The First Brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania will camp at Janney Station, above Neshaminy Falls, from the 10th to the 17th inst.

I don’t know by which of the available roads the soldier boys will reach their camp grounds; but I do wish for their sake that either of them were in better condition for marching purposes than they are at the present date.

Friends who will visit them awheel may take their choice from the following:

OUT TO FRANKFORD.

We may now reach Frankford by a somewhat less circuitous route than that described in our Trip Awheel No. 1, and the time is doubtless near at hand when other improvements eastward of North Broad street will be accomplished facts.

Up the said North Broad we sail as far as Westmoreland avenue, turn R into Rising Sun lane, across Germantown avenue and on (taking care not to turn sharp L into Old York road), past Tioga and Venango streets until we come to Erie avenue. The poor, old lane has been trying to put on a decent suit of macadam, of late; but how must it feel at the sight of that broad street of brand-new asphalt on Erie avenue (yes, “asphalt,” my incredulous friends!); we avail ourselves of it, of course; turn L into Second street, and at the end of one block we find Nicetown lane on R at the corner of the cemetery.

From this point we follow the route of our Trip No. 1 to and through Frankford. Whether to turn L into Powder Mill road (6 ¾ m. from start) and zigzag via Wingohocking, Oakland and Orthodox streets into Frankford avenue, below the Jolly Post, or whether to follow Rising Sun lane straight out to Frankford avenue and turn L into it, is very much a matter of taste; there is no difference in the distance.

ON THE BRISTOL PIKE.

At the bifurcation at food of Cedar Hill Cemetery (8 ¾ m.), the R branch is the Bustleton pike, which is our most direct road, as a look at the map will show. Readers of last year’s Trip 44, however, may remember my experience along this “Rocky Road to Dublin,” and the five cents unblushingly charged us for its use. On making inquiry last Wednesday I was unable to find that this remarkable “pike” has been visibly improved since then; I therefore propose we make a slight detour by Holmesburg and get the benefit of a good ride and no toll.

Up Rock Hill (the R branch) and up and down to Holmesburg, the run is familiar to readers of my preceding trip, although even for them there are pleasant surprises in store in the shape of improvements, if they have not been here recently. Certain stretches of corduroy too well known to old riders have now disappeared; this part of the Bristol pike is better than has ever been.
THE WELSH ROAD.

Al Holmesburg (11 m. ¾) go through at the main crossing, near the Green Tree, and watch for the next one, labelled “Mill Street” on , and “Welsh Road” on L.

We take the latter. It is an old-time highway that cuts across north and northwestward from here to Bustleton and Bethayres, and across the Old York and the Limekiln pike and way up into Montgomery county. Indeed, it was named Welsh road because it led from the King’s Highway (as the Bristol pike was originally known) to the Welsh Hills.

A correspondent recently described that part of the Welsh road that intersects the Limekiln pike as “a good thing to keep away from.” Here it certainly deserves the G. VG that I append to it on the coupon: it is by no means level, of course; winding around hills was not a general practice with our forefathers.

1 1/4m. out of Holmesburg, avoid that turn L, it would take you to the Bustleton pike. This neighborhood is known as Harrisburg; I wonder why. And that road converging from R, with our own, 1/2 m. farther, is Willitt’s road from Collegeville, on the Bristol pike; and this next one branching off R is the Blue Grass road; and those houses ahead belong to Bustleton.

BUSTLETON.

There is a tradition here that the name Bustleton is a corruption of Bustle-town, and that the latter designation was earned for the locality by the hustling qualities of one particular woman among the early settlers. What the worthy lady would think of the sleepy look of her town at the present day, it would be interesting to know.

Right here, on our left, at the hamlet of La Grange, once stood the first cotton mill ever erected, not in Philadelphia alone, but in this country, in 1810; print works and edged tool works flourished here once; nothing is left of them now to disturb the slumbers of the place and it looks as though the merest accident would make the residents revert contentedly to the stage-coaches which until 27 short years ago were their only means of conveyance to Philadelphia. At the same time there are few more pleasant or healthier suburbs of our city than this. Of course, you are aware that we are still within the city limits, although you might be surprised to hear that the residents in this part of our up-to-date city have to call at the post-office for their mail just as they would up in a mountain hamlet or in the pine woods of New Jersey – at least such was the practice quite recently, if it be no longer so.

Here (15 m.), just beyond the Bustleton Hotel, we part company with the good old Welsh road and (alas!) bear R into the continuation of the Bustleton pike toward Somerton; uneven and stony, with a tempting path by the side of it, which I am afraid to venture on.

FROM CHARYBDIS INTO SCYLLA.

Three-quarters of a mile farther, we turn R into the Byberry road for a change; it’s a case of “six of one and half a dozen of the other.” From this out we must needs be satisfied with a narrow path and be thankful we don’t lose it altogether.

Needless to ask you not to dismount at this tollgate, 1 ½ m. from Bustleton, where the Red Lion road crosses our path. This hamlet is Knightsville, a place as old as Philadelphia. Giles Knight with his wife,
Mary, and his son, Joseph, who settled here in 1682, were passengers on the Welcome, with William Penn.

We go straight through and pass (as well as we may) a turning L to Somerton and one R to Byberry, and the Southampton road crosses us; northward it goes to Prospect Heights and southward to Byberry.

“OLD PHILADELPHIA.”

Byberry used to be called “Old Philadelphia.” Why? Well, the locality which had previously attracted the attention of the Swedes, was settled as far back as 1675 by four brothers named Walton, who had come from Byberry, near Bristol, in England; and so pleasant it was considered then that in the course of time it was surveyed as the future location of the City of Brotherly Love. What would we have done for Schuylkill water if the founders of Philadelphia had not altered their minds on this point?

See the inscription on this little bridge over Poquessing Creek (19 ¼ m.): “County Line Bridge. Philadelphia and Bucks, 1805.” It speaks for itself. We get out of the city, bear L away from the Hulmeville road, and (strange as it might seem) find the Bucks county road better, if anything, than the Philadelphia road. The difference is not great; why should it exist at all?

LA TRAPPE.

This next village (20 ¼ m.) is La Trappe, previously known as Penn’s Valley. The genuine Penn’s Valley, however, being in the bend of the Delaware, opposite Bordentown, the name was wisely abandoned here.

Let not the student of monastic lore hastily associate this La Trappe with the extraordinary austerities practiced by the denizens of La Trappe in France; neither should the name conjure up tantalizing visions of Trappistine luxury before the mind of the connoisseur in foreign liquors. “Trap” was, with our ancestors in this country, a euphemism for the modern “beer-saloon;” and to this commonplace fact is due the origin of this and another Trappe which we shall see one of these days on the road to Reading.

At the beginning of this century, this crossroad was known as the White Horse cross; but a local resident, named Ridge, who was still alive some years ago, got “trapped” here, as he termed it, one night, and the name stuck to the place. In some ways, when first painted on the house, the word was put down as Trappe, and the owner himself told me that he had “La” prefixed to it, for no other reason than his own whim, the last time he had the sign fixed up. A funny thing is the history of names.

OAKFORD AND JANNEY.

A little more than a mile now brings us to Oakford post-office; on L is Neshaminy Falls Station and Park; on R the road to Bensalem, of which more anon. We go straight on, through the covered bridge which here spans Neshaminy Creek, and half a mile of a ride (no better than its predecessors) brings us up to Janney Station where Camp Birney will be opened next week, 22 m. from the Public Buildings.

TRYING ANOTHER WAY HOME.

Last Wednesday, June 30, my love of the picturesque and a desire to fathom the unknown, impelled me to try and make my way home through Bensalem and Andalusia on the Bristol pike.
So I headed my wheel southward at Oakford and attacked the yellow clay road up that steep hill; did not ride it all the way, no sir; but was rewarded with a grand view from its summit.

Two miles and a half of rough clay road, which, after all, is in many ways preferable to an ill-conditioned stony road, brought me to an important-looking crossing. “L to Hulmeville 1 m.; straight on to Bristol, 5 m.; R to Philadelphia, 17 m.,” said the signs.

I turned R and now faced a wide thoroughfare, an ugly mixture of dusty clay and stones with ne’er a shadow of a cycleway save the occasional remnants of a cowpath. Cowpaths are all right in their way; indeed, in some cities and towns the authorities style them “sidewalks,” and fine us if we use them. Be that as it may, and with the thermometer up in the nineties, 2 ½ miles of this road proved quite sufficient for once, and when at the end of that distance a sign-post informed me that Eddington lay just one short mile on my left, I made a rush for it and returned home through Red Lion and Collegeville (as per Trip 1) and Holmesburg and Frankford, as I had come out.

After all it might be worth considering whether those 5 miles across country from Oakford as far as the turn towards Eddington, are worse than the 7 ½ miles between Bustleton and Oakford. I will come around this way again some other time, sure.

ANOTHER WAY TO STRIKE NESHAMINY FALLS.

Another route, which I have not traveled for six months, but which is unlikely to have greatly altered since, is the one described in last year’s Trip 44.

Follow Rising Sun lane out into Old Second Street pike, past Olney and Lawndale to Oxford Church (9 ½ m.); this we shall go over more leisurely one of these days.

A quarter mile farther turn R into the old Verree road. Its aspects is not enticing; it’s a typical cross-country mud road; yet in dry weather it is quite cyclable.

Three-quarters of a mile ahead it is cut at right angles by the beautiful new Rhawn street, which now joins Fox Chase with the Bustleton pike.

This fine estate at the northeast corner of the intersection is that of W. H. Rhawn, president of the National Bank of the Republic.

OLD VERREE MILL.

Almost twelve miles from start we strike the Pennypack, the “sluggish stream,” as the Indians called it, and on its bank a mill whose peculiar architecture denotes a bygone age attracts our attention.

You may have elderly folks at home who remember the spring elections of 1836 and the birth of the “Know-Nothing” party, when the Fillmore and Donelson men had John P. Verree, of the Eighteenth ward, among their selections for Mayor; and it might be interesting for you to get the story of those days from them. This mill antedates that period by many a long year, as you probably know.

As we climb up over the bridge, bear L (the turn R goes to Bustleton). On our left is the old Verree estate and mansion, or what’s left of them, an ancient gem crumbling to dust.

Amid such surroundings the road is naturally rough and hilly.
A mile and a half beyond Verreeville or Verree’s Mill, our friend, the Welsh road, crosses us. It looks pretty rough at this point.

And yet another, the Red Lion road, meets us, one mile farther on its way from Huntingdon Valley, alluded to above.

THE PIKE TO SOMERTON.

And thirteen and a half miles from start we strike a hard-bottom, rough stone pike, into which we turn L and which proves to be the Bustleton pike. Its discomfort almost makes us regret the mud road we have just left; for the present we follow it only for a mile into Somerton.

At the Somerton Hotel, the turn L would take us to Sorrel Horse, four miles distant, a hilly and roughish road.

ACROSS COUNTRY AGAIN.

One square beyond the hotel, leave the pike (it goes on to Feasterville, Churchville and Richboro) and turn R into another mud road, but not a bad one, through Prospect Heights, avoiding all turns L crossing the railroad for a distance of two miles from the hotel; then cross over the track and turn R alongside of it; a short quarter of a mile will bring you to Trevose Postoffice.

Do you remember the troublous times in the early history of Philadelphia, during the closing years of the seventeenth century? Chief among the members of the Council elected by the people to support their rights against Governor Fletcher was Jos. Growden, subsequently speaker of the Assembly. Growden came from Trevose, in Cornwall, England; and he named this little place after his native home.

At the postoffice X, the turn L goes to Feasterville and in a remarkably straight line to Davisville, Johnsville, Warminster and the R to Eddington. If perchance you missed crossing the railroad bridge I spoke of above, you would strike this road a few hundred yards below the postoffice and by turning sharp L could easily get into the right course again at this point.

We go straight through as though going to Langhorne, which, the sign informs us, is 5 miles away; but when we strike Scottsville after 1 ½ miles of roughish ups and downs, we turn sharp R; L to Rocksville 2 m.; R to Bristol 8 m., the signboard says; and a long three-fourths mile of a down grade brings us down to Neshaminy Falls Station and grounds (20 miles from P. B.).

Down there you can see Oakford postoffice and the covered bridge through which you can reach Janney Station.

A.E