

# CYCLING

*A Mirror of Wheeling Events—Devoted to the Interest of Cyclists in General.*

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## *A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.*

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—X.

Without waiting to investigate the points of interest in Derby, we resumed the road at an early hour the following morning, and soon experienced an amount of heat from the morning sun which gave promise of a day of warm riding. Passing through a very ordinary and uninteresting stretch of country we arrived at Lichfield in time for dinner; we repaired to the C. T. C. hotel and partook of *table d'hôte* dinner which was just ready. The repast was a very fair one, but when we got our bill! well, we were afforded a surprise. When one of our number intimated to the proprietress that we had no immediate intention of taking up our residence with her for a week, and had such a philanthropic idea occurred to us we did not care to pay our bill in advance, she seemed somewhat pained, and with an expression of serene beneficence on her countenance told us that the amount was in payment of our dinner. The day was too hot for argument, so we settled our indebtedness to the fair hostess of the hotel, and sallied forth to calm our perturbed state of mind by visiting the grand old cathedral. In all the churches and cathedrals seen on our tour, I do not know one that impressed me more in respect to architectural magnificence (with the exception of the Notre Dame in Paris) than that of Lichfield. We were successful in obtaining some excellent pictures of this old church with our cameras, and, as the cathedral was the one point of attractive interest in the town, we spent no further time there, McBride and Peard taking the road for Coventry and Langley leaving for Willenhall, where he had some business to transact.

It is not probable we will ever forget that ride to Coventry. Existence in the Sahara Desert would, it seemed to us that afternoon, be only a circumstance compared to the heat

we experienced in these few hours' ride under the burning sun. Ever and anon we would stop for a few minutes at some friendly way-side inn to quench our thirst with a home-brewed "cordial," then riding on over another stretch of country, only to find ourselves all the warmer for our recent refreshment. We were buoyed up, however, with the knowledge that there is an end to everything, and as the shades of evening began to throw their shadows across our path, we were informed by our silent yet truthful friends, the mile-stones, that we were nearing the ancient town of Coventry, noted for its historical reminiscences, and as the birth-place of the majority of our modern bicycles.

Just a few miles out of Coventry we passed through a little hamlet that was enjoying a veritable fête day in the old fashioned way. The travelling showman was there with his wagon, the wonder of wonders to the children gathered about, who absorbed the pleasures that they could long look back upon with delight. At this point the road was so blocked by people who were enjoying themselves according to their notion of enjoyment, that we were obliged to dismount and push our machines with some little difficulty through the throng; this scene of festivity passed, we arrived at a tremendous hill, that was not ridden by all the party, and then we were on the direct road to Coventry, distant only about four miles. We were soon made aware of the fact that we were approaching a centre where bicycles were not novelties, as we passed riders on every conceivable kind of wheel, although the Safety was then beginning to secure its foothold; and we noticed that coming down through England, the nearer we arrived to the cycle manufacturing centres, the less the ordinary was to be seen.

We were joined by a rider shortly before reaching the town; he was one of the class of Englishmen that kind fortune has but occasionally placed in our way, exhibiting his sympathy for the poor Colonists, who are compelled by circumstances to reside in Canada, or America, as every one over there calls our country. When we remarked on the lack of attention shown visiting wheel-