Our Cycle Trip No. 41

The Islands in Our Gates.

League Island, Mud Island, Providence Island, Tonleus Island, etc.

A Winter Ramble Taken by the Present Writer on Tuesday Last over Roads Some of Which Were Once Held Improvisately.

Distances between the main points and stations in this round trip:

Pine Street to Westmoreland Road, 1 mi. 1/2
Westmoreland Road to Offspring Road, 1/2 mi.
Offspring Road to Drops to Drops, 1/2 mi.
Drops to Drops to Pine Street, 1 mi.

Old-time ferry rates.

In connection with that income tax that we have to pay for our bicycles and certain ferry steamer, would you care to know the tariff of ferries across the Schuylkill 200 years ago?

Bicycle Tour.

Our bicycle tour started at the corner of Pine Street and Drops to Drops. We took the Westmoreland Road, a road well known to our grandfather, who used to take his horse and buggy down there to get a load of hay. We went on to Drops to Drops, where we saw a lot of old men sitting on the fence, smoking their pipes and talking about the good old days.

Regarding League Island.

Unlike some of its neighbors, League Island is not a reclaimed marsh of an island formed by changes of current in the river; it is an original formation, a part of the mainland, from which it has been separated merely by the action of the water upon the softer soil around it. As early as 1700 years ago its peep sea advantages were recognized by the English and American builders, who erected upon it a fort, which was later used as a fort for the protection of the city.

A century later, in 1750, the island was leased to the state of Pennsylvania, and it was made a part of the city of Philadelphia. Its present condition, in view of the increase of population, is that it is now used as a fort for the protection of the city.

Why is it called "League Island"? They say on account of the many, in and around the city, who used to go there and then ride back on their bicycles.

The Oldest Bicyclist.

Through the Swamps.

Escape to the north of us, our bicycle trip is not yet over. See this neat little stream of water, it goes to the northward where it will serve as a boundary line between you and me.

Chief Washabaugh and the Indians.

Hans Christian Anderson, the popular Danish author, has written a story about the Indian chief Washabaugh, who was the last of the great leaders of the Iroquois tribe. Chief Washabaugh was a wise and just leader, and his people loved and respected him. He was a great warrior and a great hunter, and his skill in these arts was the envy of all the other Indians in the region.

The story of Chief Washabaugh is told in a series of books, which are written in a simple and engaging style, and are enjoyed by children and adults alike. The books are available in many languages, and are widely read around the world.

Chief Washabaugh's last words were: "Remember, my children, that the white man is a friend of the white man and has never done us any harm. Our ancestors have always been peaceful and have not had any wars. Our people have always been friendly and have never been aggressive.

In 1700, Chief Washabaugh died of old age, and his memory lives on in the hearts of the Iroquois people, who remember him as a great leader and a wise man. His story is a reminder of the importance of peace and friendship, and of the need to treat all people with respect and dignity.