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South Lyon, Michigan



THE GREAT REPUBLIC

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THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE OF VOLUME 4, AND FOR MANY OLD SUBSCRIBERS IT MEANS TIME TO RENEW. THE COST OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC IS STILL ONLY \$10 FOR FOUR ISSUES. BELOW IS THE INFORMATION REGARDING YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

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THE FIRST ISSUE OF VOLUME FIVE WILL FEATURE THE GREAT ENCAMPMENT OF 1892 IN WASHINGTON, AND A PAGE OF MATERIAL THAT HAS BEEN REQUESTED SO OFTEN, A LIST OF NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT BADGES WITH A RATING OF THEIR RARITY (NO PRICES).

ROGER HEIPLE

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1901—OFF FOR CLEVELAND, O.
 "Good bye, William. Don't forget to change your collar!"

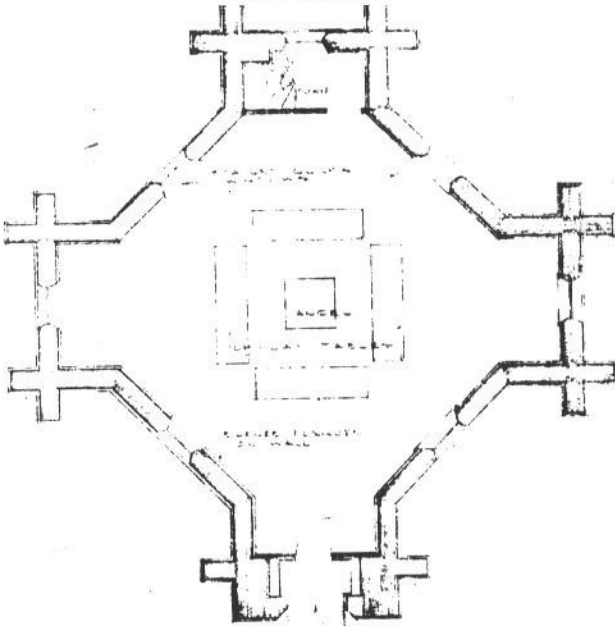
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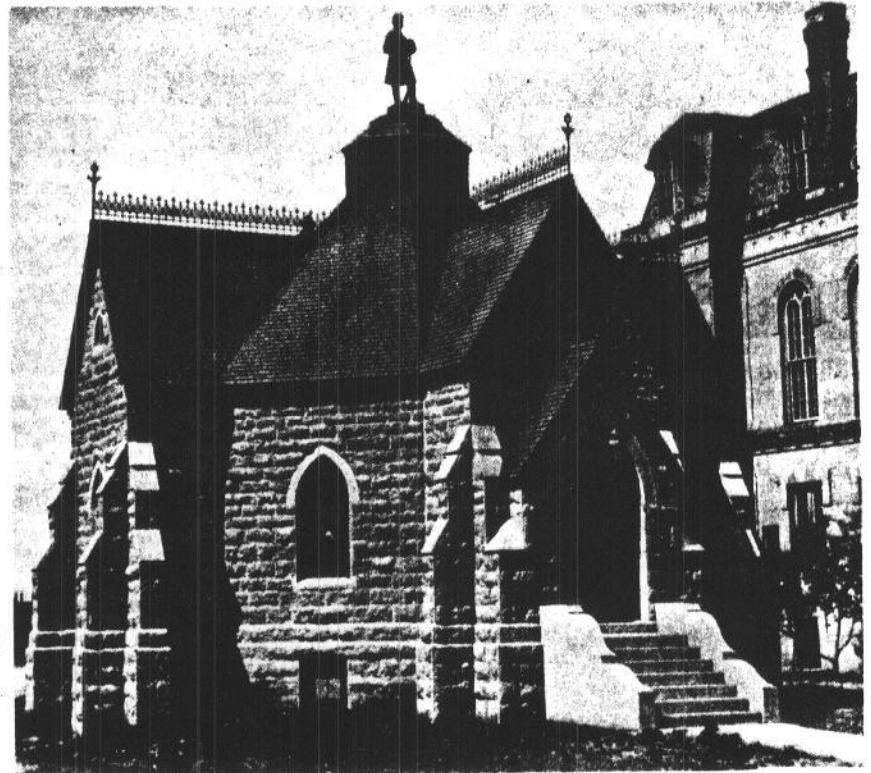
By Vernon Derry

President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers immediately after Fort Sumter was fired on, April 12, 1861. Twice that number signed up for six months duty. The President called Congress to special session on July 4, and on August 16th announced that a state of rebellion existed. Of the original volunteers called, six regiments were allotted to Illinois. The 1st Illinois Volunteers was the 7th of one hundred-seventy regiments organized under this call.

Calls were sent out for a meeting to be held in Geneva on July 29, 1861, of what was called the "Fox River Regiment," a non-descript mixture of militia, drill companies, patriotic organizations and unattached volunteers. Twelve of these units were selected to become the nucleus of what later became the 36th Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment.

Major Nicholas Greusel, a former German Army officer, naturalized U.S. citizen, was commissioned a colonel by Gov.

MEMORIAL BUILDING



G.A.R. Memorial Hall as it appeared when completed in 1877. A rear basement and first floor were added in 1881 for public library. In 1903, the square tower entrance was added. Rear section has now been removed in renovation project so that this historic monument may live on.

Yates and ordered to take command of the Fox River Regiment, soon to be officially designated as the 36th Illinois Volunteers. Col. Greusel was an employee of the Hannibal & Quincy RR (now a part of the C.B.&Q. RR) when he entered the service with the 7th Illinois. Col. Greusel's first duty after arriving in Aurora was to select a camp site for the training of the new regiment. A Colonel Hammond, then Superintendent of the Burlington, was instrumental in obtaining land for this camp, which was along the Burlington tracks near where the sheep yards are now located. Col. Hammond presented a flag to the 36th Regiment and the camp was officially named "Camp Hammond." This flag is presently in possession of V.F.W. Post #7452 of Montgomery.

Units soon arrived from various towns and cities in the area. After only a month of training, wearing miscellaneous types of uniforms and bearing their own personal muskets and rifles, the regiment left by train for Quincy on Sept. 24. They left Quincy on the packet

"Warsaw" for St. Louis, and arrived Sept. 28th. The regiment entrained for Rolla, Mo. and thence began active duty at various places. Some went to Texas, but most went into action at the siege of Memphis. The 36th Regiment was later reunited and became a unit of the Department of Ohio and was engaged in all major battles from Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, including Vicksburg.

Other units which went from Aurora during the Civil War were the 7th Illinois, the 124th Illinois and units of the 89th Illinois, known as the Railroad Regiment, its rolls made up of many employees of the Burlington R.R. from throughout the state.

A fair guess is that at least 10,000 men left from Aurora. Of these, many did not return. It was in honor and memory of those departed soldiers that G.A.R. Memorial Hall was built.

The Grand Army of the Republic (G.A.R.) came into being in 1865 by an act of Congress. This organization comprised of veterans of the Civil War. In 1875, Post No. 20 was

EIGHTY YEARS UNDER THE




Including Biographical Sketches of
"100 Confederate Soldiers I Have Known"
 UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS' ORGANIZATION
 HISTORY OF CAMP BEN McCULLOCH, U. C. V.

And Other Confederate Information

By Thomas Fletcher Harwell
 Kyle, Texas

CONTENTS

Name	Page	Name	Page
Adams, J. D.	90	Massey, J. Foster	102
Allen, Capt. W. M.	47	McGehee, John F.	75
Andrew, J. L.	91	McClanahan	100
Armstrong, Rev. J. B.	76	Mayes, W. A.	78
Askew, Gen. H. G.	22	McCulloch, Capt. Ben E.	77
Atkinson, Gen. W. M.	27	McCulloch Pictures	16
Banks, Gen. William	20	McCulloch, Gen. Ben	17
Baugh, Gen. L. N.	30	McCulloch, Gen. Henry	17
Bennett, G. H.	74	McCulloch, Mrs. Frances F. L.	17
Booth, Gen. Andrew B.	101	Matthews, Capt. Alf G.	45
Bunton, Joseph L.	87	Melasky, B.	51
Burns, Rev. G. W.	72	McClintock, J. W.	58
Burleson, Lt. D. C.	55	Mims, D. H.	89
Byler, J. N.	65	Montgomery, J. A.	30
Camp Ben McCulloch Groups	35	Murray, John David	101
Camp Ben McCulloch Flags	12	Musgrove, Al	49
Camp Ben McCulloch Org.	11	Odom, H. S.	90
Camp Ben McCulloch		Oldham, Capt. W. S.	58
Tabernacle	42	Patton, C. C.	99
Carpenter, Rev. J. C.	102	Petty, Capt. G. A.	48
Carter, R. J.	67	Polley, Gen. J. B.	24
Chapman, Adjt. W. T.	38	Pound, Surgeon J. M.	40
Cleveland, D. D.	80	Prewitt, C. L.	95
Coleman, Rev. W. W.	84	Puckett, Capt. J. L.	45
Crenshaw, Gen. T. C.	31	Puckett, Capt. W. W.	46
Crewa, D. W.	84	Quick, Lt. Jacob C.	36
Cruze, Bugler, J. S.	41	Quick, Com. Tom M.	106
Dailey, T. P.	83	Rader, C. L.	81
Davis, J. S.	86	Ray, Gen. R. P.	49
Davis, Lt. W. W.	38	Reed, Capt. M. L.	34
Davidson, N. P.	60	Richardson, Capt. W. H.	81
Dollahite, Rev. J. C.	97	Roberts, Henry W.	57
Dowdy, Gen. J. A.	32	Robertson, Gen. Felix H.	21
Duncan, Dr. A. V.	39	Shelton, Dr. E. P.	104
Duty, A. O.	43	Shelton, Hon. John E.	104
Eanes, R. B.	92	Schubert, H. G.	105
Earnest, J. W.	82	Smith, W. P.	33
Echols, M. M.	64	Smith, Joseph	45
Egger, J. L.	85	Steele, Gen. A. L.	28
Everitt, J. T.	93	Stephenson, W. L.	94
Fortson, R. S. 69	69	Storey, Capt. Jas. G.	52
Glascock, S. C.	88	Talley, Robert	95
Guinn, G. R.	59	Taylor, Ed V.	75
Harless, Gen. N. B.	29	Toalson, A. J.	68
Harris, Gen. John W.	19	Turner, Capt. P. D.	55
Harris, Lt. J. Wes.	56	Turner, J. M.	70
Harwell, Mrs. T. F.	107	U. D. C. Group	18
Harwell, T. F.	107	Vaughan, Felix G.	86
Howard, Col. Carl M.	106	Waldrup, W. T.	65
Hutchison, Major W. O.	51	Wallace, H. C.	62
I Present You a Book	7	Watkins, Culvert	79
Ivey, Claude S.	108	Weatherford, W. C.	79
Joyce, Rev. W. J.	67	Weaver, Lt. W. M.	36
Kendall, R. A.	31	Wilcox, John	85
Kirkpatrick, Gen. E. W.	26	Wilhelm, Judge J. R.	105
Kyle, Capt. Ferg	54	Williamson, J. R.	61
Kyle, Capt. Jack	100	Woods, Col. Peter C.	50
Kyser, Geo. W.	97	Woods, W. P.	96
Law, G. A.	82	Woodall, Clara Beth	108
Lee, Capt. Robt. E.	44	Wolf, Gen. M. H.	33
Ligon, D. R.	44	Word, Chas. H.	71
Maddox, L. A.	66	Wuhrich, Peter	99
Madding, J. M.	83		



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EIGHTY YEARS
UNDER THE
STARS AND BARS

Including Biographical Sketches of

"100 Confederate Soldiers I Have Known"

Information Concerning the Organization of
The United Confederate Veterans

Organization and History of

CAMP BEN McCULLOCH, UNITED CONFEDERATE
VETERANS

Near Driftwood, Hays County, Texas

BY THOMAS FLETCHER HARWELL

Historian General, United Confederate Veterans

(General Organization)

Contains Lots of Pictures

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THOMAS FLETCHER HARWELL

IN EXPLANATION

This brief statement appears appropriate because the publisher of this book died January 18, 1947, just a few days before completing its contents. Any noted omission may be thus explained.

Mr. Harwell was the son of a Confederate soldier. He read much of the history of the Confederacy. He was intimate with all of the old Confederate Soldiers within his bounds; he believed their stories and respected and honored the motives for which they fought. These influences caused him to do more towards making happy the last days of all these old men whom he knew than was done by any other man of like strength and means.

Under his guidance Camp Ben McCulloch and Camp Jennie Burleson at Driftwood in Hays County, Texas, became the two most outstanding camps of their kind in the South. He proudly served as Adjutant of Camp Ben McCulloch and as a member of Camp Jennie Burleson. In recognition of his services at these two camps the United Confederate Veterans elected him a Brigadier General and later Historian General with the rank of Brigadier General.

In publishing this book, Mr. Harwell had no motive of profit or honor so himself, but his sole motive was that the lives of these Confederate soldiers known by him would influence generations yet to live to have respect and honor for all the soldiers and leaders of the Confederacy.

The limited space available in this book forbids further enlargement upon the life, character, and influence of this great man. Suffice to say that his was that abundant life of Christian love and fellowship that never ends. No greater man ever lived among us.

CHAS. D. WALLACE.

"100 Confederate Soldiers I Have Known"

Two were Commanders-in-Chief of the U.C.V., twelve were State Commanders, and fifteen were Commanders and other officers of Camp Ben McCulloch.

GEN. JOHN W. HARRIS
Commander-in-Chief, U. C. V.

(The following article appeared in the Chattanooga, Tenn., Times, Feb. 23, 1943—written by Miss Ruth Frazier, Poet Laureate, United Confederate Veterans.)

Gen. John W. Harris, Commander-in-Chief, United Confederate Veterans, died at Ardmore, Okla., Saturday, Feb. 20, 1943. He was buried Friday, Feb. 26, at Chickasha, Okla.

Serene in the majesty of death, our noble Chieftain sleeps—mourned by countless followers over this fair Southland of ours. He has gone to join the Immortals, for he was truly one of Nature's Noblemen, with the elements so mixed in him that Nature could stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man." The sunshine of his life and the beauty of his character were a benediction to all who knew him.

With a noble conception of duty and faith, untarnished he went to meet his Maker—erect in the consciousness of a life well spent, following in the footsteps of his Master. There is no more priceless gem in life's diadem than friendship, and Gen. Harris proved himself a true and loyal friend, on many occasions paying debts of impoverished friends, frequently denying himself the necessities to do so. When questioned, he would always say, "Why, I cannot go back on a friend." And he never did. He was always most thoughtful and considerate of every member of his staff. He might in reality be called the Chevalier Bayard of this modern age, with his lofty ideals and chivalrous regard for all womankind. He had the child's heart, a love for all scholastic things, and the Philosopher's view of life.

He was born in West Tennessee, but had spent most of his life in Oklahoma. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as a Confederate Reunion, there to meet the Boys in Gray and talk over old times, and repeatedly he said, "What a grand time we're having in Chattanooga. Nobody can beat Chattanooga in putting on a Confederate Reunion."

He was quite a lad when he enlisted under Forrest and fought through the remainder of the war. He belonged to one of the distinguished families of Tennessee, was a cousin of Hon. Isham G. Harris.

The first appointment made by Gov. Kerr of Oklahoma was that of Gen. Harris as Confederate Pension Commissioner.

GEN. WILLIAM BANKS



On Sunday, Jan. 6, 1946, 12 days after his 100th birthday, Gen. William Banks passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Nell Wolfe, near Houston. I was much surprised, and was deeply grieved, because I held Gen. Banks in the very highest and most affectionate esteem. I had hoped, against hope, I might be with him at the Camp Ben McCulloch Reunion this year, for he had said he would attend until he was 110, but—well, "man proposes, but God disposes."

Gen. Banks was taken ill in early September of 1945, and went to a hospital in Houston, but when the time came to go to the General Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held in Chattanooga in the latter part of September, he got

up out of his hospital bed and went, in spite of his physician and children. His son, J. C. Banks, of Houston accompanied him. He was elected Commander-in-Chief of the U.C.V. on the morning of Sept. 27, and immediately had his son to wire me about it, which I appreciated very much indeed.

The first U.C.V. honor he received was to be elected Commander of the Texas Division in 1940. Two years later he was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Last summer he was elected Commander of Camp Ben McCulloch—in July. Then Commander-in-Chief in September.

It was my privilege to aid in his election to the Commandership of the Texas Division, at the meeting held in Dallas in October, 1940. Also, I did all I could, in the way of correspondence with the higher-ups, to get him elected Commander-in-Chief. I wrote a number of letters for him, although he did not ask me to do so.

Below is what I wrote, at the time of his death, for The Kyle, Texas, News, of which I am editor:

"Thus ended the colorful career of a very unusual man—unusual in all ways. He was strong and healthy and active until a few months before his death.

"He drove around over Texas alone in his own automobile until he was 97 years old. He wasn't afraid of anything, he'd take any sort of risk or chance, and I'm sure the Confederate Army had no better soldier.

"I first met him in 1936, when he attended the Camp Ben McCulloch Reunion, and he attended every one from then on, including that of last summer—ten in all. He was always pleasant and agreeable.

"After his election as Commander of the Texas Division, I wrote him and asked for some data concerning himself. What he wrote me is given below. It was not nearly as much as I wanted and expected, but he had his own way of doing things.

"I was born Dec. 25, 1845, at Victoria, Coffey County, Ala. I grew up on the farm.

"I enlisted in the Confederate Army, Co. H 18th Alabama Infantry, July 29, 1861, at Troy, Ala. I saw service at Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Antioch, Gettysburg and other battles. Was a spy and scout. Was wounded at Atlanta, made prisoner and carried to Camp Chase, Ohio. I came to Texas in December, 1865, and for seven years helped to take care of renegades, Indians, cow rustlers and horse thieves.

"May 7, 1884, I was married to Miss McKenzie of Palestine, who was drowned in the Galveston flood in 1900.

"I was self-educated, taught school about 20 years, have been in the ministry 60 years (65 at the time of his death), have had some experience in cattle raising, dairying, farming and merchandising. Guess I made a flop, but I have the experience, and that's worth something."

As stated above, he didn't write near as much as I wanted, but I have gotten some other information—some from the Adj. General's records in Washington, and some from incidents he has related to me in our long and intimate association.

"He was a captain in the Confederate Army, although he never mentioned that to me. At Camp Chase he was paroled and transferred to Point Lookout, Md., March 18, 1865, for exchange, the exchange taking place on March 27."

GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON

For some months the author of this book spent a good deal of time in the effort to get data concerning Gen. Robertson. Finally he went to the State Library in Austin, and found what has been used in this write-up, but even that was very meager.

It appears Gen. Robertson was a native Texan, but went east, even before war had been declared, and was in the battle of Fort Sumpter, S. C., March 9, 1861, the first battle of the war. Because of his unusual bravery and efficiency in battle, he was promoted from time to time, until finally in the fighting against Gen. Sherman in Georgia, "from Atlanta to the sea," he was made a brigadier general.

After the war he practiced law successfully in Waco for more than 50 years. In about 1910, as well as is remembered, Gen. Robertson, who was the Commander of the Texas Division, spent a day at Camp Ben McCulloch, a most pleasant affable gentleman, and his visit was much enjoyed. So far as is known, he was the first State Commander to visit the camp.

Gen. Robertson died April 20, 1928.



Henry Garrison Askew was born in Marshall, Republic of Texas, on Dec. 17, 1845.

His father was Casey Askew, and his mother, before marriage, was Elizabeth Jones Garrison.

On the paternal side he was able to trace his ancestry only to his grandfather, Henry Askew, who was born in Virginia in 1780. On the maternal side he could go back to Walter Evans, who came from Wales to America in 1685, settling in Maryland.

The Askew family lived at Marshall until 1855, when they moved to a farm three miles east of Sulphur Springs. While they lived at Marshall young Henry had good educational opportunities, of which he studiously availed himself. But after

moving to Sulphur Springs "his education drifted into the more practical, bread winning channels, at first as collector of tolls at the turnpike gate, later as a shepherd on the prairies near by, earning some extra money each spring shearing sheep—thirty-five a day at five cents each."

In 1861 he decided to enlist in the army, but suffered a broken arm, which disabled him for two years.

About the middle of 1863 in response to a very urgent appeal from Gov. Lubbock, for all men able to bear arms, whether of military age or not, to organize themselves for the defense of the state, which was threatened by enemies, Federal, Mexican and Indian, on every side, young Askew, with about thirty-five others of Hopkins county, volunteered and were organized as Hughes' Squad of Cavalry. Young Askew was elected sergeant.

The company was ordered to the mouth of the Brazos, where, with other companies, it formed the Second Texas State Cavalry Regiment, transferred to the Confederate army and commanded by Col. Gid Smith of Fannin county. Sergeant Askew was made ordnance officer, of the regiment, and later staff assistant on Brigadier General Towne's staff.

In the spring of 1864 these troops were ordered to North Texas, where, soon after their arrival, young Askew was made adjutant of Cox's Battalion of eight companies. Later, in the re-organization of all the troops in North Texas, he was made a mustering officer. One of the companies he organized, composed of 85 Denton county men, strongly solicited him to accept the captaincy, but he declined, considering himself too young, but accepted the first lieutenantcy.

This company became Co. D of McGinnis' Battalion, eight companies, but was immediately detached from the battalion by Gen. H. E. McCulloch and sent to Paris for post duty.

In December, '64, Lieut. Askew tendered his resignation as a commissioned officer to Gen. H. E. McCulloch, requesting that he be allowed to enlist as a private in Capt. R. L. Askew's Company of the Second Texas Partisan Rangers. But instead of granting the request, Gen. McCulloch ordered him to report at his headquarters at Bonham, Jan. 1.

Upon his arrival at Bonham, he was made staff assistant, serving principally as aide-de-camp, tho much of the time he performed the duties of assistant adjutant general, during the enforced absence because of ill health of the incumbent, Capt. B. E. Benton.

It developed that, without the knowledge of Lieut. Askew, Gen. McCulloch had requested that he be allowed to keep him on his staff, his written request containing the following: "He is a most excellent young man, and a fine officer, and I need his services." The young man did not know of this, however, until long after the war.

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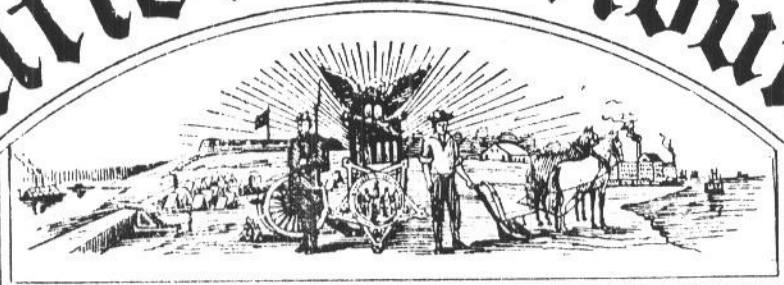
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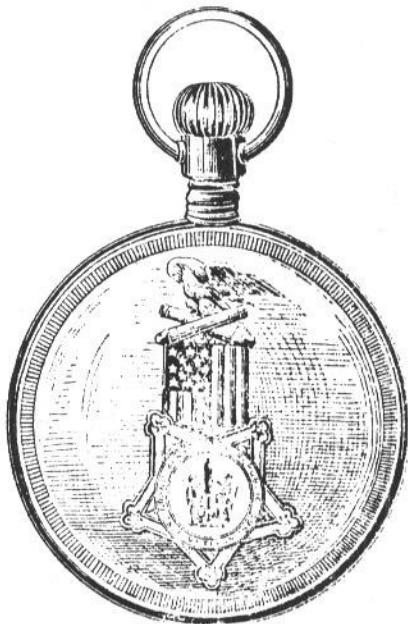
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The disk is pearl-tinted enamel, and upon its face, in raised work of heavy rolled gold plate, is the eagle, cannon and cannon-balls constituting the upper portion of the Grand Army badge, with the letters G.A.R. engraved in a scroll beneath. The setting is also of gold plate, and by pressing on a spring the button can be taken apart, thus making it easy to adjust it in the cuffs.

In short, it is one of the most handsome, useful and valuable pieces of jewelry that has yet been devised. We have sold large numbers of these Sleeve Buttons. The most popular thing in the way of Grand Army jewelry just now is the Grand Army Sleeve Button, a pair of which will be sent to any address, postage prepaid.

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There is a National movement on foot to provide a flag for every schoolhouse. Under this offer a school need be without one, for a contribution of a few cents by each pupil will secure one at our prices. These flags are of the same bunting used by the Army and Navy, and will last for years.

The National Watch Chain.



No. 5.

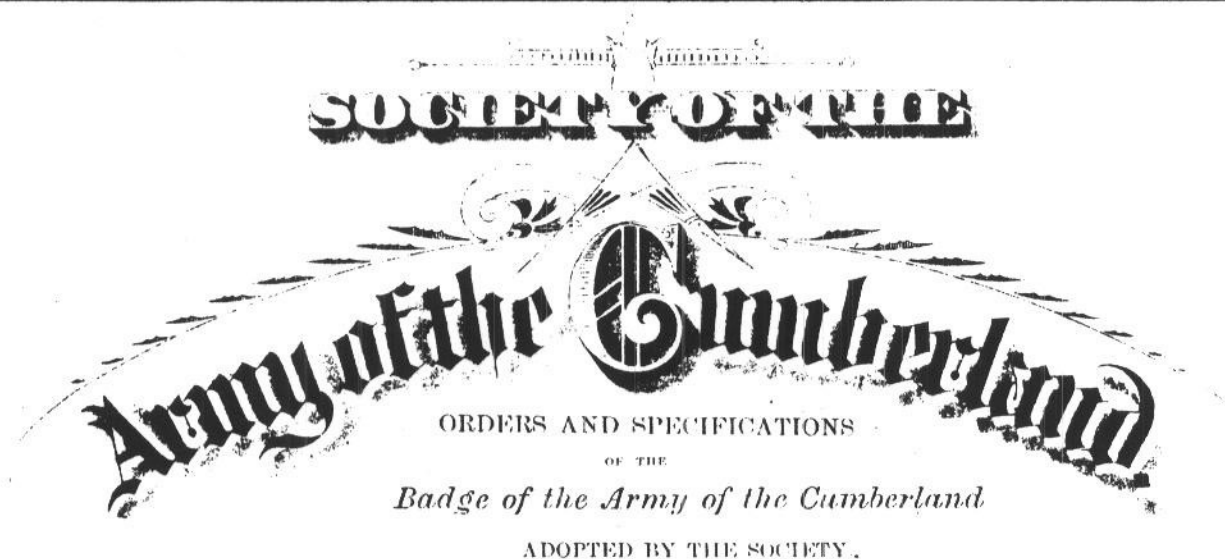
We have had made specially for subscribers a Watch Chain which is to be a token of personal service by its wearers in defense of their country. In the center is the star of the Grand Army, and on either side are the crossed cannons. It is made of heavy rolled gold, warranted for 10 years' constant wear.

It will be mailed to any subscriber for only \$4.50, or sent as a premium for a club of 10 yearly subscribers and \$2 added money; or as a premium for a club of five yearly subscribers and \$3 added money.



No. 202.

No. 202 is a Grand Army badge made of rolled gold plate. At the top are the double eagles in rolled gold. Below them two rolled gold cannon lying upon a pile of enameled cannon-balls. Directly below this is the United States flag made of red and blue enamel and rolled gold. Attached to the flag is the star containing the various military emblems, so well known to our readers that we will not endeavor to describe them. The whole charm is about two inches in length. Price, mailed, \$1.75. With THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for one year \$2.50. Free for a club of seven subscribers.



HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
NASHVILLE, TENN., June 19, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 41. }

At a meeting of the officers and enlisted men of the *Army of the Cumberland*, serving in this vicinity, held at the Headquarters of the Artillery Command of the Fourth Army Corps, on Saturday, June 10th inst., for the purpose of considering the propriety of adopting a badge to signalize and perpetuate the history of the *Army of the Cumberland*, it was unanimously agreed to adopt such a badge, and the following officers were appointed a committee to report a design for the same:

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. L. DONALDSON, Chief Quartermaster, Department of the Cumberland;
BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. OPDYCKE, Commanding Brigade, Fourth Corps;
BREVET COLONEL W. H. GREENWOOD, Assistant Inspector-General, Fourth Corps;
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. L. FOULKE, Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
CAPTAIN R. H. LITSON, Twenty-second Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

On motion, the following preamble and resolutions were then adopted:

WHEREAS, Many of the soldiers of the *Army of the Cumberland* are about to abandon the profession of arms, and again mingle in the peaceful pursuits of home—

Resolved, That, in parting with each other, we do so with mingled feelings of sorrow, sadness, and pride: sorrow, because friends, bound together by ties formed on many battle fields, must part; sadness, at turning our backs upon the thousands of fresh-made graves of our brave comrades; and pride, because it has been our good fortune to be numbered among the members of the *Army of the Cumberland*, and to have each done his part in proving to the world that republics have the ability to maintain and perpetuate themselves.

Resolved, That, in parting, we do, as we have many times done the face of the enemy, renew our pledges of unending fidelity to each other; and that, in whatever position in life we may happen to be, we will never permit our affections to be estranged from those who will continue to fight our battles, but that we will sustain and defend them at all times and in all proper places.

Resolved, That the following named persons, and none others, are authorized to wear the badge of the *Army of the Cumberland*:

I. All soldiers of that army now in service and in good standing.

II. All soldiers who formerly belonged to that army, and have received honorable discharges from the same.

Resolved, That any soldier of the *Army of the Cumberland* who is now entitled to wear the badge of the army, who may hereafter dishonorably dismissed the service, shall by such discharge forfeit the right to wear such badge.

Resolved, That we exhort all members of the *Army of the Cumberland* to discountenance any attempt on the part of any unauthorized persons to arrogate to themselves honor to which they are not entitled by wearing our badge.

The Badge Committee then invited all to send in designs, and announced that the Committee would be open to receive until 3 A. M. Wednesday, June 14th.

The badge described in the accompanying specifications has since that date, been selected by the Committee, the same is adopted and is hereby announced as the badge of the *Army of the Cumberland*.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS.

WILLIAM D. WHITTLE.

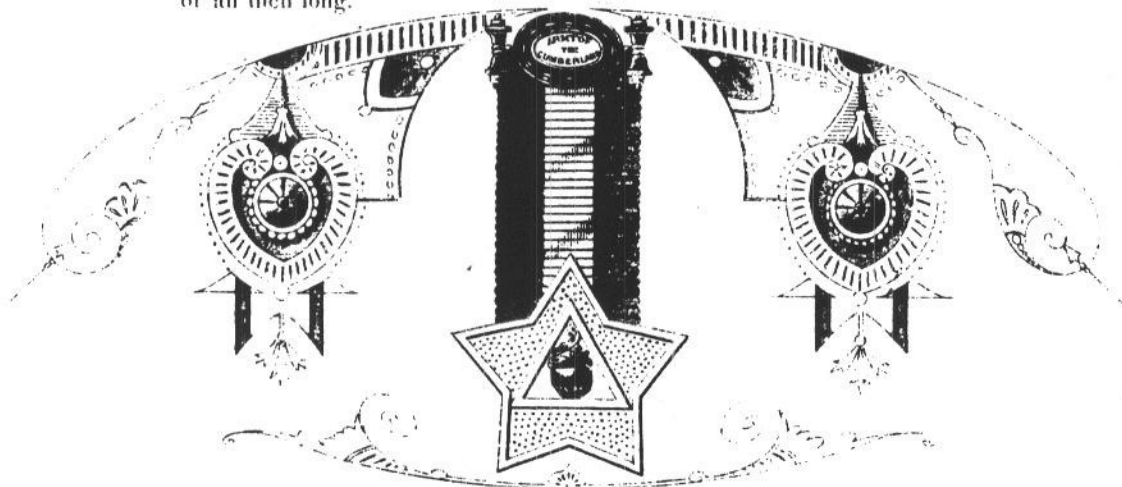
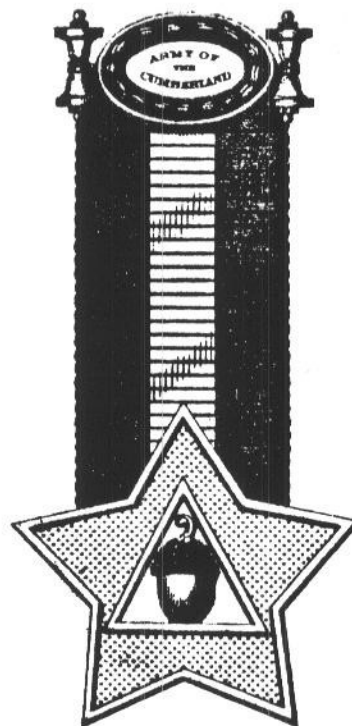
Brigadier-General and Assistant Adjutant-General.

The Army of the Cumberland



SPECIFICATIONS OF THE BADGE OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

1. **Star**—Five-pointed. Suspended, point upward. Frosted, gold or silver, with polished edge one twenty-fourth of an inch wide. Points of star blunt or very slightly rounded. Radius of circle of outer points, nine-tenths of an inch; of inner parts, four and a half tenths of an inch.
2. **Triangle**—In center of star, point upward. Frosted, gold or silver, with polished edge one twenty-fourth of an inch wide, elevated above star one thirty-second of an inch, or engraved if wearer chooses. Triangle of such size as to leave space around it in frosted part of the star.
3. **Acorn**—In center of triangle. Polished, gold or silver, with frosted cap and polished stem, *in alto rilievo*, or engraved. Acorn of such size as to leave space around it in frosted part of triangle. Enameled natural color, if the wearer chooses.
4. **Ribbon**—Silk—Red, White, and Blue—three-quarters of an inch wide, one and one-fourth inches long.
5. **Pin**—Concave, oval, five-tenths of an inch long, two and a half tenths of an inch wide. Frosted, gold or silver, with polished edge raised. Laurel wreath surrounding oval, which is supported at both sides by pillars. Oval to be one-sixteenth of an inch above wreath, with "Army of the Cumberland" engraved therein. Entire oval between pillars, seven and a half tenths of an inch long.





On top of G.A.R. Memorial Building stands this bronze infantryman (600 pounds).

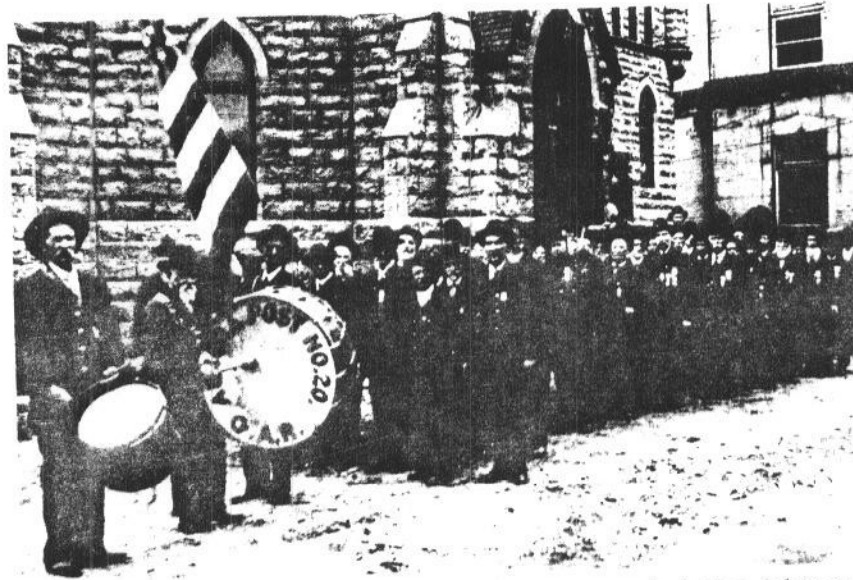
issued a charter for the Aurora area vets.

Shortly after the war, ladies of Aurora sewed, baked and held dinners to help raise funds for a soldiers' monument. This, with other fund raising projects accumulated enough to build a building, not just a "useless monument" as one old timer put it. It was completed in 1877 at a cost of \$7,187.54 on land donated by one of Aurora's city fathers, Joseph Stolp.

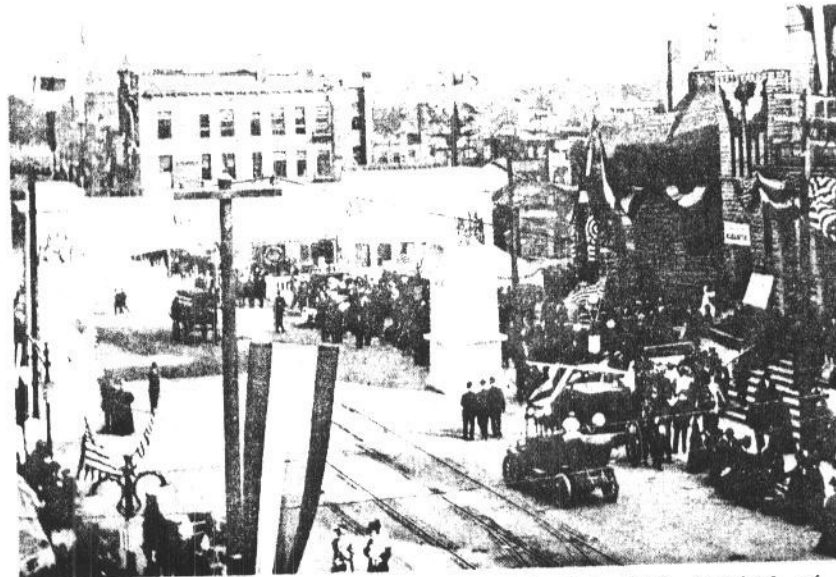
In 1881, the City established a free library and by public subscription, funds were raised to build the rear section for the library. This arrangement worked well until the present Public Library was completed in 1903, at which time the entire building was returned to the G.A.R. and Auxiliary Societies. Money was again subscribed for a kitchen, banquet hall, the square entrance tower and a meeting room to better serve the general public. The "old soldiers" at last had a place to while away their time and reminisce with fellow vets.

The G.A.R. was not only a patriotic organization, its purpose was to perpetuate the memory of those who had served their country during the war, rehabilitate members and encourage participation by them in community affairs. The G.A.R. held state and national conventions and Aurora was the scene of such get-togethers.

When the last of the old soldiers passed on, the Memorial Building continued to be used and is still used as a meeting place for several veteran and patriotic groups. It is now in the process of renovation and financial support



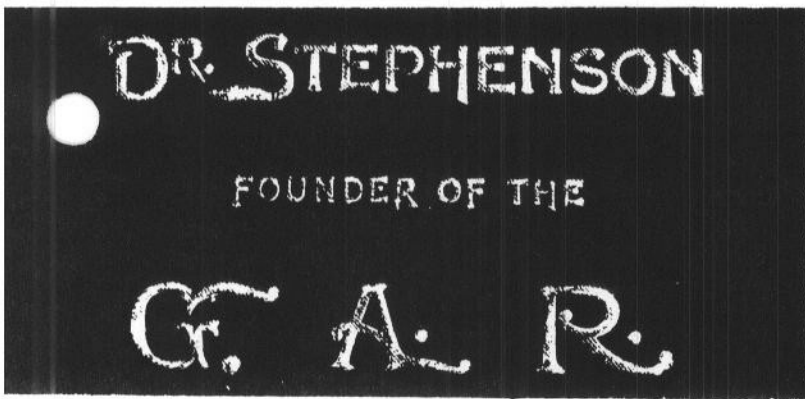
Aurora Post No. 20, G.A.R. was Auroraland's first veteran organization. (photo taken May 1909)



Aurora was the scene of G.A.R. Encampment in July 1909. Hundreds of illuminated the arch at night. Three soldiers stood guard atop the arch during monies and parade.



Aurora's old "historic row" as it appeared in 1905.



DR. B. F. STEPHENSON.
 FOUNDER OF THE
 GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
 A MEMOIR,
 BY HIS DAUGHTER,
 MARY HARRIET STEPHENSON.
 SPRINGFIELD,
 THE H. W. BOKKER PRINTING HOUSE.
 1891.

DEDICATION.

TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

To that army of heroes, christened by the smoke and blood of battle-fields, sealed their country's own by the hardships, privations and dangers endured in her cause; who left their pleasant firesides and offered their comfort, their worldly prosperity, yea even life itself, on the alter of their native land, the smell of which offering went up as a sweet savor to the God of Battles; our country's stay and pride; they who stand now, as they stood in the terrible days of 1861-64, the Bulwarks of the Nation's defense, in the ranks of Freedom's great hosts; pledged to Loyalty, Fraternity, Charity; that army which has dried the tears of so many soldiers' widows and orphans, which has enabled the scarred and aged veteran to tread the last steps of his way to his reward surrounded by comforts and honored by his country; which takes tender and beautiful care of the helpless and the afflicted; which lives in every day of its life its beautiful motto: to this army of great hearts, from the brave Major General to the humblest wooden-legged hero who is proud to don the blue on G. A. R. days, this little volume, containing the history of one who loved them all, and labored for their good, is respectfully and affectionately dedicated, by its author.

JANUARY 12, 1892.

PREFACE.

A very great majority of the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic know but little more of their founder than his name, and until a few years ago, few outside of Illinois knew even the name of the man who originated their order. I have deemed it my duty to set forth my father's life and character, so that all veterans might know him and his work.

The memoir is not so complete as I had wished it to be on account of the material for collecting information being meagre and scattering. Great quantities of my father's papers were destroyed soon after his death by my mother. She did not think them valuable. Had she known their importance she would not have destroyed them.

I desire to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to those who have so kindly assisted me by furnishing anecdotes, items of interest, and various data. My father's very dear friend, and mine, also, I am proud to believe, Major John F. Nolte, of Independence, Kansas, not only very promptly and enthusiastically responded to my request for items, but has cheered, enthused, and encouraged me amid the discouragements of my undertaking, so that I feel that I owe him a debt of gratitude which mere words can never express. I wish to thank, also, very cordially, Col. Daniel Grass, of Independence, Kansas, for his valuable information so kindly furnished, and for his many kind wishes for the success of my undertaking. Mr. Samuel Walker, of Jay, Kansas. Gen. James C. Veach, of Rockport, Indiana, Miss Josephine P. Cleveland, of the State Historical Library, Springfield, Ill., D. C. Brinkerhoff, Commander Stephenson Post, Springfield, Ill., Col. Frederick Phisterer, present Adjutant-General, G. A. R. U. S., and Mr. J. H. Spears, of Elmwood, Neb., have all very kindly furnished me with items, for which I take the present opportunity to renew my thanks. Gen. Beath's History of the Grand Army of the Republic has furnished some of the items relating to the Indianapolis convention, and three succeeding ones.

CONTENTS.

PART I.	PAGES.
Dr. Stephenson's Youth and Early Manhood.....	1-15
PART II.	
His Army Life.....	16-37
PART III.	
The Founding of the Grand Army of the Republic.....	38-71
PART IV.	
Conclusion.....	72-76

DR. B. F. STEPHENSON.

FOUNDER OF THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

PART I.

"Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The self-made man does not exist, has never existed. The environments of circumstance mold us to an extent we often fail to realize. But sift out these environments, and a larger residuum of individuality would remain in some characters than in others. Here and there we find a soul so great that it wages war against circumstance, subdues it, and well nigh molds it to its will. Before, however, the great soul has gained the power of overcoming all opposing circumstances, environments will have left their indelible impress on it. And even in its all-conquering career, the sensitive essence is being constantly modified by forces outside itself. The mark of the conflict is impressed on the body, over which circumstance must finally prevail.

Most men, if they would form noble characters and achieve worthy things, must gird on their armor and do valiant battle with hostile environments, and the earlier they enter the fight the greater the degree of probable conquest.

The achievement of an end is called success. A man may esteem himself unsuccessful, may even be so judged by his friends, and yet, for all that, he may have achieved those ends toward which the bent of his nature tended, which were the natural sequence of his character. Such an one, in the opinion of the writer, was the subject of this sketch.

James Stephenson, the father of Dr. Stephenson, was a native of South Carolina, but emigrated to Kentucky. There he met and married Margaret Clinton, a native of North Carolina. After residing here for a time, he again removed his household goods to a new country, this time taking up his abode in Illinois.

In Wayne county, Illinois, October 3, 1823, Benjamin Franklin Stephenson was born. He was one of the younger members of a large family. Since ancestry combines with circumstance in forming character, some further account of James and Margaret Stephenson seems admissible.



DR. STEPHENSON.

Mothers are very important factors in the molding of character, and, in studying the life of a man, one of the first questions which presents itself is always "What kind of a mother had he?" But, although Dr. Stephenson had a very good mother, it would, in all probability, be fair to estimate the influence of his father's character on his to have been fully as great as that of his mother.

James Stephenson was a man whom to know was to esteem and love; the ideal father, kind, yet firm. His was the philosopher's nature, calm and logical. His heart was kind, his judgment ripe, his nature manly. Well do I remember the tones of reverence and pride with which his children spoke of him after they had become gray-headed men and women. He was a man of strong religious convictions, and believed that the religious code was for every-day use. A careful student of the Bible, and what other books his limited means admitted of his possessing, he implanted in his children a love for knowledge. His nature was large and broad enough to take in the idea that others might hold different opinions from his own and yet be honest in their convictions, holding them by the same right by which he held his. Liberal minded, large hearted, he was neither inclined to strain at a gnat nor to swallow a camel.

Margaret Stephenson was one of those model housewives, energetic and capable, warm-hearted and hospitable. A woman of extraordinary spirit and determination. One of her relatives, not a direct ancestor, however, was Charles Carroll, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. It is related that when, in company with those other bold men who took their lives in their hands, Charles Carroll affixed his name, the other gentlemen remarked, "You can sign safely enough. There are so many Carrolls the British Gov-

A MEMOIR OF DR. STEPHENSON.

ernment will never know which one it is." Carroll, who had laid down his pen, immediately seized it again and wrote after his name "of Carrollton," thus distinguishing himself from others of the same name.

When Frank, for this was the abbreviation by which Dr. Stephenson was known in his youth, was about three years of age his father removed from Wayne to Sangamon County, and in the latter county Frank passed his early youth. There were eleven children in the family, and Dr. Stephenson was the seventh. Only three of this large family now survive, Mrs. Jacob Swingle, Mrs. A. R. Houghton, and Mrs. Wm. Spears, all residing, at present, near Petersburg, Ill.

Many a hard task did these hardy pioneer children accomplish, many a simple pleasure did they enjoy together. And among them none was more mischievous or fonder of fun than Frank. He teased his younger sisters, and played pranks on the older ones, and often was the worthy mother driven to her wits' ends to preserve order among her large and lively family.

The schools to which my father was sent were such as the new country afforded. One end filled with a big fireplace which roasted your face while your back froze, or *vice versa*, the seats of split logs and walls innocent of plaster. The spaces left between the logs for the purpose of admitting light were nicknamed windows. The "master" flourished a big ferule, and was not sparing of its use, for in those days "lickin' and larnin'" was the creed. Notwithstanding these extremely primitive educational advantages, Frank learned rapidly what the rural pedagogue professed to teach. The curriculum, however, extended but little beyond the three R's. When still quite young, he was noted for his proficiency in spelling, and, in the rural spelling schools, he was quite a champion.

In those early days, in my grandfather's neighborhood, the more intellectually inclined had an institution which they called polemics. It resembled the modern lyceum or debating club. My father, even as a child, took great delight in these meetings. Nothing could please him more than to be taken to the polemics. I have heard one of my aunts say that, after attending one of these meetings, my father could remember and repeat almost everything he had heard. Perhaps these rude country debates sowed the seeds of that patriotism which was such a passion with him in after life.

The fare of these early Illinois settlers was simple in the extreme. Of course they had plenty of meat, what with game, and the stock for which there was very little demand in the markets in those times. They had plenty of corn meal, also, and quantities of vegetables; plenty of butter, honey, and berries in their season. Honey was a very useful article of food to the early settlers; for they, like the ancients, used it in place of sugar. This was because of the scarcity of money and distance of the markets. If the settler's wife's honey-jar was empty, he could soon find a bee-tree, and thus replenish the larder. They knew nothing of canning

fruit, and, of course, had to wait for apples, pears and peaches, until their orchards grew up; but they dried berries, and, occasionally, made preserves of them, sweetening with honey. My grandmother made several varieties of corn bread, but the favorite kind was that called corn pone. It was a loaf baked in an iron oven, surrounded by glowing coals, and with coals heaped on the lid. When baked, the bread was white and sweet. Wheat bread and cake were baked only on rare occasions; such as weddings, or, occasionally, when strange company was present.

The country was so infected with malaria, in those times, that the settlers were obliged to prepare for the regular-yearly attack of chills and fever. Their clothes were both home-made and homespun, the spinning and weaving of cloth being a regular occupation of the women of the household.

The settlers' families were widely scattered. Springfield, even, was only a village, and the nearest church, or preaching station, was several miles distant. My grandfather used to call the family together on Sundays, and have scriptural reading. Sometimes, they would meet at the house of a neighbor and read the Bible together. My grandfather's library consisted chiefly of books on church doctrine, expositions of the Bible, moral philosophies, etc. There were, however, among the books, some histories and a few volumes of poetry. Of these, Frank's chief favorite was Milton, over whose sublime pages he was accustomed to pore in his boyhood's leisure hours. In politics, my grandfather was a Whig, and took several newspapers, among others, the "New York Observer." The children were entertained and instructed by the excellent stories of the "Youth's Companion."

One of my grandfather's near neighbors was a very superstitious old woman, who used to tell my father marvelous stories about Yahoos. These gentry were a headless species of ghost, of frightful aspect. Notwithstanding the counteracting precepts of his parents, these stories made considerable impression on him. Apropos of Yahoos, a story I have heard my father tell comes to me from the dim regions of the past. As nearly as I can recall, it was as follows:

One day my father was sent to the mill for meal. By the time the miller got ready to serve him, it was quite late, and, as soon as he had gotten a little meal ready, my father, whose imagination was so much inflamed by the stories of the above-mentioned neighbor that he had become nervous about riding alone in the dark, begged the miller to let him take what was already ground, and go without waiting for any more; but the miller insisted on filling the meal sack, and made him wait for it. So, when he at last started for home, it was late, and he had quite a distance to go. The shadows thickened around him rapidly, and soon night was upon him. As the solitary boy rode through the dark woods, all the dreadful stories of Yahoos to which he had listened came vividly to mind, and the poor child's nerves became completely unstrung. Straining his eyes along the dark path, suddenly an apparition appeared, which caused every hair to stand on end, sent the chilled blood back to

A MEMOIR OF DR. STEPHENSON.

his heart, and caused the perspiration to stand out in great beads on his forehead! A Yahoo! There was the horrible headless monster right before his eyes! He was lost! Nearer and nearer it came: the frightened boy, shaking as with ague, crouched down on his horse and had not even the nerve to turn and flee. At length it suddenly emerged from the deeper shadows close to him, and lo, blessed relief! it was a belated neighbor, wending his way along the woodland path! The greatly relieved but somewhat mortified lad pursued the even tenor of his way home, but encountered no more Yahoos. It amused my father greatly to tell this story in later years.

Frank, like the other boys of his time and locality, only spent a brief portion of his life in the school-house. He attended school a little in the winter, and worked on the farm in spring, summer, and autumn: but he was eager for what knowledge he could acquire. Especially as he grew older, approached young manhood, the craving to know what was to be known, to mingle with others in the busy outside world, and accomplish great and worthy things, possessed him. This feeling was doubtless fostered by the example of an elder brother. William Stephenson had gone out from his father's roof, chosen the profession of medicine, and, settling in Iowa, had become quite successful. He had built up a good practice, and was running a drug store. Feeling that this profession, with its glorious possibilities, was also his choice, my father went out to his brother, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, about 1846, or when he was about twenty-three years old. On this period of his life, I have not been able to get much light. He clerked in his brother's drug store, and read medicine with his brother and Dr. Clarke. There were many Indians around Mount Pleasant at that time, and Frank had many amusing experiences with them. While here, he was quite an enthusiastic member of a society called Sons of Temperance. His father had always been a strong temperance man, and had been very careful about the habits acquired by his sons. One winter, while making his home here, he attended medical lectures at Columbus, Ohio. He returned, however, to Mount Pleasant. Finally, erysipelas attacked both Dr. William Stephenson and Frank. The latter, after a severe and protracted illness, finally recovered, but his brother died. As soon as Frank was able, he left the place and came home to his father, in Illinois.

During the winter of '49 and '50, he attended medical lectures at Rush Medical College, Chicago, and received his diploma from that institution, dated February 7, 1850.

Meanwhile, my grandfather had removed to Menard County, Illinois, and was living on a farm about seven miles south of Petersburg. Hither my father came, broken down in health, as a result, probably, of the severe sickness which had brought him so near death's door, combined with the exertions he had put forth to finish his medical education. Here, in the neighborhood of Rock Creek, Menard County, my father rested and recruited his strength for a period of about a year

and a half. In his own words: "I came to this county (Menard) with fifty cents in my pocket. * * I was weak, cadaverous, and entirely out of health."

During this period of rest and recuperation, my father "read Shakespeare and other kindred works," mingled with the young people of the neighborhood in their rural pastimes, and practiced medicine a little. His health improved considerably, and he decided to locate in Petersburg, Ill., a pretty little village nestling among the green hills on the banks of the historic Sangamon. Here he soon built up a large practice.

About this time, Dr. Stephenson's father removed from his farm to Petersburg. At the time of the removal, there were two unmarried sisters still at home, but the elder of the two married soon after the father went to Petersburg. The younger remained at home a few years longer, and kept house for her father, the mother being blind and almost helpless.

Dr. Stephenson and his next older brother were very social young men. It was "hail fellow, well met, and won't you come up to dinner?" to all their acquaintances. They were a very hospitable family, but the constant unheralded stream coming up after dinner was on the table, was a little hard on the housekeeper, Dr. Stephenson's sister. "But," she said to me once, in recalling these reminiscences, "I never minded any trouble I took for Frank." He had so many virtues, and he made people love him so that they ignored his faults.

Dr. Stephenson was very genial and companionable, and gathered about him many friends. He early showed great skill in his profession, which he followed with the energy that characterized all his undertakings. He was vitally interested in each patient, attending him assiduously, and, if necessary, watching night and day by his bedside. Nor did he neglect the study of medicine and surgery from books and periodicals, thus keeping up the studies which he had pursued when attending lectures. He was diligent, both in acquiring theory, and in putting that theory in practice. Socially, he was always at the service of his friends, and he was universally considered a "good fellow."

Deciding to share the cares of his practice, Dr. Stephenson entered into partnership with Dr. Cabanis.

Let us see, now, what had been the influences at work on the pioneer boy, and into what manner of man he had developed. Growing up in a new country, his young eyes constantly beholding the face of untamed nature, the rude cabins and ruder barns and smokehouses of the settlers, scattered sparsely over the face of the wide prairies and surrounded by their corn patches, seeming but to emphasize the insignificance of man as compared to nature, what wonder if great mother Nature herself touched the eager impressible boy's heart with her magic wand. What wonder if, all unconsciously, he drew in largeness of heart and breadth of soul, that comprehensive vastness of sympathy which included in its grasp all human nature. Observant, eager, impressible, he absorbed into his rapidly expanding nature the impressions he received day by day.

A MEMOIR OF DR. STEPHENSON.

I see the boy some star-light night after the hoes have been laid aside, the cows milked, and supper has been eaten, lying prone on the dewy grass, his young head resting on his arm, gazing up at the blazing jewels of the sky. I imagine him inquiring, "Father, what are the stars? What gives them their beautiful light? Are they so very far away?" and kindred questions. His father gives him some information: he longs to know more. His reasoning power is knocking at the gate of consciousness, his mental and moral powers begin to expand, and he feels a half-conscious thrill of power, as yet untried and in its infancy. The country debates delight the child's heart. He hears patriotic speeches made. His country begins to be an object of reverence to him. Men have died for love of country. Ah, when he becomes a man, he, too, may sacrifice his life for his native land! That would be a glorious death, thinks the boy. He learns something of political and economic questions, too, at these debates, and, perhaps, begins studying the Constitution of his country.

The Black Hawk War and other Indian wars were discussed by his father and older brothers, and doubtless he listened to many a thrilling tale of adventure with Indians. Sitting at the knee of father or mother, he drank eagerly in stories of the revolutionary war, and the adventures of his ancestors, or other relatives, in those troublous times. Ever eager for a story of life and experience or a scrap of knowledge, the boy grew year by year both in stature and mental calibre.

At length, however, a new and startling experience touches him. An elder brother is stricken by death. The parents are distracted by grief, the children awe-stricken. The father leads his sons to a solitary place, and there pours out his soul in earnest prayer for those still left him. The solemnity of this death, and its accompanying circumstances, sink deep into Frank's heart. Within a few years, five of his brothers and sisters are claimed by death, nearly half that large family say their last farewell to earthly friends and pass over to the great beyond. Upon so loving and faithful a heart as Frank's all this must have made a powerful impression. The breath of the fell destroyer had brushed his cheek, warning him that life is uncertain, that sorrow follows joy with fleet and noiseless footstep. When death comes near us, it marks our souls indelibly. We are never the same afterwards. The successive deaths left their impress then on the boy's heart, broadening and deepening it, although, at the same time, touching it with the shadow of the world's pain.

The Great Republic will be reprinting the entire book by Dr. Stephenson over the next five issues. Her observations of her father during the early years of the formation of the GAR provide one of the largest resources available. The Great Republic archives has Miss Stephenson's copy and the original pencil manuscript.

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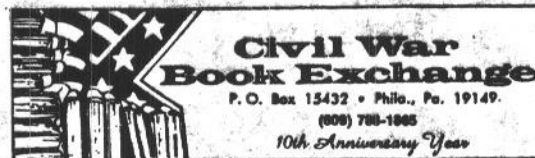
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A Regular Industry Dettly Carried on in Chattanooga.

Beware of Chickamauga relics. As the interest in the great military park increases there has sprung up a war relic industry in the vicinity of Chattanooga. A Providence, R. I., man, who invested in Chickamauga relics has just made an unpleasant discovery. He purchased a 20-foot section of a live oak tree and shipped it to his home. He thought he had a treasure. In various positions throughout its length there were 25 rifle balls, two pieces of solid shot and 12 fragments of shells.

Two old farmers in Chattanooga sold the relic. They said they had cut this tree, as well as several other specimens, they had had, from the famous battlefield. The Providence man accidentally made a discovery while repairing the broken top of his tree a few days ago. He intended boring a hole lengthwise in the trunk and inserting an iron rod to fasten on the broken piece. He chanced to loosen one of the rifle balls, and looking into the opening that was left, the whole story was revealed. The hole was perfectly cut with an auger, and the small hole made by the point of the auger was unmistakable. Further investigation showed that the solid shot were also inserted in holes carefully cut out, and some of the other rifle balls were removed with a similar result.

The man who did the work was an artist. Places were chosen for the insertion of the solid shot and shells where the bark had been broken, and had subsequently grown partially over the place so that when the ball or shell was inserted the appearance gave the impression that a growth of years surrounded the metal. Pieces of bark had also been ground and broken and inserted in the fine cracks to increase the ancient appearance. The work shown in fixing up the tree must have required a man over a week to accomplish.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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