

*THE FEAST OF THE VIRGINS.*

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Like a fawn that flies from the baying hound;  
Wild were the shouts, and they rolled and broke,  
On the beetling bluffs and the hills profound,  
An echoing, jubilant sea of sound.  
Wakâwa, the chief, and the loud acclaim  
Announced the end of the well-fought game,  
And the fair Wiwâstè was victor crowned.

Dark was the visage of Hârpstinà  
When the robe was laid at her rival's feet,  
And merry maidens and warriors saw  
Her flashing eyes and her look of hate,  
As she turned to Wakâwa, the chief, and said:—  
"The game was mine were it fairly played.  
I was stunned by a blow on my bended head,  
As I snatched the ball from slippery ground  
Not half a fling from Wiwâstè's bound.  
And the cheat—behold her! for there she stands  
With the prize that is mine in her treacherous hands.  
The fawn may fly, but the wolf is fleet;  
The fox creeps sly on Magâ's<sup>10</sup> retreat;  
And a woman's revenge—it is swift and sweet."  
She turned to her lodge, but a roar of laughter  
And merry mockery followed after.  
Little they heeded the words she said,  
Little they cared for her haughty tread.  
For maidens and warriors and chieftain knew  
That her lips were false and her charge untrue.

Wiwâstè, the fairest Dakota maiden,  
The sweet-faced daughter of Little Crow,