

THE Bicycling World

The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen.

Published Weekly. 8 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

William G. Gilman, Editor.

E. C. Hodges & Co., Proprietors

\$2.00 a Year.
10s. Foreign.
7 cents a copy.

BOSTON, 7 APRIL, 1882.

Volume IV.
Number 22.

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(Continued from page 260.)

objectionable pursuits, hateful to the enlightened peasantry of the "Green Isle"; but this was the only sign of disturbance observed by us on our whole trip, and we everywhere found the people most friendly and hospitable. Having got our remittance at the office, we bent our steps to a restaurant and enjoyed our first really good dinner since leaving Dublin; and feeling our inner man satisfied and solid, and knowing already what was to be seen in Cork, we came to the conclusion that we would make a bold advance for the region of our warmest hopes and brightest anticipations. The storied beauties of Glengariff, Killarney, and the West were growing nearer and nearer; our frames were hardening with the work, our muscles were developing at a rapid rate, and as we rode out of Cork on the Macroom road, nothing seemed impossible to us. Macroom was twenty-five miles distant; during the day we had left Youghal twenty-nine miles in our rear, yet we felt confident of our ability to reach the former place by night: so at half past three in the afternoon we turned our backs on Cork, and began what I may call the second period of our ride, and the most enjoyable portion of the whole tour. Neither of us felt in the least fatigued. Maxwell was as brown as he could be without being quite black. I was in somewhat the same condition. After riding close on one hundred and eighty miles in less than five days, and intending to make the total two hundred before nightfall, both of us felt fifty per cent better than on the evening of the first day. Feeling thus, we were able to thoroughly enjoy the magnificent country on which we now entered. The road from Cork to Macroom was simply magnificent; the scenery was perfection; hill and valley, mountain and stream, all lent their aid to make up a scene that was exquisite. After passing Ballincollig we crossed the little river Bride, and the beauty of the country we were passing through awakened every chord of sympathy with Nature's handiwork which our feelings could boast of. Wonder, admiration, surprise, and awe were all called forth in our contemplation of so much that was so new and strange and beautiful. Some ignorant genius has ventured to state that it is impossible to sing when mounted and working on a machine. I wish, whoever he be, that he could have heard Jerry Maxwell start his full, clear baritone, five miles outside of Macroom, and send the stirring notes of "Let Erin Remember" across from the road to the little stream that crept closer in to us, to catch and mingle with its own music the strains of the grand old ballad, that sends the blood tingling through the veins of many an Irishman, as it tells him of the days that are gone forever. Looking round on the beauties of the land we were passing through, I could not help thinking of the curse which seems to dwell over it, and renders all the efforts for the bettering of its

people apparently unavailing. We almost felt as if we could never get tired on this part of the ride. Let the road be what it would, up or down, hilly or level, it was all one to us. "Was n't it just a pity that the twenty-five miles did not last longer," said Jerry. Shortly after half past seven we crossed the river Lee, — the first time we had done so since leaving Cork, — and eight o'clock saw us comfortably housed in Macroom. After thoroughly enjoying supper we walked about the town; it was too late to go sight-seeing: this was a pity, for there were a number of beautiful spots, we heard, within short distances of the place, all well worth visiting. Taking a hurried look at the town as we went along, we made for the post-office, and finding nothing there, returned to the hotel, devoted half an hour to brushing up our travel-stained apparel, and then sought what we considered our well-earned repose, having made on this Friday our longest day's riding, a distance of fifty-five miles, Youghal to Macroom.

GLANCES ABROAD

A POLICEMAN of Lancashire saw a bicyclist riding on a foot-path in violation of law, and thrusting his stick in the bicyclist's wheel, threw the rider to the ground and damaged the machine £2 8s. worth. The bicyclist was fined for riding on the path, but the foolish constable was also mulcted by the court to the full amount of damages claimed by the former. . . . The Bicycle Union is establishing sub-unions, called local centres, in the outlying districts of Great Britain. . . . The tricycling departments of the English wheel press are assuming large dimensions, and discussion on machines and methods of construction is becoming earnest and elaborate. . . . The *Bicycling News* reports the Surrey Bicycle Club's monthly handicap held 11 March, the race being two miles, and won by J. Wilson, it being his first attempt at racing. Wilson, 300 yards, won first heat in 6.16. C. D. Vesey, scratch, won second heat in 6.16. The final heat was won by Wilson in 6.11. There were six competitors in the final heat, and Vesey retired in the sixth lap.

What they Say of Us.

"I DON'T see how a person that takes much interest in bicycling can do without THE WORLD after once reading it." — *Allan Hathaway, Cleveland, Ohio.*

"I NEGLECT everything to scan the pages of your paper when the mail carrier leaves it on my desk. I find it interesting even in the advertising columns, which I always read." — *Samuel T. Clark, Baltimore, Md.*

"I FIND that an advertisement in your paper reaches bicyclers with a 'long pole.'" — *E. J. Waring, Pittsburg, Pa.*

"DID not get the issue of last week. Please send at once, as the loss of it 'loses me.'" — *F. R. Miller, Boston.*

"HAVE always enjoyed reading the WORLD; a friend unsolicited loaned it to me, but my conscience troubled me, because returning you no equivalent for pleasure and profit derived. Now I think I can absorb it with bliss unalloyed." — *Walter S. Langley, Newport, R. I.*

"I ENJOY the WORLD more than any other paper I receive, and if I were disposed, could find a score of borrowers in our club; but I tell them to subscribe themselves and help support the paper in the interest of bicycling." — *C. A. Hazlett, Portsmouth, N. H.*

THE Bicycling World

As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoted to the best interests of bicyclers generally, and aims to be a clear, comprehensive, and impartial record of all bicycling events in America, — clubs, races, excursions, tours, business meetings, club meets, social events, personal items, inventions and improvements, routes, and all information of interest or value to wheelmen. It also contains selections, throughout the year, from foreign wheel literature of such items and articles relating to bicycling as are of interest to wheelmen in America. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids, will be appreciated.

Subscribers may receive the BICYCLING WORLD, post-paid, at the following rates: —

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Six months ".....	1.00
Three months ".....	.60

Foreign subscribers 25 per cent advance on these rates, to cover postage.

Single copies are for sale at the following places: —
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WILLIAM E. GILMAN EDITOR.
J. S. DEAN . . . EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR
E. C. HODGES & Co. . . . PUBLISHERS.

To Contributors.

WRITE only on one side of the sheet. Avoid unnecessary paragraphing. Always send (confidentially) full name and address with *nom de plume*. Separate reports of races or club doings from general correspondence. Endeavor to follow the style of the department of the paper your contribution is intended for. Brief communications intended for publication in the next ensuing issue should be in the editor's hands by Monday morning, and longer articles by Saturday, and should be addressed to WILLIAM E. GILMAN, 8 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON, 7 APRIL, 1882.

THE LEAGUE MEET.

Now that the place for the Second Annual-Meet of the League of American Wheelmen has been selected, a few suggestions to the local clubs and Western wheelmen generally will not be amiss. Chicago estimates the number of bicyclers within her limits at about three hundred, only fifty of whom belong to the local clubs. Nineteen of the Chicago Bicycle Club are members of the League, and probably these nineteen comprise fully half the League members in the entire city, — a poor showing out of a possible three hundred riders. At the directors' meeting in New York, the 27th ult., on the question of electing a commander to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Munroe's resignation, it was generally conceded that the annual parade

should be as completely as possible under the direction of the local clubs where the Meet is held; and Chicago having been selected, endeavor was made to learn the qualifications of such riders in that city as were members of the League, but no satisfactory information could be gathered in respect to those named in the Hand-Book, and a choice was made accordingly without regard to local claims, but with the understanding that the commander should enlist the personal co-operation of the local Leaguers as marshals or aids. Now, gentlemen of the Chicago and Ariel Bicycle Clubs, if you wish to advance the interests of bicycling in your city and the West generally, bend your energies not so much to hospitably and suitably entertain visiting wheelmen, neither strive to exhibit the numerical strength of our pastime, but aim rather to make the Meet imposing by the respectable appearance of both clubs and unattached riders, and by good conduct and discipline. Above all, discipline yourselves, and work harmoniously together as clubs and individuals to make the whole affair a credit to yourselves, your city, and the cause. Do not hesitate to ask advice and information of the Boston committees of the last Meet respecting methods; for it is no easy task you have to assume, and lessons may be drawn from their success as well as from their failures. Lay out your plans carefully and study every point.

Nothing but the urgency of the appeals from the West induced the Eastern men to consent to locate the Second Annual Meet so far from the great bicycling centre, and despite their doubts of its wisdom; and it now remains for the West to justify this selection. Chicago must of course bear the brunt of the expense and responsibility; but she ought not to bear it all. While to the Boston clubs was due the successful arrangement and management of the details of the last Meet, yet Boston asked and received financial and practical aid from neighboring clubs and unattached wheelmen. So let the wheelmen of Illinois, of Iowa, of Indiana, of Wisconsin, of Kentucky, of Michigan, of Missouri, and even of Ohio, generously volunteer subscriptions of money as well as men; and especially should the nearer clubs respond promptly and liberally to any calls they may receive from their Chicago brethren.

And we would again suggest that it is not numbers which will be wanted to

make the Meet an imposing success, but character and appearance. Remember that in a parade, clubs will take precedence over unattached wheelmen, and League clubs and League members will take precedence over non-League. As we stated last week, the question of the advisability of admitting unattached non-Leaguers to participation in the procession was discussed at the recent directors' meeting, and it was finally left to the discretion of the commander. We think such discriminating action would be wise, and further suggest that unattached League members be required to appear in the League uniform, instead of such nondescript costumes as often constitute the dress of the independents.

WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

WHAT IS TO BE.

[Club secretaries and other wheelmen are requested to furnish for this department announcements of coming races, meets, runs, periodical business, social meetings, etc., etc.]

13 April. Rochester Bicycle Club exhibition at City Hall, Rochester, in aid of the "Female Charitable Society."

13 April. Reception by the New York and Brooklyn wheelmen.

Mondays and Fridays, Boston Bicycle Club, "Whist" and "Chess" nights, respectively.

Notice to Clubs.

WE intend, shortly, to republish the BICYCLE CLUB DIRECTORY, revised, and request club secretaries to furnish us as soon as possible with the following information: Name and location of club; when formed; how often, and on what evening of week and day of month the regular meeting is held; time of official elections, and whether annual or semi-annual; number of active members at the time of sending the information; how many belong to the L. A. W.; estimated number of unattached local wheelmen; the secretary's full name and address.

CHelsea BI. CLUB. — At a meeting of the Chelsea Bicycle Club held 28 March, it was voted to fix the rate of assessments at \$1.50 quarterly, in advance. The rules were further amended by making membership of the L. A. W. a requisite of membership of the club. This requirement has always been in practice in this club, although not until now incorporated in the constitution. The room committee was also authorized to secure suitable rooms for headquarters. Frank M. Gilley was elected captain in place of Charles Walker, resigned, and Lieuts. Brown and Eustis were elected sub-captain and first lieutenant, respectively, Sub-Capt. Fowler having resigned, and Charles H. Small was elected second lieutenant.

HACKENSACK BI. CLUB. — This club was formed 18 March with the following organization: Mr. W. T. Knapp was

chosen president; Mr. C. Julian Wood, captain; Cyrus Knapp, lieutenant; Henry Stewart, secretary and treasurer; other members are Dr. Walter Farr, Harry Griffiths, and Henry Stoney. The uniform adopted will consist of seal-brown corduroy jacket, knee-breeches, and polo cap of same material; initials of club stitched in crimson, on front of cap; brown stockings and low shoes; colors, light blue. The club members are expecting some pleasant runs and excursions as soon as these March breezes cease to blow and the roads are in good condition, and will commence club drills. The club is *solid* for the League from the start; the lieutenant and captain being members now (the former is also consul for Hackensack), and the other members, names will shortly be handed in to the corresponding secretary. CAP.

HACKENSACK, N. J., 25 March, 1882.

DETROIT BI. CLUB.—*Editor Bicycling World*:—At a meeting of the Detroit Bicycle Club, held 24 March, the secretary was instructed to report the following to the L. A. W. Corresponding Secretary, K. N. Putnam: "The sense of this meeting is that Detroit riders—and no doubt Michigan wheelmen generally—decidedly prefer that the coming L. A. W. Meet be held in Chicago. While we cannot say definitely how many members we can send, would estimate at least twelve, perhaps twenty, including a few unattached." A member of the University Club was present, who expressed his opinion that that club would send a good delegation; Grand Rapids and Genesee County would no doubt do likewise.

W. J. HOWARD, Sec.

DETROIT, 25 March, 1882.

NAIL CITY BI. CLUB.—The Nail City Bicycle Club held its annual meeting in the parlors of the Stamm House, on Monday night, March 27, and elected officers for the year as follows: President, W. Grubb; captain, T. A. Hoge; secretary and treasurer, Frank Woods. Other members of the club are Frank Stamm, Wm. Welty, George Leighton, Richard Robb, Bates Woods, Harry Coen, W. E. Hoge, J. F. Kirk, William D. McCoy, Robert Hazlett, and Charles Ott; making in all fourteen members, or double the size of last year. There will be ridden during the season, three full-nickelled Experts, one Aerial, two ball-bearing Standards, one Mustang, one American Star, six Standard Columbias. The year promises well for this small club among the hills, and several new members are expected during the spring and summer from among our leading business men. Club runs will be made regularly every Sunday morning, and frequently through the week. There will be tours by some of the members of two or three weeks' duration, races to some extent, visits to neighboring cities, etc. Last year three of our members made the trip between our city and Cincinnati *via* Columbus, Springfield, and Dayton, and

found it a very agreeable one. The distance is about three hundred miles, and we recommend it to wheelmen (who may find it convenient) as a very pleasant route. FORTY-SIX.

WHEELING, W. VA., 29 March, 1882.

CITY BI. CLUB.—The City Bicycle Club, of Brockton, Mass., held its annual meeting 30 March, and elected officers as follows: President, F. M. Bixby; captain, William Briggs; lieutenants, George Hayward and Sylvanus Dexter; secretary and treasurer, Frank M. Buckley; club committee, the president, captain, and George W. Loring. Meetings held monthly during the coming season. F. M. BUCKLEY, Sec.

BROCKTON, MASS., 1 April, 1882.

CHICAGO BI. CLUB.—Special business meeting, Chicago Bicycle Club, at Exposition building, 29 March. Dr. Charles C. Pruyn was elected to the presidency *vice* Charles F. Whitmarsh, resigned. An associate membership was established, whereby gentlemen can participate in the benefits of the club, and can lend their assistance as club members without being active riders. Mr. John M. Fairfield was given full charge of all matters relating to the entertainment of the L. A. W. in May. Mr. John Wilkinson was admitted to associate membership. The club tailor was changed from Mr. Devore to the government supply depot, and all members required to have full uniforms before 1 May.

CORRESPONDENCE

[This department is open to communications relating to bicycling; the editor disclaiming all responsibility for opinions expressed, and reserving the right to reject such, or such portions, as in his judgment are improper by reason of gratuitous advertising or objectionable phraseology.]

Troy.

Editor Bicycling World:—Through the columns of your paper, I will endeavor to bring the Trojan bicyclers to the front. Our club has been organized about five months, and is now in a prospering condition. New members are added to the roll at every meeting and before the roads are in condition for wheeling we expect a remarkable boom in favor of bicycling. Some time in April we will have a grand bicycle tournament at the Albany Fair Grounds, for the championship of the club and a prize. Our wheel-room and headquarters are not very large, but are centrally located, with good flooring and in excellent condition. Connected with our wheel-room is a bicycle academy, managed by one of our members, who is agent for the Columbia and English bicycles. The election of officers occurs 5 April, and at that meeting we shall probably decide on uniforms, club colors, and badge. Since the organization of our band of wheel-spinners, we have done more or less riding on the streets and to adjacent villages. New-Year's Day three members of the club covered twenty-five miles, and got

outside of the contents of a hotel pantry and kitchen. I don't mean that it took all day to ride those twenty-five miles: calls were made at the homes of the fair sex, and finally wound up by taking a short spin outside of the city. The weather at present is very bad, but within a few weeks we expect to spin our wheels to our hearts' content.

L. J. THIESSEN, Sec.

TROY, N. Y., 13 March, 1882.

San Diego.

Editor Bicycling World:—Western Texas now boasts of a bicycle club, although in its infancy. The San Diego Bicycle Club was organized 17 December, 1881, with the following officers: F. Tibbler, president; F. Gueydan, Jr., vice-president and captain; and George Bodet, secretary; and numbers six active members so far, but we hope to add many others to the rolls soon. The bicycles used are all of the celebrated Columbias, and give great satisfaction. Their arrival here caused quite a stir among the natives, who had never seen anything of the kind, and could not understand how a person can travel on two wheels alone. Even the Texas ponies were awe-stricken, and several stampedes have been caused by the sudden appearance of the wheels. The first time that we were out on the roads, we met a couple of Mexican "vaqueros," who stared at us a long while, and we heard the next day that they reported to their employer having met four men who had broken their buggy, and were riding the wheels home. Before the machines arrived, we were predicted a flat failure, as it was claimed that the roads were too sandy for bicycles. We were happy to prove the contrary; for although we have no turnpike or shell roads, still we have been able to make a show, and generally make about fifteen miles on Sunday mornings; and with a little more time and practice we hope to do better. We have made a one half mile track, where on Sunday evenings there is quite a concourse of people to witness. The first times the graceful "headers" of the president were loudly applauded; but having since acquired more experience, the *belles* are interested otherwise.

We have not heard of any other club in this section, and the only wheel we know of around here was the one owned by a gentleman of Fulton, Texas, about one hundred and fifty miles from here, who did very good time on the shell road at Rockport; but one day in rounding a corner, he came in too sudden contact with a cart, and the consequence was that he landed about ten feet on one side of the cart, and the bicycle on the other,—he very badly bruised, and the wheel tolerably well mashed up. We are told that this gentleman was afterwards disgusted, and this first essay, having been ineffectual, discouraged the candidates to bicycle honors.

As said above, notwithstanding the predictions of a great many, having

shown that bicycle riding was very feasible here, we think that before long our club will be swollen up to a respectable number. Regular monthly meetings are held the first Saturday in every month at Gueydan's Hall, where we are always sure to find and read with great interest the BICYCLING WORLD. The uniform adopted for this summer is composed of white duck leggings, white breeches, white flannel shirt, and a white helmet,—club's monogram on shirt.

SECRETARY.

SAN DIEGO, DUVAL CO., TEXAS, 24 March, 1882.

Hackensack.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Editor Bicycling World:—In the case of our old conservative Dutch town it has taken two years—two years of good example, and any amount of talking—to create sufficient interest in bicycling and "raise" enough material to form a club. Yes, Mr. Editor, Hackensack is again to the front; not with another broken bank this time, however, but a *full-blown* bicycle club of seven members.

Just two years ago, in the early part of February, the first bicycle made its appearance in town, and its owner and rider (the writer) was looked upon as an extravagant and foolish young man by some old heads,—with delight and envy by some of the younger men, but oh! *so very few*. He immediately commenced to *try* to induce others to join him in the delights of wheeling, but after exhausting attempts, gave up *all hope* of ever having a companion bicyclist in his own town. This single and lonely rider, however, stuck to it manfully, rode and toured about considerably, and waited for effects. But 1880 passed and none came; he still had the whole field to himself. "Look at our poor roads," they said; "and then you know the confounded 'things' cost so much." The former was granted,—the roads *were* poor and are still pretty bad; but the authorities (thank heaven) are at last waking up and have discovered that good roads in a town are almost as necessary as gas, water, and sewers. Then, too, it was shown that a little perseverance would bring town riders to good roads,—at Englewood, three miles away, and the upper boulevard of New York City; also the roads of Orange. As to the latter point, price, it was agreed that a first-class machine could not be made for less.

Early in 1881 the lone "biker" was at last joined by a young man of seventeen,—mark it, ye older and more timid ones. He was gladly welcomed to the (single) ranks, and soon became a most excellent wheelman and companion. The leaven had at last begun to raise the lump. The father of this young man also became interested, and soon learned to ride on his son's machine, and now possesses a wheel of his own. Last fall we received an accession of *four* all at once; it nearly stunned the pioneer man, but he managed to bear up bravely

as visions of a club, to be formed early in the spring, danced before his vision. The latter took form and shape on the 18th inst, when the several gentlemen interested met and organized as the Hackensack Bicycle Club (and put it down quick, Mr. Editor,—I'm afraid I shall wake up some morning and find it a *myth, blown away*). Before long we shall fling our colors (true blue) to the breeze, and ride before the astonished gaze of the town, and if we cannot attend the League Meet by reason of distance, we will be a meet unto ourselves.... The Newburyport idea is considered to be an excellent one by the club, and we hope to see something of the kind carried into effect at the next League Meet; and if we are not there, Mr. Editor, put us down in favor of it. But I think I hear you sigh and say, "Hold, enough," and so it shall be for the present. CAP.

HACKENSACK, 25 March, 1882.

Beach Riding.

Editor Bicycling World:—In the WORLD of 24 March, I see an inquiry by "Ontari," with regard to riding on beaches. I spent the greater part of last summer at Exeter, N. H., and from that town to Hampton Beach is an admirable ride of ten miles. One of my best ways of spending a day was to ride my bicycle down to the beach in the morning, and return at night. The sand at Hampton is very firm and hard, and I thought I would make a trial of it, so one day at low tide I sallied forth. I was not at all disappointed, for I found the smoothest riding I have ever met. For about a mile one can ride as fast as he pleases with no danger of headers from chance stones in the road. If any bicyclers hit upon the eastern part of New Hampshire next summer, I think they would be fully repaid if they include Hampton Beach and a ride on the sand in their trip. I expect to be in Exeter and at Hampton Beach for a part of the summer, and am always glad to meet any bicyclers who may be in the vicinity.

1477.

SOUTHBORO', MASS., 27 March, 1882.

Scranton.

Editor Bicycling World:—As the season for bicycling is about to open with us, anticipations of pleasant runs and excursions, the near approach of the League Meet, together with other enjoyments in store for the wheelmen, all have a tendency to give the inspiration necessary to keep up the interest in wheel matters. The prospect of a much earlier season than usual is duly appreciated, especially by our little party, comprising some of our most enthusiastic club members, who, in order to enjoy a run do not always require the most favorable circumstances. We have already had a few runs which were very enjoyable; yet I venture to say if some of your New England wheelmen had been with us, they would have felt an inclination to turn back. After riding over our roads

we feel as though we could attempt 'most anything, and I can assure you we fully appreciate it when an opportunity is afforded us to visit points where good roads are found. We feel a great interest in the approaching League Meet, and will wait anxiously for the question of the place to be decided. We hope to have our club well represented, and from present indications it will be. However, the directors will undoubtedly come to a wise decision in the matter; and let us all indorse their choice and make the affair the success it should be. ... President Atkinson, of the Honesdale Club, called on us last week. ... Our bicycle riding school opened last week, and promises to add many wheelmen to our city. ... A letter just received from President Hawley, of the Capital Club, Washington, gives a glowing account of 'cycling affairs there. We have the promise of a visit from him some time during the season. F. C. H.

SCRANTON, PA., 30 March, 1882.

RACES

CHICAGO, 26 March, 1882.—The 25-mile championship race of the Chicago Bicycle Club, which was to be run in April, was held Saturday, 25th. Entries, T. S. Miller, L. W. Conkling, Vernon Calkins, and B. B. Ayers. Mr. Ayers was late, starting in on the race seven minutes behind. Mr. Calkins retired on the sixth mile, and the result rested between the other three. The finish was made in one hour and forty minutes, Conkling winning by a few feet; Mr. Miller, who was leading on the last stretch, being taken with a cramp in both legs within fifty feet of the finish. The latter undoubtedly made the best time, as he was forced to lay off one lap—one third of a mile—on the fifth mile, on account of a loose pedal, and had to make up the lost time. Ayers continued to the finish of his twenty-five miles, his time being one hour and fifty minutes. Quite a large audience were present at the Exposition Building, including many ladies, and much interest was felt in the race.

The Voice of the Pulpit.

IN a recent communication to the *North Western Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, the Rev. E. L. Gracey, of Boston, writes of bicycling as follows: "The riding whip is no longer a part of a Methodist preacher's outfit, having been cast aside with the saddle-bags, and the horse even is no longer in demand; in lieu of the horse, however, several of our brethren have taken to the bicycle, and are becoming very expert wheelmen. Mr. Pope is quite proud of his ministerial club, and is training his Baptist brethren and breaking in some of his staid Episcopal friends into the mysteries and delights of the circuit system. The Methodist brethren, however, take the lead, as you might suppose from their historical proficiency in the saddle. There is health

in the wheel, and after one masters its mysteries, great enjoyment as you go skimming along the good roads in and about the city. I would suggest to my ministerial brethren to provide themselves with a Columbia bicycle, and then off in the country for an hour or so of exhilarating ride, and they can do double duty in the study and pulpit. I charge them, however, to remember, while leaning to mount and manage the fairy steel steed, what Prof. B—— of the Boston Theological school has so often suggested to us while on the road: 'A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways,'—specially so in his bicycle ways. Confidence and perseverance will soon win, however, and he will become an enthusiastic advocate of the beauties and benefits of this double-wheeled wonder.' The following clergymen are all enthusiastic wheelmen: Rev. H. D. Weston, Milton, Mass.; Rev. G. W. Short, Stoneham, Mass.; Rev. O. P. Gifford, 14 Claremont Park, Boston; Rev. S. L. Gracey, 75 Lexington street, East Boston; Rev. A. J. Hovey, Stoneham, Mass.; Rev. S. H. Day, Scituate, Mass.; Rev. H. T. Titus, Newton, Mass.; Rev. J. B. Hamilton, Newton, Mass.; Rev. J. W. Quimby, East Bridgewater, Mass.; Rev. H. N. Brown, Brookline, Mass.; Rev. Arthur Edwards, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis A. Pope, Phenix, R. I.; Rev. L. A. Bosworth, 300 Elm street, Somerville, Mass.; Rev. J. L. Scudder, Shrewsbury, Mass.; Rev. Marcus D. Buell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. A. O. Downs, Northville, Upper Aquebogue, L. I.; Rev. Theo. A. Hopkins, Burlington, Vt.; Rev. F. E. Easterbrook, Middleport, N. Y.

THE Chicago men ought to be satisfied. They should distinctly understand that when a decidedly Eastern Board of Directors vote to send the annual Meet away from seven eighths of the members of the League, they do it in expectation that the Western men will come forward and support the League as strongly as it is upheld in the East. Application for membership should be sent in at once, and certainly not later than 10 May. There are only three hundred League members west of Pennsylvania, and it is not desired to have a motley crowd of unattached, however worthy they may be, outnumber the League members in the parade. — *The Wheel*.

WE received a call the past week from Mr. H. H. Overman, president of the Overman Wheel Company, of Hartford. The Overman Wheel Company is organized for the purpose of manufacturing and introducing the Victor tricycle, and the president assures us that they intend to do for tricycling in this country what the Pope Manufacturing Company has done for bicycling. This tricycle is a double driver, with two large wheels and rear steerer. It is driven by a steel cord, which is encircled by two twelve-inch disks. When a full stroke is taken, the

whole of the cord is unwound; and directly the power is taken off the pedals, it comes up again, this being done by means of a powerful coil spring, which is placed on the outside of the disk. There are two pedals, each separate, and connected with a disk, and the driving is directed from the axle. It is a powerful hill-climber, and Mr. Overman tells us that he can bring it to a stand-still in front of a curb seven inches high, and starting the machine, mount the curb with ease. The tricycle will be built by the Ames Company at Chicopee, Mass., and will be a first-class machine in every particular. Singer & Co. are the English agents and manufacturers. Mr. Overman has just returned from Europe, where he has been getting ideas to perfect his machine.

THE Æolus Wheel Club, of Worcester, have issued a neat little pamphlet containing the by-laws and rules of the club.

Fred.

"HUT LO, Jim! hold on, old boy!
Slow down, you durned old hobble-de-hoy!
This hill 's too steep! and — say, where 's Fred?"

"Fred! ah, then you have not heard
Of his last freak, — what, not a word?
Why, Bill, he 's dead!"

Fred was my friend,
Ever ready to lend
A hand to the weary, his money, or life;
And this was the story Jim told me,
With a recklessness hiding the knife:

"It was down on the ring;
They were racing that day,
The captain was leading, — you know, his way.
I could hear the steel sing as he passed me,
Like a harp when the wind is astray!

"His face had a look
Of triumph gone mad,
With that olden-time glitter, — all that was glad!
And the house fairly shook with the cheering,
While the tiers with white kerchiefs were clad.

"He was far in the van,
When a little girl ran
From the ranks of spectators into the track, —
And the captain was flying like lightning!
The air became perfect y black!

"I heard a shrill scream,
And then, like a dream,
He passed with a rushing, — then came the shock!
But little hands tugged at my garments,
And clung like a lichen to rock.

"She was not two years old,
With hair like spun gold,
'T was too bad to scold her — how could she know?
But the pillars, you see, Bill, were iron!
And Fred wheeled a little too slow.

"That is all I can tell;
Something chokes me, and — well
I can't see you plainly, — head 's in a whirl!
But they found on the captain a picture, —
'T was the face of a golden-haired girl!"

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

English Wheeling Years Ago. — II.

Editor Bicycling World: — As promised in my last, I will give you an account of my first tour in the old country, taken

in 1874. On Tuesday Charlie Evitt and I started from Peckham Rye at twelve o'clock: he on a 46-inch, — much too small for him, according to present way of measuring, — originally made by some blacksmith or mechanic for his own use; I on a 57-inch (also too small for me, as I now ride a 54-inch with ease); and accompanied by Frank Evitt, who came to see us fairly on our way, we crossed Clapham Common and struck the Wandsworth road, which we followed as far as the town, where Frank left us after we had drunk to the success of our trip. Soon after we left Wandsworth we got off the rough macadam on to the fine gravel roads, and passing through Surbiton, where the bicycle race-track now is, we began to put the pace on, as we wanted to make Petersfield that night (about seventy miles) if possible. It was just here that I got my first header for the day, as leaning too far forward, I must have pressed my chest on the upright handle of the brake; and applying it suddenly, I had a regular crumpler, and the little wheel patted me vigorously on the back. I absolutely refused to mount again till I had had a beer, and I walked to the nearest "pub." By that time I was getting jolly hungry; but "Charlie" had a leather stomach, and would n't hear of our wasting our time over such a mundane trifle as eating. So on we sped, and passing Wimbledon Common, famous for its annual volunteer camp we soon reached Ripley. At that time Ripley owned only a miserable little "pub," where all we could get to eat was cheese and crackers, or as they are called over there, biscuits; whereas now it boasts a fine hotel, where meals can be had at all hours, and for any number, in reason, and which is patronized almost exclusively by 'cyclers, who frequent that neighborhood very much on account of the splendid roads thereabouts, — that between there and Guildford being probably the smoothest and most level in England. After refreshing our inwards, we re-embarked and proceeded at a rattling pace over the said road to Guildford; and here I took my second sprawl. I was riding immediately behind my *compagnon de voyage*, and not noticing that he had slackened his pace, I allowed my steerer to connect with his trailer; the result being disastrous to me, but not disturbing his equanimity in the least. I got my third in Guildford, which is the county town of Surrey, and which is a very ancient place, the streets all paved with cobbles, and descending on a steep grade to the centre of the town. Charlie wanted to get a screw wrench to fix something or other at a blacksmith's, and I, being slightly in advance, tried hard to grab a lamp-post as I was rapidly descending the unexpected hill, and bumping most unpleasantly over the cobbles. But, alas! the post evaded my grasp, and the jerk shot me forward over the handles, to the great delight (?) of the driver of a pair of spirited horses coming up behind, and who nearly ran over

me. Charlie was so overcome with laughter at the sight of my mishap, that the same thing happened to him, the first and only cropper he got on the whole trip. After effecting the necessary repairs we once more got under way; and after walking through Guildford we made for Godalming, and alighted at a roadside inn for a drink. Here there was a "pot-house politician," who insisted that we did n't know anything about bicycling when we told him how long we had been on the road; that some one had just passed through who had done it in such a time. This somewhat nettled us, and after chaffing the bumpkin's head off we "departed on our way rejoicing," but alas! in trying to mount, my breeches caught in the saddle, and the spring not being slotted down to the back-bone, up it went and I took a hopeless header. I got up, smothered in fine white dust, and furious, and quoth I to Evitt, "I would n't have had that happen for half a quid with that beast looking on"; for as you may suppose, our friend had turned out to see us depart, and greeted my discomfiture with a loud guffaw. "Oh, yes, you would, old man," replied my chum. This attack on my indifference to filthy lucre annoyed me, and I was very distant with Charlie for quite a long time, and at least five minutes must have elapsed before I recovered my accustomed serenity. Soon after this we reached the Mouse Hill on the borders of Kent and Surrey, and had a long walk of two miles to the summit; past the Devil's Punch Bowl, a deep cavity at the side, and close by it a cross marks the spot where a lonely traveller was in bygone days murdered by robbers. Soon after this my legs and stomach began to make their wants felt, one for rest and the other for stuffing; and night setting in, I vowed I would stop for the night at the first house we came to, and so we did (forty-nine miles out). But we had to sleep on the floor after a meagre supper of cold boiled pork and bread, washed down with a mockery of Hollands. In the morning we had to draw the water for our ablutions from a well about three hundred feet deep, and more than a gallon they would not let us have; it being a scarce commodity thereabouts. We got a good breakfast, and after cleaning up, we started. I felt pretty fresh, but my hands were very sore. The whole of the skin of one palm being off, the effect of blisters from the handle combined with my supra-manubrial excursions of the day before. We had a glorious spin down the grade, doing six and one half miles in a little over twenty minutes. After passing through some lovely scenery where the road overhung a valley of considerable extent, and after taking two more headers, I discovered the cause. Before starting the maker had overhauled my machine, and set up the spring, which was rather weak, and in replacing the saddle he had placed it too far forward, and ignoramus that I was, I never noticed it. After this discovery, I

ceased my acrobatic performances and all went well. We reached Petersfield without further accident; but shortly after leaving there, several spokes came out of Evitt's back wheel, and this delayed us considerably, as we had to bind them round and about with twine to keep them in place. We rode up Butser Hill into Cosham, and then had a long run down into Portsmouth; and hastening down to the ferry, we crossed over the harbor to Gosport, and remounting, rode out to Anglesey (about fifty-four miles), opposite the Isle of Wight, to a friend's house. Here we left our machines, and after a good bath and dinner, went over on the floating bridge to see some friends from London summering at Southsea. We did not spare time to visit the Portsmouth dockyard or the navy victualling yard at Gosport, or Nelson's flag-ship, the "Victory," lying in the harbor; all of which I had myself seen before, and about which Charlie affected a profound indifference. The old "Victory" has been replaced now by the "Duke of Wellington," as the port-admiral's flag-ship; it being feared that her ancient hulk could no longer stand the shock of the royal salutes fired whenever the queen passes in her yacht, going to Osborne or returning. On the "Victory's" deck is inserted a brass plate, and the old salt who shows the visitors round, says, *werry sollum*, "Here Nelson fell"; then he takes you down to the cock-pit, and opening a small low cabin door, he ejaculates, "Here Nelson died—please - to-mind-the-step-and-don't-bump-your-ed," all without the slightest change of expression or stopping for breath.

The next day, Thursday, we departed from our friend's roof-tree soon after breakfast, and riding back to Gosport, left our machines at a "pub." and went to revisit the "haunts of my youth," or Burney's celebrated preparatory school for embryo middies (whose ranks I was once destined to augment) and sucking artillery-men, engineers, and linesmen,—where I put in many happy days as a boy. After recalling myself to the memory of our old boatman, Lunn, whom I found occupied in painting and patching the old barges belonging to the school for it was holiday time; and after climbing the ladders in the gymnasium to find my name carved rudely on a beam, and pointing out to Evitt all the celebrated spots where great battles had been fought, and where we used to slip out of bounds, and so forth,—we returned to our wheels and sped up a steady grade on a magnificent road to Fareham, and thence through Porkdown, Cosham, and Havant, to Chichester, celebrated for its fine cathedral and the beautiful Gothic cross in the centre of the town.—But like most of those old out-of-the-way places, very quiet and sleepy. After oiling up machines and selves, we rode on by devious way to Arundel (seventy-three miles), close to which place is Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, the highest Roman

Catholic layman in England, whose heir is unfortunately blind. Here the evidences of great wealth in the vicinity abound. Magnificent horses, attached to newly painted wagons, with the Norfolk family name (Howard) painted on the side just like any ordinary farmer's, are to be seen about the streets, and a general air of prosperity exists. We put up at the "Norfolk Arms," and after a luxurious supper (having lunched at Havant) and a cigar, sought our virtuous downies. Next day, after a good rub down at our wheels, we started for Worthing, and that was the hottest day I ever experienced in England; so much so that we had to "noon" at a roadside "pub.," with nothing on earth to amuse us except watching a traction engine wending its slow way along in the glaring sun. About two o'clock we started, and passing through Lansing, I had the misfortune to let my wheel and self fall together as I was dismounting at a toll-bridge over a creek, breaking a spoke and bending the rim, so that it touched the fork slightly at every revolution.

However, nothing daunted, we started off and rode into Brighton, where we saw all that was to be seen in a short time; and starting off again, we rode up the five miles of hill to Patcham, over the box tunnel, and then I got run away with down the other side of the slope, as owing to the rim being bent, I could n't use my brake without kicking up the back wheel. On the up-stretch, a wagonette and a pair of splendid horses had passed us, and after my wheel got fairly away with me, I thought I saw the carriage some distance ahead stopping at a white toll-gate; and made sure that just as I passed the gate keeper would come out, and there would be "too little of me in the sweet by-and-by." I tried to whistle and shout, but could n't do it, the wind nearly choking me when I opened my lips. I was fairly scared, when, to my relief, I found that what I had taken for a white toll-house was a long strip of painted fencing, and I soon passed the carriage like a flash, though it was travelling well too. Soon after this, I reached the bottom of the hill and got my pedals as quick as I could, but not till I had passed the sign-post at the fork of the road, and I had to return to see whether I was going right or not. Just then Evitt caught up, he having come down the hill very cautiously, and we proceeded; but night closing in very quickly, we had to grope our way into Cuckfield, where we put up for the night (sixty-two miles). We left next morning (Saturday) and made our way to London without anything further of interest occurring. The distances are approximate, but I think we made about 300 miles in the five days we were out. In eight years' riding, I have only been run away with once since, and that was on Rickmansworth Hill, one Sunday in 1875. During the whole of the above trip, I don't recollect that we encountered a single wheelman. KANUCK.

MONTREAL, 24 February, 1882.

A Tour through Ireland. III.

HOW IRISHMEN RIDE BY ONE OF THEM.

TWELVE o'clock Wednesday, 5 July, saw us on the road under full steam for Clonmel. And what a road! through Callan and by Slievenaman, what a tremendous going up! I leading for a while, with Maxwell "puffing like a grampus," toiling behind; and then, our relations being reversed, I acted the part of the heavy-winded fish, and Jerry, the redoubtable Jerry of a score of races, taking the lead. I would be afraid to mention the number of times we rested; in fact, I am not sure that I know. But now came the turn of the tide, and the grade down, compared with the road we had hitherto struggled on, was, if such a simile is allowable or could be experienced and retailed to mortals, as paradise is to purgatory. And then the scenery! This item of a bicyclist's enjoyment was getting more beautiful and picturesque as we advanced, until at last we had to dismount and feast our eyes on a prospect which was the nearest thing possible to Scotch scenery that I had ever the pleasure to behold; the hills running away into the Galty Mountains to the right, while to the left the high crest of Slievenaman rose over 2,500 feet between us and the valley of the Suir. Time was pressing, however, and we hastened to get over the remaining portion of our day's ride; for Killarney and the West beckoned us on. We got into Clonmel about five o'clock, P. M., and found it to be a very agreeable place. It is an old town, and as is usual with all old towns in Ireland, it has some stirring tale of siege or battle to tell. It is built on the river Suir, has three bridges and a main street, which stretches for a mile close by and almost parallel to the river. The Commercial Hotel sheltered us this third night of our trip, and certainly two more thoroughly worn out wheelmen it would have been hard to find anywhere. Before we turned in, we had a long story, from an old citizen enjoying his pipe in the commercial room, of how "bloody old Oliver Cromwell" attacked the town during the wars of the seventeenth century, and how Hugh O'Neill, the commandant of the place for the valiant Duke of Ormond, "knocked the devil out of the ould Sassenach"; and "Be jabbers," said our narrator, he would have served Cromwell's old adversary, King Charles, the same way if he had been standing in Cromwell's shoes that day, for all that he was supposed to be fighting for that same king's cause. "Oh, musha," said the old fellow, as we left him to tumble into bed, "but thim days are gone and they'll niver come back." Saying in our own minds that what with boycotting, shooting landlords, and other equally harmless pursuits, this was what was indeed coming, we adjourned to sleep; and I can tell you, riding readers and non-riding readers, that we did sleep as only good, honest, hard-working wheelmen can. We were up next morning at eight o'clock, and on the

road to Cappoquin by nine. Crossing the river, we laid down to our work in style; and before five miles of the road lay behind us, we commenced to feel just as fresh as on the morning we had bid adieu to Dublin. Warming to our work, we soon forgot all our fatigue of the three previous days, and lost any faint recollection of it in the enjoyment of the scenic beauties we were passing through. The weather was delightful; it had been so ever since we started: no rain, and the sun just strong enough not to be disagreeable. The dust was our only annoyance, but we were quite content to rest satisfied with this slight inconvenience if but the rain and wind would prove friendly. We got into Cappoquin shortly before noon. This town is situated on the beautiful Blackwater River; but not possessing sufficient attractions for us under the existing state of affairs, where time was a consideration, we pushed on to Lismore, four miles farther to the west. This town is also situated on the Blackwater, and was one of the prettiest places we passed through on the route to Cork. We got in before one o'clock, and leaving our machines to the care of an accommodating store-keeper, we went round to the cathedral. It is a fine old church; and entering by the beautiful Norman archway, we walked round, saw the splendid stained-glass windows, and the fine oak carving of the stalls. One thing noticeable was the dearth of monuments, which are usually so plentiful in these old churches. We learned that the cathedral had been destroyed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth by a certain Edmund Fitzgibbon called the "White Knight"; but as the old fellow who showed us round remarked, "it was a foul black deed,—the curse of Cromwell on his head!" And here I may remark that several times we heard this imprecation, founded on the name of the unfortunate Oliver, uttered by the peasantry around this portion of the country. The remembrance of the slaughter at Waterford, and the other summary and cruel acts of that wonderful man, still cling to the minds of the people, and find expression in the above strong language, when their feelings are aroused by any act of wrong or oppression. It appears to be the worst ill they can wish you when they call down the "curse of Cromwell" on you. Leaving the cathedral, we walked to the castle. This is a grand structure, and has its tale, too, of stormy times and hard knocks. Rising from the high bank of the river, it is an imposing edifice, and is partly concealed by the trees that rise around the cliff on which it is built, lending an additional charm to the view. Altogether, the castle presents a very striking appearance, and underneath, the beautiful Blackwater creeps on to the sea through its enchanting valley, which would be hard to equal for richness of verdure and the variety of its surroundings,—hill, valley, wood, and water all uniting to make up one of the most charm-

ing prospects I had ever laid eyes on. Even Maxwell, prosaic soul as he is, felt the influence of the scene, and wanted to walk away down the river to find out if the little paradise extended for any length towards Fermoy, which place we would be unable to visit. We were heartily sorry we could not return to Cappoquin and follow the river down to Youghal; but the road to that place through Tal-low was shorter and better, so we decided on it, and though hilly, enjoyed it immensely. When running down by the river again, going into Youghal, we could hardly fancy we had got over thirty-six miles since morning, so little did the work tell on us this the fourth day of the trip. We had got into first-class going order, and for the future could hope to make longer distances per day. We ran into Youghal at six o'clock P. M., and were agreeably surprised to find it a very pretty place, situated on high ground by the sea-coast of Cork, and possessing a fine harbor, looking like a spacious lake, shut in from the sea by two headlands, and surrounded by beautiful green hills. Our next move was a walk around the town; saw the old church and the house of Sir Walter Raleigh near the churchyard, then returned to the hotel, and writing up our log, found that we had got over one hundred and fifty miles of our journey, which was doing very well considering the number of places we had seen within the space of four days on the road. Next morning after a substantial breakfast we started for Cork, ran through Castlemartyr,—why so called I know not,—and got into Middleton at twelve o'clock. Without stopping to reconnoitre, we passed on our way, with some dozen urchins from this now famous Cork village screaming and yelling behind us. When I say Middleton the Famous, I should explain that it has during the past season achieved an unenviable reputation, owing to the persistence of its hardy population in defying the majesty of the English government. Well, we left the young Middletons, grabbing for "coppers" in the middle of the road, for which location on the earth's surface they appeared eminently fitted, for more reasons than the analogy of names; and speeding along at a fine pace, we bowled into Cork at a rate which astonished the natives of the southern capital. Our first dive was for the post-office, where we had directed funds for the completion of our trip to be forwarded; it not being considered safe to carry over a small sum of money on the road, owing to the unsettled state of the country. I have said nothing about the way we found politics; for though hearing every day of outrages, cattle-houghing, popping at landlords from behind hedges, etc., we saw nothing of it. I did see a boycotting notice posted on a tree by a little church, stating that some local man was a "land grabber, a Freemason, a spy of the government," and followed many other

(Continued on page 254.)

L. A. W.

AMATEUR BICYCLERS everywhere are cordially invited to join the League of American Wheelmen. The admission fee is \$1.00; or, 50 cents each for members of a club whose entire active membership joins. Each application must be accompanied by the fee, which will be returned in case of rejection. Make checks, drafts, or postal money orders payable to DILLWYN WISTAR, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Applications accompanied by fees, as above, and other communications should be addressed to KINGMAN N. PUTNAM, 54 Wall street, New York City. Write names of applicants plainly, with first names in full, giving full address, and on one side only of separate sheet from letter of advice. Applicants should notice names as published in the BICYCLING WORLD, and notify the corresponding secretary if any error is made. Bicyclers generally should notice the names, also, and inform the secretary (confidentially) if any professional or otherwise objectionable person applies. Circulars, etc., regarding the League will be sent to any address on application to the corresponding secretary. Every member should endeavor to extend the influence and benefits of the League by inviting desirable bicyclers to join.

The rules of the League are given in full in the BICYCLING WORLD of 2 October, 1880, and may be obtained, post free, by sending ten cents to the office of the WORLD. It is important that every member should be familiar with these rules.

The "LEAGUE HAND-BOOK" contains, in addition to these rules, lists of officers, directors, consuls, and members, and general information, rules for racing, road-riding, etc., and will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of thirty cents, by either of the following parties: BICYCLING WORLD, 8 Pemberton square, Boston, Mass.; *The Wheel*, 187 Broadway, New York; Kingman N. Putnam, 54 Wall street, New York; Dillwyn Wistar, 233 N. 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. M. Wright, 791 Fifth Avenue, New York.

APPLICATIONS.

Editor Bicycling World:—The following names have been proposed for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and are sent you for publication, as required by the Constitution.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM,
Corresponding Secretary L. A. W.

UNATTACHED. — M. E. Graves, Watertown, N. Y.; John E. Hathaway, 263 Division street, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Collins, 96 South Hamilton street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CORTLANDT WHEELMEN. — Additional: S. Allen Mead, Peekskill, N. Y.

KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN. — Additional: Frank J. Pool, with F. H. Douglass, 25 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CORRENTE CALAMO

FULL account of the races next week.

THE lady friends of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club have presented that club with a handsome nickel-plated bicycle.

DEAN, of the Bostons, don't do much road-riding since he has been cutting the records in the practice riding at the Institute rink.

IN answer to Consul Clark's call, a number of the wheelmen of Newton assembled and effected a preliminary organization of the Newton Bicycle Club.

THE final arguments in the New York Central Park test case were submitted to Judge Lawrence last Friday and the judge has taken the case under advisement for future decision.

EX-DIRECTOR E. J. WARING, of Pennsylvania, has left Pittsburg and taken up his residence in Plainfield, N. J., and the Pittsburg Bicycle Agency will be hereafter conducted by Mr. Charles Beltz.

L. A. W. RECORDING SECRETARY S. T. CLARK postponed his trip to Europe a week later than was at first announced,

and did not sail until 25 March. He proposes to remain abroad two months, and intends to import the best English makes of bicycles in large quantities.

C. JULIAN WOOD, an enthusiastic wheelman of Watkins, N. Y., has accepted a position with P. Lorillard & Co., of Jersey City. Who can tell but that this is another scheme of Lorillard's to win laurels from England on the cinder track similar to those he has taken on the turf?

C. L. CLARK and LOUIS HARRISON of the Bostons were on the wheel as far as Dedham, Sunday, and some careless driver ran into the latter a few miles out of Boston, throwing, but fortunately not hurting him. Louis remounting, the wheelmen rapidly overhauled the vehiclists, and forced the latter to apologize.

CAPT. BLATCHFORD, of the Amherst Bicycle Club, proposes some time during the present season to attempt a ride from Amherst to Boston, and from Boston to Worcester (a distance of one hundred and fifty miles) in one day, — which will beat the journey of Fiske of the same club last summer, of whose trip we gave an account.

THE item we published last week about the exhibition of a unicycle in Pemberton square was inserted by mistake. The exhibition will not take place until 1 April, 1883. A delegation from Æolus Club, of Worcester, wheeled from Framingham to see it, and the entire Everett Club visited this office to express their disappointment. Never mind, gentlemen; better luck next year.

THE attention of smoking bicyclers is called to the announcement, on first page, of Messrs. Estabrook & Eaton, the well-known dealers in "solace," on Washington street. Smokers cannot have failed to notice the ingenious electric cigar lighter which has been placed outside of their store for the accommodation of the public. They also are the sole agents for the sale of the celebrated brand of "El Lazon" imported cigars, which they are selling wholesale and retail.

OLD bicyclers who have tried various bicycles, and know the advantages of ball bearings over cones and parallels in securing greater ease of propulsion, will appreciate the opportunity to impart a new delight to and lift another burden from their wives and mothers presented in the announcement of Weed Sewing Machine Company in another column. Sewing machines with ball bearings "all over" will make the ladies contented while we take our little spins on the road.

LAST Saturday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, an unusual number of people began to assemble in Pemberton Square, coming singly, in pairs, and often in groups of three or more. All seemed to be waiting expectantly, and frequently cast restless and curious glances up and down the square or towards the entrance.

ces. Ladies accompanied some of the men, many of the latter of whom we recognized as wheelmen, and some well known. Among these we noticed the ex-racing man, Stall, hailing in his familiar, jovial way a knot of Boston and Massachusetts clubmen, comprising Capt. Hodges and Capt. Shillaber, Louis Harrison, Charlie Clark, Col. Pope, "Billy" Everett, Fourdrinier, Frank Weston, and Nichols. Presently a dozen Crescents, in full uniform and headed by Capt. Carpenter, wheeled down from the Somerset street entrance, making a fine appearance. Meantime the anxiety and restlessness of the gathering increased, and our reporter, who was stationed at an upper window, noticed that watches were frequently consulted. Finally, just as the hands of the dial marked 3.30 o'clock, "Billy Bernhardt" appeared among them displaying a large placard, on which was the legend: "Unicycle. April Fool." "O you blasted unicorn!" shouted Stall, as he and the rest hastily departed to fulfil other engagements.

To Non-Subscribing Readers.

As explained in detail in the standing announcement at the head of its editorial page, the BICYCLING WORLD is a journal "devoted to the interests of bicyclers generally"; and naturally, its publishers look to bicyclers for its support and encouragement, and to no other class. And when we say bicyclers, we mean all those who love and practise bicycling for pleasure, for sport, for health, for practical use in locomotion, and not those who manufacture, sell, and deal in bicycles as a means of livelihood. The publishers are in no way interested, financially, in bicycle trade or manufacture, either in this country or in Europe, but its advertising columns are open to all alike, and on equal and impartial terms; yet — owing largely, perhaps, to the exclusiveness of rights of trade and manufacture — the number of bicycle dealers in the United States is so few that advertising, the chief source of newspaper profits, is of secondary importance in the support of a journal like this: its financial success must depend entirely upon its paid circulation.

To bicyclers, then, who desire to see their favorite sport encouraged, increased, defended, and popularized; who wish to see their moral and legal rights recognized everywhere; who are interested in knowing how the institution progresses at home and abroad; who expect to keep informed of racing events, meets, tours, runs; who would become posted as to the best routes, roads, hotels, and localities for bicycling; who

care to learn from others' experiences the best methods of riding, travelling, dressing, overcoming incidental embarrassments; who want to know of and have explained the latest improvements in machines and parts of machines,—in short, to all bicyclers who want to know anything and everything relating to bicycling, we need not urge the importance of a good journal devoted exclusively to their interests.

Such a journal the BICYCLING WORLD aims to be; a moral, an intelligent, a fraternal link to bind bicyclers together for their common and individual interests and enjoyments. But in order to be this, it must have hearty individual as well as general support, both in its pages and on its subscription list. As the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, all the business of the League is published in its pages; which, with the other characteristics named, makes it of permanent value for ready reference to all bicyclers. Particularly should all directors and consuls of the League subscribe, for a great portion of the announcements and instructions from the board of officers are given solely through its columns; and when so given, they are as authoritative as if addressed to members individually by post.

BOOKS AND PAGES

OUR LITTLE ONES and the *Nursery*. The April number of this charming little monthly has for a frontispiece a handsome triple illustration as an accompaniment of the verses "The Moon is a Lady"; and several other poems are still more beautifully embellished, especially "Dandelions," "Be good, Papa," and "Signs of the Seasons,"—the last being most excellent in designs and engravings and verses. But besides these, there are many more stories and poems and pictures to please the smaller children, among which we may mention "Fred's other Country," "Little Fidget," "How Baby Goes," "Trip," "A Dangerous Friend," "A Queer Nest," "Young Coo-ca-doo Brown," "The Fourth Bird in the Nest," "A Queer Place for a Bird's Home," and "The Good Little Milkman." The contents close with "Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home," words and music; and as soon as "our little ones" have seen all the pictures and had all the stories read to them, they will want to go all through it again at once. The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

Boston Amusement Record.

BOSTON THEATRE.—"The World."....BOSTON MUSEUM.—"False Friend."....GAIETY THEATRE.—"Rooms for Rent."....GLOBE THEATRE.—Salsbury's Troubadours.....HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—"Muldoon's Picnic.".....PARK THEATRE.—"Lights of London"....WINDSOR THEATRE.—"Under the Gaslight."

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C. A. Jackson, yachting editor of the *South Boston Inquirer*, writes: "The more I think of our six hours' ride in the snow squalls, against head winds and over the heavy waves off Lynn beach, and our dry landing through the waves at Nahant beach, the better pleased I am with the crafts. The sail I can hardly praise sufficiently; it proved its strength and durability fully."

Lewis T. Frye writes: "I was astonished to find what little exertion it took to run the Marine."

President Philbrick, of the Rockingham Bi. Club, says: "It is a splendid success. You have added many improvements this year."

Agencies have been established at Portland, Nashua, South Boston, Worcester, New York, Baltimore, Rochester, Erie, and other principal cities.

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Send stamps for circular and price list of Marines.

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Machines can be seen at the Boston Bicycle Club House, 53 Union Park, Boston.

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4-line Addresses in this department, \$6 per year.

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TO DEALERS.—For the loudest toned and most reliable Bell in use, and for the strongest and neatest of the low-priced Boys' Bicycles, send to the manufacturer, T. B. JEFFERY, 38 and 40 Canal street, Chicago, Ill.

H. B. HART, No. 813 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. American and English Bicycles, and a full line of Second-hand Machines on hand. Send for price lists.

WESTERN TOY CO., 501 North Wells street, Chicago, Ill., manufacturers of Bicycles, Tricycles, Velocipedes, etc., etc. Send for illustrated catalogue and price list.

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WHEELS are beginning to turn, and you should turn in your dimes at once if you wish to secure a copy of the *Wheelman's Annual* for 1882. Three fourths of the edition has already been sold.

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THE WHEELMAN'S ANNUAL FOR '82

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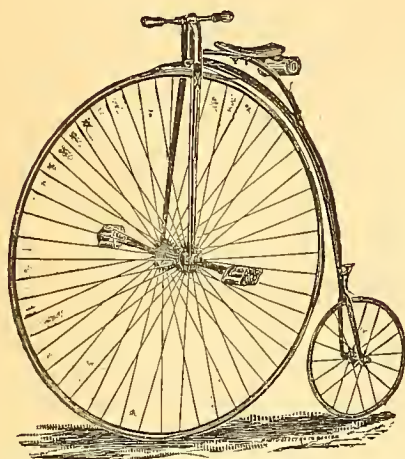
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