

"On the evening of Feb. 6, 1849, at seven o'clock we were married by Rev. Rugan, pastor of the second Lutheran church of Greensburg. In the morning following, we started to McConnellsburg, travelling in a buggy with one horse for a distance of one hundred miles. I well remember the old mile-stones along the way, looking like grave-stones. But they were a great relief too, for they told us what progress we were making, which was little enough sometimes, thru the biting cold and snow.

Four buggies accompanied us ten miles, as far as Youngstown. There we took dinner. Then two buggies returned home, while two went as far as Ligonier, nineteen miles. Then W. W. Williams, groomsman, took Mary M Kern, my bridesmaid over to Johnstown, crossing the Laurel Hill Mtn. at that point. (It is a very ugly mountain, treeless, rocky, and barren.) The last buggy, with Mr. Simpson and Clementine Huffman, went with us to Stoyestown. There we staid all night.

In the morning, we took leave of our last company, and continued on our journey alone. We next passed thru Laughlins-town, a small village at the foot of the Allegheny Mountain. The first few miles of the ascent of this mountain are steep and rugged, but when one has gained the summit, it is delightful, (tho not in winter. Here it is level as a floor and the road is straight, so that one can see for miles ahead. Just at this point, a tough looking man came up with us, and asked to ride in our buggy. But Pappy gave the horse the whip, and the road being so level, we soon left him far behind.

We next stopped at a hotel on the mountain which was kept for the accommodation of the stage coaches. Statler's was the name of the hotel. It was a very fine big house. We got our dinner, had the horse fed, and then left for Bedford. We arrived there after dark, got supper, ordered a fire in our room, and went to bed. The fire was made in a big Franklin stove that stood in the chimney place.

Just one more day out in the cold, and our long journey will be ended. But it had to be all gone over again before we could be at home, and the home-going was as cold as the first part of the trip. The last day, we put up at another Stage Office, as the inns were called, -Sprout's Hotel, about 19 miles from McConnellsburg. We had a splendid dinner that I remember yet for its excellence. We arrived at Grandpappy's at about seven in the evening, just in time to run in on a German prayer-meeting. They had supper waiting for us, but the whole meeting sat down to the table with us. And now came my greatest trial.

When we were seated, one of the men spoke in German for a little. I thought he was asking the blessing, when the first thing I knew, they all began to sing. I thought I should explode. Oh how wicked I was. All those good people, so devout, no doubt thanking God for protecting us, and bringing us thru so many dangers, and I being so silly, I could scarcely keep from bursting out in a good laugh.