

He stopped at nearly every tavern and got a fresh drink. Down the mountain side he rolled the heavy coach, at a dangerous speed till grandmother was frightened half out of her wits. But he brought them to Bedford all right, and there, she being so tired and frightened, they staid over night. Next day they got home without any further events. But it was the return trip that was most interesting. They had Uncle George drive them up to Mt. Union, in Huntingdon Co., where they took the railroad for the first time. Thence they got on the Penna. Central, which follows the route of the present Penna. Lines. Here they rode west to the end of the line at that time. At Portage, they staid over night in a great hotel, built for the purpose, a kind of summer resort building finished handsomely, but only a temporary affair for the accommodation of the passengers of the road. Next day they went up an inclined railway, where the car was pulled by a long cable. Many of the passengers were afraid to ride in this new invention, and walked up. At the top they got into a small car, and started down toward Johnstown. The engine was uncoupled after a short distance, and they relied on the down grade to coast into Johnstown, a full eight miles or so. On the way, the car slowed up, and the men had to get out and push till they came to another sharper down grade. Here things went smoothly, till the road became more level again when the men once more got out and pushed. Thus they came to Johnstown. From there they went over to Greensburg by coach. This was grandmother's first railroad trip.

On top of the Mercersburg and Loudoun mountains, there were old tavern houses built for the accommodation of the coach passengers and the freight haulers. One time when grandmother and grandfather were crossing the Loudoun mountain, they stopped at the old tavern on top of the mountain.\* It was deserted then, and they went thru it. The building had been erected in 1700 and some, and was now no longer needed as the stage was falling into disuse. The walls, of stone, rough-hewn and natural shapes, were full two feet thick. The old doors were of oak, and hung on heavy hinges. There were five or six rooms down stairs, and about as many upstairs. Outside, there was a good well, here on the top of the mountain. In the good old days, the heavy coaches and freight teams would all stop here for rest or refreshment. Then the freight was hauled in great six-horse wagons, with the old-styled English bed, painted a bright blue, and with canvas tops over bowed hoops, like the western prairie schooners. I saw one of these wagons, myself, one year when passing thru southern Virginia, among the Allegheny mountains. An old negro sat on the high seat, and drove two horses and a white mule over the stony road. It was a picture of the life of thirty or forty years ago, and very quaint.

\* I saw the ruins of this inn, in Oct 1915 when we drove east with Uncle Harry Clay.