Chester depot; there he lives for two days in great style, consuming enormous quantities of mutton-chops, and at length goes back to Liverpool to await my return from the Welsh trip.] Leave Chester at eight with a good hour of daylight still awaiting me (the days are long here in the North), and ride for several miles with a Chester 'cyclist, who is very agreeable, but who nips in the bud my plan of riding through Eton park by saying that wheels (of bicycles) are not allowed there. So we are obliged to view the Hall, a fine pile of buildings, from the end of a long avenue. After bidding our friend good-by, Pixie and I light up our "King of the Road," and pull up Marfoot Hill, one and a half miles long, and good hard work, after which comes a level stretch into Wrexham, where we are really in Wales. The pretty barmaid at the Pied Bull had told me to go to a little inn kept by a Mrs. Parry, and there I dismounted at quarter of ten, after eleven and three-quarters miles from Ches-

ter, and I was glad to see my supper before me. The inn proved to be a very small one, so that I was obliged to sleep in the same room with a sixteen-year-old son of my landlady, who was very curious as to Americans. He said he had seen but one, an old Moravian missionary, who told two stories at the Wrexham church: one about the size of the potatoes, and other field products in America, something of the Munchausen order; and the other, to prove that Satan does not possess foreknowledge, in that he did not foresee that Job would praise the Lord in the midst of his afflictions, and prevent it by placing a great boil on the end of his tongue. After a wretched night's sleep I began work at 8 o'clock, with a steep hill and a road rather poor, but ridable, to Ruabon, five and a half miles, and here I must say the comparison of roads in England and America is on an entirely different basis. In touring in America you must often walk for several miles at a time, and a road where you can ride is "rather good"; while in England the supposition is that you can ride everywhere (with the exception of a short pitch occasionally, if you are in a hilly country) unless walking is expressly mentioned; and in my log I shall adopt that system, and "rather poor" will mean that the surface is such that you cannot ride very fast comfortably, on old macadam, for instance; while "poor" means slow and careful riding; and "bad" means very slow riding and hard work, a sandy or very rutty road, etc. At Ruabon, on the left, as you enter the town, is the large gate leading into Wynnstay park, the property of Sir Watkins Wynn, who belongs to one of the oldest families in Wales, which, as you remember, is the country in which several genealogical trees date back to Noah, or thereabouts, and who is often called the "King of Wales." The buildings are ancient and interesting, while the park is magnificent; the oaks and lime-trees are unsurpassed in England, very old, and of immense size. Two or three oaks must have been strangely educated in their youth, for they have grown up with trunks in the shape of tetragonal prisms, and very perfect ones from the ground to the first branches, twenty feet or more, and eight feet in diameter. After an hour and a half in the park, I rode on to Llangollen, six miles, over a good surface and through a beautiful valley. At Llangollen I crossed the River Dee into the town, and stopped for a couple of glasses of lemonade, which in this country never sees a lemon, but is a mixture of water and co_2 put up in bottles, with a slight flavoring added. Met a member of the C.T.C., had a pleasant talk with him, and we exchanged information as to roads. Rode up the valley of the Dee, stopping after ten minutes to visit a little rustic bridge, from which you have a good view of the rapids and falls just above. Reached Coswan, ten and a half miles from Llangollen, at half-past twelve, and went to the Owen Glyndive Hotel, where I was given a princely repast, and, medical lore still occupying space which used to be muscle, slept for two hours the sleep of a tired and inexperienced wheelman. At half-past three I bade good-by to the motherly hostess, who was very solicitous as to my health, and was off again with a poor road before me, and ten miles of it, to Cerrig-y-Druidion; but I was amply repaid by the beautiful glens and the Conwyd Falls. The scenery was like a combination of the Berkshire Hills with Watkins Glen imported from New York to finish it off. The foliage was as green and fresh as if it were June, not August, and it was easy to believe that here exists the finest scenery of the three isles outside of Scotland. The road rose gradually for five miles, then there was quite a steep patch, and, by riding the wheel close to the wall, I could look down one hundred feet into Cerrig-y-Druidion glen, with its cascades and piles of rocks. The road improved all the way to Cerrig-y-Druidion, and was nearly level with a good surface from there to Peutre Voelas, five miles. Left Peutre Voelas on the right, and had seven miles and a quarter of almost continual coasting to Bettwz-y-Coed. The eleven miles from Cerrig-y-Druidion to Fairy Glen was ridden in fifty-two minutes; then climbed down into the glen and rambled about for twenty minutes, adding to my collection of wild flowers, and wishing I could throw a line into some of the pools, which seemed made for trout. Leaving my trout, I continued my coast down the hill and over the bridge into Bettwz, where I lunched at the Temperance Hotel, and met two Americans, who were walking through from Chester to the summit of Snowden. It was already 6 o'clock, but I decided to go on to Pen-y-Gwryd.

From Bettwz the road ascends with a pretty steep grade for two miles, and there I was glad to dismount and visit the Swallow Falls, at the right of the highway.

and the most noted in Wales. The water pitches down in three cascades, and is almost as black as ink. Three miles farther on is Capel Curig, and there I stopped at the Royal Hotel for half an hour, and obtained a fine view of the Peak of Snowden. I wished for more time, that I might join a party in a climb to the summit, mounted on the back of a Welsh pony. Rode and walked, about half and half, over four and and one-quarter miles of very rough road, most of it up hill, to the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, at the foot of Llanberis pass, which I reached at 9 o'clock. Here I found wretched accommodation and poor food. The day's ride, fifty-three miles, in addition to the sight-seeing, made me very tired, and it was with a groan that I rose at 5 o'clock, ate a cold breakfast, and started for Cærnarvon, fifteen miles distant, over the pass. The ascent almost immediately became so steep and so rough that I was obliged to walk; to cap the climax, the descent was such that I dared not attempt to ride it for a long time, and had space to admire the mountains, with the cliffs and deep gorges. In the early morning I was the only traveller; could hear the hawks screaming overhead, and see sheep everywhere. Here and there, in a sheltered nook, nestled a stone house, built after the usual Welsh pattern, but so low that rocks falling from the cliffs would probably bound over it, and so strong that it seemed as if no ordinary avalanche could affect it. Just before reaching the top of the pass a fog crept up the valley, leaving three peaks in sight, while loneliness and walking made me wish for the presence of the two friends who made a trip to Saratoga so jolly four years ago. After three miles of walking I mounted and skirted for several miles Lake Llanberis, the hills on each side of which are bored through and through by slate quarries, the largest in the world. My time for the six and three-quarter miles from Pen-y-Gwryd to Llanberis is nearly two hours. I could almost run a slow race with it. From Llanberis we climbed up-hill, Pixie and I, for a mile, and then had a level and down-hill for the remaining seven miles, and came into Cærnarvon with enough spirit to enthuse over the grand old castle, which many pronounce the finest in Great Britain. It is situated directly on the bay, and from the high tower you can see the Peak of Snowden, Holyhead stack, and the Menai bridges. Cromwell succeeded in blowing up only a small portion, and it is in wonderfully good preservation. The first Prince of Wales was born here, and must often have endangered his life and tried the patience of his mother by the many frocks he wore out creeping up and down those long circular flights of narrow stone stairs. You pay threepence admission fee (which very likely helps pay the debts of the present Prince of Wales, who was not born here, and has been reared in greater luxury). The wise old Welshwoman at the door of the castle took me for a fellow-countryman, and at once began to decry the vulgarity of Americans in their use of "I guess" and "I calculate"; said that she could "always tell an American" as soon as she spoke with him. I said that I thought it was very easy to do so; that perhaps their English would improve as the number of the aborigines decreased, and departed with a smile. Went into a bakery for a lunch, as that is the only place in the country where you are not charged for attendance, and at half-past one mounted for Menai bridge, eight miles, and a superb road. Pixie and I went over the suspension bridge, nearly six hundred yards long and one hundred feet above the water. A little way below is the Britannia tubular bridge (railway), built by Robert Stephenson, and between the two is an island with a parish church on it, said to have been built in 640! On the opposite side of the strait is a colossal statue of Lord Nelson, and a column to the Marquis of Anglesey. Two miles and one-half brought me to Bangor, over very good surface. At Bangor is a cathedral founded by a Welsh bishop, in 525, and in it are several very old tombs. The good roads continue for fourteen and a half miles, to Conway, passing through Abar and Llanfairfechan, which latter is a very jolly little watering-place with beautiful houses and neat streets. The road is near the sea most of the way, and part of the time it clings to the side of a bluff which rises nearly perpendicularly from the water. The view was very fine, but the wind had too good an opportunity where the road was so exposed, being, as is usually the case, rather contrary. Conway boasts a castle larger than that at Cærnarvon, but in ruins. It is well worth a visit, and I was favored by finding a medical society enjoying a picnic there, and forming a rather incongruous picture. At Conway I was within half an hour's ride of Llandudno, the most popular watering-place in Wales, but I did not visit it; kept straight on to Abargele, eleven and a half

miles, and a rather poor road, arriving at a little after six. Put up at the Temperance Hotel, and had a good dinner. The day's ride has been fifty-one miles, but the hard climb up and down the pass, and the unwonted amount of exercise, have lamed my ankles. The *Tendo Achillis* complains, and will probably make the next week a disagreeable one. I shall never forget Abargele on account of a little play which was there enacted. The scene was laid in a Welsh hovel, called the "best barber-shop in Abargele"; the *Dramatis Personæ* were a boy, a razor (?), a barber (?), a dirty towel, and myself. The acts rattle along to a lively tune; the boy lathers my face; the razor scrapes off hair and skin; the Welshman grins wickedly and points to the towel as the only lavatory; the towel makes me sick, and I pay the three ha'-pence charged, and resolved to grow a beard thereafter. Nine o'clock the next morning sees me ploughing along through the rain, with a rubber suit to comfort me. Six and one-half miles to Rhyddlan, where I find a third old castle, which, from a distance, is much the most beautiful of the three, with its turrets absolutely clothed in ivy — a sight very fair to an American's eyes. The road, which has been very heavy, improves decidedly as I ride on toward Flint, leaving Holywell on my right. The eighteen miles are covered in two hours, and at Flint the rain is left behind. Have dinner here, and dry my clothes, and at 3 o'clock mount for the most uninteresting portion of the trip, the twenty-one miles between Flint and Birkenhead, by way of Queen's Ferry, arriving at six, tired, and with lame ankles, but deeply in love with the 'cycling of Old England. The expense of the trip per diem was just seven and sixpence, including everything, photographs and two or three little souvenirs.

There is one thing to be remembered in the shape of advice: Always make a bargain before you put up at a hotel for the accommodation you wish, whether it be dinner merely, or supper, lodging, and breakfast; otherwise you will be imposed upon as I have been. You will have a bill for lodging, so much; attendance, so much; candles, so much; butter will be charged if you have any, and if the water were good enough to allow the drinking of a second glass, I think it would be charged too. The only difference between a Welshman and a Spaniard (I have been told) is that the Welshman will keep a contract if one is made; otherwise one will fleece you as much as the other. And this advice can be applied all through England, and is strictly followed by the British 'cyclists, for John Bull's reputation for "fair play" is founded chiefly upon his love for "fair play" toward himself. It has always been my ambition to ride my wheel on good roads, and the realization is every whit equal to the anticipation, though one cannot expect a smooth floor in a hilly country. Next month will you ride with me and my new steed, Pixie, through the midland counties, to Kenilworth, Warwick, and Windsor?

G. F. F.

THE WHEELMAN'S LAMENT.

AFTER SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, now, for months,
Farewell the pleasant ride, farewell content,
Farewell the kneed breeches and the flannel shirt,
That make bicycling comfortable! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the nickeled wheel, and the shrill calliope,
The convivial meet, the jolly dinner,
The exciting race; and all gayety,
Fun, frolic, and poetry of delightful wheeling!
And, O you small boys, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! The wheelman's occupation's gone.

Ellsworth.

SI. PLUNKITT.

At farmer Plunkitt's well I stop,
The bucket's rim to kiss;
As down my throat the waters drop,
Down trickles, also, this:—

"I want ter know! Du tell me now,
Yu ben't thet feller, be yer,

"I WANT TER KNOW! DU TELL ME NOW."

Az puts them rhymes in print? I vow!
I'm plaguey glad tu see yer.

"I yused ter pen fur papers tu,
When I waz 'bout so big;
But now I haz tu much ter du
A pennin' fur thur pig.

"Them things be eazy rode. Oh, yes,
I yused one time tu spin 'em;
Enjide thur sport sum, tu, till Bess
She sot hur foot ag'in 'em.

"I seed a chap astride a bi.,
It peered so eazy rid —

"I SEED A CHAP ASTRIDE A BI.,
IT PEERED SO EASY RID."

'Si. Plunkitt, buy a bi.,' sez I;
An' by an' by I did.[1]

"'What's thet?' sez Betz. 'A hoss,' sez I.
'Gee-hossy-phat!' sez Betz,
Az up I fly a fathum high,
An' thru a hot-bed sets.

[1] If 'Cycling's critic sees that verse, farewell, my reputation; the "I saw Esau" style's a curse in his good estimation.

"'Thet there's a hoss,' sez Betz tu me.
'Az ort tu jine a surcus;'
'Lor, Betz,' sez I, 'how green yu be!
I did that thar a-purpus.'

"I mounts ag'in. 'Shet up yer jaw!'
Sez I, az down I slid;

"'LOR, BETZ,' SEZ I, 'HOW GREEN YU BE!
I DID THAT THAR A-PURPUS.'"

Sez Betz, 'I didn't speak;' 'Oh, pshaw!
I thought,' sez I, 'yer did.'

"I took mi boots an' westkit off
With great deturminashun,
An' up I gets — Betz gave a korf
An' balked mi kalkulashun.

" I shooted down thur hen'ry stair,
Clean thru a winder shot,
I pawed thru air, I sawed thru air,
An' sored miself a lot.

" ' See what yer done ! ' I yelled, mi hed
An' ev'ry jint a akin',

" I PAWED THRU AIR, I SAWED THRU AIR,
AN' SORED MISELF A LOT."

' Thet tarnal korf o' yourn,' I sed,
' Kum nigh my koffin' makin.'

" Sez she, ' Jest let me hold it, Si,'
I looked Betz Plunkitt thro' ;
She'd balked mi game so orfun I
Waz sumwat skeery tu.

"'Wal, hold,' sez I; 'Set straight,' sez she;
'Shet up, yu'll balk!' I hollered;
Tu late — hur knee was driv in me,
An' haf hur hoof I swallered.

"'Gol-ri!' sez I (quite kalm an' kool),
'Cl'ar out! yer in thur way!

"'SECH KOMMENTS WOULD UNNARVE A MULE!
GIT IN THUR HOUSE, AN' STAY!'"

Sech komments would unnarve a mule!
Git in thur house, an' stay!'

"I slacked my spenders, chucked mi tie
An' koller on thur grass —
'Thur sty I'll fetch this time,' sez I,
'Or style miself an ass.'

"I fetched thur sty — inside — kerslam!
Az sure az I'm Si. Plunkitt;
Kum mighty nigh a sayin' damn,
So pesky loud I thunk it.

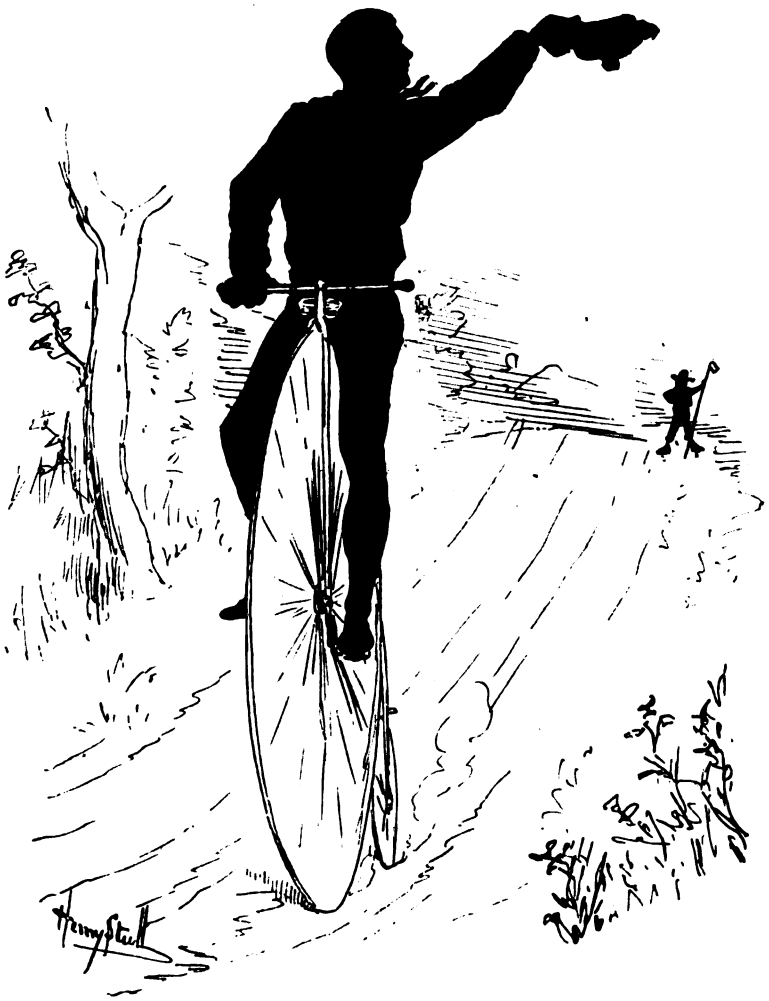
"I riz. Betz on thur pyazzy stood.
'I'll quit,' sez I, 'this minnit —

"I FETCHED THUR STY — INSIDE — KERSLAM."

I'll quit it, Betz,' sez I, 'fur good,
Az yu're so set ag'in it.'

"Oh, yes, them things be eazy rid,
Ter mount, glide on thur seat;
Stop gradyerly, thur way I did,
An' lite upon yer feet."

The music of his nasal twang
No longer rhythmic flows;
No more his verdant breath doth hang
About my weary nose.



"THET'S JEST THUR GRACEFUL WAY I GLODE,
TILL BETZ GOT SOT AG'IN IT."

I say farewell, I gain the road,
Faint follows as I spin it —
"Thet's jest thur graceful way I glode,
Till Betz got sot ag'in it."

S. Conant Foster.

PARIS AND VICINITY THROUGH A 'CYCLIST'S EYES.

PARIS offers every inducement to devotees of the wheel: it has its broad, well-kept macadam avenues running out of the city in different directions; its interesting and often beautiful suburbs, containing unexcelled roads; its Bois de Boulogne, in which one can take so readily a pleasant afternoon or evening spin of twenty miles if wished for, in exploring its fine curving roads, crossed and recrossed by foot-paths and horse-pads. Then, on the other side of the city, is the Bois de Vincennes, second only to that of Boulogne in attractiveness, and possessing a terrace road, which commands a complete view of the broad valley at the confluence of the rivers Seine and Marne and the fort-crowned hills around. This road is traversed in going to Fontainbleau. Fine roads lead from the city to St. Cloud, Sèores, Versailles, Forest and Chateau of St. Germain, etc. In the park adjoining the latter is another terrace road overlooking a large reach of country away to Paris, one being only prevented from seeing the whole city by the intervention of Mount Valéncia, crowned by the strong fortress celebrated in the Franco-Prussian war. These and other suburbs of the city give opportunity for many pleasant and alluring spins in leisure afternoons. Within the walls of Paris itself are the charming districts of Passy and Auteuil, lying near the Bois de Boulogne, and containing many a tree-arched road lined with pretty and elaborate villas.

In Passy, as many know, resides Victor Hugo, so well loved by the French people, and from whose writings most of us have derived much of beneficial entertainment. Throughout these places, as in many others adjoining, the roads are universally good and often fine. It is possible to penetrate to the heart of the city without crossing a rod of stone pavement, — the main Boulevard having nearly half its length macadam or wood for surface; and wood pavement in Paris does not mean a Devonshire-street job, but a durable and smooth road-bed; connecting streets are laid with asphalt, completing the link.

I can mount at the door of my hôtel, adjoining the Place Vendome, and ride to all the principal points of interest beyond the fortifications — including all that I have before mentioned — on macadam-surfaced avenues and boulevards whose width and beauty all the world knows.

The French riders, of whom, strange to say, there are not many, have rather odd ideas about both machine and dress. I have never yet encountered one wearing what we consider a wheeling suit — knickerbockers and stockings.

The favorite costume seems to be an ordinary jacket, white canvas trousers, loose at the bottom, and a white canvas naval hat. I have seen fellows in Paris riding without coat, and with *rolled-up shirt-sleeves*. The youngsters delight to get some antiquated machine of a species between a bicycle and a "bone-shaker," and *toil* along the streets in this simple costume, bent over the handle-bar, as if they were working a treadmill at so much the hour. A properly attired 'cyclist is so much of a rarity in this vicinity that an English lady exclaimed to her companion one day as I passed her in the Bois, "Now, that's an Englishman, I'm sure!" I politely informed her of my true nationality. In all my riding in the city and tours outside I have been universally treated with politeness by teamsters, toll-gate keepers, and people in general, never having even encountered a "*cocher*" who was inclined to be disagreeable. Among the country people a good machine is the object of much good-natured curiosity, some of them holding amusing arguments as to whether it can go as fast as the "*chemin de fer*" or not.

Strange as it may seem, I have nowhere met the degree of astonished curiosity as that experienced on a recent tour through the centre and south of England. There my patience stood by me for six days, but the seventh it fled, and I fear my replies to one or two innocent rustics were unkindly short.

I understand that there are certain existing laws in Paris closing the main boulevard and the avenue des Champs Elysées to wheelmen; but if so, they are virtually a dead letter, for the efficient C.T.C. Consul, M. Devilliers, informs me that one can now ride on the Boulevard, and I myself have ridden down the full length of the avenue des Champs Elysées a number of times without the slightest molestation. There is one rule, though, which is some-

times enforced. In the *Bois de Boulogne* are the race-courses of Auteuil and Longchamps; and on afternoons when races are held in either, calling an unusual number of carriages into the Bois, 'cyclists are enjoined from entering. Notwithstanding, I have gone in a number of times on such afternoons, and only once have had my attention called to the rule. It should be added that I avoided all roads leading from the city to the race-courses. Thus it will be seen that the officials are quite kindly disposed to the wheel. About every condition being such as to encourage 'cycling, it is surprising that the natives are not more addicted to the art. Let me advise my brother wheelmen in America, should they ever cross the ocean with their machines, not to omit France from their tour; nor to neglect a chance of wheeling over Normandy's ideal roads, and seeing her interesting and historic country. Of this matter of touring I shall write comprehensively later.

W. R. Griffiths.

THE QUIET HOUR.

At sunset out across the hills,
I rode unto the dying day;
The brooks sang low with tender trills,
The birds were silent on my way.

The crickets chirped in monotone,
The bees were sleeping on the hill,
The wind swept by with solemn moan —
My heart grew sad, my voice was still.

Yet, in my breast sweet thoughts were born,
Unmixed with aught of earth's alloy,
And words were faltering and outworn
That sought to voice my silent joy.

The quiet hour of eventide
Subdues man's stormy soul within,
And pure thoughts through his musings glide
Without a trace of soil or sin.

But, with the joy of high-born thought,
There is a lingering touch of pain, —
A yearning with sweet suffering fraught,
When utterance strives, and strives in vain.

But while the sombre shadows slept
Upon the hills and o'er the vales,
Between the trees the moonbeams crept,
And swift illumed the quiet dales.

The silver moonlight, sifting through
The leaves and branches of the trees,
On wings of light around me flew,
And mingled with the shifting breeze.

Like mist at morn, sad thoughts took flight,
The wide world opened like a scroll,
And ere the day had turned to night
Delight alone filled all my soul.

James Clarence Harvey.

THE ENVIRONS OF SPRINGFIELD.

THE bicycle is an index to the existence of good roads just as certainly as the good roads themselves are an index to the existence of a high degree of civilization in the locality possessing them. There is solid significance, therefore, in the fact that the largest and most energetic bicycle club in America is now flourishing in the little inland city of Springfield. If the highways of Hampden County had not been greatly improved from their condition of thirty years ago, it is hardly probable that the last three years would have witnessed the phenomenon of an increase in the number of local bicyclers from three to three hundred. The present "tournament" may no doubt be made to teach various interesting "lessons" as to the power of personal energy and shrewdly-planned business combinations in bringing great things to pass; but its most impressive and lasting lesson ought to be connected with the fact that an exceptionally good series of local roadways is the ultimate basis upon which the tournament itself really rested. Were the roads of the region as poor now as in 1850 Springfield bicycling would not be much of a power to conjure with, — would not supply the machinery for creating so great an exhibition as that which lately attracted thousands of strangers to the city.

The late Samuel Bowles, while editor of the *Springfield Republican*, in his varied efforts to persuade the citizens to improve their special local advantages, and to improve upon them, took frequent occasion to direct their notice to the attractiveness of the numerous roads in the region round about, and to the comparative inexpensiveness of expanding these into a connected series of "park drive-ways," to be used for purposes of pleasure and recreation rather than for heavy business traffic. His plans for thus easily ensuring some excellent "breathing-places" around a city whose lack of a central park could only be met by an enormous expenditure of money, always seemed to me eminently practicable as well as admirable; and I still hope that in the course of a few years more, when a thousand or so of Springfield's citizens shall have become regular riders of the wheel, these same plans may be realized. The men who drive horses may not always greatly love the men who drive wheels (though, of the numberless things which "frighten horses," it would be hard to name one which causes fright less frequently than the bicycle), but they always do have a great liking for good roads and they ought clearly to see not only that good roads will develop bicycling in any given locality, but that the increase of bicyclers there will tend to make the good roads better and more numerous. In like manner, this present minute report of my personal observations on the roads of Hampden county which are most practicable for bicycling, though designed chiefly as a guide for the benefit of visiting wheelmen, will serve also to assure other strangers that the environs of Springfield may be readily explored by any sort of pleasure-carriage. Old residents, too, may, perhaps, be interested in reading of well-known paths as related to the new mode of locomotion, and the description may possibly even recall to their minds some agreeable combinations of routes for their own afternoon drives.

In pushing my bicycle a distance of eight thousand miles I have made trial of about four thousand distinct miles of roadway, situated in fifteen separate States of the Union, and in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the islands beyond; but in this somewhat extended experience I have never found another town of which it can be said, as of Springfield, that a bicycler, starting at its central square or city hall, can ride without dismount for eight or ten miles towards all four points of the compass, — north, south, east, and west. The streets of the nation's capital city are incomparably the cleanest and best paved ones to be anywhere found upon the North American continent; but when a Washington wheelman gets beyond the limits of the municipal asphalt, his choice of routes for a comfortable afternoon's ride become extremely limited. The New Yorker has within easy reach, — north, south, east, and west of his beloved Manhattan island, — finer and more extensive macadamized roadways than any which Western Massachusetts can boast of; but the four series of roads are disconnected by water from each other, as well as from the island, though many miles of good riding may be had on the northern part of the island itself.

The State House at Boston stands on a hill beside the sea, but though the man who mounts its glistening dome beholds much water, he also overlooks a territory possessed of a larger "mileage" of smooth, hard roadway than exists elsewhere in any such small area of the New World. The entire suburban region, within a radius of fifteen miles or so, is cut up by a network of roads which are almost all excellently macadamized, so that a bicycler may ride long distances without the necessity of dismounting or of frequently repeating his course. The rolling country around Boston does, indeed, justify the laudations of its friends who extol it as "the paradise of American wheelmen." We have nothing elsewhere to equal it, or to be easily comparable to it. The region that ranks next to it in attractiveness must be "next by a very long interval"; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that rank may fairly be assigned to the region around Springfield. Outside the Boston suburbs, I think there is no other place but this where the bicycle may be driven so far in so many directions without stop, and where such extensive and pleasant routes, which involve no repetitions of one's course, may be so easily laid out.

"Purgatory," rather than "Paradise," however, would be a visiting bicycler's designation of that section of the city's chief thoroughfare on which he first tries his wheel when he emerges from the eastern portal of the railroad station, for this is just about at the middle of that busiest mile of Main street, where the macadam has been worn into ruts, and holes, and ridges, where it is kept almost continuously muddy by regular watering-carts or casual showers, and where every one of the cross-walks causes a tremendous jolt. This mile section of roadway, which stands in such crying need of a new top-dressing of powdered stone, extends from Memorial Church, on the north (where the 'cycler turns to the left in seeking the northern entrance to the camp on Hampden Park, or the West Springfield route to Holyoke), to State street, on the south, which thoroughfare leads eastward up the Armory Hill, and is the old post road to Boston. The horse-car tracks run along it for a mile and a half, and, though the first half of this distance is up-grade, it is macadamized smoothly enough to be ridable for a bicycle. At the fork, where the horse-car tracks end, the left road should be taken, and again the left into the woods, at the next fork, two and a quarter miles beyond. Thence the course extends four miles in a pretty direct north-easterly line across the plain, after which a choice of several streets is offered in descending to the hotel in the manufacturing village of Indian Orchard. The hill to the eastward may be easily ridden up, and the rider soon crosses the Chicopee river, at the Jenksville bridge, beyond which he can proceed on the sidewalks for a half mile or more towards Three Rivers before being forced to halt. This point, where he stops, is upwards of nine miles from the city hall in Springfield, and marks the easternmost limit of good riding. The whole distance may be done without dismounting, though at many seasons of the year an average rider would be unlikely to get across the sand plain without once or twice leaving the saddle. On the last Thursday of last December, when the sand was well packed together with frost and ice, I myself rode without stop from the west end of the South bridge, which is a mile and a half below the corner of Main and State streets, to the hotel in Indian Orchard. The time was an hour and a quarter, and the cyclometer recorded the distance as exactly eight miles. Its record between Jenksville and West Brookfield, is twenty-four miles, by either one of two routes, both of which are very poor, and necessitate much walking through the sand. The route which I recommend as preferable leads through Three Rivers, Thorndike, and Ware; while the one usually taken by tourists leads through North Wilbraham, Palmer, West Brimfield, and Warren. The point of separation is at the Jenksville bridge, where the man bound for Palmer turns to the right, instead of crossing the river; and the two routes come together again at the pond, which lies a mile to the west of the hotel in West Brookfield. From that point to Worcester and Boston the roads are almost continuously ridable, and they generally supply very good riding. The best route from Worcester to Boston leads through Shrewsbury, Northboro', and Framingham.

The northward ride from Springfield is the smoothest and prettiest one, however, and usually ends at the Holyoke House, nine miles from the city hall. The up-grades are few, and easily ridden in either direction, and there is nothing to prevent the veriest tyro from doing the whole distance without dismount, except occasional repairs to the road-bed. This consists

for the most part of reddish gravel, containing clay enough to pack it firmly together; and, though liable to be badly affected by the spring frosts or by long-continued rains, it undoubtedly forms the best single stretch of country road in Western Massachusetts. The road-races of the bicycle club are run upon it, and its average smoothness is shown by the record of time made therein, — 38 minutes. The tourist from Springfield should turn left from Main street at the gray stone church, where the double-track of the horse-railroad terminates, and he may there advantageously take the concrete sidewalk for a few rods, if he returns to the street level at the second gateway, before reaching the slight ascent to the railroad bridge. Descending past the entrance to the park, he turns left to the iron bridge across the Connecticut, and thence goes northward along the river road to Holyoke. He should not turn towards the river, however, at the two places in the road where signs point eastward to Chicopee. From the Holyoke House I have ridden westward over the canal bridges and railroad track, and, on the concrete sidewalks, to the crest of the hill, on which stands the city hall, a massive structure of granite. Thence through the park, and by streets leading northward and westward, one may reach the old turnpike in Ireland Parish, at a point just above Craft's tavern, distant about two miles from the Holyoke House. There are excellent views along this course, and I think that an expert rider might cover it all without a dismount, though I myself have never been able to conquer the long, winding Ewingsville hill, which forms a part of it, and which needs to be descended with considerable care. On reaching the turnpike I have ridden northward without stop for some two miles, or to a point beyond the brook at the foot of the long descent. Two miles above here is the station at Smith's Ferry, and two miles farther is the station miscalled Mount Tom, though that lofty peak stands far away to the west. The roadway of these four miles is the worst stretch which the bicycler will encounter on the west side of the river in touring from Hartford to Bellows Falls, being so soft and sandy as generally to forbid progress except on foot. From the Mount Tom station I have found fairly good riding to Easthampton, two miles, and an excellent road; thence backward for a similar distance to a certain point on the ascent of the real Mount Tom. The last mile of the ascent, ending at the half-way house, I accomplished on foot, but I think the descent towards Easthampton might be safely made on the wheel, and no stop be required before completing the three miles. The two miles of roadway leading downward from the half-way house to Craft's is softer than the other slope, and requires considerable walking; though the turnpike southward from Craft's continues good for about two miles to Gates' hill. The rider who can descend this safely, and ascend the shorter slope which succeeds it, will have no trouble in reaching the main river road again, at the watering-trough below Ingleside, six miles from the Springfield bridge. The mile between the trough and Gates' is rather difficult for one going northward, and, though I have ridden it all to the final hill, I have never tried that hill, and do not believe it can be mounted. The view from this upper road is even finer than that from the smoother road below, and a northward descent into the latter may be made by the tourist who does not care to turn under the railway track towards Gates'.

My recollection as a pedestrian of twenty years ago is that the main road from Easthampton to Northampton, five miles, would be practicable for a bicycle; and other wheelmen have told me that the meadow road, from Mount Tom station to Northampton, is for the most part ridable, and that they had little difficulty in proceeding thence through Hatfield and Whately to Deerfield. The route of my own first ride up the valley was less wisely chosen, however, for I was forced to walk through three miles of sand before reaching Hatfield, and another mile of the same after leaving it. My advice to tourists, therefore, is to take the train from Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, as I have done on subsequent occasions. From that point to South Deerfield the distance by the "east road" is six miles, and by the "west road" only about three-quarters as far, though I have found the former to be preferable. Thence one may go most pleasantly without dismount for seven miles or more to the Cheapside bridge, below Greenfield; and the road continues good to Bernardston, Brattleboro', and Putney. The distance to that point from Springfield, omitting the short railroad ride indicated, is fifty-six miles, and I have wheeled it, without special effort, in a single day. On the following forenoon I occupied three

hours and a half in accomplishing the next fourteen miles to Bellows Falls, where I took train over the mountain to Rutland, and wheeled thence westward to Whitehall, in the course of the afternoon, a distance of twenty-five miles, whereof the first two-thirds supplied most excellent riding.

The westward route from Springfield is the shortest, and in some respects the most difficult, for there are several hills to be climbed, whereof the first is extremely tiresome, and there is said to be no good riding whatever beyond the western end of Franklin street, in Westfield, which is the extreme point to which a rider may go in that direction without dismount. The distance from Springfield city hall is ten miles, and a combination of careful riding and good luck seems to me necessary to enable a wheelman to get over it all without a stop. From the end of the iron bridge over the Connecticut the tourist continues westward along the north side of the Common, in West Springfield, and then northward a few rods to the post-office, where he turns westward again and soon reaches the big hill, which is quite hard to climb, though its surface is smooth and hard. A quarter mile beyond, where the left-hand road leads downward to the Mitteneague Railroad station, he must turn uphill to the right, and a mile later he will descend to Block brook, and climb a much longer hill. In the course of the next mile he will encounter the steepest descent of the route, and will cross the bridge over the railway crossing under it again, a little ways on, at the so-called deep-cut, and still again a half mile westward. The road follows the tracks for a mile and a half, and then divides at Millbrook, the right-hand branch going under the tracks, and thence in a curve of two miles to the railway station in Westfield. The left-hand road, which is much the better one, crosses the brook and then the river, and in another mile crosses the river again and brings the tourist to the thickly-settled part of the town, though the central park is nearly a mile beyond; and the Pine Hill cemetery, which is the end of the smooth riding, is nearly a mile beyond the park. There are several miles of concrete sidewalks in Westfield, along which the bicycler may glide without need of dismounts, and the road leading to Southwick is said to be a fairly good one. At the close of last December I wheeled from Westfield to Springfield with only one dismount, and that happened on the long upward climb after crossing the railroad bridge, though I understand that this hill has often been conquered by other wheelmen. The road branching northward from the brow of the hill west of Block brook leads to the mountain picnic ground, called Bearhole, about two and a half miles distant, and most of it is practicable for the bicycle. Very extended views may be had from the lofty ridge along which this road runs. The return route from Westfield may be still further varied by descending the hill at Mitteneague, crossing the Agawam river, climbing the hill beyond, crossing again at the covered Agawam bridge, and proceeding thence in a straight line eastward to the old covered bridge at Springfield. The distance, three miles, may be done without dismount, though the first half, ending at the Agawam bridge, requires careful riding. Instead of the second half, another good route of equal length leads northward along the river across the railroad track, and thence eastward along the south side of the common in West Springfield to the iron bridge. The main street of the town extends a similar distance southward to the old bridge, and has a brick sidewalk which is continuously ridable, though no need exists of resorting to it except in muddy weather. Roughly speaking, the roads connecting the three bridges may be said to form an equilateral triangle, each side of which is a mile and a half long; and the whole circuit may be made in either direction without dismount.

The southward route from Springfield crosses the iron bridge into Agawam, about a mile and a half below the city hall, and extends along the river bank for nearly three miles till it reaches the main road at Porter's distillery. I have ridden this course northward without a stop when November frosts had stiffened the sand; but I think that at most seasons of the year there are some soft places which can hardly be driven through. An excellent clay road extends southward from Porter's through the town of Suffield; and in August last I rode down it for seven miles until a new coating of gravel on the hill beyond the bridge, two miles north of Windsor Locks forced my first dismount. Four long hills had to be climbed on this course, and I considered the act of riding up the last and longest of them, which is directly opposite Thompsonville, quite a creditable feat. The two following miles of roadway were the smoothest of all, and commanded a fine

view of the eastern side of the valley. From the old bridge over the Agawam, by the main road eastward along the river and then southward, the distance to Porter's distillery is three miles, and the first two-thirds of it may be easily ridden in either direction without stop, over a road of clay and gravel, though two hills have to be climbed near the river. For a mile to the northward of Porter's the roadway is rather soft, and the eastern sidewalk supplies a preferable path; but an expert rider might perhaps have the luck to reach the distillery without a dismount (six miles from the city hall, by way of the north-end bridge), and he could then go at least seven miles farther without halting, and perhaps also to Windsor Locks. As a Hartford man has wheeled up to this point without stop (thirteen miles), it even seems possible that a bicycler might stay in his saddle for the entire route from Springfield to Hartford, twenty-eight miles, as here described. Indeed, I have heard it rumored that a Springfield man has really wheeled to Hartford without stop, down the east side of the river, but I can hardly credit the story, because such a feat would seem to me more remarkable than anything yet known to have been accomplished on a bicycle. The roads through East Hartford, East Windsor, Enfield, and Longmeadow, are for the most part soft and sandy, and though the bicycling tourist is cheered by many miles of good sidewalks, these are by no means continuous. I drove my wheel down this route, on the 9th of January, over the frozen snow and with a strong north wind at my back (twenty-eight miles), in less than five hours; but my progress along the same course in summer has been considerably slower.

A south-westerly ride of nine miles without a dismount may be had by way of the North and Agawam bridges, through Feeding Hills, toward Southwick ponds. Turning to the right after crossing the Agawam river, the left-hand road must be taken at the first fork, and a rather difficult hill ascended; then, about a mile from the bridge, where four roads meet, a turn should be taken away from the telegraph poles, and the main road leading from Mitteneague should be followed straight across the plain, two and a half miles, to the town hall in Feeding Hills, and three-quarters of a mile beyond it, when a turn should be taken to the south, and, after two miles more of level riding, another turn westward, to a short hill which causes a stop. About five miles beyond, after several other turns, the picnic grounds between the ponds are passed. The main road is reached at the Methodist church, a mile westward, and the southward course from there continues smooth for two miles, to Veits' tavern, just beyond the Connecticut line, where five roads come together. One of these leads to the old copper mine and prison on Turkey hill, in Simsbury, and is presumably ridable; and the route thence to the river road in Suffield cannot be a difficult one. I was told that the northward course from the Methodist church, through Southwick to Westfield, was generally smooth and hard; and the "back-street" route from Feeding Hills to Westfield is also said to be practicable for the wheel. From the point about three miles south-west of Feeding Hills, where the Springfield rider is first forced to stop, he may return through Mitteneague, climb its steep hill, coast down the long hill to the post-office in West Springfield, and ascend the church hill, ten miles, without dismount. The view from the hill is a fine one, but its northern slope must be descended with care, on account of the loose gravel. The westward road from the church makes two southward turns in reaching Mitteneague, but avoids the hills, and is all ridable, though usually requiring dismounts.

The roads branching off towards Chicopee, at points one mile and a half and two miles above the church hill in West Springfield, are not as hard as the main road to Holyoke, but can usually be ridden to the bridge without dismount. The planking of this bridge needs more attention than that of the two iron bridges at Springfield or the one at Holyoke, but is much better than that of the old bridge at Springfield, whose cracks threaten disaster to the tires of a careless rider. The village streets of Chicopee and Chicopee Falls are not particularly bad, but their numerous concrete sidewalks supply much pleasanter riding, and the curbings are not usually abrupt. The town hall in Chicopee stands three-quarters of a mile from the bridge, and the approach thereto, along the left-hand sidewalk of Exchange street, is uninterrupted. There is no need of a stop in crossing the road in front of it to the concrete walk leading up hill to the bridge at Chicopee Falls, about two miles. I myself, on the 25th August, continued across the bridge, and climbed the steep hill beyond it, but was forced to dismount at the

end of the sidewalk soon after beginning the descent. This was at a point nearly three miles from the town-hall, and the road keeps descending for two miles farther, until it reaches the railroad crossing a few rods below the Williamsett station. The whole descent may be easily made without dismount, though hardly any riding would be possible on the upward slope. The main road leading back to the town hall, distant four miles, is called Chicopee street, and is entirely level, but is believed to be too soft for bicycling. In the other direction, for two miles along the riverside north of Williamsett, I found this road to be ridable, except a few short pitches, though none of it supplied good riding, and the whole would probably be impassable in bad weather. A mile of smooth riding on the sidewalks and bridge extends this route to the Holyoke House, whence a return may be made to Springfield over the well-known course. From the town-hall in Chicopee to the Memorial Church, three and a half miles, one may easily go without dismount (the road being really an extension of Main street, and macadamized as far as the city limits), and, of course, the return from Holyoke to the city-hall may be made by this route also without dismount. The northward ride would be less agreeable, on account of the need of climbing the Chicopee hill, — from which, by the by, a fine view of the valley farming-lands may be had. The route connecting Chicopee Falls with Indian Orchard is about five miles long, and nearly a quarter of it usually has to be travelled on foot. The extension of State street, beyond the terminus of the horse-car tracks, supplies good riding for two miles or so in the direction of Sixteen Acres; and Walnut street, which branches southward from State at the corner of the Armory grounds, may likewise be easily followed for a mile and a quarter, to the water-shops, and twice that distance beyond into the region of East Longmeadow, whence it is likely enough that a practicable route might be found leading through Longmeadow proper, and so back to Springfield. The return from the water-shops may also be made by following the horse-car tracks through Central, Maple, and State streets back to Main, mostly on a down grade; or, if the cemetery be visited, Pine street may be traversed thence to Crescent Hill, where a fine view may be enjoyed, and a winding descent be made thence to the region of South Main street. The steep slope of Ames' hill, leading into Maple street, should be descended with caution; and the south sidewalk of Union street should be taken by hill-climbers, as they approach the summit, or they will be unlikely to reach the summit. Visiting bicyclers should remember that the most commanding view of the whole Springfield region may be had from the tower of the United States Armory, and, also, that the smooth roads and walks within the government grounds are guarded by government muskets against the passage of bicycles.

An inspection of the roads as outlined on the county maps may doubtless suggest the exploration of other attractive bicycle routes in this region; but the ones described in this present report are certainly numerous enough to support my opening assertion that the region is exceptionally well adapted for bicycling. Without going outside these roads, and without repeating his course upon them, a rider who starts at the city hall may lay out pleasant round-trip routes of any desired length. Thus, up the east side of the river, through Chicopee Falls and Willimansett to Holyoke and down the west side, through the old bridge and Water street to the starting-point, supplies twenty-one miles, without a rod of repetition. This may be increased at will to twenty-eight, twenty-nine, or thirty miles, by taking one of the westward and southward routes through Agawam to Porter's distillery, and there turning back northward by the river road to the starting-point. Or a rider may continue down the west bank and cross the river for the return journey at Thompsonville, or Enfield, or Windsor Locks, or Hartford, in which latter case his circuit will be about seventy-five miles long. The west side route to the Holyoke House, thence westward to Ireland Parish, southward to Ingleside, eastward to Chicopee, and homeward through Carew, Chestnut, and Dwight streets, offers a circuit of about twenty-two miles, with hardly more than a mile of repetition; and a very skilful rider might, perhaps, do the whole distance without a stop. The simpler Chicopee circuit, ridden in the same direction, may be easily done without dismount, whether restricted to ten miles or increased to twelve; or it may be increased to seventeen by the addition of Chicopee Falls and Indian Orchard on the east. A westward circuit of seven or eight miles, involving no repetitions — and, in the case of a good rider, no dismounts in either direction — may be made from the old

bridge to Agawam bridge, to Mitteneague bridge, to the West Springfield post-office, to the church on the hill, and thence northward or eastward down to the river-road leading back to the north bridge and the city hall. If this route be continued northward from the church to Chicopee, a man may keep his saddle for fifteen or sixteen miles before reaching the starting-point; and the length of the Holyoke and Indian Orchard circuits can, of course, be increased by combination with this route. Assuming the ridable character of the roads (as yet unexplored by me) connecting Westfield with Southwick, and with Feeding Hills, a Springfield 'cycler has choice of a thirty-two-mile or a twenty-two-mile circuit in visiting the former village. Equally long south-western circuits may be made from Springfield to Southwick ponds, Simsbury, and Suffield, — the shorter one leading thence up the west bank of the river; the longer one extending across Enfield bridge and thence through East Longmeadow to the water-shops and the city-hall.

The route by which a rider may, without dismount, reach the top of the church hill in West Springfield, from a point ten miles to the south-west, has already been described; but there will then be no obstacle to his easy progress to the Holyoke House, seven miles farther, and for another mile to the south end of the concrete sidewalk in South Hadley Falls, making eighteen miles straight-away without stop. Or, if he were strong enough to climb westward from the Holyoke House and surmount the Ewingsville Hill, he might even cover twenty-one direct miles of roadway before the sands below Smith's Ferry forced a halt. From the church hill in West Springfield north-eastward to the town-hall in Chicopee, and thence southward to the bridge below Springfield, a distance of ten miles, no obstacle exists to cause a dismount; and as it is sometimes possible to continue thence three miles to Porter's distillery and seven miles to the covered bridge, a lucky rider might chance to do the thirty miles without stop, though he would finish at a point hardly a dozen miles distant from the point of starting. Still a third variation of this route for a long stay in the saddle would lead through Feeding Hills, West Springfield, Chicopee, Springfield, and Indian Orchard, to Jenksville. The distance is about twenty-seven miles, and the chance of completing it without stop is considerably better than in the case of the thirty-mile and twenty-one-mile routes.

I should be glad to see the competitions of the local club take the form of road races, wherein the victory should be given not to the fastest rider, but to the one who covered the most miles of roadway without leaving his saddle or repeating his course. The effect of such contests would be to fix public attention upon the fact that the region has such an unusually large proportion of good roads as to make it an attractive place for bicyclers to visit and explore individually, and an appropriate place for the race-course and camp-ground, which may be annually made the scene of their largest collective gatherings and exhibitions. Yet, the proportion of good roads ought to be still larger and the quality of the best of them ought to be still better. Let us hope that the ultimate influence of the tournament will be in the line of helping bring to pass both of these desirable things.

Karl Kron.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N.Y.

WHEELMAN'S SONG.

OH, the knights of the olden time
Were brave and strong and true,
And they loved their faithful steeds,
My wheel, as I love you.

And swiftly forth they rode,
Some knightly deed to do,
To win their lady's praise,
And for her hand to sue.

Knight of the wheel am I,
My lady's eyes are blue;
I kneel to kiss her hand;
She whispers, "I'll be true."

—Greylock.

II.

I NEVER was skilful at concealing my emotions, even when social pressure was upon me. Instead of lightly telling Rains I had met his bride a year before, and expressing surprise that marriage only changes the prefix to her name, I darted my arms up into the air, knowing the blinding, crashing power of a shot through the head. They came down instantly. I was not so far gone as to be unconscious of cutting an absurd figure before her. And, in coming down, they grazed my bicycle, and laid hold of it. I pulled it towards the door. It had cured anguish, and should do so again. The merest twinkling of time had changed my attitude towards the people in the photographic car; but these abrupt gymnastics were quite absurd to them.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rains, with a tincture of indignation in his voice.

"Make the next town. I can do it in a little while, and the rain is over," I explained; "I can't intrude on you, after all."

"We took the risks; and you said nothing could drive you off."

"There's quite a breeze springing up. The road will dry," I said, setting my face towards it.

"Why, it's raining again," he exclaimed. "Don't you hear it on the roof of the car? And growing dark, too."

"But I feel as if I want a breath of fresh air," said I, "and a run in the rain. I'd like to be drenched through to-night. It would be a baptism I wouldn't forget."

"Oh, well, if you're dead set that way," said my host, "we won't force our very limited hospitality on you. But I could cool you off with a dash from the horse-bucket."

"Now, there, Will," exclaimed the slim young lady, "that's the way you go into all your difficulties. You will rush in and say absurd things that you don't mean, and play jokes and tell white fibs. I do not see why people ever take you in earnest. I know I didn't until the third time. You won't be intruding *at all*, Mr. Rogers," she declared to me. "We have plenty to eat, and we won't allow you to start off in the dark."

June had sat down on the locker. I took a brief last glance at her while acknowledging the party's hospitality. I said I expected a telegram in the next town, and must go on.

"Now, isn't that singular," said Rains, "when a little while ago you didn't even know the name of the town."

I said I had forgotten about the telegram until I heard the name of the town; and June, lifting her eyes to mine, inquired if it was a telegram concerning my baby.

I replied that it was. It would do the little fellow no harm to trace a lying message to him. I would face it out on behalf of the baby.

"He is quite well this summer, isn't he?" she pursued with gentle indifference.

I said he was very well when I left home, but one never could tell what might happen in this world.

She assented that this was true.

"My turn to be scooped," said Rains, "and by a Young Men's Christian Association on wheels, roving around the country and pretending he doesn't know the least thing about family life! How did my sister know anything about your children? Are there a dozen little bicycles on the road behind you? Come, let us pierce this mystery," he exclaimed, spreading his arms across the door.

"There is no mystery about it," said June Rains. "I met Mr. Rogers last summer in the mountains. And I would have introduced you to him as a civilized man, brother Will, if you had only given me a chance. But he can't believe in you now." She dusted some speck off her dress with the back of her fingers, and this indifferent gesture pushed a load as huge as the planet from my mind. I hugged the bicycle with one arm; it knew upon what clouds I could have propelled it. Again the slim young lady stood before me in the appropriate character of bride. Again June Rains' noble shadow in her brother's face excused whatever he did. I mentally readjusted my world, and had but one consuming anxiety, which was to stay in the photographic car when I ought, by all means, to be leaving it.

"Of course," exclaimed the slim bride, perhaps reading my face, which June gave herself no trouble to do, "Mr. Rogers

never *imagined* you were in earnest, introducing *June* as your *wife*, and *me* as your *sister!*"

"Oh, certainly not," said I; "certainly not."

"You don't know," said Rains. "Maybe people marry their sisters in that ungodly city he hails from."

I looked anxiously out of the door while fastening on my knapsack.

"You shall have the right of way," remarked my host, taking his arms from the door. "I won't bar any man from soaring when he's determined. I've felt my soul froth up like a Seidlitz powder, and know what it is."

"The weather does seem threatening yet," I said.

"It's *raining*," said Mrs. Rains emphatically, undulating towards the door, and taking a look at the dim, wet weeds, "and it's almost dark. I *do* think you ought to stop with us."

She was much more elegant in figure, much more heart-warming in manner, than she had seemed as bride's sister.

"We will make you as comfortable as possible, Mr. Rogers," said June; and that very instant I let down my knapsack as if I had only been hesitating on the score of comfort.

"Don't laugh at me," I begged my host. "I want to stay, and I will. This pretence of going was only made to draw you all out. No man in his senses would want to leave such a place as this if he had the slightest encouragement to linger."

"We can make ourselves snug," asserted Rains; "and after giving a man such a hearty welcome to wade the mud with me, and push the car in here, I shall feel a little easier in my mind if he lets us return a few of his good offices. And I'm hungry myself. You can't pelt a couple of horse-frames all day, and yearn for distant vistas, without getting hungry."

"How far have we come now, Will?" inquired the bride with eager interest.

"About twenty-three miles."

"Not twenty-three miles to-day!" I exclaimed. "Didn't you say you were in Tipton yesterday? and that's only twelve miles south."

"Twenty-three miles since we started on our pilgrimage. As photographic artists we hail from Noblesville."

"And you said it was only three miles farther to the next — and last — place," continued the bride. "Oh, I shall be *so* glad! Yet we've had ever such a splendid time. I never dreamed of doing such a thing in all my life. Once ma and pa and I camped out with a party in the Tennessee mountains. *That* was roughing it. But, oh dear! it wasn't like joggling four or five days in a house on wheels, squalling when you go down a little hill, and just being sure the thing will slide off backwards when you go up a grade. Only I do pity the horses. We could have come faster if it hadn't been for the horses."

"My dear Mrs. Rains," observed her husband, "we couldn't have come at all if it hadn't been for the horses."

"Well, I mean it's hard for them."

"Mere existence is hard for them. I have come to the conclusion that those two old baits have lost all interest in life. Didn't I hire another pair for ten miles, to rest them, and didn't they come to their work again more dejected than before?"

"And I wonder if it will make any difference about your hiring that pair? If those young men will say it was taking an advantage?"

My host laughed, and recommended Mrs. Rains not to trouble herself about advantages. She did not know what the other side might undertake to do.

This rattle of words made at the time no more impression on me than the rattle of water-drops on the roof. I sat down not far from June. Being on the locker, she was raised above me. She was busy with some needle-work, and after glancing my way, quietly continued it.

I forgave her all that she ever did, and she had held my life in her hands, choking it for a year. To be in her society was to have every environment raised to a level with paradise. My will was gone. I wanted nothing but to feel the currents of her nature around me. Even with our backs toward each other, we had, in times past, been moved by the same impulses, had started, speaking a word in unison, or had talked together in long silences. Even now, with twelve months' estrangement betwixt us, I found myself in my old attitude, and my old trance of delight watching her. So far as I was conscious of attendant circumstances there never was a lovelier rainy night, no sweeter sound was ever uttered than the cry of the frogs; no better air blows from heaven's gates than the breath of those shorn hayfields and that crushed-woods loam. I know that Mr. and Mrs. Rains disported themselves at getting supper; that I was called to admire some vapor arrangement

for boiling a kettle, and to bear witness to the solidity of a table made by laying a board across two chairs. Moreover, I know Mrs. Rains scolded occasionally at her husband's awkwardness, and that they chased each other like children, making the car rock with undignified pranks; yet to me it was all of a piece with my beautiful present. I was surprised that ice or berries or cake could have done anything not expected of them. They ought to have remained tranced in perfection in that photographic car.

It was pleasant to hear the china clinking, just as if June and I were house-keeping somewhere in irresponsible lands, attended by good spirits.

She wore a gray dress, fitted tightly, the sleeve moulding every muscle-play of her arm. I humbly adored the hem of her dress. When I could look steadily in her face I noted that while dimples were still suggested at each side of her mouth, she was white. She had not forgotten. The old sympathy, the subtle union, was mastering her.

It was not necessary to say, "June, do you remember those mountain walks and rides?" or, "Why did you break with me, and return no answer to my letters? Why did you pretend to flirt, when we so completely belong to each other that there can be no pretence between us?"

The honeymoon couple, having flung open port-holes in the chemical-room, and pinned mosquito netting over the same, to keep night-bugs at bay, were lighting a lamp and collecting their dishes for a grand final entrance. I kept watch of their movements by a secondary observation which relieved the rush of the upper current. A man who has sat beside the death-bed of one he loved, and noticed the clock ticking, and shadows moving across the wall, betwixt his long looks at the changing face, will understand what I mean.

"Love — love!" I breathed, bending towards June. "Love!"

She closed her hands upon her needlework, and pressed them together. She knew I saw her face flash whiter, saw her catch her lip between her teeth; and yet she answered in a low voice as I had spoken.

"Stop! stop!"

"This does not make you angry?"

"Certainly it makes me angry!"

"What an astounding woman you are! Will you look me in the eyes and tell me you do not love me in spite of all that has passed?"

"Hush! They are coming in."

"I love you more than ever. All the torment you have made me bear only increases it. I love you. You shall hear me tell you so."

"You are taking a cruel advantage of me, Mr. Rogers. They are coming in, I tell you!"

"Well, let them come in. I'll declare it to them!"

"Don't! Are you beside yourself?"

"Quite. I don't see any use in making a secret of this any longer. Touch my hand."

"I will not."

"Touch my hand!" I repeated through my teeth. "I have been perishing twelve whole months for just such a touch as you used to give me."

"Have a little mercy on me," said June. She drew back as she rose, the approaching lamp revealing her, so that her eyebrows and lowered eyelashes stood in distinct, dark ellipsis. She folded her work.

"It's all ready," announced Mrs. Rains.

"Approach the frugal board!" exclaimed her husband. He had the lamp in one hand and a plate of rolls in the other. The last he set upon the table, and with the other he wandered up and down the car.

"Where did I shelve this thing last night, girls?"

"You didn't shelve it any place," replied Mrs. Rains. "June and I set it on top of the locker, and that's what we'll have to do again. Isn't it comical, Mr. Rogers? This is the real love in a cottage, with all the inconveniences."

I said it was like supping among the clouds on the top of Olympus; and Rains, as he shut the car door, observed that I probably knew all about such press banquets as that.

The air was chill and the tea delicious. I date my liking for tea from that evening. June sat opposite me, and all her remarks were on housewifely subjects. She could thoroughly immerse herself in the interests and pleasures of her nearest kin, and create in any one an anxiety to have the roots of his soul growing healthily in his body. So wholesome, so stimulating was her presence to me that I even felt my natural religion quickened, and pictured the soaked roads sending up leaf and bark incense, and the whole dark earth lying huddled and comfortable like a mighty egg

under protecting wings. No matter what June said to me, I could not be hopeless and unhappy and see her near.

Night-beetles bumped against the skylight, or grumbled and buzzed at the mosquito-netting in the chemical-room. Some fire-flies sailed over our heads after the drips from branches ceased.

"I believe it's going to clear, after all," said Rains. "Don't you hear the wind getting up away off?"

"It's the rush of a train," said the bride.

"No. There's nothing has just the sound of the wind. The old witch will take her best broom and sweep up all the puddles. We will arise with the sun, yoke our oxen to the cart, and snail triumphantly into Kokomo, while you will jump upon your wheel and disappear like Mercury."

"And after you reach Kokomo?" I inquired.

"Oh, then I shall pocket my stakes, laugh at the boys, and ship my family to their original destination."

"You won't tie up by the court-house square and look out for the rural Hoosier."

Rains laughed and glanced into the corners as if he meant to detect any listener hiding within the camera drapery or under the large shadows which we threw.

"You've read nearly all the secrets of the charnel-house," said he, "and might as well hear the rest. I have been on a locomotive running at sixty miles an hour."

"Yes," said I.

"I have been up in a balloon, and down in a balloon, and dragged in Lake Michigan and half drowned."

"I believe it of you," said I.

"Steam-yachting, ice-boating, and tobogganing, have all been mine. I do everything with my body, except flying, which man has yet attempted. I like experiences. I ran to a boiler explosion once and got there just in time to be pleasantly scalded. It did my soul good. Can you close your eyes and in imagination see the sun rising at midnight in Norway, or the dirty Neapolitan beggars showing you their sores? Don't you like to come on a bit of new life, and sense it?"

"I do," said I.

"Not merely observe it, but live it yourself."

"I do," said I.

"Well, in all my samplings of existence I never sampled the life of an itinerant photographer. It hasn't the right gypsy flavor, for I've tried *that*. It isn't like touring in a carriage, or travelling with a circus, or sketching with an umbrella and a portfolio. And it isn't quite like carrying on your daily vocations while your house is moved from one street to another on rollers. All these advantages presented themselves to me, when I met some acquaintances in the smoker, and one of them told me he had a photographic van at Noblesville, turned over by a debtor to the company, and he didn't know what to do with it. Get some fine energetic fellow to drive it from town to town and take pictures with it, I suggested. He inquired where he should find the energetic young man. I proposed myself. I could use the camera. Then they all bet I would not drive the thing twenty-five miles along the country road or take three pictures. Upon my word I forgot I was on my wedding trip and the girls were in the parlor car! I bet I would not only do that but I would do it in five days. And we placed the stakes."

"And it was scandalous!" commented Mrs. Rains.

"I was not used to being married," pleaded her husband. "But you were both delighted to get stop-off checks and play the prank with me."

"As if we could go on without you!" exclaimed Mrs. Rains.

"And after I had made the bet I was ashamed to mention my other obligations. I counted on the self-sacrificing nature of woman, and that self-sacrificing nature stayed and supported me in my attempt. I didn't let the boys know I had ladies with me, at all. I took up my passengers after they timed my start. We've had a good time; they both say so."

"It joggled considerably," detracted Mrs. Rains.

"You've been happy, haven't you, June?" inquired her brother.

"Quite," she replied. She looked at me from the eyelashes outward, instead of from the eyelashes inward.

"They helped me take the three pictures in Tipton," continued Rains. "I went out and got three dirty children, and made short work of them."

"And Mrs. Rains shook the rattle and sawed on the mouth-harp," I suggested.

"Oh, no, I didn't," she declared. "It was June who kept them quiet. I fixed the things to hold their heads, and got some cakes ready at the door to send them off with."

"With new scenery, decorations, and

properties I think you might have drawn first-rate," said I.

"I hired the furniture for the trip," said Rains. "To-morrow we'll freight it back. It's been equal to hiring a cottage for the summer, with constant change of view before the front door."

After supper, June and the bride made changes in the interior, while Rains and I stood out under the jut of the roof and smoked, and remarked that this was primitive life indeed.

"I feel as if I ought to go in and take down a gun," I said, "and sneak among the bushes after night-prowling game."

"The only fire-arms the hut affords," responded my host, "is a banjo, left over by the last owner."

"I have done execution with a banjo in times past. It's a sweetener of morbid reflections. When the late photographer lacked custom, don't you imagine he sat down and hugged his banjo?"

"Yes, its thumping sounded so much like the plates when he pulled them out of the camera that he could shut his eyes and fancy he had a good run of business."

"But I like the sound of a banjo," I said.

"So do I," said Rains. "In the small hours maybe you'll favor us, and make the car think its old master has come back. It would be a good idea to make this a watch-night; if we didn't get so sleepy bumping along these roads."

"Mrs. Rains hinted something of the sort; but upon my word I can't understand why you should feel any anxiety."

"Oh, I don't feel any anxiety. Maybe I dropped a sentence or so to the girls," said Rains, biting the end of his cigar. "But I should take them out of here if I thought anything would be done. It isn't known I have ladies with me. And before I started I found a piece of paper pinned to the wall in there with this written on it: 'Whoever drives off this car drives to his death.' I don't know whether the boys put it up for a joke or whether the poor debtor took out his vengeance that way. I didn't think anything about it, but once in a while it comes up in my mind, and I anticipate some trick."

"Perhaps I better get on my wheel and go after a carriage to take them on to-night.

"They wouldn't go."

"Of course not, unless you did. It was probably intended to disturb you merely."

"That's what I thought. I tore the paper down and threw it away."

The hammocks being slung upon their hooks, we presently went in, Rains and I, to the chemical-room. He set the door half-open between this and the other room where his wife and sister were to sleep.

"They object to having the front portal of our residence thrown wide," said he. "And I can't shift the skylight. So they have to get their air from these windows." He took away the mosquito netting. The lamp was already turned out, yet a few persistent beetles sought for it, and bumped against the walls and wooden ceiling, threatening to dash themselves in our faces. I put out my hand to ward off one such buzzing bullet, and touched the banjo. It hung by its neck on a nail.

"That's the instrument of torture," said Rains. "Tune it up, and plunk a little."

A light growing through the trees proved that the moon was not entirely lost for that night.

"I ran until 9 o'clock yesterday evening," said I, feeling the banjo strings. "Do you see the moon is up? She rose full last night, and it was like flying over the milky way."

"It was clear as a bell," said Rains. "Stretch out in your hammock, old fellow. If you don't it will stiffen you before morning. We put these sticks in the ends to keep them in shape. And that's June's travelling shawl under your head."

"It's delightful," said I.

"You can spread that over if you get chilly. Oh, yes, this is just as respectable as a sleeping section, and a plaguy sight more comfortable. You haven't any porter to see that you positively breathe the same mouthful of breath over a million times a night, and charge you a dollar for it."

"Do play on the banjo, Mr. Rogers," called the bride from her hammock.

The door stood open far enough for me to see the gray drapery which I knew to be June, sweeping slowly. But the back of her head was toward me. I wanted to pick the banjo, and make her remember. She had somewhere among her possessions — unless it was destroyed — a song I made to her, and sung to her when we were happy. Plunking the chords with my fingers, I felt for the air; and remarked, incidentally, to Mrs. Rains that a great many people associated the banjo with nothing but the uproarious performances of minstrels; but for me it had the tenderest associations.

"You've played it to keep the children quiet, oft in the stilly night," suggested her husband. "How many have you?"

"How many what?"

"Young bicyclists — children. Youthful scions of the press."

"Just one."

"He who was to be the subject of the telegram?"

"The same."

"How long have you been married?"

"I never was married. I told you that when you first flaunted your own felicity before me. The baby's mother is dead," I hastened to explain. "That's how I came to have him."

Rains leaned on his elbow in the hammock, and I could hear an incredulous puff from his lips.

"He's my sister's child," I declared, "and is three years old this summer — my favorite sister. His father and mother were drowned. I never speak about it when I can help it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Rains.

"Not at all. I want you to know. And so I regularly adopted the baby, and am going to bring him up. They always speak about him at home as my baby. Nurse and every one calls him that. It may have an absurd sound to ears unused to it. Yes, it certainly has. He's a blessed little fellow."

"It's good of you to do it," said Rains.

"He has a little money of his own that he will come into by and by. But I like to spend my own on him, and I like to economize on his account, the same as if I were his regular governor."

It did not escape me that June sat up in her hammock. This turned my attention to the old song once more, and, without farther prelude, I began and sung it:—

"The hope of all seasons ripens in June—
June is the dower of the year!
The months hasten to and lag from her;
Losing June we have lost the summer,
Roses and freshness — their type is in June;
June is the flower of the year!

"Lonesome are skies not burnished by June—
June is the soul of the year!
Oh, in the fulness of summer
Could but a trance overcome her!
Let the whole planet be furnished by June,
June be the whole of the year!"

"Very nice serenade to address to my sister," commented Rains. "She has a handy name. Mrs. Rains is Desdemona, and you can't twist that into an easy rhyme. I have grown haggard trying to make poetry to her."

A contemptuous sound made by the bride was merged into June's voice saying, — just as June's voice sounded a year ago:

"Please make a song to Castle Trundle."

"Yes, do," urged Mrs. Rains. "That's what June and I named it — Castle Trundle — trundles along the road and is so top-heavy and funny. Not turreted like castles, you know. I saw them on the Rhine, and know how they really look. But the name will be so nice to use in referring to it."

"Badly mixed, my darling," said Rains. "The sand-man is dusting periods and semicolons into your eyes."

The bride protested she was just as wakeful as she could be, and she always spoke straight to the point.

I said a song to Castle Trundle could not be hastily improvised. I should like to lie and think about it, and put the lines in reverent shape and fit it with its own melody. If it came to me all complete, I would serenade them in the midst of the night with it. June drew a deep, satisfied breath; but the bride said that would be just as lovely as lovely could be, and if anybody failed to wake her she never would forgive it.

Whatever else we talked I do not recall. Perhaps Rains said all sounds were very distinct; he even fancied he could hear the horses. Or, I observed, that if we might judge by the splashless rumble of a vehicle, the road was drained after the storm.

The end of that evening melts away into a trance of woodsy scents and whisperings. I was happy as Endymion in his mountain; the very car-wheels crushed ferns; the tremors of delight which June's nearness always sent over me were like a blessed and cleansing benediction.

Sometime in the night — whether we had been asleep or dozing — there was an explosive and blinding flash. The car heaved upward, and to us within it the world seemed splintering to atoms around and beneath us.

M. H. Catherwood.

[To be concluded.]

BOSTON TO BUFFALO, AND BEYOND.

TRULY this is an age of enterprise and adventure. We may refer to the wheel as a product of the former and a means for the latter.

What could be more natural for one wearied with the endless tread-mill of student-life for nine consecutive months than to long to tread the pedals of this most interesting of modern inventions? So, having completed a course at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., the idea was conceived to take a part of the summer vacation on a bicycle tour, and, furthermore, to make Olean, N.Y., six hundred miles away, the objective point.

The intention was to follow the old State road from Boston *via* Springfield to Albany; thence by old stage-route to Buffalo; and destination lay only seventy miles south. So much for mapping out one's course on paper; but the reality was a zigzag journey to the right and left of this, in almost vain endeavor to avoid hills when possible, and escape sandy or rough roads.

Well, we started, my trusty machine, a 53-inch "Invincible," and myself, from Boston, Tuesday, July 3, unencumbered with baggage, and feeling as free as the wind.

No one but a wheelman can experience the pleasurable sensation of fairly flying over the hard roads in an early morning, gliding out from the gray streets of the still sleeping city into the pure, perfumed air of the country. While the birds are singing merrily, you steal silently along through woods darkened with morning shadows; over brooks that do their best to warble a morning note; past pleasantly-located farm-houses, where, perchance, the smoke is beginning to curl; over hills and through the valleys; and now the sun, just peeping across a field of waving grain, bids you good-morning. Who, I say, would not have his very soul thrilled with emotion, and say with the poet —

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A varied language."?

Quick time was made, out through the Newtons, and breakfast indulged in at Natick. Starting soon after, the real business of the trip began. Rain having fallen the previous night, the roads were, in consequence, unusually heavy, and, while the wheeling thus far had been good, it rapidly changed for the worse. After toiling through the mud Framingham was reached: then, bearing off to the right, in search of better roads, passed through Shrewsbury, and reached Worcester at 2.45 P.M.

As wheelmen are always drawn together by a sort of common bond, I sought out Consul Hill's quarters. I was informed by the gentleman in charge, during the latter's absence, that the roads to Springfield were well-nigh impassable for bicycle, on account of their sandy condition. This was a disappointment, for I was determined, if possible, to stick to the saddle for the entire distance. However, I had consideration enough for my machine to take the cars to Palmer, twenty-five miles away, and reached there about 8 o'clock.

Remembering that I had some school acquaintances in the place, I sought them out, and passed a pleasant evening.

Next morning was the glorious Fourth, ushered in at daybreak by the din of bells, cannon, and small boys. Further sleep — that boon of bicyclers — farewell! My friend here kindly offered to accompany me part way, and we started out bravely enough. But the sun was hot, and the roads grew rapidly worse, till we had to mount on foot all the hills, and then they were so sandy on the other sides that we went down the same way we came up. After a lunch together, my friend set out homeward, while I pushed on. The road was very sandy, and I succeeded in falling off an alarming number of times in a very short period. However, nothing was hurt thereby except my feelings. I finally arrived in Springfield at 3.15, making the unusual record of twenty-two miles in four hours. The large bicycle club here needs no comment, as it has a great reputation already both for enthusiasm and pluck. Strangers are heartily welcomed to their elegant quarters, on Main street, and made to feel at home.

Thursday, July 5, I started early with the intention of pressing on as far as possible; but rain again interfered, and left the roads in a bad condition. Arrived in Westfield, ten miles distant, not much the worse for mud. A local wheelman directed me to

Russell, at the foot of the mountain; but as luck, or rather the lack of it, would have it, I missed the way, and tramped the four weary miles through the sand, and such sand! it stuck closer than a brother.

Then it was I began to feel homesick, and a feeling akin to sentiments expressed in "Home, Sweet Home" began to creep over and take possession of my frame. If I could only take a train (?); but the railroad was across the Westfield river, and the only alternative was to trudge along and push the now unruly bicycle.

With feelings of gratitude I espied a small house among the bushes, and inquired how far this sandy road lasted. "Only a mile farther." I sighed and asked for a glass of water. Then, dragging myself along, finally arrived in Russell, at foot of Mt. Techo and Shadrack, and on the bank of Westfield river. And right here let me advise any one taking the run from Westfield to Russell to go by the Boulevard, a new road laid out some distance from the river, and said to be hard and level as a floor; at least, don't go by the river road. Here at Russell the railroad — the Boston & Albany, which line I have followed pretty closely thus far — begins to ascend, and some very steep grades are found. Went immediately to the best and only hotel, and ate a late dinner. Scared the proprietor by eating everything on the three tables, and was sorely tempted to eat the silver (?) spoons. Verily, the appetite of a 'cyclist is insatiate. After a protracted rest, during which the traveller was treated to a novelty in shape of a real "wrastling match," in which the country bloods delight, I inquired the best way over the mountain, and found, to my great pleasure, that it was four miles up the side, and that, too, over a rough road. We started out in good spirits, and began the ascent. It was right up, up, up, to an elevation of seventeen hundred feet. Before I was half way up those feelings of homesickness began to take possession of my frame, reaching the Mountain House, in Blandford, with many misgivings as to the fun to be had on a bicycle. But one is well paid for the struggle by the fine view to be had at this point. The last rays of the setting sun were just kissing the mountain-peaks good-night, while the valley below was bathed in an uncertain light. In the distance lies Springfield, twenty miles away, while ten miles to the left is situated Westfield, and the silver thread of the Westfield river can be traced as it winds in and out among the hills, growing dimmer and dimmer until finally lost altogether. Numerous villages dot this valley here and there, and the whole forms a picture never to be forgotten.

Next morning, Friday, July 6, I took an early start, and began to descend on the west side, and found this more congenial to a lazy man. However, one must needs have a steady hand and a cool head, for the road is steep in many places, and none of the smoothest. The road now into Albany is all up and down, there being few level pieces; but, while there are many hills to mount, there is a continual descent to the East river, as called here, the hills growing less and less as the river is approached. Took dinner with a farmer, and, as few wheels pass this way, great surprise was expressed because the "thing" was so frail. His lordship, also mistaking the use of the cyclometer, attempted to set his watch by it, thinking it kept sun time; but the usual amount of explanation set things aright. Rolled through the towns of North Blandford, West Becket, East Lee, Lee Centre, to Old Stockbridge, where I ate a hearty supper. Found this one of the pleasantest places yet passed through; besides its elegant residences and grounds, its streets are broad and scrupulously clean. There is very little or no business done here, many rich New Yorkers making it their summer residence. Accompanied by one of the local wheelmen, I visited the various parts of interest, and then made good time to West Stockbridge, stopping here for the night, intending to make Albany next day. On examining the "log" found that I had made only twenty-nine miles, over roads varying from good, bad, to indifferent, with balance in favor of second degree.

Saturday, July 7, I started early, passed the State line at 7 o'clock, thus traversing the State one hundred and sixty miles in thirty-four hours' travel. East Chatham was next place; the roads are improving rapidly, but there are numerous hills to mount; Malden Bridge, West Nassau to East Schodack, where, on account of intense heat, had to lie off rest of the day. This was first time old Sol had tackled me, and the result was much in his favor, for I was nearly cooked. The landlady gave me some gunpowder in water, and this treatment, though severe, was sure cure. Branched off now for Troy, intending to visit Saratoga, and from thence returning South, run through the Mohawk valley, and follow the line of the New York

Central Railroad to Buffalo. Passed the Sabbath in Troy. Visited the bicycle club head-quarters, in the Music Hall, and found the Troy boys not only pleasantly situated, but ready to give strangers a hearty welcome. I was "taken in" immediately, and made to feel at home, and afterward, through the kindness of Capt. Thiessen and "Hoppe" Holden, visited the places of interest in the city, also Cohoes Falls, making an everlasting impression on the Cohoes girls, I suppose; for, be it remembered, I carried but one suit of clothes, and that one my riding suit. Such expressions as "He pulled his pants young," and "Mary, look at that fellow wearing his little brother's clothes; the idea!" had to be borne with a calm and placid countenance. I suppose the heathens had never seen a wheelman without his wheel before.

Monday, July 9, started at 4.30 A.M., accompanied by a delegation of the Troy club, who rode out to Riverside park with me, eight miles, where breakfast was partaken. After bidding my friends adieu they returned, while I pressed on towards Saratoga, which place was reached in three and a half hours, a distance of thirty-two miles. The road was in fine condition, composed most of the distance of hard clay. Although the charges at the large hotels were *exceedingly low* I considered them too much for my already attenuated purse. I had good luck in finding a private boarding-place on Philadelphia street. Turned my attention now to seeing the sights in this Mecca of fashion and wealth.

The hotels, of course, demanded first attention, and I was much surprised to note the elegance and splendor, in all their appointments. Bands of music on the broad piazzas charmed and delighted the listeners while some were busily engaged looking over the stock of dry goods and jewelry displayed by the ladies; others chatted or buried themselves in books. Finally, wearying of all this display, I retired.

Tuesday, July 10, I began the day by drinking my fill of spring-water, as this is quite the proper thing. Took a delightful spin out to the lake, and returning had several skirmishes with "fashionable" rigs; usually left them to pursue the even tenor of their way. But along came a 2.30 horse, I reckon, and after trying to keep up with him, suddenly remembered that I had not oiled up that morning. Much surprised not to find any wheelmen here, as the riding on most of the streets is excellent, but concluded that it was too early in the season. Visited Lawnwood park, with its beautiful drives. A gateman kindly advised me to keep on the back roads; but an uncontrollable desire to "do" the whole thing, soon led me everywhere, and I wheeled along right merrily over forbidden ground. The Indian encampment is also a feature here, and every one takes that in, and is speedily "taken in" if he purchases any of the thousand-and-one trinkets. A grand ball in the evening, at Congress Hall, engages all attention.

Wednesday, July 11, I started for Schenectady at 8 o'clock, sampling "Vischy" and "Geyser" on the way. After a pleasant run of twenty-five miles over fair roads, passing through Ballston Spa, I took dinner at a small hotel in the "Flats." I turned off now from the main road, thinking the Erie canal towpath might go much easier; but experience taught me otherwise. Had not gone far before one of those far-famed mule teams was met. Those mules stood right on end and pawed the air for joy; and, thinking they wanted to ride, I dismounted hastily. Then they reversed, and it was the driver's turn to "stand from under." Concluding that it was getting too warm for me, I made myself "scarce," followed by a blessing from driver and canal people. To save confusion thereafter I dismounted every time, and finally reached Schenectady at 2.30, stopping here just long enough to mail a letter; then wheeled on toward Amsterdam. I found that the road had been ploughed up, but thinking it only for a short distance walked along and pushed the machine over the lumps. That short distance expanded into eight miles. Tired? I thought I would faint several times under the boiling sun, but didn't. I turned in at a farm-house, and stayed with them over night. They were very kind, and would accept of nothing for meals or lodging.

Thursday, July 12.—Up at 6 o'clock, and after breakfast started again, and accomplished nine miles in one hour and thirty minutes, into Amsterdam, a lively town on the line of New York Central Railroad. There is a club here, and one of the riders accompanied me to Fonda, eight miles. Stopped for dinner at the Snell House, and as it was very warm, waited till 3.30 before starting. In the meantime visited the county jail. Rode to Palatine bridge, a distance of fourteen miles, in one hour and ten minutes. The road now winds in and out, following the course of the Mohawk

river. The New York Central Railroad is on this side the river, while the Erie Canal and the New West Shore Line are on the other side. Verily, this valley is the great highway of New York State. Passed rapidly and without a dismount through Fort Plain, St. Johnsville, and Little Falls to Herkimer, accomplishing fifty-seven miles to-day.

Friday, July 13. — Visited places of interest in this old historic town, and to obtain a better view rode out to Mr. Spinner's farm, from which an excellent prospect of valley, both up and down, for twenty-five miles, is to be had. The farms through the entire valley are fertile and well kept, and without doubt this is the garden of the Empire State.

Saturday, July 14. — A fine day. Passed through Ilion, where visited the Remington Agricultural and Gun Works; both highly interesting. Spent so much time here did not reach Utica till 1 o'clock, seventeen miles from Herkimer. Passed the afternoon pleasantly with friends, doing the city, etc. After supper, accompanied by two members of the club, rode to Rome, seventeen miles, in 1h. 40m.

Sunday a heavy rain set in, and lasted all day; but cleared before Monday, when bright and early I took the plank-road out for two or three miles, and passed through Verona, Oneida Castle, Canastota, and at Lenox took the railroad, riding between the tracks of the New York Central twenty miles, into Syracuse, arriving at 2 o'clock. After freshening up at the salt-works, pushed ahead through Fair Mont, Camillus, Marcellus, Elbridge to Sennett. It was now 9 o'clock, and, though Auburn was but five miles away, I felt too tired, so that I put up at a small tavern, which used to be a large affair in the days of stage-coaches.

Tuesday arrived in Auburn at 9 o'clock. Was very hospitably received here by members of the club, where, after doing the principal streets, and seeing fine residences, visited the State Prison. More rain detained me till 5 P.M. The road for first mile or two was fair, but grew rapidly worse, together with a head-wind; made Cayuga, eight miles, in 3 hours; this includes numerous stops. In the evening attended a country fair, and had a good time.

Wednesday, July 18, I rode around the lake, to Seneca Falls, and visited Silsby fire-engine shops. Made good time through Waterloo to Geneva, where supper was taken at American House. After a dip in Seneca lake, pushed on to Canandaigua, sixteen miles farther. The scenery all through this section is unsurpassed and the roads excellent. Arrived at 9.45 P.M., and Dr. Coleman, representative of the League, kindly escorted me to the League hotel.

Thursday, July 19. — The doctor came around while I was still at breakfast, and volunteered to show me the place, and introduce me to other riders in town. Suffice it to say, I enjoyed myself, and did not leave till 3.30 P.M.; then made good time through East and West Bloomfield, and stopped with a farmer near Lima.

Friday, July 20. — Out at 7.30. The road is hard and fine. Passed through Avon, Caledonia, and, leaving main turnpike, passed by Seth Green's State fishery, returning finally to the main road, and rolled through Le Ray to Batavia. Took dinner at the St. James Hotel, and after a a good scrub felt much better. There is a lively club-house here, and they do the right thing by a stranger. The road now is level and hard most of the way to Buffalo. I turned off at Alden, and went to Lancaster, arriving there at 10 o'clock, thus completing my longest day's ride, eighty miles in nine hours.

Saturday, July 21. — Made Buffalo in little more than an hour, over a plank-road. Being in a hurry to reach home, started out soon after arriving, passing through East Aurora, Yorkshire, and Franklinville, reached Olean at 11.30 P.M., Saturday evening, thus completing my journey of six hundred and fifteen miles in little more than thirteen days of travel, making in all ninety-eight and one-half hours on the road. Olean is a lively town of about ten thousand inhabitants; settled in 1808, it was until six years ago a country village. Then by the sudden boon in oil in neighboring fields and by location of Acme Oil Refinery, and other manufactories in its midst, it has sprung in this short period from obscurity into prominence. The six railroads from all points of the compass bring in supplies and traffic; well watered by an entirely new system of water-works, it is a town altogether good to live in. With these few, and many other advantages of location too numerous to mention, it may justly be called "the city of natural advantages."

W. H. Butler.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES.

WHAT quaint old fellows they must have been who, in Cromwell's day, were wont to burden their children with a whole system of theology as a given name under which to stagger through life! The eminent Mr. Barebone, of Fleet street, London, was not a dealer in bones, but sold hides for a living, and had the common fancy of his day of attempting to make his children good by giving them a good name, hence he called one of his boys "Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone," and another, "If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone." What a tough time the boys must have had with the nick-names their playmates plied them with!

History tells us that the latter youth had the whole theology of his name reduced by his companions to "Damned Barebone"; while his more fortunate brother quickly responded to the more hopeful name of "Saved Barebone."

But there was that third son, who became the most noted one of the family, who had to struggle under the misfortune of so short a name as "Praise-God Barebone."

About the same time the records of the County of Sussex, England, give a jury-list returned to the court and recorded on its books, in which appear the following names: —

Accepted Trevor.
Redeemed Compton.
Faint-Not Hewett.
Make-Peace Heaton.
God-Reward Smart.
Stand-Fast-on-High Stringer.
Earth Adams.
Called Lower.
Kill-sin Pimple.
Return Spellman.
Be-Faithful Joiner.
Fly-Debate Robert
Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White.
More-Fruit Fowler.
Hope-for Bending.
Graceful Bending.
Weep-not Billings.
Meek Brewer, etc.

Mr. Praise-God Barebone was a leather-dealer, and a violent Dissenter. He supported Cromwell by speech and pen, and was an active member of Parliament, 1653. So prominent was he in debate and so successful in carrying his measures, that his enemies, in derision, gave his name to that session, and it has gone into history as the "Barebone Parliament." He was a preacher, too, and believed in an abundance of water in his religious ceremonies. He was at one time pastor of a church, and the author of several caustic articles against Charles II., "the King across the sea," and his restoration to the throne.

All this musing has come from an epithet hurled at me on the street as I was hurrying away to a ten-mile ride on my bicycle.

I have been the target at which a good many harmless shafts have been thrown since I first began to ride, but none reached the mark as surely as a well-feathered arrow, shot by a friend, who, the other day, hailed me with, "Where are you going, old Barebones?" Old Barebones, indeed! At first I felt indignant and humiliated, and queried with myself if that was all the credit I was to get for physical development as a result of so long and faithful use of the bicycle. Old Barebones, indeed! I dismounted, and confronting my friend, demanded an explanation of his strange salutation. The offensive term he declared to be intended only for my spindle-shanked machine, and my feelings were mollified with ointment of flattery as he declared he never saw me looking so well, and joined me in praising the phantom steed which had pulled me up to perfect health.

There came out of the interview a new name for my city horse, and as I mounted again and sped away to pastures green, and beside the still waters of the Charles, my mind wandered off to the former times, and quick-footed thought halted not until it stood in the old halls of the British Parliament in the days of the "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth," when there sat in the new Parliament that Cromwell had created an incisive speaker, a liberal thinker, and an earnest republican, whose name should henceforth be given to my wheel. From this time, henceforth and forever, it shall be Praise-God Barebones. His ribs shall shine, and his joints be oiled,

and he will give me occasion often to say concerning him, "Praise-God Barebones, that you and I ever became acquainted."

Before being settled in Boston I kept my snug little bay trotter, and found much enjoyment on his back, and more behind him, as I was whirled away in my carriage, intent on work or pleasure; but when I came to Boston I had to dispense with that luxury. I turned to my friend, Col. Pope, for advice. He introduced me to Wilmot, and Wilmot introduced me to the double-wheeled horse, and taught me how to manage him. I am proud of my instructor, and ought to do greater credit to the master instructor, who, in later years, has won so much praise for his wonderful feats on the wheel.

After a few lessons in the rink I ventured out one moonlight evening to a secluded street, and found I could actually mount and manage my *wheel*, even as I had learned years ago as a cavalryman to ride my loved "*Beverly*," named in honor of magnificent behavior that day we had the fight at the ford. It was a great delight to me when I found I could ride several miles without taking a plunge over my horse's head, or dismounting through weariness.

What a luxury my silver gray has been to me! I usually arise about five in the morning, and, while the household is yet slumbering, I take a run to Revere Beach, or Ocean Spray, or Malden, Medford, or Melrose, through a charming country melodious with singing-birds, and fragrant with flowers and fields, brimful of beauty and life; and, with but little travel on the part of persons bent on pleasure or business, I have the road pretty much to myself and enjoy the exhilarating excitement of the run in such delightful and bracing air. I usually return home about 7 o'clock; first, a few minutes of rest, then a bath, then a total change of clothing, for I have been riding in my regular suit of brown woollen shirt, short trousers, long stockings, cap, etc. I relinquish them with regret, wishing they were adopted again as the proper costume in common life. Now I am ready with a ravenous appetite for a hearty breakfast and a full day's work.

My only objection to the new horse is that it is supremely selfish. When I kept my horse and carriage I could take wife and boys and girls, and we all shared in the enjoyment. Now I have to go forth alone, for my two boys don't take kindly to early morning rides. We often, however, take a ride of twenty or forty miles in an afternoon, and that without great weariness to the flesh. One of those spider-like "sociables" may help me to solve this social problem of the wheel, and give me the company of one of the best of wives when I take my morning rides.

Let me advise my brethren of the cloth to procure a barebone steed of my friend Pope, a long-distance saddle from the "Overman Wheel Company," and a cradle spring, and your mount will be perfect. I am sure your improvement in health, and enjoyment of the sport, your freedom from the care of the churches and the mental strain of study, your buoyancy of feeling and ravenous appetite, will all combine to lead you often to say with me, "Praise God for old Barebones," and, "Blessings on the man that first invented this aid to sound sleep, hearty digestion, and toughness of muscles."

S. L. Gracey.

'CYCLING IN FRANCE.

[Continued from Vol. II., No. 5, page 332.]

I HAVE tried to show, with the few odd elements at my disposal, the slow but sure progress made in France in bicycling from the year 1871, which saw the end of the war and of the Commune to the year 1874.

At the end of that year a large and influential club, called the "Velo Sport," was formed in Paris, as I said before, for the purpose of encouraging bicycle races. A grand occasion soon offered itself for that society to show off what it could do. A great catastrophe had happened in the south of France. The club decided that it should give an important race meeting for the benefit of the poor flooded people, which would not only relieve their miseries, but give a great impetus to our sport in this country. In execution of that decision they managed to secure for the day the fine grounds called the "Tuileries," a public garden well known, I dare say, to many of your readers who may

happen to have visited our shores. And a regular *coup de maitre* it was, for a first trial; for everything was got up to perfection: the path splendid; the tribune well decorated; the people who passed the gate, numerous; the music good, and the bicyclers from all parts of France who attended the races picked from the very best. In fact, it created quite a sensation, Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon even condescending to patronize the affair, which was related at length and engraved in all the leading papers of the capital, a treat seldom offered here to *velocipèdique* brothers.

That important event in the early annals of 'cycling took place on the 19th of September, 1875. It comprised six races, with many prizes. It is in the third one, called "Championnat Internationale" that Moore, an Englishman, won the first prize of 600 francs, beating C. Thuillet, the French champion favorite, and M. Henry Pascauil, a first-rate runner then; a result, I need hardly say, which created a great sensation in the wheel world of the time. Of the time occupied in covering the distance — eight thousand meters — of the machines mounted, I cannot say anything, as I have no record of either, and doubt if there is any left.

There were no papers then devoted to the welfare of our pastime, and I suppose all the "exploits" of our velocipedists, from that time to 1878 (except those of Thuillet, in England, which belong more to the English history than to the French), must be left in darkness forever. Should any one by chance take off the shroud which covers the unrevealed facts that took place during that period, — facts the more interesting as they belong to the olden times of bicycling, — I will not fail to display them before the eyes of the readers of THE WHEELMAN.

I know that sometime after the race meeting spoken of above the "Velo-Sport" went down, the best club men leaving it one after the other, owing, I think, to some financial difficulties; and that, though it never ceased to exist, it was replaced by some other societies of less importance.

Among the dissatisfied members of the "Velo-Sport" was the secretary, M. Tagis, whom we hear of now for the first time, but who is to occupy a prominent place hereafter in French bicycling history. Aided by a few partisans he started a kind of club, which went by the name of "Union Vélocipèdique Parisienne," which showed that peculiarity that it was a regular autocracy — *une petite Russie* — in the very heart of liberal Paris, a 'cycling "Czarship," so to speak, voting itself to the presidency for life. But French runners were, as a rule, such a flock of undisciplined men then that perhaps that kind of *gouvernement autoritaire* was the best adapted for them. At any rate the society was well organized, had a nice central kind of office where to meet, and all went as merry as wedding bells for a few years, the men being always kept together by a series of small race meetings around the capital.

But I return to the real beginning of the numerous ameliorations brought in different ways to our sport and its machines to the year 1878, or thereabout. In fact, about that time the superiority of hollow parts of velocipedes, — forks, rims, backbone, etc., — and their consequent lightness, began to push its way among bicyclists, who, one by one, exchanged their heavy roadsters for lighter and more elegant steeds. The Frenchman who thus showed us the way toward the right direction, and to whom we are even now indebted for his superior hollow rims, is M. Truffant, then living at Cowes. He soon got a name through the bicycles he manufactured being ridden by the best riders, and, as a matter of course, winning in all races of any repute.

In the same year (1878) more race meetings than had for a long time been seen began to take place, especially around Paris. Some were organized by the "Union Velocipèdique Parisienne," at Argenteuil, Joinville, etc.; others by the "Velo-Sport," then in its last convulsions at Vanguiard, the Pré-Catelan (Bois de Boulogne), and Fontainbleau; some more by M. Forestier, who had made his *début* at the Courbevoie races, and who had a grand success at Versailles; and some others by a new society called the "Sport Velocipèdique Parisien," still in existence, and flourishing, too, founded on the 25 July of 1878, on a liberal basis, in opposition to the U.V.P., described elsewhere, and which tried its growing strength at St. Cloud.

M. Charles Terront, who paid you a visit some years ago, and who is a *connaissance* to you, and his brother Jules, began both now to show off well in all the contests they ran in, having begun to ride astride a machine a year or two previously on inferior bone-shakers.

P. Devillers.

[To be continued.]

THE OTHER WHEEL.

If a bicycle, having two wheels, may be appropriately styled "the Wheel," then the tricycle may, perhaps, be appropriately styled "the other Wheel." This much in explanation of my title, and by way of introduction.

I had been a rider of "the Wheel" some four years, when, by a happy combination of circumstances, I became the possessor of a tricycle. I don't think I ever would have bought one, at least not till years had incapacitated me for mounting and riding "the Wheel." Not that I did not recognize a field of usefulness for the tricycle, but I was perfectly satisfied with the bicycle as the acme of pedomotive vehicles. I had good reason to feel so, for it had been to me a source of health and pleasure, as well as a good financial investment, which saved me many dollars in horse-hire. Not that I was a skilled bicycler in the general acceptation of the term. I never made a fancy mount in my life, and the few fancy dismounts I had made had been purely involuntary. I never had entered a race, nor distinguished myself by noticeably long road-rides or fast time. In fact, I had not indulged in the "sport" of bicycling, but used my wheel as any professional gentleman would use his horse, — for health, for pleasure, and for business. I had occasionally gone out on club-runs, oftener taken runs with one or two friends, had visited my patients, made many pleasant acquaintances, gained health, strength, and appetite, — all through the agency of my bicycle, and I valued it accordingly. I had tried a few tricycles, mostly of English make; mostly single-drivers, — some with saddles, and some with seats; and had come to the conclusion that, while they would do very well for ladies and old men, they could hardly be looked upon as competitors of the bicycle for young and active men, especially if this class had already mastered the bicycle.

But here was my tricycle, — a Columbia double-driver. I thought it would answer for me to ride around at night, or, perhaps, occasionally in the daytime, for a change, and that my sisters could learn to manage it and have some rides with me; but that it would ever take the place of my bicycle did not enter my head.

I soon got it out of the crate and began to give it a critical inspection, the first result of which was to convince me that there were "tricycles and tricycles," and that this one had some special advantages. Its two large wheels (50-inch), with the small steering-wheel in front and the graceful proportions and curves of its tubular frame, together with the general neatness and compactness of build, gave it a decided advantage over most other tricycles I had seen, so far as appearances went. It was really quite graceful-looking.

I mounted it and ran off with comparative ease, when I saw at once that its double-driving capacity, and the nicely adjusted ball-bearings throughout, made it much easier to propel than I had anticipated. Still it did not run as easily as my bicycle, and the steering bothered me not a little. I wanted to steer with my feet, as I had been accustomed to do on the two-wheeler; and I worried myself about the three tracks, and altogether I said to myself, "I told you so; just as I expected," etc., etc. But it is a new thing; I'll ride it a while just for fun, and (but this is confidential) to show off my new acquisition. After a little it seemed to run more easily; the three tracks ceased to trouble me, and I discovered that a little adjustment of saddle and handles made a vast improvement, and for short runs, with many dismounts, I began to prefer it to the bicycle, though it still dragged a little.

Thus far I had only adjusted my saddle in vertical direction; but about this time it dawned on me that there was too much weight on the front wheel. I reasoned with myself thus: "The front wheel don't do any driving; hence every ounce resting on it beyond what is absolutely necessary to give it adhesion enough to steer with is a double loss. It adds to the difficulty of propulsion, and, by lessening the adhesion of the drivers, diminishes the propelling power. So I set my saddle (and spring) back about an inch, so that when I was mounted and ready to ride the machine was very nearly balanced; by leaning well back, and pulling up a little on the handles, I could tilt the front wheel off the ground, or, by leaning forward a trifle, could give it pretty firm adhesion, and thus control its steering-power. Now I tried it again; the drag was gone; the

tricycle ran as easily, though not quite so rapidly, as the bicycle; but the lack of speed was compensated for by a peculiar sense of safety on rough roads. If I had been as skilful a bicycler as some of my friends perhaps I would not have set so high a value on this quality; but, having reached an age when respect for the integrity of one's bones is more prominent than in early youth, it was quite a point with me.

Now, thought I, it is time to test the baggage-carrying capacity which has been spoken of as one of the peculiar advantages of the three-wheeler. So I strapped on a small valise, pretty heavily loaded. Well, I carried it; but I was aware of it. It did drag more than I expected. Something seemed to be wrong. After riding some miles, and sweating not a little, I got off and began to investigate. Ha! I had it. When I strapped on that heavy bag I did so in such a way that, though the bag itself was abaft, its point of suspension was forward of the axle, and I had thrown all that additional weight on the little steering-wheel in front. Out came the monkey-wrench and back came spring and saddle; the balance was restored; the drag vanished, and I became as unconscious of the extra weight as if it had not been there. Meantime my muscles had been getting educated to their new work; steering, etc., had become automatic; speed had increased, and, though not yet up to bicycle standard, was ample for the needs of a sober physician, say, about seven to eight miles per hour on average country roads for ordinary exertion, with a capability of increasing it to ten or even twelve miles per hour for a spurt on a good bit of road.

On the whole, I have about come to the conclusion that the tricycle *can* fill the place of the bicycle for my own use; that its comparative disadvantages are more than overbalanced by its comparative advantages; and that, if I were to be confined to *one* machine, it would be a double-driving, front-steering, ball-bearing tricycle. Of course it is not so fast as the bicycle; its 50-inch wheels, geared down to 46½ or thereabouts, have to turn oftener than the 52-inch wheel of my bicycle in making the same distance, and for the same speed more rapid pedalling is of course necessary. Then, too, there is the question of power required. The tricycle weighs about twice as much as my bicycle, and there are many more points of friction; hence, theoretically, more power is required to propel it. But, on the other hand, no power is expended in maintaining equipoise; so, on the whole, the difference is much less than I expected, and is, in fact, hardly appreciable. The ease of coasting on the tricycle is quite an advantage. I *can* coast on a bicycle, but I never did like to do it; hence I was deprived of the rest which many of my friends secured in this way, and which I feel sure is quite an item in a long run; but on the tricycle it is quite different. When I come to a decline now, I cock my feet up on the rest with the greatest confidence and comfort, and "let her slide." It is a wonder what a slight decline is sufficient for coasting with the tricycle. Its power of going slow without tipping over enables one to utilize a very slight down-grade for coasting, and speed increases as you coast. The brake on the Columbia tricycle is peculiarly powerful and convenient, and being applied by pulling up the lever it can be controlled by the thumb of the left hand. I have stopped my tricycle in this way on as steep a grade as I would care to climb, and have never had to let go of the handle and seize the brake lever with whole hand, though, of course, I have that manœuvre in reserve for cases of emergency.

On the whole, then, while for style the bicycle still maintains its supremacy over all other means of human locomotion, for downright business, comfort, and convenience, the tricycle is ahead. But this is true, in my judgment, only of a double-driving, balance-geared, front-steering tricycle, with the most approved anti-friction bearings at every frictional point, and to one fitted with a saddle, not a seat. The saddle gives the muscles of the thighs free play, while the seat cramps them most abominably. The saddle is just as modest and proper, conventionally and physiologically, for ladies as for gentlemen; and why a lady should be handicapped with a seat which cramps the most important muscles just where they ought to be freest passes my comprehension. My sisters have ridden my Columbia tricycle with ease and comfort; and, as a medical man, I should be glad to see this delightful and invigorating exercise become popular among the ladies of this country. It would be greatly to their advantage, and to the advantage of the coming generation, if our young girls could increase their appetite, improve their digestion, strengthen their muscles, purify their blood, and steady their nerves, by this pleasant and profitable exercise in the open air and sunshine.

Before I leave the subject I want to speak of one other point which has impressed me strongly, viz., the attitude of the general public towards the tricycle.

I find that my tricycle excites quite as much curiosity and interest as did my bicycle (and I was the pioneer bicycler in this neighborhood); but, instead of the sneers and opposition which the bicycle aroused, the tricycle seems to awaken only approval and compliment. This is no doubt due, in part, to the fact that public opinion has been greatly educated within the last five years, and that the idea that the public highways were constructed for the exclusive use and pleasure of horse-owners and horse-drivers is becoming obsolete; but it is also due in part, I think, to the fact that the practical utility of the tricycle is more immediately apparent to the average observer. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that my tricycle is an object of admiring interest, whenever I go out on it, and that every remark made, thus far, concerning it has been complimentary.

Should my life and health be spared I propose to fit to my tricycle an arrangement for carrying conveniently a small dry-plate photographic outfit, and shall hope to lay before the readers of THE WHEELMAN some of the results of my tricycular wanderings in search of the picturesque, and thus open up a new field, but little cultivated in this country as yet, in which science, sport, and health, can be cultivated together.

George E. Blackham.

RUINS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FROM the ocean's deepest, deepest bosom
Evening bells are sounding faint and low,
Bringing to us sweet, mysterious tidings
Of a city fair of long ago.

'Neath the rolling waters deeply sunken
Ruins wondrous still lift up their spires,
And, the sunset's golden glow reflecting,
Light the sea with ever-changing fires.

And the boatman, who that gleam enchanting
Once beholds in evening's crimson ray,
By the threat of hidden crags undaunted,
Ever to that loved spot turns his way.

. . . . . .

From my own heart's deepest, deepest recess
Echoes sound, like sweet bells, faint and low;
Oh! they bring me wondrous tender memories
Of the love that loved me long ago.

A whole world of beauty there is sunken,
But the ruin still in splendor gleams;
And reflects the golden light of heaven
Back upon the mirror of my dreams.

I would fain beneath that ocean plunge me, —
Fain would sink to what is imaged there;
And it seems as if some angel called me
To the world that once I found so fair.

H. H. M.

THE TRICYCLE IN CALIFORNIA.

We ride and write in Southern California, our home being the City of Gardens — *el Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles* — of the native Californian. Just now, however, we are guest upon one of the great ranchos which speak of the old-time civilization of this semi-tropic land.

The memorials of the past are all about us: the crumbling monuments, — Mexican and Spanish; the slow-moving races, now being pushed aside by the resistless energy of the Yankee. This is the rancho Los Cerritos, its Spanish name pointing backward to the past. It is measured by leagues, instead of acres, another lingering tie binding us to the swarthy race whose rule is here ended. Its mansion-house, two-storied, one hundred feet long; its adobe walls three feet thick; its small windows, iron-barred; its wings, projecting at right angles one hundred and sixty feet, enclosing three sides of a court-yard, with kitchen, store-room, servants' quarters, carriage-house, blacksmith-shop, etc., the front protected by a high adobe wall with massive gateway; the whole standing white-walled and glaring under the constant summer sun upon the bluff overlooking the little river of San Gabriel, — a castle of Spain in the midst of the new civilization.

This castle was built forty years ago, — built by a Yankee, perhaps in obedience, mayhap in compliment, to his Spanish wife, — and behind it, opening off the long double verandas, is a tasteful garden, well laid out with lawns, and flowering shrubs, and plants, and vines, and trees of fig, and lemon, and orange, and pomegranate, magnolia, and oleander, — "a most fit place for musing man."

Across the little valley, against the low hills, stands the old home of Manuel Dominguez, a proud old Spanish gentleman, who, when the restless spirit of progress disturbed his peace with the shriek of the locomotive, refused to learn the new language, even for purposes of intercourse with the American, and had no occasion to part with his broad acres, for he knew no use for the money. To-day the long, low house stands quaint and odd in the midst of the modern farm-houses which dot the valley.

To the east, and adjoining the Cerritos, and under substantially the same ownership, lies the Los Alamitos; its adobe house, thick-walled, overlooking the sea. It is, perhaps, sixty years old, — a short period in New England, but here taking us back, with a dreamy past, when only horsemen were seen upon the plains, and herds of cattle, and bands of sheep, and peaceful Indian laborers, toiled in the sun, and the Spanish-Mexican dwelt at ease, and an air of *dolce far niente* was over all.

The two ranches embrace about fifty-three thousand acres, and are devoted to grazing.

The lands are bottom, or lower plains, and *mesu* or upland, the former green and rank in these dog-days of the long and rainless summer, the latter dry, and dead, and barren to the casual eye, but rich with its seeds of burr-clover and alfiloria, the self-curing grasses of the California plains. In the old manor-house dwell two daughters of a New England pastor, cultivated, hospitable; the old home in Norridgewock, Maine, the late associations with Mt. Holyoke, and the son at present in Yale, connecting the ranch-life with the Eastern world.

Through the *mesu* connecting the two ranches runs the hard, smooth road, seven miles long, over which we drive the Victor Rotary.

The road is unfenced; trails run everywhere; the ground is full of holes and little mounds, the populous cities of the gray squirrel and the burrowing owl; the squirrel's enemy, the badger, is seen now and then; occasionally the scorpion and centipede are seen, and frequently a huge black or brown tarantula, ugly and deadly, will cross your path; the rabbit frisks away as you ride by; the meadow-lark sings from a tuft of grass; the dove coos in some secluded place; to the north, just yonder, is the Ostrich farm, where great African ostriches stalk about their enclosure and utter their peculiar rumbling cry; the green plains are spotted with thousands of cattle; no human life is visible; no sounds of toil are heard; and only the song of the lark or the bell of the tricycle

"Mounts to mar the sacred, everlasting calm."

The tricycle — Birmingham steel from beyond the Atlantic, American enterprise from Hartford — is itself an evidence of the change which a few years have wrought here, and which soon will have obliterated

the last traces of the old *régime*. Here, we remember as we ride our bridleless steed, rode the vaquero, with his huge and jingling spurs, broad sombrero, raw-hide lariat, and ornamented and cumbrous saddle with its horse-hair "cinch." Here the herder walked, — the docile Indian of this Southern region, or the easy-going and improvident Mexican; here rode, side by side, the Spanish lovers, language and allusions strange to our ears, but the story the same old story, always new —

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

Here rode, mayhap, the padre of some old mission, whose bells, cast long ago in Spain, and rich with spoils of gold and silver ornaments, and consecrated with prayer and chant and benediction, still fling their silvery melody on the air from century-old San Gabriel not far away — the "Angelus" of a land as rich in romance and as pathetic in its history as that

"Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas,"

where Evangeline loved and wept.

Will the slumbrous air ever again hang over so indolent a people as once possessed this rich and pregnant land? Will the tropic air steal from the descendants of the Puritan their push and enterprise? I think not.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy
sirups of the East,
Can medicine them to such a sleep."

To the north lie the broad acres of green pasture-land, stretching miles away in unbroken level, bounded by the line of trees which mark the course of the river, and beyond that, thirty miles away, over villages and towns, the rugged and barren mountains stand as sentinels over the peaceful scene. Southward lies the blue Pacific. There is Wilmington to the west, and the harbor of San Pedro. Near by is the Cerritos beach, with a watering-place, newly baptized, and a shore unequalled, perhaps on any coast, for pleasant bathing. Here we go daily for a plunge, and feel the soft sea-water embrace us; here we lie on the sand, and listen to the lullaby of the ocean, while the flood of summer wind rolls over us. By night, when we ride between gleaming lamps, we hear the eternal song of the sea as the waves break upon the shore; and by day, as we ride, we see the vessels at anchor in the bay, or outward-bound, rounding away behind the globe of waters,

"Her tall masts fading to thinnest threads of gold,"

while, far away as the eye can reach, the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina reposes like the type of those happy isles to which Ulysses thought he might attain,

"And see the great Achilles, whom he knew."

Over all hangs, as autumn draws on and our vacation expires, the haze, like a filmy veil, — the Indian summer of the East, without its splendor of color.

Here the seasons merge into each other imperceptibly; we do not see the decay of the summer; there are no melancholy days; the early rains usher in the freshness and beauty of spring ere Christmas has come; and whether it be the green of the winter or the brown of the summer, with shadings of ochre and umber and pale, high tints of the mountains, we feel that

"There is not lost
One of earth's charms. Upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie."

And as our wheels roll us silently through the shifting panorama of mountain, field, and sea, the jar of nerve ceases, the soft winds whisper peace, dear old Mother Nature takes us to her heart, and *there* is infinite health,

"And that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned."

"Social science," Maurice Thompson has said, "begins with physical culture. The world must be moved by muscle as well as mind. Vim, resistless energy, the magnetism of the great individual, come of powerful vital resources."

This is true. It is attested by the records of the past. It is true of to-day. The men of might to-day in our nation are generally men of great physical vigor.

We rejoice, therefore, to see thousands turning their thoughts to physical culture. We hail the advent of the "Wheel." It is an apostle of a new dispensation. It preaches a crusade against that bane of the age, "nervous exhaustion." It has many advantages. It is temperate. The very demands which it makes upon skill and endurance are antagonistic to drink. It combines *recreation* with exercise. It thus answers a demand which human nature

constantly makes. There is a recreating faculty — a play-side of our nature. We have been slow to recognize it. Business interests have made us blind to it. Religion has made war upon it. Grace has been turned into grumbling. Saintliness has been identified with solemnity. We have been taught to say that laughter is mad and mirth a mockery.

But man stands at the head of creation and laughs. He is the only being under the heavens that can laugh. The wheel helps to identify this merry side of our nature more closely with the mental and moral age and the physical powers, and we are learning to include it in our plans for harmonious development.

It combines exercise and recreation with business. It may, therefore, be a boon to thousands, who, under the fierce pressure of this age of steam and lightning, are "thought-crazed wights," needing relief, but relief that can be found in the direction of their work. I turn my carriage over to wife and daughter, and ride the tricycle. The market and shop, the post-office and study, are as swiftly reached as before; but the exercise brings a glow to the cheek, the blood is sent along the flaccid muscles, the legs, which I had ceased to use in the carriage, recover their spring, and the mental fogs are chased away. In the afternoon pastoral calls are rapidly and healthfully made, and at night the insomnia of years is succeeded by sweet and healthful sleep.

It is along such lines as these that we argue the permanence of this new movement, and expect the wheel to grow in favor. And we send you greeting, brother men, wheresoever THE WHEELMAN may carry our word among the far hills and valleys of New England and the prairies of the West, as we ride here by the Pacific's waves, in this "land where the sun goes down"

LOS ANGELES, CAL., August, 1883.

A. J. Wells.

GREEK *vs.* MODERN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

GREEK education was comprised in two words, gymnastics and music. In the words of Plato, — "That having reference to the body is gymnastics, but that having reference to the mind is music." Grammar, which was sometimes distinguished from other branches of music, comprehended knowledge of the Greek language, poetry, eloquence, and history. Music embraced all arts and sciences over which the muses presided. Gymnastics, grammar, and music constituted the whole curriculum of study prescribed for the Athenian boy, and formed a system peculiarly adapted for the harmonious development of body and mind.

The gymnasium was not, as with us, "appended" to the school, but was the school itself. No Greek town was without one of these schools, and Athens had three, — the Cynosarges, Lyceum, and Academy. The Spartans, Dorians, and, later, the Romans, used gymnastics chiefly as a drill, to fit their soldiery for toil and hardship. The utilitarian Romans judged unfavorably of Athenian gymnastics, charging that they induced idleness, and that, instead of the use of weapons, mere ornamental arts were taught. The more cultivated Athenians, however, viewed the lighter physical exercises in a more correct physiological light. They were in higher repute at Athens than elsewhere, and had a more powerful influence in developing Greek character and life than any other institution. They awakened generous emulation, incited to the noblest deeds, enhanced the personal grace and beauty and the vigor of the bodily powers, made men all alive to the beauty and nobility of the human form, and opened a broad field for the grandest creations of art. Artists had daily before their eyes the flower of Greek youth and middle life, — the slender, agile stripling, and the powerful, well-knit man, naked, as the word *gymnast* means in itself, perfectly developed and trained, in every conceivable attitude of running, leaping, throwing, and wrestling. Can we wonder at the perfect manly grace of the Apollo Belvedere; the airy figure of the wing-footed Mercury; the massive strength of Hercules; the strained, distorted muscles of the mighty Laocoön? Such sights were of the most familiar to the sculptors of those days. The gymnasiums were the daily resort of old and young. There the school-boy found his task; the young man of leisure, an agreeable lounging-place; there the

scholar listened to the great masters in philosophy; there the sedentary took their mild "constitutional" on the foot-course; and the invalid and aged there courted a return of health, or sought to retain the vigor of earlier years. The vast area of the gymnasium was not devoted exclusively to physical exercises. Logic, rhetoric, psychology, and morals claimed their place in this focus of the city life, and were the delight of the subtle Greeks. Socrates, who looked upon all Athens as his school, to be instructed in moral wisdom, met them with his questions in these places. Within the enclosure of the Academy Plato possessed a small garden, where he opened a school for all who were inclined to hear his reasoning, and to which he admitted no ungeometrical mind. In the groves of the Lyceum Aristotle walked with his disciples, who derived their name of Peripatetics from this practice, and there taught them his "ambulatory philosophy." And though some dog of a cynic might despise the union of the ornamental with the useful, and claim austerity as the rule of life, yet to the majority of the lively, social Greeks the gymnasium offered all the attractions that the Parisian of to-day finds in his *boulevards*, *cafés*, *jardins-chantants*. Nay, even the cynics held their school of philosophy in the Cynosarges, where was their gymnasium dedicated to Hercules, who, having a mortal mother, was not properly one of the immortals. Here, accordingly, all strangers having but one parent an Athenian were obliged to perform their daily exercises.

Athenian legends paid great reverence to these institutions. Their earliest rules were referred to Theseus, the emulator of Hercules, who slew the Minotaur and conquered the Amazons. Their presiding deity was Mercury, to whom was ascribed the invention of the lyre, of letters, and of gymnastic exercises.

The sports of the gymnasium were physical exercises, either simple games or exercises in preparation for the public contests. Among the games were ball and spinning the top, both popular amusements among the Athenian boys. They had, also, a sport familiar in our gymnasiums, which consists in two boys drawing each other up and down by the ends of a rope passed over a pulley. They played a game of dexterity with five stones tossed from the upper part of the hand and caught in the palm, called Jackstones nowadays, and had many other gentle exercises.

The training for the public games was included in what was called the *pentathlon*, a word meaning *five athletic exercises;* these were running, leaping, throwing the *discus*, wrestling, and boxing. The first four were practised by amateurs and by most persons who frequented the gymnasiums for health. Boxing was not looked on favorably by the more refined, and many restrained their sons from engaging in it.

The foot-races were made between fixed boundaries a *stadium*, — one-eighth of a mile — apart. The distance run varied from one to twenty *stadia;* that is, from one-eighth to two and a half miles. This was much followed by adults for the sake of health, as well as by youths under training. Horse-racing was sometimes brought into the public exhibitions. The horses were trained to run without riders, or else harnessed to a chariot. The Greek youths were extremely fond of fine horses, and were often ruined by the extravagant prices they paid for them; but horse-racing was far more common later in the Roman circuses than ever among the Greeks.

To make a momentary digression from the exercises of the gymnasium, we will mention here that when a young man reached the age of nineteen, and could engage in a free course of action, he added to the occupations of the training-school the amusements of hunting and charioteering. They took great pains in breeding horses, and marked the different breeds with brands. Fashion ruled, to a great extent, in preference of color; but they were fond of driving a four-in-hand of different colors. Dogs also brought high prices, and great care was bestowed upon them. The youths even kept lapdogs,—a custom now relegated to ladies.

But to return to our gymnasium. Leaping, like running, was performed within fixed limits. The leaper generally grasped metallic weights in his hands, or sometimes wore them attached to his head or shoulders.

The quoit, or *discus*, was made of stone or metal, was circular in form, and was thrown by means of a thong passed through the centre. It was three inches thick and ten or twelve inches in diameter. The one who threw farthest won.

In wrestling, the one who threw his adversary three times conquered. The wrestlers were entirely naked, anointed with oil, and covered with sand, that they might give firm hold to the adversary.

Striking was not allowed. Elegance of motion and position, as well as force, was studied in the attack. They practised upright and prostrate wrestling. In the former the one thrown was allowed to rise; in the latter the struggle was continued on the ground. The vanquished held up his finger to acknowledge himself beaten.

Boxing was a severer sport, not much practised except by the gentlemen of the "profession," — for there was a profession even then. Free-born youths of better feeling did not demean themselves by this brutal pastime. It was practised with clenched fists, either bare or armed with the deadly *cestus*. The *cestus* was much like our "brass-knuckle," being a thong of hide, loaded with lead, bound over the hand. It was at first used merely to add weight to the blow, but was afterward continued up the forearm, and made to serve as a piece of defensive armor. The science of the game consisted in parrying the blows of the antagonist, as it does to-day in the manly art of self-defence. The exercise was violent and dangerous, and the combatants often lost their lives. The *pancratium* was a mode of battle which for brutality would put any modern prize-ring to the blush. The word is composed of two Greek words, one meaning *all* and the other *strength*. The custom was so named because it called all the powers of the fighter into action. It was a union of boxing and wrestling, and was opened by an attempt to force one's adversary into an unfavorable position with the sun shining into his eyes. Then began either wrestling or sparring. As soon as one party was either thrown or knocked down, the other kept him so, and pommelled him into submission; and when he arose at last, to receive the plaudits of the assembly, it was often from the corpse of his antagonist.

The torch-race, which was five times performed at Athens, must have been a singular spectacle. Commentators have been puzzled to interpret the passages describing this game; but the most rational explanation seems to be that it was a contest between opposite parties, and not between individuals. A lighted lamp, protected from the air by a shield, was passed from one runner to another down each of the lines of players to a certain goal. The party who succeeded in carrying their lamps most swiftly to the boundary, unextinguished, were declared the victors.

Dancing to the sound of the cithara, flute, and pipe was a favorite amusement with all classes. Gray-haired veterans and young soldiers joined in martial dances. Dancing by youths and maidens formed part of the entertainment of guests. The distinguishing characteristic of Greek dancing, and the one that elevated it into a fine art, was that it was not a mere series of meaningless motions, but that it was the outward bodily expression, in which all the limbs took their share, of some inward emotion or idea. What poetry effected by words, dancing performed by movement! There was a strong connection felt by the Greeks between these two arts, dancing being conceived as merely a natural development of the gesture accompanying recitation of poetry. They even had mimic dances, which represented in the most graceful pantomime, without an uttered word, popular fables and legends. Music was also associated with both dancing and poetry. The study of music began at the age of twelve. It was not pursued merely for pleasure, but was a noble occupation for hours of leisure and social recreation. The lyre and cithara were the only instruments judged suitable for a noble-born youth. The flute was once popular, but was discarded as not allowing the accompaniment of the voice. It was customary at a banquet to pass the lyre from one to another guest, each accompanying it by an improvised ode. It was a reproach to a young man, and an evidence of ill-education not to be possessed of this elegant accomplishment. Dancers were also invariably accompanied by either the lyre or flute. Professional dancers, both men and women, threw somersaults and leaped among sharp knives, somewhat in the manner of Chinese jugglers. The Romaic dance, which is peculiar to the modern Greeks, is an inheritance from these ancestors.

Physical education is commonly postponed with us — if, indeed, we are so exceptionally fortunate as to receive it at any time — until early manhood, when the growth is nearly or quite completed, and the frame confirmed in weakness and lack of development. The Greeks did otherwise with their children. They are said by some of their writers to have restricted the boy to physical exercises till his tenth year, when he was allowed to begin the study of grammar and the works of the poets. At all events gymnastics preceded mental instruction. This was not owing to any indifference to the higher branches of education. We read that when at the

time of an invasion the women and children of Athens took refuge at Troezen, the inhabitants, so necessary did daily instruction seem to them, besides supporting them, paid persons to teach the children. The Mitylenæans, wishing to inflict the severest possible penalty on their revolting allies, forbade their children to be taught. They had no lack of esteem, then, for intellectual instruction, but considered a sensible course of gymnastics quite as important as the other occupations of the school. The Athenians, who spared no pains in making well-bred men of their sons, considered gymnastics, chariot-driving, and hunting, together with the intercourse of learned men, the only occupations befitting a free-born youth. They believed that a man's mind took its color from the nature of his pursuits, and that no occupations were better suited than those of the gymnasium, and of the public festivals, to which the former paved the way, to stimulate patriotism and religious devotion, and arouse the physical and mental energies to their most exalted action.

At the age of sixteen the youth left off the studies of school, and frequented the gymnasium alone, applying himself there chiefly to physical training, although enjoying opportunities of listening to teachers of a higher order, the Rhetoricians and Sophists, as well as the masters in philosophy. At the age of nineteen he reached his majority, and was in possession of a frame well-knit and expanded during his growth by invigorating exercise. He then either continued to follow athletic sports, or entered upon a military or other career.

The young gymnast was not simply provided with an arena for practice and the necessary apparatus, and then left to his own devices in making use of them. This is not an uncommon and very unwise course with us. The result is inevitable. In overzeal and ignorance, and without the preparation of previous exercise, the boy attempts some of the most difficult feats he has chanced to witness, uses appliances without any regard for his own lack of muscle, exerts himself too long and violently, and, perhaps, suffers during the rest of his life from some injury that might have been easily avoided. Then his parents unreservedly condemn gymnasiums and all systematic physical training. The Greeks were wiser in this. The exercises of their gymnasiums were ordained by law, and were always performed subject to the regulations of masters, and animated by their commendation. Instruction was given by the *gymnastæ* and *pædotribæ*. The former gave practical lessons, and knew the physiological effect of the different exercises, and how to adapt them to the constitution and needs of each youth. The latter knew and taught the games in all their varieties. The morals of the young were cared for by the *sophronistæ*, — officers appointed for that purpose. The discipline of the gymnasium was so rigid, and it was felt to be so important that confidence should be so undoubted there, that theft committed within its precincts was punished with death.

The ancients valued gymnastics highly, not only as procuring soundness of mind and elegance of culture, by means of a sound and well-trained body, but even as remedial agents in disease. The officers of the gymnasiums were called doctors, because of the skill won by long experience among those under their charge. The *gymnastæ* examined the physical condition of each youth, regulated his exercises carefully, and prescribed for his diseases, while inferior officers dressed his wounds, or fractures. They had not only general ideas of the benefits of exercise, but selected different kinds of exertion, as adapted to alleviate particular maladies. Hippocrates had faith in the "movement cure," and prescribed special exercises for each particular disease. They probably esteemed gymnastics more highly for sanative purposes than comported with their knowledge of physiology and disease. They were probably more apt to treat symptoms than to ascertain causes, and, no doubt, often prescribed exercises that were injudicious, if not positively injurious. We, on the other hand, with far more accurate knowledge to direct us in the application of the means of development and cure that Nature has given us so bountifully, either undervalue and reject them altogether, or else use them as in the blindness of those who refuse to see. In some few instances, however, we are developing and applying principles that carry us back in mind to all that was most soundly conceived, and most serviceable in the gymnastics of the Greeks. Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, whose methods are becoming so widely adopted among our best colleges, supervises the physical culture of the students in his gymnasiums with a wisdom and science that need not be compared with those of the Greek doctors of old times. He was bred a physician, and for nearly twenty

years has had under his charge students at Bowdoin, Yale, Harvard, and in New York City. He subjects each of his pupils to a private examination, taking into account the relative proportions of the different parts of the body; the undue development of certain muscles, and the enfeebled condition of others; the comparative size of body and limbs; with a variety of facts concerning personal history, bone and muscle measurements, and acquired or inherited tendencies to chronic or functional disease. He can thus judge at once of the needs of the person under advice, and prescribe the general regimen and the kinds of apparatus necessary in his case. He does this with great minuteness, and with great resulting success in securing harmony in function and symmetry in development.

It is hard, however, to find adequate incitement to physical training for our young men. They seldom think carefully enough about true culture to realize how intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition are bodily health and vigor. They rightly make all physical things subservient to the formation of character and intellect. The Greeks, too, made this their principle; but they never forgot or failed to realize the important condition we so often leave out of sight. We are so absorbed in the effort to enrich and strengthen our minds by knowledge and training, that we forget to cultivate our physical nature. We forget that health is "the power to work long, to work well, to work successfully"; that health is our first wealth, the capital to be used as a basis in all our mental and spiritual processes. Fathers and mothers, too, forget in training their children to lay a foundation for the lovely, ethereal structure of sensitive, keen intelligence they seek to rear, and find it at last but a useless and tottering castle of cards, if not a ruin before its completion. The results are painfully apparent on every hand. Recent writers have spoken earnestly and wisely in warning. The children in the cities are "undersized, listless, thin-faced," with no muscles, with neither time nor inclination for active, invigorating sports; and yet nobody seems to notice or compassionate their feebleness, or to do anything for their physical salvation. Fathers and mothers who spent a vigorous childhood in the country, working and playing long hours out-of-doors, with but short hours of schooling for a few months in the year, neglect to care for the slender bodies of their studious little ones. They do not realize sufferings of which they have no experience, and their hearts are set on other aims. They are giving all their care to forcing the minds of their children into premature bloom. They are even so eager in this matter as to do much to thwart their own purposes. A New York School Commissioner is quoted in *Harper's Monthly* for November as saying: "The present course of study is so elaborated that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils." How different is our American school course from the old, simple, well-balanced system of the Greeks, with its few studies carefully and slowly pursued; its attention to the graces of culture, music, and poetry, and its wise and unremitting physical training! How shall we make it seem worth our while to leave our studies for so much time as shall be necessary to make us men physically, broad-chested, strong-limbed, enduring; as like the Greeks in our bodily health, strength, and beauty, as we are in clearness and depth, quickness and geniality, of mind? They found their incitements to physical culture in public emulation, for which abundant opportunity was offered in the national games or festivals. These formed a part of the religious observances of the Greeks. They brought into contact people from the several parts of Greece, and thus cemented patriotism. They stimulated and publicly rewarded talent, as well as bodily vigor and skill. They afforded orators, poets, and historians their best opportunities of rehearsing their productions. Music, in the classical sense, with the *pentathlon*, formed the programme. They were influenced in physical training by religion, patriotism, and love of high art and poetry, as well as by the natural delights of emulation, strength, courage, and skill. We are clearly at a great disadvantage. Religion and patriotism afford us no motive. We have completely separated mental pursuits from bodily exercises, and have chosen the former as our only love. We would find it a very mechanical and distasteful task to cultivate our bodies with a set purpose, and with no other more stimulating motive. We need some exercise that, with an opportunity for social companionship and generous emulation, shall afford us in itself an interest and excitement sufficient to draw us from our beloved books. All the better if it shall be capable of being allied with and drawn into

the service of thought and imagination, capable of assisting in investigation, and of inspiring love of nature and her manifold blessings and delights. We need an exercise that shall bring into use and develop all the muscles, that shall call us into the fresh air and sunshine, that shall exhilarate and refresh the nervous system and fit us for more energetic and fruitful mental work. We need one that shall give us an opportunity for winning laurels before the eyes of our friends in public contest, and that yet cannot be debased to brutal uses. We need something that will be not only delightful, and useful to our health, but that will be of service also, if possible, in our every-day avocations. We can make a very large demand, it is to be observed, and can picture to ourselves the satisfaction of all our wants; but can so bright a picture be realized in actual experience? Oh, yes; it can. The cunning contriver, Mercury, the god with wings on his feet, has not ceased to be the patron deity of gymnastic sports, nor the god of inventions. He has crowned his work for our bodies by winging our feet like his own. We may go about our daily tasks as swiftly as the messenger of Jove himself. All we ask is done by the bicycle. It brings into play every muscle, expands the chest, and enables a man to exert a force two or three times as great as his severest efforts can put forth in any other manner, and that, too, with refreshment instead of fatigue. (See THE WHEELMAN for July, 1883, vol. II., page 269.) It exerts a fascination over all who learn its use that is not to be resisted. Everybody who once rides it will always continue to do so. For rapid and continuous travel it excels a horse, and gives, at the same time, more beneficial exercise than horseback-riding. It favors companionship, gives opportunity and a fit frame of mind for observation and appreciation of nature, and lends itself in the most admirable manner to the aid of out-door excursions for scientific purposes. What more can we desire?

We have something further to ask that the Greeks did not possess or wish for. We value the health, happiness, and usefulness of our maidens as well as of our youths. We would ask as much for the one as for the other. We are as careful in sending the girls to school as the boys, and train them perhaps even more carefully in the ornamental arts and in refinement of manner than we train the boys. It was contrary to the Greek ideas of decorum and of the female character and capacity to educate girls. They were forbidden, on pain of death, to appear at the gymnastic exercises or the public festivals. It is related that the mother of a Greek victor, who accompanied her son to the Olympic games, and discovered herself by her joy in the moment of his victory, escaped the penalty only because many of her family had been Olympic victors. Our youths, on the contrary, have the greatest satisfaction in the presence and admiration of women on all occasions honorable to themselves. They enjoy the feeling of half-curious admiration they excite from their bicycles in the breasts of feminine beholders. But we are sure they are genuinely glad that their pleasure can not only be witnessed, but shared, by their sisters and daughters. They still have a little ground to themselves where the girls cannot trespass. Girls cannot ride the bicycle. That is undeniable. But they have three wheels, instead of two, and progress almost as rapidly by means of them, and quite as skilfully and gracefully, as the boys with two.

We cannot do better than quote, in regard to the tricycle, from a physician who stands high in his profession in England: "Hitherto I have written as if the advantage of tricycle-riding was confined to the male sex. I would not like this to be the impression gleaned from my papers; on the contrary, I am of the opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular amongst girls and women as tennis and the dance."

The wheel might be called the modern *pancratium*, and would be far more properly so named than the Greek boxing and wrestling match. It not only employs all the muscular forces in their finest and most effective activity, but it stimulates and calls into fullest play all the more delicate powers of nervous energy and the higher qualities of courage and of mental activity, instead of debasing, blunting, and brutalizing them.

We have a *pancratium* that no father need fear for his son, that will be for the highest good of all by whom it is employed.

H. H. M.

MODERN CANOEING.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"Merrily glides my light canoe
O'er the waters clear and deep;
Now floating close to the rocky shore,
Where the shadows softly sleep,
And now across the dancing waves,
With a wake of foam behind,
Her sails all set, her sheets held fast,
She speeds with the fav'ring wind.

"Merrily, merrily, on we go!
'Neath the summer sky so blue.
What thought of care can reach me here,
As I sail in my light canoe."

W. H. F.

To the majority of readers the word "canoe" means the birch-bark affair of the American Indian, or a ticklish craft of the nature of a racing-shell propelled by a paddle, and so difficult to navigate that only the utmost care prevents it from upsetting. To the initiated, however, a canoe means a boat as different from either of these as can well be imagined. They see a tight little yacht, for which wind and sails, as well as paddles, furnish motive-power, and in which it is possible to make most extended cruises with comfort and safety.

The first of the countless cruising canoes whose keels now cut half the navigable waters of this and the European continents, of which we have any record, was built in 1864 by Mr. John McGregor, of the Inner Temple, London, England. Although canoes, fashioned somewhat after the model of the Eskimo kayak, had been used in England for a dozen years or so prior to Mr. McGregor's venture, the published accounts of his cruises in the "Rob Roy," as he named his canoe, attracted such wide-spread attention, and gave such an impetus to the sport, that he became practically the father of modern canoeing, and has since been accorded that title.

The "Rob Roy" was a decked craft, twelve feet long, built of oak, sharp at both ends, and steered by a paddle from the little elliptical cockpit amidships. She had a mast stepped well forward, and carried a small sail, for use under favorable circumstances, but was essentially a paddling canoe, and but poorly adapted to sailing. She had the unpleasant habit, when running with the sea, of burying her bow and drenching her skipper with great swashes of water.

Another English canoeist, Mr. Baden Powell, undertook to overcome this difficulty by building a canoe having an immense sheer, both fore and aft, or very high bow and stern. This ensured a dry cockpit and seaworthy qualities, but it made a boat that was hard to paddle against a head-wind, and one difficult to hold to her course when sailing close-hauled.

In 1868 the cruising canoe reached its legitimate home in this country, where it was first used in Boston, or, rather, by Bostonians on New York waters.

In 1870 Mr. W. L. Alden, of New York, became a disciple of modern canoeing, and, being a literary man, he began to write of the sport. By so doing he achieved a reputation in this country similar to that of McGregor in England, and has received the title of "Father of American canoeing." The next year, after becoming a convert to the new sport, Mr. Alden and seven others founded the New York Canoe Club, which still flourishes, the oldest and strongest organization of the kind in the country. In this club two of its founders, Mr. Alden and Mr. Livingstone Morse, still retain membership, and keep up an active interest in canoeing.

An experience with both Mr. McGregor's "Rob Roy" and Mr. Baden Powell's "Nautilus" type of canoes convinced Mr. Alden that the perfect canoe must be a mean between these two extremes, and, after careful study and much planning, he evolved the "Shadow," which, with slight modifications, still remains one of the best types of canoe for general use. The average "Shadow" is fourteen feet six inches long with an extreme midship beam of thirty-one inches. It has more sheer than a "Rob Roy," but less than a "Nautilus," has a decided tumble-home of the two upper strakes, a very flat floor, an elliptical well or cockpit, is provided with water-tight compartments fore and aft, and carries two sails. Of these one is a large lateen or balance-lug mainsail, set well forward, and the other is a small after steering-sail, known as a mizzen, jigger, or dandy. The original "Shadow" is still in existence, and has for the two past seasons cruised in Canadian waters under the name of "Allegro."

Several of the founders of the New York Canoe Club were middle-aged men, who took to canoeing as a novel and pleasant method of passing their short summer vacations, rather than with the idea of entering it among the list of national sports. They delighted in lazily drifting down quiet streams, whose currents bore them onward without exertion on their part, and whose occasional rapids, if run, afforded a pleasant excitement.

They knew but little of the art of sailing, except as applied to larger craft, and regarded the paddle as the only legitimate method of canoe propulsion. If, tempted by a favoring breeze, they occasionally hoisted their diminutive sprit, or leg-o'-mutton, sails, it was with much trepidation and many fears of upsets, which were but too often realized.

When, as happened twice during the early years of this pioneer canoe club, its members undertook to hold regattas, some very funny scenes were witnessed. One of these regattas was sailed on the wind-swept waters of Flushing Bay, and the other in New York Bay, near the New Jersey shore, and in both, the unpremeditated upsets were so frequent as to evoke much mirth from the spectators, and bring the sport of canoeing into great ridicule. About this time the feelings of canoeists were lacerated by frequent and irreverent allusions to "cockle-shells and pocket-handkerchiefs."

In attempting to describe one of these regattas, the reporter of a New York daily paper wrote: "The breeze had by this time freshened to such a degree that the captains of the tiny craft found it advisable to brail their dandies." By an unnoticed typographical error, an *o* was substituted for the *a* in the word "brail," and the next morning the readers of that paper were shocked to learn that canoeists "broiled" their dandies. The funny man of another paper taking this as a text, wrote an absurd editorial on "The Inhuman Sport of Canoeing."

These and other misfortunes so disheartened the canoeists that their organization began to drift into the form of a social club, and their business meetings were made excuses for the holding of club dinners. It is related of one of the early commodores that whenever he desired to entertain a friend, or show him especial attention, he called a meeting of the Canoe Club and invited his friend to be present.

The club was without a home until 1879, when it secured a location and erected a house on the north-east corner of Staten Island, near the mouth of the Kill von Kull, and midway between Tompkinsville and New Brighton. Previous to this the members had been accustomed to stow their canoes in cellars, garrets, lofts, and other inconvenient places. This involved such a great degree of trouble and care that the enthusiasm of but few of the original members was strong enough to survive it, and it was an infusion of new blood that built the house and kept the club alive. From this time, however, it took a new lease of life, its membership list rapidly filled with new names, and canoeing became a recognized sport. About this time a club was formed in Jersey City, and isolated canoeists began to be heard from here and there throughout the country. Of these, the most prominent was Mr. N. H. Bishop, of Lake George, who tried the experiment of having a paper canoe built. He named her the "Maria Theresa," and in her took a cruise, by means of inland water-ways along the Atlantic coast, from Canada to Florida.

In the summer of 1880 a call was issued for the holding of a canoe congress at Lake George. Twenty-three canoeists responded to the call, and organized the American Canoe Association, which has, since that time, flourished and increased in numbers until it now has a membership of nearly five hundred, and is represented in every province of Canada and in nearly every State and Territory of this country. It is an association of individuals, and not of clubs, and is governed by a board of officers consisiting of a commodore, vice-commodore, rear-commodore, treasurer, and secretarys and an executive committee of three members. These officers are elected at the annual meet or convention of the Association, which is held in August, and hold office for one year. The Association boasts a number of honorary lady members, who are as enthusiastic as their male associates over this fascinating sport. Its first commodore was W. L. Alden, of New York; the second, Judge Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati; and the third E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro', Canada. The present commodore is F. A. Nickerson, of Springfield, Mass. The annual meets of the Association were held at Lake George in 1881 and 1882. In 1883 it went to Stony Lake, in the Province of Ontario, Canada, and in 1884 it will go to the Thousand Islands of the St Lawrence.

One of the clubs most active in forming the Association was the Cincinnati, of which the leading spirit was Judge Longworth. The principles upon which this club is maintained are so unique as to be worth especial attention. Its membership is limited to ten active canoeists, and it is emphatically a racing club, as the tenure of office of its commodore and his subordinates depends upon their ability to maintain leading positions in the weekly races contested by the members throughout the season.

The club spends one day of each week at its house on Ross Lake, — a small sheet of water a few miles from the city, — and the first duty of the day, after they are met, is to race. The winner of this contest becomes commodore for the ensuing week, and his only duty is to uphold the dignity of the office. The next most important officer is the cook, upon whom devolves the superintending, but not the performance, of culinary labors. An officer of almost equal importance is the doctor, who prepares prescriptions and has charge of the medicine-chest. Those who have been laggards in the race become scullions, and must obey implicitly the orders of the cook. Therefore, in this typical democracy, the commodore of to-day may be a scullion to-morrow, and he who for a week has filled a menial position may, through the influence of a favoring slant of wind, be suddenly elevated to the luxurious ease of cook or commodore.

The most mysterious club in the country is that of Baltimore, from which nothing has been heard since its formation was announced. Soon after the founding of the New York Club a gentleman in Baltimore wrote that a club had been organized in that city, and that he had been chosen its commodore. He was at once elected to honorary membership in the New York Club, and notified of the fact. As this notification was never acknowledged, and as nothing has been heard of the Baltimore Club from that day to this, its fate remains shrouded in mystery, and to Jersey City belongs the honor of giving birth to the second live canoe club in the country.

This New Jersey Club enjoyed a precarious existence for several years; but gradually dwindled to two or three members, who finally, in 1881, united with an equal number of New Yorkers to form the Knickerbocker Club of New York.

During the past two years canoe clubs have sprung into existence in all parts of the country, until now the names of more than thirty are on the rolls of the Association. The most notable of them are the New York, Knickerbocker, Mohican, Lake George, Peterboro', Springfield, Toronto, Ottawa, Philadelphia, Rochester, Hartford, Cleveland, Iowa, and San Francisco. Of the Canadian clubs the largest is the Peterboro', in the Province of Ontario.

This portion of Canada is noted among canoeists as being the home of a peculiar style of open canoe, variously known as the "Stephenson," "Rice Lake," and "Peterboro'." It is a true descendant of the birch-bark of the American Indians while the decked canoes used in the United States trace their origin directly to the kayak of the Eskimo. In the lake regions of Canada the birch canoe was not only the universally employed vehicle for the transportation of passengers and goods, but was largely used in deer-hunting; of course, for this purpose, the element of speed was an important one, and it was soon discovered that, in this respect, the dug-out, or canoe hollowed from a single tree-trunk, was greatly superior to the birch. In making portages, however, the dug-out was much too heavy to be carried by one man. The problem of how to combine speed and lightness was finally solved by the building of a "Peterboro'." It is built of cedar, or bass-wood, with oak ribs and gunwale. With the essential qualities of the dug-out, it also possesses the lightness and carrying capacity of a birch. In shape it is the most graceful of all canoes, and it is so admirably adapted to the inland waters and frequent portages of Canada that it has become a familiar object throughout the Dominion. It is undecked and unsuited to rough water, and is much better suited to paddling than sailing. In it the single-bladed paddle of the American Indian is used, rather than the double-blade of the Eskimo, which has descended from the decked kayak of the North to the decked cruising canoe of the South.

The Stony Lake meet, being held near the home of these canoes, they outnumbered the sailing canoes present ten to one, — and in comparison with them, the latter seemed heavy and awkward when propelled only by paddle; but, under sail, an for cruising purposes, the decked canoes proved themselves the superior craft.

The modern sailing canoe, in racing trim, would be viewed with astonishment by the early disciples of canoeing had they not watched its gradual growth and de-

velopment. It is generally about fifteen feet long by thirty-one inches beam amidships, with a depth of about twelve inches. The hull is of white cedar, with ribs and keel of oak, and deck of dark Spanish cedar varnished and polished until it resembles a piece of highly-finished cabinet-work. The blocks, cleats, and other metal fittings are nickel-plated or of polished brass; and water-tight compartments, fore and aft, give it the buoyancy of a cork.

The question most frequently asked by admiring rustics who view such a craft for the first time is, "Mister, what did she cost?" or, "What might such a boat as that be worth, now?"

No statement of price, however wide of the truth, seems to them too great for credence as they gaze at the polished surfaces, and at what they believe to be, the silver fittings. Only last summer a canoeist, travelling to a distant cruising-ground with his new canoe carefully enveloped in burlaps, was plied with this question of cost so often that his patience became exhausted. He became tired of the disappointed looks that invariably followed his statement of the fact that his boat only cost $150, and began to gradually raise his figures. As his journey progressed his canoe appreciated in value, until he finally ventured to tell one more than usually inquisitive individual, who was pulling the burlaps aside and scratching the polished deck, that she cost twelve hundred dollars.

"There," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Inquisitive to a friend, "I told you she couldn't have cost no less than a thousand dollars, and I aint a mite surprised at twelve hundred. Solid silver and rosewood's mighty expensive things when you come to put 'em into a boat."

Turning to the canoeist who, happened to be a young and unknown man of letters dependent upon his pen for a living, he said: —

"Mister, you must be all-fired rich. Aint you, now?"

But we were speaking of the modern canoe in racing trim, not in burlaps. She is provided with a centre-board made of steel blades that fold up like a fan when not in use, and lie compactly in a metallic trunk rising about two inches above the keel. On her mainmast she spreads a hundred square feet of canvas in a sail shaped like that of a Chinese junk, and in her mizzen are thirty-five or forty feet more. Piled to windward, if the breeze is stiff, are several ballast-bags, each containing twenty-five pounds of shot. Her skipper sits on deck, grasping the main-sheet in one hand, the tiller with the other, and generally with both feet braced under the lee coaming and body leaning far out of the boat to windward.

Of course, under these conditions, the little craft is more than liable to be capsized, and, in fact, the last two or three races of the New York Canoe Club have been as disastrous in that particular as those of its earlier and unskilled days.

In racing, however, an upset, even if not expected, is always prepared for. Everything movable has been taken from the canoe before starting, and there is nothing to lose except the ballast. When she is overturned and filled, her water-tight compartments prevent the canoe from sinking, and after her masts and sails are detached she is easily righted and bailed out, after which her moist skipper can clamber in and paddle home. To a novice these proceedings would be very difficult, if not impossible; but a novice does not venture to sail a canoe under a hundred or more square feet of canvas. The experienced canoeist has practised so often in upset races, both with and without sails, that in such an emergency he knows just what to do and how to do it.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating the racing of canoes under undue press of sail and with ballast piled to windward. It is dangerous not only to him who undertakes it, but as establishing precedents that novices are anxious to follow. Then, too, the canoe is at best a delicate craft, and the opposing forces, huge sails, and heavy ballast, exert so great a strain upon her slight frame that two or three seasons of racing will injure her more than ten or twelve of honest work accompanied with good care.

Racing would be just as satisfactory and much more comfortable if competing canoes were restricted to cruising rig. In a fifteen feet by thirty-one inch boat this should be about eighty-five square feet of canvas, of which sixty-five feet should go into the mainsail, and twenty into the mizzen. With this amount of sail a good centre-board, or false keel, and a fair degree of skill on the part of the skipper, upsets would become events of rare occurrence. My own canoe is but fourteen feet six inches long, with an extreme beam of twenty-eight inches, and my cruising rig is a forty-five feet balance-lug mainsail, and a

twenty-five feet mizzen. This latter is too large for ordinary weather, in which, unless it is reefed, the canoe carries a strong weather helm; but in a blow I often find it advisable to use the mizzen as a mainsail, in which case twenty-five feet of canvas make a very comfortable working sail. In this canoe, loaded to within two inches of her gunwales amidships, I have cruised several thousand miles, and in a six years' experience with her have yet to meet with my first upset.

The canoe, in cruising trim, presents a very different appearance from the same craft prepared for racing. Her sail area is much reduced, she sets considerably lower in the water, and her hatches are drawn over half of her cockpit. A close examination of the space beneath her decks reveals as mixed a cargo as that of a South Sea trading schooner, and one in the stowing of which marvellous ingenuity has been exercised. In the forward water-tight compartment, with the hatch tightly screwed down, are camp utensils, a Dutch oven with the legs filed off, nests of pans, plates, and cups, a coffee-pot full of knives, forks and spoons, and a light iron frying-pan with a long detachable handle.

The after water-tight compartment is generally reserved for toilet articles, sewing and writing materials, a few books, a suit of shore clothes, and the medicine-chest. This should contain quinine, Jamaica ginger, a laxative of some kind, salve, lint, liniment, adhesive plaster, thread, scissors, and a lancet.

In the forward end of the cockpit are the camp-chest, and the rubber bag, containing, at least, two complete changes of dry clothes. In the camp-chest is an alcohol lamp, a quart can of alcohol, another of coffee, another of sugar, and another of rice, grits, or oat meal. With the lamp is a nest of pannakins, a small coffee-pot, and a small frying-pan and sauce-pan, both with folding handles. These are to be used only when it is impossible to effect a landing and make a fire on shore, or during wet weather. In the camp-chest, beside these things, are a piece of bacon, a bag of flour, and another of hard bread, salt, and pepper, a can of condensed milk, and, as a great luxury, a jar of marmalade or jam.

In the body of the cockpit are two double Mackinaw blankets and the canoe-tent, all carefully enveloped in a large rubber blanket, and arranged so as to form a comfortable seat. Be sure that the tent is on top of the blankets, so that it can be got at easily.

In preparing this seat make the roll of blankets so long as only to reach to the bend of the knees, so that, in sitting down, your feet will rest on the bottom board considerably lower than the rest of your body. In this position you can sit all day without fatigue, whereas if you attempt to hold your legs perfectly straight they will become tired and stiff in half an hour. Take care to have a well-padded back-board.

In the cockpit, on either side of the roll of blankets, are stowed a gun, well oiled, and in a rubber case, an axe, also well oiled and having its edge protected by a leather case, fishing-tackle, knife, ammunition, and a small case of tools. In this should be a hammer, screw-driver, gimlet, chisel, small saw, awls, brads, screws, and copper-wire. In bags hung under the deck on either side of you should be pipe, tobacco, a compass, candles, matches, kept in tightly-corked phials, and a drinking-cup.

For carrying fresh water a large rubber bottle will be found useful, as when not needed it lies flat, and occupies but little space.

In laying in provisions for a cruise, do not provide many canned meats or vegetables. They will prove a delusion and a snare. As a rule, avoid all prepared foods. The canned stuffs, and particularly the meats, are bulky and heavy. There is little nourishment contained in them, and there is nothing of which one tires sooner when used as a steady diet. The staples of a cruising larder are coffee, sugar, bacon, and hard bread; all else is luxury. In any settled country the canoeist can easily obtain milk, butter, eggs, potatoes, and other supplies, and in the wilderness game and fish are plenty.

The best canoe tent is made of a piece of strong canvas, about a foot wide and seven feet long, to which are sewed side and end curtains of awning cloth. Each end of the roof-piece is sewed over a bit of wood a foot long and an inch thick. This is merely a brace to hold the roof-piece open. The whole affair is suspended from the two masts, directly above the cockpit, and the sides and ends are fastened down to metal buttons under the gunwales and on the coaming. Two flaps, in the middle of the side-curtains, can be thrown back to admit light and air, or closed as a protection against rain or cold. When in position this tent is about eight

feet long at the bottom, three feet high, and as wide as the canoe. It is impervious to rain, and is easily set up or stowed away.

With his little ship moored in some quiet bay or cove, where she will ride safely until morning, the interior of one of these tents seems to the tired canoeist the embodiment of cosey comfort, especially if the night be dark and wet, and he can hear the rain pattering on deck. Within its walls is light and warmth. On the after-hatch stands the canoe lantern, its bright reflector casting a cheerful glow through the little canvas room, and on the forward-hatch, over the spirit-lamp, the coffee-pot sends forth a delightful aroma. When it is set aside, to allow its contents to settle, a pan of sizzling bacon takes its place, and supper is quickly prepared. After the supper dishes have been cleared away a pipe full of tobacco induces pleasant fancies, which finally merge into dreams, as the voyager sinks back in his blankets for an untroubled night's sleep.

This is not a fancy picture, although to many it may seem so; but a long experience has proved that all this comfort may be enjoyed in a canoe of the dimensions named, if only the canoeist knows what to provide and how to stow his cargo, so that what he is most likely to need may be most easily got at.

Many notable cruises, covering great distances, and through regions where the canoeists have had to depend entirely upon their own resources, have been undertaken in this country. Of the earliest of these Mr. F. Stanton Hubbard, of Boston, writes: —

"Mr. Charles Linzee Tilden, of Boston, was the first — so far as my knowledge serves — to make an extended cruise in a Rob Roy canoe in this country. This cruise was made in the early summer of 1868, and was six hundred miles or more in extent. It was begun on New York State waters, and continued down the Susquehanna, all the rapids of the river being run, to Columbia, including the Conewago Falls, some sixteen miles below Harrisburg. The following year Mr. Tilden made another long cruise, and again ran the Susquehanna river. On this cruise he was accompanied by Mr. Alexander H. Davis, of Syracuse, and by Mr. Edward T. Wilkinson, of Cambridge, who pulled in the Harvard University crew of 1866. On this cruise "Wilkie" had a good capsize in Conewago Falls. They ran some of the rapids below Columbia; but the breaking of a paddle obliged them to finish the cruise in the canal, a very beautiful one, according to my friend Tilden.

"Ned Wilkinson's handsome face and figure will never be seen again here. He died some years ago on one of the ocean steamers on a return voyage from Europe. He was a chum of 'Nick' Longworth's at Harvard, and a brave, genial gentleman. Would there were more like him!

"My friend Tilden and myself have also run the Susquehanna all the way to Havre de Grace, and I can most sincerely recommend the lower part of the river below Columbia as a cruising-ground. This cruise should be undertaken early in May, so as to get a good stage of water, as the channels are narrow, and the rocks pretty thick in places, especially at the Conewango bridge and below.

"If the canoeist has about four feet more water than summer level, which is what we found during the first ten days of May, he will never forget the grand rock scenery and the glorious run from Turkey Hill to Fites Eddy. It includes Woosinger Falls, the Hessian Pine Falls, Eshleman's Falls, and last, but by no means least, Cully's Falls. In running the last named let him go through on the extreme left down the Lancaster sluice. This part of the cruise will more than compensate for the rather slow upper part of the river. Much of the slow water may be pleasantly escaped by the rafting shutes through the canal dams, all of which can be run without the slightest difficulty.

"I have had many pleasant runs on the Delaware in early spring, have cruised amid the beautiful scenery, and over the 'fast water' of the James, as far as Lynchburg, and run the glorious rapids of the New river. The latter is one of the best rivers in the country for grand scenery and heavy rapids. The channels are not at all intricate along the greater part of its course: but the novice had better not attempt to run 'the Narrows,' 'Gifford's' or 'Shoematis Falls.' If he does he may come to grief."

The longest canoe cruises on record in this country are those of Mr. Bishop in his paper canoe, and of Messrs. Neidé and Kendall. The latter was undertaken last year, and extended from Lake George through canals and by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico, ending at Pensacola, Florida.

Some very interesting cruises have been made on Canadian waters by Mr. Farnham,

of New York, in the "Allegro," and all canoeists have read of Mr. A. H. Seigfried's cruise in the "Kleine Fritz" from the sources of the Mississippi to Lake Pepin. Many have also read or heard of the cruise of the "Psyche" of the New York Club, down the Suwanee river, and along the entire Gulf coast of Florida from Cedar Keys to Key West. The list might be continued indefinitely, for American canoeists, more than any others, recognize that, in cruising, is the perfection of the sport to be found, and to make as many and as extended cruises as possible is the aim of every wielder of the double-bladed paddle. Every canoeist can relate the experiences of cruises of greater or less length; and some of them are very funny.

Probably no cruise ever came to a more abrupt termination than that of a Springfield, Mass., boy, who, although not a canoeist, was an enthusiastic admirer of the sport, and anxious to share in its delights. A year or two ago he determined to spend his two weeks' vacation in a canoe cruise down the Connecticut river, and succeeded in borrowing a canoe from a friend for the purpose. One afternoon, with his canoe outfitted for a two weeks' voyage, he started, followed by the good wishes of the friends, who had assembled to see him off. By sundown he was some five miles from the city, and he decided to go into camp, a thing he had never before attempted. Landing on the edge of a lonely meadow he hauled his canoe up into the grass, ate the cold lunch he had brought with him, and, after an hour or two of solitary reflection, lay down in his canoe to sleep, placing his only weapon of defence, a hatchet, close by his side.

The unaccustomed night-sounds of the river and the fields kept him awake for some time, and he started nervously whenever a fish jumped and fell back with a splash into the water, and at the shrill cries of occasional night-birds; but he finally fell into troubled slumbers. Suddenly he found himself wide awake and staring with horror-distended eyes at a huge something that reared its black form directly above him, and blew a hot breath into his face. He was petrified with fright; but retained his senses sufficiently to feel for his trusty hatchet. He found it, grasped it, and was about to try the effect of a desperate blow, when, all at once, the cow, satisfied with her examination, tossed her head in the air with a loud "woof!" and galloped away.

Did the bold canoeist turn over and go to sleep again with a sigh of relief? Oh, no! he sprang from his blankets, ran his canoe into the water, seized his paddle, and made the fastest time on record back to Springfield, where he did not pause until he found himself at home and safely between the sheets of his own bed. Canoeing has had no fascinations for him since that time.

Upon another occasion three young canoeists were essaying a first cruise over Maine waters. One of their camps was made on the edge of a thicket only a short distance from a farm-house. The farmer spent the early evening with them, and, as they chatted around the camp-fire, told them bear stories. Revelling in their easy credulity he told them of a peculiarly ferocious bear that haunted that locality, and bade them beware of him. After the farmer had gone, the boys talked of bears, and of what they should do in case they were disturbed during the night by one of these animals, until the subject of their dreams for that night was pretty well determined.

Their tent was open at both ends, and the light of a full moon made lanterns or candles unnecessary. As they crept between their blankets one of the canoeists drew to his side the old muzzle-loading shot-gun that had been brought along for the express purpose of terrifying bears. Another saw that the camp-axe lay within easy reach, and the third placed his revolver beneath his pillow.

They finally fell asleep, and slept quietly enough until one was awakened by a peculiar sniffing that sounded just outside the tent. He listened intently. It came nearer and grew more distinct, until he could stand it no longer. Grasping his nearest companion by the arm, he whispered, hoarsely: —

"John! Wake up! The bear!"

John awoke and sat up to listen. Yes, there was no doubt of it; the bear was imminent. No time was to be lost. He awoke Tom, who seized his pistol. The others made ready the gun and axe, and, with cold shivers and goose-flesh creeping over them, they awaited the onslaught. The next moment the cause of the disturbance, a little pet lamb, looked in at one of the open ends of the tent and timidly said, "Ba-a-a."

In cruising in Southern waters I have found what I considered legitimate causes for alarm in the shape of sharks, snakes,

alligators, and porpoises. One day, when sailing in the Gulf of Mexico, off the mouth of the Caloosahatchie river, my canoe was suddenly surrounded by a school of sharks, all travelling in the same direction, and so numerous that their sharp dorsal fins appeared to be cutting the water in every direction as far as I could see. Sitting perfectly still, I spent ten minutes of terror. Some of the great fish passed so close that I could have hit them with a paddle, and it seemed impossible that they should avoid coming into collision with the canoe and crushing in her frail sides. At last they disappeared as suddenly as they had come, having, much to my satisfaction, paid no attention to me or my canoe.

I have encountered many snakes in Florida, but always found them fully as anxious to avoid me as I was to keep clear of them, and always very ready to get away if allowed to do so.

Alligators have never been known to enter a boat already containing a man. Dozens of them have rubbed up against my canoe at night in Lake Okeechobee; but at the splash of a paddle, or any disturbance, they have quickly disappeared. The theory that they will attack a boat is probably the result of the fact, that, if disturbed while sunning themselves on the bank of a stream, they rush savagely and blindly for the water, rather than to retreat on shore, even if they hasten towards the threatened danger by so doing.

Strange as it may seem I have been more thoroughly frightened by porpoises than by any of these others. Porpoises are probably the most harmless and timid fish of their size in the world; but the finding one's self in a canoe in the midst of a school of these uncouth monsters produces anything but a comfortable sensation. It seems impossible that in the midst of their clumsy gambols they should not bring destruction upon your frail craft. It is at night, however, that these fish occasion most alarm. Your canoe is anchored close to shore, in some quiet bay, and you lie peacefully smoking your after-supper pipe. By the moonlight, or the phosphorescent gleam of the waters, you note a number of porpoises at play some distance from shore. Suddenly one of the creatures, as though moved by an uncontrollable impulse, leaves the rest, and, heading directly for you, makes an insane rush for the shore. He does not roll along in the usual way, but comes straight as an arrow, his body half out of water and his powerful tail working like the screw of some great steamship. He contents himself with coming close to you, and then, as he gets into shallow water, sweeping round in a semicircle and quietly moving off; but you think he is not going to stop, and that you are doomed to destruction; for you know that you might as well be struck by a cannon ball as by one of these powerful fish under full headway. I have never been able to account for this peculiar action on the part of porpoises, and have no idea whether upon these apparently aimless and furious rushes, they are in pursuit of prey or simply amusing themselves.

Besides being a sailor, a cook, and a Jack-of-all-trades, the canoeist should be a student of natural history in all its branches, for to no one is offered better facilities for out-of-door observation and investigation. He will also find infinite pleasure in photography if he will provide himself with one of the complete outfits now put up so compactly and at such little cost for this purpose.

With whatever ambition he enters upon the sport the man possessed of the spirit of the true canoeist will find it manly and invigorating, and calculated to strengthen mind and body alike. It calls for the active exercise of the best physical faculties, and cultivates in an eminent degree self-reliance, observation, and decision of character. In no position does a man feel more thoroughly independent of the world than when handling a well-appointed canoe. There is no one with whom to divide the responsibility. The success or failure of his cruise depends upon himself alone, and in this very fact a true, manly, man will feel the keenest pleasure.

Canoeing is an economical sport and one that is open to old and young, man and woman. There is no reason why everybody living near a stream or sheet of water should not become a canoeist, if so inclined. Of course some will always pursue the sport in a more energetic and venturesome fashion than others; but for those of quiet tastes canoeing presents fascinations in the shape of idle driftings with gentle currents, or over smooth, moonlit surfaces, that vie in the intensity of the pleasure afforded with more exciting struggles with foaming rapids or white-capped seas.

FAST ROAD-RIDING.

ONE of the things which has impressed me in this my third season of bicycling is, that fast riding on the road should be the exception, not the rule. There can be no rational objection against any rider, who is perfectly familiar with the road he is riding over, under favorable circumstances, when he is alone, endeavoring to see how much time it takes for him to cover a given distance. Such exertions may not at times be without some advantage: testing his wind, hardening his muscles, and yielding to him the joy of achievement, thus quickening his relish for bicycle-riding. But as a rule fast riding on the road is not commendable, for reasons which I shall now state.

There is, first of all, a decided objection to fast riding on a road which is not perfectly familiar. I much incline to think that by far the larger number of serious accidents which occur while riding the bicycle occur, not as my friend, Mr. H. W. Williams, wrote in the February WHEELMAN[1] when the rider is coasting, but when he is riding at a high rate of speed over an unknown road. He has been travelling for some time over what he considers a hard and smooth road surface, and thinks it is perfectly safe to take a ten or twelve mile gait. He begins quick pedalling; forgets everything in his delicious exhilaration; meets with an unexpected obstruction, or descends an unforeseen depression, and, if he be in company, his companions have a dusty and bloody bicycler to spend sympathy on, and he has an opportunity to learn by severe experience that caution is beneath no man's dignity to practise.

In road-riding thoughtful courtesy should prompt to great care in "setting a pace." Fast riding is not altogether a matter of long experience, nor slow riding an indication of its absence. If the road is unfamiliar, some riders will not wish to ride rapidly over it, for the reason above mentioned and for another reason given below. Besides even an old experienced rider may not be in "condition." There is something peculiar in this. The body is a sensitive piece of organic matter, and it is not always easy to see or state just why it fails to accomplish at one time that which at another is performed with an ease which is astonishing. Or a companion may not be well, and, therefore, it may be unwise for him to ride for a long time without dismounting, or at a high rate of speed. In the latter case he ought, of course, to say so; but he may not wish to feel himself a hinderance, or he may have a false pride, and so refrains.

But all this makes no difference. Gentlemanly discernment should enable companions in every case to "hold their horses," and remind each other that they are not out to "make a record," but to engage in the most glorious exercise the brain of invention has yet devised, and the moment muscles and lungs are unduly strained, that moment, far from being an unmixed blessing, bicycle-riding becomes a positive dissonance to every physical power. It is, then, for those who are leading the way to exercise thoughtfulness that road-riding in no case be detrimental.

Another serious objection to fast road-riding, and, consequently, an argument for moderation, is, that too quick riding, necessitating, as it does, strictest attention to the wheel, interferes with one important object many lose in riding at all, and that is, observation. It is a cause for shame to many an intelligent bicycler that he knows so little of the country he has travelled through. And this, strange to say, must be said, not only of some of those who travel over roads they never previously have explored, but too often, also, over those which are familiar. They pass by objects of profoundest historical interest, or fly uplands from whence can be seen a magnificent champaign cut by rivers or circumvalled by hills. Brothers, should not the bicycle be a means of culture,—culture in its broadest sense? But who dreams that it is, if, after a rider returns from an extended run, the most that can be obtained of information is that the distance was run in "— hours and — minutes"? The ideal of touring is to study weeks before the resources, manufactures, geological features, historic associations, social peculiarities, etc., of the country we intend touring through; and then, when we are on the road, we shall get knowledge, physical prowess, and fun — such as is ob-

[1] "But is it safe?" Vol. 1, p. 378.

tainable by the bicycle as in no other way. And we shall accomplish these objects only by making haste slowly.

Another objection to fast road-riding is, there are legal limitations to speed on the road, and Mr. Dashaway may make the unpleasant discovery that obsolescent regulations can seriously delay his progress. The road-rider has thus a double motive to forbear the use of too much energy when riding for pleasure. Not merely his own safety is subserved by temperance, he also avoids the liability of becoming a law-breaker.

He who rides at a steady pace, not too fast, can go farther, and return in better condition and quicker, than if he started with a rush and kept up his rushing to the end. This seeming paradox is but a truism to observant riders. It is rather late for me to specify what I mean by fast road-riding; but, to save my suggestions from indefiniteness, I will say, that anything beyond eight miles an hour is, generally speaking, "fast" road-riding. Of course, road-surface, grade, wind, rider's condition, are factors which have a bearing on this matter of speed. Eight miles an hour is over rather than under what all-day road-riding (with very rare exceptions) should foot up for an average and not lay itself open to some one or more of the objections which have been brought forward in this article against rapidity. I suspect there are few against whom anything beyond this would not seriously tell, particularly at the close of successive days of miscellaneous road-riding.

Personally, I have frequently been much surprised to find how far I could go in, *e.g.*, a half day, by restraining, at the start, the desire for speed, also how comfortable I have closed an afternoon's run, with an hour or more of spurting, at the finish, with no soreness or exhaustion.

S. H. Day.

THE BICYCLE AND THE CANOE.

HAPPY is the man who rides his own wheel. Happy is the man who paddles and sails his own canoe. Thrice happy he who both rides the merry wheel and steers the dancing, gliding canoe. I am now one of the thrice-happy men. I live nearly two miles from my boat-house, and before I "set up" my wheel, many a short and pleasant evening's sail I missed because the time and trouble of the tiresome street-car journey took all the cream off the thing. Now, my cruise begins at my garden-gate. On a hot summer's day, a quiet ride down to the cool water, an hour or two in the canoe in the light of the setting sun, a leisurely ride back to one's home in the gathering darkness, — what can be better? Or one can find some quiet cove or sandy beach away from the city, where he hauls up or anchors his canoe, pitches his little tent over it, and sleeps in the sweet cool air of the lake or river. Then, in the morning, a plunge and swim, breakfast by the aid of his spirit-stove, half-an-hour's paddling or sailing, a short ride on the wheel to his place of work, and the canoeing-bicyclist goes at his daily task like a giant refreshed. Perhaps it is Saturday afternoon, blazing hot, have had a hard, tiring week, and no opportunity to get away; now is your chance. Out on the sparkling water till Monday morning, — thirty-six hours in the life-giving air of the open! You are not obliged to recuperate from mental toil by undergoing physical sweat. Hoist your sail to the gentle summer breeze, lie down full length in you canoe, — your feet on the steering-bar, the sheet in your hand, and enjoy the most perfect rest. Rest without *ennui;* for the mind is gently stimulated and kept pleasantly occupied by the steering of your craft, the varying winds and water, the floating clouds, the ever-changing sky which you look up to as you recline there, rocked by the gentle waves. The feeling of thankful, grateful peace which comes at such times to some very unorthodox minds is a religious feeling in the full sense of the term. Then, too, church does not commence till 11 o'clock, so that without hurry you can get back, don the long-tailed coat of civilization, and enter the pew with your family. Or you perhaps return for evening service, which gives you more time.

Your bicycle is a thing of daily use, to and from your business, and at odd half-hours. But when your yearly holiday comes, then load your canoe with stores and provisions, get some other fellow to do

likewise, and away the two of you go, each the captain of his own ship, and as independent as kings.

When the days shorten, and the thermometrical average goes daily down, down, then the wheel is again supreme. Soon comes the snow; and then one must study diligently the geography of suburban sidewalks, and dodge cunningly the vigilant but occasional policeman.

Sedentary men should be out of doors continually. You want something to tempt and persuade you to do it all the year round. The most effectual something to that end is a judicious combination of canoe and bicycle.

But what about the women? What about the families? Is not all this very selfish? say some. Why, no. Ten to one you would be grumbling at home, and relieving your tired nerves by grumbling, if you were not out of doors. You may not be at home as many actual hours as otherwise you would; but when you are there your hearty cheerfulness, your jolly laugh, the sweet influence of nature that you bring back with you, brighten up things generally, and help to make the other folks "feel good." People make a mistake when they cause home affections and loving companionship to become a mere matter of dull daily habit, — an unreasoning instinct, of which the strongest phase is an uneasiness and discomfort when its continuity is interrupted. Short occasional absences checkmate monotony, and make more delightful the meeting when one is "home again." I have often thought it better in many cases for husband and wife to take their yearly holiday apart. They gather mental freshness from contact with other minds, get a great fund of new subjects for conversation, and are heartily glad to see one another when the trips are over.

Then it is usually not a question of whether you shall share your out-door pleasures with wife, sisters, or mother, but whether you shall forego them. The ladies — bless them! — can't go into a thing of this sort in the rough and ready way that men do; they are too much hampered with conventionality.

Nevertheless, there is always room in my canoe for one more when she deigns to add her honored weight to its ballast; and probably a tricycle, sociable or otherwise, might make its appearance if a strong desire were manifested for it, and feminine pressure were brought to bear in the proper quarter.

Robert Tyson.

TORONTO, ONT.

EDITORIAL.

The Future.

RECENT performances on the wheel would seem to indicate that we have not yet apprehended the possibilities of 'cycling. Tours of prodigious distances have been made in incredibly short periods of time. Regions have been traversed hitherto regarded as inaccessible. Two ladies recently rode over the Alps, from Basle to Porto Maurizio, crossing by the Gemina Passi. John B. Marsh, of London, crossed the Alps, a short time ago, at the Furka Pass. The distance between John o' Groat's and Land's End has been made in eight days. 255 miles have been covered in one day.

In this country, until last fall, a run of 100 miles or over, in one day, had never been made. Now the record is very nearly 200, and will probably be above that figure before very long.

A moment's thought will show us that the limit is far from being reached yet. The three elements that are necessary to the highest degree of excellence have not been fully developed. They are good roads, well-constructed machines, and trained riders. The chance for improvement is most evident in the roads; and no one who has witnessed the rapid strides in improvement in bicycle manufacture during the last few years will assert that the bicycle has reached its highest point of development.

Given, then, trained athletes; the best wheels obtainable by all the appliances of modern mechanical skill and invention; and perfect roads, and it would be hard to say what would be the limits to the possible performances of the wheel.

'Cycling as an Aid to Scientific Research.

AMONG the uses of 'cycling which have not as yet been brought into special prominence, the aid it can be made to give to certain departments of scientific research deserves, I think, honorable mention. In a very modest way I have made my bicycle a means of better acquaintance with the fauna and flora of this locality. I seldom start out for a spin without slipping into my pocket a few empty homœopathic vials, with good corks. In passing a stream, pond, or even puddle, a glance tells me whether it is likely to prove good hunting-ground for microscopical game. If it promises well I dismount, fill a bottle, cork it tightly, make a note on the label, transfer it to another pocket, remount, and proceed on my way rejoicing. In the evening, or at some other convenient time, the microscope is brought out and the contents of my bottles examined. Leaving science aside for the moment, here's fun; oh, the strange creatures that inhabit the waters! Here comes one of our friends and prototypes, the "wheel animalcule," his wheels whirling, his mouth working, and his entire internal economy visible through his transparent body. Here are beautiful ribbons of algæ; here some diatoms, — every drop a perfect menagerie and museum, and the one ticket admits to all. If one wants to take a purely scientific view of the matter he can investigate and classify to his heart's content, and a 'cycler who would make a specialty of it could become familiar with the diatoms, or algæ, or infusoria, of any particular locality more conveniently and agreeably than if he had depended on horse-flesh or on "shank's mare" to reach the haunts of his special game.

The lepidoptera, the butterflies, and moths offer tempting subjects for scientific study. One of the advantages of living in a new country is, that the field of natural history not having been fully explored, new or hitherto unrecognized species await the investigator. Doubtless the lepidopterist who, mounting his wheel, shall sally forth into the summer sunshine, his net attached to a separable handle (like a fishing-rod), and strapped across his back, like John Brown's famous knapsack, or, if he be happy enough to ride a tricycle, neatly fastened to the umbrella clips, could add much to his own knowledge of the life, histories, habits, and varieties of our diurnal lepidoptera, and possibly discover facts new to science. To the ornithologist, the botanist, and the geologist, 'cycling offers its aid. Not that you can use a bicycle or a tricycle as an instrument of investigation, as you would a microscope; though the bicycle has, upon occasion, caused me to investigate, more closely than I would otherwise have done, the special geology of particular spots in the highway; but by bringing comparatively distant places within easy and pleasant reach, and thus making the native haunts of bird, beast, fish, and flower more-get-at-able, 'cycling can, and doubtless will, become a powerful auxiliary to scientific research in those departments which can best be studied out of doors.

G. E. B.

WHEEL NEWS.

The Visit of the Citizens' Club to Boston.

ONE of the most interesting 'cycling events of the year was the visit of the Citizens' Club of New York to the Massachusetts Club of Boston. It will be remembered that last year a delegation from the Citizens' Club visited the Hub, and were taken in charge by the Massachusetts Club, who endeavored to show them some of the sand-papered roads and the beautiful suburbs of the city. A glorious time was enjoyed by both clubs, and a warm friendship initiated, which has been steadily growing ever since. On the occasion of the League meet in May last the Massachusetts Club were hospitably entertained by the Citizens' during their stay in New York, and the latter club were urged to repeat their visit to Boston the coming fall. Accordingly, after some pleasant correspondence between the two clubs, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of October were selected for a three days' stay in Boston. The two clubs have many things in common, and are similar in numerous respects. Each has been active in League work. Both clubs pay much attention to touring, both are composed, almost exclusively, of men well along in business and professional life, — what might be termed "successful men," and the clubs are about equal in active membership (the Massachusetts slightly leading) and in social standing. Both occupy leading positions in their respective cities.

The delegation of the Citizens' Club arrived in Boston Tuesday morning, October 16th, *via* the Fall River line, and were ten in number, under command of acting Captain Bourne, well known as the C.T.C. Consul for New York. They were met at the station by President Henry

W. Williams, and Messrs. E. W. Pope, and Charles F. Joy, who escorted them to their old quarters at the New Marlboro' Hotel, where Mr. A. S. Parsons met the party. After breakfast they were conducted to the Massachusetts Club rooms, No. 194 Columbus avenue, which were handsomely decorated, in honor of the guests, with buntings and green. At 9.20 A.M. the clubs mounted and rode, under command of President Williams of the Massachusetts, and acting Captain Clapp of the Citizens' (Mr. Bourne being unable to be present) to South Natick, by a somewhat circuitous route. The line of twenty-seven men entered Brookline by way of St. Mary's street, and wheeled through some of its pleasantest parts, and thence over Tappan-street hill to Bacon street and the reservoir. The barberry hedge on Tappan street was in full bearing, and was much admired. Quite a halt was made at the reservoir, to enable the visitors to take in its delights, and the expressions of surprise and joy by those seeing it for the first time were superlative in the extreme. From the reservoir the route was *via* Newton Centre and Lower Falls, Wellesley, and Wellesley Heights, to South Natick. Quite a comprehensive ride was taken through Wellesley College grounds, and many a bright eye was observed at the windows, peeping at the graceful line of wheelmen circling through the paths of the seminary grounds. Arrived at South Natick, one of the "Citizens'" declared that it was "Central Park all the way out, boys." A good dinner was partaken of at Baileys, tasting none the worse for being served by trim and comely waiters. An excellent photograph of the party was secured by Mr. Drew, "the Massachusetts Club photographer"; and the party returned to the city, *via* West Newton and Newton Corner, the distance covered being nearly 40 miles. At 6.30 P.M., tables having been reserved at the Providence Depot Café, supper was served, and the same comely waiters were at hand who so charmed the Citizens the year previous; the evening was spent socially at the Massachusetts Club rooms. The next morning an all-day run to Salem was on the programme. The start was made at 8.20 A.M., President Williams and Captain Bourne in command. The Massachusetts pennant floated over a long line of wheelmen as the clubs moved over the mill-dam to Harvard square, dismounting at the Longfellow residence; then remounting and riding through the grounds of Harvard College, and through North Cambridge, Medford, and Malden, to East Saugus. At the last-named place the pennant of the Hawthorne Club was descried flying over sixteen of their men, under command of their captain, who had ridden down from Salem to escort the two clubs to that city. At the signal for mounting, forty-four men rode in fine form to Lynn, where Vice-President Shillaber, of the Massachusetts Club, refreshed all hands with the richest of lemonade. The route to Salem was *via* Swampscott, and all hands were entertained at dinner at the Essex House by the Hawthorne Club of Salem. While at Salem visits were made to the Hawthorne Club rooms, the Museum, and the "oldest church building in the United States." The Hawthorne Club accompanied the party back as far as Lynn, and six of them rode to Medford. The return run was made in good form, and at a fair pace, the twenty-six miles being made by the entire party in about three hours. The distance covered during the day was 55½ miles. Another supper at the Providence Depot Café, and a jolly evening at the Massachusetts Club rooms, during which a lively discussion arose as to the relative merits of the forms of the shapely Bourne, of the Citizens', and Miller of the Massachusetts. Among the callers during the evening were Charles E. Pratt, Esq., of the Boston Club; Mr. Howard, of the Ramblers' Club; and Mr. McClure, editor of THE WHEELMAN. Two photographs were taken of the party during the day. Among the machines ridden on the Salem ride were three tricycles and one Facile.

The following day, Thursday, was devoted to a ride to Lexington, the same gentleman in command as on the previous day. A halt was made on the way out at Corey's Hill, for the purpose of convincing one or two incredulous visitors that it was "no slouch of a hill;" thence the road to the reservoir was taken, and a scrub race or two indulged in, and Secretary Smith took his *fifth* drink of water for the morning. From the reservoir the party rode to the junction of Beacon and Hammond streets, and the magnificent succession of smooth grades down to Newton was engaged at a flying pace. A halt was made at Newton for milk, etc., and the clubs remounted and rode to Lexington, *via* Craft street, and Waltham. A good dinner at the Massachusetts House, a jolly smoke around the big wood fire in the hall, a couple of finely rendered songs by Captain Bourne, an excellent photograph by Mr. Drew, and the party crossed wheels for Boston. A stiff north-easterly wind was dead in the faces of the wheelmen; but, in spite of this, it was whispered around that President Williams was intending to get in to Boston at 4.30, *sure*. At all

events, considering the head-wind, a round pace was taken, the route being *via* East Lexington, Waverley, Mt. Auburn, and Harvard Square, 16 miles. The pace was scarcely varied; not a halt was made, but the line clung together like sturdy wheelmen as they were (although when Secretary Pope turned homeward, at Watertown, he did look just a little relieved) until the mill-dam was reached, when that avenue was suddenly discovered to be heavy and muddy, from the efforts of the watering-cart fiend. The full force of the wind then began to be felt. But the leader kept his unaltering pace, and the line began to string out. The leader arrived at the club-room at 4.25 P.M., 1h. 28 min. from the time of starting, and the pace was declared by the Massachusetts men to be a little slower than their regular pace! It was suggested that when the leader of the Massachusetts Club adapted the pace taken he was thinking about that Yonkers Hill which some of the Citizens' Club led the Massachusetts men over last May, just before dinner. But, perhaps, he wasn't! The distance travelled on Thursday was 36½ miles. Part of the visitors took the 6 P.M. train for New York, and a part the 6.30 train for Hartford, intending to spend a day there, and all left in good spirits, and many cordial invitations were given and accepted on both sides. The weather was cool, crisp, and clear during the entire visit. The roads were in fine condition, and the trip was a delightful event to both clubs.

PROMINENT members of the Citizens' Bicycle Club of New York, Rev. Father Brown, president, were entertained here yesterday by the Connecticut Club of this city. They were on their way back from Boston, where they had been the guests of the Massachusetts Club, and remained over for a pleasant visit with Hartford wheelmen. During the forenoon Weed's factory was visited, and some of the finest bicycles manufactured there were exhibited for the enjoyment of the visitors. In the afternoon a delightful run of fourteen miles over the Windsor road was participated in by members of the Connecticut club and their guests, the Hartford wheelmen, including the president of the club, T. Sedgwick Steele, Chief State Consul Stephen Terry, the secretary and treasurer, F. E. Belden, and Captain Charles E. Chase. After returning from the Windsor ride the guests were handsomely entertained with a banquet, the festivities concluding in time for the New Yorkers to leave on the steamboat train south.

The Hartford wheelmen have under contemplation at present plans for an entertainment at the First Regiment armory, including fancy bicycle-riding by experts like Messrs. Wilmont, Sewell, and George Nash, of Springfield, the latter being one of the most brilliant bicycle-riders in the country. — *Hartford Evening Post, Sat., Oct.* 20.

FRANK LAMKIN, of Norwalk, Ohio, has been expelled from the L.A.W., having been found guilty of competing for a money prize in a bicycle race at a country fair in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, in October, 1882, while a member of the L.A.W., and thus violated the conditions of membership.

KARL KRON writes us, under date of Oct. 26, that he has reached Canandaigua, after pushing his wheel 804 miles continuously from Detroit. He made 250 miles in five days; 635 miles in Canada in fourteen days.

Club Doings.

NEWCASTLE, ONT., Oct. 18, 1883.

Our club was organized in 1882, but from want of management, disorganized, and about the 1st Oct., 1883, it was again organized, and has now, we think, a firm foundation and a membership roll of twenty. We intend having an entertainment in the course of three weeks, which promises to be a very good success, as our towns-people are taking a great interest in the club.

E. J. ATKINSON,
Sec. N.B.C.

THE Troy Club indulged in quite a long run after the Springfield meet, riding most of the way from Springfield to Boston and back again to Albany and Troy, and reaching the latter place Sept. 25.

MR. JAMES FITZGERALD and Mr. Edward C. Clark went to the Newburgh Celebration on their wheels. They started from New York, Wednesday morning, Oct. 14, 9 A.M., and arrived at Newburgh, 4 P.M., a distance of sixty miles. They enjoyed the run very much and were received by Dr. Joslyn, captain of the Newburgh Wheelmen. They attracted a great deal of attention, being the only two wheelmen present with their wheels at the celebration.

THE Dunedin Bicycling Club held its annual general meeting on August 7, to put through the business for the year. The year's work was on the whole satisfactory. Some good road-riding and racing was done, notably Mr. G. Marshall's rides with a friend, Mr. O'Keefe, to Lawrence and back, 122 miles, in 17½ hours, on a rough and hilly road. The honors of the Inter-provincial

five-mile race were carried to Canterbury, Mr. Langdown winning the race by a few lengths.

The members on the roll, at the end of the season, numbered thirty, and since the annual meeting some fifteen have joined.

The officers for this season are: President, Mr. E. B. Cargill; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. L. O. Beal and G. Joachim; Captain, N. J. Duncan; Deputy Captain, E. H. Burns; Secretary, N. J. Brown; Treasurer, F. Shaw; Committee, W. H. Custen, F. A. Custen, A. MacNeill, W. Nicolson.

The rules are revised and altered. Subs raised to twenty-one. Uniform is, now, dark blue, military cut, and polo cap, badge in front.

The name is now "Dunedin 'Cycling Club."

A new club is being started by some of our members who are dissatisfied with the D.C.C. as at present constituted, and another by the tradesmen, who do not feel inclined to join ours.

I wish them both success, but can't help thinking that 100 'cyclists, or thereabouts, are not enough for three clubs.

Our first meet is to be held on September 29. If I can get a good photo of it I'll send it.

Yours in haste,

EDGAR H. BURN.

THE Washington 'Cycle Club (the only L.A.W. club in this city) held its first semiannual meeting in its new rooms, Oct. 2d, and reëlected the following officers: —

President, Amos W. Hart; Vice-President, Warner J. Kenderdine; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward T. Pettengill; Captain, William C. Scribner; Lieutenant, Herbert J. Browne.

It now numbers fifteen members. Uniform, dark green, gilt buttons.

THE wheelmen of Covington, Ky., have organzed a club, to be known as the Kenton County Bicycle Club. They met on the evening of the 15th, and elected the following officers: President, R. C. Green; Captain, C. Hanauer; P. N. Myers, Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. H. Nipper, H. S. Rodgers, W. Buckton, and R. B. Baldwin, were admitted as members.

Fall Races of the Capital Club.

THE following is a summary of the fall races of this club, held at the Athletic Park, Washington, Oct. 4 and 5. Track, cinder; four laps. Heavy from rain on the first day; in good condition on the second.

FIRST DAY.

Five-mile Open Handicap. B. W. Hanna (Capital), scratch (1); J. McK. Borden (Capital), scratch (2); F. S. Fisher (Maryland), 15 sec. (3); A. B. Harrison (Md.), (0); J. C. Smith (unattached), (0); R. T. Foster (Baltimore), (0). Time: 17.39½.

One-mile Scratch, for Novices. E. A. Newman (Capital), (1); E. H. Bond (unattached), (2); W. T. Robertson (3), won easily. The second and third men rode "Stars." Time: 3.40⅘.

Three-mile Professionals, best two in three heats. John Keen, 1–1; J. S. Prince, 2–2; H. W. Higham, 3–3; R. James, 4 withdrew. Time: 9.48½; 10.13.

Half-mile Scratch, Open. B. W. Hanna (Capital), 1; F. S. Fisher (Md.), (2) by twenty yards. R. F. Foster (3.) Time: 1.43¼.

One-mile Club Handicap. E. A. Newman, 20 sec. (1). B. W. Hanna, scratch (2). Time: 3.41.

SECOND DAY.

Two-mile Open Handicap. A. H. Robinson (Ranelagh Harriers, Eng.), scratch (1); J. C. Smith (unattached) 24 sec. (2) Time: 6.35.

Quarter-mile Club Race. J. McK. Borden (1); E. A. Newman (2), won easily. Time: 49⅘.

One-mile Professional. (Heats). J. S. Prince, 2–1–1; John Keen, 1–2–2; H. W. Higham, 3–3–3. Time: 3.03¼, 3.07⅘, 3.06⅘.

Five-mile Race for Club Challenge Cup and Championship. To be won three times before becoming winner's property. B. W. Hanna (1); J. McK. Borden (holder), (2). Time: 1 mile, 3.23½; 2 miles, 6.49; 3 miles, 10.13; 4 miles, 13.38½; 5 miles, 16.47⅘.

Tournament, ridden in costume: two tilts at three suspended rings. Won by J. McK. Borden.

One-mile Open Handicap. B. W. Hanna (Capital), 12 sec. (1); J. C. Smith, 16 sec. (2); R. F. Foster, 16 sec. (0); A. H. Robinson, scratch (0); E. A. Newman, 20 sec. (0). Time: 3.15⅘.

Half-mile Ride and Run. A. H. Robinson (1); Seward Beall (Capital), (2). Time: 2.11½. Won by a length on the final spurt.

Judges: Edwin Oliver (Citizens'), W. J. Kenderdine (Washington 'Cycle), P. T. Dodge (Capital).

Referee: C. E. Hawley.

Starter: Max Hansman.

Clerks of Course: J. E. Leaming, W. F. Crossman.

Scorer: S. P. Hollingsworth.

Timers: S. P. Moses, Jr., J. West Wagner, W. C. Scribner.

Fifteen-mile Professional Race.

KEEN won the fifteen-mile race at Athletic Park, Washington, Oct. 17; Prince (2), Higham (3). The stake was a purse of $500. Rollinson gave an exhibition of fancy-riding.

The score is as follows: —

Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1.	Higham	3.14¾
2.	"	6.29½
3.	"	9.47½
4.	"	13.05¼
5.	"	16.20½
6.	"	19.41
7.	Keen	22.54
8.	"	26.08½
9.	"	29.27
10.	Higham	32.45
11.	"	35.59½
12.	"	39.17
13.	Keen	42.38
14.	"	45.59½
15.	"	49.07¼

Judges: L. W. Seely and J. West Wagner; Referee and Starter: Max Hansman; Timekeeper: S. P. Moses, Jr.

Prince, Higham, and Rollinson left for Chicago that evening, where they entered as contestants in the six-days' race, beginning Monday, October 22.

The First One-Hundred Mile Record on an Open-air Track by American Amateurs.

THE first bicycle record by American amateurs for one hundred miles on an open-air track was made in Washington, D.C., Oct. 26. The starters in the race were Thos. Midgely, of Worcester, Mass., and R. S. Foster, of Baltimore, Md. Midgely won in 7 hours 25 minutes and 52½ seconds, beating Foster by about 21 miles. The latter, however, completed his distance in 9 hours 34 minutes and 30 seconds. Both men rode the entire distance without a dismount, and Foster continued riding until he had made 102½ miles, thus wining the medal for the longest distance without a dismount, and beating all previous records by amateurs in this country.

The day was pleasant, but a sharp breeze, and the poor condition of the track, together with the fact that the men were so unevenly matched, accounts for the time being no better.

Frasier, the twenty-five-mile amateur champion, and Tyler of New Haven, were entered for the race, but did not appear.

The following are some of Midgely's times: —

Five miles, 19.10; ten miles, 38.56; fifteen miles, 58.58; twenty miles, 79.02; thirty miles, 2:02.59½; forty miles, 2:51.10; fifty miles, 3:37.14; sixty miles, 4:26.11; seventy miles, 5:10.58; eighty miles, 5:55.14; ninety miles, 6:41.31; ninety-five miles, 7:04 14½; ninety-eight miles, 7:15.33½; ninety-nine miles, 7:19.48; one hundred miles, 7:25.52½.

THE Philadelphia Meet was held Saturday, September 29. About four hundred wheelmen attended. The parade took place at about 11 A.M., Col. George Sanderson, Jr., of Scranton, commanding, accompanied by President Beckwith and Col. A. A. Pope, and others. About two thousand people attended the races.

Half-mile for boys under sixteen. J. G. Fullerton, Philadelphia. Time: 1.39⅕.

Mile for Novices. Eight starters: S. H. Crawford, Philadelphia (1); N. P. Tyler, New Haven, Conn. (2). Time: 3.20.

One-mile open to Pennsylvania Club only. Eight starters: M. W. Brinkman (1); S. B. Chambers (2). Time: 3.24¾.

Slow Race. W. A. Whitemore (1). No time.

Two-mile Handicap. Tyler, 40s. (1). Time: 6.58¼. Frasier, scratch, came in fifth.

Three-mile L. A. W. Championship. George D. Gideon (1); Frasier (2). Time: 9.58¾.

Five-mile State Championship. Two entries: S. H. Crawford and J. Green. Crawford's machine broke, and Green finished first; but no prize was awarded, as Green was protested previous to the race, on the ground that he was a professional. The question was referred to a committee.

Mile State Championship. Gideon (1); Brinkman (0). Time: 3.18¾.

Mile Tricycle. Powell, scratch (1); Crawford, 20s. (2); Pennell, 15s. (0). Time: 3.52.

Consolation Race. Brinkman (1); Pitman (2). Time: 3.27¼.

The Chicago Six-Days' Tournament.

FOLLOWING is a report of the six-days' bicycle tournament, twelve hours a day, just ended. The entries were, Prince, Morgan, Woodside, Shock, Higham, Dowse, and Clark. The race was finished in the following order: —

Prince	. . .	889 miles,	4 laps.
Morgan	. . .	883 "	9 "
Woodside	. . .	865 "	10 "
Shock	. . .	855 "	1 "
Dowse	. . .	750 "	0 "

Dowse took a header at the very start of the race (in the eighth lap), and also one on Thursday, and sprained his left wrist. Shock also took a header, and cut his face rather badly in two

places. Woodside, who rode with a broken left arm, and had it strapped to his handle-bar, took three headers during the race, but escaped any serious injury. Higham was compelled to retire on the second day, with 243 miles to his credit; the cause was a swollen left knee, injured by a fall some eighteen months ago. The track was eleven laps to the mile. On Thursday the wind blew down the tent that covered part of the track; and, as luck would have it, Woodside was the only one to run into it. The blowing down of the tent caused a day's delay in the race, — the managers being unable to put it in order in time to go on again that day. The fastest mile was done in 3.08, on Wednesday, by Prince and Morgan. Woodside rode a mile, just before the close, in 3.18; while the slowest mile occupied over seven minutes. In consequence of a challenge in the *Herald* from Morgan, a little ill-feeling sprung up between him and Prince, and, after some words, a match was made for 100 miles, for $250 a side; $50 a side has been put up as a deposit. A race, of thirty-six hours, six hours a night, will be held in Battery "D" Armory, commencing November 12th, and all the contestants of the late race will enter.

The Chicago Bicycle Club will hold a day's races at the Exposition Building, on Christmas Day.

L. W. Conkling and C. C. Philbrick are reported to be arranging for a six days' — six hours a day — race, sometime in January.

There is talk of an amateur twenty-four hours' race, which seems to meet with general approval, and will, in all probability, be run some time in November or December.

Corey's Long Ride.

On Thursday, 18 October, just as the clock struck 12, H. D. Corey and A. D. Claflin, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, left Harvard square, Cambridge, on their bicycles. Mr. Dean, of *The World*, started them, and saw that both cyclometers were at zero. From Harvard square the two men rode through Allston, Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, to the great sign-boards, covering the 9 miles in 51m. The route from here on was by way of Beacon and Walnut streets to Newton Highlands, and Dedham, and the distance was traversed without any event. They then rode through Needham to Wellesley. From Wellesley they rode to Natick, and, on the way, met Mr. B. D. Harrington, of the Hawthorne Club, Salem, who had started directly after them from Harvard square. The roads were very poor, and they suffered considerably from the cold, the thermometer showing a temperature of 22° above zero. Mr. Harrington left them before Framingham was reached, going back to South Framingham and waiting for them there. On Corey and Claflin's return to South Framingham, a stop of fifteen minutes was made to get warm at the railway station. On leaving, Mr. Harrington could not be found, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had been taken sick. While proceeding towards Natick, Mr. Claflin took a violent header and bruised himself in several places, but did no injury to the machine. The roads were covered with gravel at a number of points, making fast-riding impossible. They reached the great sign-boards, and proceeded *via* Beacon street to Chestnut-Hill reservoir, going through which, they reached Brighton, and in a few minutes before 7 drew up to Harvard square. Mr. Dean, of *The World*, was again on hand, and noted the cyclometer sixty-two miles at this point. After considerable delay in getting breakfast and being warmed through, the start was made at five minutes past 8, with Mr. J. J. Gilligan, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, who met them, and piloted them, through Malden and Lynn, to Salem, which was reached at 10.15 A.M. Newburyport was reached at 1.20 P.M. Distance, 107 miles. Claflin had another fall, and injured his leg so severely that he decided to be content with his century.

A stop of about an hour was made here for dinner and a rub-down. At 2.20 P.M., Corey and Gilligan, accompanied by Mr. Harrington, of Salem, left Newburyport and returned to Salem by the same route. Gilligan dropped behind Corey a few miles before reaching Salem, and did not again catch up with him. Corey arrived at Salem at 4.50 P.M., and, continuing on, reached Lynn at 5.35 o'clock. He was now alone, and, as it was very dark, had to ride so slowly and carefully that he did not arrive at Harvard square until 7.30 P.M. Mr. Dean was here and checked the time and cyclometer, which registered just 155 miles. Mr. Corey seemed to be not at all fatigued, and, after a light supper and a rub-down, started off again, apparently as fresh as in the early morning.

Mr. Corey left Harvard square in company with a number of his club, together with Mr. Dean, a pace-maker, and Mr. Hoag, of the Harvard Bicycle Club; but Dean and Hoag were soon content with a slower pace than Mr. Corey was setting, and, after a few miles, lost sight of the "record-breaker" in the distance. Corey and his pace-maker rode at racing speed through the Newtons to the great sign-boards, and fol-

lowed the same route as in the morning to Wellesley, where Mr. Eliot Norton, of the Harvard Bicycle Club, took Mr. Corey in hand and stayed with him until the finish. On reaching the reservoir Mr. Corey had about half an hour more, and, as he would be compelled to redouble his tracks, he rode round the reservoir five times, or 5 5-6 miles, at a racing pace, covering the distance in 22m. Leaving the reservoir, they ran to the Cattle Fair Hotel, Brighton, reaching there just as the clock struck 12. A stop was made to remove the cyclometer, which is now in possession of Mr. Dean, and registers 190 and 9-10 miles. 4 hours and 57 minutes were consumed in stops for refreshments, rests, etc., making actual riding-time 19h. 30m., which gives an average of about 10 miles an hour.

—*Bicycling World.*

THE New Haven Bicycle Race meeting, Oct. 11, was a decided success in every way. The attendance was about 2,500, showing the growing popularity of the sport. There was a parade in the morning through the principal streets, headed by the American Brass Band, and a carriage containing the mayor and chief of police. The parade was in two divisions, under the command of Chief Consul Terry, of Hartford, and Captain T. S. Rust, of Meriden. There were over 100 bicycles and about a dozen tricycles in line. F. H. Benton was general director of the parade.

The races were called at 2 P.M.

3.20 Race. Six entries: Robert F. Way, Hartford (1); William Maxwell, New Haven (2); William A. Hurlbutt, Stamford (3). Time (1) 3.03; (2) 3.03¼; (3) 3.12¾. Prizes, gold medal, diamond League pin, garnet League pin.

Two-mile Club Championship. Two entries: L. B. Hamilton, Waterbury, Conn., and N. P. Tyler, New Haven. Tyler broke a spoke, and withdrew. Hamilton won in 6.34¾. Prize, gold medal.

One-Mile Scratch. Entries: Frasier and Hendee. Hendee (1), in 2.50, Frasier (2), 2.50⅛. Prize, gold medal. This time breaks record.

Two-mile Tricycle. Two entries: E. P. Burnham (1), 7.05¼; Geo. H. Fowler, New Haven (0). Prize, gold medal.

Two-mile Handicap. Four entries: S. J. Mills, Bristol, Conn. (1); Maxwell (2); Frasier and Charles S. Fisk of Springfield, dropped out. Time, 6.29½.

Combination Race, one mile. Three entries: W. R. Pitman, New York (1). Prize, diamond League pin.

Five-mile Scratch. Hendee and Frasier again contested. Hendee (1), and Frasier (2). Time, 15.26¾, 15.26⅞; beating previous record of 15.40.

Three-mile State Championship. Three entries: Mills, Way, and W. C. Palmer, of New Haven Ramblers. Palmer won in 9.17. Prize: $50, gold medal.

Ten-mile Handicap. Burnham (1), Hamilton (2), Fisk (3), Ives (0). Time: 31.22½; breaking previous record. Prizes: gold watch, silver cup.

Half-mile Consolation. E. M. Willis (1). Time: 1.32.

There was an interesting exhibition at the Rink in the evening.

AT the annual fall games of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, W. G. Ross won the 1-mile race in 3.30, and the 5-mile in 18.30.

AT the Cincinnati Wanderers Road Race, Sept. 29th, E. Mannen, Maysville, Ky., won the heat for those who had never beaten 3.45, and W. E. Galway (Wanderers), won the heat open to all. The distance was three and one-half miles. Time of first race, 15.39. Time of second not given.

A SUCCESSFUL race-meeting was held at Albany, Sept. 26th. There were eight entries for the 1-mile race, which was won by A. W. La Rose in 3.38; J. C. Neville, second, in 3.42½. The 2-mile professional race, for a purse of $200, was contested by Higham and Prince, the latter winning. The third was a 1-mile heat race. W. W. Cole won; La Rose (2). Time: 3.38½. Prizes, gold and silver medal.

A. H. Robinson, Kensington, Eng., won the 5-mile Handicap; A. B. Prince, of Pittsfield (2). Time: 17.37.

Burch won the 3-mile Scratch in 12.03. Cole won the 5-mile Championship race, and A. B. Prince the Consolation race in 3.14½.

THE One Hundred-mile Road race, held under the auspices of the Boston Club, came off Saturday, Oct. 6. The road was in excellent condition, and the only drawback was the wind, which was quite stiff from about 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Thomas Midgely, of Worcester, won in 9h. 47m., and was the only contestant to come in inside the time limit of 10 hours, set by the club. The other riders to come in were T. Rothe, Boston; L. A. Peabody, Marblehead; and J. F. McClure, Boston.

A BICYCLE race was run at Sidney, O., Sept. 28, in connection with the Shelby County Fair. The race was one-half mile, best two in three. C. O.

Dickas won in 1.36¼ and 1.43¼. The prizes were a gold L.A.W. badge to first; pair of nickelled ball pedals to second; hub lamp to third; and long-distance saddle to fourth. This is the first race given by the Valley City Wheel Club, and everything resulted satisfactorily.

A BICYCLE race was held at Cooperstown, N.Y., on the 24th of Sept., for $25.00 and the championship of Otsego Co. It was won by Geo. Barret in 2.56, on a Columbia Racer.

THE Lawrence Club claim that three of their members, Webb, Tacy, and Finn, have made 212 miles inside of 24 hours. The route, as they give it, only measures, by actual measurement, 159 miles. There must be some mistake somewhere.

KARL KRON has at last succeeded in making a century run. Exact distance, 100¼ miles; exact time, 21h. 15m.

Canoeing Notes.

COL. H. C. ROGERS, of Peterboro', Canada, Rear-Commodore of the American Canoe Association, after attending the meeting of the executive committee at Albany, went to New York, where he was the guest of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club.

Forest and Stream, for October 4th, describes a canoe race in Burmah.

MR. W. H. ECKMAN, editor of *The Sketch Book*, an art paper published in Cleveland, writes us that a party from the Cleveland Club propose taking a trip to New Orleans in their canoes, leaving about the middle of November. The Cleveland Canoe Club is quite active. Their annual races were held at Lake Chautaque and were quite interesting. Quite a number of extensive trips are planned for the coming year.

THE Whitehall Canoe Club has among its members two of the original thirty who founded the A.C.A., Mr. W. W. Cooke and Mr. E. A. Greenough. The club is very prosperous and growing rapidly.

AT the next regular meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club they will change the titles of the officers as follows: Captain for Commodore, Mate for Vice-Commodore, and Purser for Secretary and Treasurer.

THE Knickerbocker Canoe Club will have to enlarge their present house or build a new one, as they have not room for their boats. The club has now thirty members, all but three of whom are canoe-owners.

INTER-CLUB meet and camp. While at Albany at the executive committee meeting a good deal was said by members of the Mohican, Knickerbocker, New York, and Springfield Canoe Clubs about having a three-day meet and camp on the Hudson river, somewhere near Newburg, next spring. If held, the great sailing race between the "Dot" (C. B. Vaux) and the "Snake" (R. W. Gibson) will most probably take place there. It is understood that the following clubs will have representatives at the camp: Mohican, Knickerbocker, New York, Springfield, Hartford, Lake George, Whitehall, and Rondout, possibly the Bayonne, Crescent, of Newark, N. J., Philadelphia, and Rochester.

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT is delivering a series of valuable lectures before the Y.M.C.A. on Physical Culture.

French Notes.

CHARENTON RACES.

THE meet called September 9th, at Charenton, was very brilliant. As on previous occasions the races took place on the avenue that skirts the woods of Vincennes. The weather was fine, and the attendance large. The programme comprised six races, in which eighteen contestants took part, and no one met with the slightest accident. We report only the two most important of the races: —

Third race, for Seniors. Three-mile race. Three starters: M. de Civry, 9m. 52s. (1); M. Ch. Hommey (2); M. G. Hommey (3).

Fifth race, Handicap Seniors. Two-mile race. Four starters: M. de Civry (scratch), 6m. 54s. (1); M. G. Hommey (2); M. Salvator (3); M. Ch. Hommey (scratch), distanced.

The handicap for Seniors was the occasion of a second victory for M. de Civry, but a more difficult one than the first. M. G. Hommey, who had a start of nearly 200 yards, having struggled courageously until within 30 yards of the goal. M. Salvator, with a start of 240 yards, took his place third, at a distance of 20 yards, being 10 yards in advance of M. Ch. Hommey, who had not accepted the start of 110 yards given him by the scratchman.

BORDEAUX RACES.

THE success of the second international meet, under the auspices of the Veloce-Club, of Bordeaux, was at least as great as that of the first meet. A quintuple row of spectators encircled

the tracks, and the benches were too small. The anticipations of the throng were exceeded rather than disappointed. It had been feared that the smart shower which fell just before the time appointed for the races might lessen the eagerness of the curious to present themselves at the track; but such was not the case. The population of Bordeaux attach strong interest to this sport, that has made so great progress in their city the past year. The track, which was 656 yards in circumference, was not very good, and the speed was accordingly inferior. But, notwithstanding drawbacks, the races were brilliant, as might have been predicted, seeing the array of such contestants as MM. Médinger (the successful contestant against Wood), de Civry, Ch. Terront, G. Pihan, and Krell.

The great surprise of the day, if it can, indeed, be called a surprise, was the triple victory of M. de Civry, not only over MM. Terront and Pihan, but equally over M. Médinger, who, we suspect, was not looking for these defeats, honorable as they were. We may be mistaken, but we are inclined to believe M. de Civry — as his former triumphs have gone to prove — superior, even, to M. Médinger.

M. Ch. Terront sustained his old reputation by pressing closely upon his redoubtable adversary up to the very goal. In the tricycle race, but for his accident, he would have been, if not foremost, at least very nearly so.

The prizes offered were $360 in value. There were offered, in addition, a gold chronometer and nine medals, one of the latter offered by the Gymnastic Society.

The International Bicycle Race; distance, nine miles. Seven starters. M. de Civry, Paris (1), 33m. 21s.; M. Ch. Terront, Paris (2); M. Médinger, Paris (3).

International Tricycle Race; distance, two and three-fourths miles. Six starters. M. de Civry (1), 12m. 32s.; MM. Ch. Terront and Médinger (2); M. Jiel (4). This race was sharply contested between Terront and de Civry. The former had the advantage until, on the eighth and last lap, the rubber on one of his tricycle wheels having loosened, he was obliged to dismount about two hundred yards from the goal. He remounted immediately, but was able to take only the third place.

Handicap Bicycle Race of Honor; three and three-fourths miles. M. de Civry (1), 13m. 4s.; Médinger (2); Ch. Terront (3).

This race, which combined anew the four Parisian racers, was brilliantly won by 10 feet, by M. de Civry, whose third was saluted with the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

BOOK NOTICES.

Recollections of My Youth.[1]

A VERY lively interest attaches to the earlier chapters of this book, in which the author describes his childhood in Brittany, that land so antiquated in life and thought, so full of legend, and so little known to modern travellers. They contain a most fascinating sketch of his mother, gay, witty, shrewd and full of tact, warm-hearted, and with an inimitable gift for story-telling. Many of her original tales are here repeated, and many of his recollections of persons and experiences rehearsed. An interest no less strong, but of a wholly different nature, arises from the chapters which describe his departure from his old Breton masters for the ecclesiastical schools of Paris. His whole mental history, his progress from most absolute faith in the Romish church, through Protestantism, to thorough rationalism, is laid completely open. However one may lack sympathy, he cannot fail to be soothed to attention by the unfailing suavity of the writer, and to be drawn to respect by his absolute freedom from self-interest. However he may differ from his clerical educators in faith, he claims to be in character and temperament what they have made him. Their moral teaching he sums up in the four virtues of disinterestedness or poverty, modesty, politeness, and strict morality; and then proceeds to analyze his conduct under those four heads. This process is one of the most striking things in the book, and is very full of instruction. The first principle he justly claims to have practised most faithfully. He was always a mere child in worldly affairs. It had never occurred to him that any money could be made by his writings until some one sought him, offering to publish them in collected form. An arrangement which seemed wonderfully liberal to him proved to be in reality a fine speculation for his publisher. The rule of his old teachers on the score of modesty was never to speak of one's self either in praise or depreciation, and he naively excuses himself for throwing away all claim to that virtue by asserting his possession of it, as he does at considerable length. He lays claim to more of politeness, however, than of modesty, asserting that in the practise of this priestly grace he has even forfeited his candor,

[1] By Ernest Rénan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

seeking in conversation rather to feel what his companion felt, and to anticipate him in expressing it, than to utter truthfully his own thought. He claims politeness as a truly French virtue. Just here we must quote a few sentences which would scarcely be appreciated by our travelling public: "When one feels one's self being pushed by people who want to get in front of one, the proper thing to do is to draw back with a gesture tantamount to saying: 'Do not let me prevent your passing.' But it is very certain that any one who adhered to this rule in an omnibus would be the victim of his own deference. In travelling by rail, how few people seem to see that in trying to force their way before others on the platform, in order to secure the best seats, they are guilty of gross discourtesy." He confesses that owing to the strength of his feeling on these points, and the rude reception given to his delicacy, he has long since given up taking an omnibus, and in travelling by rail invariably has the very worst seat.

One thing in him that is strikingly different from most men is, as he says, "I have never given much encouragement to friendship." Friendship, as it is usually understood, is, he says, a blunder and an injustice. It consists in having one's eyes open to the good qualities of one person only, and blind to those of others who are perhaps far more deserving. In a better world he believes there would be no friendship. It is a slight upon good fellowship in general to attach one's self especially to an individual, and must warp a man's judgment and fetter his independence.

The inimitably clear and finished style of Rénan must suffer somewhat in translation. There are even, we regret to see, a few inelegances and errors of English expression.

Ole Bull: A Memoir.[1]

MRS. BULL has given us an admirable delineation of her husband's career and qualities of manhood and genius. He is not to be viewed and judged in accordance with rules, or to be accounted for by any course of school-training. His was the music of natural emotion and inspiration. No other violinist has been capable of doing such wonders, unless, perhaps, we except Paganini. His very physical conformation and development, his mighty chest, long and flexible arms and hands, delicacy of touch and extreme agility of motion, enabled him to accomplish passages of such length and difficulty that admiration would have been lost in amazement but for the flood of deep and passionate feeling that swept his hearers away. He is said to be the only violinist who has ever played four distinct and continuous parts at once. And if one of his strings should snap, the mishap could not even for an instant slacken the flow of sweet sounds, but, transposing or even extemporizing, he would continue as if undisturbed. He imbibed the highest rules of art unconsciously by his intercourse with artists and his familiarity with the finest music; but of conventional training under masters he had none. He wandered for a time in poverty and lonely adventure, waiting for success; but when it once came it was overwhelming, and never deserted him during his life. The whole world was swayed by his power.

There is no direct analysis given either of his personal qualities or of his art. Of the former we are given to judge by many incidents and letters of his own writing, and in regard to the latter, are quoted critiques by Mrs. Child, G. N. Curtis, and others. Many letters addressed to him by distinguished persons, and of great interest, are here reproduced; and also many tributes from poets, musicians, and friends of all ranks.

Appended to the volume is a paper, by Dr. A. B. Crosby, on the anatomy of Ole Bull, his pose and method of holding the violin. This must be of special interest to violinists.

[1] By Sara C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Eugène Fromentin.[1]

THE style of the biographer is stately and forcible, and at the same time vividly interesting. It loses nothing, moreover, in the translation, which is remarkably finished and excellent.

The volume is very elegant in appearance, a large octavo of nearly three hundred pages, illustrated by many engravings of Fromentin's sketches.

Americans will be glad to be introduced to another French painter of most interesting qualities, heretofore little known to us. He was a *genre* painter, of superior gifts. His colors are brilliant, pure, and boldly juxtaposed. He became a harmonist, strongly resembling Corot in his use of grays. He had wonderful skill in the management of light and tone, giving with truth all the effects of time of day, season, and climate. He was too keen an observer to omit careful reproduction of detail, and yet always studied a noble breadth and harmony of effect.

As a writer he was distinguished by the same accuracy of observation, the same picturesqueness and vivacity of style that marked his work with crayon and brush. He showed vigor, delicacy, and precision of thought. As a writer of pure prose he is ranked with George Sand, Théophile Gautier, Merimée, and Rénan. His first work of note is entitled, "A Summer in the Sahara." The critics — and foremost among them George Sand and Sainte-Beuve — spared him no praise. His literary fortune was assured, and from that moment dated a lively sympathy between Fromentin and his illustrious critics. Other works fully analyzed and criticized in this volume are the "Sahel" and "Old Masters of Belgium and Holland." Letters of great interest and literary value between Fromentin and George Sand are given, as well as other letters of the artist and unpublished fragments. The Isle

[1] Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer. By M. Louis Gonse. Translated by Mary Caroline Robbins. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

of Ré, here printed, is a perfect exponent of the peculiar beauties of his work.

But little information is given us of his life, which was uneventful, and of his character, which was of extreme sensitiveness and reserve. George Sand wrote of him: "His face is startlingly expressive; his eyes magnificent. His conversation, like his painting and writing, is brilliant and strong, solid, pregnant, and full of color. . . . His life, like his mind, is a model of delicacy, taste, perseverance, and distinction." His portrait gives us a face full of spirit and refinement. He died at the age of fifty-six, when his merits as painter and writer were about to procure him an election to the Academy.

Reveries of a Bachelor and Seven Stories.[1]

HERE we have two charming old friends in a fresh dress, and with their own youth unfaded. There are four of the Reveries, and running through each is a thread of fancied experience of hope, disappointment, love, joy, and sorrow. The phantom persons grow real before us, and the tender pathos with which their stories are told wins our heart and stirs our sympathies. The bachelor falls into these waking dreams over his fire in country and city. His first creations are shadowy and changing in their persons, but most real and moving in their loves and emotions. The writer asks, "What matters it, pray, if, literally, there was no wife, and no dead child, and no coffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling; and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thronging on my brain, bringing their own sorrows, and their own joys, as living as anything human can be living?" The third Revery is over his cigar, which draws forth from him a series of reflections such "as would do your heart good to listen to." "About Love, which is easy enough lighted, but wants constancy to keep it in a glow. Or about Matrimony, which has a great deal of fire in the beginning, but it is a fire that consumes all that feeds the blaze. Or about Life, which, at the first, is fresh and odorous, but ends shortly in a withered cinder, fit only for the ground." He lights his cigar with a living coal, and compares "the first taste of the new smoke and the fragrant leaf" to first love, and wanders on through all the pictured details of a sweet, boyish romance. But the flame dies out and must be rekindled, this time with a wisp of paper, and thus his heart is warmed again to friendship, and then to love, no longer hot, and without a thought of self or the world, but a love that must yield to lack of dividends, and lose its grief and its hopes in the roar of the world about, and the struggle of life, to die out wholly at last with the light of his cigar. But he vows he will light it again, and this time with a match, — all that is left to him, — and a capital match it proves to be, with a "splendid woman," an elegant woman, who brings him wealth, and knows how to "sustain the dignity of her position." But her tenderness and her smiles, and her joyful welcome, are never for him; his heart starves and faints utterly. The flame is wholly dead and its material consumed. The last Revery is one of the open air in the meadow, where he lies and dreams under an oak. The morning brings him memories of childhood and youth; with noon come pictures of the present, brief and full of events, while at evening he takes a long look into his future, — a great, dim land, where he loves to wander. The last is the best of all, and the most real.

The Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic, are a collection of stories of foreign life most exquisitely told. We mark especially in them the minuteness and vividness of descriptions of scenes and persons. Many pictures are drawn here with the pen as lovely and as true in all their shading and atmosphere as the work of a painter. These volumes are to be followed by seven or eight others by the same author, some of which have not been previously published.

[1] By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons.

Prose Masterpieces.[1]

EACH of these essays is given without abridgment, and they are grouped with reference to subject and for convenience in comparing views. The first volume contains Froude's "Science of History," a masterly critical discussion of the philosophy of Buckle, followed by "Race and Language," by Edward A. Freeman, and Gladstone's "Kin Beyond Sea," originally published in the *North American Review*. Then come papers by John Henry Newman on "Private Judgment," and by Leslie Stephen "An Apology for Plain-speaking." There are six essays in the second volume: Arthur Helps, "On the Art of Living with Others"; "My Winter Garden," by Charles Kingsley, whose poetic philosophy of every-day and monotonous things reminds us of that of Xavier de Maistre, with the advantage of being rural instead of urban. Kingsley's letter is followed by an address on "Work," by John Ruskin, delivered before the Working Men's Institute; James Russell Lowell, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and essays on History by Carlyle and Macaulay. In the third volume are Washington Irving's "Mutability of Literature," and Leigh Hunt's "World of Books," Charles Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies," and De Quincey's "Conversation"; "Petition of the Thugs for Toleration," by Landor, "The Benefits of Parliament," also by Landor, and "Fallacies of Anti-Reformers," by Sidney Smith; "Nil Nisi Bonum," by Thackeray, and "Compensation," by Emerson; "Sweetness and Light," by Matthew Arnold, and John Morley, "On Popular Culture." Any words in regard to either writers or essays would be superfluous. We have only to commend the discrimi-

[1] Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

nating taste that made the selections, as well as the very elegant and convenient form in which they are presented.

Tennyson's Princess.[1]

TENNYSON'S "Princess," illustrated, is certainly one of the finest holiday books of the season, and is probably the very finest book of that particular kind ever gotten up. It is similar in size, binding, paper, and general make-up to "The Lady of the Lake" of last year, and "Lucile" of the year before; but it far surpasses both of these in excellence of illustrations. We feel no hesitation in saying that we have never seen a finer example of the perfection to which wood engraving has been brought. As to the work of the artists, it is, most of it, of the very best. Perhaps the finest work in the book is by Frederick Dielman. There is probably not an artist in the country who could have done better the work assigned to him. Frost's figures are rather artificial and expressionless, — a fault that prevails in most of his work. The numerous head and tail pieces, and the frontispieces to the various parts, add greatly to the beauty of the whole. Great credit is due to Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who superintended the artistic part of the work.

The Invisible Lodge.[2]

WE gladly welcome another of Jean Paul's shadowy romances. It is not the slight and often-broken thread of slowly moving narrative that chains our mind, nor our absorption in the unreal and dreamlike personages that pass before our eyes. These things are charming, but the other things that interpose and draw away our thoughts are still more so. What delicious whimsical humor and satire! What deep philosophy and morality! And, most of all, we love his warmth of heart.

The many obscurities that puzzle us are not the fault of the translator, whose work is truly scholarly and appreciative. The Germans have made for themselves a dictionary of the strange words and obscure phrases and figures occurring in Richter's works.

This romance was published when the author was twenty-nine years old, and contains much of his own biography. It was the first of his works that he felt to be well paid, and he had the joy of bestowing the proceeds upon his poor old mother.

Of the Imitation of Christ.[3]

THIS little book of devotion and religious instruction, that for four centuries has been used by all followers of Christ, of whatever creed or nationality, is newly issued in a very appropriate and attractive form. The translation is the latest revision, and the text is profusely ornamented with quaint emblematic head and tail-pieces and odd devices of all sorts.

The Storied Sea.[1]

A DAINTY little volume of bright, familiar sketches of the Mediterranean, Tunis, Carthage, Smyrna, and of the incidents and companions of the voyage of the writer. These chapters are so interesting and gracefully written that there is no need of the half-apology at the beginning for writing of anything so old as the Mediterranean. They are professedly penned for the recreation of the eighty thousand schoolteachers of our land, "that noble army of martyrs"; but they must share their blessings with other toilers, who welcome a glimpse into scenes apart from their daily life. The brigand story of Ajaccio, the chapters of the Light of the Harem, and the exquisite glimpses of the American Girl, are among the pleasantest things in the book.

The American Girl's Home-Book of Work and Play.[2]

THE first part of this book contains directions for all imaginable sorts of in-door amusements; rainy-day amusements for younger children, and directions for constructing home-made toys for them; games, old-fashioned and new, for children's parties; forfeits, very pretty song-plays and tricks that would delight a party of children of a larger growth; home entertainments, with full directions and descriptions of "properties" required; ballads and poems illustrated by action, — such as "Auld Robin Gray," "Villikins and his Dinah," "Jack and the Beanstalk," etc., being given in full with directions for action; ending with Halloween and other amusements.

The second part is devoted to out-door employments, and contains instruction in the laws of lawn-tennis, archery, croquet, lawn billiards, etc. There are also full directions for learning to swim, and various precautions suggested against accidents in the water. There is one chapter on the making of small entomological collections, and another on aquariums, walking-clubs, and camping-out; the culture of small fruits, the rearing of poultry, care of an apiary and floriculture are thoroughly discussed. There are directions for various kinds of fancy-work. In fact, almost any girl could find work and play enough in the pages of this book to fill her girlhood hours. The directions are, in all cases, admirably simple and easily understood. Everything said is to be trusted as being the result of experience and conscientious study.

[1] The Princess. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] The Invisible Lodge. From the German of J. P. F. Richter, by Charles T. Brooks. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[3] Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

[1] By Susan E. Wallace. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

[2] The American Girl's Home Book. By Helen Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Our Young Folks. Whys and Wherefores.[1]

THIS is a very beautiful juvenile, with a bright and tasteful cover, profusely illustrated, and clearly printed in large type, on fine, thick paper. Little Annie, whose whys and wherefores fill the book, reminds us of Rollo in the books of our own childhood. Her questions are answered by grandfather, mother, engineer brother, and sea-captain father. They relate to physiology, meteorology, and even psychology. A chapter on the stomach is called "The Sensitive Cook," and that fastidious organ is described by the old story of Vatel, the cook of Louis XIV., who, unable to sustain the double mortification of knowing that two tables of an evening banquet had lacked roast beef, and that there would not be fish enough for breakfast, ran himself through with a sword. Many of the illustrations are French, as is the story also in its origin.

A Year of Sunshine.[2]

WE are glad to see this collection of cheerful extracts put into a more permanent form. They are of prose and poetry, ancient and modern, drawn from every source, the newspapers as well as classic writers, and are full of brightness, wit, and encouragement. Each day of the year has it page in the volume. The pages are red-lined, and the book has red edges. With these cheery reflections before us it would be difficult to be gloomy and despondent, or to see the dark side of any matter.

Work for Women.[3]

MR. MANSON has done valuable service to women seeking employment. He has answered, as far as possible, in regard to employments suited to her, such questions as, "Is there a good chance to get work? How long will it take to make myself competent? Are there many in the business? How much do they earn? How hard will I have to work? Are there any objections against entering this employment? If so, what are they?"

Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.[4]

"John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."

THIS little book of Susan Anna Brown is in form like her "Book of Forty Puddings." The stanza quoted above is on the illustrated cover, and evidently has given the book its title. The "Frugalities" are two hundred ways of using remnants of food. It is strange, and to be regretted, that in the skilful and economical use of food our American women allow themselves to be so notoriously excelled by older and poorer countries. It is the aim of this book to suggest remedies for the fact.

Mexico and the Mexicans[1]

Is a most delightful book about that very interesting country, a land that is just now of more than ordinary interest to us, owing to the important railroad and other projects carried on there at present by capitalists of our country. The author has given us a very clear and interesting account of the country as it appeared to him, and has done it in a simple, straightforward way. The book itself is gratifying to the eye, with its superfine paper, large clear type, and wide margins. The half dozen or more illustrations are of a very ordinary kind.

The Hoosier School Boy.[2]

THE sage-green cover of this pretty book is embellished with a picture of the studious infant, Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Risdale, with his large head and reed-like legs, who is a prominent and interesting character of the story, not the Hoosier school-boy himself, but sheltered from many a rudeness by his generous protection. Jack Dudley, the real hero, is an honest chivalrous fellow, brought up by a father for whom he never dares to express half his admiration, and by a lovely, gentle mother, who is now a widow with no means, but an old debt owed her by a Mr. Gray, whose property all belongs to his wife. Any boy will follow this Jack with unfailing interest through all his school experiences with the bully, "King Prince," and his cowardly dependents; with the cruel old master, who frightens poor little Columbus Andsoforth into a brain fever by an attempt to flog out of the baby the knowledge of who put gunpowder into the stove; with "ghosts" in the log-cabin, on the banks of the Ohio, where Jack kept "bach" with another boy, and went to the Port William Academy; when he ran the successful race to register his claim on a piece of land discovered to be owned in Mr. Gray's own name, before a boy hired by Mr. G. to run to the county clerk's office in competition with Jack, should be able to register a mortgage on that same piece of land; and through many another conflict and adventure. It is as healthful a story as it is interesting. Unless we feel differently from other boys, many of Jack's games will be tried and played by the school-boys that read his story. Edward Eggleston's pictures of Western life and character are as truthful and as overflowing with humor in this story as in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," or "Roxy."

[1] Whys and Wherefores. A Story. By Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[2] A Year of Sunshine. By Kate Sanborn. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

[3] By George J. Manson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[4] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] Mexico and the Mexicans; or, Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1883. By Howard Conkling. With illustrations. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill, & Co.

[2] The Hoosier School Boy. By Edward Eggleston. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

VOLUME I.

THE first volume of THE WHEELMAN, from October, 1882, to March, 1883, has just been issued, neatly bound in cloth, at the low price of $1.50. This forms by far the finest collection of 'cycling literature ever published. In this book of 480 pages will be found articles on all subjects connected with the wheel. Do you wish to know what can be done and has been done on a bicycle — to read the experiences and reminiscences of wheelmen? In this volume are numerous articles which will give you the desired information: "Over the Alps by Bicycle"; "From Land's End to John O'Groat's,"—a run through England and Scotland; "A Vacation Trip,"—an illustrated sketch of a trip through Wisconsin and Illinois; "A Bicycle Tour over the Rocky Mountains, from Laramie City, Wyoming, to Loveland, Colorado,"—a description of the first ride over the "Rockies," up the mountain for twenty miles, and then the thrilling coast down the opposite side into Colorado; "A Wheel Around the Hub,"—a superbly illustrated article, descriptive of a run of two days through some of the most charming scenes in Eastern Massachusetts; "Four Hundred Miles," through New York and Pennsylvania; "East Long Island"; "All-Day Club Runs,"—giving accounts of the famous runs of 1882, which covered over one hundred miles; "'Cycling in France"; "The Wheel in Canada." These articles, and many more of the same character which the volume contains, will show what *use* can be made of a bicycle, what pleasure can be derived from it.

Do you wish to know the physical effects of bicycling — the great benefit to health to be obtained by this form of exercise? We have but to refer you to the volume spoken of to read the opinions of physicians and others on this point: "The Wheel as a Gymnasium"; "Thoughts on the Hygiene of the Wheel"; "Physical Culture for Ministers," by a clergyman who knows of what he speaks; "Some Laws of Muscularity." Do you desire to learn of that great fraternity of wheelmen, "The League of American Wheelmen," three thousand men bound together to protect the interests of their favorite sport? THE WHEELMAN will tell you: "The League Meet at Chicago," written and illustrated by prominent wheelmen; "What of the League," by Chas. E. Pratt, the founder and first president of the League. In this volume will be found general articles, dealing with the subject of 'cycling from the various standpoints that naturally present themselves. "The Uses of the Bicycle" treats of the manufacture, physical development, social and moral influences, clubs, political influence, and the 'cycling press. Are you seeking information about the tricycle? Here is an abundance of tricycling articles: "From John O'Groat's to Land's End on a Tricycle"; "Tricycling in Relation to Health"; "Tricycle Riding"; "The Ideal Tricycle," etc., etc. Besides all this, the first volume of THE WHEELMAN contains many entertaining sketches and stories. We can only mention a few: "The Club Christening," "The True History of that Club Run," "The Bicycle Club attend a Sewing Circle,"—a series of charming, humorous sketches by President Bates; "Bicycling Yarns," by C. A. Hazlett; "Echoes and Shadows,"—a delightful illustrated paper, full of quiet fancy and pleasant reminiscence, by Chas. E. Pratt; "Deacon Noah's Vision"; "Huldah's Romance"; "A Race for Life"; "On Both Sides the Sea"; "A Race for a Ribbon." Two serials also begin in this volume, "A Flying Dutchman" and "A Shadow Love,"—both bright, entertaining pieces of fiction. The poetry is of a high order, and is equal to any of our best magazine verse. "A Lament," "'Cycle and I," both beautifully illustrated; "A Midnight Ride" and "A Midwinter Reverie," by S. Conant Foster; "The Poet Wheelman"; "Love on Wheels," and "Song," are the most genuine examples of 'cycling poetry ever published. There are over seventy-five engravings in this book, forming the finest collection of 'cycling illustrations ever printed.

If you are not a rider, this volume will furnish you with entertaining reading upon a subject with which you are unacquainted; if you are a beginner, here are the opinions and experiences of old wheelmen; if you are a veteran yourself, you may in this book read the thoughts of your fellows and find enjoyment for many an hour when not upon the wheel. The price, $1.50, can hardly be an obstacle in the way of any one.

VOLUME II.

The Second Volume of THE WHEELMAN is now ready. It is similar in size and binding to the first volume. It contains articles for all classes of readers. PEDALLING ON THE PISCATAQUA; A SUMMER RAMBLE AMONG THE BLACK HILLS; A 'CYCLE OF THE SEASON; A HISTORY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CLUB; THE BICYCLE IN PHILADELPHIA; A TOUR TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE, and A DAY IN ANDOVER are among the superbly illustrated articles.

There are, besides these, Sketches and Histories of Clubs, descriptions of Tours and Runs, Stories and Poems in endless variety, and from the pens of writers of ability and note.

It is accompanied by a very complete and admirably arranged index for Volumes One and Two, which reveals at a glance the wealth of information contained in them. The index will be sent to any one upon application.

If you are not a rider, this volume will furnish you with entertaining reading upon a subject with which you are unacquainted; if you are a beginner, here are the opinions and experiences of old wheelmen; if you are a veteran yourself, you may in this book read the thoughts of your fellows and find enjoyment for many an hour when not upon the wheel.

Subscribers, whose magazines have untrimmed edges and are in good condition, can, if they wish, exchange them for the bound volume, by paying 75 cents extra and postage one way.

Volume One can be had on the same terms. THE SEPARATE NUMBERS OF VOLUME TWO WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED FOR BOUND VOLUME ONE.

The price of each volume is $1.50, post paid.

Remit by draft, P. O. Order, or registered letter.

THE WHEELMAN CO.,

608 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.