



ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY, BY  
CLARKE & CRAIG,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,  
S. A. CLARKE. D. W. CRAIG.

TERMS OF Subscription.  
One copy, one year (52 numbers) ..... \$2.50  
One copy, six months (26 numbers) ..... 1.25  
One copy, three months (13 numbers) ..... .75

SALEM, FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1879.

"Last of the Mopicans."

Quinby was here when the first missionaries reached Salem Prairie, a beautiful place on the banks of the flowing Willamette, that bore the not unmeaning name of Che-mek-e-ta, meaning in the aboriginal tongue, "Our Old Home," or "The Place of Rest," so named because it was the home spot, the gathering place and winter camp of the band of Calipouos who occupied the region now known as Mill Creek and Salem Prairies, and the hills and mountains to the eastward, extending from the Santiam to Pudding River. This band of Indians were never hostile or even troublesome to the whites. In spring time they went back to the seashore and mountain valleys to dig camas; in the summer time they went to the mountains for berries; they hunted game and dried their meats for winter provisions, and to have a surplus to trade to other bands. They saved the skins and peltries, and carried on an aboriginal commerce, which was extensive, and as well regulated as other commerce. The Indians at the Falls caught and cured salmon, and that was their exchange for the supplies purchased of other Indians.

- On the banks of the *Mississippi*, at Salem, where the watermeadows land at whitewash, and saw and great mill and great washhouses are located, as well as many a cozy home, there was a magnificent forest of trees at the upper end of the town, below the mouth of the slough and the outlet of upper Mill Creek, there was an oak opening where was the favorite camping spot, and the summer camps were all along the river bank in the shade of the forest; but the best winter camp was over the creek, on the hillside south, where the great forest also extended. We have our own home there now, shadowed in summer by beautiful oaks that were but saplings in the days we speak of, and our own hands have cleared a portion of the land where the Indians long ago located their Chemeketa—their "Place of Rest," their "Old Home."

The last great gathering of the clan was in the winter of 1847, when at least 250 of them made their camps on the old grounds. That was a terrible winter for the old denizens of Chemeketa. The measles broke out among them. Their sweat-houses were along the river, and the infatuated wretches would rush from them into the cold creek water, and that was sure death. Over one hundred died, until at last Mr. Parrish, Dr. Wilson and other missionaries interfered to show them the absurdity of this treatment, but by that time half of the tribe, nearly, had died, and their graves thickly studded the knoll where Salem Mills now stand. That was the end of their attachment for Chemeketa as a "Place of Rest," and though winter camps were made here, they bore no comparison to the happy winters spent there in the olden time.

Quinby was not a chief, but he was a prominent individual of the tribe, and as the chief died during the pestilence of 1847, Quinby was therefore looked upon as the leading man of the band. His daughter was the wife of Webb Haunhurst, and as long as Haunhurst lived near Salem his home was with them, or on the banks of Mill Creek's rear, by the farms two miles from Salem. After Haunhurst removed, Quinby accepted the inevitable and worked for his daily bread. His saw and buck were the mainstay of his family, and so long as his strength held out, and "cheap Chinese labor" was not in the way, he worked diligently, always good-humored and even jolly, with a host of Boston talloweens for his friends, and plenty of work to do. It is not too much to say that the old fellow was a favorite with the race who had dispossessed him. He was a "gentle savage," not cursed with many bad habits, though he has occasionally been known to go upon a spree. To call him "Mister Quinby," and ask after the health of "Mrs. Quinby," was to "do him very proud."

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DEATH.—On the 21st December, 1878, Mr. E. Simmons, aged 55 years. Mr. Simmons was a farmer and nurseryman, in the hills, a few miles south of Salem, and had been long and favorably known. His disease was quick consumption. He leaves a wife and a large family of children to mourn his loss.

The well-known and popular seedsmen, Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., are again before our readers with their annual announcement. Their catalog, which is mailed free, is offered to all of our readers. We would advise them to avail themselves of this offer.

The way to reach to a man's heart is to enter to his appetite. A girl who can draw a piano and agitate the atmosphere is a good parlor ornament, but one that can grease a griddle and turn two pancakes at a time is the kind of a female to tie to this time of year.

receiving, no doubt, kind treatment and benefits everywhere, and at one place the remains of a wedding feast were set before him and he made a Christmas dinner such as no one of the old residents of Chemeketa ever made before, and then went home and died. It is pleasant to know that it was not starvation, but a suffering that ended his days; that he had money in his pocket, provisions in his camp, old breeches under promise, and a good feeling in his heart towards the whites which spelled him out as the last man of his tribe, the last one of all the band that welcomed the whites. Chemeketa forty years ago, and deserves, from this fact and his many good qualities, to have pleasant mention, honorable burial, and a stone to mark his grave. We are glad to know that the County Judge, Hon. J. J. Shaw, has consented that his remains shall be deposited in the cemetery lot, in the beautiful Odd Fellows' Cemetery, and we hope that some suitable monument will mark the last resting-place of our old friend, the last of this fading race.

Oregon Flax Appreciated.

Hon. A. J. Dufur, Centennial Commissioner, has received the following letter from the manager of the Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia, concerning Oregon flax and the way it is appreciated there, and we publish it with a suggestion made at the request of Mr. Dufur, that Marion County flax growers, and any others interested, shall send to Mr. Dunton bales of their flax, on which he will pay the expense.

The invention of a machine that will accomplish so much is very important to Oregon, and our flax growers will be benefited by it greatly,

and they will also derive the greatest possible benefit from having the good qualities of this flax made known as so important a place as the Permanent Exhibition. Mr. Dunton says:

"Your samples of flax, even in the straw,

have excited admiration from all discriminating examiners at the Permanent Exhibition.

I have at the main building a new and ingenious machine for dressing textiles and have passed a few of your stalks through it, with telling effects to your credit, your beautiful fibers coming out of the machine a veritable "Golden Fleece."

"I wish to say that I shall gladly set forth

daily new samples of your flax if I am supplied

with the rotted straw stalks, and if you will

send me a bale or two of your long stalks, I

will pay the freight on the same and show the

dressed flax to the very best advantage.

"I have just learned that Mr. Foster Tappan

has written you to send us some flax in the

straw, say 100 pounds, or so. Our machine

does all the work of breaking, scutching and

hacking simultaneously. All we want is the

straw rotted; the balance of working is left

the machine will execute.

"P. S. The machine is idle now, just for

want of the fodder to show its beautiful work."

OFF for Philadelphia.

Hon. A. J. Dufur was in our office last week, and informed us that he was on his way to attend the last meeting of the Centennial Board at Philadelphia, for the purpose of making the final report of the Centennial commissioners.

Mr. Dufur says that, as the State has paid him for his past services as commissioner, he chooses to make the final journey at his own expense, that his disinterestedness may not be questioned.

We admire his independence, his devotion to Oregon interests, and his pride to have Oregon represented in the closing up of the great Exposition, and we have no doubt he will study everything that can be done for the advantage of our State, as he always has in the past. We wish him a pleasant and successful voyage.

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