

**ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '54; A
STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
OF EARLY EMIGRATION TO
CALIFORNIA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649376223

Across the plains in '54; a story for young people of early emigration to California by Manford Allen Nott

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MANFORD ALLEN NOTT

**ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '54; A
STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
OF EARLY EMIGRATION TO
CALIFORNIA**

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN '54

A STORY
FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE
OF
EARLY EMMIGRATION
TO
CALIFORNIA

BY
MANFORD ALLEN NOTT, Vt.

Second Edition
Revised, Corrected and Enlarged by the Author
Copyrighted
All Rights Reserved

CHASE & RAE
Printers

CHAPTER I.

**Henry and Albert, Two Neighbor Boys, go to
Council Bluffs to Join a Party of Emi-
grants Going to California.**

It was in the spring of 1854, a party of emigrants were collecting at a certain place on the Missouri River for the purpose of going to that far-famed country whose name had become a household word, namely, the Golden State of California.

I, Albert Mayhue, was at the time only twelve years old. My mother had been a widow two years.

I had three sisters: Molly, the oldest, had been married two years; Lucy, fourteen years old, and little Alice, aged ten, was my playmate. We were not very well off but succeeded in making a comfortable living by cultivating a small farm.

One of my neighbor's boys, Henry Zimmerman, lived with an old aunt, Mrs. Matilda Strong. We all called her Aunt Tildy. Aunt

Tildy had adopted Henry when he was only five years old. He was the only son of an only sister, hence the affection she lavished upon him. Henry was not spoiled by his over-indulgent aunt, but on the contrary was one of the best boys I ever knew, and the best friend I ever had. He was four years my senior, but not much larger, for I was very large for one of my age. He and I had hunted and fished together and attended the same school—at least the same school for some years—and were always particular chums. We would fight each other's battles—or at least, he would take my part and I his in all our little difficulties in the neighborhood.

It was in April in the aforesaid year that Henry came to my home and getting me off to one side, gave me this information:

“Albert, there is going to be a large emigration party going to California this spring and they are collecting at Council Bluffs, Iowa. They are going to cross the river the first of May and you know this is the twentieth of April. Now I am going with that outfit or burst a suspender, and I want you to go with me.”

"Well," I said, "will your aunt be willing for you to go? To tell you the truth I think my mother will never give her consent for me to go."

"Well I believe I can get the consent of Aunt Tildy; then you can get the consent of your mother. Now you go home with me and if Aunt Tildy lets me go, your mother can be more easily persuaded."

So that evening I asked mother to let me go home with Henry, and she said I could go. There wasn't much to do just then and so I wasn't losing much valuable time.

Henry had not yet said anything to his aunt in regard to his intentions, and when he spoke of going to California she came near throwing a fit.

"Why Henry Zimmerman! What ever put that into your head? Don't you know you ain't old enough to start away off to California; clean out of the world."

"Aunty, you know I am well able to take care of myself, and besides, we will be with a large emigration crowd. They are collecting now at Council Bluffs, and there will be at least 200 men and all well armed, and the Indians will never tackle a large crowd."

"You say 'we', Henry; who is going with you from this neighborhood?"

"Albert here, if his mother will let him."

"Well, don't you think for a moment his mother will let him go so far away from home. Why, only think, he is only twelve years old!"

"Yes," said Henry, "and almost as large as I am, and can shoot equally as well, and if it comes to a fight, I'll venture to say he will give as good an account of himself as any man in the crowd."

"Well, Henry, I don't want to let you go; you are the only man I have on the place except the hired men and you know they are not always to be trusted like you."

This almost floored Henry, but the lure of that far-famed Eldorado, California, was too much for him and he again came to the front.

"Aunt Tildy, I have always done everything you told me to do; I've never disobeyed you in my life, and now that I have the best chance I will ever get to go, I don't think you ought to object, when it's the first time I ever asked you for any extended privilege."

"I know it, Henry, and that is why I hate to refuse to let you go, but I suppose I will have

to give in, for I know you will never be satisfied now."

Henry caught her around the neck and hugged and kissed her over and over, for he loved his aunt as much as if she had been his own mother; and she was the same as a mother to him.

"Now, Albert," said Aunt Tildy, "I guess you are as able to take care of yourself as Henry, but I don't believe your mother will give her consent to let you go, for you are her only son and she thinks the world and all of you."

"I know," I said, "but I believe she will be willing when she understands how everything will be. Henry and I will tell her about the big crowd that will be going, and I don't think she will be very obstinate. Now I want Henry to go home with me in the morning, and I think he and I together can persuade her to let me go."

The next morning Henry and I went over to my house and as soon as we arrived there broached the subject.

I can't dwell on this painful scene; suffice it to say I gained my point, and it was agreed that Henry and I should start for the rendez-