

# Camp, Field, and Prison.

Stories Told by Gallant

Boys in Blue.

1861-5.

## THEY WERE FIGHTERS FOUR

Record of Capt. Bird and His Three Brothers in the Great War of the Rebellion.

In our issue of last Saturday, August 18th, reference was made to the reunion of the Bird brothers which was to occur the next day. Family reunions are matters of frequent occurrence but this one has some features that are so unusual that it deserves more than a passing notice. The eldest two, Capt. William Bird and George M. Bird, and the youngest, Maj. E. W. Bird, are residents here and well known to the most of our citizens; but few who were not residents a score or more years ago have acquaintance with the other three, although they have visited here at more or less frequent intervals. Jas. W. Bird, who formerly resided here, now lives at Anacortes, Wash., Alexander Bird at Ellicottville, N. Y. and John P. Bird at La Crosse, Wis.

Two respects in which this reunion is unique are that all but the youngest were soldiers of the great civil war of 1861 to 1865 and although each has met all the others many times since then, yet they have not had the opportunity to sit down to a meal together since some time in the '60's. The recent meeting of the G. A. R. at Minneapolis has probably been the occasion of many reunions but we doubt whether there has been another like this where four brothers who participated in so many battles lived to greet each other 41 years after the close of that great struggle. We have observed among the G. A. R. two classes of men very dissimilar. In one are some whose service was very brief, who saw little or no actual fighting, but who make the most of their privilege of membership to say we, and are vociferous in their demands for recognition. In the other are men who actually did things, who faced death on many fields but who say little about the credit due them for the part they took in that great struggle. We do not need to say which class the Bird brothers belong. We believe that no one has ever heard one of them speak boastfully of his record in the war, although they are records of which any man might well be proud.

James W. Bird, 154th New York Volunteers.

Battle of Chancellorsville.

Battle of Gettysburg. (In the third volume of "New York at Gettysburg" published by the state of New York will be found this statement: "Lieut. Jas. W. Bird bore off the state colors of the 154th N. Y." Corps transferred to the West. Long sickness and at death's door with fever. Assigned to command of Headquarters Pioneers of 20th corps. In the winter of 1863-'64 and held this position to the close of the war.

Alexander Bird, 154th New York Volunteers.

Battle at Chancellorsville. (Typhoid fever prevented being with his regiment at Gettysburg. Was assigned on recruiting service from July 22, 1863 to March 1864.)

Battle of Mill Gap or Rocky Face Ridge. (Regimental loss very heavy. Eight of the nine men in the color guard were killed or wounded.)

- Battle of Raseca.
- Battle of Calhoun.
- Battle of Adair.
- Battle of Kingston.
- Battle of Pumpkin, Vine Creek or New Hope Church.
- Battle of Noses Creek.
- Battle of Pine Mountain.
- Battle of Lost Mountain.
- Battle of Brushy Mountain, Culp's Farm.

- Battle of Kenesaw Mountain.
- Battle of Golgotha Church.
- Battle of Nancy's Creek.
- Battle of Peach Tree Creek.

Siege of Atlanta. (This regiment on this campaign left Chattanooga about 300 strong and at the close had 56 rifles present for duty. With the exception of six or seven days had been under fire every day from the 5th of May to Sept. 1st.)

- Siege of Savannah.
- South Edisto.
- North Edisto.
- Battle of Bentonville.
- Battle of Averysborro.

The reunion has been greatly enjoyed by those taking part in it. Major E. W. Bird, who has charge of the Minn. state rifle team which is now at Seagirt, was obliged to return Sunday evening. Supt. Bird returned to La Crosse, Tuesday evening. The other brothers will be some days

to him, and I was taken to the hospital for treatment.

There was a member of the Tenth Iowa, his name I cannot now recall, taken prisoner with my son; they went



UP MISSIONARY RIDGE.

over the top of the ridge and down to the other side, passing through three lines of confederates that had been held there as reserves.

The flag that I carried to the summit of Missionary Ridge and back again that day was presented to the regiment by the ladies of New Philadelphia, O., and I have the flag in my possession to-day. I was the fourth man to enlist in company C; November 4, 1861, and was discharged February 14, 1865. I believe I am as old a color bearer as there is living, who started in 1861. I was born June 28, 1821.—Jacob Darst, in National Tribune.

## HICKS, PINE BLUFFS SPY.

His Capture by a Daring Cavalryman Graphically Described by Wisconsin Veteran.

I enlisted August 15, 1862, at the age of 17, in company C, Twenty-Eighth Wisconsin, was mustered out with the regiment at Brownsville, Tex., August 23, 1865. I would like to add a few lines as hearsay in regard to the Pine Bluffs spy. I was detailed at Gen. Clayton's headquarters, and had a chance to hear some of the particulars by which William Hicks came to his death. He was reported as coming from the outside in the early part of 1864, and opened up a repair boot and shoe shop and made his home at a private boarding house, kept by a widow and her two daughters. A number of union officers board-

light, and under square," she wrote; "I my son. He went out long and has not come met him?" ered. "Can we sleep he offered, and took us th them for two days. s Roberts, and they p.asant family. We y them all by touch, to ll over the house, and k in the dark." ated to get to her fam- ed to take her. So on e took a stock of pro- ted off together. We hom Alice had hap- nce, with Mrs. Roberts. adopted him, as his ver found.) elves in the first few ould not find anyone erstand our signs and

time we found a "shel- ded that we were in a l not find the way out, my cheek, "Very cold, rightened." She want- but we were shivering dared not stop moving heap of small leafy om the trees. and walked alternately. into some water, about -I guessed a pond. We and I wrung the water hea. Then we crawled and fell into a sleep or roused by Alice shaking s is moving," she wrote Moving!" asked her to describe but she can find no oth- this. To me it seemed dness of my eyes had



AT AND STARED." y could not see through outside, and an over- ckness that rolled upon

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Electric Post

could not see through outside me—an overness that rolled upon us ontrunning the black c. I could feel it, taste stifled me, and my till it nearly filled my asped for breath.

wrote, "Good-bye."

the black waves passed sprang upon us out was a bright day, and ye. Alice grasped my gers hurt. We turned and saw—strangers! ver told me what she and what she saw, and ld her; but I think she over a handsome, well-gentleman, and I know ight of her as a dark-ed, rosy-cheeked, pret-el of 20. She found a ooked like a tramp; a unshaven ruffian, whc on 40. I saw a fair-ed, white-faced, travel-

For she whom I had lady of my dreams was girl of 15!

stared at one another. led when we tried to k we should have hurt we had spoken, but the in her childish body ly. She took my hand it, slowly.

nd friend!"

ook her hands in mine voice was hoarse with akness.

ou, dear!" I said. "God his is the sun and the re the loyal and loving we have been—that we ys."

ne said; and we rose and to find the world, hand

ral park, and the people and drink; and in an ed her home.

end of my story of the at men lost. You know that the astronomers hey were seven; and say knew and deafness were assing through an ether-ich stopped light, and, in hich they cannot explain, ound vibrations of the es. I think that the days ere not in vain; and last t wished them back.

ng Alice's house, and see e door as usual. We have one another as a man ay love, and now she has a child; and does her hair a knob. I think her very

st. I looked at the door when e light went out. My hand was a moment my hand. I lifted

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speak boastfully of his record in the war, although they are records of which any man might well be proud. It has only been at urgent request that the following list of battles in which each was engaged has been compiled. To it might be added a large number of skirmishes. All enlisted as privates and three were commissioned officers when discharged.

William Bird, 37th New York Volunteers.

Battle of Bull Run.

Siege of Yorktown.

Battle of Williamsburg, (the company numbered 40, of whom seven were killed and 12 wounded. Regimental loss 168.)

Battle of Fair Oaks. (In the struggle for the colors of the Fourteenth North Carolina which were captured by his company, he received a bayonet wound in the leg and shortly after a minie bullet through the shoulder. Regimental loss 120 killed and wounded.)

Second Battle of Bull Run.

Manassas Junction.

Battle of Chantilly.

Battle of Fredericksburg.

Battle of Chancellorville. (Term of enlistment expired. Re-enlisted 17th New York Volunteers.)

Battle of Cold Harbor.

First assault on Petersburg. Wounded in the knee with a piece of shell. (His company took 24 men into the assault of whom 18 were killed or wounded.) Discharged from service because of his wound.

George M. Bird, 3d Missouri. Battle of Carthage. (Term of enlistment expired. Re-enlisted for three years 26th Missouri.)

Battle of Springfield. (Long sickness, typhoid pneumonia.)

Siege of Island No. 10.

Battle of New Madrid.

Battle of Tiptonville.

Siege of Corinth.

Battle of Iuka. (His regiment supported the 11th Ohio battery, Captain Sears which was taken and retaken several times and lost 16 killed and 88 wounded out of 108. His regiment lost 165.)

Battle of Corinth.

Battle of Magnolia Church.

Battle of Port Gibson.

Battle of Raymond.

Battle of Champion Hills. (He was knocked down by a spent ball, which passed through his blanket roll and stopped on his shirt. Regiment charged a six gun battery. Lost heavy. Although only a corporal his company came off in his command.)

Battle of Vicksburg. (In the trenches for the time throughout the siege. Lost his knee, liver and eye.)

Battle of Mission Ridge. (Lost

turn Sunday evening. Supt. Bird returned to La Crosse, Tuesday evening. The other brothers will be some days longer in the city.—Fairmount (Minn.) Sentinel.

### HAS A FINE WAR RECORD.

#### Oldest Living Color-Bearer Tells How He Carried the Flag Up Missionary Ridge.

The following is a brief narrative of the part taken by the Eightieth Ohio (being a part of the Third brigade of E. Smith's division, Fifteenth corps) in the battle of Missionary Ridge. I was the color-bearer of the Eightieth Ohio, and was a member of company C. I carried the stars and stripes up Missionary Ridge on that eventful November 25. James Burton carried the regimental colors on the same day, but he was shot before we were near the summit, and when he dropped he fell over against me. We started into that battle with a full color-guard, and came out with one color-bearer killed, one—myself—wounded, and all the color guards either killed, wounded or captured.

We were on picket duty all the previous night; in the morning we moved out, close to Missionary Ridge, and remained there until about noon, when we were ordered forward, having to pass through an open field before reaching the foot of the ridge. The rebels had a fair sweep at us from the summit of the ridge with their batteries, while we were crossing the field, and they certainly made it warm for us until we gained the foot of the ridge, when their shot and shell passed over us. We then started up the side of the ridge, and their infantry opened fire upon us; but we succeeded in reaching a rail fence, where we stopped for a few minutes. There was considerable underbrush from this fence to the top of the ridge. As we were climbing over the fence to gain the shelter of the underbrush, the Tenth Iowa came back through our line—they having run out of ammunition. We went very near the summit of the ridge and under their guns, our men having to lie down to load, in order to be out of range of the confederates' fire, which, at this stage of the battle, was coming thick and fast. We stopped at this point, but a very short time, as the first thing we knew, the confederates came through the railroad tunnel and were getting in our rear, and we had to get out the best we knew how. Our first lieutenant, George T. Robinson; second lieutenant, George Mawanet, and my son, Simon Darst, were taken prisoners, with about 400 others of different regiments. It was at this stage of the fight that I was shot in the left arm, the bullet passing through the bone. I then started back with the colors, and when I got near the bottom of the ridge I saw James Burton, our color-bearer, and as I was getting very weak from loss of blood, I turned the colors over

his home at a private boarding house, kept by a widow and her two daughters. A number of union officers boarded at the same place. These young ladies were very entertaining, and won the confidence of officers sufficiently to be allowed to visit the fortifications surrounding Pine Bluffs, in company of Hicks.

The reports were that there was a "woman in the case." When the maps were taken from Hicks they were found to be correct in every detail. Hicks was seen at different times about headquarters, and one day, seeing a captain of the First Indiana cavalry hitch his horse and go inside, he mounted the horse and rode away. When he arrived at the picket line he presented a pass and passed out, creating no suspicion; but some of the boys recognized the fast-running mare. In the course of an hour or two a squad of cavalry came from town in pursuit. The track made by the peculiar shoe worn by the mare was plain to follow, and it was followed at a lively clip until all the horses were winded, except that of one cavalryman, who discovered the track had left the main road by a cowpath into the woods. The man continued pursuit, but soon had to dismount and proceed on foot; and he found the mare hitched in a thicket. He went to a cabin, said to be occupied by friends of Hicks; seeing a light, he rapped at the door, but got no answer. He broke the door in,



LOOKED INTO A REVOLVER.

and as he stepped inside saw a bedroom-door partly open, a stand near a bed, upon it two revolvers and the light. Hicks was in bed, and raised on his elbow, reaching for a revolver, but he was ordered to hold still, which he seemed willing to do. The man pushed into a chamber door a revolver held by the picket cavalryman, James J. Hall, in National Tribune.

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