

## NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR

### GRAND OPENING CEREMONIES.

### SPLENDID PROCESSION OF CIVIL AND MILITARY BODIES.

### INAUGURAL SPEECH AND POEM.

### GREAT SUCCESS OF THE NOBLE UNDERTAKING.

The Great Northwestern Sanitary Fair is at last opened, after months of labor, trouble and toil, such as only a good cause could induce people to undergo. The work has been accomplished, and the great national undertaking has resulted in one of the most complete successes of the age. The opening of the Fair yesterday was an event in the history of Chicago of which she will ever have reason to be proud, and which reflects the highest credit not only upon her but also upon our whole population in every part of the loyal States. Every American citizen worthy of the name has reason to rejoice over this great event, because its success is the most complete that could be desired. And all have a right to share in the honors. Though the Fair is being held in our city, and though the people of this vicinity have perhaps done more for it than any others, yet we should not forget that we have not done all, but that thousands of our fellow citizens, separated from us by hundreds of miles, have given their aid and assistance to the noble work. It is a national undertaking, and as such the whole nation have reason to rejoice over its complete success, and feel glad that their exertions have resulted in such a glorious triumph. And not only have our own people reason to rejoice, for as the cause is one of the most holy and noble that ever engaged the attention of man, and as nearly every nation in the civilized world is represented in the good work, every man throughout the whole world, in whose hearts are sheltered the noble feelings of humanity, generosity and love, has cause to rejoice that this great scheme has triumphed so gloriously. The suffering thousands who have fought the battles of freedom, who have defended with their lives their country's flag, the emblem of liberty and justice, who have smothered foul-mouthed treason and made rebellion die, and who still lie weak and weary and languishing in southern hospitals, will take new hope when they hear that their friends in the north have not forgotten them, and that this great undertaking gotten up especially for their benefit, has been crowned with the most complete success. In rejoicing over the peace and victory which sit perched upon our banners, a grateful country do not forget those by whose gallant conduct that peace and victory were accomplished; and though they are far from us, and perhaps many of them may never return to the homes they left, yet while one of them stands in need of the aid and assistance of his fellow-countryman, he will not be left uncared for. The proceeds of this great Fair will make many a poor sick soldier's heart rejoice, and no doubt save the lives of hundreds who would otherwise have pined away and died. Everything that money can buy will now be procured for them, and let us hope that by the comforts thus provided we may in a short time have them all home with us again, hale and hearty and strong, and able to "shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won."

#### THE PROCESSION.

Processions are one of the institutions peculiar to this country. On all occasions of public interest, when any great and important celebration is to occur, and in fact at all times when it can be made at all appropriate, a general procession forms one of the chief features. Our people have a sort of a mania for that sort of thing, and it is well that it is so, for processions properly formed and conducted, have always an imposing and pleasing effect, and carry with them more weight than almost any other feature that can be introduced into a celebration.

In making out the programme of the opening ceremonies of the great fair the committee very properly decided on having a procession, and calling to their aid several gentlemen well versed in the management of such matters, the whole affair was left in their hands. The fine turn-out of yesterday shows how faithfully these gentlemen have discharged their duties and how capable they were for the position assigned them.

Col. R. M. Hough, always one of the leading spirits in affairs of this kind, was chosen chief marshal, and he at once appointed his assistants and after consulting with the heads of several military and civil organizations, he made out a programme of the order of procession.

The procession was divided into three divisions

and properly officered and marshalled, and notified to meet at twelve o'clock sharp, in the following order:

First Division on Wabash avenue, with its right resting on Lake street.

Second Division on State street, with its right resting on Lake street.

Third Division on Dearborn street, with its right resting on Lake street.

At twelve o'clock punctually all the bodies composing the procession were in their respective positions, and ready for the move. Some delay, however, as is always the case on occasions of this kind, occurred, and it was very nearly one o'clock before the word "forward" was given.

Everything having been arranged in the most perfect manner possible, the first division, which was stationed on Wabash avenue, received the word and commenced the march up Lake street. As they passed along the other divisions fell in in the appointed order, and soon the whole procession was in motion. The following are the names of the bodies composing the procession and the order in which they marched:

#### FIRST DIVISION.

Detachment of Police, Capt. Nelson.

Band.

Chief Marshal, R. M. Hough.

Assistants, Dr. Brock McVicker and Phillip Wadsworth.

Brig. Gen. B. J. Sweet and Staff.

Military escort, commanded by Lieut. Col. L. C. Skinner.

Eighth Regiment V. R. C.

Lieut. Colonel Martin Flood.

Fifteenth Regiment V. R. C.

Twenty-fourth Ohio Battery, Capt. Hill.

Dearborn Light Artillery, Capt. James Smith.

#### SECOND DIVISION.

Band.

U. P. Harris, Chief Marshal.

Assistants, J. J. Gillespie, Charles Charleston, and August Herr.

Fire Department, with Apparatus.

#### THIRD DIVISION.

Band.

Col. John Mason Loomis, Marshal.

Assistants, Christian Wahl and J. L. Hancock. Executive Committee of the Sanitary Fair in Carriages.

Orator and Poet in Carriages.

Governor Oglesby and Staff in Carriages.

Governors of other States in Carriages.

Mayor and Common Council in Carriages.

Union Veteran Association.

Ellsworth Zouaves.

Lincoln Zouaves.

Twelve wagons of the Northern Illinois Coal Company with Coal for the Fair.

Chicago Bildungs Verein.

Colored Masonic Fraternity.

#### ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

The route taken by the procession was as follows: West on Lake street to Market; South on Market to Washington; East on Washington to Clark; South on Clark to Van Buren; East on Van Buren to Michigan avenue, and North on Michigan avenue to the Fair building.

#### APPEARANCE OF THE PROCESSION.

The procession was one of the finest and best marshalled ever witnessed in Chicago. Everything passed off in the smoothest possible manner, without any of the "hitches" which generally occur on occasions of this kind. The soldiers' in the procession looked remarkably well, and their firm, martial bearing was remarked by all.

#### THE CROWDS,

all along the line of march, the streets were densely crowded with men, women and children, and one well acquainted in the city could see at a glance that a large number of the spectators were strangers, drawn here by the attractions of the great Fair. The very greatest interest was taken and evinced on all sides, and every one seemed delighted that this great national undertaking was opened in such a pleasing and auspicious manner.

#### AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE.

A very unusual but most pleasing and attractive feature of the procession, was a live American eagle, carried on a shield at the head of the 8th regiment, veteran reserve corps. This is the famous bird which belongs to the 8th Wisconsin volunteer infantry, and which has a history of peculiar interest. During the whole time that the 8th Wisconsin was in the field this eagle was attached to it, and in all its battles and all its campaigns, in good fortune and bad, it stuck to the boys of the 8th and was a sharer in all their successes and misfortunes. He is a regular old campaigner and is never at home except when the blue coats are around him. He was

tamed by a member of the above regiment, and never left them during the whole time they were in the service. He sat proudly, and apparently perfectly at home on his perch yesterday, and while the observed of all observers, he would occasionally stretch his neck and take a look at the crowds around him, or spread his wings to their utmost as if to show every one how he could soar away if he wished to. He is a noble old bird, perfectly tame and quiet, and seems in every way satisfied with his lot. He is and always has been a great pet with the boys, who love him not only for himself but as the emblem of their country, for which so many of the noble fellows have died.

#### ANOTHER EAGLE.

On one of the fire engines another live eagle was perched, and, though he sat there very quietly, he did not seem so much at home as his friend in front. He looked well however, and was quite a feature in the procession.

#### BREAKING UP.

The procession, after moving along the route mentioned above, marched past the Fair building on Dearborn Park, where Brigadier General Sweet & Staff were drawn up. In marching past the usual salutes were given and returned, and the procession then broke up.

#### NATIONAL SALUTES.

Just as the procession was nearing Union Hall a portion of the 24th Ohio Battery, stationed near the Soldiers' Home, commenced firing, and continued to do so until they had fired a national salute of one hundred guns.

#### A GREAT SUCCESS.

The procession was one of the best managed, and best conducted that ever passed through the streets of Chicago. Everything passed off in the most perfect and successful manner, and those who had the managing of the affair, are certainly entitled to every praise for the perfection with which the arrangements were made and carried out.

#### INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

Hon. T. B. Bryan called the audience to order, after which the Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, the President.

The gifted poet and profound scholar T. Buchanan Reed was then introduced as the Poet of the day. His patriotic and soul stirring utterances have moved the nation's arm and cheered the nation's heart in the hour of her darkest peril and made his name dear to the American people, and enshrined it forever in their affectionate esteem. The Poem is replete with beauty, and rings with the martial tones of a Nation's inspired and chosen seer.

#### POEM.

BY T. BUCHANAN REED.

#### I.

What great events have chased the seasons by,  
Like gale-blown waves beneath the thundering sky,  
From that swift hour when Sheridan struck the foe,  
Shattering Rebellion at a single blow!  
How like an eagle swooping from his crag,  
Great Sherman pounced, and tore the rebel flag;  
On wide-spread wings then northward swept the coast,  
While fled before him all the traitorous host,  
Till Grant—like Michael on the crystal wall—  
Crowded the fiend of treason to his fall;  
And when unto the lowest depths he fell,  
There chained the demon in his well-earned cell.  
Grows there the hemp sufficient for the time,  
To avenge a nation for their murderer's crime.  
Think of our glorious host of martyrs slain—  
Not in fair battle on the fiery plain—  
But left to ghastly hunger's tightening clutch,  
And slowly murdered, dally, inch by inch.  
In fancy I behold the villainous wretch,  
And yet the muse recoils that gives the sketch;  
I see before the felon's straining eyes,  
These haggard martyrs solemnly arise;  
The myriads looming from the plains of death,  
Fill their pale line before this new Macbeth;  
Like these sad ghosts by guilty Richard's bed,  
Their mournful voices freeze his blood with dread;  
Orphans and widows pass before his sight,  
Until his soul is shivering with affright;  
His cry, "I'll see no more," is made in vain,  
He still must see, and shiver in his chain;  
But leave the demon to himself, no worse  
A fate could reach him, and no bitter curse.

#### II.

Crape for a nation—crape—  
Let Freedom all her shrines and temples drape;  
The greatest, noblest, wisest, and the best,  
Has dropped from his high toil to sudden rest.  
He whose large heart from kindness never swerved,  
But oft recoiled from vengeance where deserved.  
Heaven saved him from the final work to do—  
Of meting justice to the traitorous crew.  
Behold the assassin flying through the night,  
Each bush and tree assails him with affright;  
Each breath of air is hissing in his ear  
The cry of "Murder!" and pursuers near.  
His eye of blood makes all the field ablaze  
With fire, to give him to the searcher's gaze;  
He dies a thousand deaths until he falls,  
'Mid flaming hay and crackling beams and stails;  
And with fierce imprecations on his lips,  
His spirit passes to its dark eclipse,  
Perchance, pursued by vengeful shapes of ire,  
It still flies on through endless fields of fire.

#### III.

Here let the curtain fall  
On scenes of woe that startle and appal.  
Ring out wild bells, and swing it round the world,  
Our Union flag is now for aye unfurled.  
Traitor nor tyrant can resist the tide  
Of the great movement sweeping far and wide.  
The freeman's axe is in the forest now;  
The freeman's hand is on the Southern plow;  
One sweep of the great people's arm abroad—  
The savage flies, and harvest crowns the sod;  
While by that hand the rattling car conveyed,  
Darts, like a shuttle, through the loom of trade;  
Religion's handmaid—Commerce—walks abroad,  
And wins more realms than War's ensanguined god;  
In her fair hand the Olive Branch of Peace  
Waves o'er the world, and bids its discord cease;  
Her garments breathe perfume of India's spice,  
And soft furs shield her 'mid the Arctic ice;  
Her reindeers fly athwart the frozen land;  
Her patient camels print the desert sand;  
On Nile and Niger's breast her barges glide;  
Her swift canoes the Indian trappers guide;  
Her barks o'er Pharaoh's drowned chariot sail,  
On Michigan her steam defies the gale.  
O'er Europe's world her pinions rise and fall,  
Her banners wave on China's ancient wall.  
O'er ruined Thebes perchance she sheds a tear,  
But smiles to see a greater rising here;  
Heaves the sad sigh beside decaying Rome,  
But starts a second in her new-found home.  
Onward forever o'er our western land  
Rise the fair marts to her enchanted wand.  
There domes and spires, by ocean, lake and stream,  
Spring like the marvelous fabrics of a dream.  
Where roamed of late the forest's dusky king,  
On skyward walls the builders' trowels ring,  
Where savage children watched the eagle's flight,  
The Saxon urchin flies his waving kite.  
Where the wild war dance fanned the midnight fire,  
In sacred temples chant the Christian choir.  
And where canoes lay warping on the sand,  
A thousand steamers chafe the busy land.

#### IV.

Once more within this marvellous temple, here,  
Let us exult o'er treason's bloody bier;  
Exult like Miriam on the Red Sea coast,  
Where waves uniting drown old Pharaoh's host.  
The billows of our Union thus have met,  
And overwhelmed and drowned the traitorous set;  
And Liberty, like singing Miriam, stands  
With flashing symbols in her lifted hands,  
Shouting her psalm grandly to the Lord,  
For Freedom won, and Union thus restored.

#### V.

But why has sprung this wondrous structure here,  
As if Aladdin's lamp were waving here.  
Come walk the walls of yonder bedded hall,  
And let the tear of love and pity fall.  
There stand beside the patriot's couch of pain,  
Whose fierce delirium takes the field again;  
Lay on his burning brow the tender palm—  
Soothe with kind words, and bid his soul be calm.  
And there behold the emaciated form  
Of one who braved the battle and the storm—  
A Hercules—he fought them long and well,  
Till, overpowered, he found a Southern cell.  
Behold him now, a skeleton—no more—  
A child might bear him up and down the floor.  
O! bathe his lips with the reviving cup,  
And breathe your blessing while you bid him sup.  
Behold the frequent crutch, the empty sleeve,  
And you pale victim, waiting death's reprieve.  
For these this noble temple swells to-day,  
For these our grateful thousands crowd the way;  
For these brave men, with pity in their glance,  
Undo the purse string, thankful for the chance;  
While woman, to her glorious nature true,  
Does all that angels would be asked to do!  
Wave all your banners, every stripe and star,  
To welcome home the veterans of the war.  
Give to these men—the marvel of the earth—  
Place in the heart as well as in the hearth;  
The soldier and the sailor—let them see  
Our gratitude to those who kept us free—  
And show the ancient adage is amiss:  
"Republics are ungrateful;" not so this.

#### VI.

Great heirs of Freedom, keep your steady course,  
Still follow Truth with undivided force;  
Let your free souls speak love to all the earth,  
Love God, and next, the land which gave you birth!  
Though war should slumber and your swords be sheathed,  
True to the trust your glorious sires bequeathed,  
With your example—like a flag unfurled—  
Columbia yet will liberate the world.  
Then on forever be your upward aims,  
And time must pay what perseverance claims.  
Be every word with earnest purpose given,  
Each patriot thought and act, and leave the rest to Heaven.

Mr. Bryan then read the following Hymn, which, owing to the noisy surroundings, it was deemed best not to sing, the Band supplying its place.

#### HYMN BY OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES.

O God! in dangers darkest hour,  
In battle's deadliest field,  
Thy name has been our Nation's tower,  
Thy truth her help and shield.  
Our lips should fill the air with praise,  
Nor pay the debt we owe,  
So high above the songs we raise  
The floods of mercy flow.  
Yet Thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,  
The song of praise we sing—  
Thy children, who Thy altar seek  
Their graceful gifts to bring.  
Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,  
The home of woe and pain,  
The Soldier's turfy pillow, red  
With battle's crimson rain.  
No smoke of burning stains the air,  
No incense clouds arise,  
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare  
A bloodless sacrifice.  
Lo! for our wounded brothers' need,  
We bear the wine-and-oi!  
For us they faint, for us they bleed,  
For them our gracious toil!  
O, Father, bless the gifts we bring,  
Cause Thou Thy face to shine,  
Till every Nation owns her King,  
And all the earth is Thine.