# GERTRUDE OF WYOMING; OR, THE PENNSYLVANIAN COTTAGE

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Gertrude of Wyoming; Or, The Pennsylvanian Cottage by Thomas Campbell

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THOMAS CAMPBELL

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# GERTRUDE OF WYOMING;

OR,

# THE PENNSYLVANIAN COTTAGE.

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WITH THIRTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

LONDON:
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

## ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

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| SUBJECT. | DRAWN BY | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| *Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown* | Birket Foster | 3 |
| *—— how might you the flamingo see*<br>*Disporting like a meteor on the lakes.* | William Harvey | 5 |
| *And Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee* | Thomas Dalziel | 11 |
| *An Indian from his bark approach their bower* | Ditto | 13 |
| *In vain the desolated panther flies.* | Harrison Weir | 15 |
| *Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls* | Thomas Dalziel | 17 |
| *Sleep, wearied one!* | Ditto | 21 |
| *Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man* | Ditto | 23 |
| *His piroque launch'd—his pilgrimage begun* | Ditto | 24 |
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| *The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace* | Ditto | 31 |
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| SUBJECT. | DRAWN BY | PAGE |
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| *His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee* . . . . | Thomas Dalziel | 41 |
| *His face the wand'rer hid* . . . . . | Ditto | 43 |
| *Flow'r of my life, so lovely and so lone!* . . . . . | Ditto | 46 |
| *While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove, Delights, in fancifully wild costume* . . . | Birket Foster | 49 |
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| *A husband to the battle doom'd to go!* . . . . . | Thomas Dalziel | 53 |
| *And, heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark* . . . . . | Harrison Weir | 55 |
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| *While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud* . . . | Ditto | 75 |
| *—— the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall And roofless homes a sad remembrance brings* . . | Ditto | 78 |
| *Ornamental Titles* . . . . . | Thomas Macquoid. | |

PART I.