

PIONEER JOSLYN DIES IN SOUTH

EARLY SETTLER WHITE SALMON

Built First Home at Bingen 50 Years ago—Property was Destroyed

By Indian Raid of 1856.

Erastus S. Joslyn, one of the earliest settlers on the middle Columbia and for many years the owner of what is the Glacier ranch at White Salmon, the property of Judge A. R. Berkett, died recently at Santa Barbara, Cal., at the age of 79.

The life of Erastus Joslyn is closely linked with the early history of the Hood River country. Mr. Joslyn was a native of Massachusetts, where he was born of New England parentage, on September 17, 1825. The early years of his life were spent in his native state, where he was married on May 10, 1848, to Miss Mary Warner. In 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn started for Oregon by way of the Isthmus of Panama, arriving in Portland in the fall of that year, where they remained over the winter.

In the spring of 1853, Mr. Joslyn made a trip up the Columbia river in search of a location, selecting a donation claim at White Salmon, on which the present town of Bingen stands. There for many years he and his wife were the only white settlers on the north shore of the Columbia river, between the Cascade and Walla Walla.

In the fall of 1855 rumors of disturbances and threatenings among the Yakima Indians became alarming, although the tribe of Klickitats, living about the Joslyn place, remained friendly to the whites. Led by their chief, Kamliken, the Yakimas determined upon an extermination of whites along the Columbia. Although at first restrained and discouraged in their plan by the friendly Klickitats, the apparently unwarranted arrest of three Klickitat chiefs by government officers, precipitated an alliance and attack upon the settlers. This arrest was strongly opposed by Mr. Joslyn, who, fearing its effect, removed his wife to Portland, leaving his claim in charge of two men. Scarcely had they left the Washington shore when the men were warned by a friendly Indian that an attack was imminent, and leaving the claim the claim they fled for their lives before a band of warriors for one whole night, reaching the river and crossing unharmed to Hood River, where but two white men and their families then lived—Nathaniel Coe and William Jenkins. From there they saw the Joslyn house and barn go up in flames kindled by the hand of old White Salmon Dave, a Yakima chief, who still lives in the neighborhood of Bingen.

This Indian outbreak of 1856, and the midnight flight at the time by the small band of Hood River settlers, is graphically described by Captain H. C. Coe, in his reminiscences of early days in Hood River, published in the Glacier, April, 1903. Mr. Coe says:

"The year 1856 was one of anxiety to the few and scattered inhabitants of Eastern Oregon and Washington. Rumors of an impending Indian outbreak filled the air—came with the winter's snows but did not go with them. For a year the columns of the Weekly Oregonian had been filled with accounts of the barbarous tortures inflicted upon helpless immigrants who fell into the hands of the hostile hordes in the eastern part of the territory. The question then with the wretched prisoners was not how long before they would be changed would set them free, but how long before death would release them from the infernal tortures inflicted by their captors. Once in their clutches few escaped to tell the awful tale.

"The powerful assistance led by the noted Chief Kamliken, were practically on the war path, and their emissaries were everywhere urging the Columbia river tribes to join in a war of extermination against the whites. The Klickitats, an important tribe of the Yakimas, withheld for a time the importunities of their inland brothers and gave up their arms to the authorities without a word; but the maggot of unrest was industriously working in the "military brain," and the arrest of three of the principal chiefs of the tribe was decided upon. Mr. Joslyn, the pioneer settler of White Salmon, a warm-hearted Christian gentleman and an earnest friend of the Indians, protested in vain against the arrest of the unsuspecting chiefs were easily trapped, loaded with chains, sent to Vancouver, and placed in charge of the regular army. They soon found means to evade the vigilance of their guards and returned to their tribe, who, with a few notable exceptions, at once joined the hostiles.

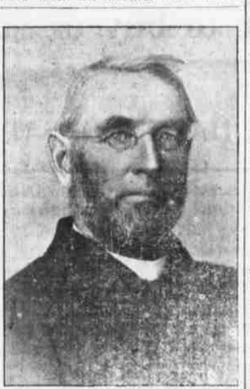
"This occurred during the latter part of February, 1856. Mr. Joslyn, satisfied that trouble would follow the arrest of the chiefs, had removed with his family to Portland, leaving a hired man named Galentine, and a boy named Hawks to look out for the place. An attack was at once planned by the angry chiefs, but the friendly Indians notified them of the plot and they left the place and crossed to Hood River, where they were chased all night by the hostiles. For this act of friendship to the whites the friendly Indians were compelled to leave their homes and with their wives and little ones also came to Hood River. There were at that time but two families living here—William Jenkins and wife and two brothers-in-law, making with our family and the man named Galentine seven men, two women and two boys, composing the entire white population between the Cascades and The Dalles.

"Our farm work thus far had been done very much as the Jews had rebuilt Jerusalem, with implements of war in one hand and a trowel in another. Many a day have I waged on the war drums, hit them continuously, filling our hearts with forebodings of trouble.

"The Hood River Indians had been, so far, very pronounced in their friendship toward us, and in conjunction with the friendly Klickitats, had captured and brought to the Oregon side every canoe or boat that could be found which was in reach of the hostiles. So far so good; but the Polala Illah (sand land) Indians under old Chief Walla chin, living on what was afterward the Haynes ranch, about two miles west of Hood River, were known to have a very decided leaning toward the hostiles. We at once appealed to the military authorities at The Dalles for protection, and Lieutenant Davidson was sent down with a company of cavalry. How well I remember them coming! The hostiles had been unusually active that morning, and the boy Woodburn Hawks and myself had been sent out to gather up the cattle and drive them home. We did not much like the job, but could

not help it; but before we found the cattle we saw the smoke from Joslyn's house and barn and hurried home as fast as our feet could carry us. We found the cavalry had arrived, and their coming was the signal for the burning. The valiant lieutenant marshaled his forces on the sand bar, and hailing the steamer Wasco on her way to The Dalles, started for the seat of war. My two brothers and the two Benons had gone with the troops, also Amos Underwood, who was on his way to the Cascades, was one of the party. How the Indians did yell! The cliffs were alive with them, and their war whoops echoed and re-echoed across the river. The valiant lieutenant, ere he reached the landing, suddenly remembered that he had orders not to molest the Indians in Washington, but merely to protect the settlers and their property at Hood River, and ordered the boat to land him again on the Oregon shore. Discretion in this case was certainly the better part of valor, for it undoubtedly saved him his scalp and that of every member of his party that was to have landed on the hostile shore.

"That night, by some means, a band of hostiles crossed the river and attacked the camp of friendly Klickitats near where the section house now stands, and after a sharp exchange of shots, in which one of the invaders was seriously wounded, the friendlies left their camp and came trooping up to the house. Soon after the hostiles came across



The Late Erastus S. Joslyn.

some of the cavalry picket guard opened fire on them, which sent them scurrying to camp. These men were posted on the brow of the hill near where my house now stands, so that evidently the Indians were reconnoitering and unexpectedly ran across the guards. Everybody was of course up and under arms, but nothing else occurred during the night.

"The next day all was quiet across the river. The Indians had gone; not a squaw pappoose nor puppy was left. They had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. Even the friendly Klickitats were at a loss to account for their absence. All but the Cascade massacre was the dreadful sequel of their vanishing.

"A few days later the cavalry returned to The Dalles, and the daily routine of farm work was resumed, undisturbed until the awful horror of the 28th day of March. What a bright, beautiful day it was! The broad bosom of the Columbia was like mirrored glass. My two yokes of oxen were yoked to the wagon, and Brother Charles was deputized as special guard for the day's trip to Rail gulch for a load of rails. Just as we were ready to start a faint "hullo" was heard from over the river, near the mouth of the White Salmon. Again and again it came. Finally, two figures were made out, waving their blankets. The Indians collected at the house, hesitating, fearing a trap, but finally, fully armed, a party started over to investigate. Before their return we had gone for our day's work. About two o'clock, when on our way home, my brother Eugene came riding up on horseback with the news that the Cascades had been attacked and that the battle was then raging, and told us to hurry home as fast as possible. The appalling news fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The battle going on, or possibly over, and an elder brother there, perhaps dead.

"On reaching home we found everything in commotion. The Indians had gathered in for council and were evidently much excited. The parties who were signaling across the river in the morning proved to be a buck and his squaw who had been held as prisoners by Shownawal, a brother of Kamliken, because he had refused to let the chief have a rifle to which the chief had taken a fancy. They had been seven days coming from the Simcoe reservation and had experienced fearful hardships on the way over from hunger and fatigue, having come nearly all the way through snow, in some places many feet deep. They brought news that the hostiles were to start so as to reach the Cascades the very day that they had reached the river. They had strained every nerve in order to reach us sooner and give the alarm, but they were too late.

"My brother Eugene immediately started for the landing to intercept the little steamer Mary, which was then coming in sight, and communicate the news to them. Their reply sent a thrill of terror through every heart. They themselves had been in the fight and had by the greatest chance, barely escaped with their lives, and some had been seriously if not mortally wounded, and were then on board. Their advice was for us to fly with our lives, as in all probability every soul at the Cascades would be killed, as the woods were full of Indians. About sundown a courier arrived, bringing the news that Brad and some of the whites at the Cascades had been captured, as the Indians could be seen carrying flour and other things out of it. (This was a mistake as it was the Bush house, which had been abandoned and was afterward looted by the Indians.)

"A council was at once called, Indians included. They on their part promised to station guards all along the river and to send couriers to the Cascades, and this promise was faithfully executed. After they had gone it was unanimously decided that we should at all hazards attempt to reach The Dalles. We had all confidence in the Klickitats; they had been proved, but we satisfied the others could not be trusted. Our only route was by the river, and the craft a large Chinook canoe which had been hid in the brush near where the present wagon bridge crosses Hood River, and was owned by an old Indian named Winousha. This canoe was an exceptionally fine one, capable of carrying 30 or 40 passengers.

"That afternoon we met both little steamers, Mary and Wasco, fairly blue with soldiers, and loaded to the guns with cavalry and quantities of war, on their way to the relief of the Cascades. They stopped as they came to us, inquiring for news. We gave them what we had heard from the courier the night before, and they hurried on. How their polished rifles and bayonets gleamed and shimmered in that noon-day sun! and their clanking sabers made sweet music to our care-worn ears. How fierce and brave and good they looked! Oh! would they be in time! About 3 o'clock we reached The Dalles, where almost the entire population turned out to meet us, inquiring for the news. And there our journey ended.

"Returning to the scene of destruction, Mr. Joslyn built for himself and wife another home, and they resumed their residence as the sole white settlers of that region. Although never residing in The Dalles for more than a few months continuously, Mr. Joslyn was identified with the interests of that city, and on September 17, 1859, assisted in the establishment of the First Congregational church of The Dalles, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Tenney, E. S. Bonfield, William B. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Z. J. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn being the charter members of that society. He was also one of the incorporators of the Wasco Woolen mill, in this city, besides representing Skamania county for more than one term in the Washington Territorial Assembly in the '60s.

In 1875, Mr. Joslyn sold his White Salmon home and removed to Colorado Springs, where he has resided until the past two years, and where Mrs. Joslyn died. For the past two years he has resided at Santa Barbara. His second wife, formerly Miss Anna Tuck, at one time a resident of The Dalles, survives him.

Lived One Time at Forest Grove.

Daily papers yesterday contained an account of the death at Santa Barbara, Cal., of Erastus S. Joslyn, whom old residents of Forest Grove remember as living in this region long ago. During the Indian troubles in the fifties he was driven from his home at White Salmon, came here and farmed the A. T. Smith place for several years. He then returned to White Salmon, where he lived many years, finally moving to Colorado, where he was a neighbor of the Boldracks before they left the state. Later he moved to Santa Barbara, where he died. Former acquaintances remember him for his hospitality and uprightness of life.—Forest Grove Times.

Poor Potatoes Flood the Market.

The California market is overstocked with low grade potatoes. The supply of choice potatoes is small. Salinas Burbanks are quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.40 per hundred pounds and Oregon Burbanks at 75 cents to \$1 per hundred pounds. Because Oregon growers do not sell potatoes more freely, some of the Portland buyers have been telling ridiculous stories about the potatoes from Dakota. They say they can get them there at 30 to 40 cents per 100 pounds and can move them from Dakota to Oregon for 30 cents per 100 pounds. We do not know if there is such a thing as a rate of 30 cents per 100 pounds on potatoes from Dakota to Portland but we do know that the only safe way of transporting potatoes from Dakota to Portland in the winter time is in a refrigerator car with a stove in it and the cost of moving them in this way is more than the potatoes are selling for now in Portland. Moreover the common type of potatoes grown in the Dakotas has a colored skin, and for some reason people on the Pacific coast discriminate against such potatoes. The worst feature about the potato market in Portland this year is the exceedingly poor quality of the greater part of the potatoes which are sold at retail in the city. Their quality raises the suspicion that they are the poorest grade of California River Burbanks which sell in California for 40 cents per 100 pounds.—Royal Northwest.

Novel Method for Bathing the Kid.

Charles E. Sawyer, alias Tom, the handy man for George Cornwall, who was born in the land of the Shanrock not so many years ago, and who prints a magazine for lumber men, the Columbia-Timberman, dried into Hood River Sunday night in quest of material to make the Timberman of interest to the sawmill men in other parts of the Northwest.

Tom stayed over until the next afternoon, leaving then for Bridal Veil. Tom always finds a welcome at the printshops, where his inimitable stories keep the force in humor until he comes again. This time Tom had a supply of new and original stories, and one in particular that should go into print. As Mr. Sawyer was returning on foot up the track from Menominee, he was passing the Indian cabins in the north part of the city, when out in front of one of them he saw a young buck, three or four years old. The buck was dressed in his copper buckskin, and God had made him, and although the temperature was hovering near the freezing point, the Indian mother had a pail of water beside her and was diligently applying the liquid as the kid jumped and yelled at each dash of cold water.

Tom was sorry for the young American, but was glad his mother didn't try that plan of bathing on him.

Can't Miss Glacier's Weekly Visit.

Winnat, Dec. 12, 1904.—Editor Glacier: Enclosed you will please find \$1.50 for which please continue our Glacier another year. I can't let it go; it is like an old friend coming in every week to "cheer but not inebriate." I have taken the Glacier ever since it first came out—a little strange walking. I have watched it grow and wax strong, and stronger under your efficient management. May it still continue to grow and prosper is the sincere wish of Yours truly, MRS. ALLEN FELTON.

Rumor of Still Another Steamer.

With the advent of spring we are promised that the fastest sternwheeler in the world will be placed on the river between The Dalles and Portland. It is the Telegraph, owned by Captain W. B. Scott, formerly one of the principal stockholders of the White Collar line. He will probably make the round trip between Portland and The Dalles one day and between Portland and Astoria the next. There has never been a steamer which has completed the round trip on either one of these routes in a day, but the captain is confident the Telegraph can do it. By alternating the run he believes he will get all the traffic that can be handled. The Telegraph will be operated as a passenger boat exclusively. No stops will be made at the way landings. During the past year she has been plying between Seattle and Port Orford, and averaged 17 miles an hour for every day she was in commission. At times she made more than 20 miles an hour. Captain Scott thinks the Lewis and

Clark fair will attract thousands of Eastern people to Portland next year, and that is the reason he has decided to bring his steamer here. He believes he can reap a fortune carrying visitors up and down the scenic Columbia.

Apple Growers' Union.

All members who have not done so are requested to notify the union how many boxes of each variety they will have on hand after the Ben, Ganos, Stark and Baldwins are packed; also state if they have storage to protect same from freezing. HOOD RIVER APPLE GROWERS' UNION, E. H. Shepard, manager.

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To the Fruit Grower: I will say I have something that will please you. The Zaun Ladder and Little Red Giant Apple Press—both, up-to-date—better to Buy one—it will keep you from being cross to your wife and children. Buy your apple boxes while you can get the Bridal Veil Box. Last car of 8,000 just in. You'll have to hurry. H. W. Wait

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