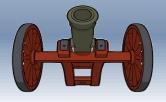




*Denotes Direct Descendant



A special thanks to Carol Norman for Coordinating the Program, donating the water and for the accommodations from Soaring Eagle Hotel.

27 Civil War Veterans Colored Troops (USCT)

13 Colored Troops (USCT) Civil War Veterans buried in Morgan West Wheatland Cemetery 14 Colored Troops (USCT)
Civil War Veterans
buried in Surrounding
Cemeteries

Thomas W. Cross
Abraham Gross
Louis (Lewis) Gross
Benjamin Guy
Thomas Harris
Charles Lett
Eli Lett
Charles Mortimer
Michael Norman
Charles Rice
Amos Robinson
Robert Scott
Unknown Soldier

Isaac Cook
Dr. David Cousins
Eldridge Flowers
Harrison Harding
Ezekiel Harris
Aquilla Lett
John Lett
Samuel Lett
John Nelson
Horace Norman
Will (Harve) Norman
Elisha Reed
Henry Thompson
Stephen Todd

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure.

Abraham Lincoln

Five (5) Veterans Administration Issued Civil War Headstones



Lewis Gross



Unknown Soldier





Amos Robinson



Michael Norman





Robert Scott

Dr. J Martin - CMU - Assisted in paying for the installation of headstones at Morgan West Wheatland Cemetery. Presented by The Old Settlers Reunion Website (OSRW)

Three (5) Veterans Administration Issued Civil War Headstones Located in Decker & Dye Cemeteries - Mecosta County.



Harrison Harding Decker Cemetery



Stephen Todd Dye Cemetery









The Black Regiment by George Henry Boker

Dark as the clouds of even, Ranked in the western heaven, Waiting the breath that lifts All the dread mass, and drifts Tempest and falling brand Over a ruined land; So still and orderly, Arm to arm, knee to knee, Waiting the great event, Stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the Black Regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh, what a shout there went
From the Black Regiment!"

Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Tramping with bloody heel

Over the crashing steel, All their eyes forward bent, Rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! And they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.

Glad to strike one free blow, Whether for weal or woe; Glad to breathe one free breath, Though on the lips of death. Praying—alas! in vain!— That they might fall again, So they could once more see That burst to liberty! This was what "freedom" lent To this Black Regiment

Hundreds on hundreds fell; But they are resting well; Scourges and shackles strong Never shall do them wrong.

Oh, to the living few, Soldiers, be just and true! Hail them as comrades tried; Fight with them side by side; Never, in field or tent, Scorn the Black Regiment

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on

I have seen Him in the watchfires
Of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar
In the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet That shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men Before His judgement seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; Be jubilant, my feet; Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.



George Crawford—Griot

Gary Green—Captain and Assistant Director of Ferris State College, Department of Public Safety and Retired Michigan State Policeman

Linda Howard—Mecosta County Commissioner

Dr. Jay Martin—Director, Central Michigan University Museum, Mt. Pleasant, MI and assisted in paying for installation of the six headstones in Morgan West Wheatland Cemetery

Calvin Murphy—Kaleva VFW

Denver Norman—OH SAR—Ohio State—Sons of the American Revolution

David Smith and John Lantzer - Alexander French SUVCW Camp #28

Special Event Attendees

