

**THE WHEELING WORLD**

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p><b>D</b>URING the Easter holidays I joined a fellow wheelman, the Irrepressible, in a three-day jaunt, and as such excursions are much in favour with wheelmen, a brief account of our doings may be of interest. Good Friday looked far from propitious, but late in the morning we set off, eagerly pointing out the small patches of blue sky to each other, and trying not to see some ominous clouds. For the Easter tourist must be an optimist!</p> <p>However, things looked brighter as we proceeded, and soon after we passed through Arundel the sun was laughing at my companion, who, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, was cajoling a pair of youthful would-be scorchers into racing him.</p> <p>A stranger who had been following close for a mile or two was, like myself, greatly amused, though eventually a bit more pace left the embryo speedmen in the rear. The breathless but enthusiastic boys reminded me vividly of bygone Good Fridays on my first bicycles!</p> <p>Through Chichester and straight on to Fareham we rode without incident. Then we stopped for dinner, and the lady at the Red Lion soon identified me, reminding me that I was a broken and bandaged wreck when last I visited the house some months ago. I recalled it!</p> <p>We turned inland from Fareham, and rode through Botley and Romsey to Salisbury, where we stayed the night. The thirty-six miles from Fareham take one through much of the truly rural country, which now looks very gay indeed with fruit blossom.</p> <p>It struck us as very picturesque, in spite of our finding the hills drag a little, chiefly owing to a head wind.</p> <p>Some few miles before we reached "Sarum"—the milestones give the cathedral city its ecclesiastical name, only the signposts calling</p>	<p>to a head wind.</p> <p>Some few miles before we reached "Sarum"—the milestones give the cathedral city its ecclesiastical name, only the signposts calling it Salisbury—the road climbs a hill which gives a grand view of a large expanse of Wiltshire, with Salisbury peacefully grouped round its Cathedral, and the little river Nadder, with its partners, the Avon and Wiley, dreamily wandering through the meadows.</p> <p>Descending a hill a little further on we picked up a cyclist's cap, but, failing to find the cyclist, we unanimously voted the head-gear to a wayfarer we met a mile or two later, and rode into Salisbury.</p> <p>A solid tea occupied our attentions immediately we had washed; and our seventy-eight miles ride had made eating a pleasure as well as a necessity!</p> <p>Then a stroll round Salisbury, which has that air of respectability which one looks for in any city that has a Cathedral between six and seven centuries old.</p> <p>Next morning I tried to photograph it, but the four hundred feet spire was too tall for my apparatus when within the confined area of the Cathedral close. So I insulted one of the venerable close gateways instead.</p> <p>Resuming our journey, we made for Shaftesbury and westward as far as Henstridge—just to touch Somersetshire—then turning into Sherborne. Here we had dinner whilst a repairer fitted a new air tube to my front tyre, which had developed asthma, or something similar.</p> <p>Sherborne is twelve hundred years old—and looks it! The little Dorsetshire town is highly connected, it having been founded by Saint Baldhelm, who built a Church and a Monastery by way of a start.</p> <p>Later it became the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, and two brothers of Alfred the Great—Ethebald and Ethelbert—are buried there.</p>
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Nothing in particular seems to have happened at Sherborne since Saxon times. It had its full share of storm when Saxon and Dane were fighting their many battles, and since then has enjoyed one long calm for a thousand years.

Rather reluctantly we left Sherborne; riding leisurely, as it befits one when saying farewell to a patriarch in towns, and making our way in a south-easterly direction across Dorsetshire, finally stopping for the night at Wimborne.

After tea it was nice to have an evening smoke and stroll about the small town; round the dignified Wimborne Minster, with its quaint sun-dial, its chained library, and its curious clock with moving model suns, moons, and worlds, its organ meanwhile pealing out some preliminary Easter music.

The next day, with wind at our backs and sun shining brightly, we rode through the New Forest to Southampton, coming through Ringwood on the way. Once out of Southampton and across the floating bridge, we were soon speeding homewards through Fareham, Havant, and Emsworth.

Dinner was hardly digested when Chichester's familiar spire loomed ahead; Arundel seemed to appear in sight very soon afterwards, and a little later we were back in Worthing, and eating the sort of tea one should eat at the close of an Easter tour.

The wheelman in search of change of air and scene might do much worse than spend a few days in the district we covered. Our trip totalled two hundred and thirty miles, but one might easily arrange a longer one. Lovers of the picturesque will find much to admire!

Wiltshire villages consist of straggling rustic houses in gardens which are often separated

from the road by a stream, which is here and there spanned by small bridges or crossed by stepping-stones; the Avon at Ringwood looks very pretty, and the New Forest is a collection of pictures in itself.

The book-worm will think of Dickens' Tom Pinch when he touches Salisbury; perhaps he will go to Amesbury, where so many of Martin Chuzzlewit's years were spent; the town is close by.

And he will live through many of Thomas Hardy's scenes whilst roaming about Wiltshire.

Lastly, Wiltshire hams are only equalled by Dorset butter, and both are recommended—after much sampling—by

DICK TURPIN.

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### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

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