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BE CAREFUL.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we had nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, roost at home,
Don't speak of others' faults until
You have none of your own.

—Selected.

A Brave Indian Maiden.

The romantic story of Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian chief, Powhatan, who saved the life of Captain John Smith, when, as a prisoner, he was about to be put to death, is, says the *Courier-Journal*, familiar to all. The incident occurred in Virginia nearly three hundred years ago, yet is as fresh in the minds of every one as any event in the history of America—how she brought peace between the settlers and the Indians, went to England and was feted by royalty, was converted to the Christian faith and married John Rolfe, an Englishman, leaving one son whose

descendants are proud to trace back to their ancestress. Her story has been the theme of romance and poetry, artists have taken delight in perpetuating her figure in painting and sculpture, and her act of mercy and good will is frescoed on the walls of the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. All that gratitude and admiration for her memory has been freely done, and the savage elements of the Indian character have been veiled with a halo of romance by her heroic action. Her name is a household word, associated as it is with the first settlement of the country and only less known than that of the discoverer himself. This is all very well and is as should be. We have a country with no mythology with but little myth, and as we grow older there is a seeking after something of a mythical nature in our history, just as there is a ransacking of pedigrees among our gentler sex for evidence which will entitle them to become Daughters of the Revolution or Colonial Dames.

But Pocahontas is not the only Indian woman who merits recognition. Those who have read the thrilling story of Lewis and Clark's expedition to the Pacific in 1804-06 cannot but have been struck with the wonderful service rendered the party of exploration by the young Indian wife of Chabonneau, the half-breed interpreter. It was