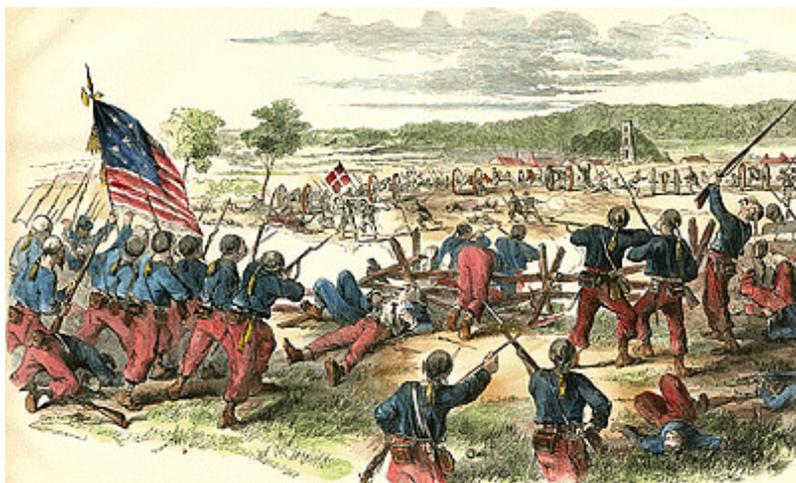


# ZOUAVE!



No. 9 ❖ December 2007

*Since 2007*

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## Newspaper of the 62nd NYSVV "Anderson Zouaves" Company F (Re-enactment and Research Group)

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### SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER



**The School of the Soldier has received the "go-ahead" from the Company and Brother Oliver will host the School at "The Briars" on his Camden property.**

It is envisaged that an infantry and cavalry school will run. Workshops in Civil War camp cookery and music will also be presented. If any members or friends have other ideas for workshops or the like, please contact the Company HQ.

The event details are as follows:  
Saturday 8th March - Sunday 9th March 2008  
Where: The Briars, Oliver Farm, Camden NSW  
What: A school of instruction for infantry and cavalry  
Who: American Civil War soldier and civilian impressions  
Period: Late 1861

Program: Infantry and cavalry drill, skirmishing, camp cookery, music and song, convivial dining

Cost: \$25 (covers all meals over Saturday and Sunday).

Please find the registration form at:

<http://andersonszouaves.tripod.com/id19.html>

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### MARGARET LARKIN 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV COMPANY C.



**The role of women in Civil war regiments was a topic of discussion at the Company's Thanksgiving Dinner this year. Brother Tierney brought the career of Margaret Larkin to my attention.**

Margaret Larkin is listed as having served in Company C., 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV as a "washer". She may have been the wife of Patrick Larkins, who served in Companies C and B of the 62<sup>nd</sup>.

Though the surnames are slightly different, Army records are notorious for numerous misspellings in muster records and index cards.

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## BRIDGET DIVERS "MICHIGAN BRIDGET"



Whilst on the topic of women's role in the Civil War, here is the story of Bridget Divers (Michigan Bridget), Daughter of Regiment of the 1<sup>st</sup> Michigan Cavalry. Bridget's husband was a private in the Michigan Cavalry. She accompanied the Regiment throughout the Civil War.



"Michigan Bridget" from Mary Livermore, *My Story of the War*. Courtesy of the American Antiquarian Society.

Also known as Irish Biddy, Bridget Deavers and Bridget Dever, she was well known for her fearlessness and skill in bringing in the wounded. She served as an unofficial oral historian for the U.S. Christian Commission, providing information about the 1<sup>st</sup> Michigan Cavalry.

It was said that if a soldier fell in action, she would take his place and fight as bravely as the best. She continuously rode with the Regiment night or day.

Bridget rode on Rebel soil to retrieve her dead captain's body, strapped him on her horse, and rode for 15 miles where he was shipped to his family in Michigan. Immediately after delivering her captain's body, she was sent back into the battlefield to retrieve the wounded with ambulances.

She was present during the Peninsula Campaign, the Battles of Fair Oaks, Gettysburg, Cedar Creek, the 1864-1865 Campaigns in Virginia, and at Dinwiddie Court House and Appomattox. After the wounding of her husband, she stayed on in the Regiment.

After the war she remained with the Regiment and accompanied them to Texas and the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Sources:

<http://www.historycooperative.org/journals/cp/vol-03/no-02/bonner/bonner-4.shtml>

<http://www.teacherlink.usu.edu/tlresources/units/champions/BridgetDivers.pdf>

<http://www.vivandiere.net/unionvivs.html>

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## EXCERPTS FROM ROGER HUGHES' "A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA"



Robert Hughes, an English re-enactor wrote this letter in 1996, after experiencing the early days of 62<sup>nd</sup> NY re-enactment at Taminick. Mr Hughes portrays the famous English soldier Lt. Col. A.J.L. Fremantle and reported on his experiences with the Anderson Zouaves, Down Under!

I stumbled upon Mr Hughes' letter recently in our Company archive and he has graciously agreed to let ZOUAVE! include excerpts. Thank you, Colonel.

*Anyone could readily be forgiven for assuming there would be little interest in the war between the American States on the other side of the world. I wish to report that nothing could be further from the truth and advise that both debate and living history is alive and well in the land of the Kangaroo and Koala.*

*During the month of September 1996, I sallied forth to observe the action at the annual get-together at Taminick, about one third the way between Melbourne and Sydney in the beautiful Warby Range, near*

Wangaratta, not too far from Wagga Wagga.  
Indeed names to conjure with...



...Not far from the Rowen Battery were camped, or I should say stabled, a very loud unit of New York Anderson

Zouaves, so named after the famous defender of Fort Sumpter, one of which I was quick to observe was female. They had only been formed one year and had not the slightest semblance of discipline, raucously hailing me as, 'The Pohmie officer from Gettysburg'...

...I accepted an invitation from the Yankees to "invade" a nearby winery for forage, the owner of which was suspected of Confederate leanings and which they claimed was "just over the hill". I must herein caution anyone against accepting such an invitation from an Australian, because some five miles later we were still marching over boulderous landscapes with no sign of the promised land. My mates however were very jolly fellows full of Yankee jokes which I had not heard before and we did stop for a tippie now and again which somewhat relieved my aching feet. At length we struggled to the pinnacle of the mountain and indeed, below us stretched a fertile valley of mouthwatering vines. Our descent to the cellar door however was not without incident.

As we strolled through a field, 'a short cut,' singing and oblivious of danger, I beheld a rather uneasy looking herd of cows some two hundred yards distant. I suggested to my companions that they might make less noise and not wave their large striking regimental flag quite so brazenly, antics which were patently beginning to upset the beasts. Being the senior officer, (actually the only officer, since this rabble had decided not to even elect a sergeant affirming, that 'officers only muck things up!'), made not one iota of difference to these unruly fellows and it was rudely retorted

that I should remove my scarlet tunic since that was more likely to be the cause of the animals increasing agitation. However, before you could say 'put that man on a charge' the herd commenced to advance towards us and drawing nearer were clearly not the docile cows I had imagined, but raucous young bullocks spoiling for a scrap. With the fearsome beasts now breaking into the double quick, eyes and nostrils blazing, I drew my sword and ordered the troops, (with no certainty of the beasts halting even if we showed a firm stand), to "Fix bayonets and stand fast!". As the thunderous hooves grew louder it was apparent to everyone that their velocity was not at all conducive to a sudden stop and if we stayed put we would likely be overrun and flattened into the soft earth. The situation was rapidly becoming untenable since their combined front stretched wider than what was possible to run and outflank the charge. Discretion therefore proved the better part of valor and to a man we all retreated, ignominiously over a nearby fence. It was a most unfortunate encounter for me since I split my breeches, but in retrospect a small price to pay for the probable consequences.

We were all in dire need of a drink as we entered the winery and were not to be disappointed in the proprietor who's son was also 'away at war' over the hills. Some considerable time later we gingerly crept past our now docile enemy, this time keeping to the road, our proud flag furled and my tunic tucked under my arm—purely on account of the heat you understand. It was probably as well, since we were all pretty well oiled and our baggage train burdened with the weight of bottles. One astute fellow, (who I promised to recommend for promotion if he kept giving me a swig), had filled his canteen with the heady Port Wine of the locality which assisted us to march along, if somewhat haphazardly. In our condition we would have been sitting ducks for any half decent company of Confederates but we arrived back at the camp quite unmolested,

*having taken a much shorter route recommended by 'mine host.'*

Visit Col. Fremantle's website at:

<http://www.colfremantle.com/index.html>

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## A WOMAN IN SOLDIER'S CLOTHES



CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE, May 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5  
A Woman in Soldier's Clothes--Very Natural Surprise of a Reporter. [From the Detroit Advertiser, Saturday.]  
Yesterday morning one of our vigilant police officers arrested a soldier dressed in the uniform of the Federal army, on Atwater street, in a state of blissful intoxication. He was conveyed to the lock-up, and placed in one of the cells. Our reporter happened to be present, and observing that the soldier appeared to be in an unconscious state, he feared that life had become extinct, and, opening the bosom of the apparently inanimate form to see if there was any appearance of life, the reader can judge of his astonishment on finding that it was--a woman. A few hours after she awoke from her deep sleep, and gave the following romantic account of her wanderings. She is a native of Scotland, but for many years lived with her family at London, C. W., where they now reside. About five years ago she left home and went to Kentucky, where, on the breaking out of the war, she became enamored with the military display and enlisted in a Kentucky regiment. She served in the army three months, she was present and took part in the battle of Somerset, and saw Gen. Zollicoffer fall. During her term of service she was often ordered to do extra service, and used frequently to steal out of camp at nights and fight on her own hook. At last she became tired of the drudgery she was called upon to perform, and made known her sex. She was

immediately discharged, and arrived in our city on Thursday night..

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## CONTACT INFORMATION



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