

There were three weekly papers in Greensburg, the Westmoreland Republican, the "Pennsylvania Argus," and the "Intelligencer." When a certain advertisement appeared in these sheets, the town looked forward to a great gala day. From miles around farmers and such as had leisure and inclination, assembled at the big tavern on the appointed morning. Some carried guns, others horns and rickets (a kind of cog and hickory spring that rattled boisterously against the teeth of the cog.) Some were on foot and others mounted, and there were two or three big packs of eager hounds, for this was to be a fox hunt. The men scattered out in a great circle over miles of territory and began beating the country to drive the foxes in toward the center where dozens of them would be killed. The crafty Reynards were so numerous that poultry raising ^{seemed} was chiefly for their benefit till the bounty, and these old-fashioned hunts thinned them out. The tavern ~~would be~~ ^{was} the center of attraction on the morning of the hunt. Here would be assembled the masters of the various packs of long-eared hounds, comparing merits of their breeds, and keeping them in order. There were as high as 20 or 30 hounds to a pack. When they struck the track of the fox a long chorus of baying and wailing would follow till the fox would be run down and slain. Everywhere the hunters were welcome, for they rid the country of a very lively pest, and I can fancy many a pleasant scene on the crisp Autumn mornings when hunters paused at this farm or that, to recruit or receive refreshments, for it was a holiday lark all thru the country-side.

When Grandmother was ten years old, she went to spend the summer with her aunt, Kitty McMillan who lived one mile from Derry, Westmoreland Co. She rode horse-back all the way to her aunt's. Her uncle was an elder in the Presbyterian church in the town and on sabbath when they went to church, Grandmother rode with them. If Uncle staid at home, which he occasionally did, she rode astride his horse, and if he went she rode up on Aunt's horse, behind her. She got very homesick while here and one night she planned to walk home next day. She used to go for the cows, and so planned to take her bundle out to the lane, and hide it there when she drove the cows out, and then to slip off with her clothes and walk the whole way home. However this plan was never carried out, and the good aunt, no doubt seeing her homesickness, took her home shortly after.

Three or four years later* she went to stay a year with another aunt, Lizzie Stern, wife of John Stern who was a well-to-do salt merchant at Freeport, or rather between Freeport and Tarentum, along the Allegheny river, some 28 miles above Pittsburg. This time she had to ride about thirty miles on horse. At Freeport, the horses were led onto a big flat-boat ferry and rowed across. Grandmother remembers how wide and dangerous the great river appeared to her, with the rolling waves and strong current. Then they rode down along the canal tow-path for a distance of about two miles to opposite the house of her uncle. He came over and took them across on his own boat.