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REUNION

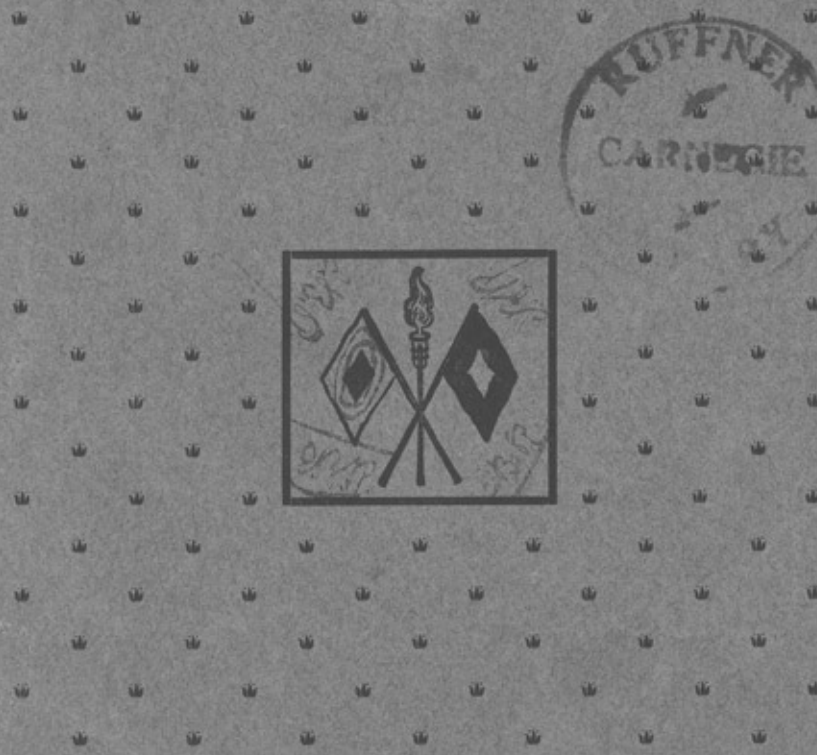
Manassas

1902

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GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON
MANASSAS



THE FIRST SIGNAL MESSAGE ON A BATTLEFIELD
THE LAST SIGNAL MESSAGE OF THE WAR

Gift of Mr. Clarence Wagener





Miller Davis Camp Cowell Pierce Sewell Peirce Walker Nelson Carr Revenaugh Lindal
Bolton Harris Marcy Frankenberry Gen. Fisher Round. Foster Borough Flenner
McCreery Higgins Morrison

TWENTY-SEVENTH
ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

SIGNAL CORPS

U. S. A.

AT THE

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OCTOBER, 1902



PUBLISHED BY THE
U. S. VETERAN SIGNAL CORPS ASSOCIATION

MANASSAS, VA.
JOURNAL PRESS
1903

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U. S. VETERAN SIGNAL CORPS ASSOCIATION
ORGANIZED 1867

OFFICERS, 1902-1903

President, George C. Round, Manassas, Va.
Vice-President, Seymour Pierce, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
Vice-President, . . Edwin T. Cowell, Boston, Mass.
Vice-President, Ernest A. Denicke, San Francisco, Cal.
Sec'y and Treas., Chas. DeWitt Marcy, Boston, Mass.
Historian, . . . J. Willard Brown, East Boston, Mass.
Chaplain, Cyrus S. Bolton, Cameron, Mo.
Quartermaster, M. L. H. Nicewonger, Stockton, Cal.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA'S WELCOME

TO THE SAVIOURS OF THE UNION

[The following was published in the *Washington Post* during the Encampment and sung at our Reunion by an improvised choir. The words were written by a member of the Association. The tune was one captured from the Confederacy entitled, "Farewell to the Star Spangled Banner," rendered occasionally for our benefit by the girls of the Carolinas, by special request.]

I

Sound the loud cymbals and set the gongs going,
 Ring all the bells from mountain to sea,
 With timbrel and harp we welcome our heroes,
 Hosannas, Hallelujahs and a wild jubilee.

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail ! Saviours of the Union !
 Hail, all hail ! Ye Knights of liberty !
 Welcome to our hearts, to the heart of the nation,
 Welcome to Columbia, the home of the free.

II

We honor the men who saved for their children
 The Red, White and Blue, the flag of the free
 And flung to the breeze the Star Spangled Banner
 O'er prairie and mountain, on land and the sea.
 Chorus—Hail, all hail ! etc.

III

Then rally round the flag, boys, once again, rally,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, as in the days of yore,
 With faces to the front and eyes toward the right,
 March down the Avenue of Glory evermore.
 Chorus—Hail, all hail ! etc.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION, SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 7, 1902.

At 10 o'clock A. M. the twenty-seventh reunion was called to order by First Vice-President Jackson Walker, M. D., of Bethany, Mo., who presided during the business session, the President having been delayed in arrival.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Comrade Cyrus S. Bolton of Cameron, Mo.

The minutes of the annual meeting of 1901 at Cleveland, Ohio, were read and approved.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Treasurer made the following report :

Sept. 1, 1901, Balance cash on hand.	\$ 19.23
Oct. 1, 1902, Receipts for annual dues during the year	185.00
Receipts at Cleveland toward collation..	26.25
Sales six badges at \$2.50.	15.00
	\$245.48

Paid for collation at Cleveland.	\$ 40.00
Stationery, flag poles and express.	7.82
Printing circulars, receipt books, etc.	35.20
Work on roster and addressing envelopes	19.00
Postage, two lots circulars, etc.	34.10
Balance cash on hand.	109.36
	\$245.48

CHAS. D'W. MARCY, Treasurer.

This report was referred to an auditing committee consisting of Comrades J. H. Kelly, T. M. Sewell and A. O. Revenaugh.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

COMRADES :—As Secretary I have received annual dues during the year as follows :

Dues for 1898, \$2.00; 1899, \$2.00; 1900, \$10.00; 1901, \$70.00; 1902, \$101.00. Total, \$185.00.

These amounts have been paid to the Treasurer.

Membership in the Association for twelve years preceding 1902, as shown by the payment of the dues for those years has been as follows :

1890, 246;	1891, 275;	1892, 281;	1893, 193;
1894, 187;	1895, 181;	1896, 182;	1897, 156;
1898, 142;	1899, 166;	1900, 161;	1901, 156;

For the current year, 1902, payment has already been made by 105 members, showing that with those that will be made at

this meeting and subsequently, the interest in the maintenance of the Association has been remarkable, and that notwithstanding the rapidly increasing death-roll, our membership will remain fully equal to that of five years ago.

As soon as possible after the time and place of this meeting were fully decided upon, the President made appointments to fill vacancies in the board of officers, as follows :

Second Vice-President, George C. Round, Manassas, Va.

Quartermaster, Thomas D. Yeager, Pension Bureau, Washington.

The arrangements for the twenty-seventh reunion have been made by these officers.

Information regarding the deaths of members as received by the Secretary during the year, was announced to all members in the circular of September 15. It announced the loss by death of forty-six of our comrades, of which however only fifteen are known to have died since our last reunion.

In addition to those recorded in the circular, information has since been received of the following deaths :

DENICKE, C. F. M., A. S. O. formerly of Fresno, Cal. Died at Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y., April 26, 1901.

(2d Lieut. 132d N. Y. Vols.) Detailed, 1863; residence, N. Y. City; served Army of Potomac, at Banks' Ford, Fredericksburg, Plank Road Station, Boonsboro', Md., South Mountain Station. November, 1863, to Dept. of W. Va., Mill Point Station, Mills Gap Station. May, 1864, Battles of Wilderness. August, 1864, to Dept. of Gulf; on steamer Laura, Mobile expedition. Mustered out at New Orleans, La., September, 1865.

ROGERS, ALLEN.—Died at Spring City, Pa., September 16, 1902. Transferred to Signal Corps from Co. C, 51st Pa. Vols. Served at and around Newbern, N. C., Dept. of Va. and N. C.

SLATER, ROLLIN A.—Died at Latrobe, Pa., February 11, 1902. Enlisted in Signal Corps at Indiana, Pa., February 1, 1864. Served in Dept. of Gulf; discharged August 8, 1865.

VARNITZ, EDWARD B.—Died at Harrisburg, Pa., August 6, 1902. Enlisted in Signal Corps at Harrisburg, Pa. Served in Middle Military Division; discharged August, 1865.

CHAS. D'W. MARCY, Secretary.

The report of the Secretary was approved.

Vice-President Round addressed the meeting and announced the program which had been arranged covering the day.

Upon motion of the Secretary, it was unanimously voted: That Hon. A. B. Capron together with such others as he may associate with himself, be constituted a committee of the U. S. Veteran Signal Corps Association to endeavor to secure an appropriation by Congress of such an amount of money as may be required to erect a suitable monument to the Signal Corps at Little Round Top, Gettysburg, and also suitable

markers commemorating the services of the Signal Corps upon the battle-field of Chickamauga, and also at any other points where National Parks have been established upon battle-fields upon which conspicuous service was rendered by the Signal Corps.

Comrade A. D. Frankenberg was appointed a committee to receive the names of such as desired to make the visit to the battle-field of Bull Run on Thursday, October 9.

The committee to audit the accounts of the Treasurer made the following report :

The committee have examined the report of the Treasurer and compared the same with the vouchers, and found it correct.

JAMES H. KELLY,	} Committee.
T. M. SEWELL,	
A. O. REVENAUGH,	

The report of the auditing committee was accepted.

The President appointed the following comrades a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year : Norman H. Camp, Elisha N. Pierce and Allen D. Frankenberg.

While awaiting the report of the nominating committee, the meeting was addressed by Gen. B. F. Fisher, former Chief Signal Officer, who eloquently eulogized the character of the men composing the Signal Corps during the civil war, and the faithful services rendered by them.

The committee on nominations presented the following report :

PRESIDENT, George C. Round, Manassas, Va.
 FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Seymour Pierce, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
 SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, . . . Edwin T. Cowell, Boston, Mass.
 THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT, . . . To be appointed by the President.
 SEC'Y AND TREAS., . . . Charles DeWitt Marcy, Boston, Mass.
 HISTORIAN, J. Willard Brown, East Boston, Mass.
 CHAPLAIN, Cyrus S. Bolton, Cameron, Mo.
 QUARTERMASTER, To be appointed by the President.

Upon motion, the report of the committee was received and accepted, and the Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot bearing the names as reported by the committee for the respective offices. The ballot was so cast, and they were declared elected.

The President, Hon. Chas. C. Dewstoe, who had been unavoidably detained by a railway accident, arrived shortly before adjournment, and in a happy speech made apology for his late arrival, and expressed his great pleasure at meeting so large a gathering of the members.

In order that a visit might be made to the site of the old Signal Camp at Georgetown Heights by those desiring, it was voted to adjourn until 2 o'clock P. M.

Immediately upon adjournment, David Rodrick, a bugler from the 5th U. S. Cavalry, detailed by the Secretary of War,

sounded the "assembly," and the party proceeded by electric car up High street, alighting at the old-time entrance, and following the lane past the location of the guard-house, collected nearly upon the former site of the "officers' barracks." About an hour was pleasantly spent in viewing the grounds, now filled with ripened shocks of corn, and deciding upon the places formerly occupied by tents, barracks, stables, hospital and other features of the camp. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and other old time songs were sung, and the company was photographed by Corp. W. B. Hale of the Signal Corps, U. S. A., now serving at Signal Corps Post, Fort Myer, Va.

Shortly after one o'clock the company reassembled at Odd Fellows Hall and resumed the singing of the old war songs under the leadership of Lieut. Round. Comrade W. F. Miller rendered a solo, to the great gratification of all.

Gen. A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., was introduced by Gen. Fisher, and for half an hour the meeting thoroughly enjoyed a summary by the General of the work and methods of the Signal Corps during the Spanish-American war, and at the present time in Alaska and other distant possessions of the U. S. He asserted that the work of to-day is but a continuation of work upon the lines thought out and instituted by Gen. A. J. Myer, the founder of the Signal Corps.

By vote of the Association, its thanks were returned to Gen. Greely for his able and interesting address.

Comrades Chas. H. Smiley, Oscar N. Bates, James H. Kelly, E. T. Cowell and others were called upon and made responses.

The company then proceeded to the banquet hall, where a bountiful collation was served, which had been prepared by Comrade Geo. Bennett of Georgetown, formerly of the 60th N. Y. Vols.

Upon conclusion of the banquet, President Round announced the program for the excursion to Bull Run on Thursday, and the Association adjourned for the day.

The following members, many with ladies, were in attendance during the reunion.

Benj. F. Fisher,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. H. Fralick,	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Charles D'W. Marcy,	Boston, Mass.
B. F. Bretz,	Fremont, Ohio.
Upton L. Flenner,	Tiffin, Ohio.
George W. Harris,	Lynn, Mass.
J. A. Mickey,	Connellsville, Pa.
W. H. McCreery,	Loveland, Colo.
John M. Cook,	Toledo, Ohio.
Henry Greenwood,	Clinton, Mass.
S. W. Higgins,	Yaphank, N. Y.
Thomas White,	Springfield, Ill.
E. A. Thomas,	East St. Louis, Ill.

Jacob Wallace,	Newcastle, Pa.
C. E. Walton,	Tuscarawas, Ohio.
Oscar N. Bates,	Binghamton, N. Y.
David D. Fickes,	Iowa City, Iowa.
George B. Arnold,	Providence, R. I.
Seymour Pierce,	Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
David W. Davis,	Tannery, Pa.
James W. Richardson,	Rochester, Ill.
J. F. Keller,	Emmettsburg, Iowa.
A. D. Frankenberg,	Point Marion, Pa.
Christopher Clawson,	Blacklick, Pa.
Jackson Walker,	Bethany, Mo.
Samuel W. Lego,	Harrisburg, Pa.
E. M. Lydick,	Cookport, Pa.
John Foster,	New York City.
J. P. Septer,	West Fairfield, Pa.
J. N. Atherton,	Mansfield, Ohio.
J. M. Hubbard,	Middletown, Conn.
Norman H. Camp,	Washington, D. C.
Joseph Morrison,	Cadiz, Ohio.
Augustus C. Lindsley,	Somerset, N. J.
William W. Smith,	Norfolk, Va.
Horatio Holden,	New York City.
James H. Kelly,	Albany, N. Y.
E. T. Cowell,	Boston, Mass.
J. Wilson Thompson,	Indiana, Pa.
Wilbur F. Miller,	Ludlow, Mass.
Nathaniel W. Stewart,	Marion Center, Pa.
Charles H. Smiley,	New Bloomfield, Pa.
John Borough,	Mishawaka, Ind.
A. O. Revenaugh,	Louisville, Ky.
Cyrus Nelson,	Abington, Mass.
S. W. Cass,	Winterpock, Va.
George H. Graves,	Boston, Mass.
Thomas S. Baird,	Philadelphia, Pa.
F. M. Metcalf,	Clinton, N. Y.
Charles F. Garrett,	Washington, D. C.
Robert J. Walker,	Osceola Mills, Pa.
E. R. Dowler,	Braddock, Pa.
S. L. Chapin,	Chantilly, Va.
H. H. Roberts,	Portersville, Ohio.
T. D. Yeager,	Washington, D. C.
Joseph W. James,	Deerfield Center, N. H.
J. W. Seagrave,	Southbridge, Mass.
G. W. Montgomery,	Cambridge, Ohio.
Thomas A. Creigh,	Omaha, Neb.
Frederick A. Lindal,	Stockton, N. Y.
Benjamin F. Field,	Northfield, Mass.
C. C. Dewstoe,	Cleveland, Ohio.
W. C. Knox,	Westmoreland, Pa.

G. L. Lewis,
 S. B. Babbitt,
 Geo. C. Round,
 Hayes Nicewonger,
 Fred. D. Hills,
 Elisha N. Pierce,
 D. C. Smith,
 Thomas J. Wiggin,
 James McGlathery,
 W. H. Egolf,
 E. B. Chapin,
 T. M. Sewell,
 Cyrus S. Bolton,

Herndon, Va.
 Worthington, Ohio.
 Manassas, Va.
 Stockton, Cal.
 Chicago, Ill.
 Waltham, Mass.
 Falls Creek, Pa.
 Manchester, N. H.
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 Americus, Kans.
 Rochester, N. Y.
 New Athens, Ohio.
 Cameron, Mo.

MANASSAS-BULL RUN.

On Thursday, October 9, the day after the great parade on Pennsylvania Avenue, the Association took its annual excursion to the historic plains of Manassas. The reception given to us, and to accompanying veterans from every branch of the service, was so unique and extraordinary as to merit a full record.

On the 22nd of September the town council of Manassas unanimously passed the following:

Resolved, That the Mayor be empowered to appoint a committee of nine, of which he shall be chairman, to arrange for a formal opening of Grant Avenue on Thursday, October 9, and that the Grand Army of the Republic, then in encampment at Washington, be invited to attend and to march through the avenue on their excursion to the battlefields.

Pursuant to this resolution, a committee of the leading citizens was appointed, embracing soldiers from both the Union and Confederate armies.

When we reached Manassas, after an hour's ride on the Southern Railway, we found a tent pitched opposite the depot, marked "G. A. R. Picket Post," with a stack of old time Springfield muskets in front, the traditional camp kettle swinging from an old Sibley tripod and other appropriate reminders of the olden time, including a display of national colors and signal flags. The "Picket Post," composed of resident comrades, together with the Mayor's committee, with appropriate badges, met us at the train and with the Manassas Brass Band playing national airs, escorted the veterans to the junction of Grant and Lee Avenues, where the courthouse of Prince William county has been recently erected, and where a large concourse of citizens and school children were assembled.

Grant Avenue is a boulevard about a mile in length and forms a short cut to the Sudley road and thence to the battlefields. We found the trees at the head of the avenue decked

with bunting and with pendant mottoes reading as follows :

On one side,

“Let us have Peace.”—*Grant*.

On the other side,

“Duty is the sublimest word in the English language.”—*Lee*.

And in the centre,

“Grant Avenue Opening, October 9, 1902.”

Lieutenant Round, who has resided in Manassas for thirty-five years, acted as master of ceremonies and in calling the gathering to order referred to the two six-foot signal flags of purest white at the head of the avenue, as indicative of the stainless character of the two great chieftains, while the brilliant square of red might be considered as representing their bravery in battle. He then introduced Hon. J. B. T. Thornton, Commonwealth's Attorney of the county, the son of a Confederate soldier, who on behalf of the Mayor and citizens extended a hearty welcome to the Grand Army—such a warm-hearted greeting as one brave man always gives another. He dwelt especially on the magnanimity of Grant and declared that the avenue about to be opened would be a perpetual memorial to his greatness.

Dr. Henry M. Clarkson, County Superintendent of Schools, an ex-Confederate soldier, who has been designated in the South as “The Poet of the Confederacy,” read a beautiful and appropriate sonnet entitled “The Two Knights.” It will be found published in the appendix.

Gen. Benj. F. Fisher, Chief Signal Officer from 1864 to 1866, responded in a magnificent address. He declared that deep and earnest as was the greeting given in 1861, the welcome of 1902 surpassed it and was received with a greater appreciation. He was warm in his tributes to General Lee and his army of half clothed hungry men, who with grim determination met Grant on the field at Appomattox ready for any fate. The veterans in gray and blue both applauded the sentiments of all the speakers.

The presiding officer then called for “Dixie,” which was rendered by the band amid great enthusiasm and the party, to the number of several hundred, then took conveyances and drove over Grant Avenue to the Henry Farm, one of the most interesting spots of American history. This farm embraces only 128 acres and yet the Western half of it embraces three-fourths of the fighting ground of the First Bull Run ; and from the very same field that Beauregard and Jackson so stubbornly held, Popes weary legions repelled the final assault of Lee and Longstreet, at the end of the second battle. No similar co-incidence is known in the history of war.

Sergeant Henry Steen of the 12th Iowa is the custodian of the Henry House and Farm and has the story of the battles

well in his mind and he gave a detailed and interesting explanation of the battles, after which the veterans betook themselves to lunch and to friendly converse. At 3 P. M. they were again called to order. Colonel Edmund Berkeley, the ranking ex-Confederate of the county, gave a short address of welcome followed by a poem on Abraham Lincoln. Both of them were highly appreciated and will be found in full in the appendix.

Congressman John F. Rixey followed with an eloquent speech which received the repeated plaudits of the Union veterans.

Gen. A. W. Greeley, on behalf of the Signal Association and others responded to the greetings given, in a very pleasing and forcible address, paying a graceful tribute to the women of Virginia, many of whom honored us by their presence. He was followed in a brief speech by Major Broatch of Middletown, Conn., after which the Association adjourned to meet in San Francisco in 1903.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION

of the

SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.,

to be held in 1903 at

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

in connection with

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R.

August 17-22, 1903.

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements is Maj. E. A. Denicke. Comrades desiring any special information or service in connection with the Reunion, can address him at No. 524 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Comrades desiring to join a party of Signal Veterans and friends in a special car for a short tour among the Rockies and along the Pacific Coast can address the President of the Association, Lieut. George C. Round, Manassas, Va., who is already in negotiation with the different Pacific Railroad companies.

Round-trip excursion tickets will cost \$50.00 from Chicago and about \$67.00 from Washington. If one of the Northern routes is taken, going or coming, the expense will be \$11.00 additional.

Any person desiring extra copies of this publication can obtain them for 25 cents each, by addressing the President.

APPENDIX.

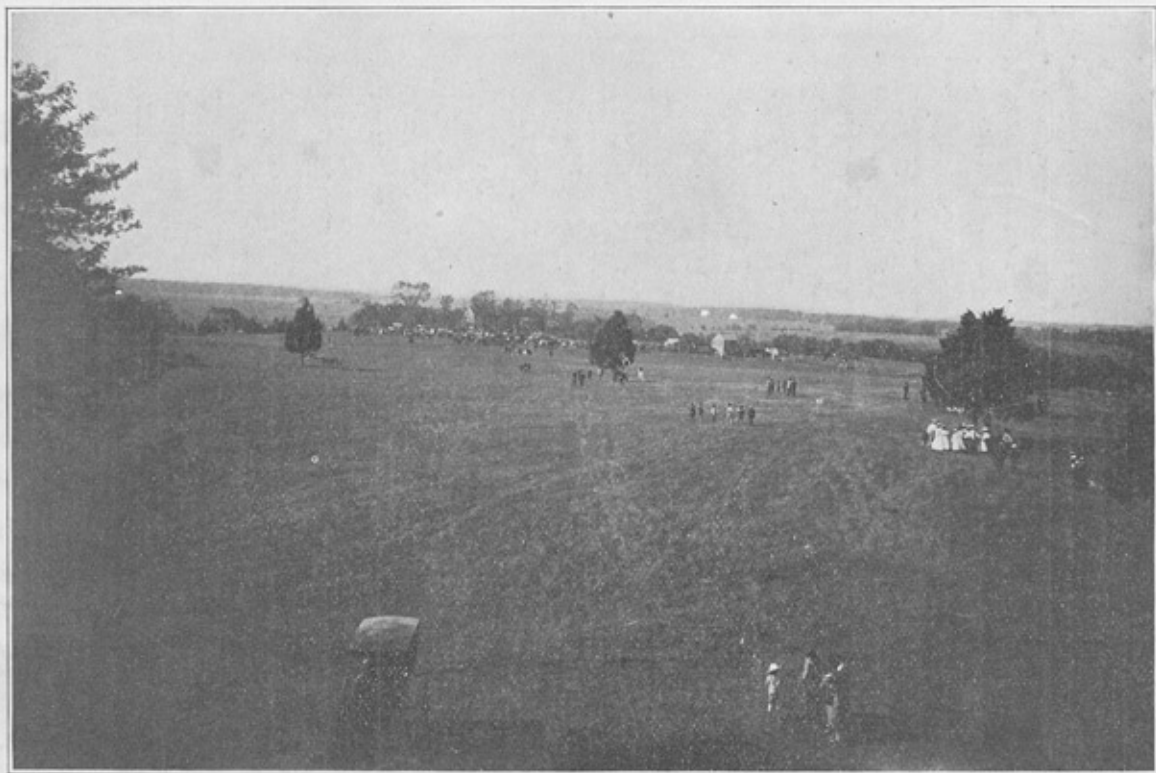
[EXPLANATION OF BATTLEFIELD VIEW ON PAGE FOLLOWING.]

This is the best picture of the Bull Run battlefield extant. It was taken by Corporal Hale of the Signal Corps, from a crow's-nest signal station, built by Lieut. Round, in an oak standing on the crest of the Henry Hill. The Henry House stands in the group of trees near the centre, surrounded by the conveyances which brought the Grand Army excursion from Manassas, by the way of Grant avenue. Under the shadow of the great elm at the left of the house, Cameron, the Colonel of the Highlanders was killed and Wade Hampton wounded, while old Mrs. Judith Henry, who was killed by Ricketts Battery, is buried only a few feet away. On the right of the house within the yard and hidden by the trees stands the monument built by the Union Army in June, 1865.

Near the cedar on the right, where a group of ladies is assembled, Bee and Bartow met their fate and along the immediate foreground Jackson's Brigade "stood like a stone wall." Farther to the right, outside the picture, still stands the Jim Robinson house, where fought the Union left and still farther we can see from our tall oak the Stone Bridge, Blackburn's Ford, the heights of Centreville and the distant hills of Maryland. In fact the campaigning ground of '61, '62 and '63 stretches away, a living panorama in every direction.

The Union centre came up the hill beyond the Henry House, fought their way past it and in the face of a murderous cross-fire of infantry and artillery charged across the field and some of the 69th N. Y. fell this side of the cedar in the centre of the field. A third cedar stands in the open field in the left centre. Rickett's battery was captured a little to the left. Still farther outside the picture was Griffin's battery; the Fire Zouaves; and the 1st Minn. and 1st Mich., which reached the crest and turned Jackson's flank, where they were themselves flanked by Kirby Smith's brigade and forced to retreat about 4 P. M. of July 21, 1861.

Beyond the Henry House, running at right angles to the picture is the valley of Young's branch, in which is located the Warrenton pike and the Stone House. The battle on the forenoon of July 21, was fought on the plateau beyond, near the Matthew house, which is indicated by two white spots. Sudley ford is about a mile beyond. The fight was begun by Burnside and Evans as the Union troops emerged from the woods. Here the first man was killed in the First Bull Run, William McCann of R. I., and Col. Slocum and Major Ballou fell soon after in this opening contest.



THE FIELD WHERE TWO BATTLES ENDED.

Near this same Matthew house, General Pope had his headquarters in the Second Bull Run. Across the plateau seen beyond the valley, the Union troops advanced on August 29th to attack Jackson's position on the unfinished railroad, which ran along the wooded ridge in the distant background in the left of the picture. The single white spot on the extreme left marks the location of one of the Dogan houses. The Groveton house is a little farther to the left, outside the picture. Longstreet's fight for "Bald Hill" on the afternoon of August 30, where Fletcher Webster was killed, was in full view of the Henry House, to the left, about one quarter of a mile away. After losing this fight, the Union troops fell back to the Henry Hill, from which by desperate valor they finally repulsed Longstreet as darkness was approaching. Many of the troops on both sides fought around the Henry House in both engagements.



THE HENRY HOUSE MONUMENT.

The above is a reproduction of a photograph taken by Gardner June 11, 1865. It shows a group of distinguished soldiers who took part in the consecration services. It is interesting to note that the two monuments, on the Henry and Dogan farms, were erected immediately after the Grand Review and were the only memorials set up by the Union army before its final disbanding. Why Bull Run was selected by those in authority, and not Gettysburg or Appomattax, is obvious. Here was the *beginning* of the fearful struggle for Union and Liberty. It seemed proper to the veterans of 1865 that those who gave up

their lives in those early days of disaster should receive special honor.

General Gamble of Illinois, pursuant to whose orders the monuments were erected, stands directly in front of the monument, with his staff officers, Wickersham, McGuire and Hand, all of them in full uniform including their swords. On Gamble's right stand Wilcox, Heintzleman and Farnsworth, who, with Judge Olin of the Supreme Court, were the orators of the day. Directly above Wilcox is Lieut. McCallum of Massachusetts, who had command of the detail of seventy-five men who did the work. Chaplain McMurdy, who read the dedicatory service, specially prepared for the occasion, appears in robes used at the funeral services of Abraham Lincoln. Directly at his right stands Quartermaster-General Meigs, the man of all others authorized to represent the United States Government in its business transactions. Others in the group are General Wells and Benham, Lieut. Pearsons of Illinois, Chaplain Spencer and Lieut. Seip, Gen. Gamble's Signal Officer. The two last named assisted in the consecration service.

The newspapers of the day say that Gamble's entire command was present, beside a large concourse of soldiers and distinguished civilians. A special train at Government expense was run from Washington. The music was furnished by Gen. Meade's headquarters band. The salute was fired from the spot where Rickett's battery was captured, by Capt. H. D. Scott, still living in Newport, R. I. The inscription was written by Col. Taylor, Chief of Staff of Gen. Augur, commanding the Department of Washington.

"In Memory of the Patriots who fell at Bull Run July 21, 1861."

It is a singular fact that no one seems to have thought at the time of acquiring the land thus solemnly and publicly set apart for pious and patriotic purposes, so that the monument stands on private property to this day.

It was on this spot that the Grand Army of the Republic, during their excursion of Thursday, October 9, 1903, met many of their old antagonists, and under the grateful shade which has grown up since the war the veterans of the Union and the Confederacy talked lovingly of the past and hopefully of the future. At the close of the day, on motion of Sergeant Marcy of Massachusetts, seconded by Major Broatch of Connecticut, the veterans endorsed Congressman Rixey's bill now pending, authorizing the Secretary of War to purchase the ground and to care for the monuments. It was the unanimous sentiment that these rude stones should forever stand as perpetual memorials of the men of '61 who died that the nation might live.

The following sonnet was read at the opening of Grant avenue, Manassas, Va., by Dr. H. M. Clarkson. He was a Surgeon in the Confederate Army and is the author of a book of poems very popular in the South, entitled "Songs of Love

and War." He prepared a sonnet of the same length for the dedication of the Winnie Davis statue at Richmond. He is a native of South Carolina but now resides in Haymarket, Va.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

AN ALLEGORY.

They tell a legend of two Knights of old,
 Two haughty men, who on the high-way met:
 Of brave, of kindred stock were they, and yet
 With fiery speech, and anger uncontrolled,
 They each drew lance against his kinsman bold,
 Because a shield, suspended 'tween the two,
 To each brought only one side into view,
 And one had said 'twas brass—the other gold.

And so o'er this they fought—for thus 'tis told—
 Till both were winded, when in changing place,
 Each saw the shield, but viewed its other face—
 One fell. The other lowered his lance. Behold,
 No more they strive. Their rash dissensions cease,
 And each extends the open palm of Peace!

Col. Edmund Berkeley was one of three brothers who were respectively Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major of the 8th Virginia. They were all wounded in battle, all made prisoners, and all are still living, their united ages aggregating 223 years. The Colonel is a strong character and a typical Virginia planter of the olden time. His welcome and poem, which follow, will be specially appreciated by those who saw him and by all who realize to what an extent his feelings have softened toward his former foes and their illustrious leader.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Brother survivors of the greatest war ever waged on this hemisphere, if not on the other, I bid you welcome to one of the scenes of your former exploits. Forty-one years ago to-day, near the spot upon which we are standing, to use a homely yet forcible expression, black gum and thunder met. Perhaps a more appropriate simile would be that of diamond clashing against diamond, for from the contact of no other substance could such brilliants have been produced as afterwards appeared to an admiring world, in the persons of Lincoln, Lee, Stonewall Jackson and U. S. Grant.

Had any one predicted a few years afterward that I would ever entertain feelings other than of extreme bitterness for the man whose edict had reduced me from affluence to poverty, I would have pronounced him a false prophet, yet I stand before you now yielding to no man North of the obliterated line once known as Mason and Dixon's, in the admiration and veneration felt for that great instrument of divine Providence, created by Him for the purpose of carving out and shaping the future of this his chosen nation.

God bless the men who performed their duty faithfully from

their several standpoints. May He especially bless that noble man who while he held me a wounded prisoner, made me lie down and rest on his own bed and partake of the meals of himself and staff at his own table, Gen. Carl Schurz. While the death of the lamented Lincoln was a heavy blow to the whole country, it was especially so to the South, as she thereby lost the only friend with both the will and ability to befriend her in her hour of need.

My sentiments I have endeavored to portray in the following unpublished verses, which I respectfully dedicate to this occasion, and entitled, "The South Received Her Hardest Blow When Abraham Lincoln Died."

When Providence determined
That slavery should cease
Upon this Western hemisphere,
And war should preface peace,
He, to carry out his purpose,
A great leader did provide,
And the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

He was a man of iron nerve,
Who did what he deemed right;
Nor would from path of duty
swerve,

But kept it full in sight:
In North, in South, in East, in West
He felt an equal pride,
And the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

His heart was filled with purest
love,
That heart as true as steel,
Whose every throb did beat alone
For country and its weal;
Nor did a single selfish thought
Within his breast abide;
And the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

In sixty-one the call to arms
Resounded through the land,
Forcing brother against brother,
In opposing ranks to stand;
From mountain top, from ocean
shore,
They came with steadfast stride;
But the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

First on devoted Sumpter, then
Was rained both shot and shell,
Till her casemated parapets
In dismal ruins fell;
Still to the last her little band

The attacking force defied;
But the South received her hardest
blow

When Abraham Lincoln died
Next on Manassas storied plain
The opposing forces met,
And soon, alas, the thirsty soil
With brothers' blood was wet;
Then lamentations loud were
heard:

Wives, mothers, sisters cried;
But the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

From Rappahannock's rugged
banks
To old James river's flood,
Full oftentimes each noble stream
Was tinged with foeman's blood;
By man to man, and hand to hand
Their passage was denied:
But the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

At Corinth and at Shiloh
And at Lookout Mountain, too;
On each sad day, the boys in gray
Did meet the boys in blue.
And many an orphan there was
made,
And many a widowed bride;
But the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

And when at Cemetery Hill
Was plainly seen by all,
The sentence that Omnipotence
Had written on the wall;
Then Dixie's sons did homeward
turn
With heavy hearts and sighed;
But the South received her hardest
blow
When Abraham Lincoln died.

Thus for four sad and weary years
 War's tide did ebb and flow,
 From the hills of Pennsylvania
 To the Gulf of Mexico;
 On many an intervening State
 Was poured war's crimson tide;
 But the South received her hardest
 blow
 When Abraham Lincoln died.

At length the Southern Capital
 Did feel the dreadful strain;
 Her resources being limited
 Most fearfully did wane;
 Her connections being severed,
 No more could be supplied;
 But the South received her hardest
 blow
 When Abraham Lincoln died.

Lastly old Appomattox
 The struggle's end did see,
 When noble hearted Grant clasped
 hands
 With noble hearted Lee;
 The Lost Cause there was buried,
 With State sovereignty beside;
 But the South received her hardest
 blow
 When Abraham Lincoln died.

Scarce war sounds cease and beams
 of peace
 Are mantling o'er the land,
 When 'gainst our glorious Presi-
 dent
 Is raised the assassin's hand.
 As Freedom wept, her trembling
 hands
 Her streaming eyes did hide,
 And the South received her hardest
 blow

When Abraham Lincoln died.

Oh! cruel day! Oh! cursed night!
 That saw our hero fall
 Forever blot their number out
 With a funereal pall.
 The band of martyrs thou hast
 joined,
 The nation's stay and guide;
 And the South received her hardest
 blow
 When Abraham Lincoln died.

Its mission done, his spirit's gone
 To the bright realms of Heaven,
 And knocking at the golden gate
 The countersign has given;
 He with the blessed angels there
 Forever shall reside,
 While we below, grieve evermore
 How Abraham Lincoln died.

Let not that noble patriot's blood
 Be shed for us in vain,
 But together bind our country
 With an ever tightening chain;
 We'll reverence the principles
 He did to us confide,
 While the South received her hard-
 est blow
 When Abraham Lincoln died.

His glorious example
 A rich legacy shall be,
 Through all succeeding ages
 To a loved posterity;
 Whose grateful hearts while mem-
 ory lasts
 Forever shall decide,
 That the South received her hard-
 est blow
 When Abraham Lincoln died.

THE FIRST SIGNAL MESSAGE ON A BATTLEFIELD.

ON SIGNAL HILL NEAR MANASSAS.

[This interesting contribution to the history of Signalling in War was prepared on the invitation of the U. S. Veteran Signal Corps Association. The picture of the author is from a war time photograph in the uniform of a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army, taken while he was Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's Corps. The General's home is now at Annandale, Georgetown county, South Carolina.]



E. P. ALEXANDER.

[N September, 1859, the writer was a second lieutenant of engineers, U. S. A., and was on duty with the corps of cadets at West Point as assistant instructor in practical engineering.

Here, one Sunday morning, he became acquainted with Dr. Albert J. Myer, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., and learned from him of the system of military signals which he had devised and which he was then under orders to develop and bring into practical operation.

He had been authorized also to select some young officer to assist him in his experiments, and our accidental acquaintanceship resulted in his making application for me to be relieved from duty at West Point and assigned to duty with him.

This was done, and I remained on duty with Surgeon Myer from Oct. 3, 1859, until March, 1860. The first three months were spent about New York Harbor experimenting and perfecting our apparatus, by daily and nightly signals, between Fort Hamilton on the Narrows, and Sandy Hook, and Navesink Highlands. Then, everything being satisfactory, we went to Washington and exhibited the system to the Military Committees of the House and Senate, which resulted in the passage of a law creating a "Signal Corps" of which Surgeon A. J. Myer was made the head with rank of major.

I, at my own request, was returned to duty in my old corps, where I continued to serve until after the secession of Georgia, my native state. On May 1, 1861, I resigned, being then on duty at San Francisco, and I returned East via Panama, and arrived in Richmond on June 1st.

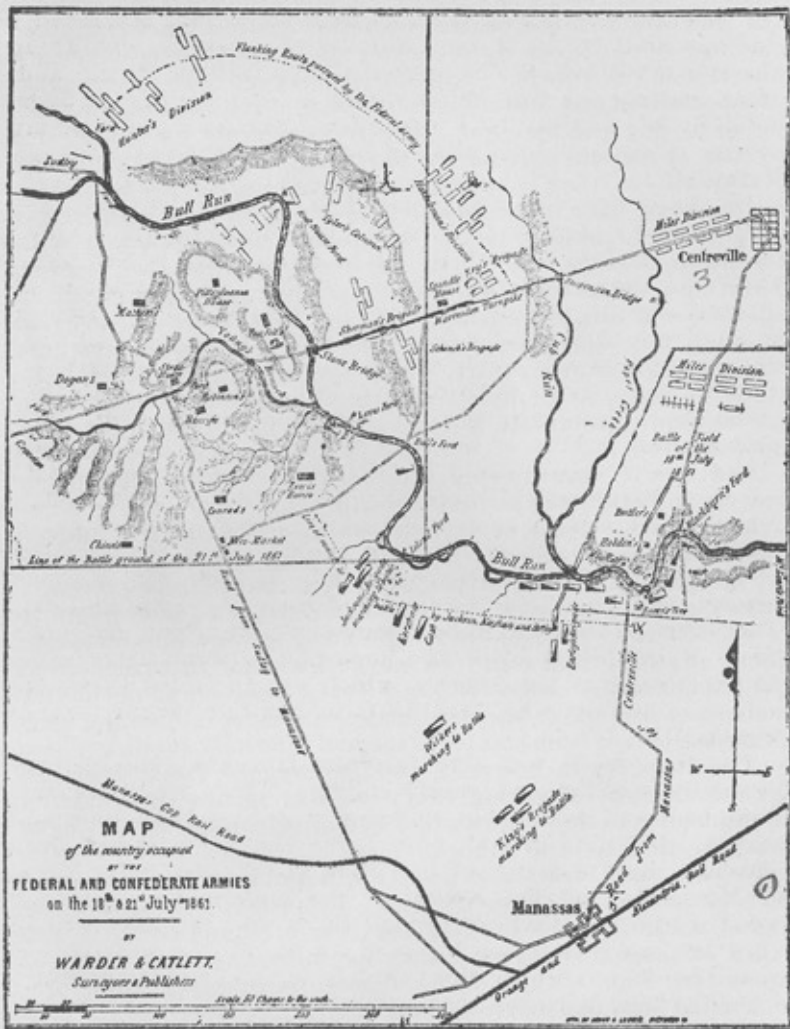
Confederate armies were being formed at that time in West Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley, at Manassas Junction, at Yorktown and at Norfolk. On arrival, I was promoted captain of engineers, and several applications were made for me for different positions, but President Davis had been chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate when Maj. Myer and I had appeared before it, on a number of occasions, exhibiting the military signals; so he refused all applications for me, and, after making me put in operation a little factory of flags, torches, &c., on July 1st I was ordered to take myself and my system of signals to the army of Gen. Beauregard at Manassas Junction.

On June 29th Gen. McDowell had submitted to the War Department a plan for an advance upon Manassas Junction, to be begun on July 8th, which had been accepted. Most fortunately for the Confederates, however, the Federal army, with all its resources, was not ready to start till July 16th. Twenty miles of marching, and a preliminary skirmish, used up four days more, and only on July 21st was the battle delivered.

So on my arrival at Manassas, July 2, 1861, I really had much more time to install my system of signals than I expected; for "rumors of the foe's advance" now swelled upon almost every breeze, and I lost no time. I had brought with me from Richmond all necessary flags, torches, glasses &c., and the first thing was to select men. I soon made acquaintances among the officers and got the names of about fifteen bright young privates who might later be promoted as signal officers, and I had them detailed and assigned to me for duty. They were at once put upon a course of instruction and practice. Meanwhile, I procured a horse and between times began an exploration of the country, which was to be our theatre of action, to find out what facilities it offered to establish lines of signals.

The topography was very far from favorable: the country generally was flat and gently rolling. There were but few large bodies of woods, but very many medium sized ones and very much second growth pine. Our line of battle had been chosen along the stream of Bull Run, about three miles North of Manassas, and the course of the stream was generally wooded and bordered with small fields and pastures, giving very few open stretches. I was not at all sanguine that I would be able to render any valuable service, but fortunately, I had the time to make a thorough search of the whole country, and, as will be seen, one line which I opened up disclosed the vital secret of the enemy's strategy, in time to allow it to be successfully met.

About a mile East of the little village of Manassas, on the farm of a Mr. Wilcoxon, I found a high rocky point, covered with cedars, but having a good outlook over a valley to the North and West. I made this point a central station, and by



MAP
of the country occupied
by the
FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES
on the 18th & 21st July 1861.

WARDER & CATLETT,
Surveyors & Publishers



cleaning it off and by some clearing at other points, I got two straight six mile ranges; one Northwest to a bluff over Bull Run Valley on our extreme left, a short ways above the Stone Bridge (by which the Warrenton turnpike crossed Bull Run), and the other North to Centreville, about three miles beyond the Run, opposite our centre. Another station was found near the Run, opposite our right centre; and a fourth near our headquarters in the village. This was the utmost that the topography permitted and I established them and set the men to practicing by day and by night. It is not necessary for me to refer to the operations preceding the 21st. Early that morning McDowell's turning column was approaching Sudley Ford, two miles above the Confederate left at Stone Bridge; and after a very early breakfast, Gens. Beauregard and Johnston, with their united staffs, started to the front, opposite their centre. They had sent orders to Ewell, on their extreme right, to advance and turn the enemy's left, but these orders miscarried in some way and were never received. Consequently there was no action in our centre, which was waiting in vain for the right to begin, and ample time was allowed McDowell's turning column to complete its long march, and to make the fight upon our left.

And now I may introduce the incident which this paper records in detail for the first time.

As the rather large party, with an escort of couriers, moved down the road soon after breakfast, Gen. Beauregard called me to him, and directed me to take a courier and go to my central signal station on the hill near Wilcoxen's house, and to remain there in general observation and to send him messages about anything that could be seen. I was far from pleased at the receipt of the order, for I had hoped to accompany the two generals throughout the day, and the chances of seeing anything important from this place seemed infinitely small. There was no help for it, however, and Beauregard deserves credit for the thought of taking every possible means of acquiring prompt information. If we had had a balloon this would have been the time to send it up.

By rare good luck the Wilcoxen hill had a particularly good outlook beyond the Stone Bridge. From it could be seen our signal station on the bluff in the rear of Stone Bridge. Six miles off, and then beyond that for miles the level valley of upper Bull Run, with its fields, fences, pastures &c., was foreshortened into one narrow band of green. I arrived on Wilcoxen's hill about eight a. m. After a careful study, with the glass, of the whole field I fixed the glass upon the Stone Bridge station and got from the operator there some details about the developments of the morning. While I was reading the motions of his flag, the sun being low in the East, and I looking toward the West, from up in the narrow band of green above the flag, the faintest twinkle of light caught my eye.

My eyes were always remarkably quick and good, and I had had long training with the glass. It was but a single flash, but the color was that of brass, and the shape a horizontal line. It could be nothing but the reflection of the morning sun from the side of a brass gun. I brought my glass very carefully to bear exactly, and presently made out a little swarm of still fainter glitters and I knew that it was a column of bright musket barrels and bayonets.

It was about 8:45 a. m., and I had discovered McDowell's turning column, the head of which at this hour was just arriving at Sudley, eight miles away. I at once appreciated how much it might mean, and I thought it best to give Gen. Evans, in command at the Stone Bridge, immediate notice, even before sending word to Beauregard. So I signalled Evans quickly, "Look out for your left, you are turned." Gen. Evans afterwards told me that the picket which he had had at Sudley, being driven in by the enemy's advance guard, had sent a messenger and the two messengers, one with my warning, and one with the report of the picket, reached him simultaneously. The two reports coming together, from different sources, thoroughly impressed him with the gravity of the situation, and he acted immediately, and with excellent judgment. He left four companies of his command to occupy the enemy (Tyler and his three brigades), in his own front, and with the remainder of his force, (6 Cos. of the 4th S. Ca. and Wheat's La. Battalion) he marched to oppose and delay the turning column, sending word at the same time of his movements to Col. Cocke, next on his right. In his official report Evans warmly thanks Col. Robt. Wheat (who had been an old Fillibuster), for sound advice on the field, and I have no doubt that Wheat was consulted and advised with here. Poor fellow, he fought as well as he advised and fell shot through both lungs. He recovered, but at his next fight, Gaines Mill, eleven months after, he fell leading a charge, and could only exclaim, "Bury me on the field, boys."

Having sent Evans my brief notice of his immediate danger, I wrote a note to Gen. Beauregard which I can quote, I believe, verbatim, as it was framed after my idea of what the reports of reconnoitring officers should be—the exact mathematical truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I kept no copy of it, but its impression upon my own brain was very vivid, and it was about as follows: "I see a body of troops crossing Bull Run about two miles above the Stone Bridge. The head of the column is in the woods on this side. The rear of the column is in the woods on the other side. About a half mile of its length is visible in the open ground between. I can see both infantry and artillery."

When I had it written, it looked very tame for notice of the great event I took it to be; but I gave it to my courier and sent him off at a gallop, with some two and a half miles to go.

Gen. Beauregard, in his report of the battle, does not mention the receipt of this note, but says generally that I gave him "seasonable and material assistance early in the day with my system of signals."

Gen. Johnston is a little more explicit, and says: "About eight o'clock Gen. Beauregard and I placed ourselves on a commanding hill in rear of Gen. Bonham's left. Near nine o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a large body of troops was crossing the valley of Bull Run some two miles above the bridge. Gen. Bee, who had been placed near Col. Cocke's position, Col. Hampton with his Legion, and Col. Jackson, from a point near Gen. Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank."

Bee's force comprised the 4th Ala., 2nd Miss. and the 7th and 8th Ga. The Hampton Legion was one regiment, and Jackson had five regiments, the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, 33rd Va. So in all ten regiments, with an average distance of about three miles to go, were now en route to reinforce Evans with his one regiment and a half.

I need proceed no further in the history of this battle, though it included the sending of several other signals, and other matters of interest which concerned our knowledge of what was taking place.

It is known of all men that the delay made by the troops above mentioned gave time for the arrival of the brigades of Early and Kirby Smith and two regiments of Bonham's and that their arrival changed a defeat into victory. As the sending of these troops to the left was caused by the timely discovery of the enemy upon that flank, it must fairly be attributed to the operation of the system of signals. And as to the value of that victory in moral effect upon the Confederate army and people, those who have fully appreciated the immense power given by "Morale" to an army, will realize that that victory laid a foundation of Morale without which our subsequent victories—prolonging the war for four years—would have been almost, if not quite, impossible.

THE LAST SIGNAL MESSAGE OF THE WAR.

BY THE ONE WHO SENT IT.

[The narrator of this thrilling story served three years in the ranks of the 4th Connecticut Infantry and 1st Connecticut Artillery. He was then commissioned by President Lincoln in the Signal Corps. The picture represents him in the full uniform of a signal lieutenant. Since 1868 he has been engaged in law and real estate in Manassas, Va.]



GEORGE. C ROUND.

IT was the 13th of April, 1865, precisely four years (to an hour) from the capitulation of Fort Sumter. I had been a soldier of the Union for four years lacking seven days. At that time I found myself riding with a small signal detachment in the advance of the armies which had swept from the valley of the Mississippi to the sea and were then turning from the sea toward the mountains. On the afternoon of that day after a march of twenty-one miles, we entered Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. We found that Kilpatrick's cavalry had been there before us and passed through the city.

Near the centre of the city was a square occupied by the two buildings of the Raleigh Academy, now the location of the Governor's Mansion. I saw an old gentleman on the grounds, who proved to be Professor Lovejoy, the principal. He told me he was a native of Vermont, had come to North Carolina as a teacher, and was concerned for the safety of his family.

I must here explain that the uncle after whom I was named had been since his college days a teacher in Georgia and the Carolinas. His boys had volunteered in the Confederate service at the same time my brother and I had taken up arms for the Union. And at that very hour I knew that somewhere in North Carolina the family of my favorite uncle was in circumstances similar to Prof. Lovejoy's. Of course I at once took a lively interest in the matter and said what I could to calm his

fears. Professor Lovejoy spoke especially of the burning of Columbia. I told him I was not in that part of the army and did not know the facts about that event, but I could assure him that the most stringent orders had been issued by Gen. Schofield, my immediate commander, for the protection of non-combatants and particularly on the subject of fire. I further told him I was looking for a camping place for the night, and that I would like to pre-empt his grounds for our signal corps before the larger bodies of infantry and artillery came into the city. Professor Lovejoy seemed pleased with the arrangement and readily assented.

I had pitched a cosy encampment under the trees of the academy and had sent, with my compliments, a small package of "genuine coffee" to Mrs. Lovejoy, and that estimable lady had just reciprocated with a few early vegetables for a supper then impending, when I received an order from the headquarters of General Schofield, then commanding the Army of the Ohio, to establish a signal station at once on the dome of the capitol, about two squares distant.

I cast a longing glance at the fleshpots boiling under the trees and repaired to the capitol. A provost marshal's office, under the charge of Capt. John R. Thomas of Illinois, had just been opened on the lower floor, in order to secure to soldiery and citizens the benefits of military law, in the absence of the civil authority. I looked around to find some one who had charge of the building. The provost knew as little about it as I. We found the Senate chamber and Representatives' hall, but no Senators or Representatives. Even the Governor and janitor had stepped out, and not a soul could I find to give me the slightest idea of how I was to reach the dome. It was not without some fear and trembling that I went rummaging around the large, strange edifice. I could not be certain but the capitol was a "Grecian horse," which at any moment might swarm armed men from its halls and corridors to sweep us from the face of the earth. I was fortunate enough, however, to find in a closet two bits of candle, which were useful in exploring the dark passages as we worked our way upward. Finally we emerged to the flat roof of the building. I raised my signal flag, placed a man on the lookout and went to inspect the dome. I expected to find stone steps, or at least an iron ladder, by which I could reach the top; but not the slightest thing could I see to suggest that such a trip was ever made by visitors. I then went down into the building again and endeavored to find an inside passage to the dome, but I failed for the best of reasons—there was none.

It was after dark when I returned to the roof, tired, hungry and discouraged. I found there my orderly, William Cobb, whom I had left with our horses at the camp. He was a bright, beardless boy of eighteen, still living in Oxford, N. J., and I was much attached to him. The supper which he brought me

worked a wondrous change in my feelings. I had just finished eating it, when I saw with alarm a conflagration bursting forth, over the trees that obscured the city. I at once thought of the Lovejoys and dispatched the following to my down stairs neighbor:

"8:30 P. M.

"From the State Capitol Signal Station.

"To the Provost Marshal of Raleigh:

"A large fire is now raging in the city about 20 degrees East of South. It appears to be three-fourths of a mile distant and spreading. 2342,

"Lieut. and Signal Officer."

Let me here explain that each signal officer in the army had his "call," by which he was recognized. My "call" was "2342."

My first impression was that the fire was caused by the wanton excesses of our own soldiers, and I was concerned for the non-combatants under our temporary protection and for our soldiery name. My second surmise was that it was part of the strategy of our adversaries to call attention from a night or morning attack. I began again to study and contrive how I could get a ladder or other means of scaling the dome. One-half the horizon was now hidden from our station, and that half was toward the retiring Confederates. Had the fire occurred on that side I could not have seen it. I walked nervously around the great dome to the other side and watched there alone. The fire had subsided, the hoarse shouts of the provost guard fighting back the flames had ceased, the tired army was sleeping, and I held the most important post among the guards that watched while they slept.

At this point let me say that I subsequently ascertained that the building which burned was an old saddle factory, and that the fire was accidental. Fortunately, it was situated apart from other buildings. I think no one was disposed to attach any blame to our army in connection with the conflagration.

In order that you may clearly understand the events which are detailed hereafter, and which to me were of the greatest possible importance, I ask your careful attention to a brief description of the capitol. It stood at the junction of the four main avenues of the city, built of a light-colored stone in the massive style usual for good public buildings, well proportioned and surmounted by a beautiful dome. Its shape was that of a Grecian cross, and in the centre, reaching from the ground floor to the summit of the dome, was the lofty rotunda. The dome rose from the roof, first in heavy stone abutments or steps, and from the highest of these in a graceful curve to a small circular stone work on top, above and around which ran a light iron railing.

After watching a time in silence, I again made a circuit of the dome, this time on the projection from which the curve began. I watched and felt in the darkness for notches which would support the footsteps of a climber, but found the dome covered by a smooth copper roofing. Suddenly in my circuit I

ran against something. It was the lightning rod. I grasped the rod firmly. It was about an inch in diameter, rough and rusty. I got a good grip, one that would not slip. I began to raise myself, and the blood tingled through my veins as I felt myself on my upward journey. I went hand over hand till I reached one of the iron supports which held the rod to the dome. There I hung in midair, debating whether I should go back for the assistance of my men. I saw, however, that already I was over the worst of it, and as the curve grew less steep I could help myself with my feet. I pulled off my boots and stockings and let them slide down the dome. Then, turning my eyes upward, I grasped the rod with a tighter grip and with a few rapid movements, part pulling and part running. I easily shot upward till, in less time than I write it, I stood where the dome was nearly horizontal, and straightened up beside the stone work which encircled the top. Here I halted to take breath and observations.

I found the stonework ten or twelve feet in diameter and about the height of my sword-belt. The iron railing on top was about as high as my head. I put my hand through the railing and felt the inside edge of the stone, beyond which was a descent as far downward as where my feet rested, and I could discern the dim outline of a cone-shaped roof on the inside by the light of the red moon, which was just rising. I seized the railing with my left hand and the lightning rod with my right, and, both appearing firm, I pulled myself up on the stone work, threw my left foot over the railing, and what had appeared impossible was accomplished. I had begun the ascent in great excitement, but as I progressed rapidly my nerves became steady, and I now stood above every earthly object, flushed with the pride of a great success.

Round and below me lay lovely Raleigh, embowered in a forest of murmuring shade. Through rifts in the leafy clouds, her homes peered here and there in the increasing moonlight. Away on my right smoldered the ruins of the burning building. Farther to the Southwest loomed up a huge asylum, where dwelt the unfortunates of peace, made doubly unfortunate by war. I swept with my eyes the full circle of the horizon and scanned as closely as possible every field and wood, as the moon, just past its full, beamed fuller and clearer upon them. But I could see no sight and hear no sound that suggested aught of war, save the occasional outbreak of an army mule and the footfall of a single sentinel on the pavement below. I knew that somewhere behind those quiet fields to the North and West, at some distance beyond those glowering forests, to me unknown, crouched the grim hero of Bull Run and Fair Oaks, and that his orders were to "concentrate every available force and drive back Sherman." And I knew he would do it if mortal could. I remembered that only twenty-five days before he had pounced on one of our columns and how all that

momentous Sunday and late into the night we heard the roar of his guns, while we were at Kinston, fifty miles away. This we afterwards knew as the battle of Bentonville. I had no reason to believe he would show our column any less attention should the opportunity offer. I decided to go down to the room where my men were sleeping, rouse them and move my station to the top at once.

Before descending, however, I desired to explore more carefully the inside of the circle where my station must be located, in order to bring up on my return anything needed for the convenience of the station. So I put my other foot over the railing and leaped gently to what I supposed to be the solid top of the dome. I heard a sudden crash, and the top of the dome gave way beneath my feet. I had actually jumped into the circular glass skylight which lighted the top of the great rotunda.

It is a wise provision of nature that the human eye will close quicker than powder will flash, and that the human hand will seek means of safety without the process of reasoning. As I leaped from the stone work I had my left hand on the railing. The next instant I found myself grasping at railing and stone work and heard the broken glass of the skylight ring sharply on the stone floor of the rotunda, one hundred feet below me. The next day I found that my reckless descent had been interfered with materially by a dark wire netting, which had sufficed first to prevent my seeing the window sash and glass, and, second, to partially support my weight until I could lay hold of something more solid. I did not, however, stop then to take any more observations, but pulled myself back to the stone work, drew a long breath and slid down the lightning rod from my lofty perch to the stone below. Here I took an account of stock. I found myself about as before the ascent, plus a terrible fright, a lacerated wrist, and, on the next day, a lame shoulder.

Having failed to establish my station on the dome, I had to content myself with adhering to the spirit of my orders as nearly as possible. I therefore instructed the lookout to walk around the dome every quarter of an hour, and to wake me if anything unusual happened. I then laid down on the roof to sleep.

By daylight the next morning Higgins (the ingenious man of my detachment), had made a raid on a dilapidated fence for boards. He tied the horses' halters together for a rope, and before breakfast we had a platform over the broken skylight. Then we drew up our "signal kit" and tied our station flag to the lightning rod, as notice to the world that we were ready for business.

And we were not a minute too soon, for while regulating the focus of my glass the "lookout" pointed me to a little flag

waving at a lively rate. "11-5" I shouted, and the flagman waved in a twinkling my nod of recognition. And who do you think sent the message? It was "Old Tecumseh" himself. I copy from my message-book before me, *verbatim et figuratim*.

"8:45 A. M.

"From Signal Station,
"Near Governor's Palace.

"To 2342:

"General Sherman desires that you report to these headquarters all that you see and hear of the moving columns, their distance and direction.

2314."

My flagman flashed back "14-1434," which means "O. K."

Soon new troops came pouring in. With my telescope, conveniently mounted, I could readily distinguish what flags they bore and, generally, to what corps and division they belonged. Evidently "Tecumseh" had summoned his warriors to meet him here in council. Before the day closed, the Army of the Ohio, the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee filled all the stretch of country around, and at night their blazing camp fires lit up earth and heaven, while their drum-beats and martial airs rolled in from every direction.

And all day long my little flag "wagged its tongue." I never saw it in such humor. It never made any mistakes that day. It waved beautifully and rapidly, too. Sometimes it took three or four of us to keep up with it. It waved first this way, then that, and then another, with a nod for everybody and everything, at every point of the compass. It waved for "generals" and for "privates"; for the "staff" and the "line"; for citizens and soldiers; for refugees, for freedmen, and even for the mules. "General orders" and "Special orders" from every imaginable "headquarters"; congratulations to friends and condolences for the sick and the dying. It was indeed a red letter day for the little flag, and no wonder. No other flag ever had such a station and probably no other ever will in the history of the world.

Near the close of that day we received orders to march early the next morning. I succeeded in getting another lieutenant to take my post for an hour and I sallied forth into Raleigh to find some one who could give me information concerning my uncle's family. I succeeded in finding a clergyman, Rev. Mr. Pell, who knew them well and assured me that they were in fairly comfortable circumstances for the times. He also expressed the opinion that Johnston would accept the same terms that had been granted Lee, and I judged from his tone that he had some inside information on the subject. Sure enough, our marching orders were during the night countermanded.

During the negotiations for peace General Sherman reviewed his army in the streets of Raleigh. The review took several days, and on one day General Grant was present. The generals stood on Fayetteville street, near the market house. It was indeed an historic group that I viewed through my glass

from the top of the capitol, including besides Grant and Sherman all the corps commanders of the various armies. I undertook the job of counting the army as it passed. There were, in all, 72,343 men, not including Kilpatrick's cavalry, the sick and the guards in the camp, and perhaps a few advanced regiments. If such a feat was ever before attempted I do not know it. I counted the front of each platoon or company division, then counted the number of ranks, did a little multiplying, added a few for the staff and the file closers, and by that time the regiment was gone and another was sweeping on.

On the 17th of April I was writing a letter in the Senate chamber when a signal lieutenant entered in great excitement and told me that Lincoln and Seward had been assassinated at Ford's theatre. A few weeks before, as Schofield's corps had been passing through Washington on their way from Nashville by rail, I had heard Wilkes Booth play Richard III at Ford's, and the awful tragedy rose distinctly before my vision. The news came by telegraph to Morehead City, as I understood it, and thence by rail and messenger. Soon after the telegraph line was interrupted and it was several days before we could get any corroboration or details.

Orders were issued by the general to put on mourning for our illustrious chief. The officers attached crape to their swords and the regimental colors were draped in black. Our regular station flag was white, with a red centre. Besides this style we had red flags and black flags, each with a white centre. I took one of my black flags and gave it to a tailor in my detachment and directed him to sew a wide black strip around the station flag.

About a week afterward, Rev. Mr. Pell informed me that I had been the cause of considerable terror in the city, and I found that my attempt to put on mourning had been interpreted as the raising of the black flag. Subsequently the provost informed me that Governor Holden, accompanied by a number of women and children, had gone to General Schofield's headquarters, where the staff officers explained the matter to them and laughed away their fears. All this time I was utterly oblivious to what was going on. I can not think, however, that the consternation was general.

On the thirteenth night after we entered Raleigh I sat at my station to a late hour. The myriad bands had played with unwonted sweetness, closing as if by common consent with "Home, Sweet Home." The "tattoo" had rolled round the wide circle of my vision and 100,000 men had answered to evening roll-call. "Taps" had sounded, the camp fires burned low and the lights had gone out in the homes of Raleigh. Still, though then with no apparent necessity, I watched over the silent hosts committed to my charge. My post had a charm for me and I had become attached to the citizens, who seemed in some vague manner under my special watch care. As if

lifted up from earth, in the very presence of mysterious constellations, I mused over life and its problems, the unrolling present and oncoming future.

I was gazing Westward. I knew that at some point beyond where the sun had set five hours before the two great chieftains were in consultation under a flag of truce. And I felt at that silent hour the prayers of estranged millions ascending to heaven that bloodshed might cease.

Suddenly I heard far out to the front the sharp click of a horse's hoof. "Some drunken cavalrymen out of camp," I thought. Clearer and nearer it came. I became impressed that it was no ordinary messenger, and sent word to the provost to look out for the intruder. But straight on toward us it came; nor did it stop till reined up at the capitol. And when the lookout returned he shouted as he flew up the lightning rod: "Hurrah! The war is over!"

I wrote at once to Captain Russell, my chief signal officer, and in a few minutes received permission to expend one-half my stock of signal rockets. They were of beautiful colors, some of them changing many times as they floated in mid-heaven. I arranged them in such an order as to announce the glad tidings which would be "of great joy to all people." The watchman would bring the rocket and stand it in position on the edge of the platform, while I stood on the dome, outside the circle of safety, and holding on with my right hand, would reach through the railing with my left and touch off the rocket. I would then walk backward along the railing, beyond the reach of danger. After sputtering awhile, the rocket, throwing downward a tremendous shower of sparks and smoke and wind, would, with a mighty rush, speed away upward for the stars.

We had spelled out the word "P-e-a-c-e," when one of the most eventful circumstances of my life took place. It seemed as if some demon of war was determined to stop the proceedings and some kind angel was at hand for my deliverance. The next rocket was a "pause signal," to denote the end of a word. It sputtered and went suddenly out—or so it appeared. After some waiting, I scratched another match and walked carefully around the dome and was putting my left hand through the railing, when suddenly, with no premonition whatever, it exploded with terrific force and shot into air, casting its hot and hellish blast of cinders and flame full into my upturned face.

For the instant I forgot everything. I only knew that the hot simoon was sweeping around me. Instinctively I loosened my hold and sprang back into space. The next instant I felt myself reeling and falling, as it seemed to me then, half-way down the dome. In that terrible moment I fully realized my situation. I thought of the great stones below me and how I would bound lifeless from them to the ground below.

Fortunately, I sprang back in the same direction I had ap-

proached the point of danger. My course was a tangent to the circular stone work and directly in my line of retreat stood my old friend, the lightning rod, which I saw and grasped by the light of the ascending meteor. It was all the work of an instant. The watchman caught me and helped me over the railing, and I threw myself breathless on the platform.

After this second escapade with the dome, I again took account of stock. My eyes were all right, but I was minus two eyebrows, two sets of eye winkers, a portion of my hair and the down I then called whiskers. I was plus a face that more nearly resembled a boiled lobster than a human countenance. Worse than all, for a boy like me, I was not presentable to the fair daughters of Raleigh for several days.

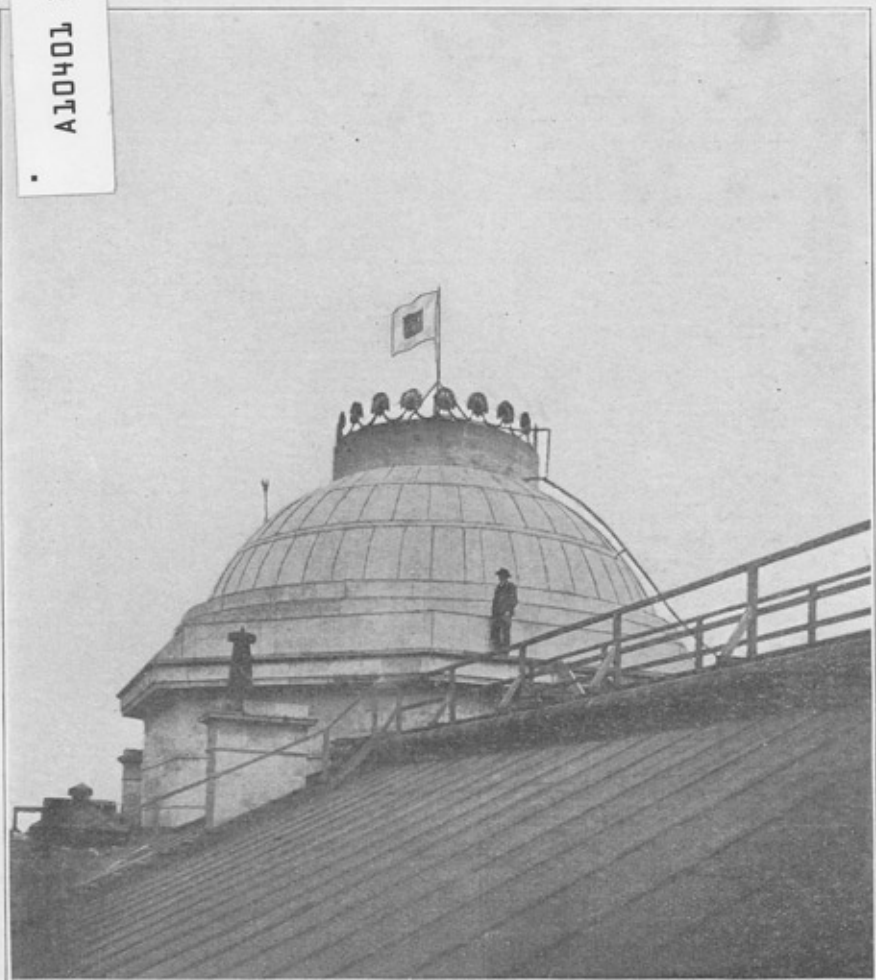
When I climbed back to the platform I had no more idea of continuing the celebration than I had of flying to the moon. But when I saw, after about three minutes, that my injuries were all on the surface, I determined to have it out.

And so it happened, that after a pause not provided for in the "Manual of Signals," I renewed my rocket-message-extraordinary to the armies of the West and the good people of the Old North State.

Everything now worked smoothly. Rocket after rocket sped away to the zenith. In the silences that intervened I could hear the opening of windows below me and gentle household voices seemed to say, "Watchman, what of the night?" And I knew that for them my answer meant, "The morning cometh." I thought I heard the distant murmur of the camps, as though the army was waking from its slumber and each soldier was pointing his comrade, with whisperings of joy, to the angel of peace hovering over them; and I know that one outpost of the Army of the Tennessee caught the full spirit of the vision, for without the fear of army regulations in mind, they sent such a shout across field and forest as the shepherds might have uttered when, over Bethlehem's plains, they saw the angel convoy of the Prince of Peace, while those skilled in the "cipher code" of freedom thrilled as they read in the fiery heavens—

"Peace on earth, good will to men.

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RALEIGH, N. C., APRIL 26, 1865.

THE END