

# ZOUAVE!



No. 15 ❖ July 2008

*Established 2007*

---

Newspaper of the 62nd NYSVV "Anderson Zouaves" Company F  
(Living History and Research Group)

---

## COMPANY "MUSTER" DINNER

(from our company cookhouse)



Thanks to all who pitched in and attended our recent Muster Dinner. Twenty-nine sat to table and enjoyed our Company cooks' efforts.

The Dinner "card" included;  
Beef and Vegetable Stews, Fire Roasted Corn, Two Coal Roasted Turkeys, Soft Bread, Pears, Jams, Hazel Nuts, Goober Peas, Desert Wine.

Thank you to all those members and guests who brought their speciality to the table. Sister Terri and Brother John Lawrence for their Maryland Baked Beans and Corn Bread and Sister Julie Sleigh for her Oat Biscuits.

The afternoon saw a baseball game. A very "irregular" match between Sgt. Sanders' dog robbers and Pvt. Brissett's rank and file. The game was played with real Zouave spirit! Despite some questionable rules calls by Sgt. Sanders, Pvt. Brissett's team won, 8 runs to 3. They game was cut short after the first innings as the string wound off the walnut, rendering the ball useless.

The afternoon and evening was full of music and song. Patriotic and fireside tunes filled the encampment with the sound of fife, drum, bagpipes, hurdy-gurdy, jaw harp and guitar. Well done to our musicians; Pvt. Potts, Pvt. Lincoln, Vivandiere Reeck and Col. Daley.



The card table was again, very popular and very energetic.

Having received their month's pay and a generous bounty from the Colonel, quite a lot of soldier's

pay flowed across the table (in sometimes "dubious" circumstances).

The night's conviviality and camaraderie continued into the early hours, before the camp closed its eyes in the gathering mist.

The cookhouse has apologised that Mother Bickerdyke's Panada was not served. But Sgt. Sanders' baseball related injury precluded him from smashing all the hardtack up.

---

## WILD AND WARLIKE

- John Tierney



**Taken from the Syracuse Daily Standard (full article to appear in "Anderson Zouave")**

I have today witnessed the drill and review of this brigade, known as Peck's Brigade. It is composed of the 55th N. Y., Col. De Trobriand, 13th Pennsylvania, Col. Rowley and the 21st Pennsylvania, Col. Ballier, and the Anderson Zouaves, Col. Riker, N. Y. Volunteers.

Col. De Trobriand and his command are French, and are an honor to the nation. They have the right of the brigade, and in their marching and manoeuvring are perfect. The Pennsylvania regiments are commanded by two old veterans of the Mexican war, and many of their officers and men were with them in Mexico. The Anderson Zouaves, Col. Riker, have a wild and warlike look, and have an unenviable reputation for making war on wine or women, on rye or rebels, and as soon as off duty are in some mischief. But on the field they certainly march and manoeuvre well.

## THE IRISH CONNECTION

- John Tierney



**More information has turned up to reinforce the Irish connection in the regiment.**

The 62d NYSV's Major V. Dayton was married to the daughter of John

Augustus Shea, an Irish immigrant from Cork who worked on Horace Greeley's *New York Daily Tribune*.

Shea was a writer and a poet with Irish nationalist sympathies. He knew Edgar Allan Poe and assisted him in having his poem 'The Raven' published. His son was a lawyer who defended Jeff Davis!

One can only imagine that even if Dayton was not himself an Irish nationalist or of Irish stock then he must have harboured strong sympathies for the Irish, thus, perhaps, his amazing popularity with his men.

---

## A LADY ON CAMPING OUT

(SAVANNAH [GA] REPUBLICAN, May 28, 1861, p. 1, c. 5)



To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir: I send you here a few hints as to camping out, from a lady who has an experimental knowledge of such matters. She thinks they may be useful to scouting parties, whose usual camp comforts and conveniences are not with them; of these you can judge better than she or I.

And to begin, here is a simple way to make

Coffee.

One pint of pure ground coffee mixed with two or three egg-shells, or the shell and white of one egg, diluted with cold water, to the thickness of soft mud,

and stirred into five quarts of boiling water. Let it boil fifteen minutes, set it off the fire, and pour into the pot, without stirring, a half pint of cold water, let it stand still, two or three minutes, before pouring out. If eggs are not to be had the half pint of cold water will settle it, though not as clearly.

With coffee one wants

Biscuit.

To a quart of flour, add a bit of butter, lard, or skimmings from a pot where salt beef has been boiled, as large as a butternut; if the fat is not salt, add a little; rub these well together, and add as much of Durkee's baking powder as the directions on that article order for the quantity of flour used; wet this to a dough, and make into cakes of the usual size; put on a tin pan and place it before the fire, with a few coals underneath; slant the pan, in order to get the reflection of the fire. But if you have no wheat flour, then make

Hoe-Cake.

Mix Indian meal with hot or cold water (hot is best), and a little salt, into a soft dough; spread it very thin on the surface of a board, slant it before the fire, and bake it to a light brown. With this rule, if you want variety, mix an egg, or a little flour and baking powder, with a bit of fat rubbed into the meal; in these cases it must be baked in a pan.

With coffee and bread one likes sometimes

Scrambled Eggs.

Put half a pint of water into a frying pan, spider, tin-pan, tin-cup, earthen dish, or iron kettle, whichever you have, warm the water and add to it a bit of butter or salt pork fat, break into this a dozen eggs, set it on the fire, and stir them to the bottom so they shall not burn on to the dish they are cooked in; having put in with the eggs a tea-spoonful of black pepper and one of salt—milk instead of water adds to the richness of this dish—stir it well until the eggs are set. Eggs are also good set on end in hot ashes and roasted.

Salt Pork.

This is good cooked by sticking the slices on the end of a stick sharpened at both ends, and set aslant into the ground before the fire, so that the slice shall hang off from the stick while it broils. Under every slice of pork lay a biscuit or a slice of bread; the fat will drip on this and brown by the time the pork is cooked. Another way is to hold slices of pork on a fork into the flame of the fire; the blazing of the pork fat prevents the meat itself from being smoked.

Baked Fish.

Take fresh fish, and without scaling them, roll each in several layers of leaves, or grass, or well-greased paper. Draw the fire from the place where it is burning, and lay the fish there, cover it with a stone, or a heap of ashes, and draw the fire back over it; in half an hour a small fish will be well-done, and the outer skin will peel off. Meat may be roasted in the same way, or any game. An easier way to dress birds than by picking them is to insert the finger in a slit cut in the skin of the throat, and pass it between the flesh and skin till the latter is stripped off.

Bean Soup.

White beans, or any dry beans, should be soaked over night, if convenient, in a warm place, with a lump of carbonate of soda the size of a nutmeg to every quart, dissolved in the water. Pour off this water in the morning, wash them again and put them on the boil; if they are acid or rank put in a little soda, enough to stop any effervescence. Boil from two to four hours, the longer the better. This is good with only pepper or salt, but is improved by a handful of flour or corn-meal with them, or a bit of salt pork or beef, or an onion sliced and boiled for two hours. A convenient cup for camping out is the ordinary round half-pint tin cup, with a flat handle fastened to the rim by a hinge; the handle should be as long as the depth of the cup, and then turn at a right angle for the length of half the diameter of the bottom. This handle will turn inside of the cup and make it easier to pack, or to carry in nests of different sizes.

- Thanks to Jenny Baker (The Blue and the Grey)

## WAR NEWS (1861)

- John Tierney



**La Crosse, Wisconsin. August 19, 1861**

Last night the steamer Key City collided with Dan Rice's steamer, 40 miles below here, and knocked a cage containing a trained rhinoceros overboard. The cage sunk immediately, drowning the rhinoceros valued at \$20,000. Neither boat was hurt.

---

## COLLECTING SUPPLIES (1861)



The text below is an excerpt from the memoir Sarah Emma Edmonds, a Civil War nurse, soldier (disguised as Frank Thompson), and spy.

*This extract is from Chapter II and III (pp. 29-54) from*

*Edmonds' memoir published in 1864: "Nurse and Spy in the Union Army: The Adventures and Experiences of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps, and Battle-Fields."*

The whole neighborhood was ransacked for milk, butter, eggs, poultry, etc. which were found insufficient in quantity to supply the wants of such a multitude. There might have been heard some stray shots fired in the direction of a field where a drove of cattle were quietly grazing; and soon after the odor of fresh steak was issuing from every part of the camp. I wish to state, however, that all "raids" made upon hen-coops, etc. were contrary to the orders of the General in command, for during the day I had seen men put under arrest for shooting chickens by the roadside.

I was amused to hear the answer of a hopeful young darkey cook, when interrogated with regard to the broiled

chickens and beef steak which he brought on for supper. Col. R. demanded, in a very stern voice, "Jack, where did you get that beef steak and those chickens?" "Massa, I'se carried dem cl'ar from Washington; thought I'd cook 'em 'fore dey sp'il'd"; and then added, with a broad grin, "I aint no thief, I aint." Col. R. replied: "That will do, Jack, you can go now." Then the Colonel told us how he had seen Jack running out of a house, as he rode along, and a woman ran out calling after him with all her might, but Jack never looked behind him, but escaped as fast as he could, and was soon out of sight. Said he, "I thought the young rascal had been up to some mischief, so I rode up and asked the woman what was the matter, and found he had stolen all her chickens; I asked her how much they were worth; she "reckoned" about two dollars. I think she made a pretty good hit, for after I paid her, she told me she had had only two chickens." Supper being over, pickets posted, and camp guards detailed, all became quiet for the night.

Text and Graphic from: Soldier Studies

<http://www.soldierstudies.org/index.php>

---

## SOLDIER JOHN D. BILLINGS ON ARMY FOOD (1861)



**A false impression has been obtained with regard to the quantity and quality of the food furnished the soldiers. I have been asked a great many times whether I always got enough to eat in the army, and have surprised inquirers by answering in the affirmative.**

Now, some old soldier who sees this may reply, "Well, you were lucky. I didn't." But I should at once ask him to tell me for how long a time his regiment was ever without food of some kind. Of course, I am not now referring to our prisoners of war, who were starved by the thousands. And, I should be very much surprised if he should say more than twenty-four or thirty hours, at the outside. I would grant that he himself might, perhaps have been so situated as to be deprived of food a longer time, possibly when he was on an exposed picket post, or serving as rear-

guard to the army, or doing something which separated him temporarily from his company; but his case would be the exception and not the rule.

Sometimes, when active operations were in progress, the army was compelled to wait a few hours for its trains to come up, but no general hardship to the men ever ensued on this account. Such a contingency was usually known some time in advance, and the men would husband their last issue of rations, or perhaps, if the country admitted, would make additions to their bill of fare in the shape of poultry or pork; -- usually it was the latter, for the Southerners do not pen up their swine as do the Northerners, but let them go wandering about, getting their living much of the time as best they can.

I will now give a complete list of the rations served out to the rank and file, as I remember them. They were salt pork, fresh beef, salt beef, rarely ham or bacon, hard bread, soft bread, potatoes, an occasional onion, flour, beans, split peas, rice, dried apples, dried peaches, desiccated vegetables, coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, vinegar, candles, soap, pepper, and salt.

It is scarcely necessary to state that these were not all served out at one time. There was but one kind of meat served at once, and this, was usually pork. When it was hard bread, it wasn't soft bread or flour, and when it was peas or beans it wasn't rice.



Preparing a meal, Union camp, 1865.

The commissioned officers fared better in camp than the enlisted men. Instead of drawing rations after the manner of the latter, they had a certain cash allowance, according to rank, with which to purchase supplies from the Brigade Commissary, an

official whose province was to keep stores on sale for their convenience.

I will speak of the rations more in detail, beginning with the hard bread, or, to use the name by which it was known in the Army of the Potomac, Hardtack. What was hardtack? It was a plain flour-and-water biscuit. Two which I have in my possession as mementos measure three and one-eighth by two and seven-eighths inches, and are nearly half an inch thick. Although these biscuits were furnished to organizations by weight, they were dealt out to the men by number, nine constituting a ration in some regiments, and ten in others; but there were usually enough for those who wanted more, as some men would not draw them. While hardtack was nutritious, yet a hungry man could eat his ten in a short time and still be hungry. When they were poor and fit objects for the soldiers' wrath, it was due to one of three conditions: first, they may have been so hard that they could not be bitten; it then required a very strong blow of the fist to break them; the second condition was when they were moldy (sic) or wet, as sometimes happened, and should not have been given to the soldiers: the third condition was when from storage they had become infested with maggots.

When the bread was moldy (sic) or moist, it was thrown away and made good at the next drawing, so that the men were not the losers; but in the case of its being infested with the weevils, they had to stand it as a rule ; but hardtack was not so bad an article of food, even when traversed by insects, as may be supposed. Eaten in the dark, no one could tell the difference between it and hardtack that was untenanted. It was no uncommon occurrence for a man to find the surface of his pot of coffee swimming with weevils, after breaking up hardtack in it, which had come out of the fragments only to drown; but they were easily skimmed off, and left no distinctive flavor behind.

Having gone so far, I know the reader will be interested to learn of the styles in which this particular article was served up by the soldiers. Of course, many of them were eaten just as they were received -- hardtack plain; then I have already spoken of their being crumbed in coffee, giving the "hardtack and coffee."

Probably more were eaten in this way than in any other, for they thus frequently furnished the soldier his breakfast and supper. But there were other and more appetizing ways of preparing them. Many of the soldiers, partly through a slight taste for the business but more from force of circumstances, became in their way and opinion experts in the art of cooking the greatest variety of dishes with the smallest amount of capital.

Some of these crumbed them in soups for want of other thickening. For this purpose they served very well. Some crumbed them in cold water, then fried the crumbs in the juice and fat of meat. A dish akin to this one which was said to make the hair curl, and certainly was indigestible enough to satisfy the cravings of the most ambitious dyspeptic, was prepared by soaking hardtack in cold water, then frying them brown in pork fat, salting to taste. Another name for this dish was skillygalee. Some liked them toasted, either to crumb in coffee, or if a sutler was at hand whom they could patronize, to butter. The toasting generally took place from the end of a split stick.

Then they worked into milk-toast made of condensed milk at seventy-five cents a can; but only a recruit with a big bounty, or an old vet, the child of wealthy parents, or a reenlisted man did much in that way. A few who succeeded by hook or by crook in saving up a portion of their sugar ration spread it upon hardtack. And so in various ways the ingenuity of the men was taxed to make this plainest and commonest, yet most serviceable of army food, to do duty in every conceivable combination.

- This tale is adapted from a story written by a soldier named John D. Billings. The article is not verbatim from Billings' original tale, as it has been edited for clarity. Note that it was written in 1861. As the Civil War continued, conditions for the troops on both sides of the line worsened as the war dragged on. It might have been interesting to know how Mr. Billings' feelings might have changed had he written another account three years later. "Hardtack and Coffee" was a chapter included in Albert Bushnell Hart's book, *The Romance of the Civil War*, published in 1896 and now in the public domain.

Text and image from "Hardtack and Coffee in the Civil War".

<http://www.legendsofamerica.com/AH-HardtackCoffee.html>

---

## Letter to the Editor



Dear Mr Editor,

Thank you for printing new recipes. I'll examine them later in more detail.

Otherwise, you publication is corrupting the youth of the Union, and should be roundly condemned.

Yrs &c &c,

Pvt O'Greaves

---

## CONTACT INFORMATION



Editorial Desk

c/- Dave Sanders

Email: [blakstara@yahoo.com.au](mailto:blakstara@yahoo.com.au)

62<sup>nd</sup> NYSVV Co. F group email address  
[62NYSVV\\_CoyF@yahoogroups.com](mailto:62NYSVV_CoyF@yahoogroups.com)

62<sup>nd</sup> NYSVV Co. F Living History and Research Group website  
<http://andersonszouaves.tripod.com/>

5th North Carolina State Troops Living History Group (our Rebel impression)  
[http://meat\\_possum.tripod.com/5thnci/](http://meat_possum.tripod.com/5thnci/)

62<sup>nd</sup> NYSVV Co. F., HQ  
c/- Mr. William Lincoln  
P.O. Box 227., St. Peters. NSW 2044  
Email: [62NYSVV\\_CoyF@yahoogroups.com](mailto:62NYSVV_CoyF@yahoogroups.com)

Living History Resource Group  
<http://historyresourcegroup.tripod.com/>

---