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The Progress.

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A Dark-Skinned Huntress.

While at Chewela recently I met Nancy McKenzie, a noted half-breed woman, who is known throughout the far Northwest, from Montana to Puget sound. She lives in a little log cabin in one one of those fertile little valleys which abound in the mountainous districts of Washington Territory, on the Chil-charl-a-mouse. Nancy, as she is familiarly known, is a large-framed, tall woman, about sixty years of age, who takes more after her Indian mother than her Scotch father, who, as an enlisted man in the service of the Hudson Bay company, left his home in the Orkney islands about seventy-five years ago and sought wealth and adventure in the untrodden and unknown regions of the Northwest, where his employers, the Hudson Bay company, were seeking to establish trading posts and gain a foothold in the name of the British crown in a territory that John Jacob Astor was trying to gain possession of as a feeder for his newly established fort, Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river. He was one of those wild and daring men, the records of whose prowess are only preserved in the oft-told legends of the past that are narrated and listened to by half-clothed savages around their winter camp fires. He married an Indian woman and lost all desire to leave the wild home and associates with whom circumstances had thrown him. It is more than even hinted that he joined the savages in their first wars with the whites, and that more than once his hand was red with the blood of his fellow-countrymen, whose lonely cabin he had with his savages fired with the midnight torch.

Be this as it may, Nancy grew to womanhood under his tutelage and around his camp fire, following him in his migrations from the buffalo hunting grounds of Montana to the Salmon creeks that empty their waters into the great Columbia, and to Puget sound, where the wandering tribes of savages would congregate at certain seasons. In her younger days she must doubtless have been a model for the sculptor in physical development, for though aged and wrinkled she is still nearly six feet in height and straight as the typical Indian, with strong and deeply penciled features.

Notwithstanding her sex she became a noted marksman and hunter, which characteristics distinguish her to this day. She was married young, as is the custom among Indians of her mother's tribe, to a Scotchman, who, like her father belonged to the Hudson Bay company, and after buffeting with the tide of emigration which had begun to plough across the Rocky mountains and up from California they settled in the valley where she now lives alone and unfriended save by the wandering bands of Indians, who never pass her cabin by. She is a widow, her husband, Patrick McKenzie, having died of consumption a few years since, and is the last representative of her race, as her numerous progeny have all died.

Nancy still clings to the habits of her youth, and may be seen every day riding astride her tough cayuse pony, driving her small band of horses and cattle to the ranges in the mountains or galloping away down the worn Indian trail, followed by two powerfully knit and deep-voiced deer hounds, as she goes out to enjoy a day's sport hunting the deer along the mountain sides or the black bear in the swamps. She always carries her old-style Henry rifle on her shoulder, and maintains her reputation as a marksman and a hunter. She always has her meat house well stored with venison, while antlers, bear-skins and other trophies supply the place of furniture in her cabin.

I was told a little story concerning her by a physician who lives near by. He said that a few days before he was out in the swamps back of his house hunting pheasants, when he heard the sharp crack of a rifle near by. Thinking that it was some of his neighbors who had scared up a deer in the swamp, he hastened to the spot and found Nancy McKenzie with a smoking gun in hand, peering towards the roots of an upturned fir tree. On asking her what she had shot she replied in French—for she only speaks Indian and French—that she had shot a bear standing against the root of the tree and was not certain whether or not she had killed him. The doctor admitted that his knees smote together a little when he looked in the direction indicated and saw a great shaggy object rolling about on the ground. Nancy said that she was out of amunition and asked him to give Bruin a parting shot. The doctor was a frank man, and he again admitted that he shot and that the bear died, but that on examination it was found that he had not touched a hair.

The untold history of Nancy's life would fill an interesting volume with adventures equal to those of Kit Carson and Daniel Boon.—Birmingham (Ala.) Herald.

The Maori Race.

The Maoris who inhabit the three Islands situated in the South Pacific ocean known as the colony of New Zealand, are, mentally and physically, the finest race of aborigines in the world. They are a copper-colored race, not unlike the american Indians in tint. The men are large and powerful, and the women are mostly handsome.

The Maoris are the only colored race who use the tattoo to designate the standing of their chiefs and princesses. The Maori king has not a spot on his face that is not tattooed. In tattooing they first boil the leaves of a plant that grows in the woods, making a jet black. Next they secure some peepee shells, that are very sharp on their edges, and laying the boy to be operated on on his back, where he is held by two or three strong men, the tangi, or medicine man, commences cutting a scroll work on the boy's face laying the flesh open with the edge of the shell. He then lays the ink in the wounds. On a full-blooded chief it takes from five to eight weeks to finish the tattooing, and nearly a year for it to heal up. This is a most painful mode for decorating the person, but the young chiefs are always very anxious to have the operation performed.

One of the grandest signts in their history was a war dance performed by over 3,000 Maoris, led by Queen Emma, queen of the Napuhl tribe. This woman stands over six feet high and is built in proportion. She is the best specimen of her race to be found in the colony. The war dancers work like a well-trained ballet, and dance without making any false motions.

The Maoris are very industrious, and you will find them tilling their lands all over the country. They are not afraid to work, and they have become a great credit to their country.

The Indian; Right and Wrong.

☞ "WE hold these truths to be self-evident, that ALL MEN are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS."—Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776.

NELSON'S RED LAKE BILL.

In these days of that legislation which is looking up measures for the advancement of the Indian, and at the same time is obeying the clamor for the reduction and abolition of reservations, the thoughtful mind will find much to consider. As between the whites and the Indians, there are opposing interests, and in the desire to reconcile differences of opinions, we find legislators themselves divided as to the best means of solving the problem.

But on the whole we believe there is a strong desire on the part of the Senate and House Indian Committees to deal fairly with the aboriginal owners of the soil, consistently with what is deemed necessary action in regard to the demands for reduction and abolition of reservations.

Upon due reflection, we believe it can be fairly asserted that two prevailing sentiments must be modified before any satisfactory conclusions can be reached. One, for convenience sake may be termed sickly sentimentality; and the other, *greed*. The romantic halo thrown about the Indian character may have its proper place, but that place is not in the practical affairs of this life. While the system of patronage has done much for the Indian in the past, it finds no favor in the eyes of the frontiersman, and who now is exerting a powerful influence in national legislation.

The Indian's best friend is he who is laboring for his rights without appealing to sentiment. This much must be conceded to the Westerner that has practical knowledge of the follies of his red neighbor. But while conceding this we also wish to remind the Westerner that the red man has virtues as well as vices, and because he is in possession of these better qualities he is entitled to a due consideration of his RIGHTS; that public obligation to morality demands attention to these rights, and that a respectful hearing be given him and his friends. And appropos to this, is the train of reflections which follows a study of the Red Lake Indians of this State.

There are differences of opinion relative to the merits of the so-called Red Lake agreement entered into two years ago by the Northwestern Indian commission, as also regarding the Red Lake bill recently introduced in Congress by the Hon. Knute Nelson.

The two are antagonistic in many ways. There are features in the first which threaten its passage, because to some they seem to give to the Indians an advantage which the opposing sentiment cannot tolerate.

The Hon. Knute Nelson believes he voices the sentiment of the fifth district when he opposes the Northwestern commissions agreement, and introducing his bill as a substitute, and it is but natural to believe that the friends of the former will defend it, and interpose objections to the substitute.

We have no room for elaboration, but will say briefly that while both measures contain much that is good, neither just as the bills are framed meet with the sanction of the majority. The members of this reservation are not pecuniarily interested in any way with those of the Red Lake reservation, and therefore the Progress will not speak with that determination which it claims for itself when discussing matters affecting the Mississippi Chippewas, but it ventures a few remarks here as the champion of the Indian in general.

We judge that Mr. Nelson from his standpoint can point out the objectional features of the "agreement" he opposes, and beyond a doubt in many instances his objections will prove irrefutable. Perhaps on the whole his proposed substitute may be more to the advantage of those Indians immediately interested, but we nevertheless believe that his bill does not cover the whole ground of remedy.

It is asserted in some quarters that there is a power unseen behind his bill; that it has a faint savor of jobbery. We do not join in this hue and cry of 'stop thief,' for in our analysis of the language of this bill we fail to discern the traces of any "fine Italian hand." Neither do we assert that it is absolutely free from suspicion. We simply know nothing for or against this accusation. This much however we WILL say, that we shall need stronger proof than the mere echo of sounds which seem to issue from no particular spot, before we can believe that Mr. Nelson has lent his aid to any nefarious schemes. In regard to his bill The Progress believes that it ought to be modified in many respects. For one thing, it believes that the bill does not provide for a sufficiently large permanent fund for this people while in the transition state.

What might be sufficient as a means of assistance for a community already well along in the paths of civilization, and therefore to a certain degree capable of exercise in the various industrial arts, will not suffice in this case, for the residents of this reservation are mostly still in the backgrounds of savagery.

In the very nature of the case, ample means must be provided to meet the wants of this people. By judicious legislation the Government can secure to this people a goodly income from the sale of lands to be ceded, and therefore need not be at any cost beyond what it can reimburse to itself sooner or later.

Again in regard to that section which provides for allotment in severalty. This bill shares with the "agreement" an error in regard to acreage. A precedent has been ESTABLISHED in a treaty clause with the Mississippi Indians and which ALLOTS *160 acres* to *each and every individual* regardless of age and estate. It is true that the so-called agreement with the White Earth Indians would make a change, but it should be understood that this is ONE *of the features* upon which the opposition seek to *prevent the ratification* of that agreement. Of course it is only a precedent, and need not be taken as the guide, if the Red Lakers are willing to enter into any arrangement to be content with less.

And in connection with this section some regard should be paid to the natural desire of the Indian respecting the nature of the instrument securing land to the allottee. While no fault can reasonably be found with the period of trust (50 years), still it would better secure the faith of the Indians, could the instrument be of greater security than a mere certificate.

It is rumored that opposition exists to authority, which has or will be done without the sanction of those Indians interested and who reside in what is known as the Northwest angle and the south shore of Lake of the Woods.

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