

**DAYS ON THE ROAD:
CROSSING THE PLAINS IN
1865. [NEW YORK-1902]**

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Days on the Road: Crossing the Plains in 1865. [New York-1902] by Sarah Raymond Herndon

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SARAH RAYMOND HERNDON

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1902



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DEDICATED TO
THE PIONEERS OF MONTANA AND
THE "GREAT WEST,"
WHO CROSSED THE PLAINS IN WAGONS.

PREFACE.

I do not expect to gain fame or fortune by the publication of this little book. I have prepared it for publication, because a number of the pioneers who read my journal twenty years ago, when published in *The Husbandman*, have asked me to.

At that time I was a busy wife, mother and housekeeper, and could only write when my baby boy was taking his daily nap, to supply the copy for each week. No one knows better than I how very imperfect it was, yet many seemed to enjoy it, and the press that noticed it at all spoke very kindly of it.

S. R. H.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PLAINS

BY DR. HOWARD.

Editor *Husbandman*.—Through your kindness to Mrs. Howard, we are a reader of your excellent journal. Hence a few months ago our eyes fell upon "Reminiscences of Pilgrimage Across the Plains in 1865," by S. R. H., and at once recognized the writer as the "lady who rode the gallant bay." And now, sir, as we were an humble member of the gallant McMahan train, frequently referred to in her interesting journal, permit me through the columns of your paper to tender her the thanks and gratitude, not only of ourselves, but every surviving member of that train, for affording us the pleasure of again traveling that eventful road without the fatigue and hardships of a

long and tiresome journey. And even now, after the lapse of fifteen years, to be so pleasantly reminded of our "Gallant Bearing" and the confidence reposed in us for protection, while passing through the Indian country, we almost regret that the savages did not give us a striking opportunity of displaying our prowess. It was our pleasure to form the acquaintance of the writer, as correctly stated, on the north bank of the South Platte, near the foot of Fremont's Orchard. The present editor of the *Husbandman*, then a beardless youth, had been suffering with typho-malarial fever from the time we left Nebraska City, and we visited her camp (ostensibly) begging bread, and obtained as good as was ever baked upon the plains. From this time on, at least for some hundreds of miles, it was our pleasure to meet her on the road and in camp. We were in different trains, but camped near each other every night for protection from the Indians. Very soon, somehow or other,

when our trains were preparing to drive out every morning, and Miss R. was mounting Dick, we were in the act of mounting our pony Jo, and even at this day, in thinking over the matter, I am induced to believe that our ponies became somewhat attached to each other, as they would instinctively fall into each other's company. This was the state of affairs existing at Elk Mountain, where the bouquet was gathered and presented, and where, it is frankly admitted, we became somewhat partial.

Well do we recollect the crossing of North Platte, that turbulent stream on the Fort Halleck route. Train after train was crossing all day long. We were standing on the bank, with Captain McMahan, when the Hardinbrooke train, the one in which she was traveling, approached the crossing, and we discovered Miss Raymond on the front seat of the wagon, with lines in hand, in the attitude of driving. We remarked, "Good gracious, look yonder, is it possible