

*THE FEAST OF THE VIRGINS.*

Tall and straight as the larch-tree stood  
The manly form of the brave young chief,  
And fair as the larch in its vernal leaf,  
When the red fawn bleats in the feathering wood.  
Mild was his face as the morning skies,  
And friendship shone in his laughing eyes;  
But swift were his feet o'er the drifted snow  
On the trail of the elk or the buffalo;  
And his heart was stouter than lance or bow,  
When he heard the whoop of his enemies.  
Five feathers he wore of the great Wanmdeè,  
And each for the scalp of a warrior slain,  
When down on his camp from the northern plain,  
With their murder-cries rode the bloody Cree.<sup>35</sup>  
But never the stain of an infant slain,  
Or the blood of a mother that plead in vain,  
Soiled the honored plumes of the brave Hóhé.  
A mountain bear to his enemies,  
To his friends like the red fawn's dappled form;  
In peace, like the breeze from the summer seas;  
In war, like the roar of the mountain storm.  
His fame in the voice of the winds went forth  
From his hunting grounds in the happy north,  
And far as the shores of the Great Medè<sup>36</sup>  
The nations spoke of the brave Chaskè.

Dark was the visage of grim Red Cloud,  
Fierce were the eyes of the warrior proud,  
When the chief to his lodge led the brave Chaskè,  
And Wiwâstè smiled on the tall Hóhé.