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FROM COVENTRY TO CHESTER ON WHEELS.

IN the Coventry of these days, the tricycle is on its native heath. The city of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom and of the three spires is to the three-wheeler what China is to opium or Florida to oranges. Nine firms are occupied wholly, and some half dozen others partly, in manufacturing tricycles, and three cycling papers are published in this one town. It was therefore appropriate that I should start for my first tricycle run from Coventry. I was led there, however, not so much by a sense of the fitness of things, as by my desire to get a good machine. But a tricycle "warranted to be the very best" cannot, it seems, be had at once, like a more common article; and the immediate consequence of my order was a detention of three or four days. This was inconvenient, but I found plenty to do in wandering along the crooked, closely built streets, stopping now and then to look at a moss-covered house, with its quaintly carved imp or flower decoration; at the rain-splashed, mud-stained, broken gates, and crumbling red-brick walls; at the fantastic gables and old Gothic archways, or else at the three towers, whose weather-vanes were apparently made with intent to deceive. Then there were walks up and down light-and-shadow-flecked lanes, where I pretended to sketch the timbered and chimney-potted cottages, or the bridge, where bare-legged boys were chasing swans from out the reeds and rushes of the river below. And again, I watched with lazy interest the romps of the Charity boys, who, with their Henry VIII. caps, long blue gowns tied around their waists, and yellow breeches, looked as if they belonged to another age; and the games of the girls who, though

"Brought up on charity,
Have plenty hilarity."

I saw them once enjoying a hearty laugh as an awkward cyclist took a header into the blackberry hedge at their feet. One afternoon, to vary my amusements, I hired a tricycle, and worked my way slowly through the town, trying to look as if I were not an expert bicyclist unused to the third wheel. But I am afraid my narrow escapes from running over people and into carriages betrayed me. I was not sorry, therefore, when on Friday morning, the 27th of August, a post-office order and my new machine arrived simultaneously.

A bicyclist happened to be going my way. There is a freemasonry among all knights of the wheel, and so, without further introduction, we rode off together. He was a "good fellow," and in the course of two days we became very friendly. It is, perhaps, characteristic of cycling intimacies that, though we each of us had plenty to say about roads and wheels, gears and time, all I knew about his personal affairs when we parted was that he was an American and had never heard of Tom Brown. From which fact it may be concluded that cycling has a moral value as an antidote to idle gossip.

We dodged the carriages to the end of town, and then, turning to the right, took the broad road to Birmingham. It was full of cyclers, whose bells were ringing merrily. There were bicycles and tricycles, single machines, double machines, and tandems. Some riders were alone, others were in parties of two or three, or even as many as a dozen; and, to my surprise, a large part were women, whose skill showed that they were no mere novices in the art. One young girl on a three-wheeler was attended by a youth on a bicycle, who wheeled attentively by her side. I would lay any wager that cycling was not their only ground of sympathy, and that their

conversation turned upon other subjects than records and wheels. Not only around Coventry, but throughout my ride, I met more cycles than carriages, and saw a dozen wheelmen where I would have seen one at home. It is probably because the English, as a nation, care more for exercise and athletics of all kinds than we do that the cycle has become so much more popular with them than it has with us. Its popularity, however, is not less astonishing because of this national tendency. The love of the Briton for boating, riding, and cricket is, as it were, bred in the bone; but his fondness for the cycle originated with the present generation.

The bicycle in its present form, as is very generally known, only dates back to about 1870. It is a development of the hobby- or dandy-horse, accelerator, or *céléritère*—a cumbrous machine in limited vogue toward the beginning of this century, its chief use being to supply grist for the mill of the wits of the day. The coming bicycle did not cast its shadow before to silence their sarcasm.

From the three-wheeled velocipede for juvenile recreation has been evolved the tricycle with its rubber-tired, ball-bearing suspension wheels. The plaything of children is now a machine for men. Here is a subject made to the hand of the evolutionist! When it was first seen on the road in 1880, in competition with the bicycle, it was looked upon askance. It seemed like a resource of old age

or timidity. But before long a few practical road-riding cyclers tried it, and did not find it wanting. Their example was speedily followed, with the result that in Great Britain, if not elsewhere, it has become a formidable rival of the bicycle, and is fast gaining ground.

For convenience, the three-wheeler unquestionably bears off the palm. I carried with me from Coventry two suits of clothes, a stick, umbrella, sketching-stool and sketch-books, with painting materials innumerable, weighing in all twenty-five pounds—a feat I could never have accomplished had I ridden a bicycle. Nor did this load interfere with my pleasure or my speed. Whithersoever my friend the bicycler went, there I went also, and often the lead was mine. Of course the carrying capacity of the tricycle is no advantage when a short run is taken for exercise or relaxation; but it is an important consideration in an extended tour. Man, as he knows to his infinite inconvenience, is a clothed animal. He may reduce his needs to the finest point; he may adopt a uniform which resists rain and sun alike, and which dispenses with starched, easily tumbled linen; but there are other articles of clothing and certain toilet accessories which he must have. The machine is now so constructed as to meet the demands of the tourist. One tricycle has a basket attached in front, which the rider can open without moving from his seat. As much as one hundred and fifty pounds can be so



A PROMENADE ON WHEELS.



A SPIN ON A SHADY LANE.

carried. In Coventry I saw the postmen going their rounds on the Carrier, and its wheels, painted red by way of uniform, are as well known in the lanes there as the wagons of our letter-carriers in the streets of Philadelphia. Insurance agents, venders of yeast, photographers, and even physicians, have learned to make use of the tricycle in their daily rounds.

My recollection of the first day of my ride is of many steep hills and much rain. It poured in torrents as at noon my fellow-traveler and myself rode through a long green tunnel of leaves into Coleshill. It poured even harder when, after our luncheon, we went to examine the church belonging to the high steeple which marks the town, and which is ornamented on the outside by little devilish gargoyles. These were all we could see, as the door was locked against us. But we crossed to the other side of the street and inspected the whipping-post, to which vines now cling

tenderly, the pillory, black with age, and the stocks, whose gaping mouths are full of daisies, all three eloquent reminders of the days when Englishmen were still in leading-strings, and government was in the maternal stage. The pour settled into a damp drizzle, which lasted all the afternoon, as we wheeled over roads of concentrated vileness, and were misled by lying sign-boards. The misery of those long hills no tongue can tell. Each new one was steeper than the last. It was still drizzling when we reached Lichfield and the end of our tether at one and the same time. Neither of us looked at the many-chimneyed alms-houses, nor even at the statue of Dr. Johnson, erected on the very spot where, as a man, he stood to do penance for his boyish sin. But we turned in at the hotel of the Cyclists' Touring Club, returning thanks that we were enrolled among the members of that organization, hurried into dry clothes and down with the other guests to tea.

Over our cold meat and bread and butter, we listened silently to a chorus of admiration for the church, for the sleeping children, beautiful in profile, and for everything and everybody connected with the place, broken by a gentle ripple of "deceased wife's sister," which was gradually stirred to a tempest by a clergyman of the muscular Christian type and an American woman. The latter, despite persuasion and entreaty, files of parliamentary reports and

Continent, it economizes for its members, their patronage being guaranteed upon specified terms — about a third less than regular rates. As wheelmen nowadays so greatly abound, the landlords profit by this arrangement no less than their favored guests. No matter how covered they may be with the mud and dust of the roads, their tickets of membership at once distinguish them from common tramps. In this connection I re-

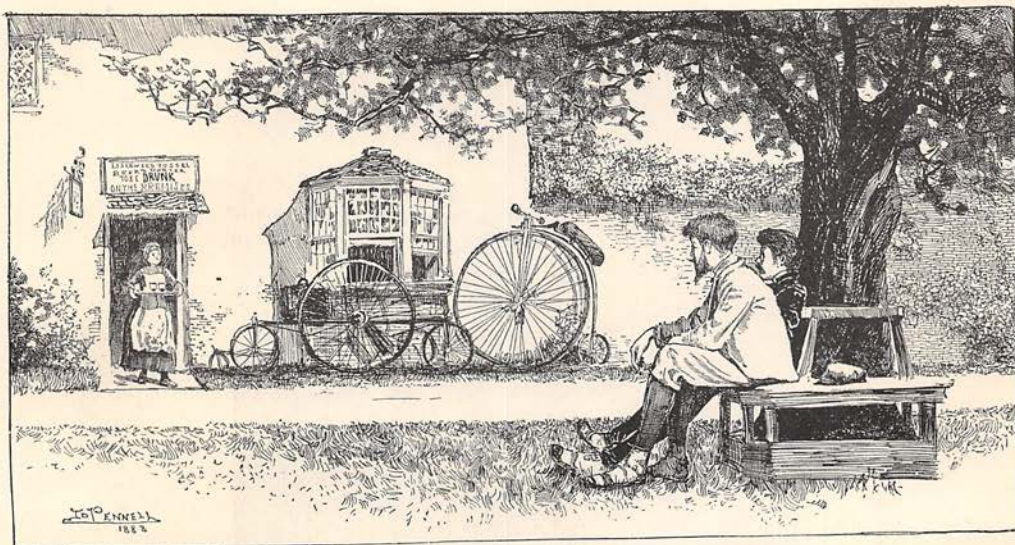


"WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS PLACE?"

letters from the lights of the church, held her ground until an extremely late hour.

The Cyclists' Touring Club in England is a powerful organization, very unlike its branch in the United States, having a large and imposing office in London and many salaried officials to manage its affairs. To its efforts in several directions wheelmen in England are indebted for many of the comforts which they enjoy when on the road. In the capital it has shown its strength by compelling the city officials to change the position of the sewer-grating at the street-crossings because these were dangerous to cyclers. In the country it endeavors to keep the highways in order; sometimes it mends the roads at its own expense, and when this is impossible it puts up danger signals to warn unwary travelers. Moreover, by compact with certain hotel-keepers in Great Britain and on the

member very pleasantly my hostess at Ashbourne. I felt a little uncertainty as to my reception as I wheeled up to her inn, which bore the attractive sign of "The Turk's Head and Green Man." It was a very imposing establishment, and when I passed under the great black archway I found the court-yard filled with wagons, carriages, and carts, while a small army of impatient drivers were shouting in chorus for the hostler. Chambermaids were by turns chiding and cajoling; hot dinners were going upstairs, and dined and wine farmers coming down; a young countryman and his bride were seated in a corner in loving proximity, utterly indifferent to the outside world; and jockeys, professional and amateur, were holding forth on "horsy" subjects for the benefit of bagmen and stable-boys. But I need not have feared my fate. I was received with as much kindness and



RESTFUL AND REFRESHING.

was as sumptuously feasted as if I had been a prodigal son. The landlady in her best Sunday cap came and discussed with me the weather and cycling topics. Often, she said, she had had as many as twenty wheelmen in her house at once, and she added: "I know'd they were ladies and gentlemen, if they were spattered and dirty, a-stopping 'ere, and then they goes on through the Dale and so to Matlock." Long experience of our ways and customs had made her discriminating. Landlords at home are not as yet so keen-eyed. They do not understand that men and women of leisure and means can find amusement in putting on rough clothes and tramping or wheeling it up hill and down dale. I knew a pleasure party who, in a few days' tramp from Philadelphia to Wilmington, were mistaken for strolling players, and all but mobbed in a hotel of the last-named city because they would not give a performance.

My experience at Ashbourne was not exceptional. It was repeated almost daily. Indeed, it has not entered into the mind of the man who has not known them to conceive the delights of English inns. One other stands out with special distinctness in my memory of this trip. This ideal inn was on the road between Burton and Derby, and I stopped there for lunch on the second day of my run. It was midday when I reached it, and the sun was shining in an interval between two showers. Instead of going inside, I sat under the wide-spreading oak-tree opposite. Birds sang a subdued noontide melody. A perfume, compounded of the sweetest flowers that blow, came from the garden near by. A pretty barmaid — why, by the way, are the bar-maids

of these inns always pretty? — brought me my luncheon. I studied the sign hanging over the inn-door, "Refreshment for Men and Beasts," and, Pharisee-like, I returned thanks that I was not as those other men of olden time, who had to attend to the comforts of their beasts before they could think of their own. My trustworthy wheel, knowing nothing of hunger or thirst, increased a hundred-fold in my estimation.

It was just after I had taken my ease at this inn that I was joined by two bicyclers on their way to the races at Derby. They were overflowing with enthusiasm, and mistook me for a fellow-enthusiast. "Was I making a record, eh? How far could I go? How many miles had I made that day? Was my machine geared up or down? Level! Well, who would have thought it? Ball-bearings all over? Must have cost a pot o' money! Was I going to the Derby races? No? Well, then, good-bye!" And with a pitiful look, such as a professional artist might cast upon an aspiring amateur, they wheeled away and were seen by me no more.

Record-making, indeed! What are races and records when weighed in the balance against moments of ease, against unexpected turns into unbeaten tracks, and long rests with one's cycle by one's side, waiting for the heavy rain to cease, or sketching a characteristic feature in the landscape? There must be record-makers, of course. All tests of the possible speed or endurance of the cyclist and the machines are gains. Through those made in the past cycling has become an exact science. The construction of the machines has been improved as it would prob-

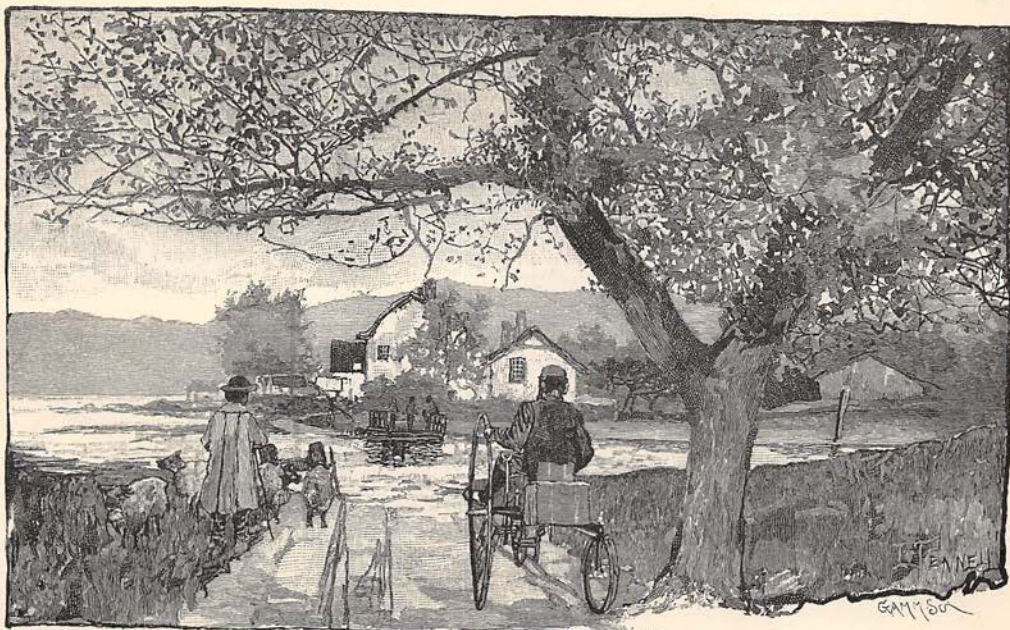


AT THE FINISH.

ably never have been had all riders been indifferent in these matters. Besides, it is a pleasure to know what one might do if one had the mind to. The cyclist who attaches a secondary value to the time he makes, or the distance he goes, feels some pride when he hears, for example, of Dr. Herbert L. Cortis, who rode one mile on a race-course in 2 minutes and $41\frac{2}{3}$ seconds; or of Mr. F. R. Fry, who, on the Crystal Palace track, rode 100 miles in 5 hours, 50 minutes, and $5\frac{2}{3}$ seconds; or of Mr. Sutton, who, on the high-road, made the record of 260 miles in 24 hours; and of Mr. Bird, who showed what could be done with the tricycle by riding over 200 miles on one in a day. These are statistics to be preserved in the history of cycling.

I went to the bicycle races at Derby alone, and arrived just in time for the finish. It was late in the afternoon, the rain was taking a much-needed rest, and the west was glowing and golden. There was the usual English crowd, such as Mr. Frith has painted in his "Derby Day." The cockney was everywhere, and with him was the girl he admires, who belongs to a type as well known, but not yet classified by name. Romany-looking men lingered in the background. Small boys were in the majority. Policemen maintained an

imposing presence, but the disorderly, whom they had been sent to watch, were for the time being quiet. The all-exciting moment had come. The four racers were making their last round of the course, and the lookers-on were breathless. I found a vacant corner near the grand stand, from which I had a capital view. It was exciting, as these scenes must always be. But then, how tired three of the men looked! One, the "bicycle stoop" aggravated to its utmost possibility, was leaning with his face almost on the wheel. Another, bent as far back in the other direction, was pulling hard on the handles. The third was wobbling unsteadily from one side of the track to the other. The leader alone sat straight on his wheel, with his head erect, casting swift glances over his shoulder at the others. He had reserved his forces until the end, and with a final spurt on the home-stretch had easily distanced them. I have never seen a bicycle look as tall as his did that afternoon. What with this effect of great height, and the rushing speed with which he was coming, he seemed more like the genius of the wind than a mere human being, like those around him. When he was still nearer, I saw that his face was pale, his eyes drawn, and his lips tightly compressed. The appar-



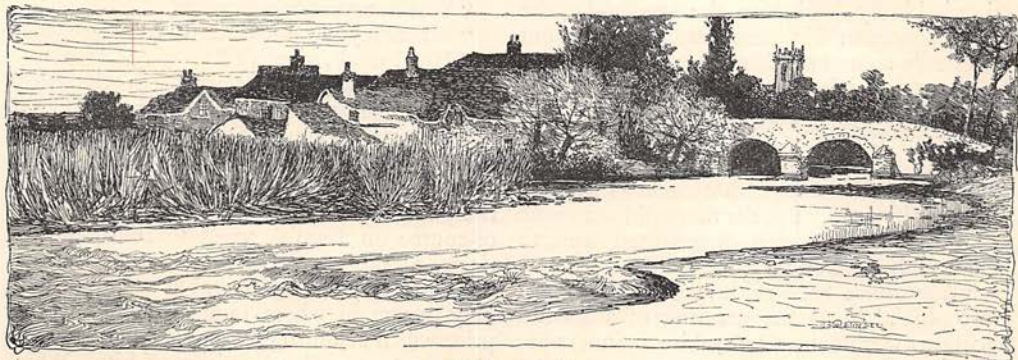
TOO DEEP TO FORD.

ent ease of his triumph had been gained by an exhausting strain upon his nervous system. For a few minutes not a sound was heard but the whirring of the wheels. Then, as the victor went over the line, there rose from the assembled spectators a mighty shout, and amidst howls and yells of applause, and while the judges were still pronouncing their decision, the hero of the hour was carried off on the shoulders of his friends. I did not even stay to ask what time he had made or what his name was. But I carried away with me the memory of his pale, nervous face as it looked with the sunlight streaming full upon it. It seemed to me his victory had been bought at too dear a price.

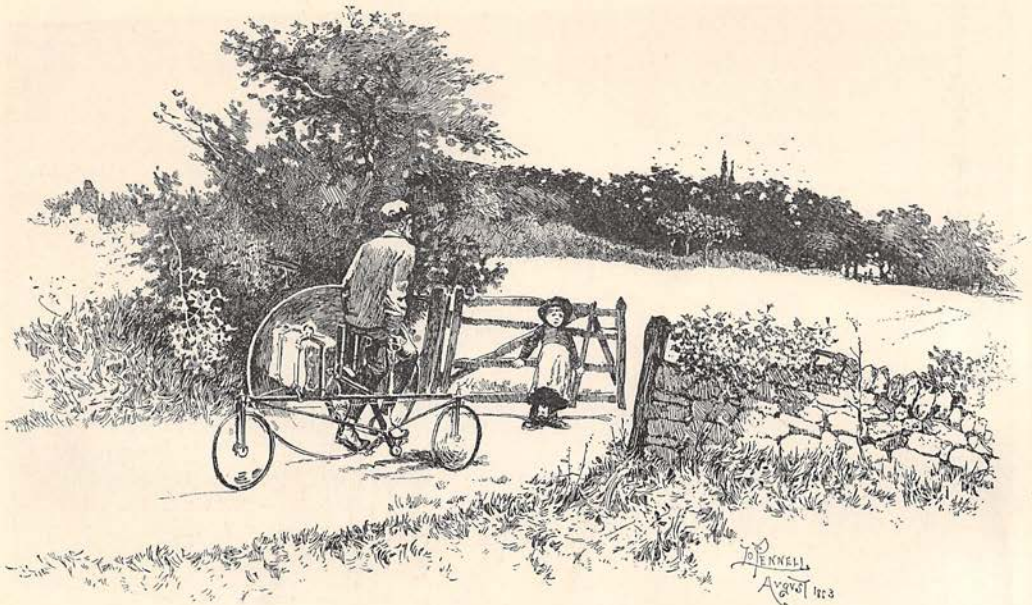
There is, I suppose, a pleasure in being praised and fêted which counterbalances the physical pain by which it is won. Probably the

champion cyclist I was commiserating would have pitied me had he seen me, alone and unobserved, riding at an ordinary pace through the narrow streets of Derby, over the railroad tracks, and out into the stony road beyond.

The roads are very rough about Derby. Even the Touring Club cannot do much for them. The country grows rougher and barer and more stony; the rolling hills are dotted over with manor-houses. Through an occasional break in the high hedges I saw smooth lawns, prosperous kitchen-gardens, and fields of waving wheat. By the roadside I passed little, old-fashioned inns with swinging signs and lavender in the windows. For this is Izaak Walton's ground. As one feels bound to be solemn at Stratford or sad at Juliet's grave, so I sought to become peaceful as befits the haunts of the "Complete Angler." I pedaled



A CARELESS RIVER.



A ROAD ACROSS THE FIELDS.

slowly along, now enjoying the outlook over the breezy moors, with glimpses of the distant peak country, blue against the whitish-gray sky, and again watching the long shadows chase each other over the hill-sides. Then I looked about me for the good company which was to shorten my way. It was Saturday afternoon, and many people were out for their half-holiday. There were pedestrians and equestrians, cyclers and wagoners. But the spirit of the race-course was abroad. All wanted to race with me, which meant to leave me behind or to be left behind themselves, or anything rather than to bear me company. And as for goodly discourse! Well, they spoke and looked cheerfully enough; but their cheerfulness was like that of the clown of the circus, who only laughs at the expense of others. At least, so I concluded from the samples they gave me of it. Once, while I was riding slower than ever, moralizing in kindly fashion on the passers-by, the milk of human kindness was suddenly but effectually soured within me by this rough salutation, shouted in my ear by a workman:

"No-o let's see ho-ow fa-ast thee kin go-o!"

It was followed by a shout of laughter from admiring friends. In a moment the philosopher on wheels became as cynical as the philosopher in a tub. But the taunt did not pique me into speed. I even dismounted and, to rest myself, walked up a little hill.

"Why don't thee roide? Thee aint go-ot no-o pluck!" was the greeting of a second facetious workman. Derbyshire manners are not pleasant.

But, indeed, all through England the lower classes are fond of chaff. Their fun is somewhat ponderous, being seldom, if ever, redeemed by the wit of the French *gamin* or the humor of the American rough. I remember one British workman, with cap awry, flaming red choker, and corduroys and leggings, whom I met at a later stage of my trip. I asked him if he knew the way to the next village.

"Ess, oi du!" was his answer.

"Can you tell me how to reach it?"

"Ess, oi kin!" And, with a roar of laughter, he turned away in the other direction.

I was a wet, disreputable-looking object at the time, and the joke against me was too exquisite to be sacrificed to even a show of politeness. Another day, when I passed a mill just as the mill-hands were coming out, I was catechised after this fashion:

"Wot carawan is a-travelin'?"

"Where's you a-moverin' to?"

"Hard work, aint it?"

Each of which witticisms, in theatrical language, brought down the house. I was not especially honored because of my tricycle. I merely received my share of the favors these people bestow so liberally upon the public. The wheel is too much a matter-of-course on English roads to rouse the curiosity of the natives. It has long outgrown the nine days when it was a wonder. The only person in whom mine excited any surprise was a small ragged boy. I had stopped to make one or two inquiries of him. When

I moved on he asked, with open-eyed amazement, "Whoo's staarted hit?" Here, thought I to myself, is a philosopher or a prophet in embryo.

If man in Derbyshire has changed since the days when Venator learned to call the sage Walton "Master," Nature has not. Summer showers are as many and as lasting as in the days when master and pupil sought shelter from them under the sycamore-tree and by the honeysuckle hedge. The rain, which had held up for several hours, came down again just as I began to descend the hill where the road is "foulest," and where Mr. Viator, of angling fame, was seized with sore misgivings for his safety. There is a legend current in certain parts of the world that when it rains the angels are crying over the wickedness that is going on here below. Men's backslidings that day and the next must have been appalling. The angels still wept when I reached Ashbourne. All through the night I heard the rain beating against the window-panes, while the wind wailed an accompaniment. The next morning the sun showed himself for a little while. Truly the light was sweet, and a pleasant thing it was for my eyes to behold the sun! But the pleasure was short-lived. Before ten the flood-gates had reopened. I went "skidding" over the road. My wheel splashed mud upon my back, my eyes were filled with tears of rain, I slid about on my saddle, and every minute or two my feet came off the pedals. This lasted all day. As through a veil, I saw the hills and the long stretches of heather in bloom, the moors and the woods. The only human beings I met for miles were, first a man carrying two jingling milk-pails, who suddenly emerged from the mist to be as quickly lost in it again; and then a little girl who, as I came to a gated road, ran and opened the gate and dropped a pretty curtsy for her penny. The weather was altogether so atrocious that at the "Dog and Partridge" inn I deliberately turned my back upon Dovedale, but half a mile distant, and turned my tricycle Matlockward. Into this town I wheeled — a dejected mass of mud. One old gentleman paused in a struggle with his umbrella to stare at me, and a pretty young lady, in jaunty ulster and cap, laughed in my very face. The Chinese say it is a good sign when women laugh; but I did not covet a repetition of this favorable omen. I went quickly to the hotel, and then to the room appointed me. When I left the latter, a dry suit had restored me to my normal condition. I was once more

"As a reed with the reeds in the river!"

My ride from Matlock to Chester was in-

terrupted by many halts and rests and turnings from the straight road; and so, though I left the first-named town on Monday morning, I did not arrive at the latter until Wednesday evening. There is really very much to see in this part of the country. Matlock itself is a charming specimen of an English spa, and abounds with dowagers and eligible young women and ineligible young men. An aristocratic tone is given to the



WHEELING INTO MATLOCK SUNDAY MORNING.

neighborhood by the fact that the caverns, bottomless pits, and other natural horrors, which are its most plentiful product, having been at various times visited by royalty, are now adorned with signs to commemorate their greatness of a day. These are a curious contrast to the democratic advertising placards which too often occupy corresponding posts of honor in the United States. I went to Rowsley, and was entertained at its restored ancient inn, the "Peacock," where furniture and windows, and everything but the price, are modeled after the fashion of olden times; and to Haddon Hall, the home of the Vernons, through which I was shown by a golden-haired guide, the most honest of the sisterhood, who ingenuously said "I don't know" when I asked her questions for which her studied story held no answer. I visited Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and there saw a couple of Salvator Rosas, some Holbeins, a Teniers, and one of Sir Joshua's masterly sketches. I passed through Hathersage, where Little John belies his name by occupying a grave quite ten feet in length; and through Barlow, to find the brown, foam-covered, rain-swollen river too deep to ford, and so to be obliged to wait



A REMBRANDT BEGGAR.

patiently for the ferry—one of those relics of the past which grow fewer every year, and before long will have disappeared entirely. And I spent a night in Buxton, famous now, as it was in the days of Piscator, Jr., for its warm bath. It seemed very pleasant and gay in the Pavilion, where I listened to a concert and watched the dowagers and invalids being wheeled about in Bath chairs, and where I was, in the end, ignominiously hissed for inadvertently keeping on my hat when the band played “God Save the Queen.”

But none of these places interested me so much as Eyam. The way to it led me up a hill which, for that day, at least, was a running torrent of water, mud, and stones. One of the villagers, who was homeward bound, walked near me, and we talked together as we toiled upward. His village, he said, was seldom visited by tourists. Cyclers sometimes came there, and occasionally tramps. It is six miles from a railway, and is hidden among the hills, and so it is forgotten by most travelers. It is not difficult to understand how, two hundred years ago, it was cut off from communication with the world beyond, and had to stand alone one of the most terrible sieges of which history hath any record. For it was then laid desolate by the plague. While the evil lasted neither man nor woman passed the fatal boundary line drawn under the hills, save when the dead were carried out to be buried. The people of the neighboring towns looked down from the hill-tops through the heavy mist on the fearful life-and-death struggle. There were giants of heroism in those days; but who outside of Eyam ever heard of Mampson, the rector, who, during long, weary months, tended the plague-stricken and comforted the weary watchers? Not until the end of the second year, after two hundred and fifty-nine out of three hundred and fifty

inhabitants had perished, and when thistles and king-cups grew in mockery in the middle of the silent streets, and wild flowers and grasses waved on the thresholds and in the windows of the tenantless houses, was the plague conquered. From the same windows and doorways I saw smiling, rosy children pelting each other with blossoms of a happier growth. But the villagers talk of the scourge as though it had ended but yesterday, and they still show the tailor's shop to which the death-bearing package was brought

from far-away London.

Eyam belongs to the England of the past. Customs and superstitions of respectable antiquity are maintained in all their original purity. I heard the curfew ring, and the sexton toll on his bell the day of the month. I learned from the landlord of the inn where I staid over night how children are baptized with May-dew, and how, when a young girl dies,—“as my Jessie did,”—she is carried to her grave by her friends, and a wreath with her gloves attached is hung in her memory in the church porch, as is also the custom in Italy. I myself saw

“The low beams with paper garlands hung,
The gloves suspended by the garlands' side.”

Then he told me how, after the dead are buried, there is a feast of funeral baked meats. “Oh, they be foine feasts sometoimes!” he added, appreciatingly. Then the good man recalled the days gone by when he and his



A CONCERT AT BUXTON.

fellow-villagers took turns in guarding, not the gates, for there were none, but the steep, narrow walled way leading up into the town, which one man might keep against an army. The sentinel of a night, armed with

wooden halberd, watched from curfew till cock-crow, and as he went home he placed his spear against the door of him who was next to serve. "And many toime o'ive stud me turn. But it's all doone noo!" he concluded. Then his wife, seeing I had a sympathetic ear to lend, came and poured into it stories of the white cricket, whose coming is sure death; of the Gabriel hounds, which still tear through the streets and over the hills on windy nights, and of the Willy-o'-the-Wisp, who never ceases playing his pranks on the moor. I could almost imagine myself another Rip Van Winkle, but one during whose sleep the world had lost, not gained, a hundred years.

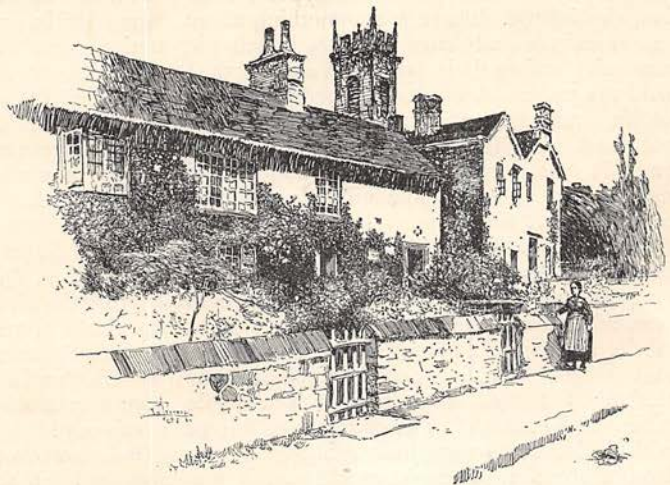
Eyam lives in the past; Castleton, Peveril's town, is all absorbed in the present. At least, so it was when I came to it the next day at noon. A "wake," not for the dead, but for the living, was in full blast. What particularly impressed me was the philosophy with which the merry-makers accepted weather calculated in every sense to dampen their enjoyment. It was raining with as much vigor as if it had never rained before. The booths and peep-shows set up along the one long street of the village, over which towers Peveril's castle, were soaked, but they were crowded. The seats in the merry-go-round—the name seemed a mockery—were flooded, but they were filled with children in mackintoshes and goloshes, as if pneumonia and sore throats were unknown evils; and the great organ ground out noise and water. In the shooting-gallery the paper young ladies were peeling off their original boards, and the paper drummer-boy was reduced to a mass of pulp; but champion riflers were cruelly rifling the hearts of the target lassies, and setting the drummer to drumming. The cricket-field near by was half under water; but cricketers were cricketing with unabated ardor, though they had to wade after the balls. Continual rain has made the English stoical. However, I noticed that the tap-rooms were well patronized, and this could hardly have been due to the "violinist and pianist," so called by courtesy, who filled them with discord.

What a climb I had up a steep hill on the other side of the town, a head-wind blowing all the way! I finally had to walk. But I was well repaid for my labors, for there was a splendid three-

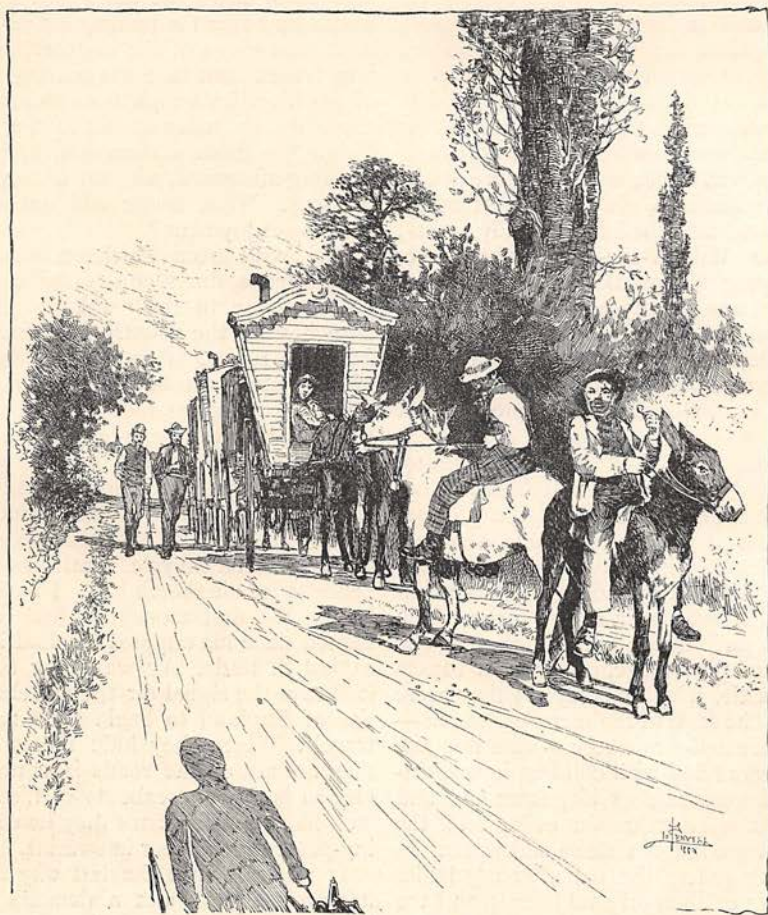
mile coast down the other side through the woods and over the moors, and all the time I had great views of the country, away across into Wales. But that was nothing to the ride of twelve miles I took from Buxton to Macclesfield; six miles up hill to the "Cat and Fiddle," without a dismount, and six miles coasting afterward, with my feet up nearly all the way. What cyclist will not sympathize with my enjoyment?

The road from Castleton was very gay with wagons, drags, and omnibuses, full of people going to the "wake." There were farmers from the country and young fellows from the towns, fakirs, trickers, and tramps, who are always to be met with on such occasions. The beggars, too, were out in full force. I almost ran into a one-legged suppliant who leaned on his crutches by the roadside in statuesque repose. He looked as if he might have stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. "Here," said I, "we have the two extremes—a tripod and a tricycle," and I gave him sixpence to let me sketch him. I have no doubt it was the first money he had legitimately earned since his crippled leg had become his capital in trade. A "wake," or country fair, is always the signal for the traveling population of England to begin or to resume their travels. Where they hide themselves when they are not on the roads is as much a mystery as is the whereabouts of flies in winter. But, like the flies, once they leave their hiding-place they appear in swarms.

It was not until the last day of my run, however, that I met a detachment of the travelers *par excellence*. I was only a few miles from Chester at the time, and was feeling tired, as the day before I had made sixty miles. Riding at a reasonable pace down a



THE TAILOR'S SHOP IN EYAM.



THE GYPSY TRAIN.

shady lane, I overtook three or four gypsy girls, walking behind what I thought was one van. They, in their pleasant Egyptian fashion, chaffed me. There was something about my stockings and knee-breeches which did not quite satisfy their fastidious eyes; but I held my peace. I wanted to reconnoiter the entire family before acknowledging myself a pal from over the seas. I wheeled by the van. It was gorgeous with red and yellow decorations, and in shape unlike any I had ever seen. It was a small house on wheels. An old woman sat inside, and with her were many children. But lo! there was another van, and yet another and another, and more women and children without end. In front of the wagons was a long string of donkeys and ponies. The first carried a bell and was ridden by a small boy. Here was a whole tribe on the march! The children of Egypt with folded tents were journeying to a new land of promise. The picture they made was too good to lose. I hurried by the procession,

and, turning suddenly around, prepared to make a rapid sketch; but the ponies objected. With one accord they broke rank and scampered off in every direction. A cry of indignation came from the first wagon.

"*Dikko ato bango mush! The grais se atrash of lester*" ["Look at the awkward man; the horses are afraid of him"], an old hag-like creature, who was crouched on the floor, explained to the men who ran up to see what was the matter; and she gave me a look of scorn intended to humiliate me into immediate flight or silvered apology.

"*Parraco, Dye!*" ["Thank you, mother!"] I retorted with easy politeness; and in a minute the donkeys were forgotten, and I became the center of attraction.

"Oh, *dordi, dordi*, but you're the first Romany Rye I ever *dikked* [saw] *prasterin* [riding] on a velocity!"

"And wot's the cove a-stoppin' of the 'igh-way for?" a man, who had just come from the last wagon, asked savagely. He was tall

and powerful-looking, and his black hair was combed forward in two ringlets over his ears. He wore a fur cap and a brilliant red neckerchief. He had missed the scene of introduction, and was prepared for a fight; but he got rather the worst of it.

"*Tool yer chiv*" ["Hold your tongue"], a gypsy brother answered, "or I'll let you have it aside the *mui* [mouth]. *O Rye acai jius more Romanis* [this gentleman here knows more Gypsy] than you and all the *foki* [people] in yer *tan* [tent]."

I had said but two words; but they were an open sesame to the hearts and good graces of the Romanies.

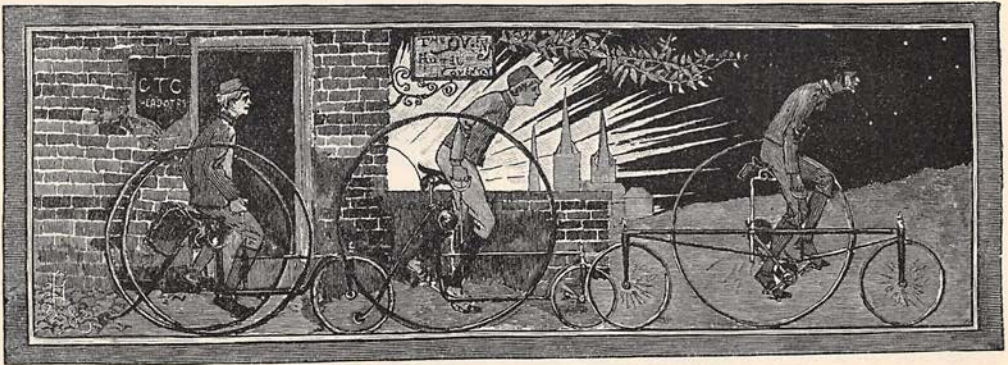
My friends were going to turn off at the next lane. Would I come with them to tea, they asked, and were there many Egyptians in America, and did I know Walter Lovel, and old Dye Hearne, and Rhody? Then I told how I had drawn their pictures for a Romany *Rye* and *Rāni* across the water, and how they had been put into a book, and all

the world had seen them. And are the *Rye* and *Rāni tācho Roms* [real gypsies], and could they *dukker* [tell fortunes]? they asked. Could they, indeed? Well — rather!

And so we talked, and when we came to the camping-place the tents were pitched, and we sat down to tea. The twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars were out, before I had finished telling them about the country where wood is still plentiful, and where the gypsy wanderer can always find a *tan to hatch* [a corner to settle in].

"*Kushto bak!*" ["Good luck to you!"] they all called out after me; and, loaded with the choicest blessings of Egypt, I departed from them and went on my way to Chester.

The next day, clothed in the conventional tweed suit, and my tricycle committed to a cycle agent for repairs, I returned to civilization, to railroads, tennis-courts, windmill-crowned Birkenhead, and thence to commonplace Liverpool.



IN SERVITUDE.

* * * And served with him yet seven other years.— Genesis, XXIX., 30.

ALL-LOVELY Art, stern Labor's fair-haired child,
 Long have I served thy sullen sire for thee,
 Among the mountains watching faithfully
 His flocks in summer, and in autumn mild
 On the wide plain I saw the sheaves up-piled,
 Shining in sunset like a golden sea;
 While in the distance, on the flowery lea,
 From your white tent you beckoned and you smiled.

Ah, seven years more will find me old and gray,
 A lover wearied with a vigil long,
 A singer crying in a later day
 The wand'ring echoes of forgotten song,—
 But tho' the wrinkles gather on my brow,
 Thou wilt be lovely then, as thou art now!

E. J. McPhelim.