

# The Veteran

Newsletter of the Civil War Veterans Historical Association

VOLUME 11, SPECIAL ISSUE 4 & 5

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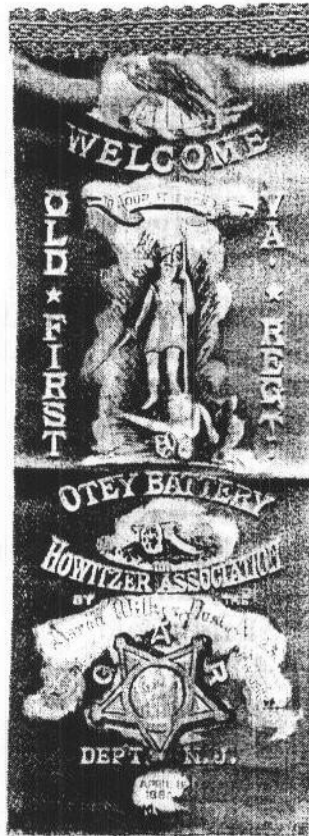
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## CONFEDERATE AND UNION VETERAN JOINT REUNIONS

### (CONFEDERATE CORNER #15)

by Peter Bertram #244

This is a whole separate field of study beyond the specialized areas of UCV or GAR. I thought I'd show y'all a few of the more interesting specimens I've encountered over the years. If you've got any of this type material, why not send it on in to our Editor along with a few appropriate comments. Maybe we could get a "Joint Reunion" corner started in **THE VETERAN**. Members who have or encounter this type material could send it in and keep it going. Watcha think? Here's a few examples to get the ball rolling.

*E. Bowles Collection*

*3-1/16 x 9-11/16 : illustration at 55%*

This beautiful hand painted (!) example was apparently commissioned by the Aaron Wilkes GAR Post #23 of Trenton, NJ.. They were then presented to visiting members of the 1st Virginia's Otey Battery Howitzer Association on April 12th, 1882. I haven't had a chance to dig into this joint reunion yet, but surely a ribbon this gorgeous merits a little investigation to learn about the particulars! How about it, y'all?

*(continued on page xx, Confederate Corner #15)*

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# The President's Message

Dr. George Finlayson, MD



Greetings to all members; this combined issue is an attempt to catch up.

The "Antique Week" newspaper, Jan 12, 1998 issue, featured a front page article on GAR collecting, much supplied by Roger Heiple. It was done in depth with excellent reproductions of banner, badges and glassware. For anyone new in this collecting field this article is a great primer. It points out the many directions that collecting Civil War Veterans items can take, either general interest or focusing on a specific soldier, regiment, battle or post war reunion. The article was reproduced in the Nov/Dec '97 issue of The Veteran and has resulted in over 15 new members applications for the CWVHA.

On an entirely different topic, theft is a genuine concern to all collectors and institutions. The recent disappearance of five important C.W. artifacts from the Historical Society of Pennsylvania highlights this problem. Among the items stolen were 2 C.W. presentation swords; to Major General George Gordon Meade and to Maj. General David Bell Birney. The Civil War News reports that many of the stolen artifacts have been recovered, including the two swords mentioned above, but this event should put us all on guard against theft.

An interesting sidelight to C.W. veterans history took place on June 21, 1915 when then Ohio Governor, Frank B. Willis released from the Ohio State Penitentiary the last 5 Union Veterans still serving time for crimes. One went to his home and the other four were transferred to the Ohio Soldiers & Sailors Home. At that time the average age of veterans was well over 70 years. This act of compassion brought great satisfaction to the Department of Ohio GAR.

It's time to plan to attend the 21st Ohio Civil War Show and the 12th national encampment of the CWVHA in Mansfield, May 2 & 3, 1998. Elsewhere in this issue is a map of the area with

listings of local motels and other information on the show.. Don Williams has expanded into 4 fairgrounds buildings and has 600 display tables. He has always kept tight control of quality of artifacts displayed. The Ohio Show usually attracts dealers from 35-40 states and the variety of materials is staggering. The CWVHA encampment dinner will be held Sat., May 2 at the Comfort Inn. Information about the dinner is below. Please make dinner reservations early. We will also have a tour of Mansfield's Soldiers & Sailors Museum Friday evening at 7 P.M. Don't miss the show, the dinner, the presentation and the camaraderie - you won't be disappointed.

Note: The index for volumes 1-9 of the Veterans are available for \$6.00 each and will be available at the Ohio Civil War Show. Make check to Geo. Finlayson, M.D.

## REMINDER

Ohio Civil War Show & 12th CWVHA Encampment  
Mansfield, Ohio  
May 2 & 3, 1998

## CWVHA Dinner Meeting

Saturday, May 2, Comfort Inn -  
6:30 P.M.

Entrees: Damon's ribs or Chicken breast teriyaki, \$16 for either dinner (tax gratuity included) Send check with entree choice to: George Finlayson, M.D. 98 Parkwood Blvd. Mansfield, OH 44906

Everitt Bowles will be our speaker. His subject: "Rare & Seldom seen Badges"

Everyone is invited to attend the meeting after the dinner !!

## The Veteran

The Veteran is published bi-monthly and is the official publication of the

**Civil War Veterans Historical Association.**

All articles, photographs, and art is

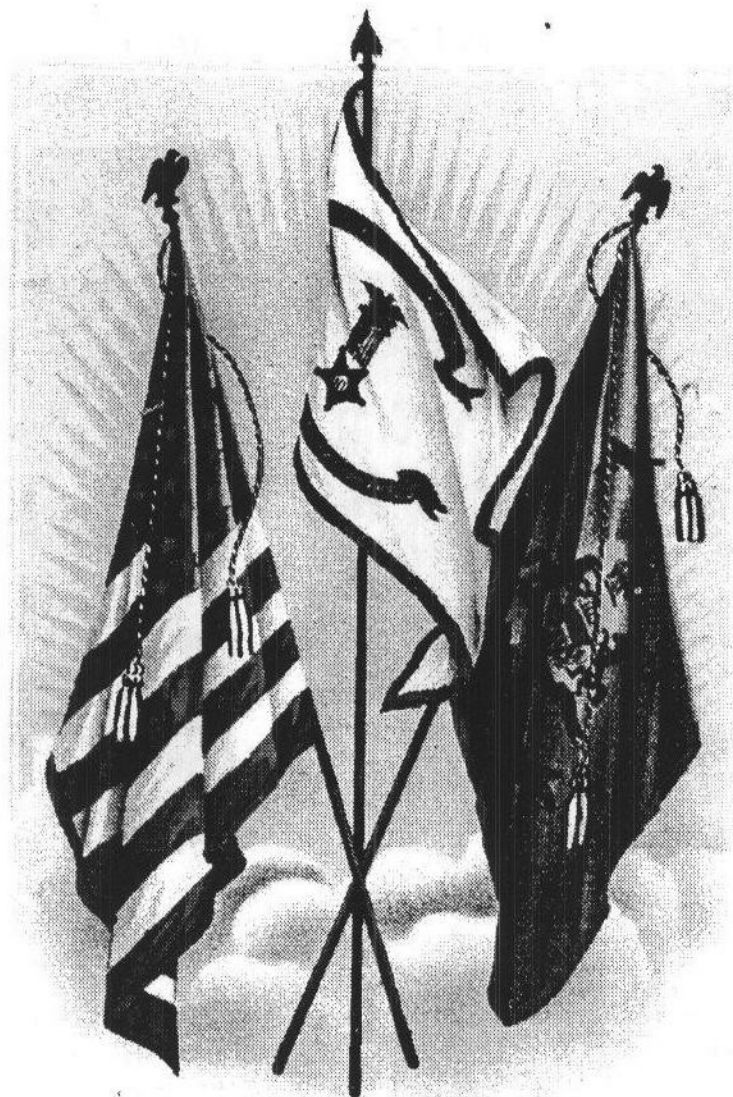
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Articles may be submitted either in typewritten form or electronic (MS Word or Word Perfect on a 3 1/2" disk). Art work or photos may be sent and will be returned after scanning. Please attach your name to all materials to insure proper return and credit.

If you have any



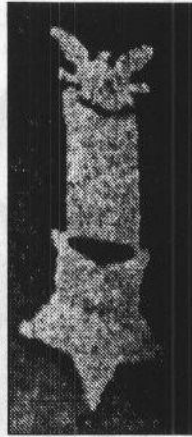
Printed on the cover of a Camp Fire program in 1894 is this great illustration of the Department of Pennsylvania flag. It is rare indeed to find pictures of these Department flags, especially in color. The flag is white, with gold fringe surrounding the flag. The two banners are red with gold letters and outlining. The top banner reads, *Headquarters Dept of Pa.* And the bottom reads *Grand Army of the Republic.* The GAR membership badge is also in color.

The program was for the Camp Fire on March 1st. 1894. This campfire was held at "The Temple", Broad and Berks Sts, Philadelphia. Addresses were made by J. B. Adams (GAR Com-in-Chief), and past commanders George S. Merrill, S.S. Murdette, and W.G. Veazey.

G.L. Willard Post No. 34, Department of NY



Comrade Jack Hathaway



Comrade D. Hnower



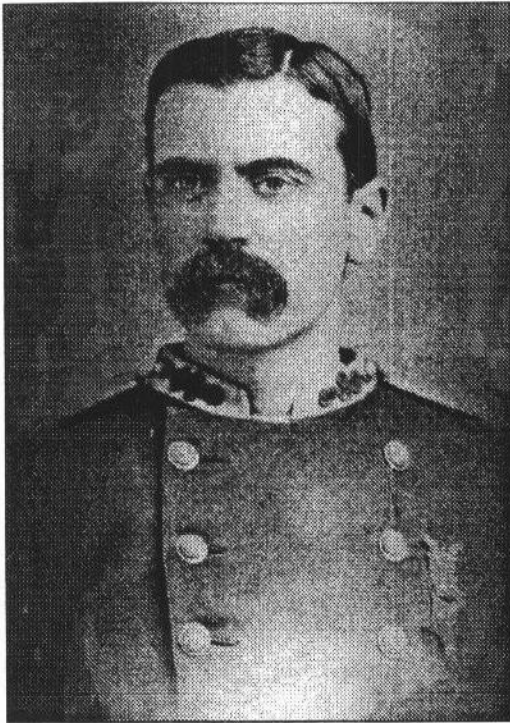
Comrade A. Schabile

This outstanding group of photographs of the G.L. Willard Post No. 34 of Troy, New York, can be easily dated by the 1869 style of GAR membership badge each member wears. A photograph of a member wearing this badge is usually a great find, but seven from the same post is exceptional.

Even more interesting is the militia style coat that the post has adopted for the post uniform.

The name of the photographer is damaged by the glue that had been used for attaching the photographs to what may have been a wall. The first three letters of the name can be seen, "ZEP \_\_\_\_\_, 336 \_\_\_\_\_ Street, Troy, NY."

G.L. Willard Post No. 34, Department of NY



Comrade E. J. Nequire



Comrade Smith



Comrade Bennett



Detail of 1869 membership badge with what appears to be a corps attachment to the ribbon.



Comrade Wneylan

Letter Signed by John C. Black as Commissioner  
of the Bureau of Pension

West Div.  
CR Ex'r.  
Certif. No. 65,690  
Gen M Ross  
Co. B. 77 Reg't M. Coe



Return this letter with your reply.

Washington, D.C. August 1, 1887

Sir

In regard to the above entitled claim you are informed that the claimant is now receiving the highest pension - \$24, to which he is entitled under the law unless he is disabled by his combined disabilities that he cannot perform any manual labor. There is no evidence in the case showing that he is unable to perform said labor.

Very respectfully

John C. Black

Darwin W. Esmond Esq Commissioner  
Newburgh  
NY

## John C. Black 1839-1915

Looking closely at those signatures on old documents may prove interesting. The document on page 6 was signed by John C.

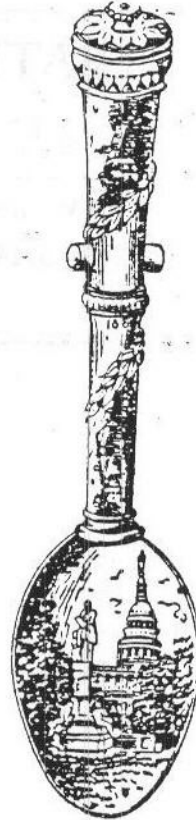


Black. Not only was John C. Black a commissioner at the Bureau of Pensions, he was the National Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic during 1903.

Col. Black was born in Lesington, Mississippi in 1839. Following the death of his father 1847, the family moved to Danville, Illinois. When the Civil War began, he enlisted in Gen. Lew Wallace's 11th. Indiana Zouaves. At the end of his three year enlistment in returned to Illinois and raised a company for the 37th. Illinois Infantry. He began as Major in the regiment, and was promoted to Lt. Colonel, Colonel, and brevet Brigadier General. After being wounded twice in previous battles, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallant service in the storming of Fort Blakeley on April 9, 1865.

After the war in started practice as an attorney in Danville, Illinois. In 1885 he was appointed Commissioner of Pensions by President Cleveland. In 1893, he was elected to Congress in 1893 as a Democrat.

His service in various veteran organizations was one of prominence. He was the Department Commander of the Loyal Legion of Illinois 1895 to 1899, Department Commander of the GAR in 1898, and Commander-in-Chief of the GAR in 1903. He lived his last days in Chicago, where he died August, 17, 1915. He is interred at Spring Hill Cemetery, in Danville, Illinois.



THE CELEBRATED G. A. R.

\* "Cannon  
\* Souvenir  
\* Spoon"

A fac simile of the Cannon that fired the first shot in defense of the Union from Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861.

The Spoon is historical as well as local and contains a fine view of ARLINGTON, MT. VERNON, THE GARFIELD STATUE and the CAPITOL.

Elaborate Descriptive Catalogue free to visitors.

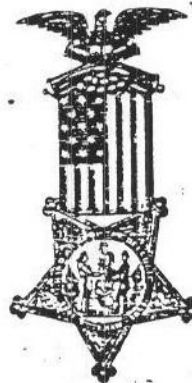
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... the Potomac ...



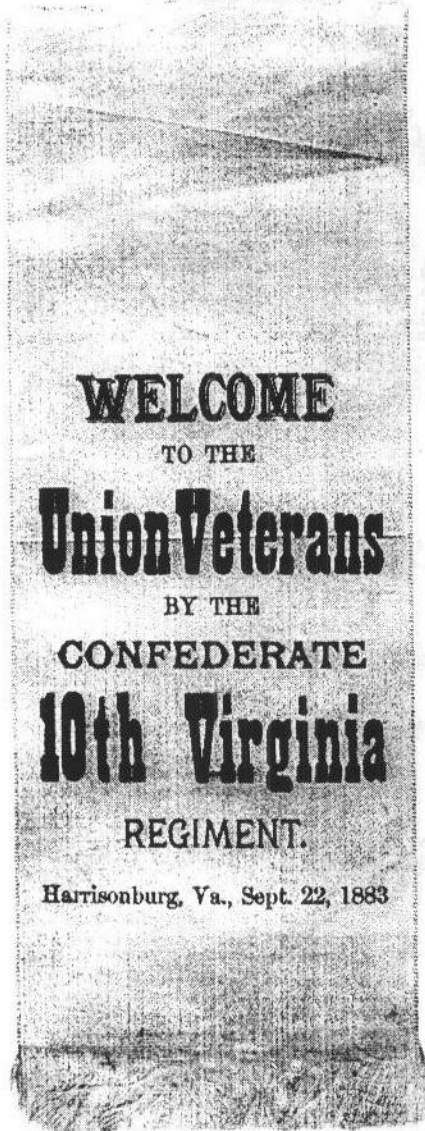
# CONFEDERATE CORNER #15

BY PETER BERTRAM #244

P. O. BOX 451421 : ATLANTA, GA 31145

[e-mail: PeterBA1@aol.com]

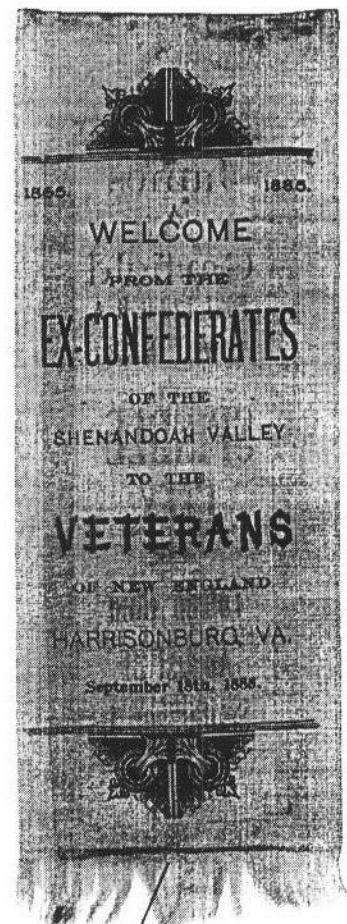
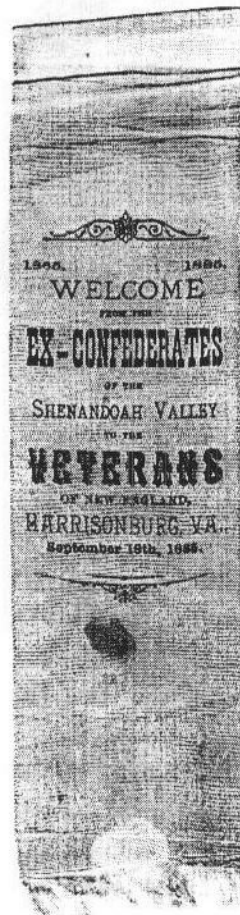
(Continued from Page 1)



*E. Bowles Collection*

3-1/8 x 8-1/2 : illustrations at 70%

Cream colored ribbon, black text. Harrisonburg, Virginia apparently hosted several joint CSA-USA reunions. This one was by veterans of the 10th Virginia Infantry Association on September 22, 1883.



obv rev

*E. Bowles Collection*  
above 2 illust at 60%

- above left: gold ribbon, black text
- above right: red ribbon, black text

The 2 ribbons above were for the Sept 18, 1885 joint reunion in Harrisonburg, Va. The Ex-Confederates of the Shenandoah Valley hosted The Union Veterans of New England. Note how the reverse of the top right ribbon was backprinted for a 1908 GAR (GRA?) reunion. Post 120. wonder what the story is here? Comments anyone?



Confederate Corner #15 (cont)



**THE UNION  
VETERANS**

OF CANTON, OHIO,

TO THE

**CONFEDERATE  
VETERANS**

OF VIRGINIA.

**CANTON, OHIO,**

**OCTOBER 9TH, 1896.**

*E. Bowles Collection*

2-3/16 x 7-7/8 : illustration at 95%

Gold ribbon, black text. This time the Union Veterans in Canton, Ohio hosted Confederate Veterans from Virginia. I've got to find the time to look into some of these!

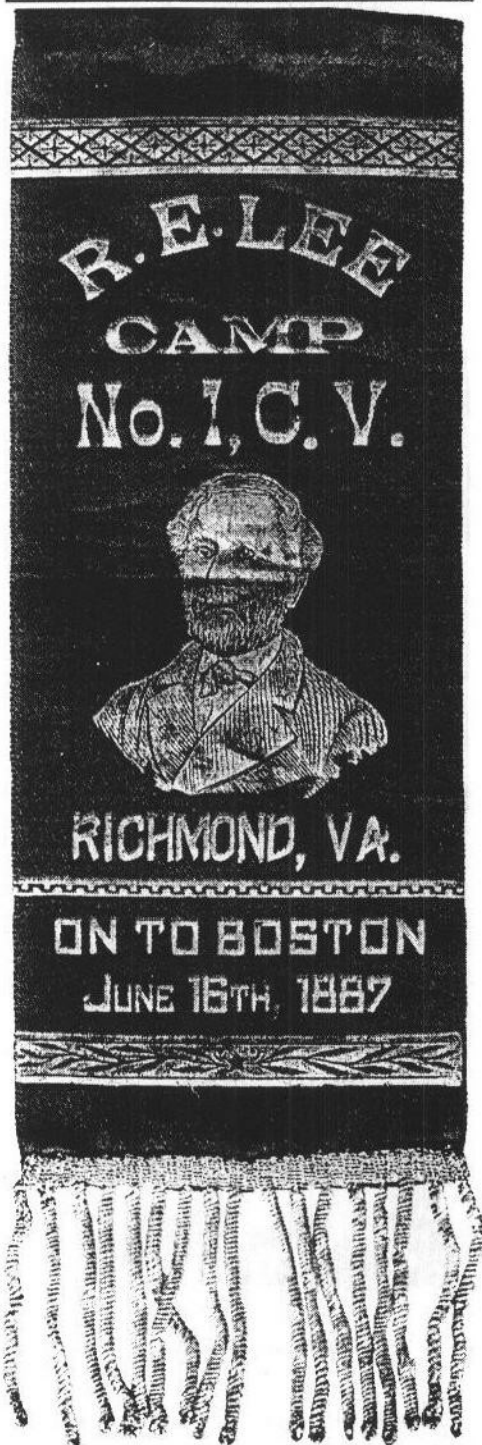


*E. Hibarger Collection*

2-15/16 x 7

White celluloid pinback button with blue edge text; flags in red, blue and white; date scroll gold with blue numbers. White ribbon with gold illustrations and text. Commemorating the 50th anniversary of the battle of First Manassas and the National Jubilee of Peace. The Blue and the Grey was the largest of the joint CSA/USA veteran organizations.

Confederate Corner #15 (cont)



E. Bowles Collection

2-1/2 x 7-7/8 : illustration at 95%

Maroon ribbon, gold text and designs, silver fringe. We've seen this camp before - first camp formed in Grand Camp Confederate Veterans of Virginia. Looks like they headed to Mass. in 1887. Joint reunion? With whom?

. Washington Artillery .



Organized February 22nd, 1840,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.



Albany Burgesses Corps

"SEMPER PARATUS"



Organized October 8th, 1833,  
OF ALBANY, N. Y.



New Orleans, Feb'y 4th,

1894.

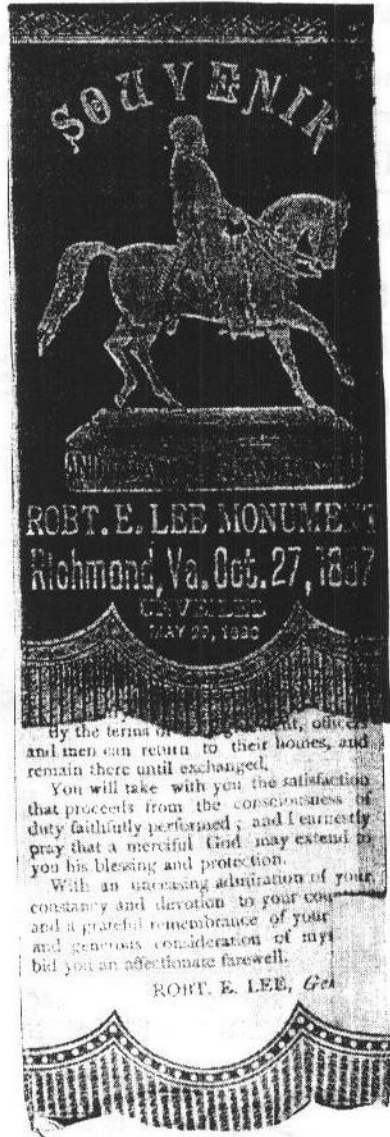
E. Bowles Collection

2-7/8 x 8-1/4 : illustration at 90%

Cream colored ribbon, blue illustrations and text. Looks like the Washington Artillery of New Orleans hosted the Albany Burgesses Corps of Albany, NY in New Orleans in 1894. The 1894 UCV reunion was in Birmingham in April. Wonder what this one was about?

**Confederate Corner #15 (cont)**

**UPDATE:  
LEE MONUMENT UNVEILING  
(CC#12,V11-1)**



*E. Hibarger Collection*

**MBR#:890A-4503**

*illustration at 85%*

**Desc:** Souvenir of unveiling of Lee Monument, in Richmond: 2 pc (red RIBBON over white RIBBON): 2-3/8 X 7

**OBV:**

\*Top Rib: top to bottom in gold: SOUVENIR/ image of Lee Monument - AND IN BATTLE GRANDER IN VICT on base / ROBT. E. LEE MONUMENT / RICHMOND, VA.OCT.27,1887/

UNVEILED/MAY 29, 1890/design bottom.

\*2nd Rib: Lee's farwell address to the Army of Northern Virginia in red text, design at bottom.

**Mfg:** Not noted

**Comment:** Here's the text of General Lee's Farewell Address. When I was a youngster, Southern schoolboys had to memorize it and recite it to the class. I don't believe they do that anymore-what a shame. It's a beautiful piece of prose.....

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciouness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God may extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

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of the  
United Confederate Veterans



Compiled by  
George G. Kane

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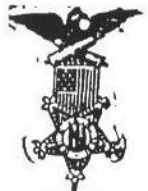
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Past Sr. Vice Com., Dept. of R. I.

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able as coin silver. The case is dust proof, and need never be opened, because the watch winds by turning the crown (or stem), and sets by pulling it out until it clicks, then press it back into place after setting, a wonderful feature that makes this watch unique. On the back of this case is the "G.A.R." badge, the emblem of glorious service. **We offer this watch to our subscribers, postpaid, for \$7; with THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for one year for . . . . . \$7.50.**

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These Sleeve Buttons are no cheap imitation.



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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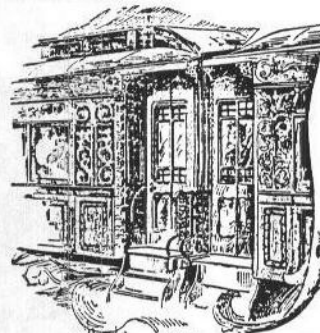
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*Through the Vestibule*

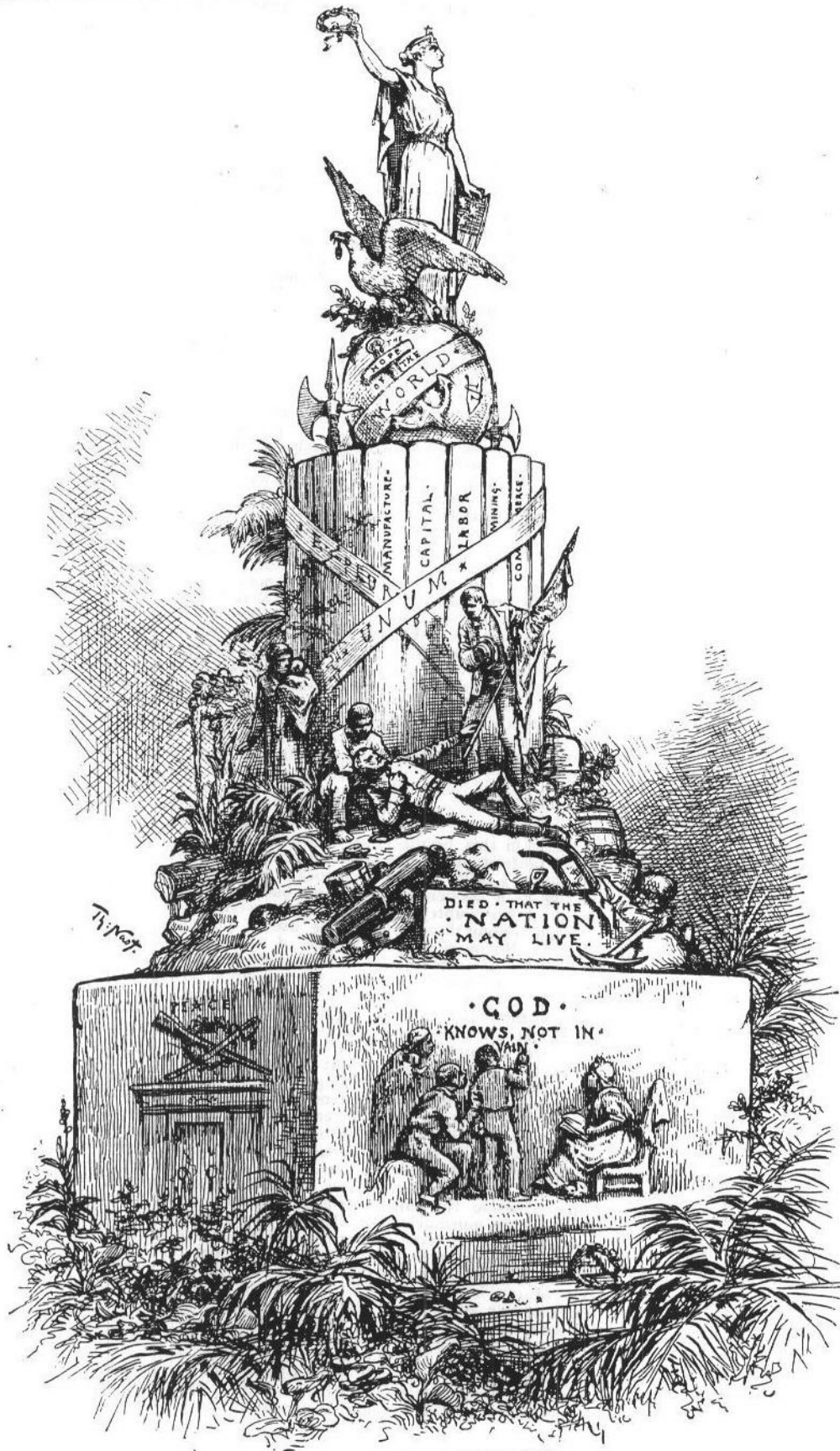
MAY 30,  
1904



**MEMORIAL DAY**

IN WISCONSIN SCHOOLS

JUNE 8, 1892.



A MONUMENT IN THE NATION'S HEART.

**Text of Speech given at Riverside Park, N.Y., at the Memorial Day services held by the U.S. Grant Post 327, 1880**

Address, General John A. Logan.

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A great poet and marvelous delineator of human character and impulses, a dramatist to whom posterity has conceded the first rank, has placed in the mouth of one of his characters the words:

"Blow, blow, thou Winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude."

For 300 years this verdict of the Bard of Avon has been silently accepted by the readers of his enchanting works, until the stricture it represents has come to be considered in the light of a truism. The sentiment it expresses has found frequent and varied repetition by pessimistic writers, weeping declaimers, superficial observers and turgid orators, bewailing the imperfections of human nature. Standing at the commencing end of 300 years, Shakespeare has passed a sentiment down the line of the centuries, which has been amplified by a sorrowing mentor of our own time into the broad declaration that "Republics are ungrateful." Thus upon the one hand we are confronted by the allegation of the inspired poet, and upon the other we are met by its corollary, the full proposition being reduced to the statement, men and republics are alike ungrateful. Friends, upon this closing day of the budding Spring, when "hoary frosts have fallen in the fresh lap of the crimson rose," our smiling land presents a scene that should forever blot from the record the slander of the poet and the silly carping of the politician. Millions of people have gathered to-day to sing pæans of praise to their sleeping benefactors, and with one loud voice to chant anthems of sweet appreciation that may rise from earth to heaven like—

"Sabean odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest."

We have come to claim our share in this beautiful and grateful service, and to perform our parts in an act that possesses no quality of a task. To be an American citizen officiating in a service of gratitude to the fallen defenders of his country, is but second to being numbered among those to whom this homage is rendered. No more lofty acts are to be found in the records of authentic history than the noble sacrifices of the American soldier upon the field of battle, and the votive offerings of his countrymen upon the holy altar of his memory. You have devolved upon me the duty of voicing your sentiments of fellowship, of gratitude and of affection upon a day that has been consecrated to the American soldier—one that will continue to be observed by our countrymen as long as the Republic shall last or patriotism sheds its beams across our happy homes. Kind indulgence alone has prompted you to thus honor one that had the good fortune to closely follow a leader who, since your last tribute to our departed comrades, has taken his place beside the murmuring sleepers—he that now here rests by the murmuring waters of the historic Hudson, and about whose tomb requiems are sung by gentle voices swelling from the tree tops and mountain sides of the mystic Catskills. A realization of my inability to measure up to the full requirements of such an occasion stares me in the face, but one owing everything to the indulgence of his countrymen must ever feel reliant under their support. Assembled countrymen! A quarter of a century has fallen into the abyss of eternity since the vernal air of an April morning rang out the an-

nouncement that "war, horrid war," was full upon our people. Men and women are now before me in the full growth and estate of maturity, who have come upon the stage of life and action since the appalling event occurred. But they know, as well as the actors in it, the sad story of that blighting conflict, when men of the same nationality met in opposing ranks upon the field of battle. Their hearts swell with the same pride of country and palpitate with the same beat of gratitude as do those of the men and women who lived through the crucial test, whereby the strength of the Republic was tried in the fire of steel. Two million three hundred and thirty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-one patriots voluntarily left their homes, their families and their peaceful pursuits, to defend upon battle plain and the swelling wave the principle then submitted to decision under the dread arbitrament of war. Of this vast number, as we learn from a report of the Adjutant General, 360,000 graves in the national cemeteries mark the number of those killed in battle and dying in hospitals, upon roadsides, in prisons, as the result of wounds, of disease, of hardship, of exposure, or of maltreatment. We are not here to talk of causes that demanded the sacrifices represented by these figures, nor yet to narrate thrilling incidents of battle with fascinating stories of gallant patriotism. But, my friends, nearly 500,000 young, brave, useful lives have suffered untimely extinguishment through the cruel circumstances of war, and within the close circle of that excruciating fact is to be found the moving causes of the remarkable scene this day enacted in our country. It is no new custom to offer oblations in memory of the dead. In every age of intelligent men the struggles of life have been sustained by a belief in and a "longing after immortality." There is no existing record of the human race that does not attest this interesting fact. Monuments, mounds and sepulchres that have survived the names of individuals and outlasted their more perishable bodies alike bear witness of it. The Greeks were among the first to introduce the free use of flowers as part of the symbolic language of mankind. The Phrygian festivals were largely celebrated with them. The deity of earth was supposed to sleep during the Winter, and in the Autumn was put to rest with imposing ceremonies. Upon the opening of Spring he was awakened amid shouts of glee and the strewing of flowers. The far-famed mysteries of Eleusis taught the lesson of man's progress through life to the perfection beyond the grave, and illustrate the temporary nature of death through the symbolic expression of the floral world. By one poet flowers have been called "the blooming alphabet of creation," and by another "the prophets of immortality." They have been largely used as a device of heraldry, and as such the fleur de lis became an ornament of the crowns of royalty and of the dress and armor of the nobility in such countries as Germany, Spain and England; and in the latter the red and the white roses signalized the warring houses of Lancaster and of York. The fleur de lis became the national emblem of France, the thistle of Scotland and the shamrock of Ireland. The rude warriors of the Middle Ages, becoming imbued with the symbolism of flowers, carried these emblems from fair hands through all the years of chivalry. The aborigines of Mexico annually laid killed animals, vegetables and flowers upon the graves of dead friends, and

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that misguided men had placed against the breast of new born Liberty.

It has been justly observed that no substantial success attended the Union arms until the historical proclamation of emancipation had been promulgated, and it may well be added that no comprehensive plan for the crushing of the enemy was conceived until the mighty chieftain, to whose tomb we are this day sorrowing pilgrims, was placed in position by the immortal Lincoln to lead Union hosts to certain and final triumph. In the dark hours of 1861 a star arose in the heavens that, beginning its flight from Belmont, took within its orbit Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Corinth, Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Black River and Vicksburg, where for a short time it paused. Renewing its rapid course, it winged its way to Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, when it came to rest directly over the head of the man whose name had been written in the book of Fate as the instrument to snatch from destruction the offspring of all preceding ages.

From the moment that Grant was invested with the supreme command, the triumph of the Union arms became a simple question of time. An unlooked for chance might postpone it; but as well might it be attempted to turn the avalanche in its overwhelming crash as to avert the force of those irresistible hosts that, under the direction of an appointed genius, were fatally enveloping the armies of resistance. From Chattanooga to Atlanta and from the Wilderness to Richmond, some of the most brilliant military movements and many of the most gallant battles ever fought adorned the Union generalship and arms. That lamentable weakness of human nature, jealousy, prompted detraction and misrepresentation; but the enemy in the toils and the brave Union soldier executing those rapid and remarkable movements felt alike that a master hand was at the helm of battle and that a whirlwind of power was upon the field. The silent commander was a sphinx, but he was likewise an oracle; he was a plain, unpretending man, but also a soldier, with a skill of profession, a rare courage, a cool head, a quickness of judgment, a celerity of decision and a rapidity of movement that made him wholly invincible.

When Caesar, after conquering the Syrian King Pharnaces, penned the shortest military despatch in the annals of war, "I came, I saw, I conquered," his words were not fraught with a title of the importance attached to a laconism of the American General announcing a determination "to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer." And when the cowed priest of the Middle Ages chanted his church ritual and invoked the blessing, *pax vobiscum*, upon his half military, half religious congregation, no such fire was kindled, no such electrical denouement was witnessed as when the leader of enormous armies and the subjugator of a splendid military force exclaimed to his countrymen, "Let us have peace!" When Shakespeare wrote of Julius Caesar: "He was the foremost man of all this world," Grant had not then lived. Envy has sought to take away from this grand hero many of the qualities upon which his brilliant success depended. As a mere military leader and wonderful tactician there is no figure in history which surpasses him, not even the imperious Caesar; while viewed from a standpoint that considers the importance to mankind of the work he performed, his name must be written with the immortal Washington upon a scroll that will remain bright after the military marvels of the past ages are forgotten of the race. Cyrus, the Persian, during his brief career extended the Persian Empire from the Indus to the Hellespont, and from the Jaxartes to the Syrian coast. Beyond the circumstances of an accidental agency in delivering the Jews from Babylonish captivity, what contributions did Cyrus make to the progress of the world by his feats of arms and conquests? He established a military power that under his successor, Darius, sought to crush the Greek civilization beneath the fetich

superstitions of the East; and when the monster empire fell to pieces the world was the gainer by its destruction.

Alexander was no abler soldier than Grant. His successes were achieved through the superior training of the Greek soldier, inured to hardship, and taught to conquer or to die. The overwhelming phalanx was not the invention of Alexander, whose successful achievements were largely dependent upon the fact that his troops represented the strongest and most advanced military power at that time in existence. Judged by the test that we would apply to Grant, what was Alexander's worth to the world? He established a valuable library, afterward burned through the campaigns of Caesar; while incidentally he carried the advanced knowledge of the Greeks to the nations that he conquered. But his whole career was selfish and his ends personal. He had no high purpose to establish better governments nor to create happier peoples. His life's dream was conquest for the mere love of conquest. At the age of 25 he was the supreme ruler of Western Asia, and at 33 he died with a sigh upon his lips that there were no other worlds that he might have conquered. When Rome was mistress of the world Julius Caesar was master of Rome. He was a soldier, a general, a statesman, an orator, a historian, a mathematician and an architect. And yet, in all that goes to make up a man whose services are worthy of the commemoration of the human race, what benefits resulted from his success? During Caesar's military life over 1,000,000 men fell in his various campaigns. Stripped of their mere military glory, what boon befell the world as the result of his achievements? During the zenith of Roman power 100,000,000 people were embraced within its empire, and not less than half of these were held in slavery. Men and women were sold upon a market block like cattle, at a price as low as \$20 per head. The small number living in Italy, styled the *cives Romani*, alone enjoyed any political independence, or had any share in the government; while a standing army of 250,000 soldiers was maintained to keep the provinces in subjection. In the gladiatorial ring men were immolated for the amusement of aristocratic idlers, and the issue of life or death depended from the capricious thumbs of Roman females. What a glorious work of regeneration lay within the grasp of Caesar. Did he attempt reform? Did he give liberty to the slave? Did he stop the sport with human blood? Did he restore the republic that fell with the murder of the Gracchi? He grasped power by overriding the rules. He constituted himself imperator in the practical sense of emperor, and prepared the way for the actual empire under Augustus. A greater man than Caesar, because more Godlike, has lived in our day and now lies in state within the sacred walls of yonder tomb.

Men and women of America! In our generation a man has lived great enough as a military leader to subdue a force of insurrection that could have annihilated any army of the world from the time of Cyrus down to that of Napoleon. A man has lived who, weighed with the enormous results flowing from his work into the ramifications of the unknown future, was immeasurably greater than Cyrus, above Alexander, grander than Caesar, supreme over Pompey, Hannibal and Scipio, towering among Charlemagne, the Prince of Orange, Frederick the Great, Wellington and Napoleon, and whose name is not to be mentioned in connection with those of Miltiades and Sulla. In all authentic military history, the work of but one individual approaches that of Grant. Two names should be chiseled upon the majestic column that, leaping from the banks of the Potomac, rears its graceful head far into the clouds, the living ambassador from a grateful people to the borders of the undiscovered country, to which both soldiers have gone—Washington and Grant! The warriors of liberty! One its father and the other its latest defender.

Fellow-citizens! A chill autumn wind blow-

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in some parts of that country the custom is still continued. But the beautiful ceremonies of love and remembrance now so universally performed with flowers came to their fullest expansion through the growth of the Christian religion. Branches of palm were thrown in the path of the Saviour as He entered Jerusalem. The world will not soon forget the couplets of Simonides in commemoration of the men who fell at Thermopylae :

"Stranger, the tidings to the Spartans, tell,  
That here obeying their commands we fell."

It were most unjust to the American soldiers, fellow citizens, whose memory we honor, to compare them with a band of rude men who, twenty-four hundred years ago, accepted death, not in behalf of a great principle destined to follow mankind to the end, but in simple obedience to the Spartan law, commanding the soldiers to be victorious or to die upon the field. Leonidas, with his 300 men, saw that death for them was unalterable conclusion. They must die in the contest, or in flying from their position accept the death penalty from the hands of the violated law. They selected death by the Persian spear; but in dying they sent back the reproach that they had been sacrificed by the command of their country.

Was any American soldier immolated upon a blind law of his country? Not one! Every soldier in the Union ranks, whether of the regular army or not, was in the fullest sense a member of the great, the imperishable, the immortal army of American volunteers. These gallant spirits now lie in untimely sepulchre. No more will they respond to the fierce blast of the bugle or the call to arms. But let us believe that they are not dead, but sleeping! Look at the patient caterpillar as he crawls on the ground, liable to be crushed by every careless foot that passes. He heeds no menace, and turns from no danger. Regardless of circumstances, he treads his daily round, avoided by the little child sporting upon the sward. He has work, earnest work to perform, from which he will not be turned, even at the forfeit of his life. Reaching his appointed place, he ceases even to eat, and begins to spin those delicate fibers which, woven into fabrics of beauty and utility, contribute to the comfort and adornment of a superior race. His work done, he lies down to the sleep from which he never wakes in the old form. But that silent, motionless body is not dead; an astonishing metamorphosis is taking place. The gross digestive apparatus dwindles away; the three pair of legs, which served the creature to crawl upon the ground, are exchanged for six pairs suited to a different purpose; the skin is cast; the form is changed; a pair of wings, painted like the morning flowers, spring out, and presently the ugly worm that trailed its slow length through the dust is transformed into the beautiful butterfly, basking in the bright sunshine, the envy of the child and the admiration of the man. Is there no appeal in this wonderful and enchanting fact to man's highest reason? Does it contain no suggestion that man, representing the highest pinnacle of created life upon the globe, must undergo a final metamorphosis, as supremely more marvelous and more spiritual, as man is greater in physical conformation, and far removed in mental construction from the humble worm that at the call of nature straightway leaves the ground and soars upon the gleeful air? Is the fact not a thousandfold more convincing than the assurance of the poet:

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well;  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this dread secret and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought."

Let us bring flowers in the Springtime, my friends, and by their gentle office—whether the bodies of our comrades and defenders lie buried beneath the soil of our common country or await the final transition in the grottoes of the fretful ocean—we may symbolize our faith and load the atmosphere with the fragrant gratitude of an appreciative generation.

"Bring flowers, then, to their memory;  
Throw hither all your quaint, enameled eyes,  
That on the green turf sucked the honeyed showers,  
And purpled all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies;  
The tufted crow, too, and the pale jessamine;  
The white pink and the pansy, streaked with jet;  
The glowing violet,  
The musk rose and the well attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears."

Friends and countrymen, since last our comrades met to perform the service that we now render to our fallen heroes, other distinguished soldiers have been called from the ranks of the living. Nature herself is in mourning. Every breeze that plays through the open leaves of Summer, every stream that murmurs on its course to the mighty sea, and every sound that marks the life of matter upon its ceaseless round is burdened with a sigh. The song of every bird that tunes its lay to the awakened deity of the year is marred in sweetness by an involuntary note of sorrow. The hum of business has been muffled. The works of man have been paralyzed; his voice has been broken with emotion and the nations of the world have hung their temples in black. Nature, through her breezes and murmuring streams and her songs of busy matter; the birds, through their carols, and men and nations through their common humanity have united in one sad wail for the loss of a noble man, and a greater leader than ever before marshaled troops in fierce array of battle.

The silent chief, whose work is destined to influence posterity to the latest syllable of recorded time, has gone to his couch, and neither the call of his country nor the siren beckoning of earthly glory will e'er break the soundness of his sleep upon this hither side of eternity. The mortal remains of Ulysses S. Grant repose in peace beneath the weeping vault of yonder tomb. The ravages of time will reduce them to ashes, and the lapse of ages will transform those ashes to other forms of matter; all that was earthly of that noble figure will change its form of materiality, and at last the mere personality of Grant will be extinguished and forever lost to human gaze.

"Can it be?  
Matter immortal, and shall spirit die?  
Above the nobler shall less noble lie?  
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,  
Imperial man, be sown in barren ground,  
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?"

But, my friends, the supreme work that our now sleeping hero performed will endure until the wrecking of the human race shall leave this planet a mere counterpoise of the other mighty worlds that pursue their ceaseless roll around the blazing orb of light and day, waiting their appointed time to cast themselves into their sire's arms. Friends, this noble man's work needs no monument, no written scroll in order that it may be perpetuated. It is higher than the dome of St. Paul's, loftier than St. Peter's; it rears itself above the Pyramids; it soars beyond the highest mountain tops and it is written in letters of the sunbeam across the blue arch that forever looks down upon the busy tribes of men. It was a task of supererogation to repeat at such a time the fascinating story of this great man's life, or with careful hand to trace his career from the period when, taking command of the Twenty-First Regiment of Illinois Volunteers as its Colonel, that career began, until, as Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States, he received the sword

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ing over a sterile plain bore within its arms a little seed torn with ruthless force from its matrix on a lofty tree and dropped the seed upon the sand to perish. A bright winged beetle, weary with flight and languid with the chilly air, rested for a moment upon the arid plain. The little seed dropped by Æolus served to satisfy the hunger of the beetle, which presently winged its flight to the margin of a swift running brook that had sprung from the mountain side and cleaving a bed through rocks of granite went gayly laughing upon its cheery way down to the ever-rolling sea. Sipping a drop of the crystal flood, the beetle crawled within a protecting ledge, and folding its wings, lay down to pleasant dreams. The Ice King passed along and touched the insect in its sleep. Its mission was fulfilled; but the conflicts of the seasons continued until the white destroyer melted in the breath of balmy spring. And then a sunbeam sped to the chink wherein the body of the insect lay, and searching for the little seed entombed but not destroyed, invited it to "join the jubilee of returning life and hope." Under the soft wooing of the warm ray the little seed began to swell with joy, tiny rootlets were developed with the body of the protecting beetle, a minute stem shot out of its grasping mouth and, lo! a mighty tree had been carried from the

desert, saved from the frosts of winter, nurtured and started upon its mission of life and usefulness by a humble insect that had perished with the flowers. The agent had passed away: but, building better than he knew, the wide spreading tree remained by the margin of the life giving brook a shelter and a rest to the weary traveler upon life's great highway through many fretful centuries. A child, abandoned by its mother to perish in an Egyptian marsh, may become the instrument to deliver a nation from bondage, and an unostentatious man, unknown to fortune and to fame, may become the agent of a mighty work, destined to benefit the human race as long as it may last upon the earth. Oh! mighty agent of a grateful people, we are here to do you honor. Oh! inspired genius, we come to render testimony of the beneficence of your work. Noble citizen, kind husband, loving father, good friend, great captain, chosen agent, the work thou hast done will shine from the firmament as a new star to light the coming generations. Its ray shall pale the rich troopers of the night, and forever flash with undiminished fire in presence of the god of day. Until another year shall re-awaken the flowers and fill the vernal air with incense, we leave thee with the faithful spirits that guard thy rest and smile about thy tomb.

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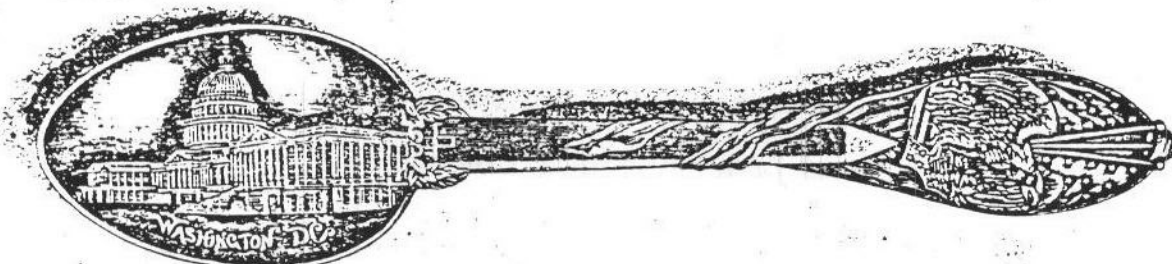
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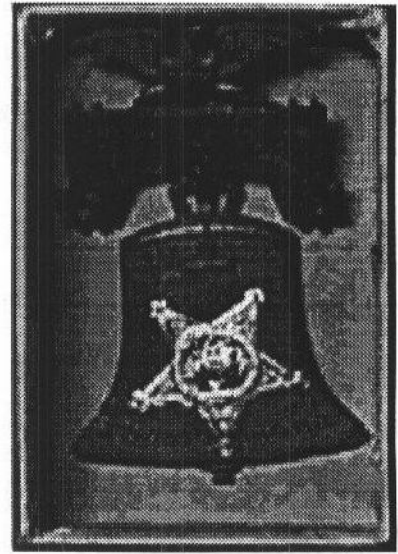
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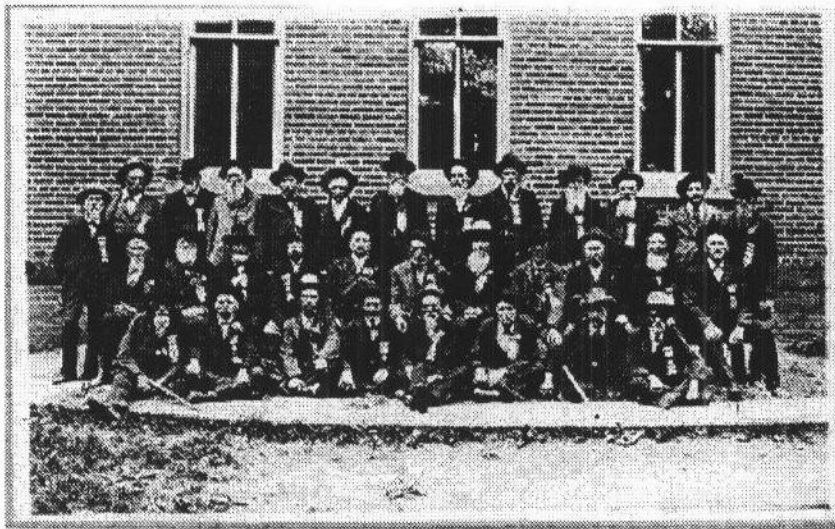
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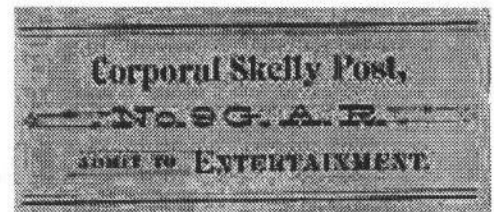
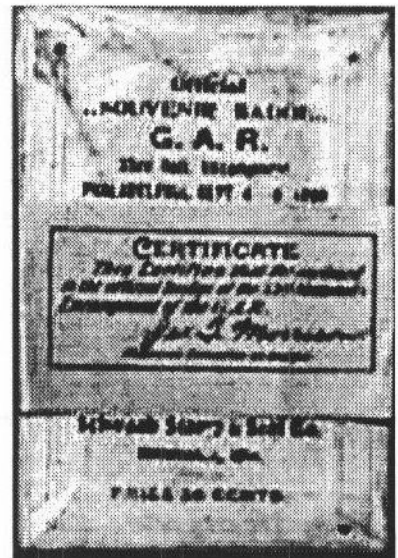
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**G. A. R. and S. of V. SUPPLIES.**  
Goods sent by Mail, whenever practicable, on Receipt of Price. Otherwise by Express.  
**CHAS. G. MANNING & CO., - 162 Elm Street, - CINCINNATI, OHIO.**



**HATS.**

Black felt, with ribbon, each \$1.00  
Black felt, with ribbon and wreath, each 1.25  
Black felt, with ribbon and wreath, each 1.50  
Black felt, with ribbon and wreath, each 2.00  
Black felt, with ribbon and wreath, each 2.50  
Black felt, with ribbon and wreath, each 3.00

**SOLID GOLD PINS.**  
Enameled in appropriate colors.



No. 1009 Each .25  
No. 1010 Each .30  
No. 1011 Each .35  
No. 1012 Each .40  
No. 1013 Each .45



**CAP.**

No. 1 Standard pattern, each \$1.00  
No. 2 Same as No. 1, with wreath, 1.25

**BUTTONS.**



Coat Button, each .25  
Vest Button, each .15  
Hat Cord Button, each .10



**WREATH.**

No. 6 Metal wreath, gilt, each \$1.00  
No. 7 Metal wreath, gilt, lettered G. A. R., each 1.50

**HAT CORDS.**

Double, black and gilt, each 25 cts.  
Double, black and gilt, each 30 cts.  
Single gilt, each 35 cts.  
Double gilt, each 40 cts.  
Single gilt, each 45 cts.



**WREATH.**

No. 6 Embroidered, with letters, each \$1.00  
No. 7 Embroidered, with letters, each 1.50



**Rank Badges.**

Five gilt, with ribbon, any rank, by mail, each \$1.00

**BELTS.**

606. Faced leather, full gilt mounting, each \$5.00  
607. Faced leather, leather slings, each \$3.00  
608. Faced leather, with strap, each \$2.00  
609. Faced leather, each \$1.75  
610. Members belt, wedding, insignia plate, each 75  
611. Members belt, wedding, plain plate, each 50



**SILK FLAG RIBBON.**

For G. A. R. Badges (13 flags to the yard), per yard \$1.00 each, 10 cts.

**Chests.**

10. 10 x 12 x 18, each \$1.00  
11. 10 x 12 x 18, each \$1.00



**620**  
**621**

**Corps Marks.**

For rings, gilt metal, each 25 to 30 cts.

**Officers' Gruntles.**

For Officers, each \$1.00

**SWORDS.**



600  
609

**Ballot Boxes.**

For Ballot Boxes, each \$1.00



"The American Watch for the American Soldier," was Horace Greeley's tribute to the Waltham. Waltham watches went to the front with our soldiers in the Mexican War and again in 1861. And many a veteran still carries the Waltham that was with him in action in those stirring days.

# WALTHAM

was also the watch officially selected by Japan from the Western world's best products, for her late war with Russia. Watches, like Soldiers, must remain steady under fire and Waltham watches have proved themselves absolutely reliable time-keepers under the severest tests.

The Waltham of today is a perfect watch for civilian or soldier. All improvements and refinements in watch construction in the last half century originated at the Waltham works and are embodied in late Waltham models.

Waltham movements are designed for various service. Wherever strenuous service and sterling accuracy are demanded, the great watch is the Waltham Vanguard. In use on all railroads, engineering and survey work.

*"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."*

Write for booklet describing various Waltham movements. And look for the name on the movement. Your Jeweler will show you.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

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