

# 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.—IX.

A good long rest after the heavy ride of the previous day and a rather cursory inspection of this border town made our departure from Carlisle occur at about noon. Our course lay through a hilly country and we had our old friend the head wind with us again, still these little difficulties only added zest to the thorough enjoyment of the beauties provided by nature which meet us at every turn—running along a road with surface as even as asphalt, surrounded on either side by the luxuriant green hedges, the monotony of the never changing color being broken here and there by the roses in full bloom, swiftly passing the fields of wheat in which the red poppies nodded their pretty heads as if contrasting their beauty and brightness with the less pretentious but more stable cereals surrounding them, riding quickly beside a tiny stream from the banks of which we observe the patient angler casting his fly for the unwary trout, which oftentimes proveth itself more wary than its would-be destroyer. Ever and anon our circuitous road leads us through the labyrinths of some forest, and as we glide along the stillness unbroken, save by an occasional bon-mot from the irrepressible Langley, the effect of which would cause a frightened pheasant to half fly, half run across the highway followed quickly by half a dozen tiny rabbits skurrying across the road into the under-growth as though we were late editions of the Bunting family. While we had been ruminating on the various phases of country scenery, the hours were slipping by and we gradually found ourselves approaching the famous lakes, one of England's most beautiful districts. We reached a cosy little summer resort on the Derwentwater in time for supper, after which we had a four mile ride to Keswick. This quaint old town is surrounded on all sides by mountains and is

noted throughout all England for its magnificent environs which tend to make it a most desirable point for summer residence. The next morning Peard thought his machine was hardly light enough to run up the side of the various hills that greeted the eye on every side; so he bought a copy of *Tid-Bits* and *Ally Sloper* and took the train for Kendal, the other two gentlemen continuing on the hot and dusty way with unabated vigor. Our party was united again at Kendal, and, although Messrs. McBride and Langley were pretty well used up after the heavy pull between Keswick and Kendal, we ran off another twenty-two miles over excellent roads and found ourselves early in the evening entering Lancaster.

This place, in contrast to the towns we had recently visited, seemed literally alive with people; the streets were crowded. In enquiring at the C.T.C hotel we were told no accommodation could be had there, and then learned that the extraordinary excitement noticeable in the people, and the gala appearance of the town, was due to the notable fact that the county regiments were then in camp just on the outskirts of Lancaster, and the people of the surrounding country had come in to watch the warlike evolutions of their militia. We were more fortunate in our next effort to secure a resting place, and were soon revelling in a thoroughly English supper in a cosy little parlor at the Rialton hotel. In Lancaster, to a person unacquainted with the city, there is nothing of interest to record. It is one of the busy centres which does not seem to be materially affected by the rather close proximity of Manchester. This was Friday night, and as we were anxious to make Manchester, a distance of fifty-two miles, as early next day as possible, we did not spend much time in interviewing the citizens, but sought our couches at an early hour. Saturday was a bright, clear day, all that could be desired for cycling purposes, but, notwithstanding our determination to make an early start, it was ten o'clock before the thread of our journey was resumed. With a fine road through a level stretch of country, and, marvelous as it may seem, Peard set a pretty good pace to Preston, attracted,