

Prominent Omaha Veterans of the



DR. DON C. AYER ON DRESS PARADE.

TIME HAS silvered the hair of Omaha's civil war veterans and their step is not as elastic as it was thirty-five years ago when they were double-quicking over southern battlefields, but they are still young in spirit and delight in telling of their experiences in the war of the blue and the gray. Among the camp followers who did a real service for the country were the photographers who accompanied each regiment and secured for succeeding generations pictures of the youthful heroes who wiped out Mason and Dixon's line and gave the Stars and Stripes to the whole United States.

When the heroes of the Spanish war were sent upon their dangerous mission to Cuba and the Philippines the present generation imbibed in a measure the war spirit which prevailed in 1861. There was the breaking of home ties. Letters from camps in foreign lands were read with the same eagerness in homes which sent sons to the defense of the flag. The pictures of gallant boys in soldier uniforms were bathed with mothers' tears and compared with photographs of their sires which were taken at Gettysburg, Shiloh or Antietam.

The veterans of the Spanish war have had their inning. Trophies from Havana and Manila appear everywhere and there are few homes which do not contain the picture of some soldier relative or friend who helped to drive Spain from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. But in many of these homes there are less pretentious pictures—daguerrotypes with wornout covers and cracked tints—which have been laid aside for more recent photographs. From these old-fashioned pictures The Bee has collected soldier pictures of civil war veterans that the youthful heroes of the bloodiest war ever waged may be seen as they appeared while fighting for the preservation of the union. The boys who followed Lawton and Fitzhugh Lee in the campaigns against the Spaniards were fortunate in having for their leaders men who had learned the art of warfare while fighting with and against the heroes whose pictures we print in connection with this article.

During the early part of the war Mayor Frank E. Moores was a regimental adjutant and acted as captain of the band. Musicians who served under the mayor called him the serenading adjutant and never tire of telling how the mayor used to keep them on the jump when the regiment happened into a town of any size.

"Why that man Moores wouldn't be in a town half an hour till he knew where all the pretty girls lived," said a drummer who served under the mayor, "and then we'd start on our rounds. Strange thing, but I never knew of our band serenading a homely girl."

As a captain in the Eighth Ohio cavalry Mayor Moores campaigned through Tennessee and was afterwards in the Shenandoah valley with Sheridan. When General Longstreet started from Tennessee into Virginia Captain Moores was in the pursuing party. The army was not overfed at that time and

had a hard time picking up rations in a country through which Longstreet had just passed. Captain Moores gave the following description of how a fire-eating southern woman made the best corn pone he ever ate:

"We came to a rude cabin in the mountains near Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, and found a woman engaged in making some Johnnycake. Two of Longstreet's men who were suffering with smallpox lay in the solitary room of the cabin, but smallpox was an old song and we were looking for something to eat. The woman said we might have some of the cake if we cared to wait until it was baked and we were only too glad to take up her offer.

"I can see her yet. She was a coarse-featured, big Tennessee woman and



THIS IS MAYOR FRANK E. MOORES.

wore a homespun dress which was not long enough to conceal her bare feet and ankles. After stirring the cake up she placed it in a Dutch oven that stood on the floor by the fireplace and then marked figures on it with her big toe, much as cooks ornament a pie crust with thumb marks. Hot coals were heaped upon the oven and in a few minutes we had the most delicious corn pone I ever ate."

"The first engagement in which I participated was at Franklin, W. Va., when Stonewall Jackson attacked the brigade in command of General Robert Schenck, afterward known as 'Poker Bob.' Poker was not General Schenck's only accomplishment—he was the most forceful swearer ever heard. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the engagement at Franklin we were awakened by the swearing of General Schenck, who was indignant because all the men did not get out of their tents as soon



WHEN HEALTH COMMISSIONER VICTOR H. COFFMAN PRACTICED SURGERY ON THE BOYS IN BLUE.

as the long roll was called," said Edward Rosewater. "I was with the military telegraph service. As soon as convenient I asked General Schenck where he wanted the telegraph station located during the engagement.

"He looked at me for a moment. Then he pointed to an Ohio battery which was located in a commanding position. 'Do you see that battery?' he said. 'I'll send all my dispatches by it.'

"After the war General Schenck was sent as ambassador to Great Britain. He taught the British how to play poker and finally he wrote a book on the American game which gave him his sobriquet.

"The bloodiest engagement in which I took part was the second battle of Bull Run. At my own request I was



EDWARD ROSEWATER WORKED TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS ON THE FIELD

attached to the staff of General Pope, who announced that his headquarters were in the saddle. After Stonewall Jackson attacked Manassas I was ordered to go to that place, but when I was ready to start I found that my horse had been stolen. A short distance from the Rappahannock I saw an Indiana infantryman riding my horse and attempted to stop him. He evidently didn't like walking any better than I did, for he spurred up and was soon out of my reach. I was compelled to walk six miles over a rough, dangerous country, and the distance seemed ten times that great before I arrived in Manassas. After the fighting had continued three days I opened a telegraph office in a box car and es-

"It took us eleven hours to make the run.

"We huddled close together in our attempt to keep warm. Some of the men managed to sleep, but most of us



WILLIAM WALLACE ON THE FIRING LINE.

were so cold that we were compelled to keep moving. In a short time we were sent to Weston, Mo., and there we found plenty of secessionists to keep us warm under the collar. We joined the Army of the Tennessee, were in the rear of Vicksburg and ended up our service with Sherman."

"A white flag never looked so inviting to me as it did on the morning of February 15, 1862, when I saw by the dim light of early dawn that the stars and bars of Fort Donelson had given place to the flag of truce," said Charles H. Burmester. "During the preceding day we had fought our way to a position near the fort and we knew we must make our way into the fortifications. Trees had been felled and were piled with branches pointing toward



DAVID M. HAVERLY BEFORE HE THOUGHT OF BEING COUNTY CLERK.

us. There was no approach save through several narrow paths, upon which the guns were playing constantly.

"An attempt on the fort meant great loss of life and when we awakened that morning we expected to face the batteries and go over those walls at any cost, but the surrender, which gave to General Grant the sobriquet of 'Unconditional Surrender Grant,' spared us from the stubborn fight which was planned for the morning."

At the time the war broke out Mr. Burmester lived at St. Joseph, Mo., which he characterized as a "hotbed of copperheads." It was impossible to enlist in the union army there, so Mr. Burmester came up the river to Omaha and entered the First Nebraska infantry.

County Clerk D. M. Haverly was among the men who occupied an old



KING OF THE KNIGHTS OF AK-SAR-BEN—MAJOR R. S. WILCOX.

washed-out road on the battlefield of Shiloh and poured lead into the confederates with such deadly effect that they christened the spot "The Hornets' Nest." From 7:30 in the morning until 5 in the evening of that memorable day, April 6, 1862, four Iowa regiments held this abandoned road in the hope of being reinforced. They were protected from the fire of the enemy and held out until entirely surrounded.

"I shall never forget that morning," said Mr. Haverly in describing the battle. "It was Sunday, and as peaceful a day as one could wish for. All the surrounding hills were covered with peach blossoms, which perfumed the air. It was daylight by 5 o'clock, and there was a terrible quiet which every one seemed to realize was but a lull before a deadly contest. In a short



CHARLES E. BURMESTER IN HIS FIRST UNIFORM.

time the forces advanced into line of battle and the cannonading began. By 7:30 our regiment had advanced to the old road, where we lay during the entire day. Although we were commanded to retreat, we failed to receive the orders, and held out until captured by the confederates."

The Thirty-eighth New Jersey infantry was recruited by John Grant, who bore all the expenses of the company before it was mustered into the service and became its second lieutenant. Mr. Grant was offered the captaincy of the company, but declined this honor. He served under Colonel Sewell, who was afterward elected United States senator. He tells the following story of how Colonel Sewell's love of fast horses once saved him from falling into the hands of the confederates:

"In those days the senator was a great lover of fast horses and was the owner of a thoroughbred that could throw dust into the eyes of any other horse in the regiment. One afternoon Colonel Sewell, one of our majors and several others officers and myself were out riding. We ventured quite a distance from camp. The major had a horse which he thought could outrun the colonel's thoroughbred and challenged Sewell to a race.

"Colonel Sewell's sporting blood wanted nothing better and in a few minutes the two officers, followed by a bodyguard of thirty negroes, were far in advance of the rest of the party. We were moving leisurely along the