

# THE Bicycling World

## ARCHERY FIELD

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10 cents a copy.]

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITE ATHLETICS

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CHARLES E. PRATT, } Editors.  
LOUIS HARRISON, }

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THE editors are not ambitious, and their modesty is too well known to need mention; but after their recent exploits at club dinners, they are ready to compare knife-and-fork records with any wheelman in the country—except, perhaps, Mr. Bernhardt, of the Boston Club.

WE have received another addition to our album, in the shape of a cabinet photo of Mr. Lamson, of Portland. These pictures of wheelmen are always welcome, as they are not only of interest to the editor, but also to the many visitors who frequent the BICYCLING WORLD office.

OUR name is the BICYCLING WORLD, and not the *Bicycle World*. Mr. Chas. E. Pratt is connected with the editorial staff, and expects to be for a long time to come. *New York Sunday Courier* please copy.

JUVENIS is getting more and more melancholy. He pours out his woes in the columns of an esteemed contemporary on the president of the Detroit Club, on the heads of his own club, and on wheeling matters generally. The cold weather don't agree with the old gentleman, or perhaps his absence from the Boston Club dinner has given him a bad case of indigestion. Brace up, old man.

MR. CHARLES R. PERCIVAL, importer of English bicycles and tricycles, has opened a riding school at 1783 Washington street, which will be open from 8 A. M. until 9 P. M., Sundays included. He has a large stock of a new make of wheels on hand, which will receive a more extended notice in a future issue.

THERE will be a Rocky Mountain Club, "in the spring," at Helena, Montana. The riders of the wheel there, led by Mr. W. E. Norris, are practising riding on the frozen surface of the snow. It is very jolly, we are told, especially when the snow crust breaks, and lets the wheel down out of sight, while the rider dives on through space, or a fourteen-foot snowdrift. We may hear of a tour through the great National Park by these Western wheelmen.

ON our last page there appears an advertisement, by one of the most prominent London firms, of their bicycles. The "Timberlake" and the "London" have a high reputation in England for elegant finish, and perfect material and construction. The former is an extremely strong machine, without being unduly heavy, while the latter has always been a great favorite with London riders, and is beautifully finished.

THE communication on the "Antiquity of the Bicycle" was received by Mr. H. S. Kempton, of the Boston *Herald*, and read by him at the Boston Bi. Club dinner, in his response to the toast, "The general press." It will be a surprise to most bicyclers to learn that the history of the bicycle extends so far back into the dark ages, and many will be incredulous as to the existence of any records of it further back than 62 B. C. But every scientific discovery has to contend with a large amount of ignorant doubt, and this will probably have to take its share.

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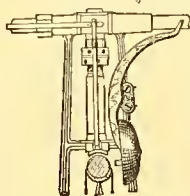
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*Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.*

BOSTON, 18 FEBRUARY, 1881.

**CLUB HISTORY.**—The association of literature with so vigorous an out-of-door sport as bicycling is less inharmonious than might be supposed. Not only are a large number of bicyclers professional journalists or possessed of considerable literary taste, but there is a mental stimulus in the sport itself which must bear fruit. A distinctive literature has been born, and is now passing through the first stage of its development. Whether it will preserve its present character, and whether it will take a recognized *status*, are questions that the future only can decide; but there is no doubt that the present growth is marked by rapid and creditable progress, and that no writers have a more enthusiastic and appreciative audience than those who are now giving bicycling literature its first impulse.

There is, however, one field that needs exploring,—a field whose borders have just been trespassed upon, but whose depth and width and luxuriance of product have been unsearched and almost unthought of. Whether from tropical wildness and entanglement of club records, from among the weeds of dissension and the dreary waste of statistics, there can be gathered any flowers of

poesy or romance, is a matter of grave doubt. But there are bright spots in club history—like some unexpected glimpses of far-reaching, beautiful landscape—that have left a pleasant and lasting impression with those who have seen them, and that are worthy of careful reproduction.

It may be said that with only the scant resource of matter-of-fact club reports, and perhaps a handful of pleasant memories, it would be difficult to do any past subject justice; but if this is true, it is certainly suggestive of what should be done in the future. Every incident in club life that has an important bearing upon the topic of bicycling, or that has within itself a pleasure that would be readily appreciated and enjoyed by bicyclers generally, should be put on record. It is not necessary to have a club historian; indeed, it is hardly advisable, as he might be monotonously grave or monotonously facetious, and deprive the annals of that variety which constitutes one of the finest charms of riding. Some gentleman might be delegated upon the occasion of each run to write a little sketch of the trip, embracing an account of the route, the difficulties to be avoided, the scenery along the way, and any entertaining features that may come under his observation. These can be so written as to deserve publication, and then, at the end of the year—or of a longer time—the published accounts of club meets, runs, races, riding records, and other matters can be arranged and compiled in the form of a brief history. This would serve for reference; and in some far away future time, when the hopeful riders of to-day are approaching the retrospective period of life, such a history would be invaluable.

MUCH to his own regret, Mr. Charles Terrout has left bicycling and entered the military service; also Mr. Charles Hommey and Médingner. We shall not see these three Parisian bicyclers again until 1882; therefore, we are inclined to believe their departure is not at all disagreeable to some of their rivals. — *La Revue des Sports*.

THE Italian government has been experimenting for two years past to see if the bicycle can be made useful in the transmission of orders and despatches. New experiments have been recently made, and General Lombardini, who had charge of a division to which were attached five wheelmen, has made a favorable report to the Minister of War, for the adoption of the bicycle. — *La Revue des Sports*.

## A BICYCLE TOUR OF ENGLAND.\*

BY ALFRED D. CHANDLER.

### IV.

No sooner had one county of interest been left than we entered another. It was a great satisfaction to know that ride where one would, new attractions were always to be found. Derbyshire, the next county on our route to the north, is famous for its scenery, its waters, its Chatsworth, and its Haddon and Hardwick Halls. The great "Derby" races are not held in Derby, but more than a hundred miles to the south, at Epsom, in Surrey County, fourteen miles southwest of London. To be sure, races are held at Derby, the county town of Derbyshire, but they are rather local, and not to be mistaken for the "Derby" races at Epsom. The great Epsom meeting is on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday immediately before Whitsuntide, the "Derby" being on Wednesday, the "Oaks" on Friday; called so after one of the Earls of Derby, and his seat, the Oaks, which is in the neighborhood. Next in importance to the Epsom races are the Doncaster races, at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, held (1879) on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 9, 10, 11, and 12 September. As the "Derby" is the chief feature of the Epsom races, so the "St. Leger" is that of the Doncaster races; named after Lieut.-Gen. St. Leger, who originated it in 1776. Of the Doncaster races more will be said later on.

Our morning examination of the great breweries at Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire, and the proper sampling of Bass's finest ale, prevented a very early start; but at last we were again in the saddle, and pushed on to Derby, where we found it advisable to take the train for Matlock Bath, arriving there at 2.30 P. M., and stopping at the New Bath Hotel. Matlock Bath is resorted to for its medicinal springs, and the many interesting excursions near by. The village lies in a dale through which the Derwent water flows, by steep and lofty rocks nearly three hundred feet high. The Matlock waters have a temperature of about 68° Fahr. In the basement of our hotel was a large swimming bath, between cemented walls, wherein the natural waters constantly flowed; so that on arising in the morning, or at any other time, without leaving the house, we could descend and swim around at pleasure. Our first afternoon at Matlock was spent in paddling canoes on the river, rambling along the shore and over the rocks, and in having our tintypes taken, in riding costume, at the little stand by the highway.

The next morning we were off at a good hour for Chatsworth, "the finest private country residence in the world." Our ride was up the Derwent valley from Matlock for about eight miles. The Park at Chatsworth is upwards of eleven

\* Made in 1879, by the president, Alfred D. Chandler, and captain, John C. Sharp, Jr., of the Suffolk Bicycle Club, of Boston, Mass.



miles in circuit (equal to that of the whole town of Brookline, Mass.). As we rode through the park, herds of deer were seen quite near on each side of the avenue; the bucks, with their antlers erect, all on one side, the does scampering off on the other. We dismounted at the mansion, or palace, and resting our machines upon the inner side of the great gate walls, waited, as the custom is, for the arrival of a sufficient number of persons to make up a party for the ushers to conduct through the residence and grounds. I am not now sure of the number, but believe about 3,000 persons a week were then visiting Chatsworth. Thirty years ago, in 1850, Downing wrote that "upwards of 80,000 persons visited Chatsworth last year." The crowd is greater, of course, in summer. Long open coaches and conveyances of various kinds bring visitors by the score from the stations at Rowsley and Bakewell, and from all the country round about.

To me the greatest attractions in the interior of the mansion were the sculpture and the marvellous wood carving; the latter claimed to be largely by that master artist of the seventeenth century, Grinling Gibbons, whose subjects are chiefly birds, flowers, foliage, fruit, and lace. It is even said that "many of his flowers used to move on their stems, like their natural prototypes, when shaken by a breeze." In the sculpture gallery, the usher, who had observed our scrutiny, kindly remarked, as the potent coin touched her palm, that we might remain till the next party came through; which we did, enjoying at our leisure and undisturbed the fine pieces by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Chantrey. Afterwards we found the grand conservatory and the gardens attractive and justly celebrated; but for an interesting description of these, I refer the reader to Downing's account of Chatsworth in his *Rural Essays*.

On the way back to Matlock, we dismounted for a little refreshment; but were told by the woman in charge of the place, that she had formerly "cut up as many as *five hams* in a season," but of late customers were so few that she had given up keeping supplies, and could not give us even a glass of milk, on account of some peculiarity of her landlord. This was the sorriest place of the kind we met in the whole country. It was true, however, that on account of the hard times in England, travel was then much lighter than formerly; and as a rule, even at well-established inns, bicycle riders were welcomed for the few shillings they left.

On arriving at Matlock we dined with a hearty appetite, and concluded to go to London by the evening train, to see on the morrow the last day's riding of the great six-days' bicycle race at Agricultural Hall, London, and to attend to other matters there. We arrived at our rooms on Duke Street at 11 P. M. that evening. This ride by rail from Matlock Bath to London and back is not indicated on the map accompanying this article.

We frequently took long as well as short journeys by rail in addition to our bicycle riding; most of our time in passing from place to place, however, being spent in the saddle. England has such a network of railways, that one can dart hither and yon in all directions from almost any point. By taking advantage of these facilities for travel, we saw a large portion of the country not covered by our route on the bicycle. We travelled in our riding costume, either first, second, or third class, as fancy or good luck determined. The third-class accommodations are at times good and at times bad. Thus in 1879, the Midland was a favorite road for third-class passengers, while the London and Southeastern was so unpopular that the *Times* published several letters condemning the company. The purchase of a second, or even a third class ticket often resulted in a ride in a first-class compartment. This happened when all but first-class compartments were full, or when the customary sixpence to the porter induced him to open a first-class compartment whether the others were full or not. This is the everyday experience in England.

English life on the railway trains is quite a study. One day at Derby the trains were all late, and the station crowded with a motley throng from the local races. We knew there would be a scramble when the down train came, and tipped a porter with particular instructions to get us a seat; but just as the porter opened a door, a rush of rowdies in regular English fashion swept porter and everybody else away from the car. I never came nearer planting my fist in somebody's eye, but it was well I did not; it would have been an idle ceremony, and a moment later our porter had us safely tucked into a first-class compartment. There were seven persons crowded into that compartment, which was meant for but six, and the chaff and abuse hurled to and fro between some of his countrymen and that seventh man were such as I thought would lead to blows. At last the situation was accepted, the conversation turned pleasantly upon the races, and we were made acquainted with the freshest horse-talk of the day. On another occasion, while riding out of London in a second-class compartment, a man got in with a large open basket filled with glassware, which he rested upon his knees, and then began to smoke, though it was not a smoking car. The thought of being mixed up with a basketful of lamp chimneys and glass *bric-a-brac*, in case of an accident, was not pleasant; altogether the glass man was a good subject for attack, and a fellow-passenger who disliked smoking engaged with him in such a bout of words that the conductor was at last called on to settle the matter. But for banter and raillery, or for mockery and jeer, I suppose the London cockney carries off the palm. We had such a fellow on board the Baltic on the voyage over, who was set upon one day in the smoking-room by

some sharp-tongued Americans, and who gave in return an exhibition of his powers of retort, which fully sustained the reputation of his class. Of a different type was the soldier we travelled with in Wiltshire, who was just from the Cape, having returned with Capt. Cary, and who took pleasure in exhibiting some ostrich feathers from South Africa, and assegai or Zulu darts of the kind used in the assassination of Louis Napoleon. While riding through Staffordshire one evening, the train stopped, and a man came tumbling into the compartment with his fish-pole and basket, in a high frame of mind over his day's sport, having lost his two companions, and having a few little fish which he exultingly showed for approval. But to return.

The race at Agricultural Hall, London, was won by Waller, a Newcastle man, who accomplished the extraordinary feat of riding 1,404 miles in six days of eighteen working hours each. Not one of the contestants was a physical model. Keen, who probably rides in the 'best form of any English rider of note, did not enter this race, or at least was not riding that day. Waller, Terront, and Cann were the chief contestants. We saw Cann fall in turning a corner; it was pitiable: fortunately the other riders did not fall on him. He was picked up by a policeman, and with damaged ankle and arm, was helped hobbling to a dressing-room. Terront pressed close upon Waller, lap after lap, but Waller held his own. They ate and drank in the saddle, seizing food or a mug of beef tea—or whatever it was—as they passed an attendant, and tossing back the mug empty on the next round. The riders were tough and sinewy to a remarkable degree, but wanting in athletic beauty of form. It was not my fortune to see in all England a single bicycle rider noticeable for grace and ease in the saddle. Keen, to be sure, is an exception, but I never saw Keen ride till he came to America. This want of form in riding even among some of the most extraordinary long-distance riders in England was especially noticeable.

The next day (Sunday, Sept. 7) we left London and returned to Matlock Bath over the Midland Railroad, arriving at 7.30 P. M. On Monday morning we were off again in the saddle over the road towards Chatsworth. The rain of the day before made the road very treacherous. We have nothing of the kind in Massachusetts: English roads with a limestone surface are, when wet, exasperatingly slippery; I felt in my bones, as the phrase is, that I should fall, and I did, but no harm was done. About three miles south of Chatsworth we turned to the west, passing the celebrated Peacock Inn, well known to tourists in Derbyshire, and in a few moments rode up to Haddon Hall, which, perhaps, gives the best idea of an ancient baronial residence to be found in England, for it is preserved as it was. We were shown through Haddon by a pretty little maid of about twelve years, who pointed out and described the various



rooms and mementos with a precision and a charm that were captivating. Her voice had that sweetness and purity of tone for which so many of the sex in England are noted the world over.

Our route from Haddon Hall was over Beeley Hill (nearly 1,000 feet high) and across Beeley Moor to Chesterfield. A better way would have been by Bakewell and Baslow. The hill gave us a hard climb, and the road over the moor at the top was too rough for bicycle riding; it was the hardest and longest tramp in pushing our bicycles that we had, and before we reached Chesterfield a heavy shower overtook us. After dinner at the Angel, as the roads were too muddy to use our machines with comfort, we took a hansom and were driven out to Hardwick Hall, eight miles southeast. This hall is far-famed and very interesting, and, like Chatsworth, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. It was here that Mary Queen of Scots passed several years of her captivity. The great picture gallery is 195 feet in length, ranging along the whole of the east front.

From Chesterfield our route was to Sheffield and Doncaster, both in Yorkshire. Our stop at Sheffield was short, to examine the Hallamshire bicycle works; and we hurried on to Doncaster to attend the races. That town was crowded with visitors. We dined at the Royal Hotel, but were told that a bed for that night was not to be had in Doncaster under two guineas — \$10. As two guineas was altogether more than we intended to pay, we went to the races, and then, jumping on our saddles, rode over to Thorne, nine miles off, arriving at the White Hart in ample time for tea, and paid for our beds but two shillings.

After breakfast the next day we rode to Selby by the way of Snaith, the latter half of the way over an execrable road, badly out of repair. At Selby we lunched at the Londesborough Arms, and had opportunity to examine the beautiful church near by; then, leaving our machines, we took a train back to Doncaster, arriving there in time to attend the ten races of that afternoon, including the great St. Leger. Thousands of people go every year to these races. They even tell you in Yorkshire that the Doncaster races are not surpassed by the "Derby" at Epsom. Doncaster is a neat and attractive town, and the race-course is close by, over a wide, flat plain; no like our race-courses, but spread over much more ground, with room for many stands and ample space for private coaches and carriages, with the vast throng that surges up and down. We studied the field and scene from every available point, going out to the starting-points, standing midway down the course, and being close at the finish. The first race was at 1.45 P. M., and the last of the ten was at 5.30 P. M., so that no time was wasted. The horses are not always started where the race ends, but at various places and distances, so as to finish at the grand stands after running "five furlongs," "six furlongs," from the

"Red House Inn," "one mile, six furlongs, and 132 yards," "two miles and five furlongs," or as the case may be. On the day before Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, entered his famous horse Parole for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, but Parole was easily distanced by Dresden China and two other horses. For the St. Leger stakes there were twenty-two entries. Rayon D'or, entered by Count F. de Lagrange, won; Ruperra came in second.


To see all the horses entered galloping over the turf (the track is entirely of turf and not gravel), now separate, now in a clump as if to run over each other, and goaded on by the jockeys in their bright costumes, is a stirring sight. The din from the shouting of the betting men and crowd was extraordinary; at times there was a lull, and then a roar of human voices again came over the field. The men who sold betting tickets were usually on short stilts or shoes with soles perhaps a foot thick, and they wore startling costumes with lofty chimney-pots oddly labelled. They hailed from London, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Mingling with these were acrobats, men who dislocated their shoulders and twisted and bent like snakes; and as for the three-card monte men, they were everywhere, and as cunning and successful as the craft can be. When the lockers and hampers of the private coaches were opened, there was feasting enough. I saw a little urchin creep under a coach for an empty champagne bottle. All classes of society elbowed each other; it was one of those days when all England might jostle together with impunity. Here is one of the betting tickets; the original, however, is printed in four different colors:

# 110

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# 011

and here is a copy of one of the racing cards, the entries being omitted for want of space, except the entries for the St. Leger Stakes which are given:—

**1.45** THE CLEVELAND HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, with 100 added; the winner of the Leamington Stakes, the Great Ebor Handicap, or the Great Yorkshire Handicap to carry 9lb, of two of these stakes 12lb or of any other handicap after August 21st, at 10 a.m., 5lb extra; the owner of the second horse to save his stake. — The straight mile, (25 subs., 17 of whom pay 5 sovs. each.)

**2.15** THE RUFFORD ABBEY STAKES (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three yrs old and upwards; a winner after the weights are out to carry 7lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. — Five furlongs. (15 subs.)

**2.35** A MATCH of 200 sovs. each, h ft., colts 8st 10lb each, one to the post. — Six furlongs.

**3.0** THE CORPORATION STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h ft., with 100 added, for two yrs old only; a winner after Sept. 4th, at 10 a.m., to carry 7lb, twice or of 200 sovs. 10lb. extra; the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. — Red House in. (16 subs.)

**3.30** THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three yrs old colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 200 sovs. and the third 100 sovs. out of the stakes. — New St. Leger Course, about one mile six furlongs and 132 yards. (275 subs.)

1 — Lord Bateman's ch c PROTECTIONIST, by Palmer — Delilah (H. Jeffrey).

2 — Mr. H. E. Beddington's b c ALCHEMIST, by Rosicrucian — Gold Dust (Rossiter).

3 — Mr. C. Blanton's ch c EXETER, by Cathedral — Scamp's dam (Custance).

4 — Mr. W. S. Cartwright's ch c GEORGE ALBERT, by Marsyas.

5 — Mr. W. S. Crawford's br c GLDEROY, by Pell Mell — Highland Lassie (Huxtable).

6 — Mr. W. S. Crawford's b or br c LANDDOWN, by St Albans — Gentle Mary (Fordham).

7 — Mr. Elam's b c MARSHALL SCOTT, by Ethus — Baroness.

8 — Lord Falmouth's b f LEAP YEAR, by Kingcraft — Wheat-eat.

9 — Lord Falmouth's ch c MULEY EDRIS, by Wild Moor — Retty (F. Archer).

10 — M. E. Fould's ch c SALTEADOR, by Vertugadin — Slapdash (Hunter).

11 — Mr. Gee's b f WHITE POPPY, by Winslow — Formosa.

12 — Duke of Hamilton's b c SQUEAKER, by Speaker — Botany Bay.

13 — Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's ch c RUPERRA, by Adventurer — Lady Morgan (C. Wood).

14 — Mr. W. I. Anson's b f MACCARONEA, by Macaroni — Bonny Bell.

15 — Count F. de Lagrange's ch c RAYON D'OR, by Flageolet — Arucaria (J. Goater).

16 — Count F. de Lagrange's ch c ZUT, by Flageolet — Regalia (J. Morris).

17 — Lord Norrey's br c SIR BEVVS, by Favonius — Lady Langden (I. Cannon).

18 — Lord Rosebery's br c VISCONFI, by Parmesan — Lady Audley (Luke).

19 — Lord Scarborough's b f ELLANGOWAN, by Strathconan — Poinsettia.

20 — Mr. James Snarry's d f JESSIE AGNES, by Macaroni — Polly Agnes.

21 — Capt. F. Thompson's b c ROBBIE BURNS, by Martyrdom — Auchmafree (J. Snowden).

22 — Mr. J. Trotter's ch c PALMBEAKER, by Palmer (J. Osborne).

**4.0** THE MILTON STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h ft., with 200 sovs. added, for two yrs old 7st, three 8st 9lb, four 9st 3lb, five and upwards 9st 5lb; m. and g. allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 200 sovs.; if entered to be sold for 100 sovs. allowed 7lb, she overplus over the selling price to be divided according to the new rule. — Five furlongs. (13 subs.)



**4.20** MATCH for 500 sovs., h ft. — Two miles.

**4.40** THE BRADGATE PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h ft., with 100 added, for two yrs old 7st, and three 8st 10lb; f. and g. allowed 3lb, the second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes.—Red House in. (19 subs.)

**5 10** HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 200 guineas, for three yrs. old 8st 3lb, four 9st 7lb, five 9st 13lb, six and upwards 10st.—Cup Course, about two miles and five furlongs.

**5.30** THE MUNICIPAL STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h ft., for two yrs. old, colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 7lb.—Red House in. (3 subs.)

Immediately after the races we returned to Selby by rail, and the next morning rode on our bicycles to York over a fair road. York was the farthest point reached by us towards the north. Whether to keep on as far as Edinburgh, in Scotland, or not, was considered, but owing to the rougher nature of the roads in that direction and want of time, it was determined to make York a turning-point, and continue our journey in a westerly direction to Chester and North Wales. The opportunity of examining and admiring the great York Cathedral was fully appreciated; our tour had now embraced the three greatest of the English cathedrals outside of London,—Canterbury, Salisbury, and York.

I pass over the details of the rest of our trip. Enough has been written to show how independently we travelled, how our chief mode of locomotion on the line of selected route was the bicycle, how, when occasion required, we journeyed by whatever other way was most agreeable, going up to London, or off on side trips occasionally, and so directing the main tour as to enable us to see those portions of the country deemed most interesting and most available in the short time at our disposal.

Apart from the attractive scenery of Wales, to which we now turned, there was a special reason for travelling in that direction. On 28 July, 1879, at ten o'clock at night, the steamship "Baltic," of the White Star line, on which we crossed to Liverpool, ran directly into the rocks at the South Stack lighthouse, on the northwest extremity of Wales. The matter was hushed up, for it is always policy to have but little known of such accidents. About a month later, the "Brest," a Cunard steamer, was wrecked off the Lizard, in Cornwall, and all on board might have perished but for the bravery of Cornish life-saving men, who rescued crew and passengers. The only mention in the London *Times* of our extraordinary escape was in very small type in the shipping column, as follows:—

"The Baltic, st., from New York, arrived at Liverpool July 29. The master reports at 10 P. M. on Monday night, during a fog, she touched the South Stack and slightly damaged her stem."

"Tonched," indeed! On that voyage the "Baltic" left Queenstown at about eight o'clock in the morning, and a fog setting in, the run up St. George's Channel was made partly at half speed. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer just escaped cutting a large sailing vessel in two; at ten o'clock in the evening the crash came, and it being the

last night at sea, most of the passengers were up and very social. There was a rush for the deck; ladies fainted; all felt apprehension. The sight from the deck was terribly grand. Two hundred feet above us, glimmering through the fog, was the revolving light of the South Stack; rising from 300 to 500 feet from the water were dark, almost perpendicular rocks; an alarm bell and guns were heard from off the shore. The steamer, having struck head on in deep water, was backed off; she at once listed heavily to starboard. The blow had crushed the bow; no one knew how soon she would go down. The boats stuck; it was a quarter of an hour and more before some were loosened; a small boat forward was launched by sailors and ordered back. The steamer listed heavily again, and passengers moved to the port side. The water was not rough; we were near enough at first to swim to shore, but we did not then know that the current there was too strong for any swimmer, and we did not know that the rocks were too steep to climb, with a tide rising sixteen feet to wash off any, perhaps, who got a footing. It is a horrible place; many a vessel has been lost on this shore. When the "Arizona" struck an iceberg last summer, the ice crumbled down by the ton; when the Baltic struck at South Stack, the solid rock was unyielding: true, speed had been slackened, because, a moment before the steamer struck, the danger was seen, and the engines reversed, but altogether too late to stop the vessel. The strength of modern steamers is thus shown: their division into compartments is a great safeguard; this saved the "Baltic." The forward compartment filled with water; the other six were kept dry. The steamer was backed off farther and farther, out of sight of the light, but within hearing of the guns. Some thought it safer to keep nearer the land, to make Holyhead, close by; but the captain kept her out to sea; the vessel stopped listing, and eventually we disembarked at Liverpool in safety. The accident was attributed to the fog; the steamer should have been two or three miles farther out. An Italian lady gave the first alarm, as the great revolving light suddenly loomed through the fog; the lookout's warning followed after. Most of the passengers sat up all that night, not knowing what might occur; and as sometimes happens in such cases, almost every passenger on board, including diplomats, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and ladies, signed a paper next morning, exonerating the captain, and actually gave him three cheers on leaving the steamer, so elated were they at escape!

On our arrival in bicycle dress at Holyhead, a month and a half after this accident, we walked across the island to the South Stack Light, to see from the land where the Baltic struck. The coast scenery there is magnificent. The approach and descent down the rocks and across the suspension bridge, ninety feet above

the sea, to the little lighthouse islet, is uncommonly grand. Men used to be lowered over these rocks, which are hundreds of feet high, by ropes, for birds' eggs. The practice is now prohibited.

To our surprise, the lighthouse keeper said he knew nothing of the danger the "Baltic" was in till a day or two after the event. He was up in the lighthouse at the time, and the fog cut off any view of the sea. A wager on this, as to whether the lighthouse keeper knew of our danger, had been made in London. The keeper could have given no assistance, not having a life-boat or crew; and he remarked that had we gone down that night, we "would have known what the fishes had for supper."

A travelling photographer, with his apparatus, happened to arrive while we were on the rock, and I directed him to take several views of the scene of our accident and escape. These were afterwards obtained at Warwick, his headquarters; and they are the best pictures of that romantic spot known to me.

During our short stay in North Wales, we examined Carnarvon and Conway castles,—noble old structures and magnificent ruins; and we also went up to pretty Llanberis, stopping at the Victoria Hotel, and walking from thence to the top of Mount Snowdon, the highest mountain in England or Wales (3,571 feet high), returning on foot down by Llyn Llydaw and the grand Pass of Llanberis. We had fine weather in Wales, and our day at South Stack Light was perfect: the air delightful, and all peaceful and still.

The details of our journey back to London, by the way of Chester, Birmingham, and Coventry, I omit, for this account has already been extended more than was designed. We reached London without accident, in health and fine spirits, sunburned and strong; and returned our hired bicycles to Peake's, on Princes Street, within a moment or two of the precise time when the month expired for which they were engaged.

It must not be supposed that we passed over all the choicest parts of England and Wales on this tour. Many delightful trips could be made without crossing our path. There is a large portion of Western and Southwestern England which we omitted altogether. Then there is the ride through the lake country,—rather rough, however,—and so on over what I was told is a very fine road, the run from Carlisle to Edinburgh. For crossing North Wales one may take the famous road from Shrewsbury to Bangor, on the line of the old mail route between London and Holyhead, which was improved at great expense in the days of Telford, under the direction of parliamentary commissioners. But the runs are so many and so interesting in all directions over England—excepting, perhaps, parts of Norfolk and Suffolk in the east—that no fixed line of travel can be prescribed, but each tourist must choose for himself. If a centre is to be chosen, take either Coventry or London.



As to the expense of bicycle travelling in England, it depends so much on the rider himself, that perhaps no satisfactory answer can be given. We did not travel under the auspices of the Bicycle Touring Club, but went to the best inns and hotels, so far as we knew, and got the best of what we could, at the same time travelling prudently. I have before me hotel bills from all over England; but not even with their aid can I tell accurately what our expenses were. This, however, can be said, that it is safe to allow four dollars a day; your expenses would often be less, — at times, perhaps, more. Good food and plenty of it is a *sine qua non* of such a tour, together with a good bed and plenty of sleep. Provision should be made for accidents to machine and person. Your riding suit should be of a dark rather than light cloth. There is more rain and mud in England than in our country; and in riding, clothes are more apt to be soiled there. Warm underclothing is needed, for in summer it is much cooler in England than here. In the middle of the day we often found it warm; and while riding then, I used to take off my blouse and strap it on to the handle bar with a little shawl strap, which I have always found very convenient for that use. Good riding maps are necessary; those reduced from the Ordnance Survey are the best, and can be had as mentioned in the first of these articles. Some advise taking a pair of serge trousers, which pack small, "to enable one to go about without attracting that attention which is the lot of any one clad in polo cap and knee breeches; a costume which, however appropriate near a bicycle, is objectionable apart from it." However, variety of costume, and dress adapted to the various sports, is so common abroad, that it seemed to me less notice is taken there than here of your apparel, provided it is becoming.

In conclusion, let me say that a bicycle tour of any length abroad is not all sunshine and delight, but means the overcoming of many obstacles, making the best of rainy weather and strong head winds, putting up with the peculiarities of another country, and above all the exercise of pluck, patience, and consideration; traits which it was my good fortune to see daily exhibited by my young companion on this tour.

### WHEEL CLUB DOINGS

EAST BOSTON has a club named from it, and beginning its existence with a modest number of members. We wish them every success.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BI. CLUB re-elected their regular staff of officers for the ensuing year, with the exception of the president, R. DeClairmont, the pioneer wheelman of the Pacific Coast. This gentleman, in accordance with his ideas upon the benefits of rotation in office, and his aversion to third-termism, resigned the office so long and honorably

filled by him. The following officers were then elected: Columbus Waterhouse, president; Herman C. Eggers, captain; Charles A. Butler, sub-captain; George J. Hobe, secretary and treasurer, address 1633 Hyde Street; Messrs. Waterhouse, Eggers, Hobe, R. DeClairmont, and John H. Thompson constituting the club committee. This excellent selection of officers assures a good government, and we think will contribute not a little to the club's success.

THE AERIAL BI. CLUB, of Chicago, have adopted a very neat badge in the shape of a pendent wheel of gold with a silver wing attached. The title of the club is above the wheel, and upon a scroll below is engraved *Volucrum fuga prævertitur Eurum*.

PEORIA CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World*: Dear Sir, — I am happy to inform you that the long-expected Peoria Bicycle Club has been organized. One week ago the bicyclers of Peoria met and organized under the name of the Peoria Bicycle Club, elected officers, etc., and adjourned. The officers are as follows: S. R. Henderson, editor *Saturday Evening Call*, president; Steve H. Tripp, captain; N. H. Tallman, senior sub-captain; H. G. Rouse, secretary and treasurer. The other offices were left vacant till the club should have more members, and the necessity should arise for guides, buglers, etc. The new club numbers seven members. The prospects are very good for quite an accession of riders next spring, if talk can be depended on. Respectfully,

HARRY G. ROUSE.

PEORIA, ILL., 9 February.

THE CHICAGO BICYCLE CLUB have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, A. W. McClure; captain, Wm. S. Blinn; secretary, Burley B. Ayers; treasurer, George D. Hoffman. During absence of Mr. Hoffman in Europe, Mr. L. W. Conkling was appointed treasurer *pro tem*.

NEW HAVEN BI. CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World*: — At the annual meeting of the New Haven Bicycle Club, the following were chosen as officers for the present year: President, M. F. Tyler; secretary, F. A. Jackson, P. O. Box 429; treasurer, J. H. Parish; captain, S. Arthur Marsden; first lieutenant, F. C. Tuttle; second lieutenant, F. W. Hinman; bugler, J. H. Parish; committee, the executive officers and Mr. F. J. Ludington.

An expression of opinion was called for in regard to the League Meet, resulting finally in a vote which was unanimously in favor of New York. Wherever the meet may be held, however, our club will without doubt be represented.

F. A. JACKSON,

*Sec. N. H. Bi. C.*

WORCESTER CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World*: — At the semi-annual meeting of the Worcester Bicycle Club, held 6 January, the following officers were elected: —

Dr. J. F. Adams, president; George M. Doe, captain; W. U. Barnes, sub-captain; E. F. Tolman, secretary and treasurer, 424 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

From the report of club doings of the past six months the following may be of interest.

Number of members 1 July, 1880, 30; joined since that time, 14; number resigned, 9; leaving membership at present, 35 active and 2 honorary. Of those who have left us, William H. Pearce is now captain of the Elgin Bi. Club, W. R. Lovell is a member of the Boston Club, and rode second in their twenty-mile championship race last fall; L. P. C. Damoreau is a member of the Waltham Bi. Club.

Of the club runs, five of which were of importance enough to be recorded, the following is reported: —

July 17, seven members, twenty-mile run.

July 21, eleven members, twenty-mile moonlight night run.

Sept. 7, thirty members, New England Fair and reception of visiting clubs.

Oct. 23 and 24, ten members. The Providence meet, and from Providence to Worcester the day following.

Nov. 14, fourteen members, the club fall race meeting, resulting in Bert L. Gifford's winning the title of champion, making the half-mile against a strong wind in 1 minute 52 seconds.

The club has a balance of cash in treasury.

The talk of new members is very strong, so we may easily reach our limit of fifty early in the season.

E. F. TOLMAN,

*Sec. Worcester Bi. C.*

RECORDS. — *Editor Bicycling World*: — In answer to your call for the logs of 1880 riding, I will send mine to show what even one confined as a drug clerk can get out of the bicycle in his spare time morning, noon, night, etc.

After I had taken five lessons in Pope's, I bought my wheel 7 June, and took it to the State House and rode it home to Framingham, 22 miles. This was my first ride on the ground. By rubbing myself well with alcohol I was not lamed. There have been but twenty-seven week-days since that I have not ridden, and I do not ride Sundays. The following is my score: —

June,	156 miles in	20 days' riding.
July,	208 " " 23 " "	
August,	206 " " 23 " "	
September,	255 " " 20 " "	
October,	311 " " 27 " "	
November,	192 " " 24 " "	
December,	108 " " 21 " "	

Total, 1436 158

Average about 9 1-4 miles per day. Longest day's ride 50 miles, while on the two-days' run from Boston, 15 and 16 September.

When the snow came, 1 December, I supposed I must give up riding or else wipe



my machine up every time I came in; but by trying I found that a good liberal coat of vaseline would keep it from rusting, and 10 December I set out to see how many days it was possible to ride, and I've not failed to ride any week-day up to date. All the care my machine has had is three good coats of vaseline, and there is not a spot of rust on it. I don't think the ice has cut my tire. My average in January was about four fifths of a mile daily.

W. D. WILMOT,  
Sec. Framingham Bi. C.

*Editor Bicycling World:*—As most of my riding has been done in this, Worcester County, Mass., I send you the distances each month, hoping it will induce many wheelmen to visit this vicinity. In 1879 the distance was 1,180 miles.

1881.	No. of times out.	Miles ridden.
January	1	4
February	3	9
March	1	2
April	19	103
May	15	71
June	18	518
July	17	158
August	20	197
September	14	227
October	27	246
November	10	94
December	3	19

148 days. 1,648 miles.  
"NINE PIN."

WALTHAM CLUB. — *Editor Bicycling World:*—You ask for individual records of last season's riding, so I send you that made by W. W. Stall, of our club.

1880.	Number of miles run.	Smallest day's running.	Largest day's running.	Number of days run.	Number of days off.
May, 5 days.....	65	3	26.5	5	0
June .....	302	2	40	27	3
July .....	380	2	50	27	4
August .....	438	3	33	29	2
September .....	354	3	33	22	8
October .....	290	2	36	25	6
November .....	257	2	34	24	6
December .....	103	2	13	16	15
Rode on other machines at various times .....	50				
Total .....	2,239	2	50	175	44

The above was made on a 58-inch machine made by Gooch and weighing 48 pounds, 5 1-4 inch cranks, parallel front bearings and cone rear, and parallel pedal bearings. Average weight of rider during the season was 176.5 pounds, which latter fact would indicate that bicycling is not injurious to the system, to say the least. In connection with his score Mr. Stall has kept a journal, which is now quite convenient for reference in regard to roads. If all bicyclers could be prevailed upon to keep an accurate log of their riding, we might have a first-class "road book" of the States for use in touring. I wish it could be done, and you are the one to urge it upon the

riders. I think it was suggested in a previous issue of the WORLD; but why not try it again? You know editors have nothing to do. Oh, of course they don't!! Pardon me if I am too long, and believe me yours, very truly,

HENRY B. COLEY,  
Sec. Waltham Bi. C.

WALTHAM, 6 February, 1881.

NEW YORK CLUB. — *Editor of Bicycling World:*—The annual election of the officers for the New York Bicycling Club was held on 7 February, and resulted as follows: President and captain, Mr. C. K. Munroe; lieutenant, Mr. Downing Vaux; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Kingman N. Putnam; club committee, the officers *ex officio*, Edwin W. Adams, R. R. Haydock. The club at present numbers twenty-eight active and two honorary members. is in a flourishing condition, and expects to make a big record during the coming season.

KINGMAN N. PUTNAM, Sec.

#### THE BOSTON CLUB DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Boston Bicycle Club was held at Young's Hotel, Monday evening, 6 February. There was a large representation from the club membership, and a considerable number of invited guests. The latter were, — President A. S. Parsons, Massachusetts Club; President F. B. Cochrane, Crescent Club; President W. E. Gilman, Chelsea Club; President A. G. Carpenter, Providence Club; A. D. Chandler, former president of the Suffolk Club; Commodore F. E. Peabody, Dorchester Yacht Club; Messrs. Charles E. Shillaber and H. A. Baker, of the Massachusetts Club; and Louis Harrison, editor BICYCLING WORLD.

Before the dinner hour a business meeting was held in an anteroom, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: —

President, Charles E. Pratt; captain, E. C. Hodges; 1st lieutenant, N. T. Kidder; 2nd lieutenant, E. P. Sharp; secretary and treasurer, J. S. Dean; club committee, president, captain, and secretary, *ex officio*, and Messrs. Farrington, Stedman, Woodman, and Kempton; house committee, Messrs. Hodges, Dean, and Weston; bugler, F. S. Pecker.

The dinner committee, consisting of Messrs. Kidder, Sharp, and Woodman, had provided a bountiful spread, and made most complete arrangements for the comfort of guests and club members, and as there prevailed the good feeling and lack of formality peculiar to bicyclers, the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

President Pratt presided at the head of the table during the dinner, and started the after-dinner speech-making with his accustomed readiness, and then retired. Before he departed, however, his health was drank to the well-known "He's a jolly good fellow," with a "tiger" following. The dinner party, left in charge of presiding officers E. C. Hodges and F. W. Weston, then warmed

up under the benign influence of various punches, champagnes, clarets, and feasts of reason, and became eloquent. Many of the addresses were worthy of extended notice; and one of them, by Mr. Kempton, of the *Herald*, we print in this issue. The hit of the evening came in the shape of some chaste poetry by Mr. Gilman, of Chelsea, — a city heretofore noted for "chronic inertness," but likely to have quite a different reputation if it contains many Gilmans.

The desire to toast everything soon became apparent, especially on the part of the Massachusetts teetotalers. The toasts therefore came thick and fast, and the responses, toward the last, became thicker. The individual toasts were, like the bottles emptied, "too numerous to mention," but the others will bear recording. They were as follows: —

To the Mayor of Boston; to the Massachusetts Club; the Providence Club; the Chelsea Club; the Crescent Club; to the unity of sentiment in the Boston and Massachusetts Clubs; to the BICYCLING WORLD; to the general press; to the dinner committee; to the headquarters committee; to the Worcester Club; and to the Roxbury Club. Many pleasant letters of compliment and regret were read, and among them a very courteous note from Mayor Prince congratulating the club upon the satisfactory stand bicycling has taken in this country. After the dinner, President Carpenter and Commodore Peabody favored the assemblage with some musical entertainment, and a pleasant, social time was had until a late hour.

It is worthy of remark that the character of the whole affair was indicative of the character of sentiment existing in all the club relations. There are no cliques, no discordant elements such as mar the harmony of many other social organizations, and there is, in consequence, a democratic interchange of cordiality between members, and a generous hospitality exercised towards representative bicyclers from other ranks.

The day marked an era of progress and success, and we wish the club many happy returns.

#### A BICYCLING IDYL.

A LITTLE girl, with eyes of blue;  
A little dog of snowy hue;  
A little wheel, with rider rash;  
A bark, a rush, an awful crash!

A little scream; a little swear;  
A pretty sympathetic air;  
A little conversation, leading  
To blushes, smiles, successful pleading.

A little church; a little bride;  
A gallant wheelman by her side;  
A little kiss, their vows to seal;  
A little rival for the wheel.

L. H. S.





*Is the official organ of the League of American Wheelmen, and of the Eastern Archery Association, and aims to be a fresh, full, impartial record and herald of all that relates to bicycling and archery in America,—clubs, races, excursions, tours, meets and runs, target competitions, sylvan shoots, hunting, personal items, inventions, manufacture, opinions, humors, ranges, paths, routes, and incidents, the best things from other journals, foreign notes,—and of all subjects of direct or collateral interest to bicyclers and archers and their friends. Communications, correspondence, news items, suggestions, clippings, or other aids will be appreciated, and should be sent to EDITOR OF BICYCLING WORLD, ETC., 40 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Contributors and correspondents are requested to give always their full name and address, to write on one side of the paper only, and to observe that our pages go to press at noon of Tuesday preceding date of publication. For our terms of subscription and rates for advertising, see announcement of Rates and Terms in another column.*

BOSTON, 18 FEBRUARY, 1881.

**WEIGHT IN ARROWS.**—An agitation has arisen in California for a change in the present system of marking the weight of arrows. It was moved by "Scrub Shot" in *Pacific Life*, and has been seconded by Mr. George W. Kinney in the *Olympian*. The latter calls on Eastern "scientific" archers to be heard on the subject.

The thing which is to be reformed is English this time too. It is the scaling of arrows by shillings and pence, 4-3, 4-6, 4-9, for instance. And the way of improvement suggested is the indication of their weight in grains, or in ounces and fractions. And it is pointed out that three pence is about equivalent to 22 grains; a 4-6 arrow weighing about 393 grains, and a 4-9 about 415 grains.

Now, it is obvious that the question whether a certain arrow should be marked 4s. 9d., or 415 gr., would be a simple one of taste or convenience or simplicity; and it would be difficult to see the practical difference it would make to manufacturers or users. If, however, the present style results in this, that arrows are made as it happens as to weight within certain limits, and those not quite heavy enough for 4-6 are marked 4-3, and those a little too heavy, but not 3d., or 22 gr., heavier

are also marked 4-6, why then it becomes a question of more accurate marking, or finer subdivision of the marks used to indicate weight.

If a dozen arrows, say, nearly of a certain weight and a certain form, were marked exactly in grains, then it would be easier to select three, for an end, of the same weight to a grain. And there would be a certain advantage in this, though it might not be very great; for no doubt that successive shots will average better if made with the same arrow as well as the same bow and string. It is easy now to test the marks, or to select arrows, by actually weighing them. If manufacturers are not accurate in the weighing of arrows now, could they be relied upon implicitly with any other style of marking? Can our readers throw light upon the matter?

#### THE COMING TOURNAMENT OF THE NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the National Archery Association of the United States was called for a short time ago, at No. 298 Fulton street, New York City, at the office of the secretary. There were present, of the executive committee, President A. G. Constable, Secretary G. F. E. Pearsall, and Mr. Robert Lawrence, of Flushing, L. I. As there was not a majority in attendance, it was only possible to discuss, without formally adopting some routine business. The president and secretary both reported that the arrangements for the annual "meet," to be held at Prospect Park, in July next, were being perfected, and that the Association, which now in fact only consists of sixteen clubs, would by that time consist of at least fifty organizations, which would all take part in the tournament. Secretary Pearsall said that he had all he could do in answering letters sent for information, and there seemed to be a furor excited on the subject of archery. He had this week sent out notices to the clubs of the Association for the admission of three new organizations, which had complied with the National Association regulations; and by the end of the present month it was probable that at the fewest, ten more clubs would pay their admission fee of \$10, and arrange for the *per capita* tax on male members, to raise the necessary means to carry on the yearly tournament. Major Constable, in the course of the conversation, said that the movement was spreading greatly, especially outside the large cities. In the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny only, there were ten archery clubs, and there was scarcely a town or village in the Middle or Western States but had one or two clubs. In fact, his time, as well as that of Secretary

Pearsall, had been much occupied by answering the business letters of the National Association. A discussion took place as to the relative merits of different bows, arrows, and their makers. Some very curious points were developed by the discussion, the opinion of the members of the National Association and other archers present being that the yew-wood bow was in every particular the best for continued use. Bows of split bamboo, hickory, lancewood, ash, self-yew, Spanish yew-back, and twenty other varieties of bows, were mentioned; and Aldred, of London, England, and E. I. Horsman, of this city, who carries on business in New York, were quoted as the best bow makers. It was agreed that another call should be made for the executive committee to meet at the secretary's office, but the time was not agreed upon.

It is understood that a number of bowmen from England will probably be present to compete in the coming Prospect Park tournament, which will continue for one week, and at which a number of prizes and trophies will be given. The event, it is predicted, will exceed in interest either of the two national yearly tournaments which have preceded it; and Major J. Y. Culyer, who is a member of the executive committee, and an enthusiastic lover of the sport, is relied upon and undoubtedly will make proper and ample arrangements for the accommodation of the large number of competitors who will be present to take part in the tourney.

A reason for the rapid advance of archery in this country may be seen in the fact that it is an elegant out-of-door exercise, in which ladies and children can take part with benefit to their health. Its male devotees declare it to be far more exciting from its uncertainty than rifle shooting is. To govern equably a fifty-pound bow at all times requires, they say, skill, nerve, and strength. The archers present at the meeting held yesterday declared the accounts of the skill of Robin Hood and William Tell to be apocryphal and impossible, in the light of recent extraordinary achievements by Ford and other skilful modern bowmen. Although an outfit of a good bow and a dozen arrows fit for ordinary practice can be obtained, the bow for \$8 and the dozen arrows for \$2 to \$3, none of the successful and well-known modern archers are content with the ordinary appliances, each one fancying some peculiar attributes in his projecting engine or projectiles. Fabulous sums are often expended for bows. One bow made by Aldred, of London, was sold for eighty guineas; and many of our local archers, notably Major Constable, Mr. Pearsall, Major Lawrence, Frank Walworth, of Saratoga, William Thompson, of Crawfordville, Ind., and E. B. Weston, of Chicago, Ill., have a number of bows valued at from \$20 to \$180 each. Mr. Pearsall's most reliable bow, which has shot 6,600 arrows, cost \$75, and he has three other bows which are valued at



from \$15 to \$50 each, with arrows valued at from \$3 to \$8 per dozen. Major Constable has a perfect armory of bows and arrows of great value, and has ordered a new bow which is to cost a very large sum. Fine bows are now being made by Horsman, of New York, which cost from \$20 to \$40 each. The clubs all over the country are composed of ladies and gentlemen, the latter only being taxed for the expenses, the ladies occupying the position of honorary members, although in most instances given the right to vote on all club affairs.

Referring to the leading local organization known as the Brooklyn Archery Club, the following interesting particulars are noted: It has a regular constitution and by-laws, and has regular meetings, the following ladies and gentlemen comprising its members:—

*Members.*—Major A. G. Constable, J. K. Hoyt, E. A. Stoughtenborough, E. I. Horsman, X. Stoughtenborough, D. A. Nash, Edward Parker, William Miller, J. O. Johnson, G. F. E. Pearsall, C. E. Little, H. O. C. Kortheuer, Dr. C. W. Hoagland, T. S. Tice, Rev. William Short, L. L. Peddinghaus, R. M. Gilmore, Rev. G. A. Van de Water, A. R. Hart, H. W. Scudder, G. W. Martin, W. C. Beecher, C. E. Bigelow, A. D. Bonnell, R. B. Bonnell, C. W. Wardlow, Theodore Von der Luhe, George Steele, William C. Witter.

*Honorary Members.*—Mrs. A. G. Constable, Mrs. E. I. Horsman, Mrs. D. A. Nash, Mrs. J. O. Blake, Mrs. J. K. Hoyt, Mrs. H. W. Scudder, Mrs. G. F. E. Pearsall, Mrs. F. A. Neergaard, Mrs. C. W. Wardlow, Miss Wardlow, Miss Bigelow, the Misses Brett, Major J. Y. Culyer, J. O. Blake, Henry Chadwick.

Following is a list of the officers for 1880-81:—

President, A. G. Constable; vice-president, D. A. Nash; treasurer, A. E. Stoughtenborough; secretary, George Steele.

*Directors.*—John Y. Culyer, E. I. Horsman, Rev. William Short, J. K. Hoyt, G. F. E. Pearsall.

*Board of Managers.*—Major J. Y. Culyer, corner of Douglass street and Vanderbilt avenue; E. I. Horsman, 271 Sackett street; J. K. Hoyt, 39 Clifton place; G. F. E. Pearsall, 29 Strong place; Rev. William Short, 45 Sidney place; Major A. G. Constable, 10 Leferts place; D. A. Nash, 382 Cumberland street; A. E. Stoughtenborough, 256 Dean street; George Steele, 155 St. Mark's place.

The club practises every Saturday evening in their hall, and the scores made by members recently have been something remarkable, the absence of windage in the enclosed range, of course, having much to do with increasing the accuracy in comparison with out-of-doors practice.

It is claimed by the lovers of archery that the pastime cannot very well be degraded, as many other pastimes and sports have been, by the interference of

the gambling element; and the best assurance of this is to be found in the fact that, in all the clubs formed or forming, ladies as members will have the tendency to elevate the pastime and insure its success among the better elements of a community, thus preventing the interference of the rowdy or liker of brutal or rough sports.

#### ONE OF THE REASONS WHY.

*Editor Archery Field:*—Your article on the remissness of archers in regard to educating the public through the medium of the press, and in maintaining or increasing a proper *esprit du corps* among the fraternity, has prompted me to steal a moment from the all-absorbing cares of business, and drop a line upon the subject to my brother toxophilites. In this case, as usual, the brethren embrace the sisters.

Personally I am an enthusiastic admirer of the noble sport, and am interested in promoting its welfare from sheer devotion, being freed from the allurements of the more bewitching sex, who play such havoc in the ranks of archers. In other words, I belong to an archery club, attend its out-door meetings, to find my pleasure and gain in the sport itself, and not in the unequalled opportunities allowed for flirtation with the fair demoiselles in question.

Yes, my dear editor, I am a sober married man,—not disliking the society of the charmers above alluded to, in fact a warm advocate in favor of their presence at, and participation in, the tournaments, both public and private, but I am not an Adonis, a Hercules, or a Nimrod; and so from my isolated and retired nook I can the better observe and criticise (if I may use so seemingly harsh a word) my companions.

I find that most clubs are composed of mixed elements, wanting in homogeneity, so to speak. There are those who shoot, those who flirt, and those who do neither, but are a torment to those who desire either shooting or flirtation. What the last class put in an appearance for surpasses my comprehension, and an explanation from them would be gratefully received by the undersigned. For a while after the formation of the club, all shoot about alike, no one well enough to bring envy or despair to the breasts of the others; but in time "a change comes over the spirit of their dreams." The workers forge gradually ahead, the flirts and the shirkers drop steadily astern, and then comes a crisis. One set pronounce archery the most fascinating, ennobling, graceful, and healthful of all imaginable sports; the others cry it down with equal verbosity and feeling, and long for the delights of croquet and lawn-tennis. Result: some three or four active members remain, and with interest unabated climb slowly up the ladder, round by round, till they see themselves gladly welcomed by the chosen few, who, like them, have survived the discouragements (or overlooked them),

and are in every sense of the word *archers*.

As for the others, they "vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision," or "as snow, when rains have fallen and south winds blow, dissolves in silent dew."

We miss the sweet faces of the dear girls, and the manly forms of the sterner sex; but we comfort ourselves with the thought that destiny must be fulfilled, and they were destined to something else.

Archery, having degenerated in this country from its high position till it has come to be looked upon as child's play, must necessarily require time to regain its lost prestige; but that hoped-for end is as certain to come as is the failure of most of the ephemeral pastimes that now outrank it in popular esteem. Be therefore not discouraged, my friends, and your faith shall have ample reward. There are other causes for the apparent want of vitality so frequently remarked and dilated upon; but I will leave all reference to those for a future letter, if you wish me to further ventilate the individual opinions of

TYRO.

BOSTON, 11 February, 1881.

#### TARGET VALUATIONS.

THOSE unfortunate readers of the BICYCLING WORLD who are not archers must have grown tired, long ere this, of the never-ending wrangle about the target valuations. But a few still persist in trying to force the new system on the great multitude of archers, and from the beginning have tried to throw the friends of the old system on the defensive without having first shown that their system is an improvement. Mr. Thompson strikes the right key in his article, showing that the new system is only an exaggeration of the faults of the old without any improvement. Mr. Brownell and his friends claim that the new system is string measurement, and that the old is area measurement: let us see if this is so. String measurement means the distance from the centre of the target to the arrow; thus the gold hits are either at the centre, 4 8-10 inches away, or somewhere between the two, averaging a distance of 2 7-10 inches from centre. In like manner the red averages a distance of 7 2-10; blue, 12; black, 16 8-10; and white, 21 6-10 inches from the centre of the target. Calculating the proportional values of the different colors from these measurements, and assuming that the white = 1, we find that black = 1 3-10, blue 1 8-10, red 3, and gold 9, or precisely the same values as given by the area method. Can it be possible that the advocates of the new system have not known what they were talking about? Surely they cannot have, or they would not claim that the value of the gold is only 5 by string measurement. Neither the old or new systems are mathematically correct, but the old has the advantage of having both ends right, while the new has only the white correctly valued. The valuation that would come the nearest to being



mathematically correct, and at the same time not too cumbersome to use, would be—white 1, black 2, blue 3, red 4, gold 9; but even this would have the disadvantage of unequal valuation of the lower colors: and if, as Mr. Brownell claims, chance hits the gold, it would give chance too much allowance; but I must confess I would like this valuation for myself. After all, what is archery but an amusement or exercise? We archers recommend it to our friends as an exercise that will amuse them and do them good when overworked: does an amusement interest us more for its elements of skill or chance? Some people like to play whist or chess, and fancy they are resting, while all the time they are straining every faculty to decide what is the best play: it is a misnomer to call this play, when it is the hardest kind of work. More sensible people want something less fatiguing for amusement,—draw poker, for instance; but this is a bad example, for often I've had no chance at all when I've played it. It is the union of skill and chance that makes archery so fascinating to most of us, and to cut down the value of the gold in proportion to the rest of the target would take away much of the pleasure. I like to feel that I've done a big thing when I've hit the gold, and I would rather score it 19 instead of only 9. Also it is a relief to be able to say, when a brother archer is continually adding 9 to his score, that it is all bull luck and stupidity; but I suppose these are the sentimental reasons that the "Pacifiers" won't listen to, and it would be no use to state any more. I have plenty more mathematics in stock for them, but will wait till they have twisted round the present dose.

CAPT. JACK.

## DRIFT AND WAG

THESE milder days induce impatient archers to draw their bows from the baize and fondly examine their quivers.

WE'VE a good mind, as Mrs. Pinnucker would say, to prophesy *some* outdoor archery for February; but in view of falling snowflakes, our caution restrains us.

THAT "nosegay" of Mr. Walworth's, in our last issue, was adroitly culled and presented; but with what cruelty of wire he fastened it!

THE recent archery conclave in New York should result in a fine campaign for the N. A. A. during the coming season.

O WHERE is our deft-handed Worcester, Whose scorings these columns were used-ter?

In the State of the Pine,  
The yew for the pine  
Has he changed? or down in the mine,  
The gold in the core  
For the gold in the ore?  
He *was n't* that kind of a rooster.

THERE is one interesting point about the new departure in scoring,—it saves the new-stylers a comparison of their scores with any but their own, and pre-

vents others from making it. It would be mean to intimate that this is one reason why some favor the "American system."

THE Pacific archers are brisking up. The rain dampens their achievements, but not their ardor (as the snow does in the East, though some *have* feared a chill in the ardor hereaway). And those who wish to get the real flavor of their enthusiasm should subscribe to the *Olympian*, a vivacious monthly, which costs only \$2.00 a year, and will be shipped at you from 412 Commercial street, San Francisco, by the Olympian Publishing Company.

HAS anybody overlooked that little matter of the Chieftain's Badge Fund? It needs more half-dollars yet.

WE used to hear tell  
Of a famous majority,  
8 to 7;  
Now Mr. Brownell  
Has given us for it a  
Winning minority,  
5 to 9.  
Great Heaven!  
Five, or nine?

SOME reader who has n't seen it may enjoy this from the *Olympian* (the imaginative editor had just read our "Probabilities for 1881"): "Friend Pratt, of the ARCHERY FIELD, starts a sort of signal-service business in archery, prognosticating sundry things for this section. We follow his lead by forecasting as follows: 'From the Eastern States, strong gales (from the mouth) on the American system, eventually dispersing the fog now enveloping that section. Cloudy weather (in the minds of Thompson, Holberton, Worcester & Co.), followed by general clearing up after the meeting of the Eastern A. A. Mild zephyrs of peace, harmony, and accord towards fall, when the thing becometh visible in its true proportions.'"

WHEREUPON, we admit that we are ready to render archery "signal service," so far as we are able; and we have too much respect for the Venerable prophet of the ultramontanes to impeach his reliability. Without this, that there is any other matter of risk in a controversy on prophecies.

By the way, if you don't happen to have the right change for a subscription to the *Olympian*, send along a V. to us, and we will send you both that and the ARCHERY FIELD,—the latter for a friend, if you have it already.

A CORRESPONDENT has this to say of broken arrows: On the "broken arrow" score, I have a word to say. Last summer I broke a valuable arrow, square across. It was stuck in the ground at an angle of 45°, and in the dusk I struck my knee against it while eyeing another some yards ahead. It broke square, without splintering. Taking some Stratena cement I stuck it together and placed it in a vise. When it came out, only the keenest eye could see the joint. Neither my friends nor I could detect any differ-

ence in the shooting, and unless I told them which, could not pick it out of a sheaf.

## ARCHERY.

THE Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. PEARSALL, No. 298 Fulton street, Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-Laws, etc.—*Com.*

## ANTIQUITY OF THE BICYCLE.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN GREECE—TWO-WHEELED LOCOMOTION BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

ATHENS, GREECE, 5 January, 1881.

A DISCOVERY has just been made at the little town of Corinth, which historians will delight in, as affording a considerable addition to the meagre stock of accurate knowledge of the social life and customs of the ancient Greeks. Ordinary schoolboy history reveals that the site of the small trading-place now called Corinth was, centuries ago, before the Christian era, that of one of the most important Hellenic cities, renowned for commerce and arts, and, for a brief period, also the centre of the exploits in arms of Philip of Macedon, and his son, the great Alexander. The discoveries of art treasures by excavations in the neighborhood have been of inestimable value, and have proved the high standard of the Corinthians in plastic art; but the curiosity aroused to know more of the daily life and habits of the people has been but scantily fed by accurate knowledge. By the discovery just made, the world is given to know, beyond possible doubt, that the cultured Hellenes equalled the people of our own and wonderful nineteenth century in an important method of locomotion; and the popular belief that to our century belongs the credit of discovering and applying to human progression that marvellous and delightful piece of enginery, the bicycle, here receives its death-blow, and again we find the old adage verified, "Nothing new under the sun."

For a few years past, the work of cutting a canal across the isthmus, and joining the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs, has been in progress, many obstacles having been met with. On 10 December last, the workmen, several feet below the surface of the ground, struck and threw out a number of stone tablets with the in-



scriptions partially defaced, but with much still legible. Their antiquity it was impossible to question, and the *savans* and historiographers of Athens, to whom the relics quickly found their way, have without much difficulty translated the writing. It proves to be a portion of the record kept by the Corinthian *astynomi*, and its date must have been between 350 and 300 B. C., judging from the references it contains to historical events and characters. The first tablet of the series is missing; and how the matter of debate was introduced, can only be surmised. It is evident that complaints had been made to the *astynomi*, guardians of the city streets, and protectors of the people's rights, that an unknown vehicle, with only two wheels, and without horses, had been seen about the city. It was found to be capable of great speed, and each vehicle (two or three having been seen) bore a single rider, dressed in a novel and alarming manner. There was evidently thought to be danger in the machine, and the *astynomi* had no doubt been asked to forbid its use. The report of the debate is here given as it appears on the tablets; a somewhat free translation being, of course, necessary.

Attalus remarked that he had first seen it while returning from the hut of Diogenes, in the suburbs, which he often visited. It passed him very quickly in a cloud of dust, and he failed to get a good view of the rider, but he strongly believed it to be Pelopidas, a fellow member of the *astynomi*. He desired to ask Pelopidas if he was the two-wheeled traveller.

Pelopidas said he would scorn to deny it. The name and origin of the new vehicle were secrets which he could not reveal; but as a member of one of the oldest families, and a man against whom there had never been any suspicion of dishonor, he claimed the right to run up and down the streets of Corinth on any vehicle he chose. He denied that this was a dangerous machine, and said he had found much enjoyment and health by its use.

Callipus said he had never seen the new wagon, and he asked to have it described, that they might judge whether it was dangerous or not.

Pelopidas described it as made of iron, with a large and a small wheel. The large wheel of the one he rode was 80 dactyli in diameter (about a 60-inch machine, evidently), and the small wheel measured 16 dactyli. A curved bar of hollow iron connected the wheels, and over this he sat and drove the forward wheel by a foot crank on either side. No matter how great the speed, he was always able to stop within a distance of ten feet, and he invariably stopped on the discovery of danger ahead, even if he had to dismount and lie down in front of the wheel. People who saw him in this act sometimes thought it compulsory, but he would say he had never been

compelled to dismount but once. This was when he tried to coast down from the top of the Acrocorinthus. By coasting, he meant the practice of sitting on the end of his spinal column, and letting the machine roll down the hill by its own momentum, while he crossed his legs in front and enjoyed the scenery. This time, he found the hill too steep, and concluded to get off. Since then he had not ridden much, but would resume as soon as his machine had had time to heal.

Parmenio thought it was a disgrace to the city to have his housemaids frightened as they had been by Pelopidas, and one or two companions rattling along above the house-tops on the city wall leading down to Lechæum. He thought if they were allowed to parade in such a prominent place they should be compelled to wear decent clothing.

Pelopidas admitted that the riding costume was not just what it should be. This is the way he accounted for it: The club was composed of three members, and as they never could agree on a permanent costume, they had decided to let each member in turn set the style for two weeks. At the time complained of, it happened to be the choice of Perdiccas, and as he was a very modest man and over-sensitive as to the opinions of others, he had chosen something as free from ostentation as possible. He ordered simply a helmet and a girdle. Perdiccas was economical as well as modest, and could use his war helmet, while very little cloth was required for the girdle. There was no chance to get frivolous braid or binding on the body. Pelopidas said he would have his chance at the uniform next week, and he had resolved to order a pair of goat's horns for the head, and a cloth bag for the body and legs. He thought this would satisfy the æsthetic tastes of all the Corinthians, and there would be no danger of frightening timid women.

Clitus protested against tolerating this new-fangled machine any longer. He knew it was dangerous. One day he was riding an ass in over the road from Sicyonia, when the beast suddenly remembered having seen one of these machines the day before, when he was tied up and had no chance to run. So he kicked up his heels and threw his master into the sand, nearly burying him alive. If the dignity of one of the *astynomi* was to be upset in this way, all on account of somebody's new-fashioned and ridiculous wagon without horses, he would like to know to what purpose it was that his father and grandfather had fought in the Corinthian war to make their city great.

Another member of the council agreed with Clitus. He knew nothing about the machine, but he had heard of several accidents fully as bad as the ass story. As far as had been stated, it was ridden only for pleasure; and why should Pelopidas and his friends have greater privileges than the other Corinthians? If they were to enjoy the power to dash about at such a high speed they would

soon set themselves up as superior beings, and there was danger in allowing anybody to be superior to the city council in anything.

Pelopidas offered to show that his two wheels were not for amusement alone, but that he had made them very useful. He had made frequent journeys to Athens, Amphipolis, and Argos, even as far south as Sparta, had been across to Olympia, and in fact had brought the machine into daily use. If permitted, he would bring it into the council-room and show the members how harmless, yet how practical it was.

This request was unanimously refused; and then, at the call of Leonidas, the vote was taken on confiscating the strange machine of Pelopidas and forbidding any one to use one like it.

Unfortunately the record breaks off here, and the result of the vote remains a matter of conjecture. There is hardly a possibility, however, that poor Pelopidas had a single supporter of the justness of his cause. The unanimity with which the council refused even a view of the abused bicycle clearly shows the feeling against him. All the records and legends that have since come down through the centuries contain no allusion to the two-wheeled vehicle, and there is no doubt that the intolerance of the ancient Corinthians buried it as completely as were buried the records that have just been unearthed after a slumber of more than two thousand years. Let city rulers remember that only two hundred years after this action of the *astynomi*, the Roman invader came with his conquering legions and laid the Corinthian glory in the dust!

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PROVIDENCE NOTES.

*Editor of the Bicycling World:*—I promised you, when in your office last week, to give you some bicycling notes and items from Providence, and shall proceed to do so, although at this season of the year it is not to be expected that we can furnish many *riding* notes. Mr. E. G. Thurber, of the Providence Club, however, has done some ice riding, while I have made a couple of trips out Broad street, on the snow, without any more trouble and as much pleasure as in summer. Mr. Thurber rode first to Rocky Point, a distance of thirteen miles, and last Saturday to East Greenwich, on the ice, about twenty-three or twenty-five miles, and attracted considerable attention when rounding Warwick Neck lighthouse, as well as going up the harbor of East Greenwich. Both the Hermes and Providence Clubs have their club-rooms, where can be found, 'most any time, one or more members. We have had the billiard table altered to a pool table, which, with the card table and piano, prove magnets sufficiently strong to draw the members there every evening. The club proposes



soon to give an exhibition at the Skating Rink, not only to put money in our purse, but to *enthuse* the non-riders of the city, and promote the interest in the wheel which all riders have. Mr. Handy has just increased his facilities for riding, and also as a salesroom, by moving from his old quarters on Fulton street to Union Hall, on Broad street, where he has a floor 60 x 70, *without a post*, about twenty of the two-wheeled horses in his stable, and two tricycles; and not a day passes but some ladies are trying the tricycles, and we opine that in the spring our worthy president will have to expend about \$135 for the benefit of his wife, who has been, saw, and is conquered. Mr. Handy opened his room last Friday evening, there being about three hundred invited guests in the balcony, at least one hundred of them ladies, who witnessed a very fine club drill by the Hermes Club, and also some pretty fancy riding by members of the same. Vaughan's orchestra furnished music for the occasion. After the drill a nice collation was discussed at the invitation of Mr. Handy, and then the ladies inspected and tried the tricycles; and many were the expressions, "I wish I had one," and "I wish we could get a number to get them, so as not to attract much attention." I think Mr. Handy is to be congratulated upon having the best riding school and salesroom of any city of its size, if not in the country. Anyway, we will claim it until the contrary is proven. The Hermes Club took a vote at their last meeting, and not a member could be found who would or could go to Washington, while a majority would go to New York or Boston. The Providence Club have not given any *official* statement, but incline to New York or Boston, in preference to Washington. I met our president and his wife to-night, *he* fresh from the Boston Club's supper, and was much surprised to find that she not only approved of his going, but urged it; and upon asking the reason, she informed me that she did not have to cook anything the week previous to his going, and did not expect to again this week. Any wheelman visiting Providence will receive courteous treatment by calling at corner Broad and Eddy streets (Mr. Handy's).

Very truly,

O. A. N.

PROVIDENCE, 12 February, 1881.

A CASE WHICH CALLS FOR SYMPATHY. — To the lone bicyclist whose zealous devotion to the wheel has — so far as participation in athletics is concerned — ostracized him from his comrades, or more correctly speaking, has barred them from the magic circle which separates wheelmen from "the rest of mankind," the WORLD is the most welcome visitor of the week. There are 6,000 souls here (some of 'em ought not to count, but let that go), and not one to whom I can unburden this breast of the enormous load which yearns to get loose. Last spring I had a soft thing. I had an enthusiastic

*confrère*, and we two used to get together and talk each other exhausted. Of course the other fellow had just as soft a thing as I did. Our tongues were on ball bearings in those days, I tell you. Well, that Elysian condition of things has departed, and there is no one left now to receive these sacred confidences except my wife, and she always alludes to my bicycle as "that thing": not contemptuously, perhaps, but from a serene indifference. Under these circumstances the skies do not seem to beam so graciously, nor the evening zephyrs whisper so lovingly as when I had that homely red-headed brother wheelman to commune with. I tell you I tied crape around my arm when that fellow left town. You don't know how much comfort he was to me. Later on, another rider came to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. But a few short weeks of hilarious happiness, and *he* took his departure, wheel and bag, for other fields. I was again left to play the Robinson Crusoe business, without even a man Friday to redeem the occasional rides from their utter loneliness.

Looking back over the year's record, I find that I have had but two spins worthy of a leaf in my "log." These were in the early fall, succeeding a season of dry weather long enough to efface the perilous line of demarcation which separates the chasm worn by the wagon wheels and the narrow path in which the farm horses passed along. All teams on these prairie roads use the same track, and on either side is an eruption of clods and stones which strikes blank terror into the breast of a timid bicyclist. (and "blank" words into his soliloquies) when he meets or overtakes a team, and is compelled to turn out to go by. Sometimes you catch up with a man who is "just mean enough" to refuse to let you get past. That settles it. You can just plug along behind him, until he turns off into another road. But you can remember that man, and some time when you catch his dog in town, kill it.

Notwithstanding all the obstacles in the way of the free and unrestricted use of the wheel hereabouts, my beautiful ever-ready steed is a source of immense satisfaction to me; and I am heartily glad to know that the merits of the bicycle are becoming rapidly recognized in the larger cities, and its rights conceded. Beyond all question, the bicycle is at all times and to all men a practical, every-day method of locomotion, wherever the roads are broad and smooth, and passable for loaded teams, in wet or dry times. *Vive la 'cycle!*

A. B. H.

KANKAKEE, ILL.

#### THE LEAGUE MEET.

THE following, as having some bearing upon the question of the League Meet, will be of considerable interest to those who favor New York: —

To the Honorable Board of Park Commissioners of the City of New York. Gentlemen, — We the undersigned, repre-

senting the six bicycle clubs and some five hundred riders of New York City, do hereby petition you to grant us certain privileges within the limits of the public parks under your jurisdiction; viz.: —

We do desire the privilege of riding our bicycles through the eastern driveway of Central Park, between 90th street and 110th street, from the hour of opening the park in the morning until 12 o'clock (noon), and between the hours of 7 o'clock and 11 o'clock P. M., as Fifth avenue, between the streets mentioned, is not in a condition to be used by bicyclists.

We do also ask the privilege of riding our bicycles on the Riverside drive at all hours, subject only to the restrictions placed upon other light vehicles.

Pending your consideration of this petition, may we direct your attention to the fact that during the past year, bicycles have been extensively used in this city, and have appeared in numbers on the boulevards and avenues above Central Park, daily and hourly, in company with horses and vehicles of every description; but that thus far no serious accident or runaway has resulted, and that as a rule horses take no notice of the bicycle and are not frightened by it?

May we also be permitted to draw your attention to the fact that the city of Brooklyn, and most of the large cities of the country, have conditionally opened their public parks to bicycle riders?

Praying an early consideration of this our petition,

We are, most respectfully,

C. K. MUNROE.  
CHAS. W. MINOR.  
M. VOLKS.  
JAS. BUCHA, JR.  
W. G. BATES.  
G. L. TAYLOR.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

An attempt was made by a rival importer very discourteously to reflect upon Chas. R. Percival, in a previous issue. The card of Cunningham & Co., disclaiming connection with Chas. R. Percival, was uncalled for, as the latter has not even had their agency for some time; but as advertised for the last five months, has been in business entirely independent of them.

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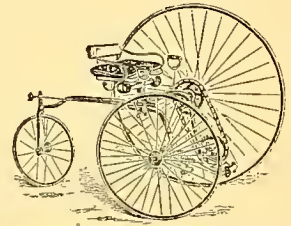
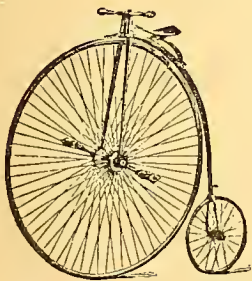
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