

# IRIS ANSWER

## WHERE TO GO AND HOW TO GET THERE



### Our Cycle Route No. 26

(1897-98 Series.)

### THE TOWPATH ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A Charming Ride from Port Deposit, Md., to Wrightsville, Pa., Taken by the Writer Within the Last Three Weeks.

Our Trip No. 25 left us at Port Deposit, Md. You have heard, of course, of the early explorer, Capt. John Smith. The uppermost point that he reached on the Susquehanna was in this vicinity, and the first ferry established right here was named Smith's Ferry on that account. In the course of time said ferry passed out of the hands of Thomas Cresap—a familiar name in the history of Maryland—who had owned it as early as 1720, into those of Colonel John Creswell (some of whose descendants are still large land-owners here) and it went by the name of Creswell's Ferry, meanwhile the tiny town that had grown up at the ferry—so tiny even in 1773 that the British when they came to Lepidum did not trouble to enter it—was known as Rock Run; and ultimately, to put an end to the inconvenience arising from these several names, the Legislature christened it "Port Deposit," in 1813.

The little place is a veritable mine of granite, as you may see, its inhabitants number about 2000; it has nothing in the way of architectural attraction save the imposing "Jacob Tome Institute," opposite the mansion of the multi-millionaire at that name.

ville Station, and on through these lovely woods. Beware of that railroad crossing, a little over 7 miles from start; and about one mile further we strike the hamlet of Conowingo. It contains 100 inhabitants, one paper mill, at present closed; one flint mill, likewise shut down, and one hotel, at this date opened, where a very frugal breakfast costs 40 (forty) cents! Let us hasten to pay 5 cents toll at the foot of yonder bridge and rush through it (or through them rather, for there are in reality two, stretching over a distance of three-fourths of a mile) over to the other bank, nine miles from Port Deposit.

### WILL KNOW BETTER HERE—AFTER.

There we jot down in our notebook: "Port Deposit to Shure's Landing via Conowingo, a big mistake; road, only fair; breakfast, ditto; hills, steep; hotel rates, ditto. In future, breakfast at Port Deposit and ferry across to Lepidum."

### ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA CANAL.

For this time we carry our wheels down the stone steps by the side of the winnow, across the canal on the footbridge, turn L. along the towpath; and now for a ride that will soon make us forget any unpleasant experience we may have had on our way hither.

To say that the 30 miles' ride along the disused canal towpath between this and Wrightsville is worth a special trip from Philadelphia is no exaggeration.

This is no place to draw an accurate pen picture of it and in any case I am painfully conscious that no fottings of mine could do justice to the picturesque scenes continuously presented to us by the Susquehanna along this ramble of ours on the very verge of her waters. Pray read between the

disappear from our path, but it is none the less excellent for cycling.

### A LESSON BY THE WAYSIDE.

You should have heard the lesson I was taught, unintentionally though it was given to me the very last time I was here, two weeks ago.

My appearance on the towpath near this house, one mile above Peach Bottom, diverted for a moment the attention of a little child who was watching the antics of a diminutive black pig about the place; and as I passed by, I threw out to him that meaningless of all meaningless human salutations, "Hello!"

"How do?" the pert little tot replied. Well, thought I to myself, that's the time the baby scored one on the man.

### THE HAVOC OF THOSE CREEKS.

Here is a wreck (about two miles above Peach Bottom) that will show you the strength of yonder creek on L. Muddy Creek, so-called. Such as you see it, it supplies the power for a big electric plant some three miles up its course, and not so long ago it just cleared away the bridge that stood here. Now we can easily walk along the edge of the dried-up bed on R. and bear L. up the embankment on the other side; in the rainy season we can just as easily be rowed across the stream.

### A RELIC OF CANAL DAYS.

Twenty miles from Port Deposit, notice what probably was a prosperous store in canal days; its owner informed me that this was known as "Onion's Wilderness," not indeed, that the land is particularly adapted to the familiar odorous bulb of the lily family, but that it once belonged to a man of that name. He further supplied me with a large glass of delicious cider and when I laid down my modest nickel, wanted to know if I meant to pay for two, (Oh, that breakfast at Conowingo!)

### BALTIMORE ROADS, BUT NOT FOR US.

And here is McCall's Ferry (23 m.): see its spike-and-span postoffice on the outside of the canal. If you crossed the river here, one of the straightest roads you ever traveled would take you to Aglen and Parkersburg and on to Costleville on the Lancaster pike; or shall be in that section one of these days). Its continuation on our L. meanders through Harford and Baltimore counties to Baltimore city, so do most roads in this section; also that there should not be one really fit for our use!

Be careful of these rough and tumble bridges! Here is one (25 m.) the boards of which are, at this date, four inches actual measurement above the level of the path. Some wheels are not worth spurs, I am told. Mine is; and so is yours, I feel sure.

### YORK FURNACE AND LONG LEVEL.

As our cyclometers register 27 m. from start, another hotel awaits us on

ry, a well-known spot on both sides of the Susquehanna.

And a little farther, on the eastern bank, is the mouth of the serpentine Conestoga.

And a few miles' additional riding amidst these wild panoramas brings us to Newbridgeville (24 m.) a hamlet where a glass of real cow's milk may be obtained at the grocery store (some of us know the utility of these fottings); and at the end of another four miles we reach Long Level, at the head of what was known as "the five mile level" to Wrightsville.

Here a good and plentiful dinner costs 35 cents. (Breakfast 40 cents at Conowingo?)

Is not a water surface deceptive to the eye, when we attempt to measure it? Would you believe that the lovely Susquehanna is two and a half miles wide, right here?

Any fishing? Why, you come and see it at any of the localities we traversed to-day.

### THE END OF A GORGEOUS RIDE.

Don't be tempted by that good-looking road in front of the hotel: keep to the towpath as long as you can. See that long red-painted iron bridge, ponder, and the red-brick town with the tall chimney stacks; that's our destination, but before we get there, keep an eye open for a lock four and a half miles from Long Level; there we have to bid farewell to the towpath, cross the canal on the footbridge and make our way around the lockhouse and through large tobacco fields on to the pike for a quarter of a mile. These fields belong to Dr. J. L. Jameson of Wrightsville, to whose courtesy the public owes the use of this cross-cut through them.

### WRIGHTSVILLE.

In a few minutes we enter Front street, Wrightsville, and when we reach the station we have covered forty-two miles from Port Deposit.

Wrightsville is on the main road from Philadelphia to Gettysburg; and who, that is within forty miles of Gettysburg, does not feel a desire to pay it a visit? On this occasion, however, circumstances (might as well say "duty") and have done with it, compelled me to turn homeward via Lancaster; and as this will form a portion of some of our subsequent trips, the present one may conveniently be brought to an end at Wrightsville. Suffice it to say that the road from Columbia to Lancaster is at present excellent, but that it will be some time before the Lancaster-Philadelphia pike can lay claim to any such eulogy.

### THE BRIDGES AT WRIGHT'S FERRY.

The construction of the beautiful bridge which now spans the one and a half mile river, that sprang from this town from Columbia, dates from yesterday; and the wreck of its predecessor, one year ago almost to a day, is still fresh in the memory of the fourth and naturally the finest bridge that has stood here since the first of our modern times. The first (approved by Governor Snyder in 1800) was swept away like so many of its contemporaries by a single freshet, and was replaced in 1803 by order of General D. N. Couch, just in time to hinder the Conestoga canal project, and was sold under General Gordon, from invading Lancaster county.

The fire that destroyed the bridge at this time also burnt a number of houses in Wrightsville and would probably have destroyed a larger part of it, had it not been for the assistance rendered by the Confederates in quenching the flames. This, by the way, led to a little episode which you may not have heard of: was told once by "The Spy" of Columbia.

### GENERAL GORDON AT WRIGHTSVILLE.

The day after the fire General Gordon and his staff were handsomely entertained at dinner by a lady in Wrightsville, a unionist, and one which Gordon interpreted to mean that his hostess was a sympathizer with the Southern cause. During the course of the dinner the General threw out a hint as to the lady's sympathies, and was dumbfounded when she told him that her husband and son were in the Union army by her advice and consent, and that she prayed to the God of battles daily for the success of the Union cause; but as the rebel soldiers had rendered her a great service in saving her home from destruction by fire, she thought she could do little less than return the courtesy by entertaining their commanding general. The lady, whose name was not published at the time, is said to have been



### L. E. HUDSON SAILS A BICYCLE

### NAVIGATING A BICYCLE

A Dangerous, if Exhilarating, Pastime Described by One Who Indulges in It.

L. E. Hudson, of Ellensburg, N. Y., on the faith of a newspaper of that State, has succeeded in sailing a bicycle. The sailing attachment consists of a mast of spruce ten feet high, rigged to the frame of the wheel about four inches back of the handle bars. The mast is made rigid by two bolts and a cleat on the opposite side.

The sail is of heavy cotton cloth, with a light boom at the bottom, which a strong cord is attached and passed through a light pulley block attached to the handle post and run through another attached to the centre of the handle bars.

This enables the rider to hold the sail without interfering with the steering of the wheel. When the wind gets too strong a reef is taken in the sail, or a new kind of brake that Hudson has devised is applied. Describing his first actual experience with the wind vehicle the inventor is reported to have said:

"Knowing that the idea would be likely to arouse facetious comment from my acquaintances upon its practicability had been demonstrated, I waited until Old Boreas was kindly disposed to assist me in a road race where I would not meet many people. The towering mast and flapping sail disconcerted me a little and in order to correct this I gradually slackened and down until I became at home. Then I tried the running gear with one hand, while I steered with the other. The breeze freshened, and as the speed caught the sail the bicycle moved along smoothly, but rapidly developed an inclination to seek its affinity in a ditch. Happily, I was able to correct this by gradually slackening away at the cord, and as the boom swung around to nearly right angles, the speed increased.

"I'm off, I soliloquized, and an instant later there was no doubt in my

### THE L. A. W.'S GROWTH.

Its Mighty Roll Has Now Passed the Hundred Thousand Membership Mark.

The long-looked-for and long-worked-for 100,000 membership mark of the League of American Wheelmen at last has been attained. The time occupied in rolling up this vast membership has been almost seventeen and one-third years. A period that has seen the bicycle advanced from a plaything and a luxury to a vehicle of common use and almost of necessity. The League was organized at Newport, R. I., on May 30, 1880, on which occasion a number of wheelmen and club delegations from New York, Boston and other Eastern cities had gathered to join a parade in that parade there were 133 wheels in line, all of the old "ordinary" variety.

"Sam" Clark, of Baltimore, presided at the organization meeting and he is credited with having suggested the name of the League of American Wheelmen. Four hundred members were enrolled at the start, and the first officers elected were: President, Charles E. Pratt, Boston; Vice-President, J. Longstrech, Philadelphia; Corresponding Secretary, A. T. Parsons, Cambridge, Mass.; Recording Secretary, J. F. Burrill, New York; Treasurer, W. H. Miller, of Columbus, Ohio; Commander, Kirk Monroe, New York.

Pratt remained in office for two terms, 1881, 1882.

The subsequent presidents of the organization and their term of office were: W. H. Miller, of Columbus, Ohio, one term, 1883; Dr. N. M. Beckwith, of New York, four terms, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887; T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, Ohio, two terms, 1888 and

