

Borealis Maculosa G. King

CB  
T364

July 28, 1907

Golden Plover

Remigence of plain

crossing. 1882



Golden Plover

The cattle could be found but  
found none but got the 2 waggons  
down the River sold one for  
150 dollars <sup>which</sup> ~~which~~ payed for the trip  
and the getting the 2 down the  
River we got a home one hundred  
miles above Id. near the Willamette  
River where we remained till  
after husband's death

and fearing this will be of no  
benefit to you I will close  
it will find you all well  
and happy with best wishes for  
all enquiring friends if there  
are any such yours respectfully

~~Julia A~~  
Julian Thomas

11 we then met with one of the cool  
boys of previous acquaintance  
and prevailed on him to go after  
S. S. Thomas who he found  
at his home near Silvertown  
who came to Id and took us to  
his home ~~arriving~~ arriving  
there the 2<sup>d</sup> of Oct  
husband still wandering in  
his mind although gaining  
in strength  
which lasted till about the 15<sup>th</sup> of  
Nov when we were taking of the  
hospital in Id he recalled to mind  
hearing the Superintendent of  
the hospital offer up a prayer for  
a young man that was very sick  
and husband's mind cleared at  
once and as soon as his strength would  
permit (in March) he returned to the  
Dalles to try and learn if any of

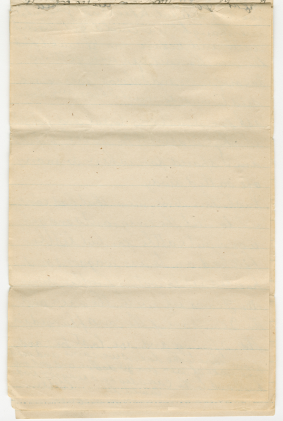


17 The great boat was nearly  
loaded so much so that they  
could not take us on the  
boat and husband was not  
able to sit up and his mind  
wandered continually  
which lasted till near the middle  
of May, well we got to the  
cascades and I got husband taken  
around the falls on what they  
called a car in a half sitting  
posture the car might have been  
six foot long and three or four feet  
wide with a man between the  
shafts to guide and a mule to pull  
the load, the children and myself  
walked the 5 miles around to where  
we got on a steamboat and went to  
Id and when we got to the hospital  
we had seven dollars and fifty cents  
this was about the 28 of October



7. Then ~~we~~  
we had decided ~~to~~ sleeping just what  
we thought we could get through  
with and before Mr G could find  
the oxen the children were getting  
to complain and I almost gave up and  
said to myself must I hear my children  
ask for something to eat and not get  
it that is almost too much but what  
am I spared for when so many  
one called away

Just then some men that had come  
out to meet the emigrants and get  
worn out cattle for but little  
hitched on to our waggons and  
headed us to water pretty soon  
Mr G came up with the oxen and  
the 2 cows one of the cows plunged in  
the spring and we lost her and  
from there to the falls we came and sold  
one yoke of oxen for 30 dollars and got my  
husband to be cascaded in a wagon box  
towed by a little

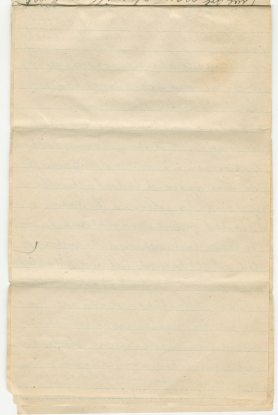




8  
of our's stalled and as we could  
not pass we just had to wait  
till they were out of the way and  
so it was that we were late getting  
up the hill and failed to get to where  
there was water that evening

and as we had to make a dry camp  
the oxen left and one of the cows had been  
left and in the morning Mr Gould the  
old stranger went to look after the  
cow and to fetch in the oxen

I started before sunrise and found  
the Oxen but was myself lost and  
did not get to camp till about 11 o'clock  
and found my husband yite wild  
as well as the children scared and Mr  
G came in sometime after with the cow  
and we were so late getting started that  
we did not get to water and again the oxen  
left us again by this time we were getting



1 we are now at willow creek  
here we learn that Mr Thomas is  
Brother Lawren of Thomas had come  
that far to meet us and not hearing  
anything directly from us had the  
day before got impatient and  
returned home

this peice of information had the  
effect of completely frustrating  
and unbalancing my husband  
as he was at the time suffering  
with moutain fever

and from that time on I had but  
little help besides what my little  
six year old boy could do he did  
manage to sit in the waggion  
and keep the oxen moving

and there was an old stranger by  
the name of Gauld took pity on  
us and volunteered to drive the two  
cows and coming up the Hill



to in the night and listen to the  
howl of the coyote and remember  
the graves that but yesterday we  
had passed where the coyote  
had more than once unearthed  
those that had been or at least  
should have been laid to rest and  
just to think of it who would not  
try to forget Sept 5 babe died  
Sept 12 recrossed the Snake River  
from that time on the journey  
was more like a troublesome  
dream or perhaps nightmare  
my husbands health began to fail  
the hands got impatient a'got  
them ponies and left us ging  
on ahead  
cattle gave out provision got  
scarce many were almost with  
out (we did not that ordeal)  
sickness an trouble on every





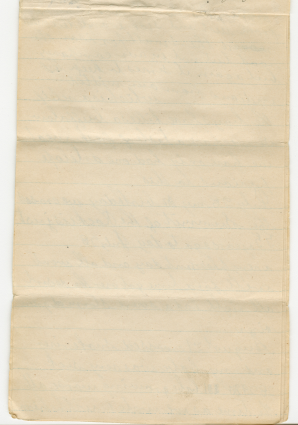
70  
from dust and sickness are discovered  
near the small pox is on the  
road but not in our company  
but again it serves to keep the  
Indians from our midst

which is a relief  
the boys have killed a buffalo  
so we have a taste of fresh meat  
we have only had one antelope  
previous to this

July 28 my 30 birthday we crossed  
the Summit of the Rockies just  
55 years ago to day July 28

a very pleasant day and all went  
well for a time got over the desert  
all night had a severe storm at green  
river

August 21 crossed Snake river  
and my babe was very sick  
28 29 30 31 babe growing worse all  
the time as we watch with him





in looking over what I have written  
there is so little where there should  
be so much, there was the old crater  
and the country for miles with  
so much to attract the attention  
the many evidences of volcanic  
disturbance the Bear river Powder  
river and many others

at fort Hall we fell in with the  
Hales where Michael Hales wife died  
we traveled with them till when my  
baby died they went on and left us  
we are took them I think on Powder  
river perhaps

where Michael's Daughter 12 years  
old was sick we traveled with  
them till she died which was  
on the Grand Pond and on to the  
John day where they met a boat and  
crossed on and left us once more





*[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]*



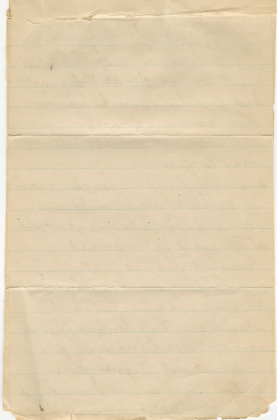
nothing more than storms and  
bad roads impeded our progress  
except that the children and  
one of the teamsters had measles  
and we were forced to lay by  
some 3 weeks, and we were  
near losing our teams  
in crossing Des Moines river  
and on or about the 6<sup>th</sup>  
of June we crossed the Missouri  
River, here we joined a company  
fearing Indians and in a few  
days came to Elm River  
where some of the company had  
cholera, and we left the train  
and with our 2 wagons and  
2 <sup>men</sup> young by the name  
of George and Horatio Cook  
they having only a cart  
traveled along the Hall River  
in our company

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, which is mostly illegible due to fading and the angle of the page.

Main body of the page containing several paragraphs of handwritten text. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to fading and the age of the paper. The handwriting appears to be in cursive.



I you ask for something of  
my early life I was born in  
Canada in the year 1823  
and at the age of 17 seventeen with  
my father (Jonas Poffenbarger)  
and family came to Ill  
then a new country not  
yet without some indians  
near to fear  
and no schools or churches near  
we settled eight miles from  
Rockford then a town & years old  
at the age of 23 I married  
Angelus Thomas  
and in the year 1855 <sup>March 25</sup> with my  
husband and 4 four little ones  
started on that perilous journey  
across the plains with  
two wagons 2 yoke of oxen  
and 4 four cows (I cannot give  
any other dates her correctly)





Goldendale Wash July  
Mr Hackelman Albany oga  
Dear friend

Your letter is  
at hand and perused and we are  
glad to know that you are all well  
but as to my writing anything  
that will be of any benefit  
to you or any one else I fear  
that I will be a failure  
nevertheless I will try but after  
all the long years of trying  
to forget to now try to  
remember I cannot flatter  
myself into thinking that  
anything I write will be in a book

