

War Heroes Who Are At Rest in Omaha

"There go those Nebraskans again and all h—l couldn't stop them," remarked General Hale more than a year ago and the regiment is still going. The dash which the volunteers displayed before Marilao they have put into the more prosaic tasks of life and the twelve companies are scattered, each soldier to his duty, throughout the breadth of the state. On May 30, however, any who boast of having fought under Stotsenburg or even of wearing the red and black button of the Eighth army corps will be found in Omaha if he is within striking distance of the city, for Company L will pay tribute to his dead.

In the company's reserve at Prospect Hill cemetery lie four bodies. The other five who fell were claimed by relatives out of the city. Close together are the resting places of Meynard E. Sayles, Francis E. Hansen and Ralph W. Kells, the grave of Captain Lee Forby lying to one side. No Decoration day is needed to keep their memories green. The grave of Forby is marked by a handsome headstone, erected by his father, C. H. Forby of this city. The others are merely designated by a block of granite, but within a year the young veterans purpose to build a lofty monument on the site.

The fate of Kells was a notable one, as he was the first Nebraskan fallen in the Philippines. That is believed to mean that his blood was the first to be shed in the native insurrection. On the night of February 4, when the enemy had massed in large numbers to the front, the Nebraskans, as often afterward, bore the brunt of the fighting. All through the night Kells held his place and just at daybreak fell with a mortal wound. Kells' home was in South Omaha, where his mother, sister and brother now live.

Private Sayles saw nearly two months of the fighting and fell in the midst of a gallant charge. "The insurgents had crossed the river on March 27," said Captain Richards of Company L, "and made an attack on our line before Marilao. The Nebraskans and a part of the Dakotians were alone able to meet them in any sort of regimental formation. I was within three feet of Sayles when he was struck. 'These spent Filipino balls sting, don't they?' he remarked coolly giving an instinctive movement as if brushing a fleck of dust from his blouse.

How Modern Heroes Die.

"The bullet was spent, as he said, but it still had sufficient force to tear an ugly wound in his breast. Sayles kept his place in the charge for several minutes and then, as I saw him falter, I called to Captain Taylor and went on with the men. That was the last time I ever saw Sayles alive. He was taken to the hospital at Manila and his wound seemed to be healing, when he was stricken with typhoid fever. In his weakened condition he was unable to withstand the ravages of disease and died a month later on the hospital ship. Sayles was very popular among the boys and his love of music brightened many a weary hour of camp life."

Rev. Newton M. Mann, who had been his pastor, paid a high tribute to the young volunteer. "He fulfilled the mission to which he was called," he said, "in such fashion as to bring honor to his country and the name he bears. His blood was shed in a worthy cause."

Francis Hansen died two days after Sayles and, like his comrades whose bodies repose on either side of him, he had just entered his majority. He was stricken on a day full of casualties for Company L. Captain Taylor, who had been shot in the arm, was forced to retire for a day to have his wound dressed. The fight proceeded on March 25 and Crawford was shot in the side just above the hip. Koopman and Pegau were hit in the shoulder and Fay in the arms and leg. Hansen was struck in the arm, but bound up the wound and went on with his work. In a few days the wound became inflamed and he was sent to the hospital, where Auchmoedy tenderly cared for him. Hansen's death was also due to disease when his wound had undermined his strength.

On the same day Baehr and Fanning were shot through their sleeves in the charge. Hall was struck by a bullet on the belt buckle and Fritscher was slightly wounded in the left hand. Mason, Murray and Herb Taylor each had hand-to-hand combats with the enemy and each mastered his opponent.

Early in the morning of March 25 Colonel Stotsenburg notified General Hale that he was ready to move on Malolos and at 5:30 a. m. the colonel gave the command, "Forward," moving out with the South Dakotas. The enemy was routed from its well built trenches in front of San Francisco del Monte, leaving its dead and wounded behind. In the charge Captain Forby received a bullet through the abdomen, which resulted in his death three days later. Sergeant Walter Poor was instantly killed by a bullet through the head. On March 29 came the brief message to the family in Omaha, "Forby dead; Witte slight."

Captain Forby's military record is as follows: Second sergeant Thurston Rifles, December, 1893; third lieutenant, July, 1897; first lieutenant Thurston Rifles, —; adjutant, First Nebraska volunteers, May, 1898; captain Company G, January, 1899.

Civil War Veterans.

For the veterans of the civil war in whose honor Decoration day was set apart, ground has been dedicated in Forest Lawn at the summit of a slope overlooking the city and the Missouri valley. Though the bitterness of the struggle has long since died out of men's hearts, flowers are strewn on the

graves in loving acknowledgment of a task nobly done. In the circular plot of ample dimensions are the graves of 104 union veterans who have died in this city during the last twelve years.

The care of the graves has been assumed by the "Union Soldiers' and Sailors' Burial Corps of Douglas County," an organization made up of representatives of the three posts in this city, Grant, Crook and Custer. A large space has been left in the center for the monument still unbuilt and the avenues leading in three directions are named in honor of the three generals mentioned. The labor of building a monument has been undertaken by the Women's Relief corps and a good sum has already been laid aside for the purpose. The graves are now only marked by modest government headstones. The cannon were originally owned by the city and were later donated to the burial corps.

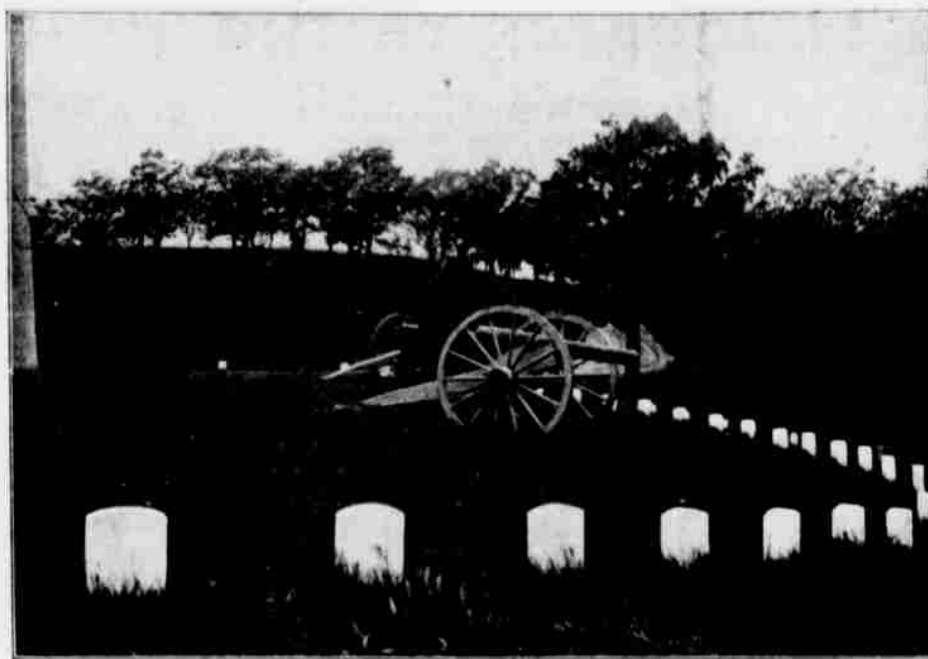
There are in Omaha nearly 700 union veterans, but not until 1888 was the decision reached to have a common burial place for the soldier dead. The prime movers in the plan were Champion S. Chase, James France, M. J. Feenan, J. P. Henderson, L. F. Maginn and B. R. Ball. Three representatives were selected by each of the Grand Army posts and these nine make up the burial corps. The present officers are as follows: G. P. Garlick, president; John P. Henderson, secretary; J. B. Sawhill, treasurer.

The monument association was inaugurated two years ago by the Women's Relief corps, the promoters being Mesdames Potter, Eastman, Hull, Henderson, Yule and Miss Feenan. The association hopes to secure \$15,000 for its purpose and expects to raise what is still lacking by public entertainments and subscription.

In Holy Sepulcher.

In the Holy Sepulcher cemetery, to the west of the city, lie the bodies of the Irish patriots who gave their unstinted service at the call of their adopted land. Principal among these is General Thomas Mulcahy, who made his home in Omaha from 1868 until his death in November, 1893. Although General Mulcahy had been breveted brigadier general "for gallantry and meritorious service during the war" he preferred to retain his old title of "colonel" and was known by that form of address until his death.

General Mulcahy was as modest in his private life as he was daring as a soldier. In September, 1862, he entered the service in his adopted country in the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth New York volunteers and participated in a long list of battles. In brief, his military career shows that he was promoted to be major in August, 1863, and lieutenant colonel in June, 1864. Then he was breveted colonel in March, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Fort Harrison, Va.," and was later breveted brigadier general in recognition of



GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC LOT IN FOREST LAWN CEMETERY—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

frame house that once stood on the site of the Barker block, Fifteenth and Farnam streets. Mulcahy was slightly wounded, but was able to hold the prisoner until help arrived.

The death of McCheane caused intense excitement in the community and on the night of the occurrence a lynching party was formed to deal out instant justice. A rope was procured and Dolan's fate would have been sealed had not the earnest plea of prominent citizens for law and order had its effect on the crowd. Judge Savage and Dr. George L. Miller were the men who stood between death and Dolan on that night.

Dolan was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary. Shortly after the beginning of his term, however, he managed to escape and defied all efforts at capture. His fate is unknown to this day.

Near the grave of General Mulcahy is that of General John O'Neil, a distinguished Irishman who bore his part in the war of the rebellion and the ensuing effort to win freedom for his native land. His grave has been marked through the efforts of the "O'Neil Monument association." Other graves worthy of a pilgrimage in the vicinity are those of General Butler, whose body was brought from Paris to its present resting place, and General George M. O'Brien.

Stories About Statesmen

In the Fifty-first congress, when Czar Reed first gained that title by his arbitrary decisions, Judge Culberson was one of his strongest supporters, although he gave the speaker no public endorsement, for political reasons. One afternoon, while the democrats were in a terrible tumult over a decision of the speaker, and the proceedings

side next to the audience, which had been nailed firmly to the upright posts at the corners and therefore had not gone down with the rest of the platform. Upon this plank Mr. Blaine promptly clambered, rose to his feet, calm and dignified as ever, and, stretching forth his hand to command silence, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, no matter what happens, I have found that there is always enough left of the republican platform to stand on. Such being fortunately the case on the present occasion, I will now go ahead and finish my speech, resuming the argument at the point I had reached when things took a drop."

And as soon as the shouts of laughter and applause had died away the witty statesman calmly proceeded to deliver the rest of his speech, not even forgetting a word of the peroration.

Judge David B. Culberson of Texas, whose death has just been announced in the newspaper dispatches, was a member of congress from the Fourth district of that state for more than twenty years and was considered one of the ablest men in the house of representatives. He had a quaint and homely way of putting things which gave his opinions more force than they would have

carried if they had been expressed in conventional language. For example, when the treaty of Paris was signed one of his former colleagues asked him what he thought the democratic party ought to do to prevent expansion.

"Expansion!" replied Judge Culberson, as he shifted his quid of tobacco to the other cheek; "I reckon we've done expanded and for one I don't like to see the democratic party hanging onto the shirt-tail of progress yelling 'Whoa!'"

Representative Gibson of Tennessee, a recent acquisition to the house, throws his head back while he is making a speech, says a writer in the current issue of Success, and talks directly at the ceiling. He is not very well acquainted with the other members and this circumstance caused him some embarrassment last month in his home district. He was a candidate for renom-



HOLY SEPULCHER CEMETERY—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

of the house were very near riot, a thunder storm came up. When the confusion was highest a blinding flash of lightning and a terrible crash of nature's artillery startled every soul on the floor and caused a profound silence. Judge Culberson, like everybody else, was deeply moved, but was the first to recover.

"That was God Almighty, sir, calling this house to order," he exclaimed in an impressive tone, addressing the speaker. Then turning to his colleagues, he said: "Now let us proceed to business like men."

It happened during one of the stumping tours back in the late '70s or the early '80s, says a writer in Lippincott's. Mr. Blaine was addressing an open-air meeting in a Massachusetts town. The speakers' platform, which had been hurriedly erected for the occasion, began to groan under its load of "distinguished citizens," and presently settled gracefully to the ground, tumbling the crowd on it together in an undignified heap, but doing no more serious damage than ruffling their hair and clothing and injuring their feelings.

When the crash was over Mr. Blaine was the first man on his feet. There chanced to be one solitary plank of the platform still left in position. This was the plank at the

many primaries and meetings. At one of the latter he met a prominent Tennessean who knows everybody in Washington. The following dialogue ensued:

"Do you know your fellow-member, Mr. Smith of Kansas? He is quite prominent, I understand."

"No-o, I can't say that I do."

"Well, you must know Mr. Brown of Massachusetts, the celebrated republican orator?"

"No, I really don't remember him."

"Strange! But you surely have met the celebrated Mr. Jones of Wyoming."

"Well, I've seen him in the house, of course, but—the fact is, they all know me!"

Our Fallen Heroes

We used to think the hero was a product of the past, That Washington, and Farragut, and Lincoln, were the last; That their names would stand forever at the bottom of the page, Since none might rise to glory in this bleak, prosaic age.

But, lo, a bugle sounded and a call "To arms!" was heard, A legion rose in readiness their sturdy limbs to gird, The men to the occasion like a wall of granite rose And fearlessly, intrepidly went out to meet their foes.

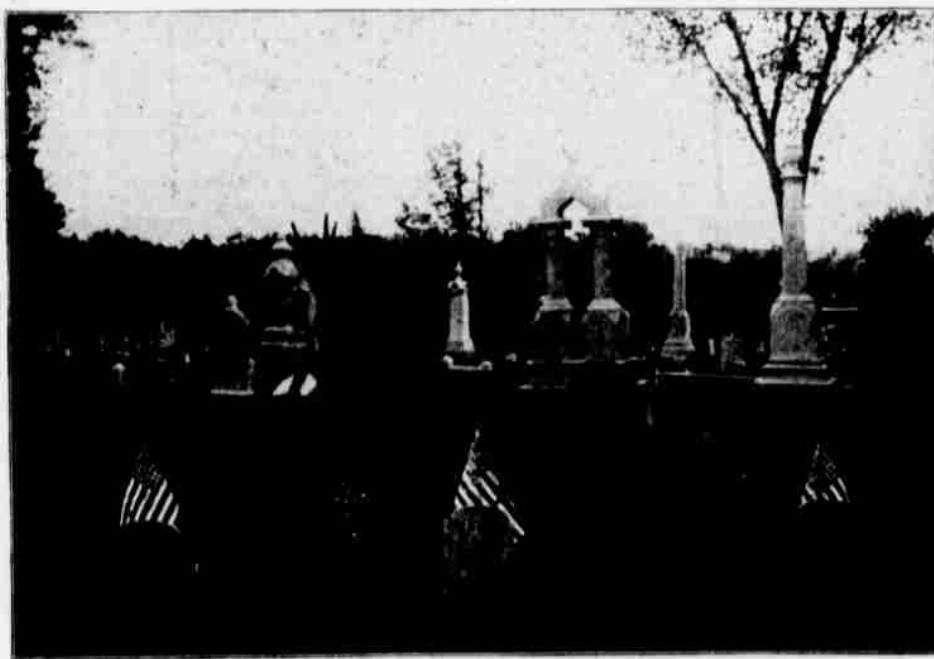
Whatever the opinion of the wrong or of the right Of sending sons and brothers to a foreign land to fight, We all agree that never were there men more brave and true Than those who sweetly slumber in the isles beyond the blue.

And when we meet together on the 30th of May, To lay a wreath of ivy over blue and over gray, We find another soldier just as good and just as great, The boy who died in Cuba in the days of '98.

We would not cull a blossom from the wreath of those who died Upon the fields of '61—long may their fame abide— But weave another garland for his dear and worthy mate, The man who died for glory in the year of '98.

And when the critic cavils that the men of later mold Are cast in less heroic size than were the men of old, Just name the First Nebraska boys, the glory and the pride Of all who love their country, and tell him how they died.

ISABEL RICHEY,
Plattsmouth, Neb., May, 1900.



GRAVES OF THREE FALLEN HEROES OF THE FIRST NEBRASKA IN PROSPECT HILL CEMETERY—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

his service during the whole three years. General Mulcahy was wounded before Petersburg in June, 1864, and in September of the same year was shot through the thigh by a shell at Chapin's farm.

General Mulcahy's was a familiar and respected personality to all of the veteran residents of the city and many excellent stories are told of his early residence here. In 1870, shortly after his arrival in Omaha, he began the practice of law and was soon afterward elected justice of the peace. The first case which came to his judicial attention was a complaint against a certain Dolan for felony. Mulcahy in his zeal as an administrator of the law gave his personal attention to the unearthing of evidence and finally went in company with Jerry McCheane, at that time a constable, to place Dolan under arrest.

The criminal was located in a small shanty at Twelfth and California streets and was surprised in his bed. He was surly when awakened, but apparently submissive and was ordered to dress. Under pretense of removed clothing from a satchel, Dolan seized an unguarded moment and sprang upon the officers with a huge knife. He was a powerfully built man and before McCheane could defend himself Dolan's weapon had pierced his body, inflicting a mortal wound. McCheane died a few hours later in the little



PROSPECT HILL CEMETERY—CAPTAIN LEE FORBY'S GRAVE—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.