

# ZOUAVE!



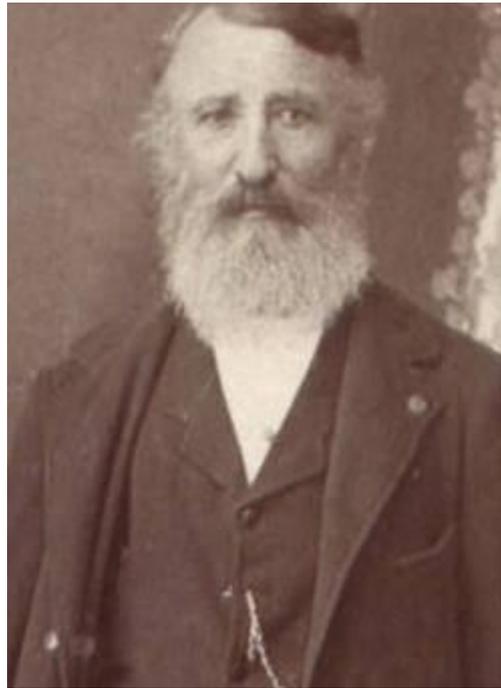
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62d NYSV veteran, Nelson Peter Dolbeck in his later years.  
(Courtesy of Andrew Lausten and family)

## EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF NELSON P. DOLBECK – JULY 1861

(Courtesy of Andrew Lausten and Rose  
Lausten-Miller)

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**Monday July 1, 1861** - I was detailed this morning by Capt Ross along with 4 other men (one was H Ostrier) to recruit. We had another alarm last night. the french company had burned some rubbish near the dock in the evening, and had not put the fire out before going to bed, so the fire had kept burning near the dock until that got afire. The alarm was given when the fire had got quite a hold. After working hard for about an hour we succeeded in putting the fire all out. So I did not feel very well

this morning yet the thought of going to N. Y. City revived me. Capt. Ross went with us and we had a good time. After we got into the city, we went directly to our recruiting office, which is in the basement of corner of Madison St. And New Bowrey. We sent nine men into camp today. We have no mattresses to lay on, nothing but a little straw.

**Tuesday July 2, 1861** - Capt Ross has gone into camp. So have all the rest, but Henry and Gleason. We sent 6 men into camp today.

**Wednesday July 3, 1861** - Business rather dull. We only sent two men into camp today. The Capt has sent me word that he wanted me in the camp early in the morning. But what am I to do? He borrowed all the money I had and I cannot

get back with some. On coming back from supper I found Henry quite unwell, to my mortification. I got a light as soon as possible and tried to get him to eat, but he could not. All at once I happened to put my hand in my pocket and found a ten cent piece. It seemed to me like magic. I immediately went and got a half pint bottle of brandy, and gave him of that quite freely. I do not expect to sleep much tonight as the boys have already commenced to celebrate the 4th.

**Thursday July 4, 1861** - Amid the roaring of cannons-the firing of guns-the cracking, snappings, and whizzing of firecrackers, I arose quite late. I did not rest much last night as I had anticipated. Henry is worse today. I do not know what to do with him. I have got a policeman to take him to one of the city hospitals, but he does not want to go. If I had money I would not see him suffer, but my money is all played out.

**Friday July 5, 1861** - This morning after I got my breakfast I made up my mind to get Henry into camp someway. Accordingly I went into a store, put on a sober face, told a pitiful story, and got 25 cents of him. I then went to the office and made the fact known to Henry and asked him if he was able to walk down to the river. He said he was, and we started. After we had got across, we took the stage, and soon arrived in camp.

**Saturday July 6, 1861** - Henry is better today. There was nothing of importance done today.

**Sunday July 7, 1861** - We had preaching in camp today, and I attended. This place is beginning to look very sad, for the boys have spoiled almost everything around the premises. They have cut and hacked Mr. Salter's house shamefully, besides, they have broken his chandeliers.

**Monday July 8, 1861** - Our reg't does not drill now at all. The boys swears by all that's great and good that they will not drill

til they get clothes; and it is nothing out of the way, for many of us are obliged to wrap a blanket around us to cover our nakedness.

**Tuesday July 9, 1861** - There is nothing to write about today unless it is about poor, filthy "grub". I never had the disposition to find fault with the "grub" we get here for the reason that it was so much better than the "grub" we have had before. But still Salter ought to feed us just four times better, for the money he gets. The coffee we get is certainly not fit to drink.

**Wednesday July 10, 1861** - Nothing new today

**Thursday July 11th, 1861** - We got news today that our reg't was to leave for Riker's Island tomorrow. We are all glad to hear that news.

**Friday July 12, 1861** - We were disappointed today in not leaving. There is a general feeling of dissatisfaction among the boys. As for myself, I do not feel in such a hurry to go away from this place unless it would be to get away from the innumerable host of lice. They can be seen crawling on the men's clothes very often. It is almost impossible to sleep nights as the blankets and mattresses are full of them.

**Saturday July 13, 1861** - It was announced this morning that two companies should leave for Riker's Island today. Accordingly, at about 2pm the Major Anderson arrived at the wharf. Co O, (Captain Dunyea) and Co D, (Capt Nevins). Amid firing of guns, and hoorahs, got aboard and left. The ballroom was immediately cleared out. Our company was transferred to the barracks I helped make.

**Sunday July 14, 1861** - Today was a very rainy day. We had preaching in the ballroom; and I attended.

**Monday July 15, 1861** - The time has come at last when the rest of the reg't are to leave for Riker's Island. It seems to me like leaving home, for I have got a great many friends here. I have had no reason to complain for I have almost always boarded with Salter and I have had my bitters almost every day. When I had no tobacco, a friend of mine (Warren Barnes) always gave me some. However, we must leave today. The order is given to pack up. The blankets are to be rolled, tied to our end, and slung across the shoulders and our "kits"-plates and cups/are to be fastened to our belts around our waists. Our knives and forks, we always carry in our pockets for fear they get stolen.

**Tuesday July 15, 1861** - At 8am, I got a pass and went to Greenville to get my clothes. I had no money to pay my wash bill, so I gave Widow Tomlin two of my shirts. I took the rest of my clothes to Mr. Rawlands and they said they would take good care of them until I would call for them. At about 2pm we bade farewell to our friends, and got aboard the Major Anderson. Today was fine, and I enjoyed the Journey extremely. At about 7pm, we arrived at the island. We got rather a scant supper. The most of us are very hearty, and we got about half a ration.

**Tuesday July 16, 1861** - This morning, the first I did after getting my "grub", (which was quite good) was to see what kind of a place we had got into this time. The island has but one dwelling house and that is an old rickety thing, and a little grocery. I should judge that it contained about two hundred acres of land. It is excellent, good land, but it is not half cultivated. There is a large apple and pear orchard on this island, and a few other trees. Another thing I found out, is it is impossible to get away from this place to get our "toddy", or beg tobacco. Col Riker was on hand this morning at dress parade; or I should say, parade. Each Co got orders to clean their barracks and adorn the yard in front. I was

appointed Cor of one squad. I worked with the men and we got a lot of oyster and clam shell, and got up a very nice yard.

**Wednesday July 17, 1861** - Our barracks are built in two rows. The street between the rows is about five rods wide. One side the soldiers occupy, and the other, is used by the quartermaster, and the drummers. The eating room is also on the same side. The Surgeon occupies the lower end, which is attached to both rows of barracks. The bunks are made four deep, and they are divided so that each man sleeps alone; and each Co. are by themselves. Our Co. was on guard today, and I was Cor. of the guard. My business is to relieve the guard when it is my turn. The guard is divided into three reliefs, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, and there must be on Cor. for each relief. The 1st relief goes on post at 9am and the Cor. of that relief goes around the post with them, and then the 3rd relief of the old guard is relieved, and so on. Our "grub" seems to be a great deal more satisfactory to the men here that it was in Saltersville. I think I never ate better bread in my life, than we get here. It is steam bread, it is made on the corner of 14th St and 3rd Avenue in N.Y. and made by steam. At 3pm all the non-commissioned officers got shoes. I had much rather get a pair of pants, for I can hardly hold mine on now.

**Thursday July 18, 1861** - Our company did not drill today so we had a good time doing nothing.

**Friday July 19, 1861** - After reveille (5 O'clock A.M.) our Co. was called out to drill. I was perfectly disgusted, as the drill showed neither ambition or order. In fact Capt. Ross does not understand drill thoroughly and Capt. Hathaway is a great deal less proficient. It is my opinion that Capt. Hathaway was never born for a military man, and that he can never be one. I was rather unwell this morning and I did not get my ration. There was a vote taken this evening to have each Co. do their own

cooking. There was only six in the Co. that opposed it. I was one of the number. We had some debating on the subject; - but it was decided to let each Co. do their own cooking. Rations are given to each Co. for 24 hours.

**Saturday July 20, 1861** - The new mode of cooking has commenced, and everything seems to have a good appearance as yet. Each Co has a good quantity of thick sheet iron kettles and pans. The kettles are used to boil meat, and make soup and coffee. The pans are used mostly to get the rations. There is also a large dripping pan to fry meat in. There was a new arrangement made with the Co. today. The arrangement is to drill by squad of eight men each squad. I have the charge of ours. The business was new to me today, but I am very much interested, as my men was very attentive.

**Sunday July 21, 1861** - This was a very fine day. We had camp preaching in the P.M.

**Monday July 22, 1861** - We had a drill parade today. We also had a little squad drill. The requisitions for rations are now drawn by the orderly Sergeants for only the number of men that are out in line to answer to their names, at reveille; and there are a great many who are too lazy to get up at that time. So we all have to suffer alike. We received muskets today and commenced to go through the manual of arms. Col. Riker was with us this evening. He made a very fine speech. He told us he had just come from Washington-that he had been very near the battle of the Bulls run-that he had labored very hard for us-that he expected to get \$5000, of a capitalist, for his right-and that we should get our uniforms this week for sure. He also said that he had got marching orders, but would not take us an inch until we was all uniformed. This was all revelant news to us, and I am afraid that most of the speech is more to keep the men in good

cheer than anything else.  
**Tuesday July 23, 1861** - Nothing unusual today. On drill as usual.

**Wednesday July 24, 1861** - On drill as usual. Dress parade in the P.M.

**Thursday July 25, 1861** - Being unwell today I was excused from duty.

**Thursday July 25, 1861** - I went to the hospital and got some medicine of the Surgeon.

**Friday July 26, 1861** - I am confined to my bunk today. I have taken cold and it has settled in my lungs.

**Saturday July 27, 1861** - I am no better today.

**Sunday July 28, 1861** - I am quite smart today and I think I shall get well soon. I was detailed by the Quartermaster today to help give out shirts and socks-the first U.S. clothing this reg't. has ever received. The amount given out to each man was, one grey shirt, - (knit) and one pair of socks.

**Monday July 29, 1861** - Nothing doing today. I do not feel very well.

**Tuesday July 30, 1861** - I have got a very bad cough. The reg't. commenced to level the ground and pitch tents, today.

**Wednesday July 31, 1861** - I bought a pistol today. None but Officers, & non-commissioned Officers are allowed to carry them. It cost me fourteen dollars and Cap. Ross gave his note for it. The pay for the pistol comes out of my second month's pay.

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Anderson-Zouaves-Research/544554128930906>

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## THE ANDERSON ZOUAVES IN PEN AND PRESS (January to April 1864)



### Betrayed [1864 – 1865]

Anthony Odenweller, seventy-eight years of age, died at Whitestone yesterday. He was born in Frankfort, Germany, and came to this country at the outbreak of the civil war. He enlisted at once and served with Company I, Sixty-second New York Volunteers, from June 1861 until 1863, when he was wounded and discharged from the service. He re-enlisted in March, 1864 and served until mustered out on Aug. 4, 1865, after the close of the war.

In the course of his second period of service he was made a prisoner and taken to Libby Prison. He was one of those who aided in constructing the famous tunnel, but was retaken before he succeeded in getting outside of the Confederate lines. A few months later he and several others escaped. On their first venture they had been betrayed by a negro, and on leaving the second time they resolved to hang anyone likely to give information against them. They made their way toward the Union lines, until they were but two miles away, when they met a negro. A council was held to determine whether he should be hanged. Odenweller and others voted in favor of hanging him, but the majority decided in the negative, as the Union lines were already in sight. They let the negro go and started on. A few minutes later a party of Confederate cavalry appeared. The escaping men hid and saw the negro whose life they had just spared point out the direction they had taken. All of them were recaptured and returned to Libby. Odenweller was still a prisoner there when Grant's army took Richmond.

*Civil War Veteran Dead: Was Confined in Libby Prison and Made Two Attempts to Escape.* New York Times, 13/10/1899, p.5.

Transcribed by John Tierney

## Boys Retreat, They Are Too Much For Us [14 January 1864]

Harpers Ferry, Jan 14th 64  
Camp near Loudon Heights

Dear Cousin Henry

I think I will pen you these few lines, not knowing whether I answered your kind letter of December 13th or not, I have been nocked about so much for the last two months passed. The regiment left Brandys Station on the eve of December 31st, and I tell you we had a lively time getting from the camp to the Depot. We did not hear any thng about moving until 10 O'clock P.M. when we got orders to Pack up and hold ourselves in reddiness to move at a moments notice. It was New Years eve and all the boys had thare Kegs pretty full of commissary whiskey. I was, as usual in those cases, officer of the Guard. At 10Y2 O'clock we got orders to strike tents, and at 11 we was in line. I had to take my Guard out of the ranks and hurry the boys out of the camp, for some was so dam drunk that thay was unable to move. After the Regt left I went to the Sutlers and got a drink, and fell my guard in and left for the station. Such falling in the mud you never saw in your life. It was as dark as damnation and the mud was up . . . and the road was as ruff and crooked as they could make it . . . I fell 5 times before I got to the station. So you can judge how I looked. After we got to the Depot we had to lay around until daylight on the morning of the First, when we took the cars for Alexander. We got in Alexander at 3 O'clock P.M. and layed there for one hour, then started for Washington, which place we reached by 4 O'clock. Such looking soldiers you never saw. . . nothing but mud from head to foot. We stayed in Washington all night and in the morning we took the cars about 9 O'clock for Harpers ferry. So you see, we was chainged from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of Western Va in 2

days. Last Sunday morning at half past Four A.M. we had a visit on Loudon heights by Digabreere Genl. Moseby & his fighting men. But . . . he did not know he had the 8th Corps, or the 3d Brig. of the 3d Division to contend with. He did not get in the camp of the 62d N. Y. Vols but he got within gun shot of it, and after Y2 hour fighting he sung out, Boys retreat, they are too much for us. So what could get off went, we got 5 dead, 4 wounded and 3 prisoners of them. I go in for stringing them up a tree, but the General in command (Wheaton) cant see it . . . I hope to be on the Island before short, for I have Reenlisted for 3 years more. I have not got enough of sojering yet. I have Reenlisted in my own Company. I could have come home as a Substitute, but I did not see it in that light.

Now I will close until I see you

Give my love to all From yours etc. Lieut.  
Abram T. Perine  
62d N.Y.S.V. West Virginia.  
P.S. I expect to be home inside of 2 weeks,  
so look out for breakers.

Kerr, M. (1955) *In love and friendship*.

*The letters of Abraham T. Perine, ensign of the Anderson Zouaves. 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV Co. I Homepage*

*J Tierney's Note: Abraham T. Perine died on the June 11, 1864. One would assume it was at the Battle of Cold Harbor but what the cause of his death was is unclear. He is buried at City Point National Cemetery, VA, plot D 64 – John Tierney*

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## **Our Artillery Was Playing Upon Them [23 January 1864]**

Harpers Ferry Va  
Jan 23rd, 1864

Dear Aunt Melissa,

Yours of the 15th inst was gladly received in last night's mail and need I

assure you it was a source of much pleasure to me I was very glad also to hear from Grandfather and to learn that you were all in good health and enjoying yourselves with him. I believe I wrote you soon after our arrival here and told you why we were here. Since I wrote the enemy have moved down in front of us some eleven thousand strong and are composed of Cavalry and mounted Infantry with some Artillery. Our Artillery was playing upon them (to use a military phrase) all day yesterday but I think it did not amount to much. We have been having some very cold weather here accompanied with a little snow and although we have had to undergo some pretty hard fatigues since we left our Corps still I never enjoyed better health in my life for which I feel to thank our Heavenly Father very much. I feel very grateful to you and Uncle for your kindness in offering to give me the charge of the farm this coming Summer and yet I hardly know how to answer you for I do want to study as much as I can after my term of service expires which will be on the 30th of June However, I can study through the winter and should be very much pleased to do the best I can for you on the farm until that time. Aunt Melissa, this is the holy Sabbath and how I wish I were with you away from these scenes of profanity, vulgarity, and bloodshed "Our Heavenly Father give me grace and strength to resist temptations and do my whole duty in a right manner is my daily prayer" but oh, it is hard to do this and resist evils.

I have not reenlisted yet neither shall I. The men of our Regiment that have gone home on Furloughs tonight. I believe, therefore, it is now too late regarding my Grandfather in England to give me a good home (to use his own words) and to give me a good education if I would come to him but his offers were given in rather a brief manner and I have been waiting for another letter before deciding what I should do. Please write me again when convenient. Give my

love to Uncle and all other friends and accept this from your Nephew,

Covell (Woods)

*Letters of Alfred Covell Woods. 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV Co I Homepage*

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## **I Had Been Promoted to a Sergeant [9 February 1864]**

Harpers Ferry, Va  
Feb 9th (1864)

Dearest Aunt,

I am again seated for the purpose of writing to you for I am lonely and feel like talking with you although I believe I do not owe you a letter and perhaps you may think I am writing oftener than there is need of.

We are still in or near the same place that we were when I wrote you last and we are now comfortably encamped with the probability of our remaining here for some time to come. We have been pretty busy fixing up our quarters for the past two weeks and we have got them in good order and almost as comfortable as so many log Houses would be. The weather is beautiful here and we enjoy it very much. I never felt better in my life than I do now. It is so healthy here that we can hardly help feeling well although many do not take care of themselves as they ought. How good God is! This thought often comes to mind as I see how my comrades as well as myself are often kindly preserved in our ways of folly. I am thankful that I have not much longer to remain in this wicked place. Not that I am tired of doing my duty as a Soldier in the least, but I long to live in quiet once more. If I am preserved through the remainder of my term of service I shall try and settle down in some place and live steadily and get me a Home if possible of my own. Who is helping Uncle this winter

with the work? I wish he would write to me. I should be so glad to hear from him. I often long to hear from some of the friends and a letter never seemed half as precious as it does here in the Army. How is Mr Burdick and cousin Sarah this winter? Please give my best respects to them when you see them. There is much more I would write but cannot now. With much love to Uncle and yourself I remain as ever,

Your Affectionate Nephew,  
Covell. (Woods)

P.S. I believe I told you in some of my other letters that I had been promoted to a Sergeant. Please write soon as convenient.

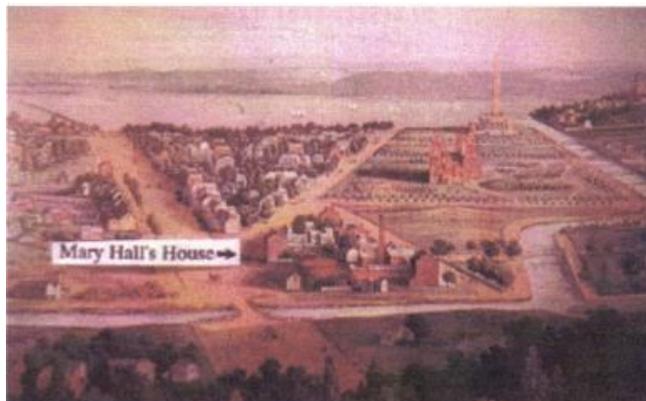
Love Covell

Address  
Sergt Alfred "C" Woods Co E, 62nd regt.  
N.Y.S.Vols. Via Washington D.C."

*Letters of Alfred Covell Woods. 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV Co I Homepage*

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## **Bawdy House Case**



**[15 February 1864]**

Trial of Mary Ann Hall  
Criminal Court, Judge Olin

This morning the case of Mary Ann Hall charged with keeping a bawdy house on the corner of 4th street and Maryland avenue, was taken up; Mr. Joseph H. Bradley, Sr.; appearing for the defense (sic).

Officer Gessford testified to having seen hacks frequently in front of the house, from which he had seen males mostly get out. He had seldom seen females alight. Witness was in the house about two years since, and again about a year since, he was called there by a hackman who complained that a gentleman had "slied" him, and witness was invited in and waited until the gentleman came down. Witness had seen when the Anderson Zouaves were here, a number of women there, but, never had seen any of any account on any other occasion. The front door had a ball and chain on it, so that it could be opened about six inches that persons might be seen before being admitted. Witness was called there another time about a watch which had been lost but he did not see any women on that occasion.

Charles Walter (late Justice of the Peace)

The Evening Star, 19 February 1864

*Interments in the Historic Congressional Cemetery*  
(2006).

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## **Stop the Shicken! He is an Anderson Zouave!**

**[12 March 1864]**

From the Army.

In July, 1861, when our regiment was recruiting at the "Tent" at Union Square, we used to get our meals at a restaurant, corner of -th street and 2d Avenue, kept by a good natured old teuton, by the name of S-.

The squad under command of Lieut. T , were detailed as recruiting sergeants, and received little tickets—"Good for one meal," and new recruits frequently received meals at this place, previous to their being transferred to Riker's Island, our rendezvous at the time. Old S- used to give us very good food, full as good as he could afford for the price he received, but of course not as large a bill of fare as he gave to his cash customers.

We, the squad, sat at our usual table one day, waiting for our "grub," when a tall, genteel-looking man entered, whom

we at once recognized as an individual that had just enrolled his name and had just received his ticket for dinner. The individual walked leisurely up to the bar with as much style as a Beau Brummel, and called for a glass of brandy which he drank with the air of a Count, and then asked old S. in a patronizing way, what he had good for dinner. S-, supposing of course, he was a cash customer, very politely handed him the bill of fare. After examining for some time through his gold-bowed glasses, he ordered his broiled chicken and other "fixens," with a bottle of claret to wash it down.

Old S-, who with a prospective view of two or three dollars more in the drawer was very polite, begged the gentleman to be seated till his dinner could be served, while he stepped nimbly to the kitchen to give instructions to Katrens, the cook. After waiting a few moments, the gentleman unwittingly pulled out his ticket and laid it on the table. We squad set quietly eating our beans awaiting the denoument. Presently old S- passed the table, and as he did So, his eye caught sight of the ticket, and giving the individual one look of mingled rage and astonishment, he started double-quick for the kitchen, shouting at the top of his voice, "Kadrine! Kadrine! stop the shicken! stop de shicken! he is an Anderson Zouave"

The shout that went up from the squad, may better be imagined than described, and old S- did not hear the last of "stop de shicken" for a long time.

When our regiment was encamped at Tenallytown, D. C., in the winter of 1861-2, there was one Dennis McC-, a quick-witted, good-natured son of Erin, who belonged to Capt. W-'s company. Now Captain W- was a fussy, quick tempered little man, and immense on discipline. Dennis had committed a trifling act prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and was ordered by Capt. W- to walk in front of his (the Captain's) tent, for six consecutive hours, fully armed and equipped for punishment. Denny had been

on his post but a short time, when a brother Emeralder happened to pass and asked him what he [was doing. Denny replied to Pat "Haven't you heard] that the Captain's gone crazy, and the Colonel has ordered a guard to keep him in the tent till he's sent away." "Why, no," says Pat, "sure I'd not heard of it."

"Indade," says Denny, "it's mighty hard work to keep him under the tent, he takes on so sometimes."

Pat expressed his sorrow at the misfortune of his Captain, and started to go on his way, when Denny called him and wanted to know if he could stand there at his post a short time, as he wished to go to his tent a moment.

Pat of course was ready to do his comrade a favor, and in the twinkling, Denny's rifle and equipments were transferred to Pat, with caution to look out for the Captain.

Pat said he would look out for him, and Denny left Pat in full possession.

Soon the Captain, who had been busy in the tent, thought he would see how Denny was getting along, and was about to step out, when he was not a little surprised by Pat's bayonet pointed rather close to his breast, with the order to get back to his bed or he would "prad" him with his bayonet. The captain's surprise soon gave way to indignation, "deep and dire," and in no gentle manner demanded to know what he was doing there, and attempted to collar poor Pat. But Pat was prepared for him, and after a series of parries and thrusts, he brought the point of the bayonet to the breast of the Captain. In the voice of a man who was doing his duty to the letter, he told the Captain if he did not get back to his bed he would run him through. The Capt. saw that Pat was in earnest, and did get back; but putting his head outside the tent, he demanded to know why this outrage. He stamped and swore, but to no avail. Pat was immovable. Soon Lieut. P-made his appearance, and after an explanation, set things to rights, and Pat

retired in disgust, upbraiding his comrade who had served him the "dirty thrick."

But the joke was too good, however, and Dennis was pardoned from any further duty on that post, with the caution never to play his pranks again. Denny promised and was pardoned.

*Utica Daily Observer*, Monday, March 12, 1864.

*Anderson Zouaves Newspaper Clippings*. 62<sup>nd</sup>  
NYSV Co. I Homepage

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## **I am at Present in Command of Two Companys [28 February 1864]**

Harpers Ferry, Va  
Feb 28th 1864

Dearest Aunt,

Many, many thanks for your kindest and more than welcome letter of the 22nd inst which I very eagerly and joyfully received in this evenings post. You can hardly realize how good it seems to hear from Home and to know that all the dear friends are in possession of good health and I trust good spirits. I have been longing for a letter from Aunt Melissa for several days but I knew she had some good excuse for not writing or she would favor me with a few lines at least. The hours at best are rather dreary and monotonous when in Camp and a good letter from a known and tried friend has a tendency to shorten the time in calling forth pleasant recollections and thereby dispelling the gloom with which we are surrounded.

We are having some splendid weather here and I cannot help but enjoy it much as I am hearty and healthy and as happy as the circumstances under which I am situated will permit. The winter has been very mild so far with scarcely any snow and but little cold weather. Spring is now almost upon us and soon I suppose we may look for the beginning of some active

operations here in the field and I sincerely hope and pray that they may be crowned with victor and peace once again reign undisturbed as in bygone days. And truly our cause never seemed more bright and ultimate success more sure than at the present time.

Now I write a little about myself I am at present in command of two companys which have been consolidated with ours and their Officers having reenlisted and gone home. It places me in a very responsible position and I have a good deal of writing to do. I have been very busy for the past two days in making out the Muster Rolls. Tomorrow I have got to make out the Monthly Returns and send them away. I have heard today that the draft was again postponed and I think it a good thing for there are many renlisting and volunteering daily and I have hard work to resist the temptation myself as I see so many of my brave and tried comrades going away and leaving me as it were behind to deliberate and decide whether I have the heart to do my duty or not. But there is some consolation in knowing (if I do not find myself be renewed obligations for the future). I have done my duty in the past and have as far as I have been able carried out the purpose for which I enlisted. How I wish you would ask Uncle to write me a letter. It would do me so much good. Ask him to tell me about his work and everything which interests him. I need hardly ask you to write for I know you will Dear Aunt and by so doing you will very much gratify me. Please give my best respects to Cousin John and Sarah also to Uncle and other frier.ds and accept the earnest love of your Affectionate Nephew,

Alfred C Woods

P.S. Address as usual

*Letters of Alfred Covell Woods. 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV Co I*  
Homepage

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## **I Can Leave Here Tomorrow [19 March 1864]**

Halltown, W. Va  
March 19th, 1864

My own dear Aunt,

Again I am feeling lonely and having nothing urgent in the line of duties to perform. I have concluded to spend a few minutes in writing hoping by so doing that I may wear on this feeling. I wrote you a short time since and I presume you have received my letter long ere this .

I am still in good health and ought to be in good spirits for I am favored as much as any person could expect but I have again been thinking of reenlisting and although the inducements are great and I feel as though I ought to do it still I do not want to renew my bonds after I have so many times said I would not and after you have made me such kind offers for the future.

I understand last night that the pay of the Soldier had been increased. If so it will bring my wages as a Sergeant to twenty five Dollars per month and with this and the Bounty I can easily lay up a thousand Dollars during the coming year, if I reenlist. Now what shall I do? I can leave here tomorrow an my way to Crown Point if I wish. If my education was as good as it ought to be I should not hesitate an instant and I may come as it is if I do it will be within three or four days. But enough of this.

Dear Aunt will you not over look this unsteadiness of mind in me and favour me with one of your good kind letters soon? I have only you to look to and confide in and although I have been boyish and bad still I feel thankful that you at least will remember me in supplication to our Heavenly Father and will encourage me on in the path of Right from which I have so greatly strayed. We are expecting a dash from the enemy here soon and I think we

will fall back to the fortifications of Harpers Ferry (three miles distant) within two or three days. Now dearest Aunt I shall look for a letter from you soon. Give my best respects to all acquaintances who may enquire. With much love to your self and Uncle I remain

Very Truly,

Your Nephew  
A.C. Woods

*Letters of Alfred Covell Woods. 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSV Co I  
Homepage*

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### **The Gallant Sixty-second [4 April 1864]**

Lieut. Col. Dwight, of the 122d Regiment, who is now at home, made a speech before the dis-Loyal League last Friday evening, upon which occasion he so far forgot his duty as a soldier and a man, as to malign and villify the 62d N. Y. Volunteers—a very worthy, tried and true regiment, and one that has seen much service in the field, and always acquitted themselves with gallantry and distinction. He said, in substance, that the Sixty-second was raised principally in the "Bloody Sixth" Ward of New York, that they (the men) never knew but one political party, and but one nomination for any election, and their system of election was "a Democratic ballot or down goes your house," and that when they left their homes, they were so thoroughly wedded to the Democratic party they believed that Andrew Jackson was still living to be voted for for President! Astute "Col." Dwight! smart "Col." Dwight! "loyal" "Col." Dwight! eloquent "Col." Dwight! genteel "Col." Dwight, had better go to the field, where he belongs, than to be lounging around home villifying an old and faithful regiment. The gallant Sixty-second was made up principally of Irishmen; perhaps this is the reason for the "Colonel's" animadversions.

Syracuse Daily Courier and Union (NY), Monday, April 4, 1864.

*ZOUAVE!* Number 12 – April 2008. p.2

### **Grant Reviewed Our Corps Today [19 April 1864]**

Brandy Station Va  
April 19th 1864

Dear Aunt,

Your kind and welcome missive reached me in due time I am very sorry to hear of your health being so poor this Spring. Oh it must be distressing to be thus afflicted. I fear I should not have the patience to thus bear illness without a murmur. However, I cannot but feel thankful that it has been no worse. I am very glad to learn that Uncle Reuben is enjoying such good health and I know he must feel more cheerful while he is able to superintend the duties of the place. My health is excellent and my duties being light the time passes away very pleasantly although I cannot but look forward occassionally to the day when my term of enlistment expires. I have received another letter from my relatives in England and it is far more encouraging than any I have before received. They state that they are now left nearly alone having lost some forty relatives within a few years past and there is none left that could do me any good after their death. They want I should consider the matter seriously and come and see them as soon as convenient.

The weather has been very poor since our return to the Corps but is better now. Genl Grant reviewed our Corps today and preparations have been made for a move. Nearly all the Suttlers have been ordered away from the Army and I think an active campaign will soon begin. The enemy have been busy throwing up earth-works and fortifications for the past few days on the other bank of the Rapidan River and I think they intend making a strong ressitance in case we move forward at this point. But with the leader we now have they cannot hold out long and this

foul rebellion will soon be among the list of "things that were" Although never to be forgotten.

I am glad Uncle has engaged the services of a good trusty man for this Summer and I hope he will do well. I will now bid you Good Night. Please write me soon as convenient - Give my best respects to all who may enquire. With much love and many kind wishes I remain truly your Affectionate Nephew

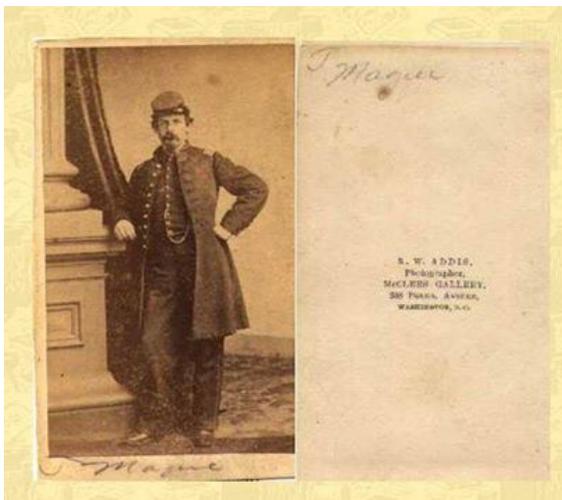
Covell (Woods)

*J Tierney's Note: This was the last letter that Sgt Woods wrote his aunt before he was killed on 5 May, 1864.*

**6 2**

## LT. MAGEE'S SWORD

by Charles Luttmann



Lt. James Magee's (62d NYSV) Sword. Recently this item was auctioned on eBay. I have taken the opportunity to save the information (below) and photos that were included on the eBay listing.

"1845 Klingenthal Armory Foot Officer's Presentation Sword ID'd to 62nd

NY Infantry 'Anderson Zouaves' 1st Lieut. James Magee

This minty specimen is an original, imported Model 1845 Civil War Foot Officer's campaign-grade sword complete with its original leather engraved presentation scabbard with brass hardware. Manufactured by the Klingenthal Armory of Klingenthal, Alsace, France. Klingenthal was known for their high-grade, high-quality edged weapons. A Klingenthal officer's blade was equal to any of the best swords at the time.

This 1845 Foot Officer's Sword is an excellent original piece that features a an engraved presentation scabbard that reads "Presented to Lieut. James Magee Co. E. Anderson Zouaves by his Trojan Friends". The straight high quality steel blade measures 30 1/2" long and 1" wide at the hilt. The total length of the sword is 36". The maker's mark is found on the acid-etched, scroll motif blade back and features the name "Manuf Klingenthal a Cavalur" with no date visible. Reverse ricasso is plain while the obverse ricasso bears two small makers' marks, "crown over B" and "crown over D" both within a small oval. Marks indicate an 1845 time frame for this model of sword.

Both blade flats exhibit a beautifully executed, acid etched floral décor combined with a small military motif of crossed cannons and swords. Etching extends upwards for 16" from the ricasso on both flats. Handsome blade exhibits a very pleasing, eye-catching shiny bright, polished surface. No area of oxidation or pitting and blade is free of edge nicks. No script letters "U.S." as expected. The brass hilt is typical of almost all Foot Officer's Swords. The hilt retains its original, intact red pad. Grips are mint condition and employ the typical Foot Officer's grooved wooden handle that is cord wrapped and then covered with white sharkskin. Brass wire wrap is excellent, tight and strong. Casting detail on the hilt and pommel is profuse and strong..."



For more pictures of the sword, please go to:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Anderson-Zouaves-Research/544554128930906>

**6 2**

## NEWS IN BRIEF

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### 7<sup>th</sup> Annual School of the Soldier

We at Anderson Zouaves Research, highly recommend this excellent "Living History" event, hosted by the 62<sup>nd</sup> NYSVV Co. F Living History Group.

<http://historyresourcegroup.tripod.com/id22.html>

**Anderson Zouave "Wiki"**

AZ Researcher, John Tierney's AZ Wiki continues to grow, please check out his latest entries on veterans;

Albert Meeks

[http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/Albert\\_Victor\\_Meeks](http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/Albert_Victor_Meeks)

William Harrison Meeks

[http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/William\\_Harrison\\_Tice](http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/William_Harrison_Tice)

Edwin Page Davis

[http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/Edwin\\_Page\\_Davis](http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/Edwin_Page_Davis)

Wilson Hubbell

[http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/Wilson\\_Hubbell](http://andersonzouaves.zz.mu/index.php/Wilson_Hubbell)

**6 2**

## **THE MYSTERY OF GEORGE A. HARRISON, 62<sup>nd</sup> NEW YORK INFANTRY**

by Charles Luttmann



I became interested in George Harrison about a year ago when I discovered his diary at The New York State Historical Association. The entire diary consists of 39 pages with 28 of the pages being dated entries.

I made an inquiry to the NYSHA about obtaining a copy of the diary. They responded stating that 20 pages is the maximum number of allowable copies from any collection in their Special Collections Department. I requested the

dated entries beginning January 1, 1862 and 20 pages later ends at July 1, 1864. I also applied for and was granted permission to use five of the dated entries in this article. George had nice handwriting and good grammar. The pages of this diary are all clean and neat. I think George must have re-written this diary from his original as there are no stains, creases, watermarks, tears, etc. that one would expect from a diary carried for four years through all types of weather and numerous battles.

Why is there a mystery involved with George Harrison? He does not appear in the official roster or records of the 62<sup>nd</sup> New York Infantry. I was able to solve this mystery through much research and some luck. I will relate this story, but first some very interesting information about George will be presented. Two biographies were discovered.

The first is from the book:

“Biographical History of Tippecanoe, White, Jasper, Newton, Benton, Warren, and Pulaski Counties, Indiana.”

*Major George A. Harrison*

*Few lives are more replete with incident and thrilling experiences than has been that of this gentleman, who for the past two years has been the efficient superintendent of the police force of Lafayette. He has traveled in all parts of the world and has fought under the banners of many governments, not neglecting his own loved country, in whose defense he gallantly shouldered arms and spent four years of arduous campaigning during the civil war. A complete history of his life would fill a volume of respectable size, and would prove very interesting to the general reader.*

*The Harrissons are of Scotch-English descent, and were early settlers of New Hampshire, being the recipients of some of the original grants of land there. The Meaders, the maternal ancestors of the Major, were probably of Dutch descent and were pioneers of Nantucket and*

vicinity. The parents of our subject were Issacher and Phoebe (Meader) Harrison, natives of New Hampshire and New York, respectively. They were married in Troy, New York, and resided there for many years, the father engaged in running a drug store. After the death of his wife he retired to a farm and there passed his last days.

The only surviving member of his father's household, George A. Harrison was born in Troy, New York, May 12, 1843. He possessed an adventurous spirit and a desire to see the great world, and so, when but twelve years old, he shipped aboard a merchant vessel as a cabin boy. The ship soon afterward commenced conveying flour and supplies to the English army, then occupied in the Crimean war, and thus the lad witnessed the bombardment of Sebastopol. During the Sepoy rebellion in India he was still in the merchant-marine service, and went ashore to enlist with the English forces. Under command of the noted General Havelock he went to the relief of the besieged garrison at Lucknow, and was a witness of the thrilling scenes of that memorable campaign. In 1861 he arrived in New Orleans, and had to secrete himself in order to avoid impressment into the Confederate service, and finally escaped as a stowaway on a ship bound for Havana. Applying there for a passport to New York, the American consul refused his request, but notwithstanding this rebuff, he managed to get on board a vessel going to the metropolis. Landing May 11, 1861, he lost no time in getting into the army, for the next day he enlisted in Anderson's Zouaves, afterwards the Sixty-second New York Regiment. He rose from the ranks, being made first lieutenant in 1863, captain in 1864, and was brevetted major on the field of battle. From first to last in the Army of the Potomac, he served through the Peninsular campaign and was a participant in all of the hard-fought battles before Richmond, winning the highest commendation from his superior

officers. In the battles of Malvern Hill, Shenandoah, and Petersburg he was wounded, and was once taken prisoner, but escaped forty-eight hours later. At the close of the war he was stationed at Fort Wood, on Bedloes island, New York harbor, as quartermaster and adjutant, until September, 1865, when he was mustered out of the service. His military record is an unusually brilliant one, and he seemed to lead a charmed life, for he was always in the thickest of the fight.

Then, going to his old home in Troy, he was placed on the police force, but resigned in the following year, in order to join General Spears and assist in raising a company for the Fenian invasion of Canada. He served about six weeks in that noted campaign, as captain of his company, sharing the hardships of the expedition. Having thoroughly imbibed the war spirit, he next went to South America, where there is always opportunity for soldiers to enlist, and accepted a position as lieutenant-colonel in the Brazilian army, under the Duke de Caxis, against the allied forces of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. For various reasons he soon went over to the opposite side and was placed in command of a European battalion as major. After fighting in several battles he turned his back on the whole cause and enlisted under the stars and stripes once more, as a seaman in our navy. This meant four years of hard service, his ship, the Pawnee, being one of the South Atlantic squadron, and though he traveled to many a port and had numerous adventures of all kinds, the yearning for home and a quiet life grew upon him year by year, and he decided that he would settle down to a peaceful vocation, when the opportunity presented itself. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, navy yards, he was discharged in September, 1869, as quartermaster.

For a few months Major Harrison worked at railroading in Michigan, and in April, 1870, came to Lafayette. Here he was concerned in the construction of what

is now the Lake Erie & Western Railroad for some time, and then took contracts for several public works in this vicinity, notably the beautiful road from Lafayette to Battle Ground. During the next decade he was the manager of the Kankakee Crystal Ice Company's plant at Waldron, and was connected with the Riverside Stone Company and the Diamond Flint Company, also taking contracts for stone work.

Always a great worker in the Republican party, the Major is held in high esteem by his political associates. He filled out the unexpired term of J.W. Conine as township trustee, was enrolling clerk at the legislative sessions of the state in 1897, and was the secretary of the Republican central committee in the campaign of 1896. In April, 1897, he was appointed superintendent of police in Lafayette and was reappointed in 1898. We quote from a local paper, and that, too, of the opposite party: "In selecting Major Harrison as superintendent of the police force of Lafayette the board of police commissioners made no mistake. No man has had as many opportunities to betray trust and get wealth and still be poor as has Major Harrison, but in all the various capacities that he has filled in life he has done his duty solely because it was his duty, and not through any thought of gain or personal aggrandizement. He has the confidence and respect of every officer in the city, and never in the history of Lafayette have the police affairs been more ably managed than they are today."

In 1864 the Major joined the Masonic order at Troy, New York, and was made a Master Mason in Rio Janeiro, Brazil. He now belongs to Lafayette Lodge, No. 123, F. & A. M., and to Lafayette Chapter, No. 3, R.A.M. Moreover, he is member of the John A. Logan Post, No. 3, G.A.R., and of Encampment No. 122, Union Veteran Legion. At present he is commander of Tippecanoe Encampment, No. 17, Woodmen of the World, having served for five years in that capacity.

In 1871 the marriage of Major Harrison and Miss Mary Francis was solemnized. Five children were born to them, but three of the number are deceased. Nellie is teaching in the city schools here, and Jessie is the wife of W. K. Raub, of Raub Station, Indiana.

The following article is from the book: "American Police Equipment: A Guide To Early Restraints, Clubs, And Lanterns."

George A. Harrison

In 1901 George A. Harrison was granted a patent for a mechanical nipper. At the time his patent was granted, Harrison was the Superintendent of the Lafayette, Indiana Police Department. Harrison remained head of that department through 1904, but by 1905 had become the chief of the Lafayette Fire Department.

George Harrison was a very unusual person in the number and diversity of jobs and occupations he had over the course of his life. Born in Troy, New York on May 12, 1843, he ran away from home at the age of twelve to serve on a merchant vessel. On May 11, 1861 at the age of eighteen he enlisted in Anderson's Zouaves, later the Sixty-second New York and was wounded twice during the Civil War. Before war's end he had been promoted to the rank of major.

After the war, he returned to Troy and joined their police department. In 1866 he was induced to take command of a company organized for the purpose of invading Canada, a military endeavor that was short lived and unsuccessful.

Harrison came to Lafayette in 1869, where he worked on the western extension of the Lafayette, Muncie, and Bloomington railroad. During his career, he served in military units of England, Brazil, the U.S. Navy and Uruguay. He held various positions over the years until he was appointed Superintendent of Police on April 5, 1897. While head of that

*department, he introduced the Bertillon measurement system, a form of identification in vogue before fingerprinting replaced it as a standard means of identification in this country.*

Following are five dated entries from the diary of George A. Harrison. Thanks to the New York State Historical Association Library, Cooperstown, N. Y. (Transcription by Charles Luttmann)

*July 1<sup>st</sup> (1862)- Battle of Malvern Hill-stationed in a peach orchard, back of a large house, with oat field sloping in front. We drove the enemy back from three charges and captured a rebel flag. I was wounded in right-upper arm and right-breast. We were pressed severely but held our ground. Commenced fighting at 9:30 A.M. and held our ground, made a charge against a charge and repulsed the Rebs, At night retreated to Harrison's Landing on the James River.*

*May 3d(1863)-Crossed the Rappahannock River in front of Fredricksburg before day light. Our passage being vigorously disputed and was in line of Battle ready for action at 5.30 A. M. in rear of City-ordered to feel of Marye's Heights or rather the stone wall along a road running along side of Heights. Col F. B. Hamilton in command of Regt. Having formed line of Battle just below the crest and marched up to draw the enemys fire. Before going 200 yards, we were opened on by heavy musketry from behind the stone wall also five pieces of Artillery. Genl Wheaton says in his report- The gallantry with which the 62d N.Y. moved up to receive the enemys fire and in about as many seconds lost in killed and wounded 64 officers and men, out of less than 500, it is worthy of special praise and notice. The Color Sergeant was killed, Col wounded and 30 musket balls pierced its flag. The same day the Genl says about the Battle at Salem Heights 6 ½ miles from Fredericksburg having fought all the way there. That the 62d N.Y. performed gallant service, losing at this*

*fight- 56 men, making a total of 120 for the day.*

*May 4<sup>th</sup> (1863)-Fought our Regt at different times facing four different ways covering a small territory. Four companies under Lieut Morris went on picket duty north of Banks Ford. At 3.30 P.M. we were attacked by the enemy and repulsed them. At 5 P.M. we captured the biggest part of two Regts. Retreated and marched all night to Banks Ford. The pickets was captured by the enemy.*

*July 2d (1863)-Arrived at Gettysburg Pa after making 34 miles that day, at 5 P.M. went into Battle hastily, marched from Cemetary Hill to left of Round Top was sent into the Battle when the Pennsylvania Reserve were driven back and charged the enemy and captured two light 12 pound brass Guns.*

*July 3d (1863)-Our Genl Newton being assigned to another Corps, Genl Terry commands our Division. Genl Meade says about us in the Battle , 3d, We maintained our position and inflicted very severe losses on the enemy. Repulsed a charge at 10 A. M. About 2 P.M. the enemy centered their shells on us. At 6 P.M. we were ordered to advance, which we did for half a mile, under a very heavy fire, but we captured many Prisoners. In Col Nevins report of the Battle he says of his Regt the 62d N.Y. Their daring bravery at the turning point of the Battle deserves more than I can say. Never did troops advance upon the enemy more cheerful and in better spirits.*

I return now to the mystery of George A. Harrison. As previously mentioned, he does not appear in the official roster of the 62<sup>nd</sup> New York Infantry. I searched the U.S. Civil War Soldiers 1861-1865 database. I entered George A. Harrison and keywords New York, 62<sup>nd</sup> NY, and Anderson's Zouaves and received 5,692 results. More refined searches yielded no George Harrison in the 62<sup>nd</sup> NY. I contacted Jim Gandy at The New York Military Museum in hopes he

might be able to help. Mr. Gandy offered a few ideas and the one that seemed likely was that there was a clerical error and he was mistakenly listed in another regiment. With thousands of possibilities, solving this mystery seemed unlikely. I contacted the NYSHA again hoping they might be able to help. I noticed that their description of the diary incorrectly states that George A. Harrison was in the 24<sup>th</sup> New York Cavalry, also known as Anderson's Zouaves. I began to have doubts whether this was a genuine Civil War diary and expressed my concern to them. They responded as follows:

"We are aware of the error in the online finding aid regarding the statement of Anderson's Zouaves being the 24<sup>th</sup> NY Cavalry as well as the listing for the older George Harrison who is named in the roster for the 24<sup>th</sup> NY Cavalry. We realize the George Harrison of the 24<sup>th</sup> NY Cavalry is not the George Harrison whose diary is in our collection. We are in the process of correcting this error; however, it is not a simple procedure as outside entities are involved. Be assured that we are working on it. We thank you for your concern regarding this error.

Incidentally, the diary that we have in our collection is a photocopy of the original. We received this as a gift in 1964 from Alameda McCullough of The Tippecanoe County Historical Association. The address given is South Street at Tenth, Lafayette, Indiana. The description accompanying this record from 1964 states George Harrison enlisted in New York City, May 13, 1861."

I wrote to the Tippecanoe County Historical Association and requested a copy of the diary of George A. Harrison. Following is their response:

"Dear Mr. Luttmann,

Our executive director Kathy Atwell asked that I respond to your letter of 9/14/2013 addressed to her re the diary of one George Harrison. My initial search for the diary through our accession records

yielded no mention of it at all. We do have a small group of diaries that are as yet unaccessioned, but a search of that box was also unsuccessful. A former employee reported to me that a group of diaries were stolen ca. 1965 or 1966 before the curator at that time could get them processed. If the curator made a list of those items at the time, it apparently has not survived to the present. Armed with this information and what you had provided in your letter, I contacted the New York State Historical Society to see what they could tell me about the copy of the diary. The NYSHA reference librarian told me that Alameda McCullough (our curator mentioned above) sent them a photocopy of the diary in 1964.

Given the above facts, here is what I think *probably* happened. Our long-time curator, Alameda McCullough, acquired the diary (possibly along with some other diaries) in 1964. Her source is unknown. Seeing that the contents reflected a New York significance, she made a photocopy and sent it to the NYSHA. Before the proper accession and cataloging records could be created, i.e., between 1964 and 1966 when the former employee mentioned above started working for Alameda, the diary was stolen from the TCHA. If it still exists, it is probably in some collector's private collection. It would appear that the NYSHA photocopy is the only copy available to the public. Again, this is pure conjecture on my part, but it seems logical based on what we know at this time.

During my initial search of our accession records I discovered that we have a couple of b&w photographic portraits of a George A. Harrison (1847-1913) who served on the Lafayette fire department in the 1870's. He was the fire chief ca. 1887-1906. Apparently he was also a carpenter and had two daughters, a Nell F. Harrison and a Mrs. Jessie Raub who donated the photos to TCHA. Could this be the same George A. Harrison that created the diary? I don't know. NYSHA

shows the diary authors 's birth date as 1843 instead of 1847, but I'm not sure how solid the source for either of these birth dates might be. I will ask one of our genealogy volunteers to see if we can find out any further information about this individual that would either support or eliminate the possibility of him being the author of the diary. If anything turns up, I'll be back in touch.

Sincerely,  
Jnh"

The luck needed to solve this mystery was the information provided about the daughters. A search on Ancestry.com of Mrs. Jessie Raub resulted in a detailed family tree that included George A. Harrison. He is actually listed as (George) Albert Harrison Brown. The information in the family tree states that he was born 12 May, 1843 in Troy, Rensselaer, NY and died 04 Feb, 1913 in Terre Haute, IN. A note regarding his military service states he enlisted in Anderson's Zouaves. Why does the family list him as George Albert Harrison Brown? I again researched the Civil War Pension Files and discovered that his wife Mary filed for a widows pension on 13 Feb., 1913. The top of the form asks for the name of the soldier. She entered Harrison, George (now known) and directly underneath she entered Brown, Albert H. There is an Albert H. Brown listed in the official roster of the Sixty-Second New York Infantry. The official report gives the following information:

BROWN, ALBERT H. – Age, 18 years. Enrolled, June 5, 1861, at New York City, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. E, August 15, 1861; promoted corporal, December 1, 1861; wounded in action, June 1, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.; promoted sergeant, no date; re-enlisted as a veteran, January 1, 1864; mustered in as first lieutenant, December 27, 1864; mustered out with company, August 30, 1865, at Fort Schuyler, New York Harbor.

Commissioned first lieutenant, November 17, 1864, with rank from November 7, 1864, vice W. Barnett dismissed.

Why did George A. Harrison change his name from Albert H. Brown? I contacted the great- great granddaughter and posed this question to her. Following is her response:

“As I understand it there was some sort of falling out with his family and Albert Harrison Brown (son of Isaacher) changed his name to George Albert Harrison. I believe the George came from a captain on a ship that he liked. He is buried here in Lafayette, IN where he served as police and fire chiefs. He was my great –great grandfather.”

This concludes my story of George A. Harrison and how I solved the mystery of why he wasn't listed on the official roster of the 62<sup>nd</sup> NY. Other questions have arisen that may never be solved. What would cause a young boy aged 12 to run away from home and eventually renounce his family name? The biographical information states he was promoted to rank of captain and brevetted major on field of battle. This does not match with the official record.

**6 2**

## **MOSES STRAUSS - A CORRECTION**

by Joe Basso

**+**

One of the benefits of researching members of the 62<sup>nd</sup> is learning not only about their military experiences, but also how they fared after the conflict.

The War lasted four bloody years, but the history of their families, and their communities as a whole, lasts until today. One of the dangers of writing biographies

is the multiplicity of the same name but different families, especially when these families occur within close proximity of each other. You end up with inaccuracies and vast historical errors. For this I have to plead “mea culpa” in regards to an earlier account of Moses Strauss. Thanks to the patience, understanding and tutoring of Moses’ descendant, Robert Fordan, I have been not only been able to locate my research errors, but I have been able to expand the social history of Moses Strauss. So, *Once more unto the breach dear friends*, and let us see if I improve upon the earlier rendition.

While Moses Strauss was born in New York in 1846, his family originated in the Alsace region situated between Germany and France. This portion of Europe had been the center of conflict between these two countries since the death of Charles the Great (aka Carlos Magnus or Charlemagne). Charlemagne divided his kingdom between his three sons with the theory that this would appease all three and maintain the peace and security of the realm. The reality was that the Alsace-Lorraine region was between the other brothers’ kingdoms and became a hotly contested battlefield, being conquered and acquired by both Germany and France. With France’s defeat in the Franco-German War (Franco-Prussian War) in 1871, Germany controlled the region and was a major contributing factor to the desire of the French for revenge and was one of the major causes for the start of World War I. It also helped cause some discrepancies within the American Census Reports. Families from this region were listed as being of French origin in one decade, and German in another.

Moses Strauss himself was born in New York and by the beginning of the Civil War enlisted, along with approximately five thousand of his fellow Jews in the Union cause. Military records of the 62<sup>nd</sup> has him being 5’6” tall with dark hair, black eyes, and fair complexion. His occupation was listed as a clerk and

was only 15 years of age when he enlisted into Company H, as a musician, on May 5, 1861. He was transferred to Co. K on June 30, 1861 then to Co. C on July 3, 1861 and was then retransferred to Co. K also in July, 1861. When his enlistment expired, Moses, along with about 90% of the regiment, re-enlisted at Brandy Station, Virginia, for another three years, and was transferred to Co. I on January 1, 1864 as a Veteran. In September 1864, Moses was promoted to Principal Musician and a month later was transferred to the Brigade Band. Like his fellow compatriots, Moses was mustered out of service and returned to civilian life in August, 1865 from Fort Schuyler in New York Harbor.

Moses Strauss was married in 1866 to Mary Kahn who was born in France in 1847 and came to the United States with her parents in 1850, possibly on the ship *Atlantic*. They would have three children, Caroline (b. 1868), Simon (aka Samson b. 1883), and Sarah (b.1882). The 1870 Census shows the family living on Willsey Street in Newark, New Jersey with Moses operating a Beer Saloon there.

The 1880 Census shows that the family had moved to Manhattan, New York and that Moses was now a butcher. On June 30, 1882, Moses applied for and was granted an invalid pension from the Government. Family history states that he lost the hearing in one ear, possibly at the battle of Fredericksburg. There is no record of the 1890 Census due to a fire within the Commerce Department in Washington, D.C. that destroyed most of that research.

The 1900 Census has Moses and family now living on East 3<sup>rd</sup> Street in Manhattan, but is recorded as being an agent for selling wood and coal. Sarah is now eighteen and is employed as a sales lady, and Simon is sixteen and in school. The family is also earning extra money by keeping a lodger named Charles Kissling. By 1910, Moses is operating a boarding house in Highlands, New Jersey. Simon is now 26 and a musician as well as giving violin lessons. This report has him being

the only child in the household and Simon's Census statement has his parents as being "German/Yiddish."

Mary Strauss' accurate date of death is unclear, but Simon and Caroline were the executors of her will and completed Mary's instructions in November, 1914. On July 16, 1916, the *Red Bank Register* in Red Bank, New Jersey, announced the death of Moses Strauss at the age of 75. Simon married and went on to have a successful career in Real Estate and as an Insurance Broker. He would register for Selective Service for both WWI and WW2, but no service record could be found. Simon died on September 18, 1956 at age 73, and was buried in the Silver Lake/Mt. Richmond Cemetery, Staten Island, New York.

**6 2**

**PVT. ROBERT F.  
STEVENSON  
(STEPHENSON)  
62d NYSV CO. A.**

According to Prophecy, the Four Riders of the Apocalypse are Death, Famine, War and Conquest. The American Civil War fulfilled all four of these terrors, ending lives almost before they had a chance to pick up a quill and write down their life's history.

The ancient Greeks believed that a person's destiny was determined by three old sisters. One wove the thread of life, the second measured your life span, which would include all that you would accomplish, and the third, and also the most feared, cut the thread, ending your life. The life's thread of Private Robert F. Stevenson (Stephenson) was, unfortunately, too short with little record left behind for discussion.

Born in 1842, Robert Stevenson immigrated to the U.S. along with his family, and landed in New York City from either England or Canada, the record is not clear. The names of his family are also unclear due to the duplication of his name and lack of information for narrowing the possibilities. What is known is that Robert enlisted in the 62<sup>nd</sup> on May 29, 1861 at the age of 19 and was mustered into Co. A on June 30, 1861. He served with the 62<sup>nd</sup> from the Peninsular Campaign through The Wilderness and re-enlisted near Petersburg, Virginia. It was during this campaign that he was captured by rebel forces on June 22, 1864.

The Civil War was notorious for its P.O.W. camps. From the Union Camp at Elmira N.Y., to Andersonville, Georgia some 409,000 military personnel were imprisoned. Of these 56,000 died, 12% in Northern Camps and 15.5% in Southern. Horror stories have been printed about the conditions within these hell-holes, and the photographic evidence that has been revealed is similar to those viewed from Nazi concentration camps of World War 2. However, one of the most unique stories that has emerged from the camps is that of Florena Budwin, who disguised herself as a man to follow her husband, John, into war. Both were captured and sent to the Camp at Andersonville where John died. She was transferred to the Florence P.O.W. Camp near Florence, South Carolina, there she contracted pneumonia and her true gender was discovered during a medical examination. She was given special considerations but died of her illness on January 25, 1865. She was then buried in what would later become the Florence National Cemetery, the first woman to be given that honor.

Robert Stevenson was first sent to Richmond, Virginia on June 22, 1864, and later was transferred to a another camp in Lynchburg Virginia on June 25, 1864 and then, like Florena, was sent to Florence, South Carolina in October, 1864. The Florence Camp was a 23.5 acre facility that

housed up to 18,000 men and was under the guard of officers and men of the 5<sup>th</sup> Georgia Infantry. The death rate at this camp was about 20 to 30 men per day, or about 11-12% of the total prison population (2,000 men all told).

Unfortunately, Private Robert Stevenson was one of those who did not survive his incarceration and died "of disease" on November 19, 1864. No specific information of the nature of the disease that killed him could be found. Margaret Stevenson, listed as his mother, applied for benefits on July 21, 1888 from New York. No reason for the delay in filing was given.

**6 2**

## **PVT. GEORGE ATKINSON**

**62d NYSV**

by Joe Basso



According to the records when he was accepted into the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers in Kennebec, Maine, George Atkinson was born in August, 1834 in Lowell, Massachusetts to his parents Robert and Mary A. Atkinson.

George was the first of four children; John (b. 1837), Sarah (b. 1840) and Edward (b. 1846). Both parents had been born in Massachusetts and were married in Lowell in July of 1835.

Lowell Massachusetts is located at the Junction of the Merrimack and Concord Rivers and in the 1850's was the location of the largest textile complex in the United States. During the Civil War, it had more cotton spindles than in the entire Confederacy. Prior to the conflict, raw goods would be shipped north to the various industrial centers for processing but when the War broke out, the Confederacy stopped all shipments north

and reduced shipments to England in an attempt to encourage the British Government to come to the aid of the Richmond government. Lowell continued to process any confiscated cotton from the southern campaigns as well as wool needed for the union armies. The 1850 Federal Census showed the Atkinson family living in Hartford, Connecticut with his father was listed as a carpenter, specializing in windows. By the 1860 Census the family was still in Hartford with the Robert and his son John employed as machinists, and George and his sister Sarah working as loom operators.

It is not clear when and why George moved to New York City, but he enlisted there as a Sergeant in the 62<sup>nd</sup> on June 8, 1861 and was mustered into Co. E on July 3, 1861. He was transferred to Co. G in August of that same year but was reduced to the ranks with the date and cause not provided. However, there is a note from the War Department in his files stating that a charge of desertion was erroneous and that this charge was dismissed on December 14, 1889, some 24 years after the War. He was 5'3" tall with blue eyes, fair skinned with light colored hair. He completed his contracted period of enlistment, with no wounds recorded, and was mustered out of service on June 30, 1864 at Petersburg, Virginia.

The Census of 1870 showed Robert and Mary living alone in Thompsonville, Connecticut with Robert working in a carpet factory. Mary will die on March 1, 1873, age 59, and Robert will follow her on January 28, 1895 at the age of 83. Both are buried in the Hale Cemetery in Thompsonville, Connecticut. The New York Census for 1865 has George living at 838 Broadway, New York City with the only taxable property being a pocket watch. The National Census for 1870 recorded him living in Essex County, Massachusetts, with no employment listed, while the Census of 1880 has him living in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania at 437 Howard Street employed as a weaver.

On August 21, 1890, George entered the Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers in Kennebec, Maine, established within the Eastern Branch of this organization, complaining of "a lame back" which he claimed was contracted in Warrenton, Virginia on August 5, 1863. The entrance form stated his occupation was a carpenter and that he lived in Thompsonville, Connecticut after his discharged. The closest surviving relative he had was his brother John.

George stayed at this facility until his death on August 17, 1909. An autopsy revealed that the cause of death was Chronic Cystitis which is an inflammation of the bladder where the lining of the bladder has been thinned, or is absent, causing inflammation and pain, including severe back pain. He was buried at the Togus National Cemetery in Kennebec, Maine.

**6 2**

**1<sup>st</sup> LIEUTENANT  
CHARLES R. STERLING  
(STIRLING)**

by Joe Basso



One of the most rapid promotion's of any soldier I have researched in the 62<sup>nd</sup> was that of Charles R. Sterling.

Born on January 27, 1841 to Charles and Hannah (Walton) Sterling, 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Sterling's parents had immigrated to the United States from Scotland and England respectively. The 1850 Census recorded that Charles, the elder, was a liquor merchant (retail) with \$10,000 worth of taxable property. His son Charles would continue his father's occupation after the War. Hannah Sterling died on August 31, 1851, when Charles was just ten year of age. His father became a Naturalized

Citizen on April 12, 1847 and would outlive his son by twelve years, dying in 1890.

When hostilities broke out in 1861, Charles R. enlisted with Co. B of the 7<sup>th</sup> New York Militia, as a Private, for a 30 days' service. He would then enlist in Co. E of the 62<sup>nd</sup> on July 3, 1861 at the age of 21, and was transferred to Co. K on the 31<sup>st</sup> of the same month. He was then promoted to 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant on October 25, 1861, with a commission date and rank predated back to August 31, 1861. In October, 1861 he was detached from Co. K to act as Aid de Camp to General John L. Peck.

The 62<sup>nd</sup>, along with General Peck and Lieutenant Sterling, were part of the Peninsular Campaign under the command of General George B. McClellan. In the after battle report of Seven Pines, both Captain F.A. Walker, the Assistant Adjutant-General, and General Peck commended Lt. Charles R. Sterling during the battle. The History of the 93<sup>rd</sup> Pennsylvania stated "Major Dayton of the 62<sup>nd</sup> New York Volunteers (and other officers from various other regiments) were distinguished for their energy, coolness, and bravery under very trying circumstances. Captain William H. Morris, Assistant Adjutant-General, Charles R. Sterling, aid, deserve particular mention for gallant conduct with the 102<sup>nd</sup> and 93<sup>rd</sup> Pennsylvania Regiments." General Peck's own field report stated "My horse fell with me after the third or fourth round, and no other being at hand. Lieutenant Sterling dismounted and tendered me his own, which I was soon obliged to accept." This report later continued with the report of Colonel John Riker's death while repelling a charge on one of the batteries in support of General Couch on the extreme right.

Lieutenant Sterling continued serving as Aid to General Peck until the end of his enlistment, and was discharged from service on August 10, 1864. He had been promoted to Captain on July 30,

1864, but had not been mustered in to that rank by the date of his discharge.

Charles returned to New York and married Gertrude Leggett, age 22, at St. Mark's Church in New York City on April 12, 1866 and they would have two children Gertrude (b. 1867) and Charles Bleeker Sterling (b. 1873). The former Lieutenant would join his father in the retail liquor business. Charles would apply for a passport March 12, 1872 which described him as being blue eyed, brown hair with fair complexion. The 1870 Federal Census showed his family living on Lexington Avenue between 27<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup> streets.

Charles R. Sterling will die on December 2, 1878 of causes not listed, and was buried three days later in Brooklyn at the Green-Wood Cemetery. His daughter will marry Pascal Barquet on November 12, 1887 and will die in 1893 at age 26. Son Charles Bleeker Sterling died in 1957. Gertrude waited until October 9, 1890 to file for widow's benefits from the government, but no addition census information could be found under her maiden or married name. She death was recorded on June 25, 1903.

⑥ ②

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Re: Pre-Civil War Zouaves and Jewish Zouaves**

**From: Carol and Garry Rosenberg  
San Diego Jewish Times**

Anderson Zouaves Research  
62d N.Y.S.V.V. Co. F

May we ask for your help in learning more about pre-Civil War Zouaves? Adam Goodheart's "1861 - Civil War Awakening" states that there were several all-Jewish Zouave Regiments, particularly in New York.

He refers to Marcus Cunliffe's "Soldiers and Civilians: The Martial

Tradition in America," page 226. Can you give us any particulars about these units or point us in the right direction to get more information?

Goodheart's book, with which you may be familiar, relates a portion of the remarkable history of Zouaves in America. The story of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth and his dedicated troops is worthy of a general-release film, in our opinion.

Thank you for your consideration and assistance.

Sincerely,

Carol and Garry Rosenberg  
San Diego Jewish Times  
Founding Editor and Publisher,  
respectively

[carolandgarry@sbcglobal.net](mailto:carolandgarry@sbcglobal.net)

⑥ ②

**Re: Australian based ACW groups**

**From: Tassilo Egloffstein (Flying Squirrel Games)**

Hi!

My name is Tassilo Egloffstein. I am currently looking for US civil war re-enactment groups in Australia, preferably close to Canberra and I am just wondering if you knew of any groups who meet in or around that area?

I am curious because I am helping out Flying Squirrel Entertainment as a friend and contractor (to the owner) on one of their upcoming titles called Battle Cry Of Freedom which is focused on the American Civil War.

This is their webpage:

<http://www.fsegames.eu/>

The company previously created a title called Napoleonic Wars which was quite popular with re-enactors. I am

currently interested in visiting re-enactment groups in order to record audio of musket firing, marching with actual full gear across various surfaces and even human voices such as war cries and voice commands for the game.

If you know of any groups that operate in the area who might be interested I would greatly appreciate any information/assistance in this regard.

Thank you!

Kind regards - Tassilo Egloffstein.

[rejenorst@hotmail.com](mailto:rejenorst@hotmail.com)

6 2

**Re: Lt. Magee's Sword**

**From: Sean (Saving History Antiques)**

Hi,

I'm in the process of cleaning out an old Civil War collection. Among the items is a 1845 Klingenthal Foot Officer's Sword. On the throat of the scabbard it is engraved to James Magee of the Anderson Zouaves.

Before I put it on the open market I was wondering if it was something your reenacting group may be interested in purchasing it.

The price is \$5,800USD or best offer. The last presentation Zouave sword to hit the open market sold in excess of \$10,000USD.

It's a large collection I'm cleaning out and I'm just trying to price everything to sell. Please let me know if you have any interest or not. I also have copies of all his documentation from the National Archives, including Muster Rolls and correspondence.

Thanks

Sean

[savinghistoryantiques@gmail.com](mailto:savinghistoryantiques@gmail.com)

6 2

**Re: Port Chester School Presentation**

**From: Chris Halstead**

*(I didn't see this letter til after the date Mr. Halstead refers to below but maybe any US based readers or contributors can help whim in the future – Ed.)*

Hi,

My name is Chris Halstead. I teach 8th grade social studies in Port Chester New York. I am looking to organize a Civil War Day at my middle school and was wondering if you were available to present at our school.

The dates I am currently aiming for are December 6th or the 13th. Please let me know if you would be available either date. Thank you

Chris Halstead  
Port Chester Middle School  
Social Studies Learning Specialist

[chlstead@portchesterschools.org](mailto:chlstead@portchesterschools.org)

6 2

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