

Incidents in the
Course of a
Long Cycling Career

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S. Dawson



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BY

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Club).*

Incidents in the Course of a Long Cycling Career.

Having been informed by friends on occasions when cycling matters have been the subject, that the interesting tours I have made have been a source of pleasure to the hearers, I thought I would attempt, in some humble way, to record the many incidents that have occurred in my many rambles during the twenty-seven years I have been cycling.

My first experience as a cyclist was about the year 1874 or 1875, when I used to have the pleasure of a ride on a home-made tricycle, made by the village blacksmith for himself and sons. Of course, in those days everything was solid iron or steel, with no tubing as at present. The consequence was that this particular machine, made for two riders sitting face to face, weighed something like five and a half hundredweights. It was worked by hand with levers as well as pedals by the feet, and had no rubber or pneumatic tyres, but the plain iron, and to show the

little idea they then had in cycling matters, the two seats for the riders were exactly similar to the perforated cast iron seats now used for mowing and other machines. The seats alone must have weighed not far short of a quarter of a hundredweight each. But, nevertheless, we had some very good rides of from five to ten miles, and many amusing incidents, as when the hind wheel used to come off some miles from home. Of course we always landed home dripping with perspiration, the result of our hard work.

A friend of mine bought in the year 1876 a Spider Velocipede which was the high ordinary, a fifty inch wheel and a sixteen or eighteen inch back wheel. I bought this machine from him at the latter end of 1878 and brought it to Lancaster in July, 1879. Everything about it was solid steel and, although it looked in appearance very light, it weighed fifty-six pounds. I would like to here mention that the width of the handle bars of this machine was either twelve or fourteen inches and the roads in those days being in very bad condition, full of ruts, when you got into the track made by the horse you dare not attempt to cross the wheel ruts or you would "come a cropper." Experience taught that to widen the handle bar was a preventative from falling, giving one more control of the machine, and by two inches at a time it finally ended with the width at thirty inches. After the handle bar had reached the width of twenty-four inches I rode eight years without a fall, previous to that of course I

had a great many spills, on one occasion killing a dog that sprang from beneath a standing wagonette as I passed.

It was common enough in the early days of these machines to turn a complete somersault before landing on the ground. I am sure that had it commenced with the handle bar anywhere between twenty-four to thirty inches in width there would have been a dozen riders where there was one, as the risk of falling would have been considerably reduced. This machine accompanied one of the first attempts to put rubber tyres on the rim, although I was shewn in Shellaleigh, in Ireland, in 1877, a bicycle with rubber tyres on a wooden wheel, that was said to have been built in 1863.

This machine of mine had a perfectly flat rim, and the rubber tyre was the half of a solid tyre (an old solid would make two), and was pasted on to the flat surface of the rim. We had no good solution in those days, and all kinds of concoctions were tried to make a good solution by each rider, but all to no purpose, as nearly every time you went out the tyre would come off when you got into a rut. However, shortly after, some inventive mind made the V rim, which was a great step forward by way of keeping the tyre on the rim, and from this it got to the U rim, which was of course the height of perfection in keeping the solid tyre on, as practically half the rubber was buried in the rim, and this has been the rim ever since and is similar to

that now used for the pneumatic tyres. These high machines were very pleasant to ride, keeping the rider high out of the dust and quite clean, not smothered in dust as now by the safetics, and when one comes to think some very good performances were done by very ordinary riders like myself, and having had the opportunity in recent years of trying these machines again I wonder how we did it. On an ordinary roadster weighing about forty-two pounds, with solid tyres, I won a local mile race on a bad track in three minutes eight seconds and ten miles in thirty-eight minutes, and did frequently over one hundred miles per day, as you will see by my tours further on in this book. These high bicycles were altogether a treat to ride in those days, and as I have previously remarked, after the handle bar was widened to thirty inches one very rarely had a fall. Previous to this the falls were very numerous, and many are the stories I could relate of the little mishaps through these falls. The very first ride to Kendal from Lancaster was a series of accidents, as the roads were slippery and greasy and we had as yet not learnt that such roads were very dangerous, but this we soon found out from experience and hard knocks. On returning from Kendal and nearing Lancaster I made for the footpath, as we used to do in the earlier days, and, in passing a gateway leading into a field across the footpath, the machine gave a lurch and threw me completely over the handlebars and on my hands and knees, while the bicycle followed me up and struck me a tremendous blow on

the head with the backbone, which, of course, caused me to require the attention of the barber and the doctor to plaster up the wound. This was not the only fall on this journey by any means, but I had up to then escaped serious injury.

One other little story I will mention. I was on a tour and had arrived at Radcliffe, near Bury. Climbing a stiff hill I saw a man whom I had not seen for some years. He recognised me immediately and greeted me with the remark "How do you do, Mr. Dawson," and I replied "Very well, thank you." I had hardly finished the sentence when the back bone of the machine broke in two and I dropped to my feet with the handles of the machine in my hands. This was not the first time the back bone had broken with me as altogether I had the back bone broken of the Ordinary three times and the forks of the Safety also three times, once placing me in a very awkward predicament as I was nearing Paris, having gone from England *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, and it spoiled what had been up to then a most enjoyable ride from the North through London, Eastbourne, and Newhaven, to cross the Channel. It was with great difficulty that I was able to despatch the broken machine home and it took some hours to see it through and twelve and sixpence at the end of all my troubles. However, with all my little troubles, I do not think I have had as many during my thirty years' experience as some have in two years with their Motor Bicycles.

I mentioned riding on the footpath early in these notes. Now in the late seventies and early eighties there were not many riders, and we habitually took the footpath anywhere when clear of the towns, as I have previously said the roads were very bad then. It was no uncommon thing to be out in the country and for the policeman to stand aside in the gateway while we passed, who would be the only man probably that day to call us by our right name, with the remark, "good morning" or "afternoon, gentlemen," and allow us to pass on unheeded. But, alas, this privilege did not last long, for, as the riders got more numerous, the policemen made a raid on us and blocked all the roads on a certain night. The authorities were in hiding in gateways and pounced upon us on the different highways as we came up. Now I thought this was rather hard lines, as they had not given us the slightest warning, and they had up to then allowed us to use the footpaths at will in the country.

However, I was one of five who had the honour (if honour I may call it) of being the first to be "brought up" for this offence. However, the gentlemen on the bench were very kind to us, and at once said they would not degrade us by putting us in the dock, and called us to the solicitors' table. I may say that a Lancaster gentleman, for many years a town councillor, appeared for us gratuitously, and after a little friendly lecture and a promise from us not to offend again, we were "let off" by paying the

highway fee, which was two shillings and sixpence for Morecambe road and six shillings and sixpence for Slyne road.

We were not the only people riding the footpath at that time. As two friends and I were walking up from Killarney Lake early one morning we were startled by the ringing of bells, and on turning round we were surprised to see three policemen on bicycles riding on the footpath, and we "took off" into the road to allow them to pass. There are one or two other matters I may mention where I came in contact with the authorities of the law. I was walking down in South Lancashire on a very badly-paved road with a splendid cinder footpath alongside when I came across two policemen in the road, and one of them said, "Come, get on." I said, "What, on a road like this." "No," he said, "on there," pointing to the good footpath. Of course, I did not want telling twice, and I was away at once.

I had been out for a ride one morning with a friend and on returning we came into the town by different streets. As I wished to see my friend again before we departed to our homes, which lay in different directions, I waited at a certain spot intending to make arrangements with him to go to Blackpool the next day. I stood there in the middle of the road. The street at the time was crowded, owing to the fact that it was Good Friday and the Churches all leaving. Presently up he came, riding rather recklessly, and narrowly escaped knocking a

gentleman down who had been repeatedly crossing the street to speak to first one and then another of his friends. Both were in my opinion to blame. When he dismounted, before making the arrangements for the morrow, I rebuked him for his recklessness. Whilst doing so, a certain man in blue came and with a great amount of show and authority, probably to impress the many onlookers, ordered us to "move on." Of course I did no such thing as I had a right to stay a reasonable time with my friend and would probably have been gone then had he not been anxious to soar high in the eyes of those passing, but he had made a mistake. I simply told him to go about his business as instead of making a man of himself he was making an ass of himself. He, however, laid hands on my machine and threatened to lock me up, but I shook him off and defied him to take me to the Station. He evidently thought better and went away leaving me to finish my business "a sadder but wiser man." The crowd was immensely tickled with the incident.

With a few other things such as giving our names for not having our lamps lighted three minutes after the lighting-up time (although quite light), and being stopped while being towed by my son behind his Motor, expecting that he was doing this without having a trailer license, the policeman, however, being disappointed owing to our not having had the pleasure of a motor car to allow us to drive furiously, I have escaped fairly well the meshes of the law.

I have always regretted parting with the Ordinary bicycle I brought into Lancaster in July, 1879, as when I visited the Paris Exhibition in 1900 (having cycled there) they were shewing the different grades of cycles for the past hundred years, and as I explained to them the one I possessed in 1879, which I sold to our local cycle maker for nine shillings, was missing. It most certainly would have been a curiosity to-day, and I have always regretted parting with it. I wonder how many different grades of cycles I have possessed. There was the "Spider" I mentioned, the "Singer," The Coventry Machinists Co.'s "Club," several "Premiers," two "Raglans," and several others I forget, and last, but not least, three "Royal Rimmons," made by our local maker, which have been, without doubt, the best of all for durability and appearance. The machine I ride at present is one of them, and, although I have ridden it five thousand miles it is frequently mistaken for a new one, and I have not yet had occasion to adjust the "Eadie" bearing.

At the latter end of 1879 I and a few others started the Vale of Lune Cycling Club. Twenty was our maximum number of members. We, of course, had all the high Ordinary bicycle, and our captain had one taller than the rest by four inches, being fifty-six inches in diameter. We adopted one style of uniform for all, even to stockings, which cost at that time seven shillings and sixpence and eight shillings and sixpence per pair. Our caps were

trimmed with silver lace and we wore silver badges, while our captain had gold lace and gold badges.

In those days prizes were given for the best show of a combined club, and I well remember we made a grand show at the Preston Guild of 1882, and many times on August Bank Holiday in the procession at the Annual North of England Meet at Harrogate.

We had our club runs and tours, and a road race from Lancaster to Hornby, the fastest time being thirty-three minutes—solid tyres, heavy machines, and bad roads—not a bad performance for the light pneumatic machine of to-day.

I really forget when this club became defunct, but I attended a meeting in 1887 to form the late Lancaster Cycling Club. We elected officers, and commenced to run out, Dr. R. J. Morris being our first captain, and myself sub-captain for a few months. Before the end of the year mentioned I was elected captain, and I have proudly held that office up to this year (nineteen years), which saw the end of the club.

We have had a most successful career, the result of good (very good) secretaries, and have had some most enjoyable runs all over the district within fifty miles, and have caused much amusement to the public and profit to the Infirmary by our fancy dress parades and sports. The interest has been kept up to the last this year, and now we have decided to

disband we are in a position to distribute a matter of over fifty pounds to local charities and other things.

At times we had some remarkable turn-outs, at one time one hundred and thirty-five, to visit our then esteemed President, Captain Garnett, of Wyreside. Musters of forty and fifty at ordinary Club runs were quite common, and most enjoyable were the Saturday afternoon runs at times. I would like to mention here that we had some splendid lady riders, as I have known a few of them to reach Windermere in three hours, Sedbergh in two hours and a quarter, and Blackpool in two hours and ten minutes, without any trouble. Mention of Blackpool reminds me that on August Bank Holiday I went to Blackpool for my sixtieth time from Lancaster. In the old days there was plenty of fun in finding the road—ask some who landed home at two and three o'clock in the morning. I never remember, but once, making a mistake, even in the darkest part of the night. On this occasion one of our party was compelled to climb a post and strike a match to see the finger post. A little later he came down with a bang on account of a friendly cow which was behind the hedge, and which was very much startled by the steeplejack and the light.

I have crossed the Moor to Clitheroe (once over the next range to Accrington) five times, and practically every Moor in the country and part of Ireland and Scotland, as my tours hereafter will

show. The runs to Morecambe will number something like two thousand, and altogether, from records I kept for years, I estimate that I have travelled something over eighty thousand miles on a bicycle.

I hope many others like myself have had the immense pleasure out of their cycles that I have had, but it has been mostly gained by early rising, as I have, without doubt, on scores of occasions ridden from fifty to sixty miles before breakfast. The strain is never felt as in the heat of the day, and at the same time affords one ample time for sight-seeing throughout the day. Some may think I have had nothing else to do but tour the country, but I think it would be hard to find a record like mine in the number of years I have been at business at six a.m. sharp. It has been done by means of early rising and on account of a love of the country, and through the desire to get a knowledge of it.

I much regret that my touring days, like those of the old Club, are over, but I shall never forget the many grand outings I have had and the friends who have accompanied me at times on these journeys and worked with me in Club life.

Such clubs have been of immense benefit to all cyclists, and, by appointing such splendid representatives to the N.C.U. as Mr. F. W. Smith and Mr. H. Armitstead, we and others have reaped much as the result of their labours. I sometimes think we ought

to have kept the Club on in order to continue sending with other Clubs such gentlemen as these to carry on the good work they have so ably done.

In the early eighties if you had occasion to take the train on account of being caught in the rain, the bicycle charge on the railway was always more than your own was, as you paid one shilling for twelve miles and an additional shilling for every twelve you entered upon.

Contrast the difference with to-day, one shilling for fifty with the privilege on some railways of breaking your journey and continuing with the same ticket till the fifty had been covered.

Better roads, universal lighting, and a host of other things have been done for the common good of all cyclists by organisation through such clubs as ours.

The friends one has made when touring and while out with the club runs are too numerous to mention, for I can call to mind friends in different parts of the country who have a kindly feeling towards many of us whom they have only met for a few days when out touring, as there never was any "stiffness" amongst cyclists when strangers met. I on one occasion went down to the Docks at Heysham early one morning to see the Irish boat come in, when I saw amongst the passengers what appeared to be a brother cyclist on tour. He seemed a little strange about the place, so I volunteered to give him

any information as to the route he wished to go. I found, in conversation, that he had left near Birmingham, cycled to Liverpool, crossed by boat to Dublin, cycled through Drogheda to Belfast, and had come to Heysham to get to Douglas, Isle of Man, earlier than he could from Belfast direct. He had one day to stay at Morecambe before proceeding to Douglas next day. I found from the conversation he was a stranger to our county town, and, as I believe that there is a full day's sight-seeing about, I volunteered to show him round, and made him my guest for the day. He was simply delighted with what he saw, and so pleased was he with the kindness shown him that he insisted on presenting me with a fishing outfit, but as I did not fish, to my surprise there came one morning a beautiful case of needles and other outfits for my "better half," which, I can assure you, she is very proud of. I could recall incidents like this which happened far away up in Scotland and other places.

During a long cycling career like this you, of course, see many remarkable events, especially if you happen to be touring with someone who always appears to have the worst of luck. It is a wonder some of my friends are living after the accidents they have experienced. Some have no fear; as for instance, when a friend and I were crossing London for the South Coast, at times I would lose sight of him to find him afterwards buried amongst the traffic with a hand on the side of some tram-car on the one side, and some other vehicle on the other.

I think I have omitted to mention that the L.C.C. attended the last Preston Guild in 1902, so that I have been fortunate in being able to attend two Guilds. May I do a third.

I will now proceed to relate a few remarkable events amongst many that have occurred on different runs when the Club has been out.

The old Vale of Lune Club had a run to Morecambe one night, and as we went down the weather was all right, but by and by a dense fog came on, and of the twenty-nine riders who made up the Club run only myself and another ventured to come back by road, the other twenty-seven coming home by rail at threepence for each and one shilling the "bike." Note the change to-day brought about by clubs organising themselves together. It was with the greatest difficulty we managed to get home, and more than once I had the greatest difficulty in persuading my companion to continue the journey, but when we arrived safely no one was prouder than he of the feat.

On another occasion I had been with two friends to the Lakes, and on approaching Burton on the return journey a dense fog came on, and with difficulty we managed to get to Burton. We agreed to stay until the moon rose to see if it would improve, and the landlord of the house where we stayed was kind enough to allow us to stay after he closed at eleven. At last we ventured on our

journey, and how we managed to cover the next four miles to Carnforth was a mystery, for we could not see the lighted lamp in the wheel. Carnforth reached, my two friends would not go any further—and one of them the captain—so I decided, having fought it so far, I would finish the journey, whilst my friends repaired to the Station Hotel for the night. I continued the journey, and at that time there was a toll bar on the road, which I was feeling for at times a quarter of a mile away. I eventually arrived safely, and put the fears of my friends and parents at rest for the time.

We, a portion of the L.C.C., had cycled to Grange one Saturday afternoon and had enjoyed a very pleasant run, and were about ready to return, when I suggested (seeing the Sands looked dry) that we might return across the bay (Morecambe Bay). Several were willing, but the majority (the cautious ones) would rather return the proper way. Now such a thing as the tide coming never entered my head, and, as others of the party more experienced than myself in these matters did not mention the tide, I looked upon the feat as a very simple matter.

We started and for a mile or so while the Sands were hard we made fairly good progress, but as we got nearer the middle we came on quick-sand and our progress became painfully slow as we could not ride, and every time we put our feet down we would sink up to the ankles.

Things seemed to be getting desperate, and when we had arrived at what appeared to be the middle, on looking on each side it certainly appeared as far from either shore as it had done before starting. There was nothing for it but to work hard and press on. By and by the salt-water had corroded the chains of our bicycles and they would not go round the cog wheels, with the result that some took them off while others lifted up the back wheel and propelled the bicycle on the front wheel. After four and a half hours desperate work we thankfully touched the shore and tried to make the machines suitable to carry us home. It was a very costly experience for those who crossed as the salt water rusted the wires of the pneumatic tyres and most, if not all, were compelled to have new outer covers.

I shudder at times to think of what might have happened had the tide come up while we were crossing, and I would not renew the experience for a big sum.

The others of the party had landed home some hours before us and had begun to have doubts as to whether we should manage to accomplish what was a most hazardous journey entered upon with excusable ignorance of the danger ahead.

I had been round Manchester, &c., and instead of returning to Lancaster by the usual route I thought I would have a change and return by Rochdale, Hebden Bridge, Halifax, and Bradford, for a half-day trip from that town to Morecambe. I had arrived at

Shelf, some few miles from Bradford, and when on the hill top a terrific snow storm came on. Having all down hill to travel, the pace became very fast, and I arrived at Bradford amidst brilliant sunshine, where there had been no snow whatever. Weighted with snow, and with the appearance of Father Christmas, as you will be aware, the people were very much struck with my appearance and could not for the life of them understand where I had come from, but before my train left they had an experience something similar, the snow falling mixed with rain, and it was amusing to hear my fellow trippers arranging as to how they would spend such a dreary afternoon when they arrived at Morecambe. But all these arrangements fell to the ground, as long before the train arrived at its destination the weather was as delightful as I found it when I arrived in Bradford earlier in the day.

I have passed through drizzling rain in some parts of the country to find not more than fifty miles further there had been skating a fortnight.

I will just mention one other remarkable feat ere I pass on to some other topic. We, the Club, had been on a run to Kirkby Lonsdale on a certain Saturday afternoon, when, whilst returning, we were met at Hornby by one of our members, named Dick, who was never happy unless cracking some joke or chaffing some of the more experienced riders. His first remark was "I should like to take it out of some of you cracks this afternoon," meaning to sprint, at

the same time knowing that he would not have much chance with the best of us. This and similar remarks were repeated as we came nearer home, when, at last, a very tempting straight length of road suggested the sprint wished for. The offer was accepted, and with a short start Dick bounded away at a terrific rate, the wind blowing a gale behind our backs. When I drew level with him I thought he would give in, but no, he only laughed and struggled the harder, with the result that we came to Denny Beck Hill. The pace down this hill was a "cracker." Being more experienced I commenced to make for the slight bend at the foot of the hill, and safely got round the same. Not so, my antagonist. He touched the grass at the road side, and at a bound he leapt the hedge as clean as the best hunter could have done sitting the bike when crossing the hedge as if riding. We measured the height, which was five feet three inches. Four or five persons who were walking up the hill at the same time were eye witnesses of the occurrence, and on going to his assistance, as they thought, were astonished to find he had not sustained the slightest injury, as he had landed well into a ploughed field, and was handing up his machine over the hedge for some kind friend to take it back to the road it had so suddenly left; but the poor bike was so bent that when we tried to straighten it, it broke in two.

The above do not by any means exhaust the wonderful feats I have seen accomplished accidentally on a bicycle, but they will do for the present.

I will now give you a few out of the many what I consider to be remarkable one-day and half-day rides.

Leaving Lancaster at noon on the Friday preceding Coronation Saturday, I proceeded by Kendal to Windermere, and on towards Ambleside, but instead of going into the village I cut down by the head of the Lake, and proceeded by way of Little Langdale, Great Langdale, Wrynose, and Hard Knott, over those majestic hills, to Boot, Gosforth, and Egremont, to Whitehaven (84 miles), where I arrived about nine p.m. As you will know, there was any amount of walking and climbing to be done, some of the hills being scaled by nothing better than a sheep track, covered with loose stones, and winding in the form of a staircase, or otherwise they would have been too steep to ascend. They do not give the mountain Hard Knott a wrong title, as the climb is very stiff, but for all the hard work, both walking and riding, it well repays one for all the trouble, as the grandeur of the hills and the loneliness of the place at times make you imagine that you have left the world altogether.

Leaving Whitehaven next morning (Coronation Day), I went by Workington, Cockermouth, and Bassenthwaite Lake to Keswick, Thirlmerc, and Ambleside, and through Kendal home, arriving about six p.m., and had been fortunate during the return journey to see the various decorations in the different towns I passed through in honour of the Coronation.

I would strongly advise fellow-cyclists to travel these hills. It well repays one for the exertion.

Another half-day run with some members of the Club was Lancaster to Settle, over Ribble Head to Hawes, on to Sedbergh, and back to Lancaster by Kirkby Lonsdale, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Distance, ninety miles.

A DAY TRIP TO LLANDUDNO.

I left Lancaster as the Town Hall Clock was striking the hour of four, with the morning as fresh and beautiful as it was possible to be. Through Preston, Burscough, Ormskirk, I arrived at Liverpool about eight-thirty, quite ready for a second breakfast, having had one previous to starting. After breakfast I crossed over to Birkenhead and on the Chester road nearing Chester, heard that a New Jubilee Bridge, Queen's Ferry, had been erected at Hawarden (the home of our celebrated statesman, W. E. Gladstone) across the Dee, shortening the journey to Wales. I crossed the bridge and turned for Flint.

I then decided to alter my course, to visit the famous Holywell. Arriving there just at the right time to see the "dipping," I paid the small sum of two-pence to see the performance which is the act of immersion in a well hewn out of the rock underneath a very old Catholic Church. If the crutches and sticks and various other things used by cripples are anything to go by, then the vast amount hanging about the place speaks of a large number of wonderful cures. I can quite understand a person not having

been able to walk, after being dipped in the well, suddenly commencing to walk, as the shock of the cold water must be very severe. I put my hand in, and was very much struck with the icy coldness of the water.

There is a story of an old lady who had been bed-ridden for many years and could not walk, but one day the house took fire, and the old lady jumped out of bed, to find she could walk like the others. Perhaps the sudden shock of the cold water has the same effect on some people as the fire had on the old lady, but whether or no, if they are cured of their bodily ailment, it does not matter how it comes about so long as it is permanent.

Leaving Holywell, well satisfied with my visit, I made tracks for Mold, and got dinner and a bath. Leaving here, I passed on to Wrexham, Ruaton, and Llangollen, the roads and the scenery from Wrexham to Llangollen being splendid on to Corwen and Bettws-y-Coed. Between the last two places there is rather a remarkable thing, viz., a road perfectly straight for three miles. This may not seem out of the way, but you will go a long way to find a parallel to it. Leaving Bettws-y-Coed, I proceeded to Llandudno, arriving about nine p.m., and having thoroughly enjoyed the long ride, about 170 miles, through some very fine scenery in the Welsh Valleys.

There was a trip from our County town to Llandudno that day, and I had previously arranged with a friend to get me a ticket and meet me at

Llandudno. Unfortunately, through circumstances over which he had no control, he did not go, but stayed at home and forgot to send me the ticket by some other person, so I was compelled to pay the ordinary fare to return.

I had perhaps better mention here what a quantity of fuel it requires to complete a journey like this, to keep one in good trim. Well, I consumed two breakfasts, one dinner, and two teas, along with eight glasses of milk with an egg in each, during the day. In my opinion, eggs and milk and boiled milk and bread are the right thing to assist you to accomplish a big performance like the one just related.

I went to the station for the return journey, which was fixed for ten p.m. Putting my bicycle in the van and asking the guard to take care of it, he remarked, "You can come in yourself and look after it, you will be a bit of company." Which I did. We started rather late, and all went well until Wigan was reached, when the guard left his van. On returning he said his driver had been complaining about some Welsh coal he had taken in at Llandudno. We resumed the journey, and passed through Preston without stopping.

Arriving at Broughton, the first station North of Preston, our driver pulled up and asked to be put into the siding to clean out his fire. After a delay of about an hour or more he gave the job up, saying "that he could not possibly get any air through the bars of the fire on account of the Welsh coal

soldering." During all this time he was being subjected to any amount of banter by the weary passengers, but all was taken in good spirit and another engine had to be sent for to Preston. Now, on account of the traffic this was a matter of some time, and, after a stay of some two or three hours, we continued our journey to Lancaster, arriving about four a.m., exactly twenty-four hours from leaving home the previous day, being none the worse for my singular adventure. Had I known that the delay would have been so long, I could have taken my cycle out of the van and come home from Broughton by road in much less time than we eventually did, but these little mishaps go to make up the details of a cycling tour.

Speaking of Broughton reminds me of a little matter that occurred one Saturday afternoon when returning from the Preston North End Football Match. I was coming leisurely across Moor Park, when I heard the savage ringing of a bell from behind for me to get out of the way of a would-be scorcher. Rushing past me was a fine young Scotchman, going for all he was worth. Immediately he passed me he commenced looking round to see if I was "hanging on." This was repeated so often, until I thought, "Well, I will have a spin." I gradually got up to his back wheel, and, as he turned towards Broughton, the chase continued for two or three miles. I had found out that I could pass him at will, so, after a time, I made for the front to make the pace hotter. As I drew away I heard a most hearty laugh, as if he

would roll off the machine. I eased up, and asked him if it was his intention to have left me if possible. He admitted at once that it was, "But," he said, "never again will I try to leave anyone; it is a lesson for me." We became good friends, and came home together as far as Garstang.

What I consider the best ride I ever did was a day trip to Bradford. It was in the middle of March, when lighting-up time was 7-15 p.m. I made up my mind to go and visit my wife, who was detained in Yorkshire by the illness of her mother. My bicycle, a solid tyred safety, had been laid by for the winter since the previous September, so that I had not had a ride for nearly six months. I left Lancaster early in the morning, and did not take my lamp as it was my intention to take the train due in Lancaster at 7-13, when it became dark, wherever I chanced to be. As anyone acquainted with the road knows the hills there are to climb are very stiff and long. However, I made good progress and arrived at my destination earlier than I expected. Starting back a little earlier than intended I got along so well that by six p.m. I arrived at Benthams, leaving fifteen miles to go with one hour and a quarter to spare before lighting-up time. I divested myself of my coat after getting a little refreshment, and made tracks for home, arriving two minutes after lighting-up time. The total distance travelled had been over one hundred and twenty miles, which I consider a very good performance, saying how hilly the roads are, and that I had not had a ride for six months. When I arrived home

I had tea and a wash, and meeting some friends went as far as Green Lane and back (seven miles) for a walk.

In the year 1882, a very young friend and I started on a tour to London. We were both mounted on the high ordinaries, with solid tyres and weighing about fifty pounds weight. All went well, *via* Preston and Wigan, until we were drawing into Warrington. A circus was leaving and my friend was so absorbed in watching the animals pass that he ran into my back wheel and came "a cropper." I was lucky enough to escape. On we went by Knutsford and Sandbach to Crewe, where my unfortunate friend had another rather nasty spill, which caused a delay of some hours. We left Crewe, and arrived at Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire, which we made our headquarters for the night. We left next morning by way of Stafford and Wolverhampton for Birmingham, where we stayed over Sunday. Monday being rather bad as regarded the weather, we were compelled to take the train part of the journey through Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol (visiting the great Clifton Suspension Bridge), and on to Bath.

Leaving very early next morning we made tracks for London *via* Newbury, Reading, and Windsor, visiting the Castle *en route*, and on to London where we arrived about eight p.m., having ridden about one hundred miles that day. We spent a few days in London, and returned home by train well satisfied by our first lengthy tour, the distance covered being well on to three hundred miles.

Having given you an idea of the many grand day's outings I have had, I will now give you a few of the various tours I have accomplished, so that anyone desiring to see these grand places can follow the route I took.

In 1887, the disturbed state of Ireland was causing a great sensation all over England and America. The wholesale evictions that were taking place every day under the most cruel circumstances had caused great interest to be taken in the struggles by every intelligent person. The consequence was that I, like many others, would go and see for myself. Accordingly, a friend and I left Lancaster by train for Holyhead *en route* for Dublin. Arriving at Bangor, in Wales, we broke our journey, and crossed the Straits by the Suspension Bridge, and went down to Beaumaris. Returning from Beaumaris to the Bridge, we decided to cross the Isle of Anglesey by road, which measured twenty-eight miles. The road was rather barren and not very interesting, being rather of a wild nature.

Arriving at Holyhead we sailed for Dublin, and commenced our tour of the country. We proceeded by way of Nass, Curragh, Kildaire, Monastraven, to Maryborough. On the way, at a place called Selbridge, there was to be a meeting, which, with many others, the Government had proclaimed against. The police tore the notices from the walls, and as fast as they did this, others, written by hand, were put up. The number of mounted police and soldiers was too

great to mention, and we had passed men, all armed with the shillalah, tramping to attend the meeting, for as far as fifteen to twenty miles.

The excitement was tremendous, and we found it impossible to get any tea. Being Englishmen, no one dared serve us with anything. We were told this kindly by some, but savagely by others. However, we were determined that this should not deter us from attending the meeting. As the time drew near for the meeting to start the crowd had assumed large dimensions, there being no less than three or four thousand Irishmen present.

The sight of these men gathered together was a revelation, their curious expressions brought about by their mode of solitary living and want of intelligence, added to the excited state they were in. I shall never forget it.

I have seen some similar meetings on a smaller scale down at Hambleton, in the Fylde, at the time when the Liberal agent was trying to bring the principles of Liberalism to the notice of the keen and numerous supporters of the Toryism that existed there at one time. They were not large meetings but they were very lively. I myself have heard the booing more than three miles away when going to the meetings.

However, the meeting in Ireland was allowed to proceed, and I think this was a very wise proceeding on the part of the police, as I am sure had they

attempted to stop it there would have been a terrible slaughter. As it was there were any amount of small fights among themselves and the threatening attitude of some of the men brandishing their sticks was very alarming to us.

We were at several similar gatherings and also witnessed several evictions, helpless people being thrown out of their miserable dwellings, almost naked, entrance in some cases having been made through the roof as the door was wedged from the inside, and sometimes by the trunk of a tree.

We continued our journey, and had arrived at Tipperary, when we were detained by the rain. I believe this was on a Thursday night, and as Mitchelstown was only twenty-one miles distant from here, we had intended making that our headquarters for that night. When we arrived next day (Friday) the great riot had taken place. We were very much disappointed to find we had missed such a scene as had only a few hours previously occurred.

We passed on to Mallow and Killarney, then *via* Glengariff and Bantry *via* the Prince of Wales route to Cork, returning from Cork to Dublin by train, and sailing from Dublin to Douglas, Isle of Man, by the old "Caledonian," a steamer plying between Dublin and Silloth, and calling at Douglas. We had a frightful passage, and it was some time ere we could get up to Douglas Head, the wind making it impossible to hear each other call out. Having at last got the gangway out, I had a very narrow escape of

losing my bicycle, as the lurching of the boat caused the gangway to come away from the shore, and I was compelled to run back and leave my bicycle in the centre of the suspended gangway. However, willing hands on shore, with the aid of a few ropes, restored it to its place, and all was well again, but it had been a very exciting moment.

For a few days we scoured the Isle of Man, and, let me say, that I do not know of a place anywhere that can beat some of the scenery here. Taking the road from Douglas over Snaefell, through Sulby Glen, and along that beautiful and picturesque road to Ramsey, returning by the coast route, *via* Laxey, to Douglas, a distance of just over forty miles, it is simply delightful, and many other routes are as good, though shorter.

Leaving Douglas for Fleetwood (there was no Heysham route then), we cycled home from Fleetwood, and arrived safely, having had a most enjoyable though exciting tour.

I have not given much information as regards what is to be seen in the Emerald Isle, as I will do this in an account of a tour which was taken two years later, and our time was much taken up with attending the various meetings. Since that time things seem to have calmed down considerably, and the attention drawn to the condition of things in Ireland has been the means of drawing thousands like myself to visit the country, and must no doubt have been the means of helping

the natives considerably financially, for I have myself visited the old country five times, and each time one or two friends accompanied me. May many more go, as I am sure they will be delighted with the kindness shown to all by the natives in their humble manner.

EXTRACT FROM THE "LANCASHIRE DAILY POST,"
MAY 11TH, 1895.

CHATS WITH CYCLISTS.

MR. S. DAWSON, LANCASTER.

There is no more popular cyclist in Lancaster than the genial Captain of the L.C.C., Mr. Sam. Dawson. The youngest tyro in the Club makes no apology for addressing him as "Sam" right off. He is just one of those pleasant folk to whom a familiar style of address is appropriate. He is an ideal Captain. He is not "faddy," but when on the road with the Club exercises such an influence that the most obstreperous is kept in order. He is very mindful of the reputation of the Club, and has so imbued the members with this feeling that no one, however zealous upon these matters, could fail to enjoy the Club runs.

Mr. Dawson did not need much asking for an interview. His heart is in cycling, and no pains are too great to him to evoke in others an interest in that which he has found a source of unspeakable pleasure. The L.C.C. Captain has now been riding seventeen successive seasons. While residing at Little Lever, near Bolton, where his father had the

Victoria Chemical Works, he began to ride a "bone-shaker" (four-wheeler) made by the village blacksmith for himself and sons. It was a tandem affair, and only weighed five and a half hundredweights. Riding on this tandem one night a wheel came off when the intrepid riders were some miles from home. They rode it notwithstanding, holding up the disabled axle, with a cord tied from each of their necks, in turns. The first machine he could call his own was a "Spider." The rims were then made as flat as cart wheels, and it was a case of cementing on a tyre every time a rider went out. They had not the valuable cements in those days that are now procurable, and many were the experiments among cyclists to get at something more satisfactory. Since that date the Captain has kept well abreast in the matter of machines, and has just parted with a helical tube Premier for a new Raglan built to a special design, a type which is becoming popular among "cracks" in Lancaster.

Though not claiming to be a racer, he has held a record in the way of wins. He got a Silver Cup at Morecambe in 1880, the competition being open to a ten mile radius, and also a third prize in an open three miles on the same day, and at different periods secured five third prizes. Racing machines were not very common then, and it was not unusual, as the subject of this interview did, to turn out with a roadster among racers. The Captain of the L.C.C. has gone in more for the cycling that yields pleasure and educational advantages. As far as limited leisure

would allow he has done a fair amount of touring. He has never had more than a week or nine days on wheels at a time, but has managed five tours in Ireland, besides tours in Wales, Scotland, and Yorkshire. One of his most extensive tours was on his old ordinary — Newcastle-under-Lyne, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol, Clifton (to visit the great Suspension Bridge), Bath, Newbury, Reading, and Windsor (going through the Castle) to London.

He rode on his favourite Ordinary at the Preston Guild, 1882, and has four or five times attended the North of England meet at Harrogate on Bank Holiday. Mr. Dawson experienced all the evolutions of the Ordinary, and during the last eight years of their existence, when wider handle bars came into vogue, he had never had a mishap of any kind. He had previously, however, enjoyed the sensation of dropping between the big wheel and the little 'un. In the way of touring Ireland has had special charms for Mr. Dawson. Before starting he always maps out the journey and arranges a time table which he insists upon his companions keeping. This is not an easy matter when one is foud of riding at four a.m. and the others prefer to begin five hours later.

In 1887 he would have had the pleasure, or otherwise, of being present at the Mitchelstown riots but for a shower of rain detaining the party at Tipperary, twenty-one miles distant from Mitchelstown. Two years later he went partly over the same

ground along with two other Lancastrians, one a camera man, leaving Dublin for Kildare, Maryborough (fifty miles), Tipperary, Mitchelstown, Malton (the birth-place of Mr. W. O'Brien), Killarney, Cork, and Youghall. The scenery in many parts of Ireland is past beating, especially in Wicklow County. The South is much finer than the North in the way of scenery. The travelling fares are very reasonable and the roads good, except when the weather is very broken. The great disadvantage to cyclists is the absence of milestones and guide posts. Mr. Dawson has often found himself miles, seemingly, from any habitation at points where four lanes met, destitute of sign posts. Hopeless of any discovery occurring by which he could direct himself, he has simply had to follow blind chance or wait.

Of incidents of travel Mr. Dawson could fill a book. He has witnessed many evictions. During the week of the Mitchelstown riots he and his friend were strolling along smoking by Phoenix Park, Dublin, after dark, when a Scots Highlander with bayonet fixed darted between them from a copse where he had been in ambush. I suggested to Mr. Dawson that the fellow was having a rough sort of a practical joke, but he did not see any joke about it. That was not the only time in Ireland he had known what it was for his hair to stand on end. Recognised as Englishmen, on another occasion two of them were threatened with the methods of moonlighters.

Policemen in Ireland not only ride the footpath when it is clear, but they ring their bells behind

the pedestrian and come at a pace that leaves him no option but to clear off.

One morning when Mr. Dawson and his friends were returning from a walk by Killarney Lake three policemen came up from behind in the manner described.

When touring, Mr. Dawson never thinks of returning by the outward route. He adopts the motto, "Find a road or make one." It might here be said that he found the roads round the coast very hilly as a rule, but flat inland. In Ireland he would have missed some of the finest scenery but for his persistency in this. Even when natives have told him that there was no cross country road he has pursued his inquiries, an old postman once supplying information which greatly assisted him.

Mr. Dawson has a weakness for hill climbing. There is nothing he likes better, I should say. He has ridden across High Cross Moor from Lancaster to Whitewell and Clitheroe four times. On December 30th last he started from home shortly before 10 a.m., rode over the hills to Clitheroe, and returned by Whalley, Blackburn New Road, and Preston, reaching home at 8 p.m.

He is fond of starting his long tours at 4 a.m. when the moon is waning—sixty miles before breakfast is no unusual journey. A piece of soap finds a place in his bag when touring, for a wash in a stream by the roadside is very refreshing.

He is almost enthusiastic when he speaks of the kindness of the Irish people. He and his friends had once stripped to wash at a roadside pump when a little toddle-kins, three years old, that could not speak as yet, came up from a house in the distance with towel and soap.

Mr. Dawson was a member of the Vale of Lune B.C., which was formed in 1879, and came to an end in 1882. For some years afterwards there was no Club, but the L.C.C. was formed in 1887, with Dr. R. J. Morris as Captain and Mr. Sam. as Sub-Captain. After a few months he became Captain, and has continued in office ever since. He has held the position so long that his friends cannot total the years; in fact, he has become to be regarded as "pater" as well as Captain. The Club has two hundred members, with a ladies' contingent daily increasing.

It was as the Vale of Lune B.C. that Lancaster cyclists were represented at the Preston Guild in 1882. They had all Ordinaries, but an "extraordinary" uniform. The members' costumes were bedizened with silver braid, with band to match, while the Captain had gold braid and gold badge. There are a few of the old B.C. riding yet, but the champion of those days—the Captain, Will. Stephenson—has never ridden since.

A YORKSHIRE TRIP.

Taking a four days' ticket to Leeds, I started to cycle from that town *via* Howden, Selby, and

Beverley to Hull, crossing the Humber to New Holland, and proceeding to Grimsby and Cleethorpes, the one noted for its immense fishing industry, the other being the very fashionable Lincolnshire watering place. I returned to New Holland, again crossing the Humber, to Hull. I proceeded by way of Beverley and Driffeld to Bridlington, the Yorkshire Blackpool. Continuing my journey I followed the Coast *via* Filey to Scarborough, and here I was fortunate enough to arrive on the very day in which great festivities were taking place, in honour of the Channel Fleet. The illuminations of the town and the searchlights of the men-of-war presented a magnificent sight. I spent the night here in this, the most fashionable of all watering-places. I left and crossed over a very rough moor of twenty-two miles in length to Driffeld and on to Beverley, through Market Weighton to York. After having a good look round the old-fashioned town, I continued my journey *via* Tadcaster, noted for its sparkling ales, to Leeds, in time for the train returning to Lancaster. Most of these old-fashioned Yorkshire towns are very quaint, and some of the buildings, such as Beverley and York Cathedrals, are very fine and well worth a visit.

A TOUR IN IRELAND.

In September, 1889, two friends and I left Morecambe by steamer for Dublin with a view to visiting Killarney's Lakes. The night we sailed was well remembered by Lancaster and Morecambe people as one of the roughest experienced. The effects of wind and lightning were very grand and awe-inspiring all

the way to Dublin. We started at noon from Dublin after seeing the sights of the town, which include Sackville Street, Dublin Castle, Four Courts, and Phoenix Park, visiting in the latter the spot which saw the murder of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. We visited this particular spot again in 1887.

Visitors to the Park had, it was said, taken away portions of soil from where each victim had fallen, causing large gaps, especially large in the case of Lord Frederick. These gaps, however, had been filled up and the position marked by a cross.

We proceeded through the Park, past the strawberry beds, a mile long, to Lucan. A little distance away we took a photograph of a mud hut. Mud seems to be the main item used in the construction of the majority of the homes of the Irish peasantry. Another photograph was taken a little beyond Cellbridge, of a second hut of this kind, with the poor barefooted children standing at the door.

Straffin was next visited and Sallins where we took more views showing the locks and breakwater, and we noticed here a monument on a high hill, erected to commemorate the Prince of Wales' visit to Ireland.

Passing Newbridge and the well-known Curragh Camp, we came to Kildare, a small town that would have to be seen to believe its dilapidated condition. All had not gone straight up to this point, for we had made a mistake and taken the wrong turn, there

being no guide-posts or mile-stones or anything to indicate the road to take. We were compelled to return, and as the turn was reached one of our party turning at too great a speed leaned over so far that the pedal struck the ground and caused much damage, more particularly to the bicycle. There was nothing for it but our friend to take the road we had come down and find the railway and the nearest station, and take train for Maryborough, the place we intended making our headquarters for the night. This he managed to do, and after we had got what little refreshment we could we continued our journey through Monastraven and Ballybrittas to Maryborough. We arrived at Maryborough and met our friend, who had had sufficient repairs made to his bicycle to enable him to continue the journey on the morrow.

The distance from Dublin had been fifty-one miles, and the roads up to this point had been splendid, almost devoid of hills, and passing through scenery that can only be equalled in the best part of the Keswick district. The roads in some places were lined with splendid beech trees, whose branches stretched across the road, forming beautiful avenues, some measuring one hundred and twenty revolutions of the pedal, equal to six hundred yards in length.

From leaving Dublin to arriving at Maryborough, it had been impossible almost to get anything clean to eat, the people and their belongings being in a very dirty condition. With this exception the run had been a grand one and most enjoyable.

Leaving the Commercial Hotel after breakfast at eight a.m. for Abeyleix, we rode the first eight or nine miles on a splendid footpath, stretching to Ballacolla and Kathdowny. It was a grand run of twenty-three miles. Passing on to Templetoughy, and before reaching the same, we took a photograph of a small holding, with the family and poultry outside, an old lady persistently refusing to be taken with the other members of the family. A peculiar point in this was that the apparatus stood in Queen's County and the subject taken in Tipperary County.

Arriving at Templetoughy, we asked a couple of policemen where we could get any refreshment, and they directed us to a shop, the landlady of which was standing at the door. Seeing the police direct us she refused to let us have anything whatever, not even a cup of tea and a few biscuits. Finding we could get nothing out of her but "No," "No," "No," we tried elsewhere, and could only succeed in getting some milk and biscuits.

Proceeding to Thurles, before reaching that town we were caught in a heavy shower and had to shelter for an hour or so in a mud hut, with a large and remarkably good looking Irish family. On arriving at Thurles about four p.m., we made for the best hotel, the Commercial, intending having a good tea, but we had to be content with bread and butter and tea and a little jam. After tea we visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was open for people to go in at will to perform their devotions at their con-

venience. The keeper took us round, and among many beautiful things was the altar, said to have cost £35,000, some of the marble costing five guineas an ounce, and small pillars, about four inches in diameter and two feet six inches long, costing one hundred and sixty guineas each. The whole thing was magnificent and was a treat to see and would be hard to surpass anywhere.

Leaving Thurles about six p.m., *via* Holy Cross and Dundrum, we arrived at Tipperary about nine p.m., the last eight miles being ridden in the dark without lamps and along roads which for the last forty miles were swimming with water, the result of the heavy showers. The total ground covered for the day amounted to sixty-three miles, and had proved a most enjoyable ride through some very good scenery, especially after leaving Dundrum.

This, the second day, had not passed without its little incidents. On leaving Maryborough in the morning, and when riding on that splendid footpath I before mentioned, our friend, the unfortunate one of the previous day, had once or twice run off the footpath into the road (there was no kerbstone). When returning to the footpath from the road, he chanced, as we were passing a gate leading into a field, to run right across the footpath and straight at the big stone at the foot of the gate post, doubling the top bar of his machine like a bow. We borrowed a bar of iron at a hut close by and worked like

"niggers" on the roadside for about an hour to get the machine into running order. This we managed to do, but it was amusing to see the bicycle as it ran, for it was making two tracks—a separate one by each wheel.

We continued the journey, and as Tipperary was neared all was in darkness, as there were no lamps lighted on account of the removal of most of the inhabitants to the New Tipperary. Our unfortunate friend got some distance in front, with the consequence that we got separated and arrived at different hotels. Friend No. two and I turning out at six a.m. had a good three hours' inspection of the old and new Tipperarys. Old Tipperary was the place remarkable on account of the recent evictions in consequence of the league formed with Mr. Smith Barry's tenants in County Cork on the Ponsonby Estate. In the main street the shops are good-sized ones, being of £30, £40, and £50 rental value, but as a result of the late evictions six out of seven, five out of six, and no end of twos and threes together, were allowed to stand empty, the people preferring this to paying the obnoxious ground rent to the landlord. The whole town was in a very neglected condition, and at night in complete darkness. It was quite common to see the policemen sitting on the shop window sills, smoking their pipes. We passed on to what is called New Tipperary, about half a mile from the old town. Here we found quite a small town constructed in the form of arcades, built of wood, with shops beautifully painted and grained, where the business was carried

on. There were long rows of wooden houses where the people who carried on their trade in the shops lived.

Looking up our lost companion, and finding him at the only other hotel, getting breakfast, we took a last look round the old and new towns, and left for Mitchelstown, distant some twenty-two miles from Tipperary. We rode through beautiful scenery with the mountains showing in front of us. As we drew near the renowned Mitchelstown we ran round the hills one after the other on good level roads. The last few miles approaching Mitchelstown form a fine broad road with lovely trees overhead stretching from side to side. On arriving at Mitchelstown we found, not what most people might have expected, a lost kind of place, and neglected (having gained such a name on account of the famous riot), but a small town principally formed by one main road with very fine shops on either side and a much cleaner place than any we had come across since leaving Dublin. We had dinner in an hotel immediately overlooking the square, the scene of the well-known riot, (missed so narrowly by myself and another friend, as I have previously said, two years before, on account of rain at Tipperary, consequently arriving a few hours after the great riot had taken place). We visited the spots, now marked out by three stone crosses, where the men fell who were shot by the policemen from the police barracks windows with their rifles put in position through holes in the iron shutters covering the windows. The square is a very fine one, about two

hundred yards by one hundred and fifty. It slants upwards from the main road, has a gravel surface, is entirely free from any obstructions, (such as monuments in the centre as most squares have), and is lined up either side with shops. The police barracks, from which the fatal shots were fired, is on the other side of the road from the square and is about the size of a good house, with a window on each side of the door, and is about three storeys high. Having taken a view of this we continued our journey to Mallow, another twenty-two miles distant, passing through some lovely scenery and some very curiously named villages, such as Baladina, Skinakilla Cross, &c., arriving at Mallow about five p.m., distance ridden for the day being only forty-four miles. We got tea and made for the railway station, left our bicycles at the station and proceeded by rail to Killarney, thirty-nine and a half miles away, where, after a hurried exploration of the place, we put up for the night. The streets of the town itself are very narrow and lined with small houses.

Here and there a large hotel is seen where the visitors stay. There seems to be very few private houses suitable for the accommodation of visitors. Taking a walk out next morning before breakfast we directed our steps towards the main lake, meeting on the way several people who had been enjoying a morning bath in the lake, their towels thrown across their shoulders. After partaking of a splendid breakfast, the first really good one since leaving Dublin, we went down to the lake, which is about a mile and a

half from the houses, and in approaching the lake we saw the Earl of Kenmare coming driving out of his grounds. Saluting a boatman going down to the lake, we hired a boat. While the boat was being prepared we took a photograph of Ross Castle, a beautiful ruin on the edge of the lake. Getting into the boat we rowed to Innisfallen Island, obtaining on the way a fine view of the Royal Victoria Hotel, where the Prince of Wales stayed during his visit. We saw a beautiful statue of a white horse belonging to the Earl of Kenmare. The legend attached is that a horse was turned into stone whilst drinking from the lake. We explored the Island, on which, among other things, under a tree appearing to have four main stems, reminding one of the Eiffel or Blackpool Towers, is a gravestone of St. Finney who ordered in his will that he should be buried under this particular tree. The tree has so grown that it is almost possible to creep under from all four sides.

After rambling over the island we returned by boat to where we started from, and suddenly made up our mind to catch the 11-19 train for Mallow, there being no other train till 5-35 p.m., and we wished to get to Cork before the day was out.

On arriving at Mallow, the birth-place of the renowned Wm. O'Brien, we got our cycles and made an attempt to get some dinner at a country hotel two miles out. How our beautiful country hostelries differ from these! The landlady was kind enough to show us into a room, with a simple earth floor, called the parlour. At the same time she drove out

the hens to let us in. With a little looking about we found a clean place to sit down on, and got some bread and butter and milk (mostly goat's milk)—all that could be got. We afterwards decided to buy some cheese as we passed through the big towns and carry it with us, as it was impossible to get anything but bread and butter, bottled beer, or Dublin stout. In fact, the whole country is overwhelmed with beer and stout, and in my opinion this is, without doubt, the cause of much wretched poverty. Leaving this so-called "hotel," we passed on towards Cork, distant about twenty-three miles from Mallow. Leaving the main road some seven miles from Cork, we visited Blarney, where the celebrated "Blarney" Stone is to be seen in the Castle. Blarney is five miles from Cork, and a light railway runs from Cork to Blarney for visitors to the Castle. On entering the Castle grounds, sixpence is paid, and in the centre stands the Castle, unoccupied. A person in charge collects the fees, whilst another keeps the outside in order. A third person, a woman, conducts the visitors round the ruin. The "Blarney" Stone can be seen within a few feet of the top of the Castle from the outside. It is the bottom stone of a projection of the top terrace of the Castle, supported by long iron rods. The visitor ascends the winding staircase, containing something over two hundred stone steps, and is then at the top of the Castle, from which a splendid view is obtained of the country below, which is a scene to remember. To kiss the famous stone it is necessary to get on one's hands and knees. Some iron grating

is put there to prevent those "kissing the stone" from falling some two hundred feet to the ground below. Accidents had frequently happened before this precaution was taken. Having kissed the stone, visitors are assured of being lucky as long as they live. Proof of the popularity of this famous stone is seen in the visitors' book, which shows people to have visited Blarney from all parts of the world.

Leaving Blarney, we passed on to Cork, arriving in time for tea, making our headquarters the Royal Hotel, the Cyclist Touring Club headquarters. After tea we took a walk round the town, and a very busy town it is. One can imagine himself in Liverpool or Manchester.

We had spent a most enjoyable day, riding only twenty-three miles during the afternoon, and we retired to rest with a well-planned programme for the morrow. After breakfast we rambled about the timber ships on the river side while waiting for a train to take us to Passage Station. The station is about seven miles distant, where a boat is waiting to take the passengers on to Queens-town, Monkstown, or Crosshaven. The tourist can, if he so wishes, sail the whole way from Cork without taking the train, but the boat only goes half the speed for the first few miles while in the river, and until she gets out into the open harbour. The advertisement speaks of passing through unrivalled scenery, and it is not at all a wrong description, for as one sails, on each side

of the harbour there is seen a picture of grandeur. I had never before witnessed such lovely trees and such beautiful houses as those of which Queenstown is composed. The town on the hill side, with Spike Island in the middle of the harbour, is a spectacle that is worth going a long way to see. Crosshaven is on the border of the Atlantic Coast, and the harbour mouth is just beyond where the mail boats calling at Queenstown come and go to discharge and embark mails and passengers. A Cunard liner was in the roads as we passed, having left Liverpool the previous afternoon for New York. We returned to Cork by noon, being more than satisfied with the trip. It is the best shilling's worth to be had anywhere, a proof of which is shown in the continual stream of passengers every half-hour going and returning.

After dinner we went by road, alongside for miles one of the estuaries, through the Ponsonby Estate, the scene of the latest evictions which were the cause of the Tipperary trouble. On all sides the country is beautiful, and one small holding after another is passed on Smith Barry's land where the tenants have been thrown out. Some of the huts are partially knocked down, others stand with holes through the roof where the police and emergency men had gained entrance. For seven miles through the heart of the estate only an odd farm or two are tenanted and the crops, which appear to be excellent, are left to rot, either through the owners being unable to obtain the required labour or for fear of the con-

sequences of working on boycotted land. It seems a pity to see such good land made so unprofitable to both landlord and tenant. We arrived at Youghal, distance twenty nine miles from Cork, having ridden on the only road which so far we had seen marked with milestones as in England. The ride from Cork had been a grand one, providing both river, mountain, and other scenery.

After tea at Youghal we visited the house where Sir Walter Raleigh lived, also the ground on which the first batch of potatoes was grown in Ireland. A Protestant Church with many interesting things, we saw, including a piece of statuary representing the Earl of Cork, his first and second wife and thirteen or fourteen children. There was a Pulpit also, six hundred years old and many other interesting things said to be eight hundred years old.

We had, myself and friend No. 2, came from Cork this twenty-nine miles by ourselves as our companion had while at Cork taken the battered cycle to have a thorough repairing and overhauling, and when the time fixed to leave Cork arrived he was disappointed by it not being ready. There was no alternative but to follow to Youghal by train, which he did, arriving about the same time that we did, so that the party was again complete.

Leaving Youghal, we took steamer up what is called the "Irish Rhine" for Cappoquin. This "Irish Rhine" is a stream about three times as wide as Halton Water at Lancaster, sixteen miles long,

and is lined on each side by beautiful trees and mountains, one mountain, known by the name of Knockmeledown Mountain, towering high above the rest.

Arriving at Cappoquin after a delightful sail of about two hours, we retired for the night, having spent another most enjoyable day and traversed thirty-one miles by road, fourteen miles by rail, and thirty-two by steamer, a total of seventy-seven miles, intending to make an early start next morning.

The reader will have observed that our cycling of the past few days had been more of a picnicing character. Starting late in the day and riding little suited my companions, but, as this could not go on for ever, I decided to have a day on my own, as I had a fixed destination in my mind's eye which I intended to reach the next day. Accordingly, when daylight broke shortly after four a.m., I arose, and my friends being soundly asleep, I waited until almost half-past that hour before rousing them. This latter was a matter of some difficulty, and I am not quite sure if one did not fall asleep whilst sat on the chair putting on his stockings. However, we were out on the road at four thirty-five a.m. Owing, however, to the dampness of the same, our soiled tyres began to come off. It was on this road, too, that we found a new hat.

We were lucky enough to find a family up in a hut we passed at this early hour. We made a fire, and with the aid of a hot poker repaired our tyres

and continued our journey to Clonmel without breakfast, which was twenty-four miles away, two miles extra being travelled through our having made a mistake on the road, there being no one about from whom enquiries could be made. This was a very fine performance for some members of the party before breakfast, and one of them declared that never again would he ride before breakfast. Clonmel seems to be a town of some importance, with plenty of good shops and hotels. At one of the latter we got a well-earned breakfast, and I can assure you we did justice to it, for the mountain air had given us good appetites. Leaving Clonmel *via* Callan we were caught in the rain and were compelled to shelter in another of the mud huts. We were now getting into a more civilised part of the country, and we took the opportunity of getting some egg and milk, a kind old lady offering us some potatoes that were being boiled in a pan on a turf fire made on a flag on the earth floor. We passed on through Callan for Kilkenny. Before reaching this place we decided to strike off to the right in order to see Shillaleigh, passing through Bennett's Bridge, Gore's Bridge, Gowran, Myshall, and Clonegall. The last forty-five miles was ridden through scenery that it is impossible to describe, and we had met with good roads, both level and smooth, but very difficult to find on account of the numerous windings and various crossings. We arrived at Shillaleigh (some sixty-two miles from Dublin, being the terminus of the railway *via* Wicklow) at about eight p.m., not at all tired, although we had ridden

ninety-two miles in the day, the last forty-seven miles in five hours. We had spent another grand day, and after tea had a short walk, during which in a very dark place we were threatened with the methods of moonlighters by a man who must have known us by seeing us arrive before dark. The threats were something terrible, but we were not the fools to stay and took to our heels as fast as we could. The landlord of the Railway Hotel, which we made our headquarters for the night, turned out to be a most enthusiastic cyclist. Before breakfast next morning we came in contact with our host. He invited us into a storeroom to show us a bicycle of his with rubber tyres, twenty-five years old, bought in 1864. It was in very good condition. It had wooden spokes and was hooped, with iron and rubber on the top of the iron, kept in its place by small plates on each side of the wheel, rivetted through the wood rim and through the thick square rubber. I tried to lift it but failed, still the owner was of opinion that if he took it outside he could beat us up the hill. Many were the stories he could tell of hairbreadth escapes from what appeared sure death through the brake failing. On one occasion he had a race with a man, giving the latter a quarter of an hour's start in two miles, the man to run and he to ride the bicycle. "Lord bless you," says he, "we came in neck and neck," and the man, he told us, was so exhausted he fell on his face in a ditch after the race and had to be carried away, while he (the cyclist) simply jumped off the machine and

was no worse. Says he, "It is no heavier than the thing you ride now," but as I have said I could not lift it. He had proved a most interesting and entertaining host, and we were sorry to leave the hotel.

Leaving here, we passed through what is, without question, the most beautiful county in all Ireland, Wicklow, *via* Wicklow town, and arrived at Bray, a fine place but empty as regarded visitors, also without any amusements except that provided by a band which played on the promenade in the evening three times a week. The day we arrived turned out wet, so no performance was given. We strolled about, had a bathe in the sea, and were ready to leave long before the day was out, but we made it our headquarters for the night.

We left Bray about seven a.m. for Kingston, had a look round the place, and rode on to Dublin (fourteen miles away) before breakfast. After breakfast we hired a jaunting car and were driven to all the places of interest in Dublin, viz.:—Mountjoy Prison, Phoenix Park Zoological Gardens, Police Barracks, Dublin Castle, Four Courts, Trinity College, Chief Secretary's Lodge, and Lord Lieutenant's house, &c. We witnessed a grand performance at Hengler's Circus in the afternoon, and after tea made our way for the steamer at North Wall, leaving Ireland on a beautiful evening, and, after a very calm sail, arriving at Morecambe about five a.m.

A most enjoyable time had been ours throughout the eight days, and one that will never be forgotten for the grand scenery passed through everywhere.

Thus ended my second tour in the old country, having spent a very busy week, and being well pleased with my outing. I have not mentioned many incidents. Some were very exciting that occurred during the tour, but the few I have named will give you an idea of the grand time we had. I shall have further opportunity of speaking of Ireland, and, with this hope, I will leave the many pleasant memories which will linger in my thoughts as long as I live.

A CROSS COUNTRY RIDE TO NEWCASTLE.

I left Lancaster early one morning *via* Bentham and Ingleton making for Hawes. After crossing Ribbleshead I came across two cyclists climbing the rough and steep ascent through Horton for Hawes. They had come by train from Bradford to Settle and were bound for the beautiful valley of Leybourn. The hill being very difficult to ascend was more than they could manage to ride up, and when I overtook them they enquired how much more ground there was like it to cover and how far they would have to go before anything could be procured to eat or drink. My reply was not very consoling as I told them there was five miles more up hill and one down which was worse than the up hill. I was forced to tell them that nothing could be obtained to eat or drink until the Commercial Hotel at Hawes was reached. They begged me to order breakfast for them when I arrived at Hawes so that they would not have to wait for it on arrival. I asked how long they would be likely to be after me and they prophesied one hour. I asked the landlord of the Commercial if he would be

kind enough to make breakfast for the two cyclists and he cheerfully said he would. After I had breakfasted I waited to see if my new friends would turn up, and after one hour and five minutes they arrived, and with their thousand thanks for the trouble regarding the breakfast I left to continue my journey North.

The road from Hawes to Leybourn is very picturesque and is laid with large square flags for the cart wheels to run on, not over good for cyclists, and very quaint in appearance. Passing through Leybourn I came to Richmond and the remarkably clean appearance of these beautiful towns is very striking.

The next place of note is Darlington, a very nice place, and where can be seen the "Old Rocket," the railway engine that wonderful man, George Stephenson, created such a sensation with in the thirties. What a contrast between the "Old Rocket" and the engines of to-day as can be seen by the following:—

	Old Rocket.	L. & N. W. Experim't.
	Tons. Cwts.	Tons. Cwts.
Weight of Engine in working order ...	6 10	65 15
„ Tender	1 10	37 0
Diameter of Cylinders	10 in.	19 in.
Stroke of Cylinders	24 in.	26 in.
Boiler Pressure (to the square inch) ...	25 lbs.	185 lbs.
Greatest speed (per hour)... ..	25 miles.	75 miles.

This engine, the Rocket No. 1, was built by George Stephenson & Co., and used at the opening

of the first railway, the Stockton and Darlington Railway, Sept. 27th, 1825. It continued in use until 1841.

Now when I arrived at Darlington the day had up to my time of arrival been one of continuous brilliant sunshine, but I saw dark clouds gathering behind and before I left Darlington the rain fell in torrents and the streets were rivers of water. After it had subsided I continued my journey Northwards and on the way I witnessed one of the most curious sights I ever have seen. Behind me was brilliant sunshine and in front from a black cloud rain was falling excessively, the lightning rending the cloud asunder from time to time. This commenced at about two o'clock and I followed the queer phenomenon for over three hours, covering in the time something like twenty four miles, and having to keep easing up to prevent myself from getting any further than I could help in the rain.

Arriving at Durham I visited the grand Cathedral and left *via* Chester-le-Street for Newcastle. When I got to Chester-le-Street the cloud passed off to the east towards the mouth of the Tyne, and the roads for the last six miles to Newcastle were quite dry.

Having been in the fringe of the rainstorm for some time, on arriving at Newcastle I at once proceeded to the baths, and while getting a bath had my clothes dried in the stove. I had sent an account of this storm to the "Lancaster Observer," and a week after a gentleman stopped me in the street who

had been reading the account and told me he had been drenched while crossing the Tyne from North to South Shields on a steamer just at the time I described. I arrived in Newcastle at six p.m., and had enjoyed the cross country ride very much, the distance covered being about ninety-six miles.

I was fortunate enough to arrive at a time which enabled me to see a great military spectacle in St. James's Park. Leaving Newcastle early next morning, I crossed and re-crossed the Tyne and followed its banks through Hexham (nineteen miles) and Halt-twistle (sixteen miles) before breakfast. When within four miles of the latter place I overtook what appeared to me a curious sight, which turned out to be a party of sixteen colliers in their comical working clothes and clogs, carrying pit lamps, baskets, cans, and some working tools. Speaking to and riding with them to Halthwistle, they informed me that they had been working on night shift, and having four miles to go to work they used their bicycles to carry them to and from work. They were a lively bit of company for the short journey, and I was sorry when I left them to continue my journey *via* Brampton to Carlisle (fifty-eight miles from Newcastle). Arriving at the latter place, I got dinner and stayed some few hours. Then on the Cockermouth road I passed through Wigton, and turning south six miles from Cockermouth proceeded *via* Kid Dial, Bothel, and along Bassenthwaite Lake to Keswick. The scenery along Bassenthwaite is some of the best in the Lake District. Continuing *via* Thirlmere, Wyburn,

and Grasmere, I arrived at Ambleside about lighting up time, eight p.m., and, not carrying a lamp, I stayed here for the second night. I had come over some grand roads and through magnificent scenery, having travelled about one hundred and twelve miles, and I had thoroughly enjoyed the day. The run next morning *via* Windermere, Kendal, Milnthorpe, and then home to Lancaster was soon accomplished, and I had been favoured with splendid weather and good roads, and altogether I had enjoyed a grand round trip. I have had the pleasure of detailing this tour to other friends who have thoroughly enjoyed it, but thought the ride to Newcastle in one day, considering the hilly roads, a little bit stiff.

A TOUR IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

Crossing from Fleetwood to Belfast by the "Duke of York," another friend, who is a poor sailor, and I arrived at Belfast at six-thirty in the morning. Taking advantage of the fine morning we started on our journey immediately, reaching Carrickfergus, ten and a half miles away, before breakfast. We found this place swarming with bluejackets, as lying off in the Lough, were some forty six of Her Majesty's Men-of-War, and on leaving Belfast for Fleetwood on our return journey we were fortunate in having a sail among three lines of these splendid ships all lit up. The sight was grand and one we may never see again.

We followed the coast to Larne, twenty four and a half miles off, and after inspecting the dock where

the Steamers arrive from Stranraer (this being the shortest sea-passage from Scotland to Ireland) we passed along the coast to Cushendall, forty nine and a quarter miles distant.

The road from Carrickfergus to this point had been entirely along the coast, the roads level with the sea which stretched out on our right, vessels passing up and down the channel. We kept pace with the Morecambe and Londonderry boat for at least fifteen miles. On our left were great hills, some of which sloped down to the sea shore, and in one part the road led through a short tunnel. The sea all the way washed up to the roadside and there was a splendid view of the Scottish Coast across the channel to be seen. I always say that my friend, who is not a "scorcher," never road better than he did this length of forty nine and a quarter miles, for including stops, we covered this road in four and three-quarter hours.

I should say this is one of the finest rides for such a distance it is possible to find. After a stoppage of about two hours to have dinner and view the place, we continued the journey *via* Cushenden. A walk up a range of hills was quite a change, and once at the top we got a grand view of the land for miles round. A fine run down from the top soon brought us to Ballycastle, sixty-seven miles from Belfast. Passing on to Bushmills, seventy-nine miles from Belfast, and landing shortly after six p.m., we made the Victoria Hotel our headquarters for the night. After

a wash and tea we took a walk to Giant's Causeway, about two Irish miles from Bushmills. After viewing this wonderful sight we returned to our hotel. Tourists visiting these parts cannot do better than make this their headquarters, for every requisite can be had here to make one feel at home and comfortable and at most reasonable charges too. Next morning, after a splendid breakfast, we started shortly after nine a.m. for Coleraine, passing through some very fine scenery en route. Arriving at Coleraine, after riding eight miles, we were much surprised to find such a beautiful little town and noted its splendid church and cottage hospital. Some of the poor patients of the latter were at the time outside in the sun, the nurses attending to their wants. Leaving Coleraine we commenced a very stiff climb extending for some six or seven miles, the road being very rough and hilly. Once on the top of the hills, however, one gets a fine view of the sea round the North Coast and of a grand valley behind. After a long steady descent Limavady was reached, a small market town. Passing on we had some good roads to traverse, with Lock Foyle leading up to Londonderry on our right. Arriving at Derry (forty miles off), we spent some time surveying the old-fashioned town and its shipping. Derry is a dirty-looking place, and we were not sorry when we left it to cross over the country on our return journey. After tea we decided to do part of the journey inland towards Belfast. On leaving Derry we followed the old mail coach road *via* The Cross and Claudy to Dungiven (a distance of twenty

miles). The road from Derry to Dungiven is mostly cut in the hillside and is a first-class one, but rather conducive to punctures, on account of there being so many sharp stones. The scenery *en route* is rather wild, mostly bog or turf land, though some of the valley views are very pretty.

Arriving at Dungiven we made the Commercial Hotel our headquarters for the night, and here again we were lucky in finding a good-natured host. Rising rather early next morning, six a.m., we found ready for us a splendid breakfast, just such a one as was required for the work that was before us. Leaving Dungiven there are three different roads by which to cross the mountains, and to those who can ride hills well the short one over the top is the best. The six miles up to the summit is all rideable and the surface very satisfactory. Arriving at the top one gets a magnificent view. Down in the valley below is the important market town of Maghera, and some fifteen miles beyond is the Bann river opening out as it flows into Lough Neagh. It is worth while to halt here for a few minutes to take in the beautiful view obtainable on all sides. Descending the hill Maghera is soon reached. We passed through and saw later Toonie Bridge, a very fine structure built in Drogheda in 1857. Thence we rode for six and a quarter miles to Randolstown, along a grand road in splendid condition. Leaving Randolstown we passed a fine gateway, the entrance to Lord O'Neil's park, the road running along the park wall almost all the way (five miles) to Antrim.

Some two or three miles before reaching Antrim an incident, previously mentioned, occurred which I shall always remember, although it is only one of many showing the kindness which the Irish poor have shown towards myself and friends when touring in Ireland at various times.

Along the road sides there are many nice streams of water and a few pumps. As we carried with us a piece of soap we dismounted besides a pump and prepared to wash. Some forty or fifty yards away was a small house of the usual humble type, and out from this house came a bonny little girl, not more than three years old, with a clean towel and a piece of soap. She was too young to say anything, but presented the towel and soap and waited to take them back. We were very thankful for the towel as it saved our pocket handkerchiefs, and then went away after rewarding her.

We arrived at Antrim, a very picturesque town, and after a short stay continued our journey to Belfast, distant sixteen miles. From Antrim the road is a good broad highway, but needed re-laying at that particular time. It rose slightly for the first eleven miles, but the last five is all down-hill, and we arrived at Belfast at one-thirty. After the necessary ablutions were performed, we went to Bangor by train to spend the afternoon there. Returning, and after looking round the main streets of Belfast, we set sail by the "Duke of Clarence," and arrived home by seven o'clock on the third

morning, after a really lucky and grand outing, everything having been in our favour from start to finish.

These are not the only tours I have enjoyed in Ireland, and not by any means all the striking incidents I have seen. They are too many to describe in this article, and, as I wish to give accounts of a few tours in our Country, Scotland, and France, I will leave old Ireland, with the hope that many who may read this may go and find pleasure in this beautiful and romantic country. I am confident it will leave a life-long impression on their minds.

A TOUR TO LONDON.

A party of the L.C.C., six in number, made arrangements for a tour to London, which was to start on a Saturday afternoon with a ride as far as Chester. But, alas, when the time came for starting the weather was anything but cycling weather, and we were compelled to give up any idea of commencing that day. As night drew near there was a breaking-up of the clouds, and a change had set in for the better, so we agreed to meet at Penny Street Bridge at a quarter to two the following morning. All six were there at the appointed time, four destined for London and two for Birmingham, and there was every prospect of the weather improving.

A start was made and we rode easily *via* Preston, Burscough, and Ormskirk, to Liverpool, but meeting

with a very strong head wind from Preston to Liverpool. Arriving at the last mentioned place about eight a.m. we made a short stay, and after breakfast crossed over by boat to Birkenhead, then went by road to Chester, there viewing the City Wall, Rhodée, &c. Continuing our journey we proceeded through Wem to Whitchurch where our two companions for Birmingham left us hoping to reach that place (which we afterwards heard they did) early in the evening. We arrived at Shrewsbury about six p.m. having had many delays for the sake of obtaining refreshments at the beautiful country places on the way side. The ride was one of about one hundred and ten miles, and we had greatly enjoyed ourselves there being some lively individuals in the party.

Leaving Shrewsbury next morning we rode on *via* Bridgnorth to Kidderminster. Here two of the four left us, as they were not up to "scorching" form after the previous day's early rising and long ride. These two proposed taking the train and joining us either before or on reaching Oxford.

Leaving them, another and I steered through Kidderminster passing some of the splendid mills where the celebrated carpets are made. Then on to Worcester we sped where we viewed the Cathedral, &c. Leaving Worcester we passed through the apple country, where the apples lie strewn in hundreds all along the road side for miles, having fallen from the trees. Acres of cucumbers in the fields, too, we noticed.

Batches of busy workpeople were to be seen packing the fruit into neat hampers, which would afterwards be carried away by the railway and other luries. It was a sight I had never seen before, and the sweet fragrance of the fine fruit was quite discernible. Through Evesham we got to Broadway, the noted Worcester hunting field, and were compelled to stop on account of rain, being delayed some hours during the afternoon. Knowing that we were bound to get to Oxford in order to fulfil the promise made to our companions, who were travelling by rail, we made many attempts to get away to the nearest station, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, eight miles off. The rain passed off, and it appeared as if we should be able to ride to Oxford, thirty-five miles away. We had ample time if the weather held good, but by the time we had got four miles away the rain came on again and my only companion left me, to catch the train at Moreton-in-the Marsh for Oxford. Before reaching Moreton the weather cleared, and on reaching that place I was informed by a postman that my companion had changed his mind and was waiting for me in the village to continue the journey with me to Oxford. This turned out to be correct, and away we went to the next place, Chipping Norton. When half the distance, eight miles, had been done, the rain came on again, and as there was not much time in which to catch the train my friend left me at top speed to get to Chipping Norton. When I arrived at the latter place, crossing the railway bridge, I saw the station below, the train in, and my friend ready

to enter. I went down to speak to him, and he had this time booked to Oxford, nineteen miles off. It was now coming dark, I got some lamp oil and refreshments, and, after making enquiries, I started on the lonely journey in pitch darkness. There was not a light to be seen for miles, and the darkness of the night was made thicker by the threatening clouds and the shadows of the trees on each side of the road. It was like groping in the dark. I was told afterwards that it was unfortunate that I had not ridden in the daylight, as some of the villages passed through, such as Woodcock, were most beautiful. I was getting along fairly well (I did the nineteen miles in about two hours), when at last I saw in the distance what turned out to be the lights of Oxford, and very glad I was to see them, as the whole nineteen miles had been like riding through a tunnel. Arriving at Oxford about ten p.m., I met my companions, and they having got apartments for me, I was soon all right and comfortable. The distance ridden that day had amounted to about one hundred and twelve miles, and the country passed through simply delightful.

We spent the next morning in viewing the Colleges and various places of interest, and continued our journey to London (a fifty-eight miles run) *via* the Nettle Beds and Henley, the place noted for its famous regatta. The river was swarming with all manner of beautiful house and other boats. Going on we came to the Bath and London road, a road I had travelled some twenty years

before, in the days of the old Ordinary, and arrived at Windsor about three-thirty p.m. As we were crossing Windsor's great park, about two miles away from the Castle, I drew the attention of the "jester" of the party to it, and true to his character, he threw his hands up in the air and exclaimed "Three cheers for our Gracious Queen." The action was so violent, and he caused so much pressure to bear on the hind wheel, that the tyre burst with a report like a gun. We had to stay to repair it, and arrived at the Castle shortly before four p.m. It was five minutes to four. The Castle closed to visitors at four. One of the attendants, thinking we were desirous of viewing the Castle questioned us to that effect. The "wit" of our party mistook (or pretended to) his question "Do you wish to view the apartments" for "Do you want apartments." An argument arising from this between the two caused some delay and almost lost us our chances of being in the last party to be conducted for the day. We were not, however, unfortunate to that extent, and succeeded in visiting the interesting portions of the structure.

I have omitted to mention that at Eton, before going to Windsor, we called at The Christopher Hotel and had luncheon. It was somewhat after the usual hour, and we had to take what we could get. We had a very ordinary meal, and were somewhat surprised when we received the bill, which ran out to a few coppers over four shillings each, not including the tips. No wonder we did not want apartments at the Castle after this!

Leaving Windsor, we continued our journey to London, arriving there about eight p.m. The total course we had accomplished was one of about two hundred and eighty-two miles. The most direct route from Lancaster is about two hundred and thirty miles.

We had agreed to stay in London till Thursday and start back by the great North Road to Doncaster. These arrangements had been made before getting to London, but after visiting various parts, including Greenwich, the Crystal Palace, and some of the best houses of entertainment, my friends assured me they had not seen enough of London when the proposed time of departure came. So I was left to continue the tour alone either up the great North Road or as I pleased. Accordingly, I left London at four p.m. on the Thursday afternoon. Now we had read great things about the great North Road and the wonderful records that had been made on it to York, Edinburgh, &c., but for the first ten or twelve miles to Barnet one could not have found anything worse, so badly paved and thick was it with greasy mud. Barnet passed, I proceeded to Hatfield. The road from Barnet was much better, and when I arrived at Lord Salisbury's residence things had greatly improved. After inspecting the latter I passed on to Hitchen, and here turned to the right, leaving the great North Road, *via* Baldoyle for Cambridge. The ground covered was sixty-five miles by the way I had come. Some few miles before reaching Cambridge I had my first puncture, and it took me some time to find a place

where repairs were made, for I unfortunately had no outfit.

I arrived in Cambridge after the hour of eleven o'clock, all the hotels being closed. I spoke to a "man in blue," who assured me that all places were full up, but he condescended to apply for accommodation for me at a certain fashionable hotel, and when we knocked at the door, which was opened by the landlord, I was surprised to find two very talkative persons at the bar, which I afterwards found out when I should have been going to bed, as nothing short of telling them where I had come from and all particulars would satisfy them. "Of course," I saw to the "man in blue," but was surprised as I was retiring to rest when the landlord came and informed me that "So and so" was not so well, and wanted something warm. I said, "give him what he wants," and the small item on my bill next morning had not made it less but considerably more.

Up early next morning I visited the Cam (where the rowing takes place) and several of the best Colleges. Being the vacation, cleaning and painting was in full swing in the latter. Cambridge is a magnificent town for colossal buildings, which make it look very ancient. Having seen both Oxford and Cambridge I prefer Cambridge of the two.

Being only some fourteen miles from Newmarket (the home of the thoroughbred) I decided to visit it. As I passed into Newmarket I rode in company with many well-known horses in batches of from sixteen

to twenty, all going to the Heath for their morning canter. Chatting with the jockeys and stable boys who were riding them, I was very much surprised at my inability to judge the animals. The horse in a string of sixteen which I thought the worst and had the roughest coat was none other than a well-known American that was over here carrying all before it, and some of the handsomest looking were only of moderate value; but then, I am not a judge of horses but "bikes." I visited several of the stables, which were spotlessly clean, and the approaches to some of the yards consisted of avenues of roses. Nothing could have been finer.

Leaving Newmarket I passed on to Ely, where I visited the magnificent Cathedral, and on through Peterborough I sped to the Lincolnshire Fen District, passing through Spalding, Bourne, Sleaford, to Grantham (the scene of the recent terrible railway accident).

I had ridden about one hundred and twelve miles and had had none but grand roads and the pleasure of very easy travelling. There was not much to see, as the fen district is very flat, and poorly wooded, with many dykes filled with water. I made the "Angel" my headquarters for the night, and a grand place it was to stay at. This was Friday night, and the Saturday following was the 1st of September, the opening of the football season. Football is a game of which I am as fond as cycling. Oldham, that particular Saturday, was to play Morecambe at

Morecambe the following afternoon. I was not long in making up my mind how I could manage to see the match, and in carrying out the plan I had decided upon I always consider I did one of the smartest runs of my career. I arranged with a young man at the hotel to let me out early. Accordingly I left at the hour of four a.m., once again without breakfast, and the morning being grand and the roads of the best, I very soon left Newark and Retford behind, and did not dismount except when at Doncaster racecourse, which was being painted up for the St. Leger, this race taking place on the following week but one. I had ridden fifty-two miles and felt fit to do it again, the air was so bracing and fresh and the roads so good.

Getting breakfast at Doncaster I continued my journey *via* Pontefract to Leeds, a run of twenty-seven miles, where I arrived at twenty minutes past ten, having ridden seventy-nine and three-quarter miles by that time. Arriving at Leeds I found a trip arranged to run about noon. I booked, and passing Lancaster I left my cycle at the station and went by the same train to Morecambe, allowing half-an-hour before the time for "kicking-off."

I had ridden by road about five hundred and forty miles, and had spent two days in London. It had been a grand outing, which I had enjoyed to the full, never once feeling the least bit fatigued.

My three companions whom I had left in London on the Thursday, and who intended staying Saturday,

changed their minds and left on the Friday evening instead. Arriving at Hatfield they saw the residence of Lord Salisbury. Next morning (Saturday) two of the three cycled to St. Albans, and the other took up again at this point the tour originally intended.

Starting from Hatfield at six a.m. he commenced what was a very long ride through Hitchin, Peterboro', Grantham, Newark, Redford, Doncaster, Pontefract, for Leeds, arriving there at ten p.m., having gone a distance of one hundred and seventy five miles. Another little incident occurred *en route*. There was a local road race being held between Newark and Retford in which great interest was taken. People stood on the road to encourage the competitors. Mistaking our friend for a competitor he was cheered along the line of route and handed up refreshments in the shape of milk and eggs which of course were very acceptable and which enabled him to do more easily this really good ride. Leaving Leeds next morning he arrived in Lancaster, having ridden during this week something like five hundred and thirty miles, spending three days in London.

A TOUR TO THE KING'S HIGHLAND HOME.

Returning from our Saturday Club run the outlook was not very promising on the Saturday night, as the rain had set in, and everything pointed to a wet morning next day. Awakening between four and five the prospect seemed better, but the roads were in a very dirty, heavy state. Hoping it would improve, I left Lancaster at 5-30 a.m. on my

journey north. The roads through Carnforth, Milnthorpe, Kendal, and up Shap summit were very wet, but there was every appearance of their drying up, which they eventually did. The view in the early morning from the top of Shap was very wild, but grand. The last mile of the ten up to the top having been walked the run down into Shap village was very enjoyable, the road being much better than it once was, but still covered with sharp granite stones. Penrith was passed about ten o'clock, and a magnificent run from here to Carlisle was made, the roads having become quite dry, and so were in splendid condition. The eighteen miles were covered in one hour and twenty-five minutes, and at the end of sixty-five and a half miles including the heavy pull up Shap summit. Arriving at Carlisle at 11-30 a.m., a halt was made for dinner, after which a start was made for Gretna Green, the scene of so many romantic Scotch marriages in the old Smithy, and soon the Bridge over the Solway Firth, which denotes the border boundary between England and Scotland, was reached. I arrived at Gretna and visited the old Smithy mentioned. Passing on, the journey was continued, *via* Ecclefechan, Lockerbie, to Beattock, where a halt was made for tea. The roads from Carlisle up to this point are as smooth as possible. After tea a start was made to climb the famous summit of Beattock (which is about eleven hundred feet high, being two hundred feet higher than Shap), which affords a ten mile journey to the summit. It is much easier to climb than Shap, having a nice, easy

gradient, and as the road winds through hills and valleys the ride all the way up is a most enjoyable one. Then comes a splendid run down of about nine miles—all free-wheel—through Crawford to Abington. Darkness coming on, a halt was made for the night at seven p.m. The distance travelled for the day totalled one hundred and twenty-four miles, including both Shap and Beattock summits.

Leaving the Abington Hotel after breakfast, a run to Lanark was made on a road praiseworthy for smoothness of surface and of easy gradient. With the wind behind me I never had a longer free-wheel ride either before or since. The wind was strong enough to drive me along without pedalling, and the eighteen miles to Lanark was reeled off in one hour and fifteen minutes, passing Tinto Hill and the Racecourse *en route*. I stayed in Lanark some time to visit the Bonnington and Corra Linn Falls (more commonly known as the Falls of the Clyde). The walk from Lanark to the grounds in which the falls are enclosed measures one and a half miles, and these grounds alone are worth a visit, independent of the falls. Entering the grounds the visitor has a walk of about half a mile through beautiful scenery to the lower or Corra Linn Fall, which is a grand sight. Going on for a further three-quarter mile walk through more delightful scenery the higher or Bonnington Fall is seen, the sight being a real treat, and after the heavy rains which fell on the Sunday the spectacle was one that I am unable to describe and give full justice to.

Leaving Lanark, I coursed along the valley of the Clyde, through Hamilton, with the river down in the valley and beautiful scenery on each bank. For twenty of the twenty-five and a half miles this country is studded all over with collieries, showing marked contrast to the scenery amongst which the collieries about Wigan and Bolton are situated. The last few miles took me through Parkhead, the scene of the great football disaster. I passed through what appeared to be one of the dirty suburbs of Glasgow.

Leaving Glasgow after tea, the journey was resumed through Patrick and Clydebank, along the opposite bank of the Clyde. The traffic of the electric cars, with their half-penny stages, makes the streets and roads very busy for nearly eight miles. I wonder if there is any other place in the world where the same number of electric cars can be seen (looking in all four directions) at one and the same time, as at the corner of Argyle and Union Streets. Getting clear of Clydebank as Dumbarton is approached, the scene becomes very beautiful, the Clyde flowing on the left and the majestic hills rising on the right, but the noise and rattling of hammers of the shipbuilding yards, heard for miles, is almost deafening. I am sure I heard them more distinctly on the road than when sailing down the Clyde on former occasions. Dumbarton was reached before dark, and a stop made for the night. Many are the interesting places to be seen in and about Glasgow, including Hamilton Park Racecourse, where great preparations were in progress for the races to be held

in the following week, and the splendid building, the Art Gallery. Distance covered for the day amounted to fifty-eight and a half miles, the last forty being "bumpy," as the road is roughened by great traffic. The morning of the Tuesday I prepared to leave Dumbarton was wet, but after a short wait the rain ceased and a start was made for Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond. After passing Balloch, I rode up the left-hand side of the Loch on a splendid road ("The Bonny, Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond"), through some charming scenery with a fine view of the Loch on the right, till Tarbert was reached, twenty miles from Dumbarton, the last fifteen miles all being along the "Bonny banks." From Tarbert I crossed by steamer to Inversnaid, after which a run of up and down hill brought me to Loch Katrine, where the steamer was again taken to the foot of the loch which is nine miles long. The scenery, as one draws near the lower end of the lake, passing Ellen's Isle, is most charming. The rain then commenced to come down in torrents, and there was a long delay before I ventured the run to the Trossachs Hotel, about a mile from the lower end of the lake. I reached the hotel, and saw the fine falls running close by, the roar of which could be heard in the hotel. Being nine miles from the nearest railway station, the prospect before me was very gloomy, but the best had to be made of it, and there was nothing for it but to stay and hope for better weather next morning. The distance I had travelled for the day totalled forty miles, twenty-six by road and fourteen by steamer,

through delightful scenery, with countless falls tearing down from the hills and passing under the roads into the loch. The day had been a short one with regard to ground covered, but the views seen were of the very best.

Awakening early next morning, it was seen that a very welcome change had taken place during the night. There were prospects of a fine day, which I very much needed on account of having done so little the two previous days. I was also getting somewhat behind in my programme. Taking advantage of the change, I left the hotel at seven a.m. and went through the Trossachs under the most favourable conditions, but I was very much disappointed after the wonderful descriptions given of the place. I found it quite commonplace compared with spots I had visited in Ireland. The Trossachs hold only a second-rate position, in my opinion. Arriving at Callander, I had breakfast, after which I continued my journey northwards. The depressed spirits of the previous night, when all was so wet and gloomy, and I was so far from home, disappeared, for the morning was everything a cyclist could wish for, and the roads and surroundings grand. Leaving Callander I crossed the Brig o' Turk to Doune and Dunblane, coming once again on the great North road (which leads from Land's End to John o' Groats), just about the Bridge of Allan. The twenty-eight and a half miles from here to Perth is a road which for smoothness cannot be beaten anywhere; the scenery afforded by the hills and valleys, especially in the last six miles (all down

hill) to Perth was simply glorious, and is beyond my ability to describe. After a stay at Perth to view several places of interest, including the station where the Queen used to breakfast, and the two famous dye-works, I left and struck for the hills to Blairgowrie, fifteen miles from Perth. The road is a very good one, and after the first ten miles the Bridge of Isla is reached. Immediately after passing the same one sees what is considered one of the sights of the world. Skirting the ground of Lord Lansdowne's estate are what are known as the "beech hedges," but these have long passed out of the "hedge" stage, for they are as tall as poplar trees. They have regularly been trimmed to keep them in shape, but are now so high that the tops overhang a little. These "hedges" extend for about one mile, and are artistically planted and without doubt a grand sight.

After tea at Blairgowrie the journey is continued. Six miles further I came to the Bridge of Cally. Passing this the next fourteen miles proved very mountainous, and stretched right across the hills and moors. A stop was made for the night at the Spital of Glenshee Inn. This is a splendid hotel, very much isolated, in a very wild spot, and twenty miles from the nearest station, Blairgowrie. Thirty miles on the other hand Ballater lies, and whichever way one chooses there is some very stiff but grand country to cross. The distance covered for the day had been eighty-five and a half miles, under the most delightful conditions, and altogether it had been an ideal day for cycling. To give an idea of the cost of travelling

among these hills by coach I quote a list of prices I saw for a journey of thirty-two miles, viz., single journey, sixteen shillings for front seats, and fifteen shillings for back seats. Considering the stiff work done by the horses on these drives, owing to the hills, the charges are not unreasonable.

Spital of Glenshee was left at nine a.m., and fifteen miles covered of what is known to be a very rough, hilly road. The first six miles has nearly all to be walked, and it is well to take off coats, &c., till the top is reached. Once at the top a grand run of nine miles follows (all down hill), continually winding round magnificent hills. During the run down I stopped to watch a party of people who were deer stalking. They had been lucky enough to secure two heads that morning, early as it was. Only one had they procured in the previous whole day. The moors swarmed with game, and I was assured that there was not a house within nine miles. The hills and valleys, however, were a treat to look upon. Coaches run daily in the season from Pitlochory to Kirk-michael, Glenshee to Bremaer, the single fare, as I have said, being sixteen shillings. As the end of the fifteen miles was neared Bremaer appeared in sight, and the scene was one of great beauty. Bremaer is a most beautiful little place, and four miles further west is Mar Lodge, the home of the Duke of Fife. Bremaer is fifty-eight miles from Aberdeen, and stands one thousand feet above the sea level. The road falls gradually all the way to Aberdeen.

Leaving Bremaer, what is considered the most beautiful run (of nine miles) in the United Kingdom brought me to Balmoral, the Highland home of our beloved King. Nearing the Castle there are two cottages. At the front of one of these a lady was seen sweeping. A stoppage was made to make enquiries as to the Castle, &c., when, from the open window upstairs of the next house, a cheery voice came forth, exclaiming, "Hullo, Lancashire," at the same time giving a volume of information, with a kindly invitation to step inside while the owner of the voice finished his toilet. I had a chat and rested a while, and my host was none other than the King's Organist at the Castle and Crathie Church. I shall never forget the reception I got. An apology was made for calling out so boisterously, but my new friend excused himself by saying that he could not let my "Lancashire voice" go by unheeded, as such is so seldom heard up there. After partaking of his tokens of hospitality, which included some of the King's whisky, distilled on the premises, he volunteered to conduct me round. This offer was gratefully accepted. It would almost fill a book to describe the many interesting spots that can here be seen. Taking me up a hill from which a grand view of the Castle and grounds is seen, he pointed out the cottage, called *Baille na Coille*, built by the late Queen for her trusted servant, John Brown.

Another grand mansion close by is Craigonan, at that time occupied by the King's Private Secretary

(Lord Knolleys), others there were too numerous to mention. I had the pleasure of seeing in the grounds of this beautiful home the Prince of Wales and many other Royalties afterwards, even passing some of them cycling on the road. The King was in residence, but had gone over the hills to visit Sir J. C——. A visit was paid to Crathie Church, which has recently been re-built 1894-5, out of the best granite procurable. It is a lovely structure, with granite walls inside and out. Looking from the roof of the church on a hill to the west, can be seen a broken pole, the remains of a flagstaff that was fixed on the occasion of the late Queen's first visit to Balmoral with her husband (Prince Consort). On another hill on the other side is a pole also. On this hill a bonfire has been lighted on all important occasions since the late Queen ascended the Throne. Down on the ground below is a very fine bronze statue of the Prince Consort, erected by the Queen, and immediately facing the same is one of Queen Victoria herself. Over on another hill is to be seen an exact copy of the pyramids in Egypt, and, in different places, a host of other minor objects of interest. The whole district for miles round boasts of possessing numerous memorials of something or another. Turning my attention to the inside of the church, which is particularly plain, having as yet for decoration nothing but the splendid granite walls, one thing very striking is that organ and choir are not at the end, as in most churches, nearest the pulpit, but at the extreme (or opposite) end of the church. This, it was explained,

was the wish of the Queen. The Royal pew, which was at the time undergoing some little alteration, is a side front one, close to the pulpit and lectern, rather out of the view of the general congregation. On the right side of the Royal pew is a beautiful stained glass window to the memory of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. On the left is a similar window to the memory of the late Duke of Clarence, while immediately behind are three in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee.

The beautiful font is the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught while the pulpit which is all granite, not wood, is studded almost all round with polished stones of different lustres gathered by Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyle) while on her tours round the world.

I ascended to the bell loft. A finer view could not be imagined than the one from this position, being finer than the view (I have spoken of) from Blarney Castle, in Ireland. There are four bells, the gift of Princess Beatrice, with an inscription on each as follows:—

- (1) We Praise Thee, O Lord.
- (2) I sound and resound to Thee, O Lord, to
call Thy people to hear Thy word.
- (3) There is a God who heareth prayer both
night and day.
- (4) O, pray to Him everywhere and ever pray.

Leaving Balmoral, accompanied by the King's Organist on his cycle, the journey is continued to Ballater, and another nine miles of lovely scenery passed through. A grand smooth road brought me once again to the railway. I had covered exactly fifty-two miles from leaving the railway at Blairgowrie to joining it again at Ballater. One can imagine what it must be like in winter, twenty-six miles away from the nearest station, with nothing but hills around.

On arriving at Ballater my kind friend left me, and I may say that he has always kept up the friendship formed. He made me promise to let him know how I ended this long tour. From Ballater all along the railway side (which is only a single line) the road is one of the best. Passing Aboyne I arrived at Aberdeen, the end of my tour. The distance ridden that day had been seventy-three miles.

I stayed at Aberdeen to view the place for a few days. The "City of Granite" is a very nice town with some splendid buildings, mostly all granite, as its name implies. I left by boat for Leith, and arriving in Edinburgh some hours before a train was due, I decided to cycle part of the way to Carlisle on the old road, a road I had been on some twenty-five years before when I rode from "Sweet Edinboro Town" to Carlisle on my old Ordinary. Arriving at Galashiels I took train to Carlisle. After staying a few hours there I travelled on again to Oxenholme,

riding home from there to Lancaster, having had as grand an outing as it was possible to have, and one I shall never forget.

A PEEP AT WENSLEYDALE.

"Six a.m. sharp" was the Captain's order, the prospect before us being a run as far as Wensleydale, a district which for romantic scenery and beauty is second only to our own Lake District. But, however desirous one may be to get in a full day a-wheel, there is one day in the week when the bed clings harder than all the rest, and so it happened that our start was delayed. Nine riders in all responded to the call.

It was observed that everyone had had an eye to lightness, and, with two exceptions, all the machines were path-racers. It was whispered that one rider had wanted to replace his step with a nut; not one had a brake, and, though otherwise well provided for, it seemed doubtful whether anybody had gone to the extent of gallantry in consenting to load himself with a pump for the common weal. There was a little bit of "cod" about this. We looked at each other in dismay, but just then a tell-tale pump mouth-piece obtruded itself from the inside pocket of one of the company, and our fears were at rest. Some light was shed on the long distances accomplished "before breakfast." One gentleman, who shall be nameless, incidentally "let out" that he had three-quarters of a pound of beef-steak, and bread and butter and tea in proportion.

That was not all, for, with an air of innocence, he produced what seemed another half-pound of steak, made up in sandwiches, that had been stored away in his pocket. It was worth rising early to get at such a secret.

The Captain made the start. He had consented to carry the camera requisites, which were just about as heavy as another machine. We let him have five or seven minutes start, for he is never so happy as when "going forward a bit." A hidden meaning attaches itself to that phrase, which I understood later to my sorrow. Immediately the whole company had formed I rode forward with Mr. Richard Clayton as my companion, for having a machine heavier than the rest I was a bit apprehensive as to pace. We overtook the gentleman with the knapsack up Hornby Brow. The morning was perfectly lovely, the sun was just beginning to make its influence felt, dispelling the mists and the dew, and that the Lunes-dale country never appeared to better advantage was the verdict of all. The absence of the pointer from Melling Church clock was commented on. I was now keeping company with the "leading horse," and we reached Devil's Bridge for the turn to Sedbergh in time to allow a loiter by the river and a wash before the rear-guard came up. We were tempted to linger longer by the brink of the river, but a thought for the safety of the camera, which we left alongside our machines in the road brought us away. The whole company had in the meantime turned up, and we made our way through Casterton on the road to

Sedbergh. We had only been gone some four or five miles from Devil's Bridge when the first-fruits of the Yorkshire farmer's carelessness were reaped, in the shape of a couple of punctures in my back tyre. We pulled up at a beck, and the air-tube having been removed by expert hands and dipped in the water, a couple of bubbles quickly showed us the source of the trouble. A man with a hand camera might then have got an excellent picture of "Three surgeons at work." I never saw a brace of punctures repaired with such expedition.

Then with "slogging" up a hill carrying the camera and plates, the Liverpool long-distance champion brought trouble to his machine.

We had the inestimable advantage of having a couple of cycle makers and repairers in our company, so that when troubles occurred, beyond a sort of everyday expression of our unfeigned regret at such an unwelcome incident, there was no sign of ruffling of tempers.

We got rather thirsty, as may be expected, and several having started without breakfast, we began to feel hungry. A call was made at the Swan Inn, Middleton, but the old lady keeping the tavern evidently had not a tender regard for cyclists. She said "It is too early to begin making anything to eat (it was after nine) but you can have something to drink if you like," adding, as we stood dumbfounded at her discourtesy, "and let it be either in or out." The company quitted her house without spending a

farthing. Very different was the treatment we received at the Railway Inn. The good landlady brought out the best of all that she could spare, and with sandwiches and apple pies we were made "fit until dinner time.

The incident occurring at the first of these inns is not by any means unique. On a journey to Manchester last summer I was told a similar tale at a wayside inn. I was almost fainting for breakfast, but the lady of the house would not respond to my requests in any way except by pulling the tap, and that kind of refreshment I would not accept. If that is the only manner in which landladies can treat cyclists they must expect to find their licenses opposed by the N.C.U.

Our journey forward was of a rough character, and with a head wind against us our Captain began to wish he had taken us *via* Ingleton. Sedbergh was reached just about Church time, and after having presented ourselves before the camera, which brother Shenton manipulated, and discussed road lore with the natives, we parted company with one of our number, who had a "pressing" engagement at Lancaster. Then we sped on to Hawes by the direct road over the hills—over the mountains, rather. Our "guide, philosopher, and friend" had adopted for cycling shoes a pair of racing pumps—you see he fairly meant to "take it out" of some of us—but he began to wish his heelless boots far enough before he got over those hills. Going through the district of Garsdale, where the moorland scenery of that wild

romantic character, which marks the Yorkshire Moors, first became prominent, the "pill bearer" had trouble from the usual source—punctures. There was nobody in the rear with outfit or pump, and it became a matter of "scorching" and whistling to fetch back the vanguard. While repairs were taking place the man in heelless boots and I were going on. We certainly did not scorch, but waited frequently and oft, laved in and loitered about the clear and picturesque streams adjacent to the roadside, and in further extenuation I may say that from the time of the last puncture until reaching Hawes, over some of the most difficult roads I had the photographer's paraphernalia to carry on my back. We looked over the hills we had crossed in vain for the rear-guard, and concluded they must have settled to dinner somewhere.

We, that is "pumps" and I, had washed, and were settling to a long wished for feast of mutton chops at the Crown Hotel, Hawes, when "ting, ting," outside announced the arrival of our colleagues. Talk about a tongue banging—it was a scorching! The harder they went at it, the more vigorously the mutton chops disappeared. Perhaps that was an aggravation of the original offence. We were reminded by them of a host of troubles, but *inter alia* it was discovered they had stopped twice for food and refreshment. By way of compromise, I said if they would only "shut up" they should have a "wet." But no. And it was only after another huge pile of mutton chops had disappeared among

the late comers that we found peace for the enormity of having, as alleged, "gone on before."

After dinner we visited Hardrow Scaur and its fine waterfall. The river descends a distance of one hundred feet, and the sight is a fine one; it must be particularly so in wet weather. We walked round underneath the fall, while the man with the tripod was busy with his plates. Several of the plates must be interesting.

We idled and enjoyed a couple of hours here, and then it dawned upon the Captain that Leyburn—sixteen miles distant—was almost out of the question. It was a disappointment to us all to fall short of our original programme. But we bolted over the hills for Askrigg for another five or seven miles, and had more punctures on the way. The villages all along this valley have a singular likeness to each other. In their general features they comprise a row of quaint-looking houses, many of the sixteenth century, on either side of the main street, which is a broad thoroughfare, where all the fairs and markets are held; one or two large old-fashioned inns, having reminiscences of hunting and other field sports; a market cross, and a flat-roofed church.

At some of these villages a curious practice is made of ringing the church bell at six a.m. and six p.m. in summer, and seven a.m. and five p.m. in winter. What the object is I have been unable to fathom. It is not associated with any service. It is generally supposed to be a relic of feudalism.

There is a very interesting old hall at Askrigg. I cannot pretend to give its history here, but anyone wishing to tour in this district by bicycle or otherwise could not do better than procure "From Edenvale to the Plains of York," published by Edmund Bogg, 3, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. This country abounds in fine old castles and mansions, churches of ancient history, and villages equally interesting and charming, both to the archæologist and the photographer. The angler also finds plenty of sport in the clear mountain streams which come tumbling over the rocky beds. Our stay at Askrigg was very short, and we returned to Hawes by a road laid with flags to facilitate cart traffic—not that it was over good for bicycles. Tea over, we gave the esteemed host, Mr. Fawcett, the trouble of looking up smithy vices, for another awkward mishap had occurred which we had only just discovered. While repairs were being executed, three started on the sixteen miles run to Ingleton. For a long way there was nothing but "hoofing" it, but afterwards we were able to ride up a gradual rise until the top of the moor was reached. What a bleak piece of country to be in after sunset!

For miles and miles we rode without passing a human habitation. Half-way across the moor the sound of voices was heard at a distance, and soon the party was again complete. Then we came to a fine sloping surface, and mile after mile we shot over on this descending plane almost like lightning. The oldest riders, with their knowledge of the road, kept

in front and gave directions, and we were not long in arriving at Ingleton.

The road on to Ingleton yielded no trouble, except the scribe lost a fountain pen. Before dropping into Ingleton we dismounted and walked the last half-mile, and well it was, for there is a most dangerous turn in the road, and in the dark, had we been in strange hands, most probably somebody would have remembered it. A short stay was made at Ingleton for refreshment, a feature of which was the dear price of bread and cheese, home being made through Black Burton, but not without one more puncture at Melling. The night journey was certainly most pleasant, the cool air being filled with the fragrance of apple and hawthorn blossoms; while from the lands adjoining the highway came the cry of the corn-crake. The day was certainly full of incident, but withal thoroughly enjoyed. And who would not endure something for such a glorious mouthful of country? On a subsequent occasion we hope to find Richmond, which commands a magnificent view of the plains of York, including Ripon Cathedral and York Minster.

A TOUR TO PARIS.

Having toured practically the whole of the United Kingdom, at one time or another, I had a great desire to see what other places were like abroad. Accordingly, when the 1900 Exhibition was to be held at Paris, it did not take me long to make up my mind to cycle there (as far as was

possible). Finding a suitable companion, we made a start, and having cycled to London on several occasions, we availed ourselves of a long-date excursion ticket to London, and commenced our riding from that city.

The traffic from Euston Station across London Bridge was very heavy, and I myself did not venture to ride, but my friend, more daring than myself, was often lost in the throng, and, when seen again, would be riding with one hand against a 'bus and the other against some other vehicle, but, being one of the lucky ones, he emerged safely. The road was bad for some time, and we went, *via* Croydon, on the well-known London to Brighton road, a distance of sixty miles. We made good progress, and arriving at Lewes, some twelve miles from Newhaven, the Port for France, we left our cycles and proceeded by train to that lovely South Coast watering place, Eastbourne.

Returning to Lewes, we continued our journey to Newhaven and booked for Dieppe. The sail across the Channel was very pleasant, the weather being quite calm, and arriving at Dieppe we were anxious to be off on the road as soon as possible. An unpleasant delay occurred at the Custom House as all luggage was being examined, and many were the amusing scenes. These were caused mostly through the Customs officials discovering articles on the persons and in the baggage of passengers who had hidden them for the purpose of escaping the "dues." We had a licence to take out to be allowed to ride in

France. I forget the amount we had to pay, but it was to be returned on leaving again for England. To get a start from Dieppe was a very difficult matter, as the people did not speak English, but some of the sign posts we could make out by the names of the towns marked thereon. I may mention that unlike Ireland, where I said there were neither guide posts nor milestones, here we had any amount of finger-posts, and instead of our milestones there were kilometre stones. A kilometre (the French mile) measures about twelve hundred yards, as you may be aware. The roads being good and the kilometre stones so near to each other we seemed to be passing them as if we were travelling on an express. We soon got an idea of the roads. They were very good and smooth, almost devoid of hills. For a hundred miles at a stretch they are quite level and are practically all alike, being lined with trees planted like telegraph poles at equal distances apart. There are no hedges to divide the fields, and the cattle are fastened by ropes. The country was very monotonous, and we longed for a change, such as we found in old Ireland. But the change did not come, and Rouen was reached (distant sixty-six kilometres) with almost the same scenery all the way. These monotonous roads continued during the whole of the time our tour lasted, and I should say they are more suitable for record breaking than for viewing the beauties of nature. We left Rouen, after inspecting the place, where, as is well known, many beautiful and interesting things are to be seen. We were making good progress, and

would not have been much longer before we had arrived in Paris, when I accidentally noticed a slight "giving" of my front forks, and on examination I was very much surprised to find that one of them had been broken for some time, as the brightness caused by the friction of the two broken parts rubbing together showed. This was very awkward and at the moment I hardly knew what to do. I thought afterwards I might have got it temporarily repaired and continued the journey, but instead of doing this I went to the nearest station. After some hours delay on account of the many different railway and steam-boats companys' lines the machine would have to pass over, I parted with my best friend for the time being, and with twelve and sixpence for the forwarding of it home.

The journey to Paris was finished by rail, and, arriving there, we visited almost all the beautiful places of interest. These are legion, and should not be missed by any who can make it convenient to go. I have omitted to mention that while Paris and its surroundings are beyond description, the country is almost as poor as Old Ireland. There is nothing to see, and very little to be got to eat, and I am afraid that if I had had much touring to do in the country I should not have been able to do the usual big rides, as some of the stuff we had to be content with I never knew the name of to this day or of what it was made. My friend, not being so fastidious as myself, devoured the food ravenously sometimes, and called it "good." Some of it looked to me like

a mixture of pig cheek and paste and peas, &c., all stirred up together. Visiting the Exhibition (a sight to remember), I came across a cycle portion, and here were being shown the different grades of cycles in use during the past 100 years or more. All were to be seen, from the dandy-horse with its bird-like seat fixed upon a couple of wheels and propelled by the rider striking his feet against the ground, to the latest pneumatics of the day. I pointed out to the officials that I had possessed from 1873 to 1879 a "Spider," a bicycle which accompanied one of the first attempts to put rubber on the iron wheels. A machine of this type was not in the collection. How I have longed since I sold this "Spider" to have had it at the present time, as it would have been a curiosity in these days. I will here mention a little matter that occurred in connection with myself at the Exhibition. It was announced that during the whole week there would be on the cycle track a series of cycle races, including all distances, and in which all the best-known cyclists in the world would compete for the very handsome and costly prizes. After making many enquiries and travelling round the Exhibition by means of the travelling platform, I was still unable to locate the place where the racing was to take place. At last I was fortunate enough to find someone to direct me, and I was told to take the steamer on the beautiful river that flowed through the Exhibition grounds, and go as far as it would take me. It turned out to be a matter of a one and a half hour's sail, and, after calling at

a good number of stations, at the last of these I got off. Taking a tram at the terminus, I travelled about a mile and a half and was brought to a beautiful place, the Velodrome de Vincennes, in a lovely park, and here the racing was taking place on what was considered the fastest banked cement track in the world. Speaking of this track reminds me of our good cinder track here in Lancaster, and also of the time when I approached the Corporation on behalf of the L.C.C. on the subject. The track, the desired result of my efforts, is one on which many records have been made. I was in time to see the last few races and some splendid finishes. Having read the bills announcing a twenty-four hours' race by all the best men, to last from six p.m. to six p.m. on the day following, I waited after the finish of the day races to see the start of the great twenty-four hours' race.

Shortly before the time arrived for starting (six p.m.) men began to place all round the track Wells' lights to give light to the men through the night, and I was expecting to see a keen race. The first hour or so I intended to stay, but six p.m. came and no competitors left the dressing tent (where many were) to start on the great race. On making enquiries I found that, not understanding the French language, I had made a mistake, and that it was from six p.m. on Saturday to six p.m. on Sunday that the great event had to take place, and not Friday to Saturday, as I had thought. Of course this was only one among other disappointments, that all cyclists meet with,

and I returned to Paris to our hotel, having had a good day at the Exhibition, and what little cycle racing I had been fortunate enough to see had been of the best. Travelling by train on our daily excursions from Paris, I could see that not until one gets a long way south, keeping away from the coast, is there anything in the way of scenery to arouse enthusiasm. We had at the onset arranged to cycle from Paris to Calais, and on arriving at Dover, thence through Kent *via* Canterbury to London. Of course, the mishap to my machine prevented this, and I must say I felt keenly disappointed at losing the opportunity of a ride through the pretty county. The journey was done by train, one hundred and eighty-seven miles in three hours and five minutes. We arrived home safely and had been well satisfied with the outing, although it had not been carried out as we had arranged.

A TOUR IN THE "LAND OF BURNS."

This tour should be started from Carlisle, but for those who wish to ride to that town I will give a brief description of the road. The rider should leave Lancaster, pass over Skerton Bridge, which spans the Lune, and after crossing the same take the turn to the right for Burton. Passing through Slyne (three miles), Bolton-le-Sands, Carnforth (six and a half miles), and keeping to the right after passing the eighth milestone, the road should be taken on through Tewitfield to Burton (ten and a half miles). From here the course to be taken is straight on through

Crooklands and Oxenholme, crossing at the latter the London & North-Western Railway, which will not be joined again till the top of Shap summit is reached, some sixteen miles hence. A long descent leads into Kendal (twenty-one miles). Through the main street to the top of the hill the cyclist should proceed, turning to the right at the Commercial Hotel, past the Station, and away up Shap till the top is reached (ten miles), the last mile being very stiff. From the top of Shap the road falls all the way to Shap village (six miles), passing *en route* the Granite Works on the right, and the bridge crossing the railway. This bridge denotes the highest point of the railway. From Shap village to Penrith (ten and a half miles) there is a good road with a slight fall most of the way. From Penrith, the road to Carlisle (eighteen miles), is a splendid one, and almost all down hill. The total number of miles from Lancaster equals sixty-five and a half.

Leaving the merry city the road crosses the river Eden presenting a view of the racecourse on the right. At the top of the hill, after crossing the river, the large board can be seen giving the distances to all the big centres, viz.:—fifty-six miles to Newcastle, ninety-four miles to Glasgow, ninety-five miles to Edinburgh.

The Solway Moss reaches away to the left which was the scene of the rout of the Scottish armies in 1542. Further on, seven miles from Carlisle, the road crosses the river Sark which forms the boundary

between England and Scotland. The first village of note is Gretna Green (nine and a half miles), long famous for the celebration of so many runaway marriages. The next place of note is Annan (seventeen miles), where many encounters between the English and Scotch armies occurred. The most notable features here are the Clock Tower and a Marble Statue of the famous preacher, Edward Irving. A noble Bridge leads over Annan Water. The road is good and level until Dumfries is reached (thirty-four miles).

This is a most important town, as it was here that the last five years of the life of the celebrated poet, Robert Burns, were spent and where he breathed his last. The house in which he lived, situated in Burns Street, a narrow and dirty street, can be seen and a charge of threepence is made for inspection, the proceeds going towards defraying the expenses of the Industrial School. The house was presented to the School by Colonel W. N. Burns, son of the famous poet, in remembrance of his father.

From Burns Street to his Mausoleum in St. Michael's Churchyard is a walk of only a few minutes.

The "Globe Inn" and "King's Arms," two of the poet's favourite hostelries, are still prominent objects in High Street.

Burns' Statue in Church Place, the Mid Steeple, and Queensberry Monument in High Street are other

objects of interest. The river flows through the town in a broad, shallow stream, between soft, sloping, greensward banks.

Leaving Dumfries, the scenery becomes very interesting, with very fine trees lining the roadsides. Ellisland, the farm where Burns lived a few years, is in the vicinity of the town, and at this place he wrote his immortal "Tam o' Shanter." Close by is "Friar's Carse," noted as the scene of the celebrated Whistle poem, the whistle being won by one Ferguson, who caused his two opponents to become helplessly drunk, and thus won the coveted trophy.

Two very pretty small lochs are passed *en route* to Castle Douglas (eighteen miles) from Dumfries. The road piercing dense woods, the noble Loch Ken is seen on the left—a sparkling sheet of water—and a splendid stretch of road leads to Dalry, thirty-two miles from Dumfries.

A ten miles' hilly moorland ride brings one to Carsphain. Leaving Carsphain, a lovely view of Loch Doon is obtained, the loch being a few fields away from the road, and, approaching Dalmellington, the road passes through one of the many pretty glens for which Scotland is so famous. The road resembles a winding carriage drive, and a gentle drop of two miles leads to Dalmellington. Between here and Ayr (fifteen miles) there are numerous coal pits and ironworks scattered about the district, and, on account of the heavy traffic, the roads are not in the best condition for cycling. Ayr is distant from Dumfries

sixty-seven miles, and is a place of great interest to all lovers of Burns. A noble statue of the poet stands at the entrance to the town, representing the poet looking towards the cot where he was born, situate two miles distant, at Alloway.

The "Auld Brig o' Ayr" dates from the fifteenth century, whilst the New "Brig" was built in 1788, and there is a movement on foot to carry out extensive repairs to the "Auld Brig" to prevent its collapse. Ayr possesses a commodious harbour, steeple, and Wallace tower, and also a fine esplanade. Alloway, the birth-place of the poet, is the central point of interest, having been immortalised by Burns in his celebrated poem "Tam o'Shanter." The old "kirk" with its niche in the wall, where "Old Nick" fiddled, can still be seen, and the churchyard containing the grave of the poet's father, also Burns' cottage on the road side is open to the public, and contains a quantity of interesting relics and precious manuscripts. The monument is close to the "Auld Brig," from which a very pretty view of the river Doon is obtained, and all admirers can here revel in a district so full of interest.

From Ayr to Mauchline is about eleven miles, and it was here the poet spent about eleven years of his life, six at Loch Lea Farm, near Tarbolton, and five at Moss Giel Farm. The gravestone of Mary Morrison is here to be seen in the churchyard, also those of two of the poet's children. At the Castle the poet was married to Jean Armour. The

"Possie Nansy" hostelry, supposed to be the scene of Burns' "Jolly Beggars" is situated here, too. At Tarbolton is the remains of a Roman camp.

Mauchline is another celebrated "Burns'" village, and the road to Muirkirk is almost always in good condition. The road from Muirkirk to Douglas, too, is generally in good condition, and on arriving there it will be seen to be a quaint little village, where at one time several of the Covenanters, who suffered much for their consciences' sake, lived. From Douglas to the Falls at Lanark (previously described in my tour to the King's Highland home), the roads are excellent, and none should miss the Falls if possible, as they present a sight of a lifetime, especially when the river is in flood. A grand run to Abington of eighteen miles brings one on the main road (Carlisle to Glasgow), and proceeding forward up Beattock Summit through Lockerbie to Carlisle the roads all the way are splendid. This is a most interesting tour, which can be accomplished easily in four days from Carlisle.





INFIRMARY PARADE.

PASSING OF A CYCLE CLUB.

LANCASTER ORGANISATION CLOSES ITS CAREER.

Extract from "Lancashire Daily Post," October 13th, 1906.

"The first and only Cycling Club in the Lancaster district last night became merely a matter of history. After an existence of nearly twenty years the Lancaster C. C., the pioneer of many other successful organisations in the district which had had their day and ceased to be, held a final and informal meeting to receive the winding-up statement.

Mr. Dawson presided and was supported among others by some half-dozen who have been identified with the Club practically from its formation. The winding-up statement showed that the Club had a balance in hand of £49, and the following disbursements were made:—N.C.U. £2 2s., Lancaster Nursing Society £10, Lifeboat Institution £5, St. John's Ambulance Society £3 3s., Jubilee Town Mission £2. An honorarium was voted to the Secretary and the final balance of £6 15s. given to the Infirmary. On previous occasions the Infirmary has benefited by the efforts of the Club by the aid of Fancy Dress Parades and other things to the extent of over £100.

The Captain entertained the Committee and a few old officers to a substantial spread, and many enjoyable and exciting experiences a-wheel were re-counted by members of the Old Brigade. The health of the King was drunk on the proposition of the Captain, whose health was proposed by Mr. F. W. Smith, N.C.U. Representative, and for many years a very popular Secretary.

Mr. Smith said that Mr. Dawson had been an ideal Captain, and on behalf of the Club he presented him with a beautiful gold signet ring as a memento of his Captaincy from 1887 to 1906. The ring bore the Captain's monogram and enclosed photo of Mrs. Dawson and a suitable inscription.

Mr. H. G. Kirkby, Mr. H. Armitstead, N.C.U. (representative and former Secretary), Mr. W. Hodgson, Mr. Brockbank, Mr. T. Watkinson, Mr. J. Atkinson, and others, bore tribute to the Captain's zeal and generally successful leadership. The toast was accorded musical honours, and the Captain feelingly responded. He spoke of the pleasure which he had derived from cycling, and of the many friendships in all parts of the country which had sprung out of friendly encounters on the road. He calculated that he had covered some eighty thousand miles in twenty-seven years cycling. He rode with the Vale of Lune Club at the Preston Guild of 1882, when the Captain wore gold braid and the other members silver braid and fancy stockings at eight shillings and sixpence per pair. The Mayor-elect of Preston took a very

active part in organising the cyclist contingent on that occasion. He thanked the members for their kindness. Mr. Smith said he was pleased to see in the "Post" that night the photo of the Mayor-elect of Preston. No man had done so much for cycling as Councillor W. E. Ord. He was revered by cyclists everywhere. It was his pleasure to serve with him on the General Council of the N.C.U. for many years. He was Chairman of the district, and they were proud of the further honour that had come to him. On the proposition of Mr. Dawson it was decided that a letter of congratulation, in the name of the old Club, be sent to Mr. Ord. Cordial thanks were passed to Mr. F. W. Smith and Mr. Armitstead, the N.C.U. representatives (whose appointment will now expire), for many years of faithful services. The health of the lady members was drunk (in tea), and the gathering terminated with a linked rendering of "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Dawson has an additional Memento of the Club in the shape of a large Picture of the Club Members, a copy of one presented to their esteemed President, Captain Garnett, Wyreside, containing one hundred and thirty-five members.



INCIDENTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

The rough night we had, Thursday, Nov. 8th, 1906, reminds me of an incident I have forgotten to mention in my opening remarks. I and a friend, whose parents were living at Ingleton for the summer, went one very wild night to stay the night there. Shooting up a hill about one mile from Ingleton, a gust of wind caught both of us as we got to the top, stopping me as suddenly as if I had run against a wall, and causing me to drop on the backbone of the machine. Although I had not hurt myself, I had bent the backbone to such an extent that the back wheel had been driven forward some distance.

My friend had been caught on the side, and he was carried on to the top of a hedge, where he lay with the bicycle between his legs. We stayed up half the night to make my machine capable of carrying me home, where I eventually arrived.

I was going to Morecambe one night, when we had to go by the old road round by Poulton Square. This square was paved with the old-fashioned round cobbles, and these were very greasy so that when I commenced to cross at the rate of about eight miles per hour my wheel (the old ordinary) began to slip, and the rate of speed becoming slower, it became a question whether I should manage to land the macadam on the other side without falling. I can assure you that cool as I was when I commenced to cross the stones, at the other end I was dripping with perspiration, the result of the fear of a nasty fall. A man standing at his door, noticing the trouble, remarked "Old man, you had a narrow escape."

A FEW SHORT LOCAL TOURS.

The novice who has just emerged from the elementary science of free wheeling and maintaining his balance of power over the handle bar, or the lady rider who has just succeeded in being able to dismount upon meeting a friend without making an ungraceful curve in the road—to such a descriptive account of a few spins round about our own district may be advantageous and acceptable. I will, therefore, recommend a few short tours that are amongst the most beautiful to be found in any district.

CROOK O' LUNE.

The circular tour round the Crook o' Lune naturally suggests itself, inasmuch as it embraces in the most compact form the best and most varied scenery in the district. The outward journey by the new road constructed along the Ramparts has given quite a stimulus to cyclists, and Halton road, much neglected previously, has thus come more into general favour, especially with the new votaries of the wheel. A gentle drop and sharp curve in the road leads past the Halton Parish Church on the left. Halton village is badly situated upon the breast of a hill. The road here divides itself into three—that to the left leading to Slyne, the centre over a rather hilly but shorter road to Kirkby Lonsdale by Red Well, Arkholme, and

Gressingham, that to the right to Caton, which is our objective. The road narrows considerably here, there scarcely being room for two vehicles to pass, and cyclists must be careful in meeting any traffic. It is stiff riding until Halton Park gateway is reached, and then here a sharp curve occurs and a long drop in the road commences and machines must be kept well under control as the Penny Bridge is approached. From the Bridge a panoramic view of the countryside is obtained, and the "crook" in the river seen to advantage. Leaving the bridge the road joins the Yorkshire high road, half a mile from Caton. The road to the right leads through Queen's Well Wood to Lancaster (four miles). Should the rider desire a little more cross country riding, he must turn to the left towards Caton. Here a road branches off to the right which, when followed, leads through the delightful Park of Grassyard Hall, the hall itself being charmingly situated in the far corner of the Park. A stiff rise past Postern Gates and Quernmore Park on the right, leads one through a noble avenue of trees called the "Rake," finally emerging on the eminence known as Daisy Bank. Here a broad view of the bay and mountains may be seen with the Conder Valley. The turn to the right should be avoided as it is steep and has a sharp curve, which is rather awkward to negotiate. The road to follow is straight across, which dips very gently for a couple of miles finally joining the Bowerham Road, from whence the rider may make for home in the way he desires. Total distance amounts to ten miles.

THE ROUND BY BARE AND MORECAMBE.

There are few more interesting rides than the one denoted by the above title. Leaving Lancaster by way of the Skerton Bridge which crosses the Lune, and passing Ryelands on the left, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Ashton, on coming to the forked road the rider should take the one to the left leading to Torrisholme. After passing through this village the lane to the right besides the Mission Church, should be followed, and Bare proceeded to. Crossing the railway at Bare Station, the Promenade at the East End of Morecambe is soon reached. Turning to the left and passing along the fine promenade, which extends one and a quarter miles to the East End Pier, and nearly two and a half miles to the Battery Inn, the bay, stretching on the right, is to be seen with the coast across the bay in full view for some thirty miles. If the tram lines are followed past the four-lane ends (the place to turn on the return journey) on the left are seen Heysham Strawberry Gardens, the right leads to the village of Higher Heysham. Turning to the right at the lane immediately facing the Post Office, and passing under a rustic bridge, the rider passes down the hill to the docks at Heysham. There is plenty to interest one at this wonderfully changed place, for, where once were huge rocks that it seemed impossible to remove, there is now a beautiful harbour and dock with all the latest equipments for dealing with the ever-increasing traffic to Ireland and the Isle of Man. This trans-

formation was a colossal work and cost considerably over one million pounds to accomplish.

Returning by the same route to the four-lane ends mentioned, the cyclist should turn to the right and follow the winding lane, passing the brick works to White Lund. The turn here to the left leads to Torrisholme or a return to Morecambe. Taking the road a little to the right and following it till the road on the river side is reached, turning left the journey may be continued by Snatchems and along the river side, till, passing under the railway bridge, the tram lines are joined again at Scale Hall. From thence one can return to Morecambe or follow the tram lines to Lancaster. As Lancaster is approached, before passing Snatchems, the rider will observe the winding nature of the river which accounts for the distance from Lancaster to Morecambe by river and bay being about twenty miles and only four by road. Approaching Lancaster, in front may be seen the Lune Mills Works belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Ashton, and which are by far the largest of the kind for the manufacture of linoleums, floor cloths, and many other things. Looking ahead a magnificent view is apparent of the Parish Church and the old Castle, with the Park and Clougha Pike towering in the background. This is a grand outing, but care should be taken to undertake the journey when the road along the river is passable, that is, when the tides are not covering the roads. Total distance for this trip equals fifteen miles.

KIRKBY LONSDALE CIRCULAR TOUR.

The Kirkby Lonsdale Circular Tour is one that when once accomplished always secures a warm corner in the heart of every cyclist who possesses the least admiration for the beauties of nature, and should two or more cyclists gather together and discuss where they should go for an afternoon's spin, the verdict invariably falls upon the above route, and manifold reasons can be stated for such a course, viz. : excellent roads, no difficult hills to mount, lovely valley views, and excellent catering at the terminus.

The first eight miles is by the great Yorkshire highroad, and traverses a parallel course with both the railway and river. The first item of interest to the rider is Queen's Well Wood, through which the road passes, and whilst the rider is calmly freewheeling through the wood a splendid view of the famous Crook o'Lune and the Penny Bridge is obtained. Passing Caton village (four and a half miles) the road is almost dead level till Claughton Church (seven miles) is reached. The Church is well worth a visit, standing well above the road from which latter a good outside view of it is obtained. The bell is one of the oldest known.

At the top of the hill after eight miles the road divides, the right branch leading over some stiff country to Settle, Skipton, and Yorkshire generally, Hornby Castle is now in full view, and occupies a commanding view of the valley.

Turning sharp to the left when entering the village the bridge is crossed and the church passed. When the village is passed the road divides. The branch to the left is the cross country road to Whittington, Kellet, Arkholme, Borwick and Carnforth. Taking the right, upon mounting the gentle hill, a full view of the valley as far as Kirkby Lonsdale is obtained, Melling Church and the Midland Railway Viaduct spanning the river being prominent objects. The riding is easy to the village of Melling (eleven miles). A road on the right leads over a moor to Wennington (one and a half miles), a splendid ride. One leading forward, down the hill, brings the rider to Greta Bridge, over the river Greta, from which the bridge takes its name. The road forks again here, the one to the right proceeding through Cantsfield, Burton-in-Lonsdale, and Ingleton. The way to the left passing through Tunstal is a splendid stretch of road. This extends to the top of Devil's Brow, the road to the right leading to the railway station, Cowan Bridge, and Ingleton. Care should be exercised down the hill as a sharp curve occurs leading to the far-famed Devil's Bridge. Before descending the hill the cyclist should observe the marble slab on the road side indicating the Lancashire and Westmoreland Boundary. The road to the right at the Bridge is to Casterton, Barbon, and Sedbergh (ten miles). The view from the Bridge is very fine, the river rushing boldly over the rocks into a placid stream, having a charm all its own, and any cyclist, tourist, or pedestrian visiting Kirkby

and omitting the bridge scenery misses the one thing needful to make his tour complete. A sharp rise in the road leads to the popular market town of Kirkby Lonsdale (sixteen and a half miles).

The return journey can be taken by three different routes independent of the outward journey, the shortest being by Arkholme and Halton Moor (fourteen and a half miles). This being rather a hilly route, it is seldom taken. The second is by Hutton Roof and Burton-in-Kendal, not so hilly as the Halton route though rough to Burton. The third and by far the most popular route is locally known as the Cow Brow route, passing through Lupton and Crooklands, and this is the pleasantest coupled with a comparatively smooth surface.

Immediately after leaving Kirkby, Farleton Knott is seen standing prominently in the foreground, and forms a splendid landmark for miles. The road describes here a semi-circle half-way round the Knott, hugging the base, and care is needed in descending Cow Brow, more especially towards the bottom, where the dip increases. The road branching off to the left is practically a country lane, and brings the rider on to the Kendal road at the Duke of Cumberland Inn at Crooklands. The road forward to the canal bridge on the Burton and Kendal road, turning to the left leads to the same place, but is a little longer. From here an ideal road extends to Burton-in-Kendal. From Burton to Tewitfield the road is almost overhung with trees, and is a welcome relief

when the sun is too oppressive. From here the road crosses the Preston and Kendal Canal, which rises in a series of locks towards Kendal, a good view of the locks being obtainable from the bridge. A short distance further the road joins the Windermere road (*via* Milnthorpe), and from this point to Carnforth (one and a half miles) is straight and almost dead level. This portion of the road has recently become famous amongst the motoring fraternity, and is known by the title of "Burton road Police Trap," on account of the number of convictions made as the results of "furious" driving over this portion, the penalties inflicted already amounting to a good round sum. From Carnforth the road is pretty much of the usual general character, excepting the view to be had from the canal bridge at Bolton-le-Sands, which is very fine. Slyne is situated on a gentle prominence, and an easy run of three miles to Lancaster brings one again home. The distance covered in this circular tour equals thirty-six miles.

A RUN TO BLACKPOOL.

From all the many health resorts Blackpool stands out alone for its magnificent seas, its unrivalled entertainments, and its various places of amusements. Its fine promenade, by far the finest in the world, is well known through the motor races that have been run on it with safety.

To visit this place the cyclist must leave Lancaster from the top of Penny Street and take the road to the right for Cockerham. The one ahead on the

left is the main road to Preston (twenty-one and a half miles).

Right from the very start are places of interest, such as the Royal Lancaster Infirmary on the right at the beginning, followed by the Old Station (Preston to Lancaster) on the left; and the Ripley Hospital on the right also. The latter is a splendid Institution and many are the fatherless children, now grown up, whom we know to be occupying some most responsible positions and whose success represents the result of the splendid training received at this beautiful place.

A little further on the left is the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots, a class of inmates different from those at the Ripley Hospital, for every attention, care, and course of training possible is unable to ever render them capable of holding such places as those which will be occupied by the pupils trained at the other place mentioned. The Asylum is a very fine pile of buildings, the grounds are artistically laid out, and the farm is generally appearing to be in the best state of cultivation. The cattle can never fail to be admired for their fine, clean, and healthy appearance. Most of the work, too, is done willingly and cheerfully by the unfortunate inmates of the Asylum.

After passing this magnificent institution, a dip down leads to the Deep Cutting Bridge. Before crossing this and the Lancaster and Preston Canal a halt should be made to view the panoramic scene

both ways, and it is a question whether there is another over any other canal to equal it. Up the hill to Stodday and down a long decline the rider is brought to Conder Green, passing on the right, before reaching the same, Ashton Hall. The grounds here swarm with game and deer, which can almost always be seen in passing. The Hall was at one time the residence of the Duke of Hamilton, and later of Mr. Starkie, one time Member for North-East Lancashire Division, and is now the property of the Right Hon. Lord Ashton. Although unoccupied the grounds and estate are kept in a perfect state of cultivation as witnessed by the L. C. Club on occasions when the members have had the pleasure of visiting there while Lord Ashton was our esteemed President.

On arriving at Conder Green the road to the right leads to Glasson Dock about half a mile away. The masts of the ships lying in the dock there can be seen towering above the village buildings. Riding through Conder Green, straight on through Thurnham and passing the Old Hall, one arrives at Cockerham (six and a quarter miles). The road straight on and to the left crosses to Bay Horse (about two miles) and joins the Lancaster and Garstang Road at the sixth milestone, a very nice evening's run.

The way from Cockerham is down the lane right facing the Manor Inn and away over the Conder Bridge on to the Sands known as Pilling Sands. The Sands are about three miles in length, and, at the sides, are in splendid condition for a fast spin, if the

sheep, that have a peculiar liking for the road, are not lying across the track.

On the right is Morecambe Bay and a fine view is obtained of the vessels going up and down, along with the ships' masts at Glasson Dock, and Cocker-sand Abbey Lighthouse in addition. Passing along the Sands may be observed on the right the stone denoting the very high tide of 1833, and in front is a fine view of Pilling Church, the Windmill at Pressall, and above all the grain elevator of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway at Fleetwood.

On arriving at the end of the sands (ten miles) the turn to the right leading along another mile of sands to the village of Pilling, should not be taken but one to the left for Stakepool (eleven miles). Passing through Stakepool and immediately crossing the level crossing of Pilling railway station, the rider must steer to the right and follow this lane about three miles till he comes to a cross road where he will be compelled to turn either right or left. The correct course is to the left. The one to the right, which is about two and a half miles, leads to Knott End whence one may cross the ferry to Fleetwood. The tourist can scarcely make a mistake from this point to Knott End. At this latter place is the Bourne Arms Hotel (kept by an old friend of mine when he and I lived not far from the smoky town of Bolton-le-Moors). At this hotel there is every convenience for visitors; bowls, &c., and excellent catering for any number of people. It may here be mentioned

that the crossing of the ferry to Fleetwood costs three halfpence, but a book of tickets can be got at the rate of twelve for one shilling, and if a party numbers six or more they can get there and back for one penny each way, unless one is as unfortunate as a friend and I once were. At the time the fare was only a penny, but while crossing either he or I (I forget which) accidentally dropped sixpence while paying our fares. There were no turnstiles at each end in those days, and no organised service by any public authority. Of course the kind boatman let us off without paying further. The boatman said it would pull the boat to pieces to take up the lattice to get the sixpence, but no doubt the lattice work at the bottom of the boat would come up when convenient. But to return to the correct course—the rider must continue the journey to Stalmine, fifteen and a half miles from Lancaster. Now talk about the mazy nature of the Arnside route! It is simply not in it with the road down to the right out of the village to Shard Bridge. I am certain that twenty-five years ago not a driver or a cyclist could guarantee to do this bit without making a mistake. Although I have made errors myself I have yet brought home our party more than once in the small hours of the morning. However, I ought to know the road, as on August Bank Holiday last I journeyed to Blackpool from Lancaster for my sixtieth time. Many are the amusing stories of cyclists being lost that can be told, but one only will I give which relates to a very particular friend of my own. This friend had a very

pressing engagement at a place adjoining "breezy" Blackpool, so he cycled over, and, considering the difficulties of the road in the dark, he foolishly stayed longer than he ought to have done. He left shortly after eight p.m., and was seen coming down the street near his home at the unearthly hour of four-thirty a.m. It is not known exactly how many people he aroused from their slumbers to direct him, but he knocked up certain parties miles out of his track at the hour of two a.m. However, this is all done away with now as the progress of time and inventions has caused the telephone wire to be run alongside these mazy lanes, and although the "twists and twines" are there still, it is a very simple matter to follow the wire which brings one to the bridge over the River Wyre, called Shard Bridge, eighteen and a half miles from Lancaster. Over the bridge, and after paying the toll demanded, up the rather rough road, the rider must turn to the right where the road is always bad and never was anything else.

Bearing to the left and crossing the level crossing of the railway to Fleetwood, Poulton is reached, where is a very fine old fashioned square. Turning to the right and then to the left, then to the right again, one goes ahead to Blackpool. In the Square at Poulton can be seen the old fashioned stocks, where persons were fastened by the feet for various offences against the local bye-laws. The road through Poulton is very rough and stony, and the streets being narrow care should be taken, as there is always a deal of traffic from Blackpool in the season.

The narrow road from Poulton to Blackpool is usually in a very rough and dirty state on account of the enormous wagonette traffic, and care again is required at the various bends in the road. When arriving in Blackpool the visitor will pass the Cemetery on the right and Talbot Road Station also, with the Talbot Hotel on the left, the place noted for the annual bowling handicap. The distance from Lancaster is twenty-four and a half miles.

A return can be made by Fleetwood and crossing to Knott End, the road mentioned followed in the early part of the tour.

Another route, about two miles further, is by Garstang, Churchtown, Hambleton, and Cartford Bridge, joining the same road at the top of the rough lane beyond Shard Bridge.

ARNSIDE AND MILNTHORPE CIRCULAR TOUR.

The above tour unfortunately does not find that amount of favour with local cyclists that it should especially that portion which lies between Carnforth and Arnside. From whatever cause I have often wondered. One solution to the lack of interest may be in the mazy nature of its quiet country lanes and the scarcity of guide posts at the junctions of the roads. But if there is one thing more than another that a cyclist out on his own revels in it is to get lost, and the fact of missing his road and not realizing it until he suddenly comes to a junction of the road he does not recognize, adds charm to the ride. He keeps the

secret to himself until he hears of someone who has had the same experience and where is the rider who has not met with such in his career! I well remember coming from Blackpool after the entertainments one very dark night, and by a route not usually taken, when one of our party had to climb a post and strike a light to read the directions thereon. He came down, however, with a bang through his sudden disturbance of a cow that had been lying peacefully in a field behind the hedge. This caused a stampede amongst the company present, members of our old club. There are riders who may claim to have ridden over almost every road in the district and yet not this one at issue.

The first six miles of the journey to Carnforth by the great North Road is by Slyne (three miles), Bolton-le-Sands (four miles), to Carnforth (six and a half miles). Arriving at Carnforth the turn to the left at the Bank is taken which leads past the Station and Iron Works. After passing under the Railway Bridge the rider must turn sharp to the left across the Marsh at the head of the bay. After crossing the railway he must turn again to the left through the toll gate. There is no toll to pay but the road is a private one which traverses the foot of the limestone cliffs (Warton Cragg) which abound here.

The aspect of the country is very pretty, the road winding in serpentine fashion. Game abounds, and rabbits dart across the road startled by the rush of the machine, giving one at times some very anxious

moments. The road crosses the Furness Railway by a level crossing and there being a good view up and down the line there is not much danger of being run over while crossing.

A stiff rise in the road comes to a junction, the one to the left leading to Silverdale shore. The right, the course to be taken, leads past Silverdale Station. This road has somewhat of a switchback character, but the surface is very good. Turning to the right at the next junction and crossing the railway bridge again, bearing to the right up the hill (which is rideable to the average rider), from this point the road runs through a lovely hazel wooded district, the thick foliage lining the road on both sides. Wild flowers in rich abundance adorn the copse sides, and the hedgerows (thanks to the absence of the motor car traffic) show the handiwork of nature in its true colours, presenting a clean and healthy appearance. The road now begins to drop, so care is required in taking the sharp turn to the left towards the bottom of the hill. Winding lanes and splendid going continue till a second level crossing within one mile of Arnside is reached. This is a place more deserving of resident visitors' notice than that of the picnic and school parties that at present visit it.

The return journey now commences, and the track is across the open country with a very fine stretch of road to Sandside (two miles), where at times the tide makes quite a roar when coming up

over the sandy shore. It was opposite the road side inn that the unfortunate boating accident occurred during the Oldham holidays, in August, 1905, by which five persons (one a baby) from Oldham were drowned through the capsizing of the ferry boat, which was coming across the stream towards the mainland from the headland opposite. The ferry boat at the time was in charge of the landlord of the roadside inn. The views here are very fine and embrace a large tract of country.

Passing again over the railway bridge at Sandside the rider has the choice of two roads, he can either keep to the main road to Milnthorpe, or, leaving the main road, pass to the right, through the gates of Dallam Tower, which is well worth a visit.

The road straight on to Milnthorpe may be followed, and turning to the right at the Market Square, the road joined at Beetham, which is the one arrived at if the other route is taken (viz., through the gates of Dallam Tower Park). Having arrived at Milnthorpe the tourist can, if he desires, proceed up the hill towards Kendal, soon arriving at Heversham (one and a half miles), and passing the single line station (Arnside to Oxenholme) on the left, and the Grammar School on the right. Levens Bridge is a little further on and close to is Levens Hall, the beautiful home of Captain Bagot, who up to the last election was member of Parliament for South Westmorland. After asking permission one may here see in the beautiful grounds trees growing

which are so trimmed and trained as to represent different animals. These are a wonderful sight, and should not be missed if possible. On returning to the gates of Dallam Tower Park, it is noticed that the carriage drive runs through the heart of the finely-wooded park, the beauty of which is greatly enhanced by a broad and lovely winding stream, well-stocked with fish. The park also contains a very fine herd of deer, which are generally to be seen browsing on the rising ground close to the drive and mansion, and materially adding to the charm of the surroundings. The drive terminates at the end of the park with a noble avenue of trees. Some of the trunks are very broad and have been cut and carved with innumerable initials and dates by visitors who have in some cases been the cause of the closing of many beautiful grounds to the general public. Through the park gates the road dips down to Beetham village, again joining the road as in the alternative route round by Milnthorpe Market Square. Crossing the square at Milnthorpe, the cyclist can pass to Crooklands, joining the Kendal and Burton road, at the end of a nice four miles spin. Continuing the journey homewards from Beetham (one and a half miles from Milnthorpe.) The road skirts the stream previously referred to, on the opposite side, and a fine view can be seen of a small waterfall as this stream leaves the mill on the right approaching Beetham. The road is now of a very undulating character for a few miles, with other roads branching off to the right to the two Yealands, and to the left to Burton and Kendal. Both villages

can be seen as one passes on the road, and a fine stretch of road across Hale Moss finally brings the rider to the highway leading from Lancaster to Kendal. This point is eight miles from the former place. The remainder of the route passes through Carnforth (two miles), the place left earlier in the route, Bolton-le-Sands, and Slyne to Lancaster, the total distance of the tour being thirty-one miles, a charming ride for the best half of the way.

Visitors to Morecambe desiring to go this tour should leave Morecambe for Torrisholme (one and a half miles) and taking the turn to the left for Slyne (one and a half miles), join the Lancaster and Carnforth road at that place. This makes the distance from Morecambe equal to that from Lancaster.

A VISIT TO SOUTHPORT.

Southport is one of the most charming places it is possible to find anywhere. The climate is very warm and the place scrupulously clean with a fair amount of space allotted to most of the houses both back and front. There is an absence of those narrow streets one finds in most of the large towns.

The sights are well worth seeing. Lord Street, the principal street, is unequalled anywhere, being especially fine when the illuminations show amongst the lovely trees and possessing still greater popularity owing to the presence of a band which gives fine concerts. The Botanic Gardens (Churchtown) and Pier (the longest known) are worthy of mention.

The Cemetery is such as I have never seen anywhere. The monuments erected to the memory of the brave lifeboat men who lost their lives while trying to rescue the crews of the many unfortunate ships that have been wrecked off this coast, are most beautiful and costly.

The Hesketh Park is a charming park where can be seen the Carpet Gardens, a specimen of skilful gardening.

The Marine Drive and many other places can be visited and altogether a grand half-day can be spent.

Tourists should cycle to Preston *via* Galgate, Bay Horse, Garstang (ten and three-quarter miles), and Broughton, and at Preston store machines and take half-day trip, fare 1/3 to Southport.

Those who care to ride the whole way should pass through Preston down Fishergate Hill across Penwortham Bridge and turning to the right along the river side at Penwortham Hill, follow the Ormskirk and Liverpool road through Longton, Hoole, to Tarleton. The Liverpool road is left here and that to the right taken through Banks, Crossens, and Churchtown (the Botanic Gardens being passed whilst going through Churchtown). Along Tithebarn Road the cyclist runs to the Promenade at Southport. The distance amounts to forty-one miles, twenty-one and a half miles to Preston, nineteen and a half from Preston to Southport.

Those desirous of going to Liverpool should follow the Southport route as far as Tarleton, and going through that village pass on to Rufford, Burscough Bridge, Ormskirk (eighteen and a quarter miles from Preston), Maghull (twenty-three and a quarter miles), and Aintree. A good view of the racecourse can be got where the Grand National Steeplechase, the Blue Ribband of the Cross Country Race, takes place. Scotland Road should next be followed, passing the Rotunda Theatre on the right. To Liverpool, distance from Preston equals thirty-one miles.

TROUGH OF BOWLAND.

It is with a certain amount of fear and trembling that I venture to suggest a tour through the Trough of Bowland, as at times when I have mentioned a tour in this direction I have been threatened with severe penalties. But once the mind is made up one does not feel the collar work as much as was expected and who is not desirous to know what is behind these wonderful ranges, and then, taken altogether, it is a pleasing change from the dry dusty road so frequently travelled. I myself have always had a liking for the hilly districts, and what could one wish for finer than the run from Casterton to the beautiful village of Dent, winding as it does among the towering hills which appear as if they would fall upon you. What is there more expressive, too, than the awful stillness of the Langdales Hard Knott, or Kirkstone Pass? To those who are prepared to tramp a little as well as ride, I would recommend any of the following tours.

Starting from Lancaster *via* Brock Street the rider should see the fine statue of our late Queen Victoria, also the new Town Hall in course of erection, both the gifts of the Right Hon. Lord Ashton. Passing over the canal bridge and up East Road, with the Catholic Church (St. Peter's) on the right, and the Royal Grammar School on the left, the turn to the right is taken which leads past the Union on the left, Christ Church on the right, and again the Williamson Park gates on the left. Without question this park is one of the finest in the world, especially taking into consideration the new additions now in the course of erection; the Palm House, Band Stand, and a massive structure still unnamed, with terraces for viewing purposes. This should not be missed if time permits. The park, &c., again is the gift of the Williamson family.

After passing the Park gates the dip down to left should be taken through Golgotha to Well House. A very stiff rise leads to Langth, the road falling again to Conder down a dangerous hill, now in a much better condition than formerly. (Two and a half miles.)

A sharp rise to the old Dog and Partridge follows, which becomes much stiffer after passing the same and much rougher till High Cross Moor is reached. It is very few who can ride this latter portion. The Jubilee Tower stands five miles from Lancaster, which the track of pipes carrying the water from Thirlmere Lake to Manchester (nearly

ninety-six miles) passes. Some of the hills are tunnelled in lieu of pipes. The rider has before him Clougha, Grotfell, and Wardstone, the second highest hill in Lancashire (only Coniston Old Man being higher), and the magnificent view to be seen looking seaward is grand, including Blackpool Tower and Wheel, Flectwood, Barrow, and the whole coast, with the hills of Windermere behind, extending from Carnforth to Barrow, enclosing Morecambe Bay.

The cyclist next descends by the fell gate to Higher Lee and Lower Lee. Here the road forks, the branch to the left leading to Tarn Brook. The road runs along the Tarn Brook Wyre, and, owing to the trees and stream, is a most beautiful walk. The road onwards up the hill leads in the direction of Marshaw, while the road to the right leads down to Abbeystead village and Compensation Reservoir. On the road forward to Marshaw is Well Brook Tarn (nine miles), where there is a lovely avenue of trees. Passing on to Canister Lodge (eleven miles), the rider comes to the Trough Bridge. Here on the right one sees a rather unique stone, which not only marks the boundary between Lancashire and Yorkshire, but also acts as the twelfth milestone from Lancaster. The curious can see the old stone on the left.

A very steep and precipitous drop brings one down to the village of Sykes, and below the village is the lovely Langdon Valley, remarkable for the quantity of water cress (there being acres of it) in the clear running stream.

Proceeding on the right the fine shooting box of Lord Crawshaw is passed (more like a mansion), beautifully embowered in trees. A little further on is the Roman Catholic Church, built by the Townley family. At this church the chief feature is the splendid marble figure of an angel, sculptured in France. Shortly after coming to the fork road at Dunsop Bridge, some fifteen miles from Lancaster, one can see a remarkable old finger-post which, judging by its battered condition, must have been there for ages, and seems to have been put up at a time when the miles were longer than the Irish, for this one says "ten miles to Lankester," which is now fifteen English ones. This is not the only example of the sort in the district, as after passing White Well on the road to Whalley, there is a similar one pointing to Preston, which is just about as far incorrect, according to the present reckoning. But even in these enlightened days mistakes are made, the seventh milestone on the Kendal road from Lancaster is half a mile out of it, and I know of another road where, whilst all the twenty-nine miles are rightly measured, one of the thirty is not more than twelve hundred yards long. From the road at Dunslop Bridge three circular tours can be made. The one to the left leads up the lovely Hodder valley through Newton (four miles) to Slaidburn (five miles). Passing the end of Newton village to the left is a most delightful short walk.

Leaving Slaidburn, which ever of the three ways one chooses either to Hornby (fourteen miles),

Bentham (twelve miles), or Clapham (twelve miles), a heavy rise of a thousand and one-hundred feet must be undertaken and, taking the road to Bentham as it is the best for cycling, the rider passes over a very dreary and lonesome moor with any amount of rough hills. Coming down the village of Bentham is reached passing on the left the Big Stone of Fourstone, a remarkable stone with steps leading to the top, fifteen miles from Lancaster.

Turning left a grand run down is made through Lower Bentham. Wennington, Wray, and on to the Lancaster and Hornby Road at the top of the hill a little beyond the eight milestone, then on through Claughton, Caton, Queen's Well Wood, Halton to Lancaster (distance forty-seven miles), a grand outing even allowing for the amount of walking to be done.

Harking back to the forked road at Dunsop Bridge, the road onward (two and a quarter miles) leads to Whitwell, seventeen and a quarter miles from Lancaster, a beautiful spot with a first-class hotel for catering for parties. Here a few hours can be spent by the brook.

Taking the road to the left a very steep hill of one mile in length is before the cyclist, after which comes a fairly good road, mostly down hill, to three and a half miles from Clitheroe and five to Whalley. It is here where the old-fashioned finger-post spoken of is. Running down to Clitheroe the rider should turn to

the right through Whalley. There is a Castle at Clitheroe and an Abbey at Whalley well worth a visit. Mellor Brook and the five-barred gate should be passed with a long descent to the bridge. Crossing the Ribble the cyclist mounts the hill and passes the Pleasure Gardens down Newhall Lane, round the House of Correction corner, and through Fulwood.

From Fulwood the tourist should cross to the Lancaster road and pass on to Broughton. After spinning past the same for about half a mile there is a steep hill, where many accidents have occurred on account of the bend at the bottom and the inability to see anyone who might be descending from the other side. Brock, Catteral, Garstang, Bay Horse, and Galgate are left one after the other, and Lancaster is reached. (Total distance, sixty-five miles.) The first time I did this tour was on a sharp frosty day, December 30th.

Harking back yet again to the forked road at Dunsop Bridge, the road can be taken to the right, which leads along a beautiful park-like lane, to Chipping. Five miles from here is Addmarsh, where can be seen a very interesting old "public." Passing thence by Bleasdale Church and the shooting box a beautiful private road brings one to the Moor Cock. From this the rider can pass on to Calder Vale Church (a most beautiful building), and dropping down by the river Calder spin thence to Garstang and home to Lancaster. (Distance, forty-five miles.)

A CIRCULAR TOUR.

APPLEBY, PENRITH, AND THE LAKES.

For this tour the rider should start from the Devil's Bridge, sixteen miles from Lancaster, taking the route to the same as per page 113. The rider should not cross the bridge, but take the road to the right to Sedbergh, passing through Casterton, Barbon, and Middleton (ten and a half miles). There is something peculiar about this road as it is the only one I know of that appears to be down hill both ways. Whoever one goes with, if the trip being made is the first, the opinion is always expressed that this particular road will present some hard work on returning. I could call to mind several I know who like myself have expressed the opinion and afterwards discovered it to be incorrect. Up the hill one goes to Casterton, and then with a long drop along a capital road all the way, passing Middleton Railway Station and on to the junction of the lane going ahead to Lowgill, the road to the right to Sedbergh should be taken. The ground here begins to rise gradually till the Sedbergh and Kendal road is joined, one mile from the former place, the last mile into Sedbergh being a little steeper. There is plenty of good scenery along the

route, with much variety of road, all of which is good. The run back is a treat, and is not what one would expect after having gone the outward journey. Leaving Sedbergh and taking the turn to the left at the lower end of the village (the right leads over a very rough road to Hawes, with Hardrow Scar Waterfall, sixteen miles), the road rises gently for the first few miles and the view of the hills is grand. The last three miles to Kirkby Stephen is almost all down hill and is a splendid free wheel ride to that place (fourteen and a half miles). Leaving Kirkby Stephen for Brough the road is good and only one short hill occurs in the four and a half miles. Brough is noted for its annual Brough Hill Fair, and also is the home of the world's champion wrestler in the Cumberland and Westmorland style, Geo. Steadman. From Brough to Appleby, past Brackenbury Moor, a noted encampment for Volunteers, the road is very good and almost level till Appleby is reached (six and a half miles). Here there is a steep descent into that old-fashioned Westmorland town. There is another way across the corner from Kirkby Stephen to Appleby (ten and a half miles), *via* Musgrave (three and a half miles), Warcop (two miles), and Appleby five miles, which reduces the journey from Kirkby Stephen to Appleby from eleven to ten and a half miles. There is much to see at this quaint county town, the buildings being very ancient and the town itself noted for its Assizes, where there are at times no prisoners to try. Leaving Appleby a grand road of thirteen miles brings one to Penrith. Arriving

at Penrith the tourist joins the main road (Preston to Carlisle). The course to take is across it and due west. The road to the left leads *via* Eamont Bridge to Shap village with a gentle rise of ten and a half miles to that place. Passing through the same the road becomes steeper till Shap summit is reached (six miles). Down the other side of the summit one comes (ten miles) to Kendal, the whole of this road being very good and all rideable.

The cyclist should notice that the highest point of the railway, which is the part where the bridge crosses the railway, near the granite works, is the foot of Shap. From this point the ordinary road commences a rise of three and a half miles. Instead of making this rise to the highest point of Shap, the railway avoids the same by means of a detour round by Tebay. Owing to this fact, the cyclist covers fifteen miles before joining the railway again, the railway being twenty miles to the same place.

The road to the right at Penrith is the main road to Carlisle and Scotland, being a splendid run, mostly all down-hill for the whole eighteen miles.

The course from Penrith is due west, and is along a good, level road for the first few miles. The head of Ulleswater Lake lies some few miles to the left. After rising steadily to the ninth milestone, the top of Penruddock is attained, then, gradually falling again all the way, Threlkeld Granite Works are passed and Keswick reached.

A fine view of the hills and Derwentwater is got as that town is approached, eighteen miles from Penrith.

Leaving Keswick there is a steep hill of one mile slope, which cannot be ridden by ordinary road riders, and the next sixteen miles to Ambleside provides the cyclist with as picturesque a stretch as it is possible to find. The journey presents in its course the fine Derwentwater Lake in the back-ground, and also the famous Thirlmere, Grasmere, and Rydalwater Lakes, finishing at the head of Lake Windermere, thus embracing five well-known lakes in so short a course.

After mounting the one mile rise, which is very stiff, a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. The road after is easy going, and leads through Castlerigg (two miles). After this the river Greta is crossed, which flows into Bassenthwaite Lake. The tourist will then be approaching Thirlmere Lake, five miles from Keswick, and with a descent at the bottom of the same, the road divides. There is then the choice of two roads, each having its own particular charms, but the one on the right is much to be preferred, on account of the advantage it offers of viewing the famous Dam Wall of the Manchester Waterworks. Taking the turn to the right, the road winds round the bottom end of the Lake, and a private road strikes off on the left leading down to the dam wall, which is surmounted by a fine carriage drive the entire length of the lake. The Engineer's residence is situated at the end of the drive.

About the centre of the drive there is a marble slab giving particulars of the scheme. At various points of the drive one is astounded at the colossal nature of the work accomplished. The object of the wall is to raise the storage capacity of the lake. There are two huge outlets in the wall called the forty and eighty feet levels. These outlets are made for the purpose of feeding the river that previously flowed from the lake in a natural stream, and the unique sight here presented of the river being fed through an aperture requires to be seen to be thoroughly understood. The vacuum caused by the flow of the water must be tremendous. The whirl of the water through the outlet causes a cavity to be formed upon its surface large enough to hold a man without touching its sides, but it would mean instant death to any mortal caught in its toils. A few hours can be profitably spent upon this wall. The road winds about the hillsides and occasionally one can get glimpses of the fields, hedges, barns, and cart roads, which have been enclosed and are now submerged at the bottom of the lake. The road is a new one, and is in splendid condition, and it joins the coach road again at the head of the lake. Should the tourist desire the east side he must keep to the coast road which traverses the entire length of the lake. It is double the width of the old road, and is of a thirty feet higher level than the old one was, which comprised hills and hollows with the water from the watercourse washing all over it. All that is now changed as the watercourses are built under the road

so that any surplus water caused by storms does not run across the new road but under it, and finds a rapid outlet into the lake. About half-way up the lake stands the fine castle-like receiving chamber built upon the edge of the lake. The water from the lake enters this chamber and is filtered before entering the pipe track on its ninety-six miles' journey to Manchester.

It would, perhaps, be interesting to give here a few particulars concerning this great work. The scheme was prepared by the late Mr. Bateman, F.R.S. (the Engineer of the Longdendale Works), in connection with Mr. G. H. Hill, C.E., who carried it out for the Manchester Corporation, Mr. Bateman having died June 10th, 1889.

	Feet.	Inches.
The natural level of the lake above		
sea level was	533	$2\frac{7}{8}$
When raised 35 feet for the supply		
of 20,000,000 gallons of water		
per day the level equals ...	569	0
Level when raised to the intended		
extent, 50 feet, will equal ...	584	0

The length at present, raised thirty-five feet, is three and a half miles one hundred yards; when raised to fifty feet will be one hundred and twenty yards longer.

The drainage area of the lake is eleven thousand acres.

The area and capacity of the lake is :—

	Acres.	Million Gallons.
Natural area.	330	—
Raised as at present (35 feet)	690	5129
When raised to full extent (50 feet)	793	8135

The quantity of water discharged into St. John's Beck as compensation water is 4,126,125 gallons every twenty-four hours.

The level of the lake is raised by means of an embankment constructed at the outlet into St. John's Beck.

The top of the embankment is six feet three inches higher than the level of the lake will be when raised to fifty feet.

The length of the embankment is eight hundred and fifty-seven feet ; the width at the top is eighteen feet six inches.

The greatest height of the embankment from the foundations is one hundred and four feet six inches.

The lengths of the new roads constructed by the Corporation are :—

	Miles.	Yards.
West side of the lake	5	965
East „ „ 	2	242
Across the Embankment ... —	—	1683

The roads are all of the best, and one could not wish for anything finer than the five and a half miles course on the west side of the lake.

There is an aqueduct capable of conveying 50,000,000 gallons of water per day, the diameter of which is seven feet, and having a fall of twenty inches per mile. The total length over all being as follows :—

	Miles.
Tunnels	$14\frac{1}{8}$
Cut and Cover	$36\frac{3}{4}$
Pipes... ..	45

Or the exact length is 95 miles 1,642 yards.

The diameter of the straining well described as the castle-like chamber, through which the water passes before entering into the aqueduct on its long journey, is thirty-seven feet six inches, and the depth sixty-five feet. The rainfall over the watershed varies from fifty-two inches to one hundred and thirty-seven inches per annum. The storage, when all the works are completed (fifty feet level raised) is estimated to provide fifty million gallons of water per day for one

hundred and sixty days, even if no rain falls during that time, without drawing below the original level of the lake. It is intended to bring the supply by instalments of ten million gallons a day at such intervals of time as may be found necessary. Two instalments, equal to twenty millions gallons per day, are now completed.

The cost of the watershed, including the lake, the wayleave for the tunnels, the cut and cover, the laying of five lines of syphon pipes across the valleys from Thirlmere to Manchester, and the works as carried out, *i.e.*, all the tunnels and cut and cover or concrete tunnels constructed near the surface of the ground to convey fifty million gallons per day to Manchester, has amounted to three and a half millions of money.

When the five lines of pipes have all been laid and the lake raised fifty feet it is estimated that the cost in all will have amounted to about five millions sterling.

The first contract was let in 1885, and the works for supply of the first instalment were completed and opened on the 12th October, 1894.

Water was first supplied through the second line of pipes on November 3rd, 1904. This is truly a colossal work, and a day is profitably spent at the lake side. The lake is one huge store reservoir, and looking at it and the splendid roads the mind reverts

to the fierce storms of opposition raised by the landed proprietors when the project was being promoted, on account of the spoilation that would accrue if the "hair-brained" scheme was carried out. The opposition died a natural death, and the handiwork of the great task was made to harmonise with the surroundings.

The lake ends at the foot of Dumail Raise and the mountain road up Helvelyan commences. The work up the hill is hard, as the latter is long and steep, but this is forgotten when the opposite side, with its splendid run down into Grasmere, is finished. Grasmere is next visited, a very pretty village bordering on the lake of that name, with a fine old church, and in the churchyard of which rest the bodies of the Poet Wordsworth and his family, the graves being close by the brook. A very fine view of the lake is obtained, the roads are of the best, and the next lake, Rydal Water, soon comes in view, appearing like a sheet of glass. After passing this Ambleside is near at hand, sixteen miles from Keswick. The road from here up Church Road, about two and a half miles, brings one to the famous Kirkstone Pass Inn, which is said to be the highest house in England, standing 1,481 feet above sea level, but it is claimed that the "Cat and Fiddle" near Buxton, is higher, stated to be over 1,690 feet, and also the "Travellers Rest" at Flash, 1,535 feet above sea level. Through the pass Ulleswater Lake may be reached *via* Patterdale and Water Millock. Leaving Ambleside the cyclist should go along Lake Winder-

mere to Bowness, with five miles of lake view. The route through Windermere should be followed up the hill, passing the station, and on to Staveley and Kendal, nine miles from Windermere. Through the Main Street of Kendal (and not over the bridge to Oxenholme and Burton) and straight on the rider should proceed, passing Sizer Hall, and down Levens hill past the Levens Hall, where can be seen by permission most wonderful trees, cut and trimmed to represent almost every animal imaginable. Of this I spoke in the tour to Arnside, Silverdale, and Milnthorpe.

Going back once again to Bowness instead of coming *via* Kendal there is a very picturesque route down the east side of Windermere Lake. Leaving the lake nearing the bottom and following the road to the left the road from Grange is joined at Wither-slack and followed to Levens Bridge. Once again on the main road (Lancaster to Kendal) Levens is left for Heversham, the Grammar School being passed on the left, and the course down the hill taken to Milnthorpe. Care must be taken here whilst crossing the Market Square, as it is rather dangerous at the four corners. From Milnthorpe, Beetham, Hale Moss, the cyclist should speed on to the Carnforth and Burton road. At the "eight miles" stone the two roads join, the one aforementioned, and the one that might be taken *via* Oxenholme and Burton. Carnforth, Bolton-le-Sands, and Slyne are passed in order, and Lancaster is reached.

This forms a grand circular tour through a variety of scenery. Distance to Hornby, nine miles ; Devil's Bridge, sixteen ; Sedbergh, twenty-six and a half ; Kirkby Stephen, forty ; Brough, forty-four and a half ; Appleby, fifty-one ; Penrith, sixty-four ; Keswick, eighty-two ; Ambleside, ninety-eight ; Kendal, one hundred and twelve ; Lancaster, one hundred and thirty-three and a half.



BRIEF TOURS.

TO GRANGE.—Leave Lancaster, pass Slyne (three miles), Bolton-le-Sands, Carnforth (six and a half miles), and then turn to the left after passing the eight mile stone and Yealand. Cross Hale Moss to Beetham, and then proceed to Milnthorpe, (thirteen and three-quarter miles), Heversham, and Levens. Turn to the left after crossing the river bridge, through Witherslack to Grange. Total distance, twenty-four and a quarter miles.

TO BRADFORD.—Leave Lancaster, pass on through Halton, Caton (four and a half miles), and Claughton, turning to the right at the top of the hill past the eight mile stone. Proceed through Wray, Wennington, Bentham (fifteen miles), Clapham, Settle (twenty-six and a half miles), Hellifield, Gargrave, Skipton (forty-two miles), Kildwick, Keighley, Manningham, to Bradford. Distance, sixty-three miles.

NOTE.—After leaving Bentham, by taking the turn to the left Ingleton may be reached after a run of three miles.

TO BLACKBURN AND ACCRINGTON.—Leave Lancaster, and proceed through Galgate, Bay Horse, Garstang (ten and three-quarter miles), Brock,

Broughton, Preston (twenty-one and a half miles), round House of Correction corner, up Newall Lane, over the Ribble, along Blackburn New Road to Blackburn (thirty-one and a half miles). Pass on to Church, then to Accrington. Distance, thirty-six and a half miles.

TO MANCHESTER, *via* BOLTON-LE-MOORS.—From Lancaster pass to Galgate, thence to Bay Horse, Garstang (ten and three-quarter miles), Brock, Broughton, Preston (twenty-one and a half miles), Bamber Bridge, Chorley (thirty and a half miles), Adlington, Horwich, Bolton (forty-one and a half miles), Moses Gate, Farnworth, Manchester. Distance, fifty-two miles.



USEFUL HINTS TO CYCLISTS.

Keep plenty of French chalk under the outer cover. This will keep the damp from rotting the cover and prevent the inner tube from fastening to the outer cover.

To take off an old patch from the inner tube heat a piece of iron black hot. Pass this over several times when the patch will lift off.

In repairing a puncture should the patch curl up and be bad to keep down, solution the other side (both sides).

If no repairing outfit is at hand when a puncture occurs tie a piece of string on each side the puncture of inner tube, put back, and blow up.

After repairing never put the inner tube back without blowing up slightly. as this prevents twists and creases, and always be sure before blowing up full that the outer cover is in its proper bed all round the wheel, and that no inner tube is projecting from under the outer cover.

Should you get wet some distance from home go to the baths, and while having a bath get your clothes dried in the stove.

For a comfortable seat the saddle should be not quite level, but raised a little higher at the front, and the height arranged so that the upper part of the foot can be placed underneath the pedal when the rider is sat on the machine.

The best lamp oil to burn consists of

Half-pint Colza Oil.

Three table spoonfuls of Paraffin.

One square inch of Camphor.

Cut the camphor in small pieces and dissolve by shaking the contents of the bottle.

Carry a piece of spare wick in your outfit. If this is omitted then make one of a piece of wool or rag, wrap up just sufficient to admit through the burner. This will act temporarily to carry the rider home.

In fixing a new wick, if it proves tight or bad to turn up or down, get someone to hold one end firmly, holding the other end yourself, and stretch as much as possible, and at the same time turn the adjuster up and down. This will have the effect of immediately easing the pressure in the burner.

In repairing a puncture, after taking out the inner tube be sure to run your hand well round the inside of the outer cover to see if the cause of the puncture (such as a thorn) is sticking in the cover. Many omit doing this, and after repairing the inner tube and replacing it they get another puncture with the same thorn or tack.

Experience has taught me that should any person be crossing your path in the road to ease up pays the best in the long run, and not to go madly on expecting the other person to get out of the way.

Clean your cycle at once on arrival at destination, if you have been out in the rain, as this will save much trouble. Polish the Japanned frame as well as the plating. This polishing has a great effect on the appearance, and for this purpose use my special preparation, made by myself, the best in the market. (~~Cycle Polish~~.)



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