"Reed's Creek" was often a starting point for a fox chase, after a steaming hot cup of Java coffee was enjoyed by the huntsmen, and the dogs were shut up to give Reynard a start, who was turned out of a bag in the front yard, so that the girls could view the sport too. "Uncle Perigrine Tilghman" would stand up in his stirrups and blow the merry bugle horn, which was the signal to start.

The skilful riders were as eager for the chase as the prancing horses, champing their bits and pawing the ground. It was a thrilling sight, the baying of the hounds, the impatience of the huntsmen, and the neighing of the handsome steeds, "eager to go," as they cantered out of the "Reed's Creek" yard for an all-day's sport, the pretty girls waving their handkerchiefs in the air, each one in expectancy of the brush from the fortunate one who would secure it. The day I refer to was a bright, lovely one, the air crisp and invigorating. The loud and continued bay of the eager hounds resounded through woodland, hill and valley. The clanging of the horses' hoofs increased as a second "toot" from Uncle Perry's horn rang on the morning air. Immediately after the sound of the horn died away, his voice was heard, calling aloud for the huntsmen to "form in line." Reins were adjusted, saddles tightened. The whole air was filled with the music of the fleet hounds, and the prolonged cheers of the gay and happy young girls. What "could" be more inspiring as the huntsmen and hounds left the old home, just as the sun peeped out from the cloudless eastern sky.

Big Jim Tilghman, Lowndes Newbold, Headlong Jim, who was the life of the party, never failed to have a "full horn," a full stomach, and full of jokes; John Charles Tilghman, Uncle Perry Tilghman, Emerson Nicholson, Jim Brown, Mr. Alexander Wright (Sandy), and others composed the party. They were a jolly set, beautiful riders and fine-looking men. Their destination was down in "Piney Neck," where they were sure to start a fox.

"There is but one cure for all maladies sure,
That reaches the heart to its core;
'Tis the sound of a horn, on a fine hunting morn,
And where is the heart wishing more?"

"The fiery coursers snuffed the breeze.
The eager pack from couples freed,
Dashed through the brush, the briar, the brake,
While 'answering' horn and hound and steed
The hill-side echoes startling wake."