

A GOLDEN KEY.

Pressed by the Presidential Finger
and the Columbian Exposition Bursts Into Life.

Imposing Ceremonies Attend the Opening of the Great Fair on May Day at Chicago.

They Are Viewed by a Concourse of Delighted Spectators, Whose Numbers Are Estimated at 500,000.

A Scene of Wondrous Splendor—Text of President Cleveland's Address—W. D. Croft's Poem.

THE WONDER OF THE CENTURY.

Chicago, May 2.—A great achievement, the fame of which has not been equaled, before thousands of delighted, enthusiastic spectators who gathered at Jackson park, despite the lowering clouds, the president of the United States at noon started the World's Columbian exposition and unfolded all the wondrous glories of an art that seems inspired of Heaven, the highest products of man's handicraft and the miracles of nature turned to the uses of the occasion by the hand of man. Around him stood the representatives of governments that now, for the first time, have joined in manifesting their friendship and admiration for a nation that looks to the rising sun for inspiration. Among them stood the descendant of the man whose sturdy faith against misfortune, whose earnestness and whose courage cut through the sea the path that led westward the pioneers of the new world.

Character and Simple.
The nature of the opening ceremony was characterized by dignity and simplicity. It was the wish of the president that the parade and pageantry should be cut down as much as possible, and that he should be permitted to perform the function for which he came west with the sort of simple dignity that sits so well on the president of the United States. He was escorted quietly to Jackson park and the exposition grounds themselves furnished the rest of the show.

The Great Fair Opened.

Some music by the orchestra, prayer by the chaplain of the national house of representatives, the reading of a poem and the delivery of addresses by the director general and the president were all the features of the very simple and appropriate programme. Then came the real sight of interest. The president descended the air open, touched a button; down tumbled the drapery from the golden statue of the republic, out leaped flags of every color from 900 staffs, the fountains and the band both played and the great Columbian exposition was formally inaugurated.

Before the ceremonies were half over twenty women and half as many children had been removed unconscious to the hospital, where a corps of physicians was in waiting. Most of the helpless ones had simply fainted, but a number were suffering from internal injuries received in the jam, and it was feared that a fatal termination might ensue.

A GRAND PAGEANT.

The Magnificent Escort of President Cleveland to Jackson Park.

It was a magnificent procession that escorted President Cleveland and the duke of Veragua and their party down Chicago's beautiful boulevard to Jackson park for the opening ceremonies. Standing from the Lexington hotel, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-second street, where President Cleveland had been domiciled since Saturday noon, the column proceeded along Grand boulevard to Fifty-first street, thence through South park by way of Bayard avenue to Palmer avenue, thence to the Western entrance of Midway Plaisance. At this point Col. Rice, commanding the Columbian guard, met the column and guided it to Jackson park.

Following is the order of the parade:

Platoon of South Park mounted police.

A detachment of mounted city police, twenty-seven men, under command of Lieut. C. C. Heath.

Company B, Seventh United States cavalry, under command of Capt. E. A. Varnum, and Company K, of the Seventh United States cavalry, under command of Capt. L. R. Hare.

The Chicago Hussars, under command of Capt. E. L. Brand.

Troop A of the Illinois national guard, under command of Capt. Lino.

The column was in command of Maj. T. A. Baldwin of the Seventh United States cavalry.

First five carriages—Commissioners and escort.

Sixth carriage—The director general of the exposition, the director of works.

Seventh carriage—The president of the United States, the president of the World's Columbian commission, the president of the World's Columbian exposition.

Eighth carriage—Vice president of the United States, ex-President Lyman J. Gage, ex-president William T. Baker.

Ninth carriage—Secretary of state and escort.

Tenth carriage—Secretary of the treasury and escort.

Eleventh carriage—Secretary of the navy and escort.

Twelfth carriage—Secretary of the interior and escort.

Thirteenth carriage—Secretary of agriculture and escort.

Fourteenth carriage—Duke of Veragua, the first vice president of the commission, the first vice president of the exposition, Commissioner Dickens.

Fifteenth carriage—Duchess of Veragua, Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers of the World's Columbian exposition, Mrs. Commander Dickens.

Sixteenth carriage—Marquis de Barboles, second vice president of the commission, second vice president of the exposition.

Seventeenth carriage—Hon. Christobel Colón y Aguilera, Hon. H. H. del Pilar Colón y Aguilera, Commissioner Thomas G. Gutierrez.

Eighteenth carriage—Hon. Pedro Colón y Bartolomé, Hon. Carlos Aguilera, Marquis Villalba, Director Charles L. Hutchinson.

Nineteenth carriage—Thomas F. Bayard, Lambert Tree.

Twentieth carriage—Major general, commanding United States army, and aids.

Twenty-first carriage—Admiral Gherardini and aids.

Twenty-second carriage—Governor of the state of Illinois.

Twenty-third carriage—Mayor of the city of Chicago.

At 9:45 the procession left the Lexington hotel. At 11 o'clock Lieut. Healy's advance guard of mounted police reached the west entrance of Midway Plaisance and in a few minutes were in front of the platform in front of the Administration building. A short time later the great parade was at an end.

HOW THE FAIR WAS OPENED.

Order of Exercises in Front of the Administration Building.

As he stepped out on the platform to declare the world's fair formally opened to the world President Cleveland was greeted by as great a crowd of people as witnessed the dedication ceremony last October in Manufactures hall. The event was of far greater importance and deeper interest than the one that is passed. Then the exposition was in great part only an anticipation. Now it is a glorious reality.

The Invited Guests.

On the platform were seated the specially invited guests of the fair in the following order:

President Cleveland, Vice President Stevenson, Secretary of State Gresham, Secretary of Treasury Carlisle, Secretary of Navy Herbert, Secretary of Interior Smith, Secretary of Agriculture Morton, the duke of Veragua, the duchess of Veragua, the Marquis de Barboles, Christobel Colón y Aguilera, Pedro Colón y Bartolomé, Thomas F. Bayard, Lambert Tree, Maj. Gen. Miles, Admiral Gherardini, Gov. Alvord, Mayor Harrison, Director General Davis, Director of Works Burnham, President Palmer, President Higinbotham, Lyman J. Gage,

William T. Baker, Vice President Waller of the commission, Vice President Peck of the directory, Mrs. Potter Palmer, president board lady managers.

The Ceremonies.
All things being in readiness, the following programme was carried out:

Music—Columbian march for orchestra—John K. Payne.

Payer—Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D. Washington.

Poem, "The Prophecy," written by Mr. A. Croft, of Washington.

Music, orchestral overture, "Rienzi"—Wagner.

Address by the director general.

Starting of machinery.

Official reception of the president of the United States and the officials of the World's Columbian commission and the World's Columbian exposition by the various foreign commissioners in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building.

A Stirring Poem.

After the prayer by Chaplain Milburn of the house of representatives, Director General Davis followed with Miss Jessie Couthouy who recited W. D. Croft's poem, "The Prophecy."

The poem is as follows:

Sadly Columbus watched the nascent moon
Drown in the gloomy ocean's western seas.
Strange birds that day had fluttered in the
sails.

And strange flowers floated round the wandering
keel.

And you land. And now, when through the
dark—

The Santa Maria leaped before the gale,
And angry billows tossed the caravels
As to destruction, Gómez Rascon came,
With Capt. Pinzon through the frenzied seas,

And to the admiral brought a parchment
scroll.

Saying: "Good master, read this writing here—
An earnest prayer it is from all on board.

The crew would fain turn back in utter fear,
No longer to the pole the compass points;

Into the zenith crops the northern star;

You see not yester eve an albatross
Died dead before the flying scud.

The devil's wind blows madly from the east
Into the land of nowhere, and the sea
Keeps sucking us adown the maelstrom's maw,
Francisco says the edge of earth is near.

And off Erebus we slide unheeded.

Last Sunday night Diego saw a witch
Dragging the Nina by her forechains west;

And wildly dancing on a dolphin's back;

And as she danced the brightest star in Heaven

Shipped from its leash and sprang into the sea
Like Lucifer, and left a trail of blood.

I pray thee, master, turn again to Spain, obey
to the omens, or perchance,

The terror-stricken crew, to escape their doom,
May mutiny and—"

"Gómez Rascon, peace!"

Exclaimed the admiral. "Thou hast said
enough.

Now, prithee, leave me; I would be alone."

Then eagerly Columbus sought a sign
In sea and sky and in his lonely heart,
Blinding, instead of pressages of hope,
The black and ominous portents of despair.

As thus he mused he paced the after-deck
And gazed upon the luminous waves astern.

Strange life was in the phosphorescent foam,
And through the goblin glow there came and went

Little elfin shadows on an opal sea,

Prophetic pictures of land he sought.

He saw the end of his victorious quest,
He saw a blaze on Isabella's breast,

A string of antillean jewels resting—

The islands of the west.

He saw invading plenty dispossess

Old poverty, the land with bountiful bless,

And through the wretched caverns of distress

Walk star-eyed happiness.

He saw the Bourbon and Braganza prone,

For under them lay to atone,

Giving the plumed people back their own,

And dying from the thrones.

He saw an empire, radiant as the day,

Harnessed to law, but under freedom's sway,

Proudly arise, resplendent in array,

To show the world the west.

He saw invading plenty dispossess

Old poverty, the land with bountiful bless,

And through the wretched caverns of distress

Walk star-eyed happiness.

He saw the Bourbon and Braganza prone,

For under them lay to atone,

Giving the plumed people back their own,

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He saw an empire, radiant as the day,

Harnessed to law, but under freedom's sway,

Proudly arise, resplendent in array,

To show the world the west.

He saw celestial peace in mortal guise,

And filled with hope and thrilled with high
emprise,

Lifting its tranquil forehead to the skies,

He saw beyond the hills of golden corn,

Beyond the curve of autumn's opulent bloom,

Ceres and Flora laughingly adorn

The bosom of the morn.

He saw a cloth of gold across the gloom,

An arabesque from evolutions loom,

And from the barren prairies spume,

Imperial cities bloom.

He saw an iron dragon dashing forth

Along an iron thoroughfare—south, north,

East, west, uniting in beneficent girth

Remote ends of earth.

He saw the lightning run an elfin race,

Where trade, love, grief and pleasure interlace;

And absent ones annihilate time and space,

Communing face to face.

He saw relief through deadly dungeons grope;

Foot turned to brothers, black despair to white,

And cannon rust upon the grass-grown slope;

And rot the gallows' rope.

He saw the bairns on labor's cottage floor;

The bright walls hung with luxury more and more,

And comfort, radiant with abounding store,

Wave welcome at the door.

He saw the myriad spindles flutter round;

The myriad mills whose wheels shake the solid ground,

And love is throned and crowned.

He saw exalted ignorance under ban,

Though panoplied in force since time began,

And science, consecrated, lead the van,

The providence of man.

The picture came and paled and passed away,

And then, Martin, to thy waiting helm again,

Haste to the Pinta: westward keep her prow,

For I have a vision full of light,

Keep her prow westward in the sunset's wake.

From this hour hence,