

## IMMORTAL WYOMING

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

PAID BY THE PEOPLE—PRESIDENT  
HAYES AND FAMILY AND GOVERNOR  
HARRISON OF THE OHIO—THE

Wyoming at sunrise, the historic places were aglow with flags and flowers, while thousands

towards the sacred shrine, where a century ago the thrilling scenes which have made the

crowd. A second train was immediately made up and dispatched with its living

ation on the platform of the cars considered themselves fortunate, while those left behind

ected to arrive at half past eight o'clock.

om lip to lip, while there was a straining of  
backs and a rush forward to the platform.

at the night previous to meet the  
residential party and pilot them to the scene.

C. Hayes, the President's sons, O. L. Tilden, President's secretary, and Mrs.

Committee consisting of Col. Dorrance,  
m. Payne Pettebue, Dr. S. C. Logan, Gen.

General Hoyt, who said the agreeable duty had been assigned to him of welcoming the

churches, schools and factories; the mighty machinery that gives impulse to its varied in-

dressed in white, presented the President with a very beautiful bouquet which he received with a pleasant smile.

aircraft, and the party entered the car-  
gees provided for them and drove to the

at least ten thousand persons who had assembled in the mammoth Lexington tent.

programme proceeded with.

to made by Mr. C. D. Derman musical  
ector of the day. It was sung in the style

**Urbino**  
Over the dust of a century's dead,  
Hark! the music of the spheres is heard.

Who never traversed—the seas roll between—  
Cool breathing wildwood and shadowed ravine,  
Where rang the war-whoop and banded the bear,  
Old and forested and treeless and free.

Brightened the sky : see ! what sparkle, what light,  
O'er the green slope of meadow and hill,  
Where the wild roses are nodding at will :

Purge the red stain from the Valley we love.  
Over a century's historic dust,

Hopkins, a prepossessing young lady from  
Adford, whose effort was heartily applauded.

To thee, sweet vale, beloved as well—  
Wyoming!

Where the red man's lofty clock,  
Haggard, grey, old Dial-Hock  
Peers at fair Moncho-nook,  
The

Yes, I would fight the sacred fire,  
To sweep the strings of harp or lyre,  
In unison with heavenly choir,

When their cries of want and pain  
Swelled in terror o'er thy plain—  
Wyoming!

Nor fretted you, nor costly shine,  
Where knotted you and Ivy twine,  
Faintly there was

Whose pin-ridged tops the storm clouds fast;  
To three alone my praise belongs.  
Thine art the theme of all my song.

Thought all my remembrance  
Till thought to meet a brother was it

men who distinguished themselves

the result of a hundred years is closed,  
and with electric thrill, when all

in droop, in hopeless grief, upon the stream,

ling to cheer the timid, suffering *form*.

strength from the secret death with himself pure

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THE SCRANTON REPUBLICAN, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1878.

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