9.

The Bicycle and the Environment

Duncan R. Jamieson

In Western societies, the late-19th Century witnessed an explosion in scientific knowledge and understanding which reached all areas of human existence. Europe and the United States saw an acceleration of industrialization and urbanization, pushing more and more people into cities to pursue economic opportunities. As cities grew, the quality of life declined and urban residents found themselves further separated from their rural roots. This shift away from the natural environment to one made by human hands resulted in a rising interest in conservation and preservation.

The United States created its first national park, Yellowstone, in 1872. In 1885, New York State, in cooperation with Ontario, established the Niagara Reservation and then the following year established the Adirondack Forest Preserve. One of the central figures in this movement was John Muir, "who tried to seduce Americans into leaving the cities for a while to enjoy the wilderness." Muir's interest led him to found the Sierra Club in 1892, the same year in which Frank Lenz left Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to begin his second solo bicycle ride around the world. Interestingly, bicyclists used the latest technological advances to escape from technology. First the high wheeler and then the safety bicycle were lauded throughout England and the United States as among the best methods for people to get away from the hustle and bustle of urban living and refresh their souls and spirits in rural environs.[1]

Despite what might appear to be an obvious linkage, there is little historical work on the relationship between the bicycle's golden age, in the mid 1890s, and the rise of the conservation movement. In at least three areas there exist interesting parallels. First, most of the early bicycle manuals and how-to books devoted some space to bicycling's superiority over travel by train. Second, most of the bicyclists who wrote of their travels described the beauties and the joy of close interaction with the natural environment. Third, one cycling writer created a fascinating character who bears a striking resemblance to Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking, an earlier fictional hero created by American novelist James Fenimore Cooper.

Earlier in the nineteenth century, railroads became a symbol for encroaching industrialization. Thomas Cole's famous painting of the Lackawanna Valley combines the peaceful, rural countryside with a railroad train appearing at the edge of the scene. Railroads quickly developed the image of taking people from place to place, with little concern for the trip itself. The destination became the goal and the intervening miles something to be overcome. This stood in stark contrast to earlier travels by carriage in which the passenger had the opportunity to enjoy the sights and sounds.

One of those earlier travelers was Laurence Sterne, Esq., who traveled extensively by coach and post chaise in the days before trains and Cook's tickets. Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, American expatriates who lived the majority of their adult lives in England, traveled through most of Europe by tandem tricycle and later bicycles and reprised one of Sterne's earlier journeys, visiting all the cities he had visited and following his route as carefully as they could, a feat only possible because of their method of transportation. They thought he would enjoy that: "in these degenerate days, you, Sir, we are sure, would prefer it to a railway carriage."[2] The Pennells were the most prolific of the cycle writers and they clearly understood the wheel's value as a device to allow its rider to connect with the environment. In addition to dozens of articles in a variety of literary and cycle magazines, the Pennells published several books about their bicycle adventures. Their third bicycle book, *Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1887) in which they reprised their ride through France and Italy included an introduction addressed largely to literary and social critic John Ruskin. As a purist, Ruskin maintained that the only way to travel and commune with nature was on foot. The Pennells intended to show the world, including Mr. Ruskin, "that the oft-regretted delights of travelling in days of coach and post-chaise, destroyed on the coming of the railroad, were once more to be had by means of tricycle or bicycle."[3] They hoped their readers would recognize the value of bicycle touring. Ruskin, who thoroughly despised railroad travel, also had little use for cycling: "I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best "bad language" in reprobation of the bi-, tri, and 4-5-6 or 7 cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground." Ruskin believed God's appointed ways of slow walking and hard working were far more appropriate than to "wriggle on wheels."[4]

Despite Ruskin's vehement opposition to the cycle, the Pennells thought it provided riders opportunities to "see the Jura and the sudden splendor of his beloved view from the Col de la Faucille as he did, even though they travel in another fashion." They "may feel the wonder of that land spread out below, with its moving or pausing waters, its sapphire lake and narcissus meads, its mountains and mountain snow melting into the sky; "all that living plain, burning with human gladness, studded with white towns, a milky way of star-dwellings cast across its sunlit blue." Cyclers went when and where they wanted, free to see the surroundings, without other people and glass interfering. "The cycler need think of no one but himself: he is the perfection of selfishness — the real Ruskin on tour." Even if the cyclist rushed through places as a scorcher, he still "stored up impressions of the scenes through which he rushes." Later he could recall them, blotting out the sights and sounds of the present.[5]

However much John Ruskin and cycle travelers disagreed, they found common ground in their dislike of train travel. G. Lacy Hillier, secretary of the London County Cycling Club, pointed out that traveling by train meant missing much: "If the same district is visited by cycle, and the tourist takes time, innumerable beauties may in most cases be discovered which are never seen by the average tourist."[6] Agreeing with John Ruskin's complaints about railroads, Grenville Cole, a geologist on the faculty of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, Ireland, wrote of his bicycle tour to Eastern Europe. Earlier generations traveled in post chaises or diligences, and had a connection to the land. Then the railroad, which whisked them from place to place, separated the traveler from the environment through which they passed: "The rich variety of continental landscapes, the airy labours of the peasant, the growth or slumbering of towns, the interchange of ideas along the frontier, have become well-nigh lost to us in our rapid passages."[7] Tony Hammerton had a similar reaction to trains, realizing "the superiority of the cycle to every agency of travel in enabling one to see the countryside." He used Pitlochry in Scotland as an example, using the train route as laid out by Badderly: "The point I wish to make is this, that when on tour with your bicycle, not only do you visit famous resorts, but you may also pass through places of interest on both sides, to which travellers by train have to make separate journeys." Therefore, for a tourist to travel to Pitlochry by train and then venture out on side trips to Glenshee, Loch Tummel and the Pass of Killiecrankie would have

taken four days compared to the two spent by the cyclists, and the train tourist would have missed all the other scenes the cyclists enjoyed. Then one had to consider that train travel, plus all the side trips, is much more expensive: "Your true cyclist turns up his nose with contempt for every char-a-banc he passes, knowing that its occupants are missing one of the greatest joys of life, the pleasure of action. The carriage for the old and invalid, but the wheel for the healthy and strong, say I."[8]

The cyclist reopened routes that had closed fifty years earlier. Consider Joseph Pennell's ride from Chester to Coventry, when he toured Eyam. Located six miles from the railroad, few tourists visited it. Yet two hundred years earlier it had stood alone against "one of the most terrible sieges of which history hath any record. For it was then laid desolate by the plague." Completely isolated for two years, two-thirds of its three hundred and fifty residents had died. Few beyond the village knew of the heroism of the rector, "who, during the long, weary months, tended the plague-stricken and comforted the weary watchers." When the plague had finally lifted, grass and flowers had grown in the streets and doorways. Pennell remarked that it was once again thriving with smiling children: "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." The town lived in the past, clinging fiercely to the old customs.[9]

Even though the Pennells rarely ventured far from "civilization" as they traveled, people sneered and lashed out at them when they began. Nonetheless, those same people allowed them to "ride as pioneers all over Europe and America — that is, all over those parts which are beautiful and where the roads are good. We never attempted to compete with Mr. Thomas Stevens, who first went round the world on a tall bicycle." They went where they wanted to see places they wanted to see. They "preferred to explore countries where our machines would carry us — not where we should have to carry them — and where there were civilized beds and food and comfort. But we did this when people only thought us fools for our pains."[10]

One year, when their holiday plans did not coincide with their free time, they determined to circumcycle London, taking the train to a different starting point each time. "We meant to get beyond the town, beyond its sordid suburbs, into the surrounding country, which, within a twenty or thirty miles radius of Charing Cross, is as lovely as any in London." One of those jaunts took them on a good road where they rode "between the wide green spaces, deer browsing under the great trees of Richmond Park." Soon they wheeled into Cobham, where they saw that:

> the country was purple with heather. And there were woods perfumed with pines or carpeted with ferns under the silver trunked beeches. Rabbits scurried across our path, birds sang in the hedges, and a couple of miles beyond Cobham the woodland made space for a lake, dark and still as a forgotten Highland loch, though we were not more than a score of miles from the very heart of London."[11]

Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell provided only a small percentage of the bicycle touring books and articles. Appearing with great regularity during the last two decades of the nineteenth century, this genre of travel literature allowed readers an opportunity to connect vicariously with nature. Sylvester Baxter, in an article on the economic impact of the bicycle, included the idea that it took its riders out into a healthy environment. As an example, less than ten years after its establishment, W.O. Owens, C.S. Greenbaum, and W.K. Sinclair completed a bicycle tour of the newly-founded Yellowstone National Park, taking understandable pride in being the first to do so.[12]

Other cycle writers explored the beauties of the natural environment as well as showing their readers the ways in which civilization encroached into the wilderness. In the latter instance the first around-the-world rider, Thomas Stevens, slogged across Nevada's Forty Mile Desert where he rode past the skeletons of animals left by the "49ers who immigrated to California. Probably more people died on the Forty Mile Desert than during any other part of their journey. Skeletons were only one reminder to Stevens of the encroachments of civilization. In Nevada, he followed the Humboldt River through its canyon rather than attempting a mountain crossing: "But all is not romance and beauty even in the glorious palisades of the Humboldt; for great, glaring, patent-medicine advertisements are painted on the most conspicuously beautiful spots of the palisades." A decade later, C.W. Willis and his wife Lillian had a similar experience much closer to settlement: when riding across the Mohawk River in New York on a railroad bridge, they saw painted on the rocks in red letters: "Prepare to Meet Thy God; Watch & Pray."[13]

Throughout the two volumes of Stevens' *Around the World on a Bicycle* he noted the beautiful scenery he saw, but found it no more exceptional than any of the dozen other "garden spots of the world' he had passed crossing the North American continent. Nowhere did the scenery compare to that of California, he thought, where more beautiful vistas existed between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific than anywhere else in the world.[14] Bicycling lends itself to environmental interaction. Even the scorcher traveled slowly enough to enjoy the scenery and all of the around-the-world travelers took time to enjoy the terrain through which they traveled. As with the other circumcyclers, Frank Lenz devoted much time to sightseeing. He took five days to see Yellowstone, and even though he realized there would be many beautiful and exotic locations in Asia and Europe, he wondered if any would measure up to the beauty of America's first national park. While Lenz generally enjoyed the natural beauty of North America, as a man of the industrial age Yellowstone struck him, in part for its beauty but more for its pristine appearance:

> Nature has endowed many countries with fair scenes; but we have in the Yellowstone — as it were, snatched pure and undefiled from the hand of the Creator — one of His very gems, and mean to preserve it in all its pristine loveliness. All around the teeming multitude is transfiguring the earth, turning it to man's use, and in too many cases marring its features; but "Yellowstone," by the fiat of the nation, is to remain to us a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

He advised wheelmen to limit their tours to those parts of the park where good roads existed — about eighty miles: "To all wheelmen in search of a holiday amid the fairest and most wonderful of nature's handiwork, I say, 'Take your pneumatic and see the Yellowstone Park awheel as I did.'"[15]

In Europe, C.L. Freeston found cycling in the Alps invigorating due to the clarity of the air and the vistas; while people might be able to imagine it, "it cannot be described, nor can its full measure of innervation be appreciated unless actually enjoyed." Granted you could take a diligence or walk. For the former you were not free, and with the latter, while ascending may appear easier, the descent is:

> jolting and fatiguing…But the joys of coasting await the cyclist, coasting, too, on a scale impossible and even undreamt of within the limits of the United Kingdom…I have no hesitation in saying that the climbs are more than justified by the available coasting alone, apart from the grandeur of the scenery or the breathing of that "ampler ether" and "diviner air" to which I have previously referred.

As he approached the Bernina summit, a rainstorm crept up the valley:

> to be met face to face with the brilliant sunshine from the other side, and the black mass of cloud is rendered luminous with a lovely rainbow that stretches right across the rolling mist. The effect is dazzling, and tempts one to gaze and linger indefinitely at a phenomenon of nature, which familiar enough in itself, in such an environment is superbly beautiful. But the fear that our downward run may be spoiled by the oncoming storm impels us to our saddles.

They worried for naught, and enjoyed "the brightest nine miles and a half of coasting that the heart could wish."[16]

When he retired from his medical practice, William Hunter Workman and his wife Fanny Bullock abandoned their lives in Massachusetts to live in Germany. There they became expert cycle travelers, riding their Rovers through Spain, Algeria, and India. During their rides in India they took special interest in the ancient sites and ruins: "We have approached many impressive monuments from a distance on our cycles, have seen them, at first the only objects visible above the horizon, grow in size and distinctness as we neared them, until finally they dominated the whole environment with their potent personalities." The approach to Bhuvaneswara equalled those of Florence, Rome, Athens, Seville, Gizeh, and Old Delhi. In fact, at Bhuvaneswara there were no distractions of civilization — no "din of civilization [nor] murky atmosphere [nor] inartistic surroundings." Bhuvaneswara first appeared in the 6th century B.C., became the capital of Orissa in the 6th century A.D. and reached its greatest importance the next century when the great temple was completed. By 940 A.D. it had lost its political importance.[17]

While the environmental images are clearly visible in the works above, they were not the primary purpose for producing those works. *In Cycle Gleanings, or Wheels and Wheeling for Business and Pleasure, and the Study of Nature*, C.W. Willis and W.S. Beekman wrote a how-to book for beginning bicyclists. Willis also wrote two books about his touring adventures awheel under the pseudonym Allan Eric. In *Cycle Gleanings*, he and Beekman showed readers some of

the beauties of New England. They felt that wheeling allowed the cyclist to enjoy nature at a higher level than the non-cyclist. Beekman, who wrote the essay following his second season of touring, aimed his remarks at other new riders.[18]

In another example of the connection between bicycling and environmental issues, Englishman John William Allen, M.A. (1865–1944), a professor at Bedford College, London, a pioneering institution in higher education for women and now a part of Royal Holloway College, London, explored the beauties of cycling and the rural English countryside. In his prefatory dedication to his friend and cycling companion Thomas Seccombe, Allen recalled Seccombe's comment that there existed "no Izaak Walton of cycling," and that he, Allen, might fill that void. "We knew that we had only to write down what was in our hearts." Walton (1593–1683), had written *The Compleat Angler*, first published in 1653. Walton saw the book through five editions himself and overall it has been through more than three hundred editions, making it one of the most reprinted books in the English language. In part, of course, Walton dealt with issues of fly-fishing, but the book's popularity stems from its folklore, its pastoral approach to innocent outdoor recreation and life in general. Seccombe suggested that he and Allen:

> needed but to babble of our vision of the wonderful country-side, all clothed with miraculous, live, green things, over-hung with incredible blue, quivering in a golden glory, inhabited, too, by mysterious creatures like ourselves, full of memories, full of anticipations. We would babble of the machine that had brought us to this vision — not with much knowledge nor with too nice an accuracy — but with a great sense of joy.

As soon as Allen started to write, however, he realized he could not be "Izaak," but he could share the joys of cycling. *Wheel Magic* has not attracted the attention of *The Compleat Angler*, but in his thirteen essays Allen did follow Walton's model.[19]

On his cycle tours, Allen refused to cycle on the main roads because they were artificial: "They have no sense of or care for beauty. Their pleasure is to obliterate the picturesque and significant, and their ambition to run smoothly between rows of oblongs of a sordid neatness and uniformity." Avoiding the beaten track, Allen enjoyed rambling, taking what came. "The world is more beautiful and richer for ever to the traveller, because he has lighted upon this thing unawares. His heart is uplifted and filled with joyful anticipation." Whenever he made an interesting "discovery," he took his friends to see it. He believed that this was very different from traveling to a place to see some sight which might not meet the traveler's expectations. "This anticipation is a thief of pleasure and oftentimes sucks the life-blood of imagination." During one of Allen's rides he saw "the great church of Dorchester", and wondered if the Oxford undergraduates, only eight miles away, knew of this architectural wonder in their midst. Each time he ventured forth, he rode in awe of the magnificence of England. "I had blessed the machine that enabled me to find and to see: I had even thought of it as a means whereby every dweller in cities might reach the beauty of the world outside."[20]

Despite their closeness to London, Allen and several companions rode through an area that appeared untouched by human civilization. Allen waxed poetic: "we have reached the tract beyond. This is the end of man's world, which is the beginning of the real world; the world that was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." One of his companions, less poetic, mocked him: "All about here under our feet is coal. In a very little while — perhaps in our time — there will be chimneys all along here, and works and men will be crowded in filthy little streets and grubbing underground." Another companion, firmly rooted in the real world, wanted to know when they would eat. Within a few miles they reached "a tiny group of houses, and an inn, which, though primitive, sufficed." Allen's wheel allowed him to visit geographic localities easily identified on a map; once there, his romantic sensibilities made it possible for him to see the places in his mind as only he (or another cyclist) could imagine them.[21]

One of his rambles provided Allen with material for *The Dorset Man*, perhaps the most interesting of Allen's stories. Here, Allen describes an archetypal wilderness hero, based on either a bicyclist he actually met or a character completely of his own invention. A third possibility, given "the Dorset man's" interest in history, nature, and genteel exploration, is that he might represent Allen's alter ego. While cycling alone in Dorset, Allen's day started pleasantly enough, with abundant sunshine and pleasant wheeling. Late in the morning, however, the sky clouded over, producing a misting rain. A flat tire added to his misery. With neither repair kit nor spare, he brightened when he entered the inn and learned the other patron was a fellow cyclist. As the two talked, Allen theorized: "Cycle touring is the one really good thing the nineteenth century invented. The possibility of it almost

justifies our civilization." He went on to explain that while the automobile was "industrial and [of a] low class nature," the wheel provided "freedom and ease." When Allen asked "the Dorset man" if he were touring as well, he learned the fellow had neither home nor occupation: "I live just where I am. I'm a tramp. I live on the road or on my cycle or on myself, as you like to put it." He traveled winter and summer, sometimes walking or pushing his wheel through the snow and sometimes staying put for up to six weeks. He had done this for eight years, and planned to continue. Luggage was no problem, for without roots he discovered he needed little. As for money, "it took all mine to get it; but, then, freedom is the only thing worth having that you can get for money." He had few expenses and therefore needed little. He did establish "depots" about the country to leave the occasional book or map or change of clothing, but that appeared to be the extent of his worldly possessions. After his father, who had been a business failure, and his mother died, "the Dorset man," stuck in a dead end job, received an inheritance from an estranged uncle: "nothing extraordinary, but a good round sum — enough to live on as I am living now." He did not enjoy what he did, he had no ties, and he hated the city. So at age twenty-five he bought a bicycle — he had ridden rented ones, and decided "to go off for a little cycling tour for a week or so and think over the situation by myself. I left London on my new machine on the 14th of May by the North Road. And I never went back."[22]

As he rode out of London, "the Dorset man" came that evening to the Essex meadows. "The beauty of it just dazzled me, and I said to myself aloud, over and over, four or five times, I need never go back. I believe my voice rose as I said it. That was the refrain the rest of the way. The world is absolutely lovely…I need never go back." As he continued on his way, he developed more confidence and curiousity. He began asking questions of everyone he met. He began noticing more and developed a love both for nature and for history. For the first week "the Dorset man" rode without maps, "one way was as good as another — that was part of the beauty of it! Every village was a discovery and every byway a temptation. I took my cycle along field paths and down grassy lanes and over gates. I was like one of the old explorers in an unknown land. I still think that the finest mode of travel." Because guidebooks and maps eliminated the sense of wonder and adventure, whenever he went to new territory, he used neither. The discoveries and excitement of traveling without maps or direction was endless. To "the Dorset man," meeting new people and seeing new places was the wonder of existence. He fixed Allen's flat, and they went walking in the evening. When Allen asked "the Dorset man" about what he had lost adopting his life style, he pointed out nothing of importance had been lost. Allen suggested that companionship might have been lost, and "the Dorset man" pointed out that people were much more relaxed and open on holiday. Further, he had friends galore in innkeepers and cottagers. He did concede that he had given up the intimacy of women, and that he regretted. But then, women required one to have a house and a job and children and live in the world of obligations he had so graciously left. Then Allen asked if one could really be free with no home to go to, no place to stop and rest. "The Dorset man" replied that so much to see left no time to be weary. After supper Allen looked for "the Dorset man" only to learn that he had already ridden off.[23]

"The Dorset Man" bears a striking resemblance to James Fenimore Cooper's hero, Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking. While it is certainly possible that Allen actually met a cycling tramp, he clearly romanticized him along the lines of Bumppo. In the five Leatherstocking tales, in which Cooper recounts the life of his hero from youth through old age, Bumppo exhibited many of the characteristics with which Allen imbued his hero.[24] Both figures are literate, urbane and sophisticated despite living on the edges of society. Both men enjoy nature and its beauties. Neither have any ties to conventional society, nor do they have any romantic attachments, although both seem to realize the hole this leaves in their lives.

In the United States, the bicycle was clearly connected to the rising interest in travel and tourism, as Frank West Rollins indicated in an article on New Hampshire. He compared New Hampshire to Scotland, theorizing that both places attracted visitors and that both places needed good roads at the same time as they preserved the forests, fish and game. Rollins saw visitors pouring into New Hampshire in three waves: the comfortable family would appear in their carriage, the well-to-do family in their four-in-hand, and the young man or woman of meager means could also enjoy "the open fields, the towering mountains, the foaming waterfalls, the still dark pools, the speckled trout, the beauties of the summer days, the glories of the summer nights" by bicycle, "that greatest blessing of the nineteenth century." To increase travel, New Hampshire needed a good carriage road; Rollins proposed one from the southern border to the White

Mountains, with a bicycle path along one edge. Inns at appropriate intervals, with bicycle and blacksmith shops attached, would meet the needs of travelers. Cross roads with sign posts and mileage to other attractions completed the idea. In Rollins' image, bicyclists could spend two weeks "skimming like a swallow along the perfectly kept bicycle path." They would hear bobolinks and thrushes singing in the woods as they glided past moss-covered walls and ponds with lilies in bloom. After two weeks of such pleasure, the bicyclist would return home "with muscles of steel, cheeks like cherries, a pulse as regular as an eight-day clock, and no nerves at all."[25] Rollins' image came at the dawn of the automobile and New Hampshire never built the road for either carriages or bicycles. Still, people continue to flock to New England and several companies offer bicycle tours which take riders from inn to inn through the same rural countryside.

Like Rollins' views of New Hampshire, Scotland was an excellent choice for the scenic traveler, as Tony Hammerton demonstrated. He and three friends agreed to tour the Scottish Highlands by bicycle, riding forth from Glasgow as far as Loch Ness. They traveled in a leisurely fashion in late May through early June, covering approximately thirty miles a day, and resting Sundays. They had breakfast and supper at their lodgings, and carried a picnic for the noon meal. From Glasgow to the Clyde they found poor roads, which passed through industrial villages lacking charm and grace. Once they reached Loch Lomond, "the Queen of inland waters," they found a body of water that "possesses the charms of all the lakes that one has ever seen." Along the road they saw "bracken and ferns of all descriptions abound, primroses peep shyly from mossy clumps, graceful birch trees fringe your path, and the pungent fragrance of the pines is in your glad nostrils." Of added enjoyment to the cyclist "is the fact that you are spinning along a well-made macadamized road, almost as flat as the oft-quoted billiard table."[26]

Tony and his companions, one of whom had a trust-fund which made this type of travel possible, had no interest in speed or record-setting. At one hostelry they met two other cyclists who had come from Manchester. Riding wheels with much higher gears, they reeled off nearly a hundred miles a day. At the scorcher's pace, they had little interest in enjoying the scenery which enthralled Tony: "The golden gorse was in full bloom, the lark was carolling aloft, the young lambs were running helter-skelter as our little cavalcade broke in upon their ease — it was a glad morning. No clansman of old ever set out on a foray more light of heart than we."[27]

Ironically, the bicycle, meant to take people away from the confines of the city to the bucolic countryside, created the means for urban sprawl. The League of American Wheelmen (LAW, now the League of American Bicyclists), began a "Good Roads Movement," to "provide improved wheeling surfaces for bicyclists." It was the bicycle, together with a growing appreciation for the open country, taking the citizens out of the narrow confines of their towns to explore the countryside, which resulted in the discovery that good roads paid. The knowledge that bad roads were wasteful of energy had doubtless long been common in the horse world. But hard pedaling over sandy and rutty roads "did much to make it comprehensible to human intelligence and bring men to a willingness to pay taxes for good roads."[28] Before any major activity could take place, the bicycle's importance as a means of personal transportation gave way to the automobile, which continued the demand for good roads. Those good roads accelerated the growth of first suburbs and then exurbs, in the process reducing the accessibility of the bucolic countryside so much treasured by the bicyclists and the conservationists.

As might be expected, there is no reference to bicycles in the index of Joseph Petulla's standard account of environmental history, while "automobile" has seven sub-headings. Nonetheless, the history of the bicycle is intimately connected to the early environmental movement in the United States, and likely the same is true for Great Britain and Western Europe.

Endnotes

1 Roderick Nash, *American Environmentalism* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1990), p. xii; Joseph M. Petulla, *American Environmental History* (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1988), p. 241.

2 Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, *Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1887).

3 Pennell, *Our Sentimental Journey* , pp. v–vii.

4 E. T. Cook and Alexander Weddenburn, *The Works of John Ruskin* (London: George

5 Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, "Twenty Years of Cycling," *Fortnightly Review*, LXII, New Series (August, 1897), pp. 190–92.

6 G. Lacy Hillier, *All About Bicycling* (London: Kagan, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.,

7 Grenville A. J. Cole, *The Gypsy Road: A Journey from Krakow to Coblentz* (London: Macmillan & Co., 1894), pp. 190–192.

8 J. A. Hammerton, *Tony's Highland Tour* (London: Horace Marshal & Son, 1901), pp. 181–82.

9 [Elizabeth Pennell], "From Coventry to Chester on Wheels," *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, XXVIII (n.s. VI) (September 1884)

10 Pennell, "Twenty Years of Cycling," pp. 188–89.

11 Elizabeth Robins Pennell, "Around London by Bicycle," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XCV (September 1897), p. 490.

12 *The Sporting Life*, October 8, 1883, p. 11; W. O. Owen, "The first bicycle tour of the Yellowstone National Park," *Outing*, XVIII (June, 1891), pp. 191–195.

13 Stevens, *Around the World on a Bicycle*, pp. 38–39; Allan Eric, Following the tow-path and through the

14 Stevens, *Around the World on a Bicycle: from San Francisco to Teheran* (New York: Charles Scribner's Son, 1887), p. 70, pp 83–89.

15 Frank Lenz, "Lenz's World Tour Awheel," *Outing*, XXI (January, 1893), p. 290.

16 C. L. Freeston, *Cycling in the Alps, with some notes on the chief passes* (London: Grant Richards, 1900), pp. 5–6, pp. 47–48.

17 Workman, William Hunter and Fanny Bullock Workman. *Through Town and Jungle: fourteen thousand miles a-wheel among the temples and people of the Indian Plain* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904), pp. 233–234.

18 W. S. Beekman and C. W. Willis, *Cycle Gleanings, or Wheels and Wheeling for Business and Pleasure, and the Study of Nature* (Boston: Press of Skinner, Bartlett & Co., 1894); Allan Eric (and The "Junior Partner"), *Following the Tow-path and Through the Adirondacks Awheel* (Boston: N.E.R.G. Publishing Co., 1898); Allan Eric, A Vacation Tour Awheel (Boston: N.E.R.G., 1897)

19 J. W. Allen, Wheel Magic, or Revolutions of an Impressionist (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1909), pp. vii–x.

20 Allen, *Wheel*, pp. 5–14.

21 Allen, *Wheel*, pp. 21–23.

22 Allen, *Wheel*, pp. 55–67.

23 Allen, *Wheel*, pp. 67–81.

24 James Fenimore Cooper, *The Leather-stocking Tales* (New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1885).

25 Frank West Rollins, "New Hampshire's Opportunity," *New England Magazine* XXII (New Series XVI) (July, 1897), pp. 534–42.

26 J. A. Hammerton, *Tony's Highland Tour* (London: Horace Marshall & Son, 1901), pp. 20–23, pp. 32–35.

27 Hammerton, *Tony's Highland Tour*, p. 42, pp. 70–73.

28 See Note 1, Frederick Nash, *American Environmentalism* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1990), p. xii. Joseph M. Petulla, *American Environmental History* (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1988), p. 241.