

# OUR CAMP JOURNAL

Volume 28, Issue 10

"We are but few in number but formidable." -Pvt. James Shelton, 7th Md. Co. B

May 2025

## *National Cemeteries Series*

# Fredericksburg National Cemetery

By Pvt. Jeff Joyce

Fredericksburg National Cemetery, part of the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park, was created by Congress in July 1865. Initial efforts to identify Union dead in the area began in June 1865 but centered on the Wilderness and Spotsylvania. In 1866 the War Department began consolidating the approximately 15,000 Union burials within a 30 mile radius of Fredericksburg at the new National Cemetery. These included Union dead buried as far north as Manassas and as far south as North

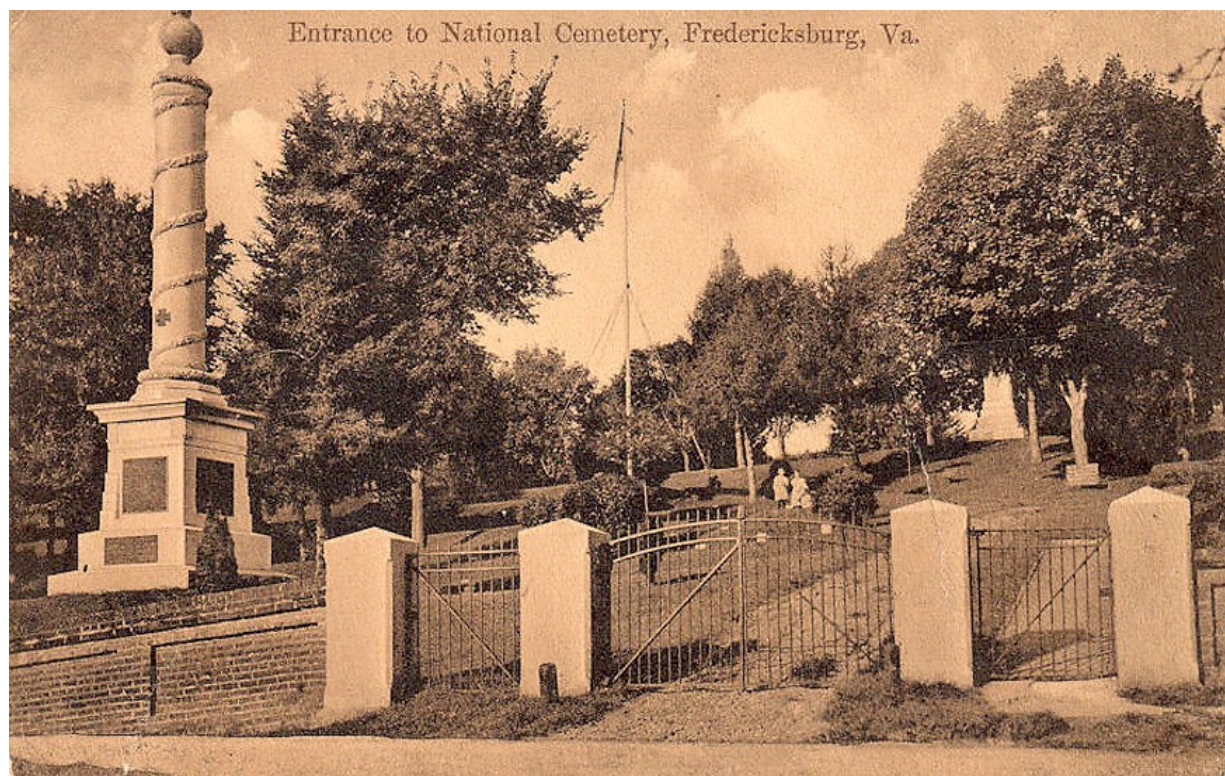
Anna. The cemetery was located on Willis Hill at the southern end of Mary's Heights, the Confederate stronghold during the December 1862 Battle of Fredericksburg.

Twelve acres of land belonging to Douglas H. Gordon were purchased for \$250 an acre. Construction began in June 1866 and the War Department paid former slaves, Irish immigrants and Confederate veterans \$15 a month (plus lodging and rations) to work with the burial corps. The work involved disintering the dead from the battlefields,

transferring them to the cemetery and re-interring them. It wasn't until the fall of 1868 that the effort was finished. The bodies were buried as they came into the cemetery. There were no state, unit or battle-field sections.

Of the over 15,300 burials only a small number (2,643 or 16.5%) are known. The vast majority (12,770 or 83.5%) are unidentified. This was due to lack of individual identification (such as modern dog-tags), hasty burials with wooden markers and

*(Continued on page 2)*





# Upcoming Campaigns

## JUNE

June 6-8: Old Bedford Village-Birney's Division sponsored Event Col. Monzi organizing contingent. (Individual event).

## JULY

July TBA: Falling Waters Living History: Details and exact date to come. (7<sup>th</sup> MD COMPANY Event)

July 4-6th: 162<sup>nd</sup> Gettysburg, Daniel Lady farm, Gettysburg, PA Visit: [www.GBPA.org](http://www.GBPA.org) to register online. \*(FVB Event) (7<sup>th</sup> MD COMPANY Event)

July 18-20: Funkstown, MD <http://www.funkstown.com/special-events/day-in-the-park/> (7<sup>th</sup> MD COMPANY Event)



## Fredericksburg National Cemetery

(Continued from page 1)

poor record keeping. The unknown markers at the cemetery are the small square stones. The top number indicates the plot number and bottom number how many bodies are buried in that plot (anywhere from one to twelve bodies). This was done due to lack of space in the cemetery.

Although the majority of Civil War soldiers were buried in the cemetery by 1868, the discovery of bodies and burials continued for decades afterwards. Eventually, Fredericksburg National Cemetery opened up to the burials of eligible veterans, their spouses and dependent children. The last Civil War soldier buried at Fredericksburg National Cemetery was Private Evander Willis, who is buried with his wife, Lucy Sprague Willis. Evander enlisted in December 1863 in the 8th Vermont Infantry and was mustered out in 1865. After the war, the Willis family owned "Ellwood",



Monument to the Fifth Corps at Fredericksburg National Cemetery.

which is now part of the Wilderness Battlefield. When Evander died in October 1935, he and his wife were buried in the cemetery under a Civil War style stone.

Fredericksburg National Cemetery also has burials from the Spanish-American War, World War I and World War II, as well as roughly twenty military spouses buried with their husbands. The last soldier buried in a separate grave was Harry Bankard in 1945. The cemetery has been closed to new burials since the late 1940s. Today if a Civil War soldier is found buried within the park, he is not reinterred at the National Cemetery. Instead his grave is

marked and the remains not disturbed. Some of these graves can be found at Chatham and outside the Chancellorsville Visitor Center.

Several monuments are found at Fredericksburg National Cemetery, including one to the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. It was erected in 1901 after being sponsored by Major General Daniel Butterfield, who commanded the Fifth Corps at the Battle of Fredericksburg. One of the tablets on the monument lists the units that served with the Fifth Corps between July 1862 and June 1865. The 7<sup>th</sup> Maryland (part of the Maryland Brigade, Second Division) is included on the tablet.

Only one known member of the 7<sup>th</sup> Maryland is buried at Fredericks-

(Continued on page 8)



The grave marker of Sgt. Samuel T. Scott of Company E, who was mortally wounded on May 10, 1864, during the Battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse.

# Letters from the War

**"Could you have been within hearing distance when I read you letter, you would have heard a laugh that made this old tent ring, especially when I came to the sen-**

**Camp of the 11th NY Battery.  
Feb'y 9th 1864**

*Dear Hattie,*

Pardon the affectionate familiarity but you know its all in fun. Your charming little epistle has just reached me, and I do myself the honor to answer it immediately, thus complying with your request to write soon.

Before proceeding farther truth and candor compel me to acknowledge that a little desception was used in the advertisement in the "Waverly." In other words my true description differs materially from the one therein set forth, and may not please you as well as the one "fancy painted," but I thought it was all for fun, therefore funningly gave a fictitious description as well as cognomen. Be it known unto you then, this individual is twenty-nine years of age, five feet and eleven inches high, dark blue eyes, brown hair, and light (ruddy) complexion. There you have it. How do you like the description? Me thinks I hear you answer. I don't like it so well as the advertised description. Well! I'll admit it is not quite so fascinating to a young lady as the fictitious one, but it is a fixed fact, "like the laws of the Medes and Persians," which altereth not. But enough of that topic for the present! The next thing, will undoubtedly be something else.

It is said, that a person's writing is indication of their character, if so, judging from your letter, I take you to be of one that class know as "romps" - a class by the way, which I rather admire. Commend me to a girl who has life and animation enough to enjoy the harmless pleasures of this

beautiful world, in preference to your "Miss Prim," who would not dare to laugh in louder tones than a whimpering sentimental snicker, for fear of overstepping the bounds of etiquette.

No indeed! None of your "Miss Primms" for me. I love the gaily ringing laugh of true and glad some hearts. Of course I would not have a young lady act in an imbecoming or unladylike manner, but I believe in giving free scope to thou joyous feelings, implanted in the soul by a wise and kind "creator" to cheer us through life's checkered pathway looking over the ----. Could you have been within hearing distance when I read you letter, you would have heard a laugh that made this old tent ring, especially when I came to the sentence, "Sing Heigh Ho for a husband" - I just laid back in my chair + roared - thats decidedly rich! I don't suppose that you entertain thoughts of Matrimony. Who ever knows a young lady that did? but if so you have my best wishes that your song may be speedily answered, on condition, that I have an invitation to the wedding.

You say you have returned from boarding school for a few months on account of delicate health. No doubt it is great treat for you, to again be, with the loved ones at home. I do not wonder at your hating boarding school, for as generally conducted they are about as injurious to girls health, as beneficial to her education. I firmly believe that hundreds of girls die annually from the pernicious effects of boarding school training. I presume the description given of yourself is partly fictitious. I aught not to doubt a lady word, but am aware that in correspondence of this



character a great deal of description is generally used.

I promised on the honor of a gentleman and soldier that I have thus far given a true description of myself, it remains for me to add that I was formerly a private, but am now a Lieut in Uncle Samuel's service and that my true name is signed to this letter. Enclosed please find carte-de-visites of your incognito, when you answer this which I hope you will do without fail - be kind enough to give a correct description and enclose a carte-de-visite, or Photograph, of your own sweet self.

The enclosed picture is not as good as it might be - they eyes are too light, the features however and general expression of the countenance are natural.

You ask for a description of "camp life," but I have written so much other stuff I will defer that until another time, suffice it to say the "Blue Jack-ets" are pretty comfortably situated - for soldiers - in winter quarters, where they will probably remain until the time comes for then sally forth to me - the nailorous "grey back" in battle array. When that time shall

**[The letter ends abruptly and without a signature. This perhaps was continued on another page.]**

*Joyce Nester, Special Collections Department, University Libraries, Virginia Tech.*



# The Ladies' Knapsack.

## Federal Volunteer Brigade School of Instruction at Point Lookout, Md.

The FVB School of Instruction was held during the last weekend of March at Point Lookout, MD. The goal of the weekend was twofold: to provide an opportunity for soldiers to drill, and to provide an immersive experience for all of those involved. I will admit that I provided absolutely no support at all in the drill and instruction for the weekend (maybe other than making sure a rambunctious toddler didn't get in the way), but Mike and I played a very large part in creating an experience for those in attendance.

Planning for this event started back in December, when I was asked to provide meals for the event (two breakfasts, two lunches and one dinner). I was hesitant at first, partially due to the distance of the event, but also (largely, like 95%) due to the maximum number of 60

participants. However, Mike's experience with previous events at Point Lookout, and his offer to help cook, persuaded me to agree to help out. The maximum number was set at 60 people, as that is what the barracks and officers quarters could support. I know the FVB organizers were a little disappointed that only 35 people registered for this inaugural event, but I was secretly happy that we only had to plan to feed 35 people instead of 60. So how does one go about feeding a small party of 35 people, you may ask? The short answer is keep it simple.

Mike was able to provide research on the rations that were available at Point Lookout during the Civil War, that included one pound four ounces of beef per person, bread (no one will forget the bread for some time to come), beans and rice. With the event being in late March, fruit and vegetable stores would have been greatly depleted, with only root vegetables and possibly cabbage left to use in meal preparation, and no fresh fruits available at the time. So that is what we used to build our menu, and we started to do the math to figure out what we needed to feed 35 people.

Breakfast was rather simple, oatmeal with brown sugar and cinnamon was on the menu for both mornings. Saturday morning started a little tricky; the wind coming into the camp was not conducive to a (safe) large fire, and so water pots were put on wood stoves in the barracks to start warming them up. Fortunately, as the morning went

on, the wind died down enough to finish the oatmeal over the fire. Along with the oatmeal, the men got their

first taste of the bread for the weekend. As part of our math for the weekend, we allotted two loaves of bread, per person, for the weekend. So 70 loaves of fresh bread (from Sharpsburg, because there's no way I'm making that much bread) traveled down to Point Lookout in seven (clean) trash bags. The bread was very well made, and Liam enjoyed taking random bites out of loaves when helping to carry them from the officers house out for meals, but we did end up politely forcing everyone to take one to two loaves of bread home with them at the end of the weekend.

Once breakfast was done, lunch prep had to start shortly after. This is where Mike was really in his element, he really seemed to enjoy cutting and trimming massive amounts of beef to go into frying pans and soup pots. We brought 65 pounds of beef down from Jefferson, and used it for both lunches and dinner. Lunch was paired with potatoes, carrots, onions and rice to create a soup before turning right around and starting dinner prep.

What was greatly appreciated was having details provided to help with cleaning pots and pans between meals. Our turn around time would have been a lot slower if we did not have that level of help with dumping, scrubbing and rinsing pots. In all, it was a very successful weekend in terms of meals, and the overall experience for the soldiers partici-



**Sarah Lafferty**  
Civilian  
Coordinator



*(Continued on page 5)*



## FVB School of Instruction at Point Lookout, Md.



the spectators while FVB members could continue to drill and work. Overall, it was a very good weekend, and there is already talk of having it again next year. And I have already shared that I would not be opposed to helping with meals again next year. I know, as the 7th MD, we are looking more for the small, local events to support, but I would encourage attendance at this event in the future, as it is something different and lends more to a living history experience. And if you don't want to go for the



drill, I'm sure Mike wouldn't mind recruiting you for a cooking detail.

*(Continued from page 4)*

pating. I overheard a few questions or requests for something other than oatmeal, but the honest answer to that is twofold: something different likely would not have been available, and logistically very difficult to provide due to the number of participants. Registration was set at \$25 per person, and that was almost the perfect amount required to purchase all of the food needed ahead of time. Any money that was left over went into the donation pot for the park.

And, I would be remiss if I did not share how wonderful the event location actually was. From a parent standpoint, having a cabin (with beds) to stay in, earthen fort walls to contain roaming children, and a personal beach spot, was very enjoyable. Spectators did come through the fort throughout both days, but park members were embedded with the FVB so they could interact with





# TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR. Godey's Ladies Book, May 1851



"**Every** one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman— a western town— a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreea-

ble to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day— they had been talking about the young lady— "it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcott."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plum when the old man, her father,

dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. The effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a love-like character.

Still, she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, began, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation

*(Continued on page 7)*

# TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

*(Continued from page 6)*

of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The bold-est wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. Last August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact that, let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free and easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself li-

censed to gormandize at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two-thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travelers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a traveling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and, at the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharp set" enough to have devoured a whole gobbler! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in pre-

paring the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey. A side bone and piece of the breast"—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down, sir! Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he had found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to hear.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his provender. At length he received his turkey, when he ordered certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every

*(Continued on page 8)*



# OUR CAMP JOURNAL



*Civil War Re-enactors;  
America's Living Historians.*

## Fredericksburg National Cemetery

*(Continued from page 2)*

burg National Cemetery. Sergeant Samuel T. Scott of Company E was mortally wounded on May 10, 1864, during the

Battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse and died the next day in the division hospital. He is buried in Plot 1783.



## NUMBER ONE

*(Continued from page 7)*

moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

The waiter came.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.

The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumbler two-thirds full ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed, suddenly, over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman who was looking after number one than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a tit-

ter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the ludicrous figure he made, and glanced quickly from face to face. The first countenance his eyes rested upon was that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he instantly recognized as Helen Walcott! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped into his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips; a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride. With the subsidence of these hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also— that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the dessert. On the forward deck he ensconced himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and then he took good care not to push his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards— he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcott— Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the traveling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

