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DEDICATION OF MINNESOTA SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS





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On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the Dead.

REPORT
OF THE
MINNESOTA COMMISSION

Appointed to Erect Monuments to Soldiers

in the

National Military Cemeteries

--AT--

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA

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ERECTED A. D. 1916 BY THE
STATE OF MINNESOTA
IN MEMORY OF HER SOLDIERS
HERE BURIED WHO LOST THEIR LIVES
IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES
IN THE WAR FOR THE
PRESERVATION OF THE UNION
A. D. 1861 — 1865

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Report of the Minnesota Commission

To the Legislature of Minnesota:

The commissioners appointed by Chapter 282 of the Laws of Minnesota 1913 respectfully submit the following report:

Of the Minnesota volunteers who lost their lives in the Civil War, 162 are buried in the National Cemetery at Little Rock, Ark., 189 in the National Cemetery at Memphis, Tenn., and 95 in the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga.

Chapter 282 of the laws of Minnesota, 1913, appointed C. C. Andrews, formerly of the Third Minnesota Regiment; Thomas P. Wilson, formerly of the Fourth Minnesota Regiment; Henry B. Dike, formerly of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment; Levi Longfellow, formerly of the Sixth Minnesota Regiment, and C. F. Macdonald, formerly of the Ninth Minnesota Regiment, a Commission to erect a monument in the National Cemetery at Little Rock, Arkansas, and a monument in the National Cemetery at Memphis, Tennessee, as memorials to the Minnesota officers and soldiers buried in those cemeteries. Said commissioners to serve without compensation, but their necessary expenses payable out of any money appropriated for the construction of said memorials.

Chapter 374 of the laws of Minnesota, 1915, (approved April 24th, 1915), appropriated \$10,000 for a monument in each of the national cemeteries at Little Rock, Arkansas; Memphis, Tennessee, and Andersonville, Georgia, in memory of the Minnesota officers and soldiers of the Civil War there buried, to be erected by the commission above named; and in addition thereto, \$6,402.77, being the unexpended portion of \$25,000 that was appropriated by Chapter 297 of the laws of Minnesota, 1913.

The Commission held its first meeting May 12, 1915, at the West Hotel, Minneapolis, when it organized by electing C. C. Andrews chairman and C. F. Macdonald secretary.

Subsequently, as much publicity as practicable was given of the kind of monuments required and at different meetings of the commission at the State Capitol in the early part of the summer of 1915, designs and models submitted by various sculptors were considered. Also, better to inform themselves, the commission visited and examined some of the monuments in Lakewood and Oakland cemeteries. At a meeting June 9th, 1915, it agreed upon the inscription which should be placed upon the pedestal of each monument. The

same day it visited the studio, in St. Paul, of Mr. John K. Daniels, and after looking at several models agreed in a preference for one representing a private soldier, with bare and bowed head, holding a musket reversed; and on the 24th of the same month it entered into a contract with Mr. Daniels to erect the three monuments and furnish all material of the best grade obtainable, at the price of \$5,000 each, on the condition that he should furnish a full-sized model for the statue that would be accepted by the commission, not later than the first day of December, 1915. The following were among the stipulations in the contract: Each monument to consist of a statue of a young Union soldier of moderate heroic size in U. S. standard bronze, securely fixed on a granite pedestal; an inscription furnished by the commission to be cut in wedge-shaped letters on the front side of each pedestal. The monuments, including statues, to be alike in design and material. Foundations to be in compliance with the regulations of the U. S. War Department. The pedestal to consist of three pieces; bottom, eight feet by eight feet square by one foot and a half high; second base, six feet by six feet square, by one foot and a half high; and die (main part of the pedestal), four feet and a half by four feet and a half square by six feet in height, and hammered finish, twelve cut. The statues to be eight feet high from soles of feet to top of head.

The contract further stipulated that the pedestals should be of Minnesota granite. The contractor entered into a contract with a Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, firm to furnish the pedestals from their quarry, but owing to an unusual quantity of snow, they found it impracticable to do so, and furnished a very handsome kind of Vermont granite instead.

The model for the statues was accepted by the commission on the 20th of January, 1916; and the foundations, pedestals and bronze castings were completed the 2nd of June last.

The inscription prepared by the Commission, and cut in distinct wedge-shaped letters, is as follows:

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In the latter part of November and first part of December, 1915, Messrs. Dike and Longfellow, of the commission, visited each of the three cemeteries and selected a site for each monument. The United

States owns and has exclusive jurisdiction of all the national cemeteries, and they are under the control of the U. S. Quartermaster's department. There is a superintendent of each cemetery, who has his residence within it and near its entrance. The National Cemetery at Little Rock, Arkansas, is situated about two miles from the state capitol, comprises twenty-three acres, and in it are buried 6,913 United States soldiers; that at Memphis is about ten miles distant from the city, comprises thirty-seven acres, and in it are buried 14,441 United States soldiers; that at Andersonville, Georgia, comprises twenty-five acres, and in it are buried 13,723 United States soldiers. Quite a number of Confederate soldiers are also buried in each cemetery. The ground of each cemetery is moderately elevated and handsome, and supplied with enough beautiful trees to give it a park-like appearance. Each cemetery is inclosed with a brick wall. At the head of the graves of soldiers identified and known, markers of marble a foot and a half high have been placed by the United States, with the soldier's name and regiment cut thereon; but there are many who are unknown, and at whose graves no such markers are placed. Several of the states have erected monuments in the national cemetery at Andersonville, but Minnesota is the first state to erect a monument in the national cemeteries at Little Rock and Memphis.

The monuments erected by this commission having been completed, they were duly dedicated and delivered to the United States, at Little Rock, September 22nd, at Memphis, September 23rd, and at Andersonville September 26th. The exercises at each place were at 10 o'clock A. M., and all of the members of the commission were present. They invited the Governor of Minnesota and Adjutant General to accompany them to each place. The Governor was present and made an address at the dedication at Little Rock and Memphis, but was unable to go to Andersonville. At the latter place, the Adjutant General represented him. The Governor of Arkansas, by invitation, delivered an address at the dedication exercises at Little Rock. The Governors of Georgia and Tennessee made cordial replies to invitations to attend the dedications in their respective states, but were prevented by other engagements from being present. At each place a committee of citizens welcomed our party and treated us all in a kind and hospitable manner.

The names of the committees of citizens, most of whom met us at the railroad stations and accompanied us to the cemeteries were, at Little Rock, Captain William G. J. Akers, James Coates, F. J. Markling, J. G. Lease, A. C. Rimmell, George McConnell,

O. F. Ellington, W. S. Allen and C. F. Laison; at Memphis, J. J. Thornton, Dabney M. Scales, C. A. Price, A. E. Cameron, W. H. Wood, Curtis King, Thomas O'Connor, J. R. Judd and J. M. Greer; at Americus, Frank Lanier, H. T. Davenport, Rev. Geo. M. Acree, Frank P. Harrold. At Little Rock, Mrs. M. M. Hankins, daughter of the late Major General Thomas J. Churchill of the Confederate army, and Mrs. S. S. Wassell, niece of the late Confederate General Dandridge McRae, placed flowers at the base of the monument, and represented the Daughters of the Confederacy. At Memphis, Mrs. J. W. Vernon placed beautiful roses, from her own garden, and the boy scouts placed carnations around the base of the monument. In the exercises at Memphis, music was rendered by Miss Marjorie Castagnino, who is mascot for the south of the United Confederate Veterans, in violin solo and duet with Sterling Tracy, Miss Elsa Gerber, vocal solo, and Miss Birdie Chamberlain, accompanist on the organ.

At each dedication, veterans on both sides in the Civil War took part in a patriotic spirit. The addresses delivered will be found printed following this report.

We were favored during our trip with pleasant weather. The three or four southern cities in which we spent a few hours impressed us most favorably by their extent as well as by the many praiseworthy evidences of enterprise and public spirit on the part of their citizens.

It was the general expression of the people that the monuments Minnesota has erected are beautiful and do her credit. We think it is not too much to say that they will always be an incentive to patriotism and a token of duty done to the memory of faithful upholders of the Constitution and union of our country.

Final payment was made to Mr. Daniels, the contractor, on the fifth day of October. After paying him and all incidental expenses, including printing of this report, there will be an unexpended balance of a few dollars remaining in the treasury.

Respectfully submitted:

C. C. ANDREWS, Chairman.
 THOMAS P. WILSON.
 HENRY B. DIKE.
 LEVI LONGFELLOW.
 C. F. MACDONALD.

Dated at St. Paul, Minn.
 Oct., 1916.



LITTLE ROCK MONUMENT, COMMISSION AND CITIZENS

Exercises at Little Rock, Arkansas

In the National Cemetery, September 22, 1916, at 10 O'clock a. m., Dedicating the Monument Therein Erected by the State of Minnesota in Memory of Her Volunteer Soldiers of the Civil War There Buried. :-: :-:

General Christopher C. Andrews, Chairman of the Minnesota Commission, presided.

INVOCATION

By Rev. S. E. Ryan, pastor of the Scott Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Little Rock; formerly pastor of the Holman Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Oh, God our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the occasion that has brought us together at this time. We praise Thee for men who count not their lives dear unto themselves, but who gladly offer them at their country's call. We thank Thee for other men who keep green their graves and their memories.

We pray Thee to bless this Governor and this Commission who have come so far to dedicate this monument to the memories of their fallen comrades. Protect them in their journeyings, and return them in safety to their homes. Bless the Commonwealth from which they have come. Bless this Commonwealth and its Governor here present. Bless our whole Nation. Grant that war's rude alarm may never more be heard in our midst. Keep us in peace with all mankind. We ask all for Jesus' sake. Amen.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL CHRISTOPHER C. ANDREWS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the Civil War, it was my fortune to serve continuously in Arkansas sixteen months, ten of which were in the City of Little Rock; and, returning now after an absence of fifty-two years, I am deeply impressed by the many evidences of growth and prosperity.

The Third Minnesota regiment of infantry, to which I belonged, spent over two years continuously in Arkansas. Leaving Minnesota in November, 1861, numbering nine hundred and one, that regiment, after a varied experience, came up from Vicksburg July 26, 1863, numbering four hundred present for duty, and camped two miles below Helena on the bank of the Mississippi. It soon took part in General Frederick Steele's campaign to Little Rock, where it ar-

rived September 11th; and on account of its good discipline was by him assigned to guard duty in the city. In the spring of 1864, General Steele with the greater part of his force moved south from Little Rock to co-operate in operations on the lower Red River; and while he was at Camden a long train of wagons loaded with subsistence and forage was about to start to him from Pine Bluff with an escort of 3,000 men. As I had just received my commission as a general officer, its command was assigned to me. On the road it was to take, an empty Federal wagon train, returning from Camden with brigade escort, had just been captured after a hard fight in the woods in the vicinity of Mark's Mills, and it seemed certain we would be attacked in the same place. At my request, therefore, the Third Minnesota, which I knew could be relied on in a desperate situation, was taken from Little Rock to Pine Bluff to go in the escort in place of a newer regiment. But just as we were ready to start, word came that on account of disaster on the lower Red River, General Steele with his little army was returning to Little Rock, and that we need not go to Camden. I therefore requested and expected that the Third Minnesota would immediately be sent back to its guard duty in Little Rock. But the commanding officer at Pine Bluff, Colonel—afterwards General—Powell Clayton, believed that place was liable to attack, and at his very urgent request, General Steele, department commander, allowed him to keep it there all summer to help construct defensive works and defend the place; and there it remained until October, except that five companies went in August on their veteran furlough. Its camp at Pine Bluff was just north of a bayou, from which the south wind brought miasma day and night. Very many of the men (and mostly new recruits) were stricken down with malarial fever, and it was impossible to obtain sufficient medicine. One hundred and nineteen of them died. A few years after the war, their remains were brought here by the War Department and interred in this National Cemetery. It was their known valor that caused them to be sent to Pine Bluff, and I have always felt that they are entitled to as much honor as if they had fallen in battle. Here also are buried those who fell at Fitzhugh's Woods and others of the regiment who died during their service in this state.

This monument rests upon deep and solid foundation. The granite pedestal nine feet high is, as you can see, of massive size. The bronze statue thereon, of an enlisted man about twenty-two years old—the average age of enlisted men—is of moderate heroic size. His face has a reverent and kind expression. Bronze is as

enduring as granite, and this monument will endure thousands of years. The inscription, cut in V shaped letters, reads:

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Wordsworth, in "The Excursion," has described a youthful soldier who went to the front of war; and some of the Minnesota boys here buried were like him. Those who have heard of Sidney Lanier know that there were Confederate soldiers who answered to Wordsworth's description:

"The mountain ash
No eye can overlook when mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head,
Decked with autumnal berries that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked
By a brookside or solitary tarn
How she her station doth adorn,—the pool
Glow's at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale
Such and so glorious did this youth appear,
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him."

More than two thousand years after the battle of Marathon, an English poet passed over that field, and he tells us in "Childe Harold" how the pensive pilgrim feels,

"When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side
Or gazing o'er the plain where Greek and Persian died."

In distant centuries to come, the pensive traveler will look upon these graves. He will be more moved than we today can be, for what is the future to us will be history to him, and he will know better than we how the cause of Union and Peace prospered for which these men gave their lives.

THE CHAIRMAN

One of our Commissioners, born in Wales, enlisted as a drummer boy at the age of fourteen years in the Fifth Minnesota Regiment. Of late years he has occupied an important position in railroad affairs. I am sure you will be pleased to see and hear him. Mr. Dike.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENRY B. DIKE.

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are here today, amid surroundings and under circumstances where language is inadequate to give expression to the feelings and emotions of the soul. An occasion, where the moistened eye and grateful heart are more eloquent than words.

In this hallowed ground, beneath its vernal sward, under the foliage of these trees and shrubs through which the shimmering golden sunshine bedecks with effulgent glory, their resting place, and over which floats:

"Your flag and my flag
Oh, how much it holds,
Your heart and my heart
Secure within its folds."

Sleeping the sleep that knows no waking,—lies all that is mortal of hundreds of the young vigorous manhood of our Country, who in the days of our Civil strife, did their part and made the sacrifice of their lives, for you, for me, and for all who now, and in the years to come shall be privileged to enjoy the protecting aegis of our flag and the rights and blessings that it symbolizes—in solving the problem, that at that time, divided us as a nation and as a people. Here the boys who wore the blue, yonder the boys who wore the gray, each in his valor, his heroic suffering and the sacrificial offering of his life, actuated by a devotion to duty, in harmony with his conscience.

"Here let them rest;
And summer's heat and winter's cold
Shall glow and freeze above this mold,
A thousand years shall pass away,
A Nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest."

For long years before the Civil War, we were a Nation in form only. The wall of sectionalism divided us over the contention as to whether or not the Union was a Confederacy, a compact in which the states are supreme or was it a Nation, the Nation Supreme and the States subordinate parts of the National Organism. This contention presented the fundamental question, the answer to which would be determinative of our existence and perpetuity as a Nation and would settle, in time, the vexations, troublesome and subordinate questions, chief among which was the one growing out of the "Irrepressible Conflict," that were engendering hate, and rapidly and surely fixing an impassable gulf between us.

The conditions existing, were of such a character, the animosity and hatred so intense, that no compromise was possible, that would harmonize our differences, usher in an era of mutual confidence and fellowship and forever close the widening breach that was separating us. The struggle was inevitable. This Nation was to have its baptism in blood, that it might "Under God, have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, by the people, for the people," might be its everlasting heritage and "Old Glory" wave "Over the greatest and most powerful Nation of the earth, over a Nation of freemen, over no master and over no slave." Comrades of the blue and gray, you have vivid memories of the contest that settled these questions, of its privations, its sufferings, its bloodshed and its carnage. Memories of comrades with whom you touched elbows, around the campfire, on wearisome march and on field of battle, who have responded to the roll call for service in the **land** beyond the stars. Some of us have memories of the fireside and its vacant chair; of heart-broken mothers and wives who waited for "the touch of the vanished hand" and listened at the old home for "the sound of the voice that is still" and the footfall of the loved one who never returned. Sad, yet precious memories of the long ago. But He,

"Who moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

who presides over and holds the destiny of Nations in His hands, so ordered, that from out of the broken hearts, the sacrifice of human lives, the suffering and travail of war, a Nation was born, that is in fact, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." A Nation, the civic parts of which are firmly and securely cemented together, in an indissoluble union, by the blood and sacrifice of its patriotic manhood, comingled with the tears and suffering of its broken-hearted and devoted womanhood. A Nation, in which the fires of hate are burned out, leaving neither ember nor ash, and the wall of sectional prejudice has melted away like mist before the morning sun. Today the North and South clasp hands over the heroic and noble men of the blue and gray and rejoice together, that the Nation is one and inseparable now and forever. The heart desire of the great Commoner, who "belongs to the ages," Our Martyred Lincoln, when in sorrow and anguish of soul, "With malice towards none and charity for all," he said: "I want the people of the South to come back to the old home, to sit down at the old fireside, to sleep under the old roof and to labor and rest and worship God under the old flag," has been realized in its fruition. Today no

section of our beloved land has a monopoly of patriotism, love for Country or devotion to flag. Among us all there is a union of hearts and hands for all that makes for the welfare and prosperity of the Nation. There is and will, necessarily be difference of opinion regarding political methods and policies. These will be settled in the forum of public conscience and in the halls of legislation. Never again will the sword, musket and cannon be requisitioned, for civil warfare, to make secure our National existence. We now and ever will stand together, shoulder to shoulder, in solid phalanx for the defense and maintenance in perpetuity, of the fundamental principles that have made us the greatest and most respected Nation of the world. Principles that were established by the sacrifices made by the valorous and heroic men, whose ashes lie beneath this sod, and their comrades who, with them, have listened to the strains of "the music beyond the sunset;" together with those, who, with weakening bodies, dimmed eyes and faltering footsteps are with us today, waiting, only waiting for taps to sound, that they may lie down to rest in their silent tents of green. Fellow citizens, shall we not honor them, not alone by the memory of their suffering and sacrifice, but also in patriotic devotion to our flag in ever increasing loyalty to the Nation that honors us with its Citizenship, and by an ardent love for those dearly bought principles upon which the perpetuity and prosperity of our Country are firmly founded, so that at all times, our hearts shall respond to the sentiment so beautifully expressed by the poet:

"Oh land of lands, to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need, shall die for thee."

Fellow Citizens: Today the North Star State, Minnesota, is here represented by his Excellency its Governor and this Commission, in obedience to its mandate, to dedicate this monument, which it has caused to be erected in memory of its loved and patriotic sons, who made the oblation of their lives upon their Country's altar, and whose bodies lie mouldering here in the bosom of mother earth, that the flag, which today we all love, should, without the loss of a single star from its field of blue, ever float over a united Country. They did their part and did it nobly and well. Their valorous deeds, and the suffering and hardships they endured are indelibly written in the historic records of the Nation's achievements and its glory, and will ever be carried, in grateful remembrance, in the hearts of their Countrymen.

“Yon faithful herald’s blazon’d stone
With mournful pride shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how they fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter’s blight,
Nor time’s remorseless doom,
Shall mar one ray of Glory’s light
That gilds their deathless tombs.”

Sleep on beloved sons of Minnesota, comrades of mine, never again will the clash of sabre, the rattle of musketry or the reverberating thunder of cannon that shook the hills disturb your rest.

“But in this camp of death,
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here, is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.”

Your state will ever bear you in loving and grateful remembrance your trials, your achievements and your glory will never be forgotten, until time shall cast her treasures into the lap of eternity.

As I sometimes sit in the twilight shadows, memories of the past come to me, and listening, I can almost hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the boys of the blue and the boys of the gray, “Who have pitched their tents with the angels,” as they march shoulder to shoulder, in the grand review, on the parade ground of the land of the Leal, under the banner of the Prince of Peace, keeping step to the music of eternity, ever and anon, singing their song of rejoicing and shouting their hallelujahs, conscious that they did not die in vain and that because of their sufferings and sacrifice, Old Glory will, till time shall be no more, flutter in the breeze over a Nation of freemen, bound together by bonds of mutual sympathy, fellowship and purpose.

GOVERNOR J. A. A. BURNQUIST.

The Commissioners were very desirous to have printed here the address delivered by the Governor of Minnesota, Hon. J. A. A. Burnquist, but were informed by him that the address he delivered at the dedication at Little Rock and the address he delivered at the dedication at Memphis were both extemporaneous, and that he has not had time to prepare a report of either of them.

THE CHAIRMAN

I now have the pleasure to introduce the Mayor of the City of Little Rock, Mr. Charles E. Taylor.

ADDRESS MADE BY MAYOR CHARLES E. TAYLOR,

Mr. Chairman, Governor Burnquist and other members of the Minnesota Monument Commission, Veterans of both armies, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This occasion reminds me of an incident recorded in the Bible to which in some respects it bears parallel relation. The Jewish boy, Joseph, taken to Egypt by force, came at last, under the remarkable leading of God, into high official position in that country, with great power in his hands. To him, you will remember, came first his brethren from the Jewish country, asking food in time of famine, and later his old father, Jacob, who had long mourned his son as dead. We are told that Jacob, having reached a great age, and knowing of his approaching death, sent for his sons, and gave to every one his blessing, but exacted from Joseph a vow that his body would be carried to the promised land for final burial. After 40 days mourning Joseph besought Pharaoh for permission to carry out the promise made to his father, and Pharaoh not only gave consent but sent with Joseph and his brethren many of the royal servants and chariots and horsemen. Over the long dreary journey of many miles the caravan slowly traveled to the land of Canaan and there, in the land promised to the followers of the God of Israel, Joseph and his brethren laid to rest all that was mortal of the old patriarch.

In his turn, Joseph, when he came to die, left instructions to those about him that his body must be carried back to the land of his fathers, to the land wherein the true God was to be worshipped. This command was faithfully obeyed, and the bones of Joseph were removed from Egypt by the children of Israel at the time of the Exodus, carried on their long wanderings, and at last lovingly buried by them in Shechem. Reverently these faithful devotees of the only and true God desired their remains to be removed from a land of idolatry, whose people were alien in spirit and thought to those things which the Jews held most dear.

The State of Minnesota, with high appreciation of the service of its sons, who laid down their lives for a cause which their consciences passionately approved, by formal appropriation has provided for the erection of this monument. To this city today our sister state of the North Star has sent its distinguished Governor, with other prominent and representative citizens, to formally dedicate this symbol of a state's affection. We find in this incident no desire for the removal to other soil of remains of these brave men of Minnesota. In Joseph's time, with true loyalty to their God, the ancient leaders desired to have their remains carried out of an alien

land to a country promised to the followers of God. In Minnesota I am sure the people regard Arkansas just as I know the people of Arkansas think of Minnesota, that neither state is alien land, that both great commonwealths are integral parts of this Nation. The citizens of each state know that the God of our fathers is truly worshipped here just as he is revered in our sister state of the north. Therefore, you are content to leave here, in the bosom of Arkansas soil, the remains of those whose memory you love and to mark their last resting place with enduring bronze and marble.

The members of the distinguished party who are with us today have come to a thriving, progressive state, and in Little Rock, its capital, they will find a modern up-to-date city, with a public conscience and a civic ideal of the highest type. On behalf of the people of this city I extend to Governor Burnquist and to the members of the Minnesota Monument Commission, the heartiest welcome.

THE CHAIRMAN

Our Commission and all we represent highly appreciate the kind spirit of fellowship in which the Governor of Arkansas has consented to be present and take part in these exercises. It is a particular pleasure for me now to have the honor to introduce Governor George W. Hays.

ADDRESS BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. Chairman, Our Distinguished Visitors, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with sincere pleasure that I congratulate the people of Minnesota for dedicating this beautiful monument to the memory of the men of that State for the patriotic service rendered during the unpleasantness between the States, and for sacrificing their lives in the cause for which they fought. Minnesota is to be doubly congratulated, being the first of the States to erect a monument to the memory of her soldiers in this cemetery.

It will not be my purpose to discuss in any way the causes which lead up to the War between the States of this Union. We are removed from that great conflict more than a half century, and all hatred or prejudice coming as a result of the War should long since have been eliminated. We are one and the same people, honoring the same flag, working for one great purpose, and that for the advancement of the world and the elevation of mankind.

In this beautiful cemetery, the men who wore the gray and the men who wore the blue are buried. Their ashes sleep in peace.

Regardless of which side was right, one was as patriotic as the other. In the National Cemetery in Washington City, the home of the great Southern chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, the blue and the gray are now being buried side by side. We, as a nation, are to be congratulated upon the fact that while many of the civilized nations of the earth are engaged in war, we are enjoying peace, not only within our own borders, but with all the nations of the earth. State lines are only imaginary and are prescribed to enable the local affairs and communities to be better self governed, but, after all, there should be no North, no South, no East, no West, only America, and we should all be Americans. This beautiful monument is significant of the gospel of peace, bearing upon it the representation of one carrying in his hands the olive branch which signified peace and good will toward all mankind. It is very gratifying to know that when it becomes necessary to defend the honor of this country and its flag by resorting to arms that there are no dividing lines, but that the men of every section of the country cheerfully and gladly volunteer their services in defense of honor and right.

Governor Burnquist and Gentlemen of the Commission, it gives me very great pleasure, on behalf of the entire citizenship of the commonwealth which I so proudly represent, to extend to each of you all that the word means, a most cordial welcome.

THE CHAIRMAN

On an occasion like this, it is especially gratifying to our Commission to have the presence, assistance and sympathy of representatives and survivors of the gallant youth of the South who fought for the Confederacy. One of these, now a citizen of Little Rock, was not quite eighteen years of age at the close of the war. He has since, at one period, served as major general in command of the military forces of his state, and we will now be glad to listen to a few remarks from him; General B. W. Green.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL B. W. GREEN.

General Andrews, His Excellency, Governor Burnquist, and Gentlemen of the Minnesota Commission:

On behalf of the Confederate Veterans of Arkansas I sincerely thank you for the courtesy allowing us to be heard on this auspicious occasion. We deem it quite an honor to the State of Arkansas that the great State of Minnesota has sent a delegation to us and have honored our State in honoring your dead who lie in the soil of Arkansas by the erection of this magnificent monument. A great

work of art, of which we as Confederates and as citizens of Arkansas feel proud.

Some fifty odd years ago we met, but I cannot say it was a very pleasant meeting, for at that time you had the appearance to me of blue devils and were armed and equipped, and of whom I was exceedingly afraid when too near for comfort. Today your personal appearance is anything else but my former conception, for you seem to be Christian gentlemen and I consider that the highest type of manhood. Yet, in calling upon me to respond without preparation as a Confederate in the midst of eloquent and learned Federals, I must confess to having what we know in Arkansas as Buck Agee. Age and experience has proven to me, as it seems it has to you (from the delightful message which you bring today), that it is human and manly to hate and to avenge. But, to forgive and to love is God-like. We, the Confederates of Arkansas, appreciate most highly the kind words of Comradeship, which you gentlemen have used today and we can but extend our hands and clasp yours in sincere friendship and with all good wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

On your return to the great State of Minnesota, please bear to them our greetings, as American citizens, and say to them when it becomes too cold in their North State, come down to Arkansas and thaw out. July is good thawing weather, and if you will come about that time we will give you a very warm reception. But, say also that while we invite the citizens of Minnesota to visit the citizens of Arkansas, and to become better acquainted, please say to them that we would prefer that they should not all come at once. It might cause a rise in groceries.

To those in this great audience, who like myself, have laid beneath the sod some darling child, and whose resting place the most sacred spot on earth, because we love the dead more than the living. When the Government called for our living sons to meet those of Spain we readily gave our best. Again, when the Government called for troops to protect our southwestern border, we gave cheerfully our sons. But these were living sons. Just across the stone wall which has been broken down, lie our sons, whom we have committed to mother earth to await the resurrection morn and this spot of earth is very sacred to us. This we have deeded to the United States in fee simple, our very best, our most sacred, our most beloved, that the Government should hold it in trust until the latter days. Can we of the South express greater confidence and more infinite trust when we have given of our best to her keeping? This should forever

settle the question of North and South, of Confederate and Federal, for our heart goes with the gift.

The boys of Minnesota sleep beside the boys of Arkansas and above them floats "Old Glory"—the flag they loved, the flag we love. The flag known, respected and even loved in all quarters of the globe. Loved because it represents the greatest people on earth. A free people, a generous people, a charitable people, who know no race difference and respects the rights of mankind. We, too, enjoy citizenship of the greatest country on earth. Great because her people are great. We thank God for a Lincoln and a Lee, a McKinley and a Jefferson, a Grant and a Stonewall Jackson, a Henry Ward Beecher and a Leonidas Polk. These, with many others, stand out on the horizon of history as peaks along the range of our mountains on the Western Coast commanding the admiration of the world. Yet what could a few great spirits accomplish without the aid and sustaining presence of a great people, a free and educated people, a people who will divide with the needy, a people great because instructed in the fundamental principles of Christianity.

Just here I am reminded of a little story that is appropriate on this occasion. A Sunday School Superintendent, having a visitor during the hours of his school, said to the children. "Mr. Jones is present today and will make a short talk to the children." Mr. Jones arose with much dignity and kindness of expression and said, "Children, what shall I say, what shall I say?" A little piping voice from the corner said, "Say Amen and quit." Now I see just across the way a number of gentlemen who have been standing for two hours. I think they feel like that little boy at Sunday School and so I quit. Again thanking you for the courtesy extended us.

THE CHAIRMAN

Among the young men who, in October, 1861, accompanied me from St. Cloud, Minnesota, to Fort Snelling, and who were the nucleus of my company in the Third Regiment, was James Coates, then eighteen years of age. He served out his three years' term of enlistment faithfully, then became a resident of Arkansas, where he has ever been a most exemplary citizen, at one time serving as Judge of Probate. It is a peculiar pleasure for me to have him with us, and I now ask him to make a few remarks.

RESPONSE BY JUDGE JAMES COATES.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Commission:

Gratitude is the most beautiful thing in the world—the exhibition of the noblest of natures. We are deeply moved by this beau-

tiful exhibition of it by the good people of Minnesota, and you gentlemen who are kind enough to come here on this errand of devotion, and ask you to convey to your State our sincere thanks and appreciation of this, their noble deed; for good deeds never die and we hope this will move all other states to follow its example.

It was my good fortune to have known these noble dead. They were God fearing, holding religious services nearly every night when in camp, and such lovers of peace that they had been deemed unwarlike. They were all educated, inured to toil, engaged in establishing homes and developing the resources of their great State when they responded to the call of national unity. Free from the destructive effects of sectionalism; inspired by a love of liberty and security; always ready to extend a friendly hand to whoever would accept it.

Many of their comrades have rendered conspicuous service. It has been well said that the world can never forget what men like these did. Like explorers and discoverers, we cannot tell the ultimate value of their services; for it was not for this age or country alone, but for all ages and for all peoples, where security and liberty is respected, for if they had failed in restoring the Union we could not have attained the security and highest position in the world, a light and example to all others. Wherever our flag flies their services are felt and revered, and it grows with time.

There is no consolation for the great sacrifice we here see, but a reunited country. We all have turned our faces to the future to unite in spirit and in truth, with peace and good will to all who may come among us. Freedom of education, labor and opportunity; the only true basis of progress, abides with us, and the strong do not oppress the weak, as you see by many evidences here.

We hope your stay in the southland will be pleasant, and its memories linger long with you.

THE CHAIRMAN

Still another worthy member of my old company who adopted Little Rock for his home, and whom I was glad to meet this morning, is Mr. Frank J. Markling. He was severely wounded in the battle of Fitzhugh's Woods. I hope there are many happy years in store for him.

Another Third Minnesota man who adopted Arkansas for his home after the war was known and beloved by every one in the regiment as "Billy Akers." Mustered with the regiment October 11, 1861, as a private, at the age of twenty, he gradually rose by

merit to the rank of captain. I ask Captain William G. J. Akers to say a few words.

ADDRESS BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM G. J. AKERS.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are assembled here today to greet and most heartily welcome to our State and City a delegation of distinguished citizens from the great State of Minnesota. They are the Honorable J. A. Burnquist, Governor of the State, General C. C. Andrews, Chairman, and the other members of the State Monument Commission; who visit us for the purpose of dedicating to the memory of Minnesota's sons, resting here beneath the sod in our fair Arkansas, this beautiful and artistic monument, the magnificent gift of a generous and patriotic people.

When I address the old soldiers as comrades, all are included, those who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray. More than half a century has elapsed since the close of the war between the States and all bitterness has passed away.

Originally there were two cemeteries here; one "the Confederate" and the other "the Federal." They are now merged into one, "The National Cemetery," affording under that flag a resting place for the soldier dead of every State, all Americans, reunited in death, sleeping peacefully side by side, with the animosities of the strife—as they should be by the living—forgotten.

THE CHAIRMAN

After the reading of the following letter from the Superintendent of this Cemetery accepting our monument these exercises will close. I wish to thank the Superintendent for his kindness and promptitude in furnishing our Commission information and assistance on the repeated instances we have called on him. I desire also to express our high appreciation of the friendly attention shown us by the authorities and citizens of Little Rock, and our admiration for their beautiful city.

LETTER OF SUPERINTENDENT J. M. BRYANT.

No. 202. National Cemetery, Little Rock, Ark.
 From: Superintendent. September 22, 1916.
 To: General C. C. Andrews, Chairman, Minnesota
 State Monument Commission, handed to him at
 time of dedication.
 Subject: Acceptance of Monument.

1. In accordance with authority vested in Superintendent by paragraph 2, letter of Quartermaster General of the Army, dated February 19, 1916, (No. 293-5-C) and ad-

dressed to you, the Monument recently erected by the State of Minnesota in the National Cemetery, at Little Rock, Ark., is hereby accepted on behalf of the War Department.

2. The State of Minnesota, your Commission, the designer and the contractor, including the sub-contractor, are to be congratulated on the completion of a very beautiful monument. It was carefully handled and erected by skilled workmen, who spared no effort or expense required to do a strictly first class job.

3. As requested in your letter to Quartermaster General of April 17, 1916, special care was exercised to have statue firmly secured to pedestal and it is believed it will withstand the effects of any storm likely to visit this neighborhood.

J. W. BRYANT,
Superintendent.

Report showing that the men of the Third Minnesota regiment of Infantry U. S. volunteers who were killed in the battle of Fitzhugh's Woods, near Augusta, Ark., April 1, 1867, are buried in the National Cemetery at Little Rock

On the 21st of October, 1872, General C. C. Andrews, who commanded the U. S. forces in the battle of Fitzhugh's Woods, wrote to the Secretary of War, requesting that a suitable person in the U. S. military service in Arkansas be sent to the Fitzhugh's Woods battleground and ascertain and report the condition of the graves of the Union dead who were buried there. In compliance with that request, First Lieutenant John W. Bubb, regimental quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, U. S. Army, and acting assistant quartermaster at the post of Little Rock, Arkansas, was detailed to visit said battleground; and under date of Little Rock, April 7th, 1873, made the following report, which was transmitted to General Andrews by the Secretary of War, July 1st, 1873:

On the 17th of Feb'y, I left this Post in compliance with Special Orders No. 24 Ed. 11, Hdqrs. Post of Little Rock, Ark., and visited the battlefield known as "Fitzhugh's Woods," eight miles north of Augusta, Ark.

I examined the ground upon which the battle took place, and found grave marks to the number of seven or eight. From the nature of them I became convinced that the bodies had been removed. Lewis McKinney, a colored man, living in the vicinity of Augusta, informed me he was employed by the U. S. Burial Corps in 1869, to assist in removing the dead; he says they found twelve. Mr. G. Q. T. Malone, U. S. Commissioner, who resides in Augusta, Ark., was present when they were buried, after the battle, and gave information to the Corps when they removed them; he thinks they removed fourteen. Upon examination of the Little Rock National Cemetery at this Post, I find that nine

bodies were brought here from Jacksonport, Ark., five from Village Creek and thirty-one from Batesville, Ark., all of which places are on the road north of Augusta. This record proves conclusively that they have been removed to this cemetery, though they are not reported (probably by some error) as being brought from "Fitzhugh's Woods."

This paper has been delayed awaiting information from various sources.

(Signed) JOHN W. BUBE,
1st Lt. and Regimental Quartermaster 4th Infantry,
Acting Assistant Quartermaster.

MINNESOTA SOLDIERS (UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS) WHO ARE BURIED IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

THIRD MINNESOTA REGIMENT (INFANTRY), U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Captain Ephraim Pierce	Priv.	F	July 1, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
2nd Lieut. Corydon D. Bevans	Priv.	E	Killed April 1, 1864, at Fitzhugh's Woods.
2nd Lieut. Olof Liljegren	Priv.	D	Sept. 25, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
2nd Lieut. John V. Reeves	Priv.	C	Jan. 29, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Allen Alonzo	Priv.	C	Sept. 25, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Anderson, German	Priv.	C	Sept. 14, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Anderson, Lars	Priv.	B	Feb. 2, 1865, Little Rock, Ark.
Andrus, Ira	Priv.	K	July 19, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Baker, Benjamin B.	Priv.	H	1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Baker, Thomas L.	Priv.	C	Oct. 1, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Battley, James L.	Priv.	E	Sept. 3, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Beledo, Peter	Priv.	I	Oct. 2, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Bingham, Andrew	Priv.	G	Died from wounds received in battle of Fitzhugh's Woods, April 1, 1864.
Bisco, William	Priv.	A	Sept. 11, 1863, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Bong, Elias	Priv.	D	Nov. 9, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Borrett, William	Priv.	G	Dec. 4, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Brindzick, August	Priv.	I	Nov. 26, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Bryant, Amassa E.	Priv.	C	April 28, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Bulen, Alpheus W.	Priv.	K	Oct. 16, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Burton, Johnson S.	Priv.	C	Sept. 17, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Campbell, John J.	Priv.	K	Oct. 2, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Cassady, James	Priv.	E	July 31, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Clark, Andrew J.	Priv.	F	July 20, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Chapin, Franklin	Priv.	C	Dec. 4, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Charles, Joseph E.	Priv.	F	Oct., 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Chase, Caleb B.	Priv.	H	July 19, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Christianson, Michael	Priv.	D	Nov. 8, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Clegg, Francis	Priv.	B	Oct. 4, 1864.
Conklin, John P.	Priv.	...	Dec. 13, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Conner, John G.	Priv.	II	Aug. 18, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Connerton, John	Priv.	F	Oct. 2, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Cornell, Cyrus F.	Priv.	H	July 27, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Cowan, Elias	Corporal	A	Aug. 16, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Cramer, Adolph	Priv.	I	Nov. 26, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Cranshaw, Thomas	Priv.	G	May 18, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Crumb, Samuel	Priv.	K	Oct. 11, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Cummings, Julius	Priv.	C	Oct. 9, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Curran, Alfred	Priv.	C	Oct. 2, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Darwin, Matthew	Priv.	A	Nov. 27, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Dauchy, C. H.	Priv.	B	Sept. 23, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Douglas, Robert E.	Priv.	B	Aug. 27, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Eaton, Lewis	Priv.	H	Oct. 1, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Eldridge, Samuel A.	Priv.	E	Aug. 7, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Eldridge, Joseph C.	Priv.	E	Aug. 27, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Erickson, Ole	Priv.	D	Nov. 22, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Erwin, Arthur E.	Priv.	H	Aug. 5, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Farnsworth, Henry W.	Priv.	C	Killed at Fitzhugh's Woods, April 1, 1864
Faucett, Joseph	Priv.	B	Nov. 17, 1863, Little Rock, Ark.
Fate, Robert E.	Priv.	C	Oct. 5, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Fellows, Julius	Priv.	G	Aug. 8, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Framan, Victor	Priv.	D	Oct. 20, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Fulton, Robert	Priv.	K	Oct. 19, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Gamage, O. D.	Priv.	A	Nov. 25, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Gilber, Frederick	Priv.	K	Nov. 28, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Graham, John R.	Sergt.	I	Sept. 26, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Green, Edward	Priv.	B	Oct. 26, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Graves, John H.	Priv.	G	Nov. 20, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Griffin, Howard	Priv.	F	Dec. 6, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Gustafson, Charles	Priv.	D	Dec. 9, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Haas, Nicholas	Priv.	F	Aug. 29, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Hanson, Ole	Priv.	B	Killed at Fitzhugh's woods, Ark., April 1, 1864.
Harding, Clark D.	Priv.	E	Killed at Fitzhugh's Woods, Ark., April 1, 1864.
Harrison, William	Priv.	D	1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Harvey, William	Priv.	C	Aug. 27, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Haskett, James L.	Priv.	H	Oct. 29, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Hennessey, Michael	Priv.	I	Oct. 13, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Hawkins, Coleman	Cook	E	Jan. 12, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Hill, Geo. D.	Priv.	G	Aug. 29, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Holst, Jacob	Priv.	F	Oct. 20, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Holst, Joachim	Priv.	F	Sept. 22, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
How, Asa	Priv.	H	Nov. 24, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Hultman, Alfred	Priv.	D	Dec. 14, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Hunt, Albert G.	Sergt.	B	1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Johnson, John A.	Priv.	D	Sept. 17, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Johnson, Lars	Priv.	B	Nov. 7, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Jones, John M.	Priv.	G	Sept. 2, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Kader, George	Priv.	A	Aug. 5, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
King, William O.	Priv.	I	Oct. 25, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Klas, John	Priv.	A	Nov. 6, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Knudson, Thomas	Priv.	D	Jan. 11, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Kroon, Peter	Priv.	D	Oct. 30, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Lansing, Grover B.	Corporal	K	Oct. 6, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Larson, John	Priv.	B	Oct. 21, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Larson, Ole	Priv.	D	Nov. 22, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Latta, James	Corporal	B	Jan. 6, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Lehman, John G.	Priv.	F	Oct. 29, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Libbie, Henry H.	Priv.	H	Aug. 27, 1863, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Lilly, David	Priv.	H	Jan. 19, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Loring, George	Priv.	H	Aug. 10, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Luce, George	Priv.	C	Oct. 16, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Luce, Walter	Priv.	C	Oct. 13, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Magnus, John	Priv.	D	Jan. 24, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Mark, Christian	Priv.	K	May 18, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
McCaslin, Joseph B.	Priv.	A	Aug. 8, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
McLane, Peter	Priv.	K	Jan. 2, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Miner, Monroe	Priv.	H	Oct. 12, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Mobeck, Peter L.	Priv.	H	Oct. 17, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Montgomery, John V.	Priv.	A	Aug. 16, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Moon, Charles W.	Priv.	K	Aug. 9, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Mooseman, Frederick	Priv.	A	Oct. 2, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Moran, Benjamin K.	Priv.	K	May 19, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Moreland, Josiah	Priv.	G	Aug. 15, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Morey, Henry M.	Priv.	B	Dec. 7, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Munson, John	Priv.	...	Nov. 23, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Nelson, Ole	Priv.	D	Oct. 6, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Niemer, Henry	Priv.	F	Oct. 11, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Noggle, John O.	Priv.	H	May 7, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Ofelt, John P.	Corporal	D	Dec. 31, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Olson, Christopher	Priv.	D	Oct. 24, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Peck, Delevan	Priv.	I	Sept. 26, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Palm, Joseph	Priv.	A	Sept. 26, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Palmer, William	Priv.	G	Feb. 23, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Panay, Carleton	Priv.	I	Jan. 4, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Parks, Alfred	Priv.	B	Aug. 12, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Peasly, George H.	Corporal	H	Killed April 1, 1864, at Fitzhugh's Wood- Ark.
Perry, George	Priv.	G	Sept. 21, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Perry, Corydon W.	Priv.	C	Dec. 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.,
Peterson, John	Priv.	D	Sept. 13, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Peterson, Talf.	Priv.	D	Jan. 17, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Phillips, James H.	Priv.	A	June 15, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Perkins, Lucian L.	Priv.	H	May 5, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Pletstoesser, August	Priv.	A	Sept. 7, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Pool, Jeremiah	Priv.	I	Oct. 11, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Poor, Robert	Priv.	F	Aug. 24, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Quam, Peter.....	Priv.	D	Nov. 13, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Richmond, Stewart.....	Priv.	F	Nov. 9, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Ruggles, Jasper W.....	Priv.	C	Feb. 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Saunders, Ned.....	Priv.	B	June 24, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Scott, William F.....	Priv.	K	Aug. 5, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Seamans, A. W.....	Priv.	F	Nov. 1, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Sharrew, Thomas.....	Priv.	A	Oct. 14, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Shea, William.....	Priv.	B	Aug. 17, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Shearier, William.....	Priv.	B	Killed at Fitzhugh's Woods, April 1, 1864.
Shippe, Laben E.....	Priv.	K	April 26, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Simon, William.....	Priv.	G	March 7, 1865, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Smith, Daniel B.....	Priv.	C	Aug. 19, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Smith, Washington I.....	Priv.	I	Killed April 1, 1864, Fitzhugh's Woods, Ark.
Steinhorst, William.....	Priv.	F	Sept. 21, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Soule, Frederick O.....	Priv.	H	Sept. 28, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Staley, John.....	Priv.	I	Aug. 28, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Taylor, Reuben.....	Priv.	G	Oct. 21, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Terry, James Y.....	Priv.	H	Oct. 25, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Therson, Carl.....	Priv.	I	Nov. 26, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Thompson, Gander.....	Priv.	D	Sept. 26, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Valkenant, Fred.....	Priv.	A	Sept. 4, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Verrill, Alonzo.....	Priv.	D	Aug. 23, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Walker, John.....	Priv.	H	Aug. 7, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Waterman, Henry C.....	Priv.	F	July 5, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Webster, Martin.....	Priv.	K	Sept. 27, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Wentworth, John W.....	Priv.	F	Nov. 14, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Wesele, John.....	Priv.	F	July 5, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Wilkins, Julius E.....	Priv.	K	Nov. 17, 1863, Little Rock, Ark.
Wilcox, James O.....	Priv.	G	July 18, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Windhusen, Conrad.....	Priv.	F	Sept. 27, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.

FIFTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Sampson, Christopher.....	Priv.	C	Sept. 26, 1864, Randolph Co., Ark.
Webster, Martin.....	Hosp.?	...	Sept. 26, 1864, Pine Bluff, Ark.

SEVENTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Austin, Myron F.....	Priv.	A	Oct. 16, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Leighton, John.....	Priv.	C	Oct. 21, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Palm, John.....	Priv.	C	Oct. 21, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.

NINTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Borgson, Andrew P.....	Priv.	D	Oct. 1, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
Butts, Thomas.....	Priv.	G	1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Jewell, Ira B.....	Priv.	G	Sept. 22, 1864, Little Rock, Ark.
McMasters, David.....	Priv.	F	Sept. 24, 1864, Pocahontas, Ark.
Parker, John.....	Priv.	G	Little Rock, Ark.

TENTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Cowan, Samuel R.....	Priv.	B	Sept. 11, 1864, Devall's Bluff, Ark.
Johnson, Isaac.....	Priv.	I	Sept. 25, 1864, Pocahontas, Ark.



ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Exercises at Memphis, Tennessee

In the National Cemetery, September 23, 1916, at 10 O'clock a. m., Dedicating the Monument Therein Erected by the State of Minnesota in Memory of Her Volunteer Soldiers of the Civil War There Buried. :: ::

General Christopher C. Andrews, Chairman of the Minnesota Commission, presided.

PRAYER

Offered by Dr. C. H. Williamson, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Memphis, Tenn., at the dedication of the Minnesota Monument, Saturday, September 23, 1916.

Almighty God Our Heavenly Father—

God of our Fathers, Who hast been our dwelling place in all generations—our hearts yield to Thee their gratitude for Thy changeless love and for Thy unnumbered mercies. We thank Thee for this occasion which brings us together today. We are here before Thee, in a place made sacred by the dust of sleeping heroes, to dedicate this monument as a memorial to these, who as soldiers in a great war, paid the last full measure of their devotion with their lives. We thank Thee that they are not forgotten, that their sacrifice still lives in the grateful hearts of these people whose love placed this memorial above their lowly resting place.

May Thy blessing be upon Thy Servant, the Governor of a great Commonwealth and upon those who are with him today, the representatives of their State, who came from their distant homes to dedicate this memorial and to bear messages of love and good will to us, the people of the South. We thank Thee for their presence among us, for the spirit which they bring, for great assurance of the deathless union of all true American hearts. Grant that this, their brief stay in our midst may be for them one of happiness, send them home in peace and with the deep conviction of Thy blessing upon them, as the reward of their service both to the dead and the living.

We thank Thee that these veterans of the Civil war, who in that fratricidal strife—wore the blue and the gray—are permitted to be here today, to share the spirit of this great hour and to rejoice that they have lived to see their country reunited in love and in patriotic fidelity. Help us, Almighty God, to be as faithful in our

devotion to them as we are to the memory of those who fell in battle.

Bless our President, grant unto him wisdom that cometh down from above. Be with our country, forbid, Almighty God, that we should fail to accomplish as a people, our true destiny. Keep steadily before us the great ideals we were raised up of Thee to realize. Keep us in the straight course of duty, not only to our land, but to all the peoples of the earth. May this nation ever be faithful to those who in obedience to Thee laid deep and broad the foundations of our liberty. O Thou, Who didst enable our Fathers to kindle the watch fires of our faith, enable us, their descendants, to keep these sacred flames burning.

This is our prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Who is our Redeemer. Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN

Of the Minnesota volunteers who lost their lives in the Civil war, one hundred and eighty-nine are buried in the National Cemetery here at Memphis. The larger number of these were of the Sixth Minnesota regiment. One of our Commissioners, Mr. Levi Longfellow, was mustered into that regiment at the age of twenty-one. He is a business man of the City of Minneapolis, has served as Commander of the Minnesota Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, two years as patriotic instructor in the National G. A. R., and is now and for several years has served as patriotic instructor of the Minnesota Department of the G. A. R. I take pleasure in now introducing him.

ADDRESS BY MR. LEVI LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:

Standing in this presence and looking out over these graves where are sleeping the men who more than fifty years ago responded to their country's call for volunteers to preserve this nation, our thoughts are filled with precious memories of heroic service and sacrifice.

These men were our comrades. We marched and endured the hardships of war together. We were eye witnesses of their sufferings. And it requires no stretch of our imagination to recall them now as we saw them then, abandoning all their cherished plans for life and bidding farewell to home and loved ones, starting out to follow that Flag "not always to victory we know, but never to dishonor."

This occasion, my friends, is inspiring, for we are here to dedicate and commemorate with reverential offerings of granite and bronze this tribute from the patriotic people of Minnesota. It expresses their grateful appreciation of the blessings they now enjoy, resulting from the toil and sacrifice of their fellow citizens in the long ago.

These men started out firm in the faith that the troubles that then agitated the nation would not be for long, and that when peace should again fold her white wings over the country they would return to receive that honor and gratitude which they would have so nobly earned. Little did they realize that before that war would cease they would be numbered among those who had given "the last full measure of devotion" to their country, and that their fond anticipations would never be fulfilled. Yet, by faith we may lift our eyes from these graves into the sunlight of a coming day when every comrade in that great struggle, whether he wore the blue or the gray, will meet in a glad reunion in a world where war shall not be, neither any more sorrow, and where death itself shall no longer hold dominion over the sons of men.

During the four years of the Civil war the government made eight calls on the country for volunteers, aggregating 2,775,000 men. Minnesota's quota under the eight calls was 23,745, but she furnished 25,052 men for the federal service, besides upward of 1500 citizen state troops to aid in suppressing the Indian uprising in 1862 in which more than one thousand of her people, including many women and children, were horribly massacred.

Two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven of these Minnesota soldiers never came back but were killed in battle or died of wounds or disease or perished in Southern prisons.

The United States census of 1860 gave the total population of Minnesota as 172,023, and according to that census Minnesota not only largely over-subscribed her quota for the war, but she furnished more men in proportion to her population than any other Northern state. Minnesota is numbered among the fourteen Northern states that lost more than ten per cent of the men furnished for that war.

Of the men who enlisted from Minnesota twenty-one became generals, ranking from brevet-brigadiers to major-generals, and more than two hundred officers and enlisted men were promoted during the war from Minnesota volunteer organizations into the United States Army as commissioned officers.

Minnesota, be it said to her honor, has not forgotten her soldier dead. She has erected monuments on many of the battlefields of the South and in National cemeteries in memory of her sons who lie buried there, sleeping their young lives away.

That great army of citizen soldiers both from the North and from the South was composed of the brainiest men who ever rallied in defense of any cause. In all the history of the world there has never been found their equal. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher, speaking in England in 1863 on the Civil war, was interrupted by a man in the audience who shouted out, "You said you could whip the South in six months. Why didn't you do it?" To which Mr. Beecher promptly replied, "Because we were fighting AMERICANS."

We read that William Ewart Gladstone prophesied that the Mississippi valley would some day produce the food supply of the world. He might have added that that same valley furnished its full quota of the men who saved this North American Republic from disunion in the great Civil war.

After the close of the war tens of thousands of discharged Civil war veterans settled in the Northwest and became honored citizens of that great Inland Empire. It is safe to say that the men who sacrificed for the preservation of this nation did more for its development and progress, did more for Christian civilization and humanity than any preceding generation.

Standing in this presence today among these sacred dead, let us renew our pledge of loyalty and allegiance to this nation, and in the words of the immortal Lincoln "let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

THE CHAIRMAN

One of our five Commissioners appointed by the legislature to erect this and two other monuments was mustered into the Fourth Minnesota regiment in 1861, at the age of twenty, and during the Civil war attained the rank of major. Since the war, though engaged a part of the time in important business affairs, he for several years served as a general officer in the military service of his state. I take pleasure in now introducing him—General Thomas P. Wilson.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL THOMAS P. WILSON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As a member of the Minnesota State Monument Commission and of the Fourth Minnesota Infantry, some of whom are sleeping here, it has been thought fit that I should take some part in these

memorial exercises. Although it is a task whose adequate discharge is beyond my powers, perhaps beyond those of any man, the sadness of it is tempered by the passage and the discipline of the years. Not because your heroes and mine did not deserve the tribute of tears that was given them along with the tribute of praise, but because time, which sets all things right, enables us to see more clearly just what it was they gave, and what must be for us in the final message of their life and death.

Whether they fell in battle or breathed their last sighs under the ministrations of tender hands whose mercy knew not friend or foe, their mission was one that we must not misunderstand today. The issues of any war are issues of a day or hour. Final as may be their relation to the era when they were all in all, time moves, the face of the earth changes, the moral as well as the physical, the mental, and the political world sweep onward in their destined cycle. Is there, then, nothing but a transitory memory and a fleeting service to mark the great surrender of our beloved dead?

I think there is. And it will make us prouder than we are now of the comrades whose association is still so dear to us, if we can see clearly that they were not merely the servants of their time; not merely men whom a crisis of their epoch sent to the graves marked here today to settle a question that died with them. For such a loss there could be no worthy compensation. We could not with serene faces dedicate our monuments if we felt that beneath them we buried also a gift too fine, a service too far from self to perish with the passage of the years and the changes in institutions, in thoughts, in the direction of the patriot's devotion.

In these days when sorrow and darkness wrap the world in a shroud, and millions are dying as these men died, we must, if we are even to hold our sanity, see farther than the man or the issue. We must look more deeply into meanings, and measure worth by standards more delicate. We must melt in one crucible the art of peace with that of war. We must have a larger and clearer vision into the future for which men consciously or unconsciously give their lives.

The explanation of today, and the only support for the intolerable loss and suffering with which it overspreads the earth is also that which justifies and glorifies the dead who are buried here. The work they did is part of the work still going on; the work to which all men are contributing who give their lives for their faith in a principle and in the justice of a cause. Nations as well as men

need to pass through the fire of the final test before they can understand that, just as humanity is purified through love and not through hate, it reaches its final purpose less often over the heights of achievement than through the valley of suffering and self sacrifice.

Only by some glimpse of this truth, so high and austere that strong souls confront it with fear, is life intelligible or human action other than the groping of feeble blind men in a dark and meaningless universe. The human mind tries in vain to explain it. Philosophy has no key to it. History bears witness to it only to make the riddle deeper. But it is written on the tablets of the world since history began. It is graven upon shrinking hearts that have had to give to it their dearest and best. The law of human life moving to greater things is the law of renunciation. Its instrument is pain. Its price is suffering. Its reward we cannot name, because we do not understand. We only know that from the beginning of the world men and women have paid this price because they believed it worth while. We only know that the wise man is he who can "forecast the years, and find in loss a gain to match;" can "reach a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears."

For this reason the old peoples of whom we have no record but legend submitted themselves to what they called Fate, working out an inescapable destiny through individuals doomed to pay for the future of others with all they had of happiness, of hope, of life itself. For this reason the comrades who are buried here fought and sleep well. For this millions upon millions, in the hidden places as well as in the glare of breaking bombs and amid the unceasing thunder of the guns, are offering to the impenetrable will that guides them and us and all their personal tribute of sacrifice.

It is, then, something greater than bravery, something higher than patriotism, something more eternal than devotion to any one cause that broods upon these graves over which we bend today with hearts full of love and honor. "Their swords are rust, their bones are dust, their souls are with their God we trust." The first and the second we know. Of these the monument is witness. But only if we can reach an understanding that unites our time with all the life of the world, their purpose with the purpose which must govern the acts and movements of the universe, human will with a universal will, can we rightly value their gift.

In that spirit our trophies shine with a new luster, our memorials are lasting, our sorrow is a triumph, our brothers who lie here are but a part of the unending army that has forever moved



MEMPHIS MONUMENT AND COMMISSION

through sacrifice and suffering to save a world by the only force strong enough to rid it one day of wrong and evil. With a new pride and courage we may celebrate days and places and events and men like those in whose honor we are united today, because through what they gave lies the way for all men and women out of pain into peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENRY B. DIKE.

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As we are assembled here, today, in this City of the Dead, where repose the mouldering forms of thousands of the flower of the youth of the North, who in the long dark days of the Civil War responded to the call for sacrifice and offered "all that they were and all that they hoped to be" to preserve the integrity of the Nation and the honor of its flag, a wealth of memories crowd upon us and we are reminded that:

"There are billows far out on the Ocean
Which never will break on the beach,
There are waves of human emotion
Which can find no expression in speech."

Memories of their bravery, heroism and valorous deeds, amid the clashing of sword, the rattle of musketry, while shot and shell roared and crashed around them. Memories of the pain and suffering they endured, of the cruel gaping wounds that bled and ached and the gasping breath, that came quick and short as they yielded, upon the altar of their Country, all that they had to give, and closed their eyes upon things of earth to open upon the hills of the Eternal morning. Memories of the home ties broken, of mothers, wives and sisters who, with bleeding hearts, suffered unspeakable anguish of soul, over the loss of the loved one who had made the sacrifice of his life, that not a star in the galaxy of stars in the azure field of "Old Glory" should ever be removed. The heroism and valor, the suffering and sacrifice, of these boys who wore the blue, the anguish of soul, of their mothers, wives and loved ones has never been surpassed and only equalled by the brave and heroic boys who wore the gray, and the noble women of the South who, with bowed head and tear furrowed cheeks, gave the dearest jewels of their hearts for the cause they firmly and honestly believed to be right.

"If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven."

They bequeathed to us a priceless heritage, purchased by the shedding of their blood, the sacrifice of their lives, and the tears, sorrow and anguish of the noble women of our Country, who sat in

the shadow, waiting, and listening for the familiar voice of the one, dearer to them than life itself, who had responded to his name, at the call of the roll in the deathless land beyond. This heritage: a united people with one Country, where hatred, animosity and distrust of section against section has given place to mutual fellowship, sympathy and purpose in every effort making for its greatness, its stability and its destiny. A Nation following the one flag that shall ever lead it along the path of freedom and righteousness as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

“The one flag! The great flag,
The flag for me and you,
Glorified, all else beside,
The red and white and blue,
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all.”

I am persuaded that the Infinite Ruler has plans and purposes regarding the development, progress and destiny of nations, that no human agency can thwart or set aside. That oft times what appears as a defeat of our hopes and cherished ambitions, our conflicts in the forum of public opinion, and on the field of battle, are in its results and final analysis, among our greatest victories. Believing this, as I look back over the half century and more since Appomatox and note the passing into oblivion of those controversies and contentions that separated us and engendered hate and animosity, the development, progress and prosperity of every section of our beloved land, realizing that we are now a united people, under one flag, working together, with heart and hand for those things, that assure our glorious destiny, and have made us the greatest and most respected Nation on the face of the earth, I know that God was in the result of that conflict, and that it was in harmony with His divine purpose. At the time, measured with reference to immediate results, it was a victory for the North, but, as the years have gone by, passion and heat have disappeared, fraternity and fellowship have grown apace, from coast to coast, from the lakes to the gulf, the dominant sentiment of all our people is, loyalty to Country and devotion to its flag. As we contemplate the present, consider the past and anticipate the future of our Country, cannot we truthfully say that the result of the Civil War was a triumph for the Nation, North and South alike, and that the defeat of the South, in that contest, in its results under the directing hand of Providence has proven to have been its greatest victory.

No section of our Country has ever had a monopoly of heroism; so, today none can boast of superior loyalty to the Nation or of

pre-eminent devotion to its flag. The defeated South of '65 in its patriotism, loyalty, love for Country, and fidelity to the principles that insure the Nation's perpetuity and glorious destiny, today, is standing in the front rank, elbow touching elbow, with the loyal and patriotic North, in defense of our blood-bought heritage.

At the close of the Civil war and for long years after, because of the bitter animosity and hate engendered, it hardly seemed possible that any, who participated in that conflict would live to listen to utterances of representative and honored citizens of the Southland, that could only pass the portals of speech, of those loyal to the Union, devoted to its flag, its welfare, progress and prosperity; but today, in the Chambers of Congress, the halls of legislation, in cities, towns and hamlets, men and women of the "Sunny South" are vocalizing their sincere loyalty, love and devotion to the Nation and its flag. I quote some of these utterances, made within the last two or three months, as indicative of the prevailing sentiment among our Southern brethren, hoping that they may impel us to a greater activity in behalf of a loyal support and defense of our Country and its cherished institutions. The Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in a recent address said:

"Do you ask: Would it have been better had the South been victorious? I must say no. God knew best."

Congressman Eagle, of Texas, last month discussing a bill then pending in Congress, expressed himself as follows:

"I rejoice with men in this Chamber, from every section of this glorious Union, that, now there is peace, not only in fact, but mutual sympathy and fellowship as well, and that in the future there will be no patriotism limited alone to North or South or East or West, and that everywhere we feel the same common devotion to the same flag, and the same aspiration for the glory of a Common Country."

Congressman Clark, of Florida, in his speech in the last Congress, on the acceptance by the Nation of the Lincoln homestead, said:

"This action bespeaks emphatically and more strongly than any language could the fact that we are absolutely a united family, under one flag, with one Country and all of us loving to do honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln."

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, in the Senate Chamber at Washington, a few weeks ago, gave expression to the feelings of

his heart, and I believe the sentiment of our Southern Citizenship, in the following words:

“If during the last twenty years I have done aught in this Chamber or elsewhere to keep alive the smouldering fires of sectionalism, let me say today, that they have long since died out of my heart and in the land from which I came. * * * * If ever I did hate the Northern people, that hatred has died out of my heart, and the pitchfork, if it was considered an emblem of it, has long since been buried. From its grave an olive tree has grown, and I am tendering the olive branch, claiming to represent the South in doing so, to all Northern people * * * * I have come to believe that the great war which that first shot at Sumter ushered in * * * * ended in the way that was best for all.”

Another citizen of our Southland in a recent speech said:

“The enemies of our Country from this day on must reckon with the blood and brawn of that race who fought with Grant at Vicksburg, together, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, with those who died with Lee at Gettysburg, Antietam and the Wilderness.”

In the Spanish-American War, at the call to the colors, the young, noble manhood of the North and the South willingly responded, and in Cuba, the Philippines and on the bosom of the seas, fought together, side by side, for the honor of their Country and the glory of its flag, and displayed the same courage and heroism as did their fathers with Grant and Lee in the battles of the Civil War. Truly we are a united people; united in labor, purpose, and sacrifice, if needs be, for the ever upward and onward march, to the glorious consummation of our cherished hopes and desires, that our beloved land may ever shine as the sun, ever sending forth its life-giving rays of freedom, liberty and righteousness, to all the peoples of the earth.

The condition of harmony, fellowship, united effort and prosperity which our Country enjoys today and which presages its happy and glorious future, was made possible by the suffering and oblation of these heroes, whose memory we honor today, and their comrades who, in the dark days ago, never to return, suffered with them and were willing to die, that our flag might forever float over a united nation of freemen, its shield and protection, against the antagonism of any and every foe. Surely they did not suffer, nor die in vain, and are worthy of the Nation's gratitude and its love.

Minnesota: ever true to the cause of a united country, freedom and liberty, you commissioned us to erect and we are here today to dedicate, on your behalf, this beautiful monument of imperishable granite and enduring bronze, as a lasting tribute to the memory of your beloved, heroic and valliant sons, "made immortal by their heroism on the fields of strife," whose bodies lie here beneath the grass, and who endured the hardships and sufferings of war, yielded their lives upon the Nation's altar, in defense of its flag, and left for all time the priceless legacy of a united people, a land of freedom, and a national prestige, possessed by no other country on the face of the earth. Minnesota: in thus doing you have not only discharged a sacred duty, due to the memory of these, your sons, but you have added additional honor and luster to your name. Beautiful and enduring as is this memorial of their achievement, suffering and sacrifice, the more beautiful and enduring monument to their memory is the one that shall ever be carried in the hearts of the people of the Home State 'till the dawning of "The morning that withers the stars from the sky." Comrades of mine: those of us who touched elbows with you amid the smoke and din of battle, on weary march, and with you endured the hardships and pestilence of war, as we are sitting beside the silent sea, waiting the sound of the muffled oar that heralds the approach of the boat that shall carry us to the Eternal shore; in our vision of faith and hope, we hear your anthem of joy, as the Great Shepherd leads you by pastures green and waters still, amid the pearl-capped hills in the land beyond the stars, where war, sorrow, pain and tears are never known and where the rainbow never fades.

"Take them, O Father, in immortal trust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last Angel rolls the stone away,
And a new morning brings Eternal day."

THE CHAIRMAN

We will now have the pleasure to listen to a solo by Miss Gerber, of Memphis.

Solo by Miss Elsa A. Gerber

DANNY BOY

(By Fred E. Weatherly)

Oh, Danny Boy, the mournful pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
 If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
 Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
 And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
 And I shall hear, though soft your tread above me,
 And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
 For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
 And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR J. A. A. BURNQUIST.

An address was then delivered by the Governor of Minnesota, Hon. J. A. A. Burnquist.

THE CHAIRMAN

I began correspondence with Mr. J. M. Ferguson, Superintendent of this National Cemetery, about four years ago, and wish to acknowledge his uniform kindness and promptitude in furnishing me information. It is with regret that I have just learned of his recent decease; and I beg to express our sympathy for his widow and son in their bereavement. The following is the Superintendent's letter accepting the monument:

ACCEPTANCE OF MONUMENT.

National Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn.

August 23, 1916.

General C. C. Andrews, Chairman of the Minnesota Monument Commission.

My Dear Sir:—

As the representative of the United States Government and being the custodian and keeper of the beautiful National Cemetery at Memphis Tenn., in which there are now 14,447 defenders of the Flag of the nation buried, I can but feebly express my pleasure on behalf of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States in this formal acceptance at your hands of the handsome Monument which has just been erected in this cemetery by the good people of the great State of Minnesota, in honor of her sons who fell in defense of the life of the nation.

Your State, Minnesota, is the first of all of the states of the Union to erect such a monument in this cemetery to her fallen soldiers. We will carefully guard this monument with the sleeping soldier boys around it.

This Monument we regard as a permanent and lasting expression of the love and patriotism of your people at home, which has been unclouded and undimmed for more than fifty years, and now finds expression in this beautiful monument.

We hope other states may follow your worthy example in this matter.

And now wishing for your good people all joy and prosperity, I have the honor to be, Yours Sincerely,

JOEL M. FERGUSON,
Superintendent National Cemetery,
Memphis, Tenn.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

St. Paul, September 9, 1916.

My Dear Sir:

I am much honored by your invitation that I accompany the members of the Minnesota State Monument Association on their journey Southward. There would be much pleasure for me in being with them on their patriotic mission were it at all possible for me to be absent at that time from home duties. Just then work will be on foot in St. Paul—a financial campaign for the benefit of the Good Shepherds—and I must be here to encourage and direct it. There is no way by which I could avoid this duty.

A visit to Memphis would be especially agreeable to me as during the War I spent much of my time in Memphis. I have often thought of visiting Memphis, and, perhaps, sometime in the future the pleasure of doing so may be mine. Just now, however, I am compelled to stay at home.

Thanking you and the other members of the Commission for their kindness in my regard, and wishing them a safe and pleasant journey, I am,

Very sincerely,

JOHN IRELAND.

THE CHAIRMAN

The former Confederates are no strangers to me. Through your General Forrest I was a prisoner of war three months in the summer and fall of 1862 at Madison, Georgia. With the exception of a few citizens we were all commissioned officers and were treated in a humane manner. I was allowed the first day

to send out and buy a copy of Shakespeare, which I studied, and I look back with pleasure to my experience. We have with us today a well-known citizen of Memphis, who was a young Confederate soldier, and I now ask him to favor us with a few remarks. Judge J. M. Greer.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE JAMES M. GREER.

Mr. Chairman, My One-time Enemies, My Present Friends, Men and Women of America:

At the request of the members of Post Number 3 of the Grand Army of the Republic, I, who served the last year of the Civil War, as a Confederate soldier, have been chosen by Memphis to speak for her on this solemn occasion in the National Cemetery, on the edge of her corporate limits.

It is meet and proper, that on the soil, which once belonged to the "Volunteer State," but which now is the property of the Nation, that this Monument to the volunteer soldiery of the State of "Clear Waters" should be placed! With Minnesota's accustomed promptitude in patriotism, it is the first—let me hope of many others—put here in this place. I do not know the name of the artist who moulded yonder statue, but he has shown genius in that bronze private, who stands with bared head and reversed rifle, as a guard over his sleeping comrades.

Much has been said here today—mainly by men who fought for the Union—about the absence of any hostility now. Let me tell you, there was no animosity even when we were "Johnny Rebs" or "Yanks." Then, as now, there was Americanism and mutual admiration for those who offered their lives to uphold it. We did not hate—we respected! Whatever bitterness came out of that struggle, came after the Great Lincoln and Grant had lost their power and the small politicians succeeding them gave to this section of our common country the horrors of Reconstruction—when white men of your section sought to make of black men in our section a ruling class for which they were most unworthy. That Anglo-Saxon blood in our veins—in the veins of the descendants of the Cavaliers of Virginia, the Huguenots of South Carolina and the white race of all time, forbade this degradation, and so, America here with us, as with you, still lives. No matter how far apart we may have been more than fifty years ago, we are shoulder to shoulder today in a common patriotism and profound reverence for the heroism of that other day.

The speakers preceding me have spoken eloquently of those who sleep here who came from Minnesota. They deserve it. They gave their lives in honest conviction. Let me say of them that, "greater love hath no man, than this, that he lay down his life," for duty.

"The muffled drum has beat the soldiers' last tattoo.
 No more on Life's Parade shall meet the brave but fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping ground,
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards with solemn round
 The Bivouac of the dead."

And so for my own section of what is now our joint country, we, in pushing back invasion, died for duty. Let me—without boastfulness—call to your attention that Tennessee gave one-sixth of the volunteer soldiery of the Confederacy and to the Union more than 30,000 men. Divided in her conviction she was united in her heroism. It is a truth also that the Civil War was not, on the one hand, a war to abolish, or on the other hand, to perpetuate slavery. In every great people's struggle, blended motives move the actors. There were thousands who fought to free the slave; but there were many more thousands who fought to save the Union. On this side there were thousands who fought to retain property in slaves, but there were many, many more thousands who fought to repel invasion.

The right of a sovereign state to withdraw from a federation of states has now been settled. If it cost much blood and more tears, at least and at last, it has left us united in love for the Flag of our un-common country and a joint pride in being Americans.

ORIGINAL POEM BY A SOUTHERN LADY.

Poem written by Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, of Memphis, and read by her:

OUR GALLANT DEAD.

Where were they born, these gallant Dead,
 On Muster Roll of Fame,
 How shall the faithful scribe of Time
 Record each knightly name?

Whence did they come, what altar fire
 Their patriot souls illumined,
 And with its flame in those dark days
 The dross of self consumed?

From Minnesota's golden fields
 That toss in shining waves,
 These heroes came, alas, to rest
 In lowly Southern graves.

On nearby hillsides sleep as well
 Their gallant foes in gray,
 Till spirit bugles softly sound
 The last glad reveille.

How shall they meet on that fair field
 When battles rage no more,
 And bitter passions all have gone
 With battle's din and roar?

On that fair field, no North, no South,
 When Muster Roll is read,
 One answer will resound afar
 From all these valliant Dead!

"Americans!"—Like altar smoke
 Of drifting silver gray,
 Or fading blue of evening sky
 All strife is passed away.

And now, in this our glorious day,
 A Brotherhood we claim,
 A deathless bond, which must endure,
 Though end there be to Fame!

"Americans!" against the world!
 The brave who fought in Blue,
 "Americans!" who wore the Gray,
 Together, staunch and true.

And to the land by blood enriched
 When throbbbed the blatant drum,
 Shall Peace, above man's noblest reach,
 Or understanding, come!

Oh, Minnesota! mighty State!
 Today we bow with thee
 At shrine of these, thy gallant sons,
 Who sleep in Tennessee.

THE CHAIRMAN

We would now be glad to hear a few words from Mr. Danby M. Scales, of Memphis, who in the Civil War served as a lieutenant in the Confederate Navy on the ship *Shenandoah*.

Mr. Scales spoke as follows:



COMMISSION, CITIZENS, BOY SCOUTS AND MONUMENT - MEMPHIS

LIEUTENANT DANBY M. SCALES.

Mr. Chairman:

I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to add a word, even at the risk of taxing the patience of this audience—after the inspiring addresses to which we have listened. I can not forbear to express my high appreciation of the spirit which inspired the great Commonwealth of Minnesota to pay this splendid tribute to her fallen soldiers

It has been said, Mr. Chairman, that a land without monuments is a land without memories; and that monuments are like grappling-irons that bind one generation to another. Then, indeed will the generations who come after us be linked to our own and the memories of these sons of Minnesota, who exemplified their devotion to their mother State and laid down their lives in her service, shall live on and on, and, as Tennyson so beautifully wrote, like

“Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.”

How shall I express my gratification at the sentiment that seems to pervade these ceremonies!

It would seem that the sight which met our eyes at the entrance of these beautiful grounds had been the inspiration for the touching and uplifting sentiment of the Invocation of Rev. Doctor Williamson.

As we approached the gateway, there was seen, just entering, two figures—one a bent form in gray, with uncertain and almost tottering steps, leaning upon the arm of another, tall and erect, who wore the insignia of the G. A. R. I may tell you now that this tottering form was one of the bravest of the brave, who followed Forrest to the end; that this tall figure on whose arm he leaned—an officer of high rank in the G. A. R., is his neighbor and his friend—brothers now, who stood in opposing ranks in that great conflict, well styled by Abraham Lincoln as “a conflict of constitutional ideas.”

It is good for us, Confederates, to be here, and to touch elbows with the G. A. R. men, and to listen to the patriotic and friendly expressions from the leaders of thought on the other side of the border—or better still, to realize that the border is wiped out; and that, at last we are a reunited people—a compact Nation, welded together by a rewritten constitution, under one flag, Americans all, in an “Indissoluble Union of Indestructible States.”

The Chairman, General Andrews:

Before dismissing this assembly, I desire on behalf of our Commission and of the State of Minnesota to thank the Committee of Citizens of Memphis who have shown us so much kind attention, and you fellow citizens who have honored us by your presence and co-operation in these exercises; and especially I wish to thank Mrs. Watson for her fine poem and Miss Gerber for her beautiful solo; also the other singers and the musicians. We will not soon forget your kindness. Nor will we soon forget your city. On the way to this cemetery I was taken through one of your great parks. Its noble, undulating surface, great extent, beautiful roads, and magnificent natural hardwood forest excited my admiration. I have seen many parks in this country and in Europe, but none more beautiful than yours. There is a grandeur about your city, and no sensible person can pay it a visit without deriving inspiration.

MINNESOTA SOLDIERS (UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS) WHO ARE BURIED IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

THIRD MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Austin, Anton.....	Priv.	D	Oct. 8, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Babeock, Nathan.....	Priv.	I	Oct. 4, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Carmeze, William.....	Priv.	C	Aug. 18, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Dean, Henry L.....	Priv.	I	July 26, 1863, on boat near Helena.
Hartzhorn, Jesse.....	Priv.	C	Sept. 19, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Shoret, Augustin.....	Priv.	I	Nov. 29, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Sneider, John.....	Priv.	K	Jan. 12, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Stanton, Roswell.....	Priv.	K	Dec. 26, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Swanson, John.....	Priv.	D	Sept. 12, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Ward, Henry.....	Priv.	K	Jan. 8, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.

FOURTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Daniels, David.....	Priv.	G	Jan. 9, 1863, Holly Springs, Miss.
Dow, Horace L.....	Priv.	F	Feb. 24, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Haley, Charles E.....	Priv.	I	April 24, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Magnus, John.....	Priv.	H	June 15, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Loomis, Henry.....	Priv.	K	June 9, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Rees, Thomas.....	Corporal	E	Jan. 20, 1864, in hospital.
Reuter, Henry.....	Priv.	G	June 5, 1863.
Scale, Thomas.....	Wagoner		Aug. 21, 1863.
Sherman, Francis.....	Priv.	A	June, 1863, Milliken's Bend, La.
Tipton, Ephraim.....	Priv.	A	Feb. 16, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Tuthill, William S.....	Priv.	E	Jan. 13, 1863, LaGrange, Tenn.
Wornell, John A.....	Priv.	D	March 15, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.

FIFTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
1st Lieut. William Organ.....		K	April 30, 1862, Memphis, Tenn.
Annis, George M.....	Priv.	F	Sept. 22, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Case, Maxim.....	Priv.	D	March 12, 1863, Germantown, Tenn.
Crook, James E.....	Priv.	D	Nov. 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Farnsworth, Marvin O.....	Priv.		Aug. 11, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Fotson, Isaac.....	Priv.	F	Feb. 20, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Hamlin, Jesse H.	Priv.	A	March 11, 1863, Germantown, Tenn.
Johnson, John	Priv.	H	Oct. 13, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Kern, Ferdinand	Priv.	E	Sept. 22, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Kirkham, Allen H.	Priv.	H	March 19, 1863, La Grange, Tenn.
Munday, James M.	Corporal	B	Jan. 2, 1863, La Grange, Tenn.
Nisgott, Gottlieb	Priv.	D	Nov. 23, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
O'Mera, James	Priv.	F	Sept. 10, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Peterson, Peter	Priv.	G	Jan. 1, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Quinnely, Thos.	Priv.	A	June 3, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Schoe, Wendell	Priv.	E	Feb. 17, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Shortlidge, Isaac	Priv.	E	April 11, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Tome, O. J.	Priv.	H	Feb. 18, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Weibel, Joseph	Priv.	F	Oct. 14, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Wyman, Allen H.	Priv.	F	April 15, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
White, Orlo F.	Priv.	H	

SIXTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Allen, Miles	Priv.	B	Aug. 6, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Arbuckle, Benjamin F.	Priv.	A	Sept. 8, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Babecock, Clinton L.	Priv.	C	Aug. 6, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Barrows, Luther	Priv.	K	Sept. 14, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Batford, William	Priv.	B	Sept. 3, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Beare, Townsend	Priv.	A	July 17, 1864, White River, Ark.
Boaz, Michael	Priv.	E	Aug. 16, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Boright, Americus	Priv.	H	July 27, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Brunelle, Louis	Priv.	A	July 24, 1864, White River, Ark.
Cady, Henry W.	Priv.	F	Oct. 23, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Carlson, John	Priv.	I	Sept. 3, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Call, Rufus H.	Priv.	A	Aug. 7, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Carpenter, John A.	Priv.	I	Sept. 6, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Cates, Mariner W.	Priv.	D	July 31, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Champlin, D. B.	Priv.	B	Aug. 12, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Chappens, John	Priv.	H	Aug. 12, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Chadwick, Robert	Priv.	A	Oct. 6, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Clason, Amasa	Corporal	C	Aug. 1, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Costello, Samuel W.	Priv.	D	Oct. 23, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Crandiner, Henry	Priv.	A	Aug. 30, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Daniels, Arthur M.	Priv.	G	Sept. 13, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Davis, Samuel F.	Priv.	C	July 29, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Ditter, Colander	Priv.	H	Aug. 23, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Dreis, John	Priv.	G	Aug. 4, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Duffy, Samuel	Priv.	H	Aug. 13, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Fair, John	Priv.	K	Nov. 1, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Galpin, Charles E.	Priv.	D	Sept. 13, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Holmes, Griffin	Priv.	K	July 15, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Humes, James I.	Priv.	H	Aug. 13, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Johnson, Anke	Priv.	A	Aug. 9, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Koping, Ludvig	Priv.	A	Sept. 19, 1864, Helena, Ark.
McClintock, John T.	Corporal	C	July 12, 1864, Helena, Ark.
McDowell, Benjamin	Sergeant	H	Aug. 18, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Mead, George	Priv.	G	Sept. 1, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Nasland, Gudman	Priv.	F	Sept. 22, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Olds, Thomas B.	Corporal	H	Aug. 31, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Pettibone, John H.	Priv.	F	Aug. 2, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Pratt, William	Sergeant	A	Sept. 22, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Rachel, Joseph	Priv.	E	July 27, 1864.
Rassian, Jean	Priv.	E	1864, Helena, Ark.
Reuter, Henry	Priv.	E	July 25, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Robinson, John B.	Priv.	B	Aug. 30, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Robinson, William	Priv.	C	Aug. 16, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Sanderson, Theodore H.	Priv.	C	Aug. 17, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Shellenberger, August	Priv.	C	July 16, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Simons, John L.	Priv.	A	Sept. 7, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Smith, John	Priv.	G	Sept. 4, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Stevens, Charles F.	Priv.	A	Sept. 1, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Stubbs, Enos P.	Priv.	B	Oct. 2, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Sylvester, Franklin	Sergeant	H	Oct. 31, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Todd, David E.	Priv.	F	Dec. 17, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Wetterau, Henry	Priv.	E	Aug. 5, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Whitcomb, Edward E.	Priv.	C	July 25, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Whitney, Douglas	Priv.	I	June 19, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Williams, August	Priv.	E	Aug. 23, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Williams, John	Priv.	I	Sept. 2, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Wier, William T.	Priv.	K	July 30, 1864, Helena, Ark.
Woodbury, George H.	Priv.	H	July 27, 1864, Helena, Ark.

SEVENTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Allen, Uriah F.	Corporal	I	July 5, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Anderson, Carl	Priv.	C	July 27, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Anderson, Swan	Priv.	C	Nov. 5, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Bathrick, Andrew	Priv.	D	March 25, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Butterfield, David I.	Priv.	I	Sept. 6, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Carlson, Peter J.	Priv.	C	Sept. 17, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Clendening, Joseph	Corporal	C	Dec. 20, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Dahlstrom, Andrew	Priv.	C	Sept. 9, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Damon, William	Priv.	A	Aug. 22, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Ellies, Natty D.	Priv.	E	Oct. 27, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Gibney, Petey D.	Priv.	E	Aug. 15, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Goodsell, Daniel	Priv.	A	Oct. 4, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Hoag, Calvin	Corporal	E	Oct. 29, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Holbert, George	Priv.	B	Feb. 28, 1865, St. Louis, Mo. (?)
Howe, Barzilla D.	Priv.	B	Nov. 9, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Jollison, Jeremiah F.	Sergeant	C	Aug. 17, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Johnson, John A.	Priv.	G	Oct. 5, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Kelsey, John	Priv.	C	Oct. 12, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Kiefer, Ignats	Priv.	I	Aug. 3, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Laney, Joseph	Corporal	B	April 9, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Little, Cyrus P.	Priv.	K	Aug. 20, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Lloyd, Albert	Priv.	E	Oct. 21, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Marsh, Noah D.	Priv.	B	Oct. 17, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
McGowen, John	Sergeant	E	Aug. 3, 1864, (?) Memphis, Tenn.
Miner, Joseph	Priv.	A	Aug. 26, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Nelson, Swen	Priv.	C	Oct. 23, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Ostrande, Henrick	Priv.	C	Oct. 16, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Oswald, Herman	Priv.	K	Feb. 11, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Pinkney, John E.	Priv.	I	July 26, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Rinde, Erick H.	Priv.	A	Nov. 9, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Strand, Ole E.	Corporal	G	Nov. 16, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Sundell, Charles J.	Priv.	G	Aug. 17, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Swenour, Lewis	Priv.	I	Feb. 12, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Thompson, Thomas B.	Priv.	E	July 3, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Warr, Charles S.	Corporal	E	Sept. 10, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Woodward, James M.	Priv.	E	Oct. 14, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.

NINTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Barrows, Richmond H.	Priv.	A	Feb. 15, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Bean, Pleasant M.	Priv.	D	July 15, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Betts, Peter	Priv.	F	Nov. 15, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.
Burge, Manville	Priv.	C	July 15, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Chaffin, Alden H.	Priv.	C	Oct. 23, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Chute, Francis	Corporal	B	Memphis, Tenn.
Colton, Marvin E.	Priv.	D	Aug. 19, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Fillmore, Seymour L.	Wagoner	B	Sept. 29, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Gilbert, Martin P.	Priv.	G	July 11, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Green, Clark L.	Priv.	H	Nov. 25, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Green, Martin	Priv.	F	Oct. 27, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Griffin, Michael	Priv.	A	Nov. 4, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Hansen, Andrew	Priv.	H	Nov. 6, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Hanson, Hans	Priv.	H	Oct. 16, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Hills, Byron	Priv.	B	Nov. 6, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Kinghorn, William A.	Priv.	I	Sept. 6, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Lent, William N.	Priv.	C	Aug. 4, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Marsh, Francis W.	Priv.	E	Sept. 2, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Nickerson, David R.	Priv.	E	Aug. 1, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Rice, Absalom	Priv.	A	Jan. 22, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Shack, Frederick	Priv.	D	Aug. 14, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Shoppe, George P.	Priv.	A	Aug. 5, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Small, John	Priv.	G	Sept. 28, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Stageman, John	Priv.	G	Feb. 21, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Stevenson, Charles	Priv.	F	Feb. 18, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Thein, Stephen	Priv.	G	Sept. 28, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Wahl, Melchoir	Priv.	H	July 24, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Wakefield, John B.	Priv.	B	Aug. 13, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.

TENTH MINNETOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Berg, Ulrick R.	Priv.	D	Oct. 1, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Bloomhover, David	Priv.	I	July 18, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Campbell, Alexander	Priv.	B	Dec. 27, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Foster, James G.	Priv.	C	March 5, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Gates, George W.	Priv.	E	June 26, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Hancock, Gilbert F.	Priv.	C	Feb. 28, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Hanson, Martin	Priv.	E	April, 25, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Hus, Ole O.	Priv.	D	Oct. 18, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Hyland, James F.	Priv.	I	March 20, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Iten, Jacob	Priv.	G	Feb. 15, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Johnson, John	Priv.	D	March 13, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Middleton, Samuel	Priv.	E	Feb. 25, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Pickett, John U.	Priv.	F	March 11, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Reynolds, George J.	Wagoner	I	July 9, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Robbins, Henry	Priv.	G	Sept. 27, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Ruff, Henry	Priv.	F	Aug. 7, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Scott, Andrew	Priv.	D	April 2, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Smith, Alvin	Priv.	F	March 16, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Smith, James A.	Priv.	E	Aug. 31, 1864, Memphis, Tenn., of wounds received at Tapelo.
Thompson, Thomas H.	Priv.	B	Dec. 14, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Tuthill, John D.	Priv.	A	Nov. 11, 1865, Memphis, Tenn.
Ware, Marcus	Priv.	A	Nov. 11, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Whalen, John	Priv.	H	Oct. 21, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.
Wilson, Stephen L.	Priv.	B	Aug. 16, 1864, Memphis, Tenn.

Exercises at Andersonville, Georgia

In the National Cemetery, September 26, 1916, at 10
O'clock a. m., Dedicating the Monument Therein Erected
by the State of Minnesota in Memory of Her Volunteer
Soldiers of the Civil War There Buried. :-: :-:

General Christopher C. Andrews, Chairman of the Minnesota
Commission, presided.

PRAYER

*Offered by The Rev. Geo. MacDonell Acrec, M. E. Church, South
Americus, Ga., at the unveiling of the "Minnesota Monument" in the
National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga., September 26th. 1916.*

O Lord, Our Lord, How excellent is thy name in all the earth.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed
the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou
art God.

We come before Thee this morning with grateful hearts, thank-
ing Thee that through Thy providence and goodness concerning us,
we have been spared to see this, another beautiful day. We thank
Thee that we live and move and have our being.

We thank Thee for the spirit of this occasion which calls us
together at this hour; and as we stand today with bowed heads over
a part of the Nation's honored dead (the beloved dead of the State
of "Minnesota"), we thank Thee for that great spirit of loyalty and
devotion and heroism which predominated in the lives of these
patriots and caused them to go forth to fight for what each side
believed was right. Blessed was that spirit which flowed in the
hearts of these patriots, for we know that

"If there be on this terrestrial sphere,
A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds, and breaks, in its cause."

Sweet be the sleep of these "Sons of Minnesota" in their
sepulchers here beneath the dewed sod of our peaceful "Southland,"
until the earth and sea shall give up their dead, and God shall wipe
away the tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death,
neither sorrow nor crying nor pain.

Especially do we thank Thee, Our Father, for the spirit of
devotion and love to their heroic dead, which burns in the hearts of

these, our fellow-countrymen, who have come for miles to pay their tribute of love at the shrine of these sleeping about us today. And as we erect this beautiful memorial to this part of those who fought and bled and died in the struggle of the "Sixties," may we as Northerners and Southerners strike hands at the grave of our common brother, and know that the war which once divided us is over, and that we are forever united into one brotherhood, under one flag, one country and one God. Bless our coming together today, and as we leave this hallowed spot may we go away feeling and knowing that we love each other better. May we go away knowing that we are no longer a nation divided against itself, but that the cords of union and love which were once broken are vibrating once more, and are destined to vibrate till the end of time.

Unite us in bonds of love; keep us in charity with all mankind; incline our hearts to walk humbly before Thee, and help us so to acquit ourselves in this life, that we may dwell with Thee and our loved ones in Life Everlasting. These blessings we ask in the name of our Blessed Redeemer. Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN

There were eighty-five men of the Ninth Minnesota Regiment who died in the Confederate prison here at Andersonville and who were buried in this cemetery. One of our Commissioners, Mr. C. F. Macdonald, was mustered into that regiment at the age of nineteen years as a sergeant, and at the close of the war had the rank of lieutenant. He was not exactly a native of the same country as Burns, but he was a native of New Scotland—Nova Scotia. He has served as State Senator of Minnesota, as Commander of the Minnesota Department of the G. A. R., and is now and for many years has been editor of an influential Democratic journal at St. Cloud, Minn. We will now be glad to listen to an address from him.

ADDRESS BY HON. C. F. MACDONALD.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have come here today from Minnesota, the far North Star State, to dedicate this monument in honor of her sons who lie here buried. They responded to the call of their State and the Federal Government, to defend the Union, and they gave up their lives as a sacrifice to their loyalty. Individually, this is an occasion of peculiar significance to me. There lie in this cemetery 85 of my regimental comrades. We were pioneer boys together, we enlisted

together, we marched together, we fought together, we endured all the hardships of army life together—they gave up their lives that the Union might be preserved.

The Ninth Regiment of Minnesota Volunteer Infantry was enlisted in August, 1862. While the recruits were rushing to Fort Snelling, in response to President Lincoln's call, the great Sioux Indian outbreak of that year occurred, August 15th, and the volunteers were hurried to the frontier, which was ravaged by the savages with all the horrors of Indian warfare. One thousand men, women and children were slaughtered. The following year the regiment was ordered south, and served in Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama, participating in numerous campaigns and battles.

To me, this is an occasion of sorrow and joy. Sorrow that my boy comrades should have died—joy that the dark clouds of war have long since passed away, that we are again a united, happy and prosperous people—one nation, one flag, one sentiment animating all hearts—pride in our common country and firm resolve that the republic will endure and continue through the centuries to be the greatest, freest and wisest governed nation on earth.

The granite shaft which we have brought from the far Northland to this great State of the Southland, is emblematic of restoration of the peace and harmony which now reigns in all this blessed nation. Upon its imperishable stone is chiseled an olive branch, marking perpetual good will North, South, East and West. The figure of the young warrior upon the shaft does not bespeak conflict, battle and carnage, but that of a boy-soldier in an attitude of sorrow at the grave of a comrade.

We come here today in the spirit of Georgia's late, brilliant and eloquent young son, Henry W. Grady, who, more than thirty years ago, sounded the first notes of a "New South," and who, in his brief but zealous career won the love of his people of the Southland and the admiration and esteem of the entire nation. He was a son of a Southern soldier, who died in battle. The son would not admit that his father or the South was in the wrong. In a speech at a banquet in Boston in 1886, he said:

"The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy."

Then he added:

"I am glad that the Omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war!"

And then, those men of New England sprang to their feet and cheered to the echo this young champion of the New South. Of Abraham Lincoln he said on the same occasion:

“He who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln.”

Three years later Henry W. Grady, the South’s favorite orator, passed away, ere he had reached life’s meridian. At a great memorial meeting, held in his honor in Atlanta, one of the orators used the following eloquent language:

“What was he to the nation? Compelled by the limitations of the hour to answer in one word, I choose this: ‘He it was who first taught the rising generation of the South to bind the name of Lincoln with that of Washington as a sign upon their hand and a frontlet upon their brow!’”

I have ever cherished a great admiration for Henry W. Grady, and I am gratified to embrace this my first opportunity in his native state to express that feeling. He it was who first pointed the way to a new and prosperous South. He it was who first declared that the South alone was fitted to solve and control the negro problem; that within the South there were natural resources that would make her rich beyond the dreams of the past, and the rising generations—the young men of the South—would cause her to rise, phoenix-like, from her ashes, to be the richest portion of the American republic. That his prophesy is rapidly approaching realization, our visit of the past six days to many Southern states has convinced us.

Young men of Georgia and the Southland, you should honor and revere the memory of the brilliant and courageous leader who, thirty years ago, raised the banner of a new South. I congratulate you upon the fact that you are following his teachings and that this region, under your energy and ability, is moving forward with marvelous speed to a wonderful era of agricultural, commercial and manufacturing greatness.

And so today we have come from the far North to this State of Henry W. Grady’s birth to re-echo his sentiments, to rejoice that his prophesy of a new and most prosperous South has been realized and to thank God that we again are one people.

It is said that when the ancient Greeks builded monuments to commemorate their victories over a foreign enemy they sought out granite and adamant, that they might endure for ages to tell



VIEW IN ANDERSONVILLE NATIONAL CEMETERY

the story of the valour of the Greeks. But, when they wished to mark victories of Greeks over Greeks, they used the most perishable materials that they might soon decay and pass away, and with them all memory of conflicts between their own people. Once I thought it would have been wiser if we had followed the example of this nation of the dim and shadowy past, but as we of the Northland have erected monuments to honor our fallen dead, it is no less appropriate that our brothers of the Southland should similarly honor their fallen heroes. And now, I can see wherein these monuments to the men of the North and the men of the South have become a great national protection, for, as they dot the battlefields of the Southland, standing like sentinels on the citadels of the republic, they speak no uncertain warning to the nations of the world, as they tell of the intelligence, the gallantry, the endurance, the bravery of the American Soldier!

ADDRESS BY GENERAL THOMAS P. WILSON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My only credentials today are my membership in this Commission, to which I have the honor of belonging, and my place in the Fourth Minnesota Regiment of Infantry, which served through the Civil war. Wherever we have gone upon our proud and solemn mission, I have been made to feel the sympathy, the understanding, the comradeship of those with whom we meet.

The years have brought us all understanding. I do not mean mere tolerance, or forgetfulness of once bitter differences, or even a better measure in each man's mind of the honesty of conviction and the worthiness of purpose in the other. I mean something deeper than that. I mean the slow growing but irresistible belief that all men of high faith are servants of their time; and that those who find something greater than themselves alone are fit to rise or help others rise to higher things.

Such are they above whom these memorials are raised. It matters far less to what cause they dedicated all they had to give than that they were willing to give all. For by some deep law whose mysteries we have not fathomed, the world must find, must offer, must lose such as these were, in order that it may pass out of darkness into light. Every victory must have its crippled and its dead. Every summit is reached by paths cleared only through the suffering of many.

We do honor to heroic achievement today. It finds its fullest and finest expression in the pain of the hospital bed and the need

and loneliness of the prison. For these are a part of the universal fellowship of mankind. From them have always grown, are growing today, new faith, new life, new strength for the world. Less in memory of the past than in salutation to the child of her pain, the future, do we pay these tributes and raise these monuments.

ADDRESS BY MR. HENRY B. DIKE.

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This, "God's Acre," beautiful for situation; where flitting from bough to bough, among the leaves of these splendid bays and magnolias, the charming song birds of the Southland warble their songs of joy and praise; hallowed by the sleeping heroes, who slumber in their earthly tents beneath its sod; tenderly and lovingly cared for by a grateful Nation; is to me a place where all the notes of appreciation, sympathy and love coalesce in a grand symphony of sweetest melody, that shall ever touch with its grandeur and sublimity the responsive chords of gratitude and affection in the heart of every lover of our country and our flag. A symphony that will vibrate and thrill down the ages of time, with the sweetness of its treble, the tenderness of its alto, the beauty of its tenor, and the profundity of its diapason notes, until every heart, from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall join in its mighty "Hallelujah Chorus" of appreciation and thanksgiving, that because what they and their comrades endured, suffered and sacrificed, the unity of the Nation was established, its perpetuity assured, and the glory of its flag maintained.

He, who in defense of his Country and the honor of its flag, bares his breast to the bullet, the sword and bayonet, and faces the cannon's mouth, willing to die if needs be, is a hero, and is deserving of our respect, honor and love, but no less a hero, and entitled to the same respect, honor and love of his countrymen, is he who endures privation and suffers the pangs and agony of hunger, disease and pestilence, and yields his life as a free will offering upon the altar of devotion to the glory and honor of the flag, of the land to which he owes his allegiance and his love.

The boys who wore the blue in the Nation's struggle for existence, "Heroes true with hearts of gold," who are resting here, in this "bivouac of the dead" and over whose "tents of green" these sentries in white stand silent and motionless, who chose rather to suffer and die than renounce their loyalty to their Country and their fidelity to its flag, in so doing displayed a valor and heroism and exhibited a courage not excelled by those who in the conflict of

battle made the sacrifice of their lives, for the same cause and for the same purpose. To them the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry amid the strife and din of battle would have been solace and sweetest music.

As the Southern breezes softly blow, amid the foliage and flowers, of these magnolias, moaning their requiem, and their "glory walks the pathway of the stars," the heart of a grateful Country is thrilled by the sublime symphony of their devotion, their suffering, their sacrifice and love in its behalf. "They have left a name, with never a stain for our tears to wash away." Their heroism and valor, the anguish of soul of mothers, wives and loved ones at home, who with tear-dimmed eyes and broken hearts waited, hoped, listened, for the footfall on the threshold, of the one dearer to them than life itself, who never returned; has never been surpassed and only equaled by the brave and heroic boys who wore the gray, and the noble women of the Southland, who with bowed heads and tear-furrowed cheeks, gave the dearest jewels of their hearts for the cause they firmly and honestly believed to be right. Today, as we look back over the half century and more that has elapsed since our Civil War and note that we are a united people, united in love for our flag and devotion to our Country, and realize that every stone in our National structure is firmly cemented together by the tears of the self-sacrificing women of the North and South and the blood of the heroes of the blue and gray that comingled on the field of battle, shall we not, here and now, in gratitude for the lasting heritage they bequeathed us, pledge ourselves to increased loyalty and united effort for its upbuildings, its perpetuity, and that for all time, in ever-increasing glory, it may be a beacon light of peace, justice and righteousness for all the nations of the earth.

To you, my fellow citizens of our Southland, who are here today, who have left your labors and your homes to join with us in honoring the memory of our beloved heroes who slumber in this "City of the dead," to my associates here and myself, your presence is an earnest of mutual sympathy, fellowship and love, that the "dead past has buried its dead," and that our hearts beat in unison, that our hands are joined in fraternal respect for each other, and that we stand together in patriotic devotion to our Country and for the honor of our flag.

For the brave, courageous and heroic boys of the gray there is not even the shadow of hate in my soul. I recognize their sincerity and their valor, and my respect, admiration and brotherly love goes out to them, and today I willingly give my hand and the best wishes

of my heart to their living, and pluck the lillies, twine a wreath and reverently lay it upon the green sod, beneath which repose the ashes of their dead.

To the faithful and beloved sons of Minnesota, their home State, in grateful and loving remembrance of their suffering and death in the prison pen yonder, has erected and today has dedicated to their imperishable fame and in memory of their heroism and service to their Country, their suffering and sacrifice in its behalf, this ever-enduring memorial of metal and stone, that what they did, and what they suffered and the vicarious sacrifice of their lives, may never be forgotten until the fading twilight of time shall merge into the dawn of the Eternal Day.

We are accustomed to speak of those who for a time are separated from us, and whose mortal bodies we lay away in the bosom of Mother Earth, as dead, but men who toil and struggle, suffer and sacrifice for the uplift of humanity, the establishment of justice and righteousness on the earth, the freedom of men and the honor and glory of their Country, never die. They live enshrined in our hearts and the hearts of posterity. They live in the records of their Country's achievement and its glory.

"Forever near us though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead."

THE CHAIRMAN

I now have the pleasure of introducing Adjutant General Wood of Minnesota, who served as a captain in the Spanish War, and who on this occasion represents the Governor of Minnesota.

ADDRESS OF ADJUTANT GENERAL WOOD.

General Andrews, Members of the Minnesota Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen, and to You of the Coming Generation:

I esteem it a privilege to be present today as the representative of the great State of Minnesota at the personal request of his excellency, Governor Burnquist, who expressed his sincere regret at his absence caused by a previous official engagement.

If the Governor were here he would undoubtedly express himself in that fitting language of which he is a master, as he did at Little Rock and Memphis, and would not only voice his personal feelings, but would speak in behalf of the Commonwealth of Minnesota. Acting for him, it may be proper for me to say that my being

here gives me more pleasure than I can express in words, and I desire at this time to thank the citizens of Georgia for the kindness and courtesy extended to our party and for your presence here and in this expression we are most sincere.

We come from Minnesota to do honor to her soldier dead and to show to others that our reverence for them has been marked in a most substantial way—to say to you that those buried here are true heroes in the fullest sense of the word, even though they did not die on the battlefield, because man can give no more than life itself. For life without honor is not worth the living and the short span that is given to man even at its greatest length is nothing compared with the sustaining of the dignity and strength of the Nation and the keeping alive that patriotism which is so essential to its existence.

It seems to me that today I can hear two voices. The first voices the immeasurable value of law and peace. It says to us that you blood brothers of the North and South have joined hands and declared that war should close and peace with all its blessings prevail, that every citizen may find the doors of justice open for the punishment of wrong and the enforcement of right, that the humblest might stand side by side with the highest in the settlement of all questions of public policy and that as all once voluntarily consented to the establishment of our government, only in like manner should any change be made in its provisions. That the will of the people incarnated in the constitution and statutes should be obeyed by every one, and that all questions of policy, all disputes as to rights of property or obligations of contracts should be settled properly in the courts or at the ballot box.

Both sides in this great conflict believed they were right and their bravery is unquestioned. Yet those who lie buried here, believing as they did, died in order that the Stars and Stripes might not only float on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico as well as by the Great Lakes. But also floating triumphantly it should speak to every child of America the comforting words of assured peace and law.

The other voice says that they gave what they had for the land of the free, and now the new union caused by this mingling of blood has opened every door to each individual and to him who wills and strives there is no place of influence or power which does not hold out the equal invitation.

Today the humblest child may look upon the White House with expectation. The poorest and most friendless student may begin

with faith and hope his struggle for a seat on the highest judicial bench of the Nation. This is so today and under this new amalgamation, God grant that it may ever remain a land of equal rights and equal opportunities. Not an equality of life or living which is compelled, for wherever there is such compulsion results are impossible, whether the master be a single despot or a mob, but the equality of the Declaration of Independence, "The equal possession of certain inalienable rights, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The right of each individual to choose for himself his life and work and to pursue that life and work subject to no dominion and realizing all the success that the intensity of his life and work deserve.

In the shadow of the old world torn by a cruel war, a kind Providence permits us to assemble here in the sunshine of peace and prosperity to perform this sacred duty.

We have met to bear witness that the lives of the brave should not pass from the memory of the living when the body yields to death, nor indeed when it has fully and for long years become a part of mother earth.

Noble lives apart from the clay which moved or acted in harmony with its exalted aspirations and purposes may at all times and indeed at any period in the sublime cycle of time challenge the admiration of the living, may and should become a copy—a model of life.

"'Tis not all of life to live or all of death to die."

While we pay tribute to the gallant men who brought their sacrifices in this service, let us not forget the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the Northland and the South, true representaives of American womanhood, who sent their loved ones with a God-speed to their colors, while they remained at home silently suffering and toiling for the common welfare—grand and noble they were, a shining light to their descendants.

We of the younger generation should seek to emulate the example set before us. We can never repay you for your services, but we can as in 1898 assay to keep up the prestige of "Old Glory" and to transmit it to the coming generations brilliant and unsullied.

In a country like ours patriotism is all the more needed. The people rule and they must be competent to manage public affairs. If we shall continue to prosper and maintain our national integrity and honor, children at home and in schools should be taught the value of "union." Why, Grant, Lee and other great generals in both

the Northern and Southern armies have become household words. And how when peace came hundreds of thousands of brave trained men laid aside their weapons and took up again the peaceable conquest of the wilderness.

Let us foster genuine patriotism on every possible occasion. A patriotic life infuses itself into the real life of the Nation. It forces itself into its endearing character.

No day in the life of a nation should come when the living can afford to let go a record of her dead.

The nation that does not keep in memory their deeds deserves no place in the list of honored nations. She will merit and receive the scorn of the civilized world.

Every American citizen should be an American. He should love the government under which he lives and honor its democratic characteristics.

Standing here before this monument today, let us swear fidelity to the principles of right that lie at the foundation of all good government, to insist by voice and vote upon an administration of the government in harmony with its characters and laws; and to teach the youth the lessons of patriotism everywhere found in our national history.

In behalf of the State of Minnesota, I wish to congratulate the members of this Commission on the beautiful masterpieces which you have erected and to thank you and each of you for the personal sacrifices you have made in the carrying out of your labors and to say to you sirs that the people of Minnesota are deeply indebted to you.

THE CHAIRMAN

It is very gratifying to our Commission to have present with us today a most worthy Confederate veteran of Americus, Georgia, in his 74th year, who joined the 12th Georgia regiment of infantry June 15th, 1861, as a private, served as such through the war, was in many of the greater battles, and has served several years as commander of the Georgia Division of the United Confederate Veterans. On account of his excellent record, his community gives him the title of general; and I now with pleasure introduce him as General H. T. Davenport.

ADDRESS OF H. T. DAVENPORT.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Minnesota State Monumental Commission:

This is indeed a surprise to me to be called on at the conclusion of your regular program, to participate in your memorial

exercise. As a citizen of Georgia, in whose bosom rest the 95 deceased veterans of your state, I esteem it an honored privilege to respond. Had I expected this pleasure I would have paid some attention to preparedness. Now all good citizens and true patriots should heed the demands of duty, the most powerful word in the English language as associated with a soldier's life. As an ex-Confederate private soldier, under Generals Lee, Jackson, Stewart, Early, Rhodes and others, I gladly recognize the duty and express to you my gratification for the conservative, fair and unprejudiced, and therefore patriotic, spirit and sentiment characterizing the speeches of each of you five gentlemen composing the Minnesota State Monumental Commission. If all men of all sections of this grand and glorious Country would be governed in their private and public lives by the same spirit and sentiment of patriotism you have manifested on this sad occasion there would indeed be no North, no South, no East, no West—but one grand re-united Country, prospering in peace, and devoted to the constitutional principles upon which our forefathers founded this republic. It is not our immense territory; nor our running waters; nor our unmeasured seacoast, with all its shipping interests; nor the untold wealth of our people; nor indeed, not our army and navy, that can guarantee to us permanent internal peace and an abiding union. But we should, and must have a union of hearts and minds to perfect the re-union, and present to the world a union of states that our hearts can and will truly love, and that our minds can proudly admire, and wisely aspire to greater hopes and more righteous attainments, as generation succeeds generation. Could we have this, there could be no hyphenated citizens ready to commit treasonable acts against this, their adopted Country, for the benefit of their fatherland. Could the 95 Minnesota veterans, who gave their lives to the Union in this prison, and whose memory you are here today to honor in the name of their State, speak to us, they would ask for a union of hearts of our countrymen of all sections. So would the spirits of all the soldiers dead of both North and South. One of your members spoke tenderly and admiringly of one of Georgia's distinguished but deceased sons, Henry W. Grady. Let me thank him in behalf of all Georgians. Another of your members spoke directly to the children present. Now children of Georgia, I, too, say to you, whenever you hear the Star Spangled Banner by voice or band, stand up; for it is our national air. And whenever you pass under or near "Old Glory," uncover your head, for it is the flag of our Country, and no man or power dare insult it. Whenever you look upon it, remember

it stands for the laws of our Country, and that the army and navy and every individual able to bear arms, and every dollar of the wealth of our entire people belong to it, and in return it stands for the protection of the rights of all our citizens at home and abroad, on land or sea. I was taught when a child to love and honor it, but when Georgia seceded in 1861 I went with all of our Georgia boys under another flag. For four long and bloody years we fought under our Confederate battle flag, against Old Glory, but when we were overpowered, our Confederate battle flag was furled, and we swore new allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Since then we of the South have been ever willing to honor it, and ready to defend it.

And now, Gentlemen of the Commission, when our first war with a foreign power came, the sons of Confederate veterans volunteered under "Old Glory" all over the South, and we ex-Confederates were proud of our sons. And when Fitz. Hugh Lee and Joe Wheeler were placed in important commands in Cuba, we rejoiced. The first life offered on our Country's altar in that war was Lieut. Bagley aboard his ship. He was a son of a Confederate veteran, and of the State of North Carolina—that state which sent more men in proportion to its population to the armies of the South than any other State. We felt that these facts proclaimed and proved the loyalty of the South, and that God's hand led young Bagley to the altar of his Country as the first offering. I pledge to you today, that the surviving Confederate veterans are as loyal to "Old Glory" and our Country as they were to the Confederacy, and I do not hesitate to give you that statement, as a message to all your Minnesota veterans. Your 95 Minnesota soldiers and thousands of others are sleeping here under Georgia soil. They are ours now as well as yours and no Georgian, worthy of his nativity, would disturb or dishonor their repose. In perfect sympathy with your Commission and your State, in according this just honor due your deceased soldiers today, I thank you for your courtesy.

THE CHAIRMAN

The reading of the following letter of the Superintendent of this Cemetery, accepting our monument, will close these exercises; and I gladly take the opportunity to thank Mr. Lacy, the Superintendent, for his kindness and promptitude in assisting us on various occasions. I also, in behalf of our Commission and State, thank the citizens of Americus for their courteous and friendly treatment of us.

LETTER OF SUPERINTENDENT ACCEPTING MONUMENT.

Read by the Chairman.

Andersonville, Ga. National Cemetery.

Sept. 26th, '16.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Commission:

In compliance with instructions received from the Department, it gives me sincere pleasure to accept, on behalf of the United States, this beautiful testimonial of the love and respect which the State of Minnesota has for her dead. Through the years to come, all who look on it will be stirred to memory of that band, and will be glad that in bronze and stone, with which Time deals lightly, Minnesota has found a way to keep alive the memory of her sons.

Be assured that all care will be given to preserve that which adds so beautifully to an already beautiful resting place for our dead.

With thanks to you, to the Commission, and to the State, as a representative of the United States, I gladly accept this monument.

Respectfully,

H. C. LACY, Supt.

MINNESOTA SOLDIERS (UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS) WHO ARE BURIED IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA

FIRST MINNESOTA BATTERY OF LIGHT ARTILLERY, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
King, David S.	Priv.		Nov. 16, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

FIRST MINNESOTA BATTALION OF INFANTRY, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Abraham, George W. F.	Musician	B	Nov. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Baker, Jefferson, G.	Priv.	A	March 15, 1865, Andersonville, Ga.

SECOND MINNESOTA REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Miller, James O.	Priv.	B	June 15, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Oleson, Peter	Priv.	E	Nov. 24, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Orcutt, Joseph I.	Corporal	C	Wounded at Keneson Mt., died Sept. 10, 1864, at Andersonville.
Walrich, Peter	Priv.	C	July 24, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Wickett, Adam	Corporal	I	Wounded at Chickamauga, died at Andersonville, Ga.
Wood, Ashley W.	Priv.	B	May 10, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

FOURTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

Carrick, Samuel S.	Priv.	G	May 4, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
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FIFTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Myers, Joseph	Priv.	G	Aug. 13, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Scharf, Henri	Priv.	E	March 22, 1865, Andersonville, Ga.

NINTH MINNESOTA REGIMENT, U. S. VOLS.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Adcock, James	Priv.	B	Aug. 22, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Atkinson, George	Priv.	F	Aug. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Babeock, L. A.	Sergeant	B	Sept. 18, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Barnard, Hiram A.	Priv.	A	Sept. 10, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Becker, George	Priv.	E	July 28, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Beckley, Frederick	Priv.	G	Sept. 7, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Bengtson, Magnus	Priv.	H	Sept. 22, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Bisgrove, Isaac	Priv.	C	Aug. 26, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Brayton, Francis M.	Priv.	B	Sept. 4, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Breese, David	Priv.	E	Sept. 4, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Burroughs, Hiram	Priv.	K	Sept. 9, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Caldwell, John	Priv.	G	Andersonville, Ga.
Cassidy, John	Corporal	F	Oct. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Clabaugh, James	Priv.	D	July 17, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Conklin, Sylvester	Priv.	I	July 27, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Cummings, George	Priv.	I	Aug. 29, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Davis, Evan J.	Priv.	E	Oct. 15, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Durham, Robert H.	Priv.	K	Sept. 8, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Frank, Enoch M.	Priv.	B	Oct. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Freischle, Xavier	Priv.	H	Sept. 27, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Frysbie, Zara	Priv.	C	Aug. 20, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Fuchs, Henry	Priv.	D	Andersonville, Ga.
Geer, Orlando	Priv.	F	July 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Goodfellow, Levi C.	Priv.	D	Oct. 6, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Goodwin, George	Priv.	A	Oct. 3, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Halverson, Peter S.	Priv.	D	Oct. 27, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Handy, Joel	Principal Musician		Aug. 22, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Harvey, Joseph E.	Priv.	K	Sept. 18, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Hatch, William F.	Priv.	I	Sept. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Herzog, Anton	Priv.	G	Andersonville, Ga.
Higby, Martin F.	Corporal	G	Andersonville, Ga.
Hill, Chauncey J.	Priv.	K	Aug. 18, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Holt, Albert	Priv.	F	Andersonville, Ga.
Isehour, James	Priv.	I	Aug. 1, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Johnson, Nils	Priv.	II	Sept. 4, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Jung, Ludwig	Priv.	H	Aug. 18, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Kinna, Michael	Priv.	B	July 9, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Klos, Ludwig	Priv.	H	Sept. 18, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Kolzer, Adam	Priv.	G	July 26, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Lanan, Nicholas	Priv.	I	Dec. 1, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Lanzer, Martin	Priv.	G	Aug. 30, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Larch, Nicholas	Priv.	G	Sept. 4, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Latimer, Washington R.	Priv.	D	Jan. 23, 1865, Andersonville, Ga.
Lewis, Louis	Priv.	E	March 26, 1865, Andersonville, Ga.
Lindley, Samuel A.	Priv.	B	July 9, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
McDougall, John	Priv.	A	Aug. 28, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
McKee, John	Priv.	D	Oct. 30, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Marden, James W.	Priv.	A	Aug. 8, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Miller, Peter M.	Priv.	D	Oct. 27, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Monson, Ole	Priv.	D	Oct. 10, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Monthly, John	Priv.	G	Sept. 8, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Mullenbach, John	Priv.	G	Sept. 18, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Newton, Charles	Priv.	K	Aug. 27, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Ollman, William	Priv.	B	Sept. 8, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Perukle, Jacob	Priv.	H	Aug. 20, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Perukle, Jesse M.	Priv.	H	Aug. 13, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Pettijohn, Silas W.	Priv.	H	Sept. 15, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Pounder, Thomas	Priv.	B	Andersonville, Ga.
Pratchett, Charles	Priv.	K	Aug. 5, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Reese, William	Priv.	E	Oct. 11, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Roberts, John G.	Priv.	E	July 28, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Robertson, John	Priv.	B	Oct. 2, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Scherer, Ferdinand	Priv.	G	Oct. 9, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Schieffer, Henri	Priv.	G	1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Schroeder, William	Priv.	D	Dec. 10, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Short, Martin	Priv.	K	Sept. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Seifert, Christian	Priv.	G	Aug. 20, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

NAME	Rank	Co.	Date and Place of Death
Souter, Charles.....	Priv.	H	Aug. 20, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Taylor, Levi C.....	Priv.	K	Sept. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Thielen, Jacob.....	Priv.	K	Sept. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Thomas, William R.....	Priv.	E	Oct. 28, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Tilton, Nathan.....	Priv.	B	Sept. 28, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Ulvin, Andrew.....	Priv.	E	Nov. 20, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Van House, Bryant.....	Corporal	C	Aug. 26, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Wallace, Horace E.....	Priv.	D	Oct. 30, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Warren, Edmund.....	Musician	A	Sept. 14, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Webster, Freeman O.....	Priv.	G	Andersonville, Ga.
Westover, O. J.....	Priv.	E	Sept. 11, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Wheeler, Albert E.....	Priv.	C	Aug. 1, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Whipple, Oliver C.....	Priv.	F	Sept. 16, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
White, George W.....	Wagoner	..	Sept. 14, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Wilson, Franklin C.....	Priv.	C	Aug. 13, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Winter, George.....	Priv.	H	Sept. 9, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Wood, Joseph B.....	Priv.	H	Aug. 16, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Woodbury, James N.....	Priv.	C	Aug. 1, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

**RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE OMER R. WEAVER CAMP OF THE
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF LITTLE ROCK,
ARKANSAS, OCTOBER 8TH, 1916**

RESOLVED, by Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., in regular monthly meeting, October 8th, 1916:

That we highly appreciate the kind words and expressions of comradeship used by each and every orator of the Minnesota Commission, who recently visited our city on the occasion of the dedication of the magnificent monument erected by the State of Minnesota in honor of her dead who lie in the National Cemetery near the City of Little Rock, September 22nd, 1916.

RESOLVED, That we tender our sincere thanks to the Commission for courtesies extended to Confederate veterans to be heard on that auspicious occasion.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Adjutant to C. C. Andrews, Chairman of said Commission, and that a copy thereof be filed in the archives of this Camp.

I hereby certify that the above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

JONATHAN KELLOGG, Adjutant.

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