

Thou com'st in beauty on my gaze at last,
 'On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,'
 Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
 When life was in its bud and blossoming,
 And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
 Of pure enthusiast thought, dimm'd my young eyes,
 As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
 I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
 The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

Wm. Fitz-Greene Halleck
 Oct. 11, 1844

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FINE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT, consisting of nine lines, one stanza, from Halleck's poem on the beautiful Wyoming Valley in northern Pennsylvania. This valley, a veritable Indian Paradise before the coming of the white settlers, was the scene of a bloody massacre committed by the savages at the instigation of the Tories in the summer of 1778.

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