

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

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WHOLE NO. 880.

SILENT MEMORIAL UNVEILED

Shiawassee's Tribute to the Breakers of the Negroes Shackles.

TEN THOUSAND AMERICAN CITIZENS UNITE TO DO THEM HONOR.

Magnificent Addresses by Mrs. S. A. C. Plummer and Hon. James O'Donnell.

Thirty-two years have passed since the last battle of the fiercest, most death-dealing, most scientific and most important war in the world's history was finished. Gradually the people of this wonderful and enlightened nation have been realizing the terrible sacrifices that were made, until now in almost every city, great and small, there is a memorial, which, like the soldiers that around it have been laid, is silent, yet speaks and lives. The people of this country have added their marble tribute, but in doing it they expressed sentiments that came from the bottom of grateful hearts.

Monday at 3:30 p. m., Miss Ivah Richardson, at the request of James Osburn, president of the day, removed the star-spangled banner that encircled the monument and on behalf of the Woman's Relief Corps and the citizens Mr. O presented the monument to Quackenbush Post No. 205, G. A. R., Post Commander D. F. Blair, using the ritualistic service, accepted the monument; the flag was raised and comrades A. C. Johnson, Wm. Gulpe, D. C. Cooper, Henry Stevenson, John Gutekuntz, John Mackey and Julius Frieske were appointed a guard of honor and at the command of Mr. Blair a floral arch, the emblem of the Navy, was placed on one side in charge of Sailor D. C. Cooper, and a musket on the other in charge of the guard of honor. The male chorus sang "They'll Never March Again," one of the most beautiful and touching songs in the long list of patriotic hymns.

The exercises were preceded by a parade made up of people from all parts of the county and from societies of this and neighboring cities; the veterans bringing up the rear, all in charge of Ald. T. M. Wiley, Marshal of the Day.

The parade was made up as follows: Hon. E. L. Brewer with Marshal Wiley in carriage; Sheriff Scougale with forty deputies; City Band; Company G. M. N. G., fifty strong; Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, thirty; St. Johns Court No. 2384, Modern Woodmen, thirty; Lansing Court, fifteen; Owosso Court, 44; West Owosso Band; Arbeiter Unterstuetzung Verein, Landwehr Verein, fifty; Lady Macabees, 28; U. R. K. O. T. M., twenty; subordinate lodge, fifty, No. 88 and Colfax Odd Fellows seventy; A. O. U. W., 38; veteran drum corps; Henry F. Wallace Post G. A. R., Corunna, 45; Roberts Post, Bancroft, 28; George A. Winans Post, Ovid, 25; Henry Deming Post, Laingsburg, 20; L. B. Quackenbush Post, Owosso, 78; wagon with flowers; carriage with president of the day, ex-Mayor James Osburn and speakers; carriage with singers; Owosso W. R. C., 40; Corunna W. R. C., 30; Laingsburg W. R. C., 20; Degree of Honor, 20; citizens in carriages. About 200 children marched on the sidewalk alongside the procession, each one carrying flowers.

James Osburn called the assemblage at the cemetery to order and asked Rev. John Sweet to lead in prayer. "America," that favorite anthem of the true citizen of the republic, was sung by the multitude, after which the presentation exercises were begun. These being finished Mrs. J. J. Mackey introduced Mrs. S. A. C. Plummer, past department president of the W. R. C., who in a twenty minute address paid tribute to the heroes of the great civil war.

She considered it the honor of a lifetime to stand and address such an assemblage on such an occasion. Man is born to immortality. They stood in the presence of a noble pile reared by the love of man for his fellowmen. All men felt that God had given them a craving for remembrance; it was a legacy from their Creator; it was the keynote of the universe. Books were written, monuments erected, mausoleums built, anniversaries observed that man might live in memory. Great events and things are perpetuated; the Sabbath is observed as a moral monument that we may not forget God. In the monument had been placed records, newspaper articles, symbols—all that they might be remembered in future. Memorial Day was the American passover. It reminded us that two millions of the flower of our youth had gone out to battle. It is fitting that we honor them.

The president of the day introduced Hon. Jas. O'Donnell, of Michigan, and the thousands cheered him to the echo as he stepped forward. He is one of the most popular veterans and public speakers in the state and his friends are increasing every day. His oration was one of the most complete, logical and eloquently delivered memorial day addresses ever heard in the state and we print it in full that all may have a chance to read it.

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are here to do honor to those who fell for their country. In the few graves of our soldier dead in your cemeteries the worm has long since sundered ligament and muscle, and we do not meet to commemorate alone those who are entombed, but in a larger and broader sense we assemble to commemorate in the nation's defense. Those who returned from the strife are not forgotten, we trust and believe, but memorate all those who laid down their lives in a sad, deep interest in those

who gave their lives without reward to build a freedom and a country they could never know. There is not much the living can do for the dead. The senseless clay, calcined into its mother dust, can find no benefit from what we say or do, but we can enshrine their principles and glorify their deeds, setting their examples to the living, teaching that lives well lived are not forgotten, but go on forever in influences that the grave cannot dispel, that death cannot destroy.

As we look upon the mounds that cover our soldier dead we are reminded that the man who took his place as a soldier and offered his life for his country, was a better man, other things being equal, than he who avoided the fight. He belongs to the world's catalogue of heroes. His was an inestimable sacrifice. All that a man hath will give for his life, and yet these gave their lives. They were great souls, for they forgot self, and remembered only their country. They left tender ties, dared death, met its shock, and fell bleeding and died in the turmoil of battle, mangled by shot and shell, crushed under the iron hoofs of maddened horses, wasted away by disease, perished in prisons of the enemy, died that the country might live. It is through sacrifices like theirs that civilization was made worthy of survival, and it survives only by the sacrifice of such great souls. The soldier gave all, he gave his life. That he gave it is evidence that it was worth living, that it was a great, noble life, magnanimous, patriotic, devoted.

THE DAY. To many, decoration day has not the meaning it should have. Even those whom the war for the union bereaved do not remember it as formerly, for time is clever in the healing art, and mellow sorrow. The war was over long ago, and even to the participants is but a dream. Yet we feel the pangs of sorrow and of loss, and when age draws near at last, when the shadows begin to fall, we share the solemnity and sublimity of the gathering darkness, and we think of the great army in the mystic realms beyond the grave. Today the poetry of memory no less than the pathos of bereavement come to us all. The dead recall the past. Though many of them calmly waited for the gentle ministry of the final rest, we yet think of their sacrifice before they passed to the "breathless darkness and the narrow house." The dead of the nation the people of the nation will not, must not, forget. It is the fate of man that oblivion covers millions, and fame immortalizes the few, but today we remember our dead, those who passed, thro' the straight and dreadful pass of death, that we might continue a nation, that mankind should know freedom, that the republic should endure.

The love of country of the dead cannot be questioned. They gave life to preserve the unity of the nation and to make secure the great experiment of self-government on this continent. The troublous tide of time is stilled for them, and today we realize how many have passed over the mystical river to the other shore. Shall they be forgotten, though 32 years have passed since the end of the great war? No! Rather let us remember the injunction of the first commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, that loved General, who was the peerless volunteer soldier in war, Logan, when, 29 years ago, his general order was issued for Decoration day, he stated it was his purpose to "inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades."

The soldier carved from adversity, peril and grievous trial a glorious perpetuity for free institutions, and the people honor the dead and the living for their valor and suffering; for never, in the centuries that man has struggled from barbarism to freedom, has there been a cause more just or one that had more willing defenders. Therefore, my living comrades, see to it that the day is never unobserved. It is good to join in paying annual tribute to the memory of the fallen comrades—those legions whose shades march down the other side of time. See to it that the flowers are placed on the tombs, for flowers are the most precious emblems of living faith in the dead. Even when you pass away, and if this service is forgotten by those who come after us, "God will carry the flowers in the deft fingers of the sunshine and the rain drop, and will weave wreaths and garlands by the agency of the winds, and will make melody by the orchestra of all Nature." A writer of our land recently wrote this sentiment:

"The unseen winds Breathe endless lamentation for the dead."

THE LESSON.

The lesson of this day is impressive. Those who stood in the fiery crater of battle need not the lesson the day teaches. The mustering of the freemen of the North was a crusade for liberty. On this annual strewing of flowers on graves will "wet with the spray of a Nation's tears" each citizen will discern a more exalted standard of duty, and each of the coming men of the nation will note a new meaning in the exhortation, "It is sweet and good to die for one's country."

As the story of the redemption of the nation from peril and shame is contemplated and studied in the swiftly passing years, the seed sown in blood and watered with tears will spring into a rich fruitage in the minds and hearts of all, as they realize the blessings shed by our starry flag on the people dwelling beneath its beauteous folds. The old remember the deeds of valor and the young will appreciate the priceless advantages gained for the nation and then through the sacrifices of those who perished that the republic might live. The youth will comprehend why we gather here to recite the virtues of heroes and to recount their valorous deeds, and to bedeck with the sweet flowers of spring their resting place.

"Beneath the low, green tent, Whose curtain never outward swings." The observance of this day tends to show that we recognize patriotism and

the sacrifices which it has led men to make. The germ of patriotic sentiment is yet alive in the hearts of the people, and they do not forget the inestimable blessing which we enjoy through the martyrdom of those to whose names and memories we pay grateful homage. We cannot too frequently recall the lofty patriotism, that heroic purpose, and that vast sum of treasure, effort and blood, which has secured to us country, liberty, and the countless blessings of popular government. This is a portion of the lesson the observance of this day brings; it impresses the struggle on the minds of all, telling how the

"Years of history followed close; history made in tents; Forged in battle, annealed with fire, welded in great events. These few lives were but grains of sand rolled in its mighty flow. Drift weeds washed on the shores of War, caught in its undertow."

THE COST OF THE WAR.

Perhaps it may be of interest to glance briefly at the fearful cost of the war for the Union. It appears from the records that 67,058 were killed in battle; 43,012 died of wounds; 25,872 died from accidents, drowning, sunstroke and unknown causes; 224,528 died in hospitals from disease; 59,498 died in prisons of the enemy, making a total in round numbers of 420,000 who died for the union. The average age of all enlisted men at date of enlistment was 20 years; the average expectation of life at 20 years of age, is 35 additional years; therefore, if we multiply the 420,000 by 35, we find that the total number of years of life expended in putting down the rebellion by those who lost their lives on the side of the Union would be 14,700,000 years; of the forces of the Union, 275,000 found their last resting place in the Soil of the South, and of the total number who perished 145,000 graves are marked unknown.

Statisticians tell us that, taking the whole number of men furnished by the states and territories during the war, it appears that out of every 65, one was killed in action; out of every 56, one died of wounds; out of every 13, one died of disease; out of every 9, one died while in

legions of their old commands have crossed the line that divides time from eternity, but ere earth passed from their gaze they saw a reunited country, all that they have fought for.

The purposes of God are true, His judgment stands revealed; The pangs of war have rent the veil, and lo! His high decree, One heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea.

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER—THE SOLDIER CITIZEN.

I have spoken of our army. In the soldiers the old guard on the tented ground became the new guard in the peaceful camp. When the great army of the Union was disbanded, there was seen a spectacle without a parallel and with a single precedent in all history.

Nine hundred thousand men left the profession of arms and at once returned to the peaceful pursuits of life. Citizens they were before they were soldiers and to their citizenship, when peace had been restored, they brought back again the virtues which had given them soldierly strength. It has been written that, after the dispersion of Cromwell's small army of 40,000 or 50,000, "in a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community," and that "if a baker, a mason or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers." The historian of our people may truthfully recite that within a short time after the surrender of Appomattox nearly a million of veterans in a victorious army, had taken their place with the bread-winners and home builders of their country. They resumed or won again foremost positions in the peaceful arts. They became a grand, conservative force among the people, and to them and their children will the community look in times of trial and unrest for strength and wisdom.

RECONCILIATION.

We have now a reunited country. The gleam of title has healed all differences. The victor was magnanimous. So rapidly do men pass away, so fleeting are the recollections of the smoking battle field and



HON. JAMES O'DONNELL.

service; out of every 10, one was wounded in action.

In the war for the Union the total enrollment was 2,666,999 men on the part of the North. Of this number our own Michigan furnished 90,000 soldiers, who won renown for the State. Losing, the historian, estimates the cost of the war to the whole country from waste, loss and debt at eight billions of dollars. These figures I have quoted show the fearful cost of war.

THE LAPSE OF TIME, THE LIVING AND DEAD SOLDIERS.

It is now 32 years since the last battle shock sent its thrill through the hearts of the war worn veterans. During that time over one-half of those who made up the life of that day have gone to the eternal rest. The veterans, as they recall the deeds of the past, grow young again, and the effect on them reminds us of the stories told of the god Cetera, of whom it was said he "stretched his magic wand when lo! the aged, diseased and wrinkled forms shown forth in youth.

You see your veterans today, their heads sprinkled with silver sand dropped from the hour-glass of flying time, and they near the final muster out. Let us trust that they will never realize that patriotism is measured by the people on a money basis. A new generation now stands on the shore of peace, gazing on the remnant of a once mighty host, and as they observe the scenes of today they will be reminded of that great army asleep on hilltop and in vale in the peaceful byways of death. Let all these speak to people, and teach them what the government costs. And it was worth it all! Then think of the great leaders of our armies, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Hancock, Mead, McClellan, McDowell, Hunter, Burnside, Slocum, Hooker, Greesham, and the idol of the volunteer soldiery, who many of you followed to victory, the incarnation of war, Logan. All these have passed to the solemn shades, the silent continents of eternity, these whose names blaze against the horizon of American history as the glory of the grandest epoch in modern civilization. They too are gone, have joined the grand army of the dead, where no morning reveille wakes the slumbering soldier, or long roll beats to arms. They and

the burning city, that now, after the conquest and subjugation, the conquered and subjugated are seated in high legislative and judicial places, and their council headed by seventy millions of people.

Thirty-two years have brought the change. The remembrance of war no longer divides our people. The north and south have never understood and respected each other as to-day, and this unity of friendship will grow in the years to come. Every patriot rejoiced a few weeks since as the chieftains of the lost cause gathered at the tomb of the great leader of our army to attest their love for the dead general of the victorious hosts of the union.

Truly the words of our soldier president echoed the sentiment of all the people when he said those assembled testified "to the living reality of a fraternal spirit which has triumphed over the differences of the past, and transcends the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion, which we pray God to speed, will be the nation's greatest glory." All will reverently say amen to this utterance of patriotism and good will.

Surely the recollection of the days of sorrow, of trial, of suffering, of blood, have passed from the minds of the people. The passing years are softening the bitterness of the struggle. Peace reaps where war hath sown.

"The bitter years have passed away, The scars have slowly healed, New wood has grown upon the tree, Fresh sod upon the field, And laws of hate the soldiers made The soldiers have repealed."

THE STRUGGLE.

For more than four years a part of our country was a camp or field of battle. At last the conflict was ended; constitutional government was maintained; it should never be forgotten that we were right. The self-sacrifice and patriotism of the men of the north shone forth in all those weary years. I have given the number of killed. There were other thousands who lingered for a time and then passed on. They knew the keenness of suffering and then death's sable night came to them. How many of us can summon the memories of those who never became old since they gave their young lives to their country. I recall a gallant

THE FEET OF 100 TYROS

PRESSED THE BURNING SANDS IN OWOSSO TUESDAY NIGHT.

The Survivors were Treated to the Grand and Bounteous Feast of Rhamadam.



One hundred and fifty members of Islam Temple No. 57, Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan, arrived in Owosso by special train from Saginaw at 7:30 Tuesday evening for the purpose of holding a special session, at which time a band of 100 Tyros who inhabit the fair oasis of Owosso, in the plain of Shiawassee, were made to tread the burning sands which lead to the cool and refreshing spring of Zem Zem.

A grand street parade headed by the City band and consisting of a band of 150 Arabs in full costume surrounding the 100 Tyros who were tied to a long rope, marched through the principal streets at 8:30, exhibiting their wild beasts and their various instruments of torture.

After the street parade the Tyros were conducted to the Light Infantry Armory, where cries of pain and shrieks for help were distinctly heard during the hours of torture which continued far into the night. If reports are true the Owosso Tyros proved to be equal to the emergency, every one of the band of 100 surviving the torture and reaching the fair oasis of Khorassan in fair condition, a fact which entitled them to a seat at the bounteous feast of Rhamadam. The aforesaid feast was spread at Castle Hall under the direction of Tyro Chef Chas. McNally, assisted by a corps of waiters consisting of 24 of Owosso's handsomest young men who appeared in spotlessly white uniforms. McNally has spread many banquets in his time but never in the history of his many successes has he prepared a spread that would equal the affair of Tuesday evening. Castle Hall never looked so inviting as when it was thrown open to receive Owosso's guests. Covers were laid for 250 and the tables were so arranged that it was an easy task for the waiters to attend the wants of the banqueters. The walls were handsomely draped with bunting and flags and the tables were decorated with potted plants and sprigs of green, while the many colored electric lights that shone down from the ceiling, gave an entrancing effect to the whole scene.

The following Menu was thoroughly enjoyed by the distinguished Arabs, especially by those who had been subjected to the terrible tortures:

- MENU.
- Teblee Cocktail.
 - Fill the bumper fair!
 - Every drop we sprinkle
 - O'er the brow of care
 - Smooths away a wrinkle.
 - Green Turtle.
 - Olives, Mount Sinai Almonds, Pickles, Spiced Beuties, from the Persian Gulf, Cucumbers, Labanion Dressing, Nedged Potatoes.
 - Catawba.
 - Roast Tenderloin of Gazelle.
 - White Ant Hills.
 - Hedwin Chips.
 - Hadesai Punch.
 - Braised Yambo Pheasant, Hadgaz Jelly.
 - Salad Jardiere.
 - Frozen Goat's Milk from Bab el Mandeb.
 - Claret.
 - Figs.
 - Dates.
 - Assorted Cake.
 - Cheese.
 - Mocha Coffee.
 - Crackers.
 - Cigars.

When the last course was finished and fragrant Havanas had been lighted, Arab H. S. Hadsall, who acted as toastmaster, took the lead during the remainder of the journey and delighted all present by exhibiting every Arab as advertised on the following bill:

- TOASTS.
- Toastmaster, H. S. Hadsall.
 - Hakem Ben Haschem, Rowland Connor.
 - "But why this pageant now? this armed array? What triumph crowds the rich divan today?"
 - MOORE.
 - The Burning Sands, Geo. W. Haskeil.
 - "With stout iron shoes he his Pegasus shod! For my road is a rough one."

- MERDITH.
- Music, Orchestra.
 - Damon and Pythias, Geo. L. Lusk.
 - "If fraternal love held all men bound, How beautiful this world would be."
 - The Camel, Fred H. Allen.
 - A cautious glance around he stole, His bag of chink he chunk! And many a wicked smile he smole, And many a wink he wunk.
 - Zemzem, W. A. Norton.
 - "Like Zemzem's spring of Holiness, had power To fashion the soul's virtues into flower."
 - MOORE.
 - Music, Orchestra.
 - The Tyro, Chas. H. Fisk.
 - "For thee, young warrior, welcome; thou hast yet Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget."
 - MOORE.
 - Salaam, Wm. Connor.
 - "And the night shall be filled with music"



And the cars that infest the day, Shall fold their tents like the Arabs And as silently steal away."

LONGFELLOW. The gray dawn of morning was streaking the eastern sky before the last Arab had been heard and when the Saginaw band prepared to journey back into their own country they proclaimed with one accord that Owosso was indeed a fair oasis and that the branch of Islam horde of howling votaries who dwell therein is second to none to be found in the whole great desert of Michigan.



Circuit Court.

John Hickey, the hobo who stabbed the car checker at Durand, was arraigned in court and plead not guilty.

Charles D. Chalker vs. Grand Trunk Ry. was continued till the next term of court.

Township of Deerfield vs. William Harper; plaintiff recovered judgment for \$296.

Nathan and James Moore vs. Township of Hazelton; judgment for plaintiffs of \$285.

John J. Middleworth vs. John S. Babcock. Motion that plaintiff file additional security for costs denied.—Journal.

Caledonia—New Haven.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Maggie Cruits to Wm. Rosman—Howard Slocum, formerly teacher of the German school in New Haven, is dangerously ill at his home. The school picnic is postponed until Saturday next—Floyd Ostrander and Lewis Barlow returned from their trip to Cobochab, Livingston county, in time for decoration—The Misses Alta Ream and Clara Wildermuth, spent Sunday and Monday in Owosso—There will be quarterly meeting services next Saturday and Sunday at the Kelley M. E. church, Rev. Nixon, pastor—Charlie Barrows, while cutting brush on the Dr. Peterson farm, had the misfortune to lose his dinner. A cow grazing quietly near, without any qualms of conscience, ate the dinner, two napkins and a newspaper. Charles walked home to dinner—Delos Hanna, of Mulberry street, has purchased a horse of W. J. Ostrander. He also has a new harness and surrey. We hope the country horse will not feel too high toned to notice his former companions with his new turnout—Mrs. F. Steadman and Miss Kate Crouse, of West Owosso, visited at the home of Miss Kate Rubleman last week—Mrs. Shoults, south of school house No. 3, who has been dangerously ill, is slightly better—Mr. Frum has a novel scare-crow in his cornfield. A concern is fastened on a pole, which sounds like a rapidly striking triangle. When the wind blows hard there is quite a loud sound.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR' PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

