

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
 The secrets of the heart and mind;
 To drop the plummet-line below
 Our common world of joy and woe,
 A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
 Of human right and weal is shown;
 A hate of tyranny intense,
 And hearty in its vehemence,
 As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh Freedom! if to me belong
 Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
 Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,
 Still with a love as deep and strong
 As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy
 shrine!

AMESBURY. 11th month. 1847.

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.*

—♦—

WE had been wandering for many days
 Through the rough northern country. We had seen
 The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
 Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
 Of Winnepiseogee; and had felt
 The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy aisles
 Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
 Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
 Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
 Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift

*Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N.H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief. — *Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
 Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
 Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
 Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
 Of forests and of far-off water-falls,
 We had looked upward where the summer sky,
 Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
 Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags
 O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
 Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
 The high source of the Saco; and, bewildered
 In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,
 Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
 The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
 Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains
 Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and
 thick

As meadow mole hills — the far sea of Casco,
 A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
 Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
 Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
 Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks
 Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken
 By the perpetual beating of the falls
 Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked
 The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
 By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
 Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
 From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
 Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
 Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines
 Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams

At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
 The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's chance
 Had thrown together in these wild north hills: —
 A city lawyer, for a month escaping
 From his dull office, where the weary eye
 Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged
 streets —

Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take
 Its chances all as God-sends; and his brother,
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining
 The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,
 In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed
 By dust of theologic strife, or breath
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;
 Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking
 The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,
 Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,
 Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,
 And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in truth, a study,
 To mark his spirit, alternating between
 A decent and professional gravity
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often
 Laughed in the face of his divinity,
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest
 Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,
 To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,
 Giving the latest news of city stocks
 And sales of cotton had a deeper meaning
 Than the great presence of the awful mountains

Glorified by the sunset; — and his daughter,
 A delicate flower on whom had blown too long
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,
 Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts' bay,
 With the same breath which stirs Spring's open-
 ing leaves
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,
 Poisoning our sea-side atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward way,
 A drear north-eastern storm came howling up
 The valley of the Saco; and that girl
 Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,
 Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled
 In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,
 Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams
 Which lave that giant's feet; whose laugh was
 heard
 Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze
 Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green
 islands,
 Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly
 drooped
 Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn
 Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled
 Heavily against the horizon of the north,
 Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home:
 And while the mist hung over dripping hills,
 And the cold wind-driven rain-drops, all day long
 Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,
 We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.
 The lawyer in the pauses of the storm

Went angling down the Saco, and, returning,
 Recounted his adventures and mishaps;
 Gave us the history of his scaly clients,
 Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations
 Of barbarous law Latin, passages
 From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh
 As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire
 Where, under aged trees, the south-west wind
 Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair
 Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,
 Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,
 His commentaries, articles and creeds
 For the fair page of human loveliness —
 The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text
 Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.
 He sang the songs she loved; and in his low,
 Deep earnest voice, recited many a page
 Of poetry — the holiest, tenderest lines
 Of the sad bard of Olney — the sweet songs,
 Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,
 Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount
 Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing
 From the green hills, immortal in his lays.
 And for myself, obedient to her wish,
 I searched our landlord's proffered library:
 A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pic-
 tures
 Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them —
 Watts' unmelodious psalms — Astrology's
 Last home, a musty file of Almanacs,
 And an old chronicle of border wars
 And Indian history. And, as I read
 A story of the marriage of the Chief
 Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,

Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
 In the old time upon Merrimack,
 Our fair one, in the playful exercise
 Of her prerogative — the right divine
 Of youth and beauty, — bade us versify
 The legend, and with ready pencil sketched
 Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning
 To each his part, and barring our excuses
 With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers
 Whose voices still are heard in the Romance
 Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks
 Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling
 The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled
 From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes
 To their fair auditor, and shared by turns
 Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone
 To the fair setting of their circumstances —
 The associations of time, scene and audience —
 Their place amid the pictures which fill up
 The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust
 That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,
 Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,
 That our broad land — our sea-like lakes, and
 mountains

Piled to the clouds, — our rivers overhung
 By forests which have known no other change
 For ages, than the budding and the fall
 Of leaves — our valleys lovelier than those
 Which the old poets sang of — should but figure
 On the apocryphal chart of speculation
 As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privi-
 leges,

Rights and appurtenances, which make up
 A Yankee Paradise — unsung, unknown,
 To beautiful tradition; even their names,
 Whose melody yet lingers like the last
 Vibration of the red man's requiem,
 Exchanged for syllables significant
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car, — will look kindly
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost
 Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear
 To the responses of the questioned Shade:

I. — THE MERRIMACK.

OH, child of that white-crested mountain whose
 springs
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters
 shine,
 Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the
 dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so
 lone,
 From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of
 stone,
 By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and
 free,
 Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the
 sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the
 trees
 Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in
 the breeze:

No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood
The bark-builed wigwams of Pennacook stood,
There glided the corn-dance — the Council fire
shone,
And against the red war-post the hatchet was
thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and
the young
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines
flung;
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy
maid
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum
braid.

Oh, Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a
moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

II. — THE BASHABA.*

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And turning from familiar sight and sound
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,
Led by the few pale lights, which, glimmering
round

That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;
And that which history gives not to the eye,
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,
Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,
Tracing many a golden line
On the ample floor within;

* This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. — *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. iii., pp. 21, 22. "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devill appeareth more familiarly than to others." — *Winslow's Relation*.

Where upon that earth-floor stark,
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,
Woven of the willow white,
Lent a dimly-checked light,
And the night-stars glimmered down,
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
Slowly through an opening broke,
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,
By the solemn pine-wood made;
Through the rugged palisade,
In the open fore-ground planted,
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,
Stir of leaves and wild flowers blowing,
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,
In the sun-light slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba,
Held his long-unquestioned sway,
From the White Hills, far away,
To the great sea's sounding shore;
Chief of chiefs, his regal word
All the river Sachems heard,
At his call the war-dance stirred,
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw

Panther's skin and eagle's claw,
Lay beside his axe and bow;
And, adown the roof-pole hung,
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
O'er the waters still and red;
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As, with quicker step and lighter,
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,
And a Panisee's dark will,
Over powers of good and ill,
Powers which bless and powers which
ban —
Wizard lord of Pennacook,
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,
When they met the steady look
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,
When the winter night-wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
And the fire burned low and small,
Till the very child a-bed,
Drew its bear-skin over head,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding
 Under earth or wave, abiding
 In the caverned rock, or riding
 Misty clouds or morning breeze;
 Every dark intelligence,
 Secret soul, and influence
 Of all things which outward sense
 Feels, or hears or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,
 At his bidding banned or blessed,
 Stormful woke or lulled to rest
 Wind and cloud, and fire and flood:
 Burned for him the drifted snow,
 Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
 And the leaves of summer grow
 Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old!
 Now, as then, the wise and bold
 All the powers of Nature hold
 Subject to their kingly will;
 From the wondering crowds ashore,
 Treading life's wild waters o'er,
 As upon a marble floor,
 Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements
 With their sterner laws dispense,
 And the chain of consequence
 Broken in their pathway lies;
 Time and change their vassals making,
 Flowers from icy pillows waking,
 Tresses of the sunrise shaking
 Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun
 Rests on towered Gibeon,
 And the moon of Ajalon
 Lights the battle-grounds of life;
 To his aid the strong reverses,
 Hidden powers and giant forces,
 And the high stars in their courses
 Mingle in his strife!

III. — THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men — the yell
 Of women thronging round the bed —
 The tinkling charm of ring and shell —
 The Powah whispering o'er the dead! —
 All these the Sachem's home had known,
 When, on her journey long and wild
 To the dim World of Souls, alone,
 In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling
 They laid her in the walnut shade,
 Where a green hillock gently swelling
 Her fitting mound of burial made.
 There trailed the vine in Summer hours —
 The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell —
 On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,
 Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine
 fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold —
 It closes darkly o'er its care,
 And, formed in Nature's sternest mould,
 Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.