

THE STAR FAMILY.

WAUPEE found a deep-trod circle
In the boundless prairie wide;
In the grassy sea of prairies,
Without trace of path beside.

To or fro, there was no token
Man had ever trod the plain;
And he gazed upon the wonder,
Gazed the wonder to explain.

I will watch the place, quoth Waupee,
And conceal myself awhile;
This strange mystery to unravel,
This new thing to reconcile.

Tracks I know of deer and bison,
Tracks of panther, lynx, or hind,
Beasts and birds of every nature,
But this beaten ring is blind.

Do the spirits here assemble,
War-dance light to trip and sing?
Gather Medas of the prairie,
Here their magic charm to fling?

Waupee crept beneath the bushes,
Near the wondrous magic ring;
Close beneath the shrubs and grasses,
To behold so rare a thing.

Soon he heard, high in the heavens,
Issuing from the feathery clouds—
Sounds of music, quick descending,
As if angels came in crowds.