



THE BUGLE 33



Newsletter of the American Civil War Round Table Queensland Inc.
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Mourners at the Toowong Cemetery Ceremony: Jann Goulding, (second from left) Robert Taylor (M.C.) Leela and Brenda Ford

Photographs continue to arrive of people participating in the Toowong Cemetery event, held Sunday 24th July 2011, these two are deserving of a place in our 'Hall of Memories'-The Bugle. Jann Goulding kept her dignified posture throughout the long march to the top of the hill and Brenda and Leela Ford were so visibly grief stricken that the three ACWRTQ members' very presence, helped galvanise emotions of the day and contributed significantly to its success. The Governor, in a horse drawn carriage, looked perfectly at home, as if quite accustomed to such modes of transport and brought an air of dignity befitting the times and moment. Her speech at the monument, while tinged with sadness, brought the very character of the second Governor to life for a moment on the steps of his tomb. That the American Civil War Round Table Queensland is able to participate in such august events is tribute indeed to our dedication and loyalty to history, both in America and on our home shores. (See previous issue of The Bugle.)



Her Excellency the Governor Penelope Wensley AC



THE GREAT ESK-CAPADE THE ESK MULTICULTURAL AND MUSIC FESTIVAL



A rare sight as Napoleonic, Confederates and British come together to form a firing party with flintlocks and percussion caps.

T

he Bugle Editor attended the Esk event this year for the first time and the visit to this picturesque, extremely friendly and harmonious little country town was well worth the long journey.

Known as “*The Valley of the Lakes*” for a very good reason, huge hydro dam lakes are on Esk’s doorstep. What Esk lacks in size, it more than makes up for with its generous spirit and hospitality; no “*Townie*,” or “*Bushy*” nonsense here, we were all united in a common bond of community celebration. Having been so recently in the midst of such chaos, brought by the devastating floods earlier this year, Esk is looking as good as new and the magnificent parklands, only recently refurbished, provide a wonderful venue for the annual and highly successful multicultural carnival.

Members of the Esk Lions Club undertook a community project to renovate the old Esk Railway Station buildings and these are now included in the parkland. Some financial assistance was given by the Qld. Dept of Infrastructure and Planning, who are busy constructing a ‘*Rail Trail*’ and also by the Somerset Regional Council. The Lions Club intends to use the main building as their “*Den*,” however it will be made available for the use of other local community groups. The preserved railway building, being over a hundred years old will continue to enhance the town of Esk and their enviable parkland.

For the ACWRTQ the Esk festival is a chance to show our colours and put feelers out for people with similar interests but also to contribute to the visual aesthetics of the day with a museum and uniform display and demonstrations of musket drill and firing. An excellent display cabinet, built by ACWRTQ president John Duncan, was set up by Jack and Peter ‘Pops’ set up his flag stand to which the editor added a cavalry lance for the first time and the last National Confederate flag. The entire team was equipped with uniforms, Jann Goulding and Brenda Ford looked terrific in their traditional frocks. It is good that the general public can see that we re-enact the roles of men and women during the War Between the States. While many chatted freely with us throughout the day and showed great interest in that there were



veterans who came to Australia and are buried here, there were some who hovered disapprovingly in the back-ground at the sight of Confederate flags. There is much work to be done to erase the falsehoods of history and prove that it wasn't a racist war but a war for Southern independence and Union. That is our *modus operandi*, to put the record straight. The slavery issue is embedded in the dispute but was not the cause or reason, no Union soldier fought to free slaves, the Union also had slave states. Slavery was an abomination brought about by the times; the ruthless use of labour has not changed to this day and people still exist in squalor and starvation, they just don't call it slavery anymore; they call it freedom and union.



THE UNION PYRAMID

(To be read ascending or descending)

President,
 Heaven sent,
 Ruling our land,
 With cautious hand,
 Maintain thy stand;
 No crawling partisan:
 Firm, genial, earnest man,
 Striving our land to save,
 Great patriot, true and brave,
 Quenched by thy patriot fire,
 Base faction's baleful lights expire
 Making the nation hopeful of futurity,
 By exercising thy great power with purity,
 Our country's trust, midst hours of perils sent;
 All good men pray for thee, O upright President!



(The Golden Era, San Francisco, California, Feb 1, 1863)

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WE are Agents for the above celebrated and well known brand of JAMES A. MILLER'S CHICKEN COCK OLD BOURBON WHISKY, which is the GENUINE ARTICLE, and offer it to the trade, warranting it to give entire satisfaction. It is manufactured, copper distilled, of the best grain and pure qualities—improves by age, especially in the Southern climate.

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COBB, FOLKONDE & CO.,
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**CHICKEN
 COCK.**

WHISKEY

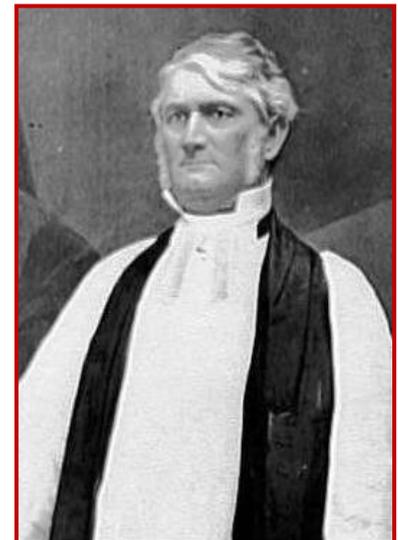
Taste of the times. What the Good Ol' Boys drank to wash away bad memories.
 Note the label and advertisement show whiskey spelt differently. Interesting? (Irish/Scottish.)



THE FIGHTING BISHOP. LEONIDAS POLK

L. Polk

ROBERT E TAYLOR QSM
FWWFN



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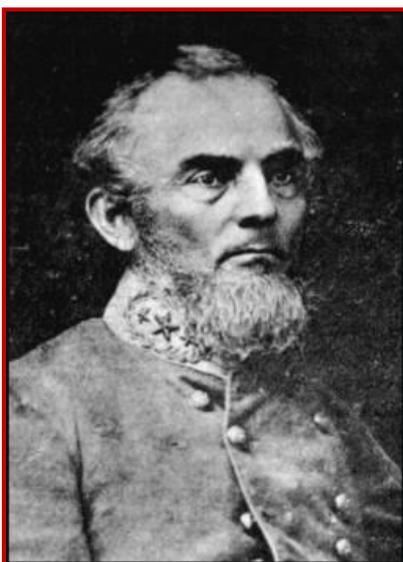
o mark the 150th Sesqui-centenary of the War Between the States in America, The Bugle is to follow events that occurred at the time of each two monthly publication over the next four years; fate and fortune permitting. The months of September and October were dotted with minor skirmishes and political intrigue but largely the North and South were licking their wounds after the initial major clashes at Wilson's Creek and the first Manassas (Bull Run) covered in the previous issue. The navy was in panic at being so poorly equipped and was busy building or acquiring ships to establish a blockade of the South, while the South had to meet the challenge by acquiring fast boats to out run blockaders. This was done by purchasing ships from Britain and France.

Missouri was quickly thrust into the theatre of conflict, where trouble had been boiling even before war was declared. **Bloody Kansas** was equally embroiled and Kentucky was trying to remain neutral. One **'fire and brimstone'** Episcopal Bishop had other ideas and Kentucky was dragged screaming into the quagmire and as a result, forced onto the side of the Union camp. This must count as one of the all time great diplomatic bungles as it cost the South dearly but emotions were running hot. If the Old Testament was a **hammer and anvil** on history, Leonidas Polk was prepared to be the **"blacksmith from hell."** While Kentucky was in the Union camp large numbers fought for the Confederacy.

Leonidas, son of William and Sarah Polk, was born 1806 in Raleigh, North Carolina, attending the University of North Carolina from 1821 to 23, when he transferred to the United States Military Academy in West Point. He graduated in 1827 but, having converted to the Episcopal Church, resigned his commission from the U.S. Army to become an ordained deacon. He became a sugar planter in Maury County, Tennessee, utilizing a large number of slaves inherited by his wife from the Devereux family of North Carolina. He also helped found the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee in 1857.

Polk was the second cousin of President James K. Polk. After travelling and living in various places from Virginia to Louisiana, he and his wife Frances settled in Louisiana where Leonidas was made Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese in Louisiana, in a position that later earned him the reputation of being **"The Fighting Bishop."**

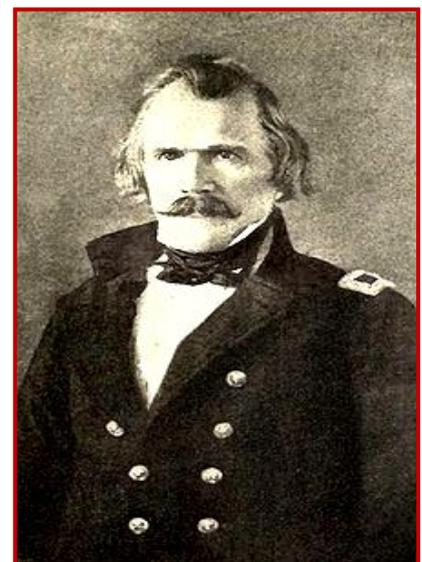
One of the more controversial political generals, Polk was elevated to a high military position without having any prior military combat experience, solely because of a close friendship with President Jefferson Davis. Fighting as a corp commander he took part in many of the major battles of the Western theatre but is remembered mostly for bitter disagreements with his immediate superior, General Braxton Bragg of the Army of Tennessee, than for his success in combat.



General Gideon Johnson Pillow

He certainly didn't lack courage and determination, as is true of many **'brimstone'** preachers during the war but his determination in the face of danger was to see him killed in action during the [Atlanta Campaign](#) on June 14th 1864.

At the outbreak of war in 1861, Polk pulled the Louisiana Convention out of the Episcopal Church of the United States and while he hoped, as many Southerners did, that secession would result in a peaceful separation of North and South and he was outspoken and reluctant about taking up arms, Leonidas didn't hesitate to write to friend and a former classmate at West Point, Jefferson Davis offering his services in the Confederate Army.



General Albert Sidney Johnston

Polk was quickly taken up on his offer and commissioned a Major General on June 25th 1861 and ordered to command **Department No 2** encompassing roughly the area between the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers.

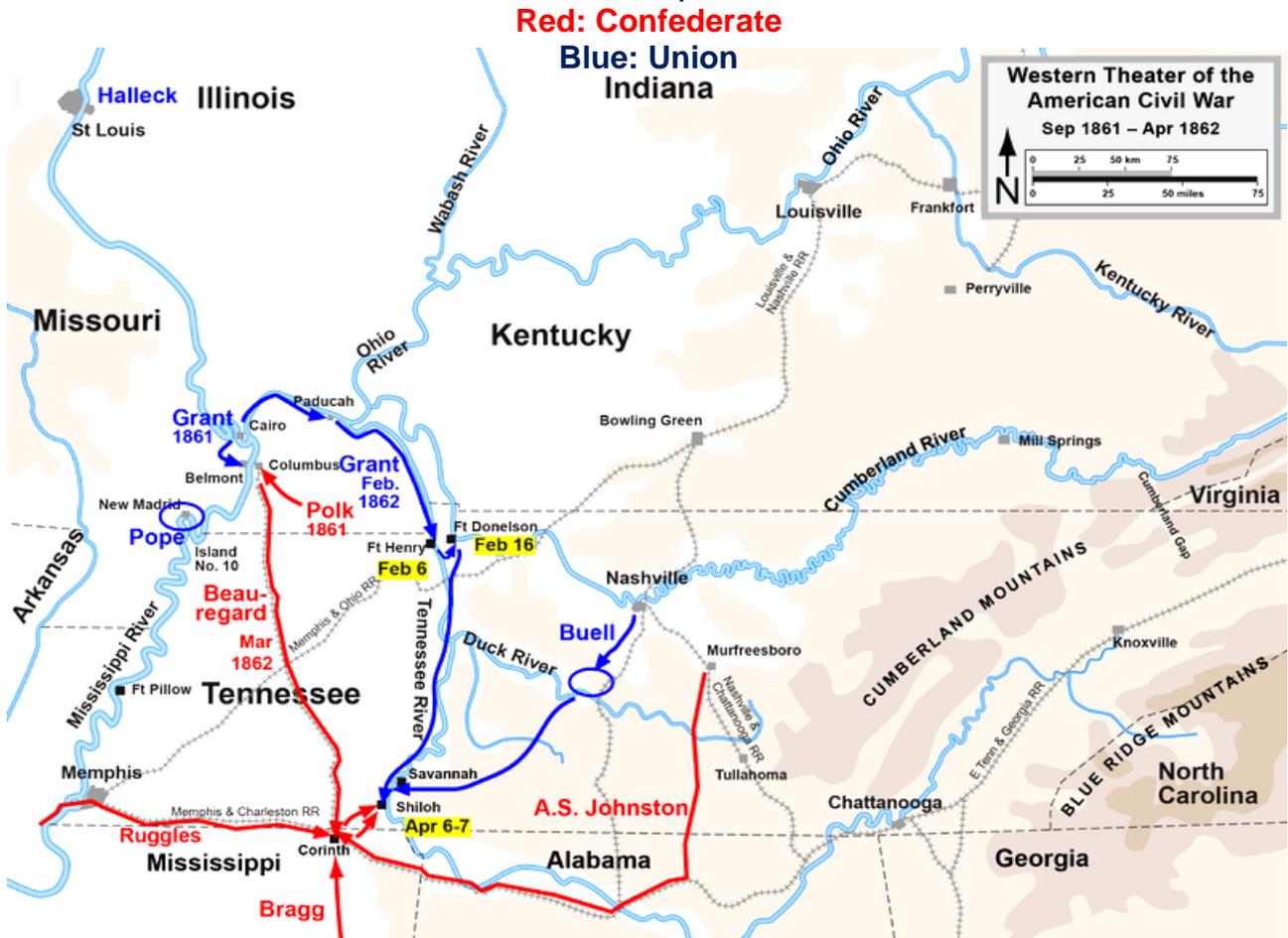
Unfortunately Polk was soon to commit one of the greatest blunders of the war by despatching troops to occupy Columbus in neutral Kentucky. The border state of Kentucky had declared neutrality between the Union and Confederates but Polk's action, in September 1861, so enraged Kentuckians that the legislature requested Federal aid to resist his advance, ending the states neutrality and effectively ceding it to Union control for the duration of the war.

This blunder aside, Polk's command encountered its first real taste of war in November that year when on the 7th they engaged in a minor but inconclusive **Battle of Belmont** between Polk's Confederate subordinate Brig. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow and Union Brig.Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

Although not present on the battlefield, Polk was wounded nearby on November 11th when the largest cannon in his army, nicknamed "**Lady Polk**" in honour of his wife, exploded during demonstration firing. *(Some wives are like that.)* The explosion stunned Polk and ripped his clothes to shreds and he required several weeks convalescing. During this period Polk became frustrated and irritable and argued about strategy with his subordinate, Pillow, and his superior, Gen. [Albert Sidney Johnston](#), commander of Confederate forces in the Western Theatre. Resentful that his former West Point roommate was giving him orders, Polk submitted a letter of resignation to President Jeff Davis on November 6th but the President flatly rejected the request.

Serving in independent commands under Generals Albert Sidney Johnston, Braxton Bragg, and Joseph E. Johnston, Bishop Leonidas Polk was killed during the Atlanta campaign on June 14, 1864.

Operations in the Western Theatre from Belmont (November 1861) to Shiloh (April 1862)



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WILCOX & WHITE ORGANS.
 The First Imported to Australia. Handsome Cases. Splendid Tools.
Very Cheap and Very Good.
 £19, £24, £32, £33, £34.

Hollis' BREECHLOADERS, Choke Bore, in cases complete	£20, £25, £27
Wesley Richards' " twelve gauge, central fire	£6 15s, £7 10s, £12, £16
Heywood's " ordered specially for Marsupial Shooting	£9
Wesley Richards' MUZZLELOADERS, 40s, 55s, 90s.	Heywood's, 30s, 35s, 45s, 55s.
SPRINGFIELD RIFLES, used in the American Civil War	20s. Each.

ALLIANCE POWDER. Victorious at the "Field" trial, defeating Curtis & Harvey and Hall.
MARSUPIAL CARTRIDGES. Eley's AMMUNITION of every description.

Here is an advertisement submitted by Jim Gray of S.C.V. in Brisbane. Wouldn't you like to have been at this army surplus sale? Thank you Jim, we appreciate you keeping us in the loop.



Just landed, by the latest blockade runner, printed on Macleay Island, this fine white cotton Tee shirt sports the famed Confederate Seal. The fabric is treated to ensure UV protection and is of the finest quality seen for a long time. The ACWRTQ has limited stocks available in a range of sizes. \$15.00 plus postage for members and \$18.00 for non-members. May be purchased at meetings from Jack Ford. Funds raised will assist grave restoration work on Civil War veterans buried in Queensland.



In the shadows of George Washington and Queen Elizabeth II.

A note of interest regarding Richard William Curtis, former purser on CSS Georgia. There was much clandestine activity surrounding Curtis and his secret rendezvous with other crew members as they were taken out of the tiny port of Whitehaven on board a small tug *Alar* to meet up with famed Confederate cruiser C.S.S. Georgia off the coast of France. They were secretly taken down dark streets and narrow lanes past a local and historic cemetery at Whitehaven at night, others, all strangers, stepped out of the dark into gas lit alleyways to join them assembling in a local tavern. Looking on from the Whitehaven cemetery and St Nicholas Church, was the grave of Mildred Gale, nee Warner. She was born 1671 and died in 1701. Mildred was the paternal

grandmother of George Washington, the first president of the United States and a dedicated Southerner whose image, on a white horse, is centrepiece of the Confederate Seal.

History has some strange quirks; Mildred was born at Warner Hall, the family home in Gloucester County, Virginia and her sister Henrietta Mildred *Hodgson* married into a good family that eventually became royalty. Mildred Gale is the ancestral aunt of Queen Elizabeth II. Now to those who ask, ***“What has the Civil War got to do with Australia?”*** I say, ***“Put that in your pipe and smoke it!”*** Richard Curtis became a significant figure in Queensland history, in both customs and immigration and later insurance work and finally with Queensland Railways. He is buried at Toowong cemetery and surrounded by *fellows* who fought on both sides of the war; researchers have discovered five veterans buried there to date. Each has his own unique story to tell, if someone will just look for it and tell it. It is only when you look that you find these peculiar connections. Another note of interest, I have proof that Richard Curtis was on the Georgia when she met up with the equally famous raider The Alabama in All Saints Bay, Bahia, Brazil and Curtis, along with Midshipman Morgan and Commander Maury went aboard to meet their counterparts, in Curtis' case, Surgeon and

acting Paymaster *Francis Galt*. They examined the ship and officers and crew shared shore leave together. Morgan describes the winds as either "*Baffling*" because they come from everywhere or "*Irishmen's Hurricanes*" because they were dead calms. Richard Curtis tripped one night and fell into the Brisbane river striking his head, he drowned and was buried at the famed and historic Toowong Cemetery.

THE WINDS BELONG TO MILDRED GALE

BY ROBERT TAYLOR ACWRTQ

I think the winds are whispering in my ear
and ghosts are in my eyes,
for all about there are things to see,
of pirates, sailors and Yankee spies;
enough to fantasise, enough...to mesmerise.
They joined the ship in Whitehaven,
under the guidance of Washington's ghost
and the grave of Mildred Gale.

A savage fell sea rising
on its long green South Atlantic swell,
Mildred Gale sweeps rebel waves 'cross the ocean's
wide and windy spuming carousel.

A Wedgewood sky, puffed with clouds
that hang as foreboding shrouds,
and drift with the two masted rebel reefer,
its hull as black as whales,
sea spray reaches the gallant topsails.

Driven on these billowed sails, saving precious coal,
with Southern pride and soul, the raider is the lord
and hunts the wide and curving ocean.
Captain Maury, one eye on the binnacle,
has golden dolphins on his sword.

Maury takes the helm, and hollars down below,
to tend the topsails and watch for any sudden blow,
Midshipman "Jimmie" Morgan, a 'glass' up to his eye,
scans the broad horizon where any foe might lie.

Nearby, Paymaster Curtis, tall and straight,
stands looking o'er the ship's boiling wake
where giant royal albatross sometimes fly;
a sentimental trail, that wends in the sea,
a crooked path, way back home to Whitehaven,
Mildred Gale and Liverpool's welcoming lee.

With the aft taffrail firmly in his grip,
a taste of salt upon his lip, he has the very devil in his eye.
The Confederate steamship Georgia's heaving
wooden decks, gunwales and guns,
where the mighty 32 pounder Blakely Rifle
and the 24 pounder Whitworths, idly lie;
all dark spectres atop this sleek, black iron-hulled cruiser
ready to do the work of Mildred Gale.

She's both beautiful and sinister,
carving her certain course, rising and falling,
slashing the sea like a mighty cutlass,
hunting and sweeping accursed Yankee merchant ships
and sinking 'em, to the bottom deep, with Blakeley's bark.
Sometimes, for a lark, they'll be seized as prize.

A snapping, flapping white ensign on the mast,
its crimson flash honours the South, honours the past,
13 'Stars on Bars,' the "Baffling Winds" and Mildred Gale
challenge them to do their best.
Where normally she'd drag and flail on sallow sail
Mildred Gale drives them on.

Avast ye lubbers! Listen on to this bold cockleshell
Confederate cruiser.
The wind, the sailor's chants, a whispered song,
the flapping flag, the surging sea,
all these ghostly sights...and Mildred Gale...are what I see.

Richard Curtis is a warrior proud,
his English heart is with the South,
"*Damned Yankee*," thunders in his mouth.
A paymaster is all, no buccaneer, no pirate;
he wields a pen and not a sword,
pays history's wages with deeds abroad,
measured more on board...in numbers,
carefully scribed on Confederate naval pages,
that are held for scrutiny down these ages.

Lists of names and ships of prize,
prisoners, deserters and sailors from enemy ships,
some more wise, swap sides in Union defiance,
to take the battle oath and swear
for Confederate gold and Southern alliance.

He pays the fleet. It's a faithful trust
for one so young and bold.
He pays them all in Southern gold
and never failed his master, Maury,
and if he did but know,
would never fail, dear Mildred Gale.

Maury with golden dolphins on his sword,
the elusive Curtis, is a Pimpernel with an ink well,
cast in the shadow of great Brunell.
He once sailed the Great Eastern to New York,
in the spotlight of public euphoria, and flurry,
and *Civil War's* talk.

He'll one day sail the mighty ship Stonewall.
To defiantly steam, where all about them seemed
to fall, and fail, when at last,
the war and salty journey was over,
the snapping, flapping flag fell from its gallant mast,
to fall, at the feet of Mildred Gale at last.

Yet all the while the savage fell sea rising
on its long green south Atlantic swell, and still is today;
Mildred Gale still sweeps rebel waves 'cross
the same ocean's wide and windy spuming carousel.

Is that the snapping, flapping flag I hear?
Does she still hold it aloft?
Is that the creaking decks and ropes, the wash of waves,
the hearty sailors cheer and one of Richard's famous
songs,
or just the winds that whisper in my ear?
The winds belong to Mildred Gale.



Timeline: August 30th Fremont declares martial law in Missouri and names Ulysses S. Grant to command Federal forces along the Mississippi River. September 3rd Confederates under Leonidas Polk occupy Columbus, Kentucky in defiance of Kentucky's neutrality. October 21st 1861, disastrous Battle of Ball's Bluff. November 2nd Fremont relieved of command by Abraham Lincoln for freeing slaves in Missouri.



BALL'S BLUFF ANOTHER UNION DEBACLE

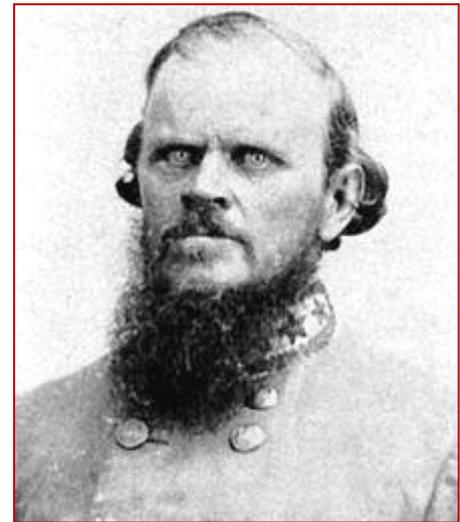
Another battle that stands out, 150 years ago, was in October, 1861 although a minor skirmish, *The Battle of Ball's Bluff* perhaps makes it into history's pages because it was a resounding Union defeat but is also worth study because it helped changed the way Union General's looked at conflict and because one person in particular, who died in it, emerges as someone of interest if not only because of his mother's devotion to her library but also because of his friendship with a famous American.

The Battle of Ball's Bluff is also known as *The Battle of Harrison's Island* or *The Battle of Leesburg* and was fought on October 21st 1861 in Loudon County, Virginia as part of Union Major General George B. McClellan's operations in Northern Virginia. While it was a relatively minor engagement compared to what was to follow, it was the second largest battle of the Eastern Theatre in 1861 and the aftermath had repercussions in the Union Army's chain of command structure and raised the '*Separation of Powers*' issues in the US Constitution.

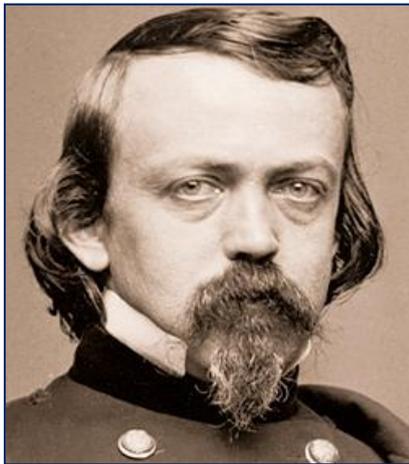
Prior to the battle, McClellan had been promoted to General-in Chief of all Union armies and just three months after Bull Run, or first Manassas, he was building up the Army of the Potomac to prepare for an advance into Virginia. On 19th October, McClellan ordered Brig. Gen. George McCall to advance on the enemy at Dansville in Virginia, just twelve miles southeast of Leesburg.

Confederate Colonel Nathan "Shanks" Evans had left Leesburg to take up better positions, even though Brig. Gen. Beauregard expressed displeasure at him doing so. By the evening of 19th October he had taken up defensive lines on the Alexandria to Winchester Turnpike east of the town.

On 20th October, while McCall was still studying the area, McClellan, frustrated at the lack of action, ordered Brig Gen Charles Pomeroy Stone to conduct, what he called, "*A slight demonstration*" in order to evaluate Confederate strength. Stone dutifully moved troops up to the river at Edwards Ferry and along the river banks and then had his artillery fire into suspected Confederate positions. He then crossed about 100 men of the 1st Minnesota to Virginia's shore but encountered no reaction; with no resistance he recalled the men and they returned to camp to mull it over.



Col. Nathan "Shanks" Evans C.S.A.



Brig. Gen Charles Pomeroy Stone U.S.

Before Colonel Edward Baker could discover the true nature of the situation on his reconnoitre across the Potomac River, Confederate pickets detected and fired upon the Union force and Nathan "Shanks" Evans quickly deployed the Virginia and Mississippi regiments against the threat, as well as presenting a significant defence against the larger Union crossing downriver at Edward's Ferry.

Repeated attempts at surveillance resulted in more confusion when a row of trees were interpreted to be Confederate tents. Stone then ordered an attack on the so called 'camp' with some 300 men. This was the Genesis of the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Contrary to popular belief, it didn't come from a plan by McClellan or Stone to take Leesburg, it was just an initial crossing of troops as a small reconnaissance followed by a raiding party that got out of hand.

Just months after the debacle at *First Bull Run* and an embarrassing loss at *The Battle of Wilson's Creek*, it was *Ball's Bluff* that exposed the incompetence of Union appointed officers and lead directly to the creation of the

'Joint Committee on the Conduct of War.'



The Potomac River and Harrison's Island from Ball's Bluff

Being inexperienced, Baker crossed more companies to the bluff but positioned them badly and with the peak of the bluff at their backs and higher ground in front, they were soon in an impossible situation. After a prolonged fire fight,

Confederates broke the Federal line and pushed the Union troops down the rugged terrain and onto the river bank killing Baker and some 222 of his men. With a further 226 wounded and 533 captured, the withdrawal turned into a rout and with few boats available and some capsizing due to over loading, evacuation became impossible. Some swam across to nearby Harrison Island but 161 went under, many drowned in the swollen Potomac. Bodies of bloated Union soldiers floated downstream into Washington D.C. for days afterwards. Col. Edward D. Baker, who was killed, was a senator from Oregon and a close friend of President Lincoln.

Stone was treated as a scapegoat for the defeat but Congress members saw through the sham and suspected there may even be a conspiracy to betray the Union. The subsequent *Joint Committee* would bedevil officers for the rest of the war, particularly those who were Democrats and brought about some very nasty political in-fighting amongst Generals and High Command that further strangled their efficiency.

Lt Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. Of 20th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry survived a near fatal wound at Ball's Bluff to become Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U.S. in 1902 and of course the son of America's great poet.



Lieut. LOWELL PUTNAM

W. Lowell Putnam

A personal friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes was Lieutenant William Lowell Putnam. Today the Putnam Library honours Lieutenant Putnam of the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers who was killed at the age of 21 in the battle of Ball's Bluff on October 31, 1861. His mother, Mary L. Putnam, contacted the Central Branch to establish a library in her son's memory, as she did at other veterans' hospitals. The first shipment of books was received in October 1868, and Mrs. Putnam sent five shipments a year afterwards. The formal opening of the Putnam Library was in April 1871 and was attended by many dignitaries.

A portrait of William Putnam was hung in the library, and every year a memorial wreath was sent to commemorate his death and placed in a glass cabinet above the portrait.

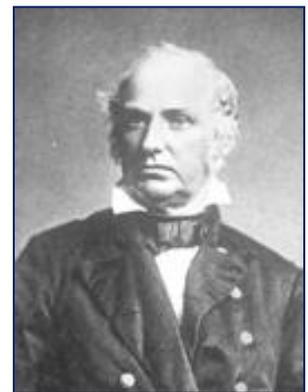


Oliver Wendell Holmes

Mrs. Putnam sent donations of first edition leather bound books, paintings, and other pictures until her death in June 1898; her daughter, Georgina Lowell Putnam, then continued the tradition of sending books. Herman Melville's poem *Ball's Bluff- A Reverie* was published in 1866 and commemorates the battle.



One of those who died at Ball's Bluff, Col. Edward Baker (*right*) gave a speech in New York on April 20th 1861 and said, ***"The hour of reconciliation has passed, the gathering for battle is at hand, the country requires that every man shall do his duty. . . . I am not here to speak timorous words of peace, but to kindle the spirit of manly, determined war. . . ."***



Civil War, for the best of reasons upon the one side and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty, always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are yet worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse."



Editor: Today, 150 years later, the site of the battle (*left*) is considerably overgrown, although enthusiasts have thinned the overgrowth and made interpretation of the battle on the site much easier. Declared a National Historic Landmark in 1984, the park is maintained by the Northern Virginia Regional Park Authority.





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:



Well done on the poem *'The Winds Belong to Mildred Gale.'* I have a great fondness for poetry and treasure some exercise books handed down from my Great Grandmother and Grandmother full of poetry by James Ambrose Connors aka *The Stray Leaf*. Two of them refer to jockeys buried in Toowong and one other called *"On the banks of the reedy lagoon"* actually refers to Toowong Cemetery as he remembers sitting on the 'heights' recalling old friends buried there. It was put to a song by Lionel Long but is

listed as 'anonymous.' Well I have the original poem written in the 1890s and the words are identical.

You did well using the name of Washington's Grandmother Mildred Gale; that was fitting for the winds that powered the Confederate ships, sadly not to victory. Correct me if I am wrong but reading the history, I feel the slaves ended up worse off after the war as they were basically left to fend for themselves, the North didn't want them after they had freed them. The plantations were destroyed, no food, clothing or anything left in the South. Then again the whites down there ended up in much the same state. I wish they had been able to come to a peaceful solution where the blacks slowly evolved into paid employees and so many young men's lives and families would not have been destroyed.

My Great, Great, Grandfather, Charles Pitt, grew cotton commercially in 1861 at Redbank, officially the second after Robert Towns, who was a mere half a mile away. Robert used *Coolies* and then *Kanakas* but Charles hired local workers and introduced steam powered machinery (the first in Qld.) Funny thing was another G,G, Grandfather, W. P. Thompson, was growing cotton where Churchie Main Oval now stands and sent it to the Great Expo' in 1862 and was judged 'Best Cotton.' We still have the large medallion in the family. Of course this was because of the urgent rush to grow cotton that had become scarce because of the American Civil War. 30 years later the daughter of W. P. married the son of Charles. Funny how things turn out.

Darcy Maddock, Toowong Cemetery



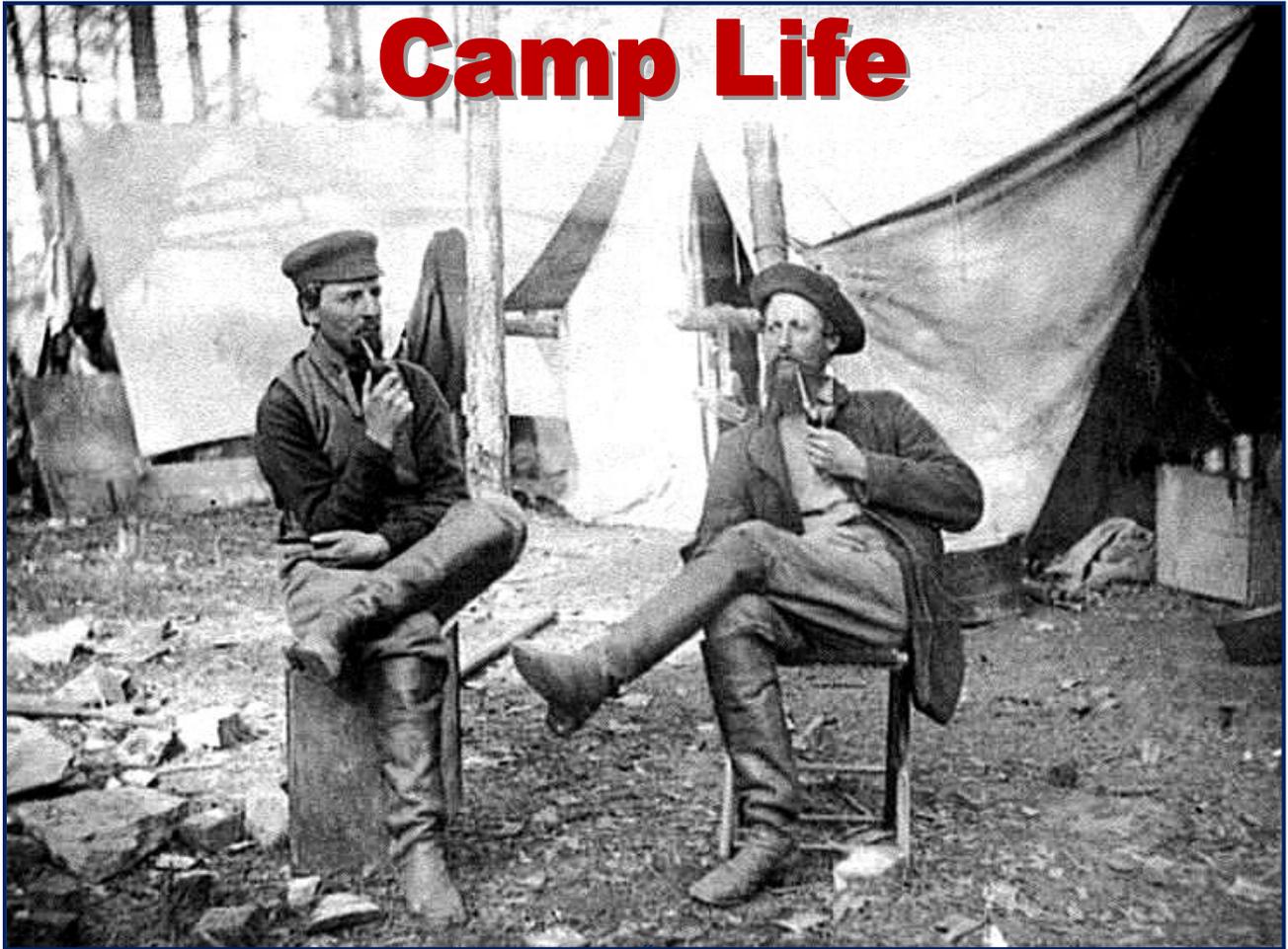
Rob, have looked up Mildred Gale and have to revise my mental picture as I thought of her an old woman (she died of fever three months after landing in England at 31) and is buried in an un-known spot in the cemetery, along with her black slave and her baby child. Her husband took care of his stepchildren but they were claimed by a cousin in America. Mildred's maiden name was Warner and I am familiar with their record in politics, she is thus a great Aunt to Queen Elizabeth 11 and an antecedent to Meriwether Lewis, not to mention George Washington and also Colonel Lewis Washington, who was John Brown's most famous hostage at Harper's ferry. In taking Colonel Washington, Brown appropriated General Washington's sword, what absolute nerve, however he was knocked down by Lt Green USMC who was wearing his dress sword with a tin blade when he stabbed brown and finding his sword bent double, he smashed Brown to the ground with the handle. Did you know that Jesse Root Grant, as a child, boarded with Browns family? His son did not have a good opinion of Brown, as I suspect neither would Mildred Warner Washington' Gale.

John Duncan. ACWRTQ



Have your say.

Letters to Editor welcome.



Camp Life

Ya' know ya' could be right, if we 'ad held on fer just a few more days it might'a turned out diffren'."
 One of those pensive moments in camp, where the world's troubles are solved with a pipe in your mouth. Many soldiers spent long periods in camp with little activity and plenty of time to muse over the complexities of war and politics.

D

uring the War Between the States soldiers didn't encounter battle every day, or even every week, many were left to while away the time some 75 percent of their total service. This was due largely to the 'hurry-up-and-wait' nature of warfare. During these down periods, a typical day during the spring and summer started at 5 A.M. and 6 A.M. during autumn and winter.

Soldiers were awakened daily by reveille. Roll call was taken by the first sergeant, then everyone sat down to breakfast, usually consisting of biscuits, some kind of cured meat and coffee; eggs and fruit were added when available.

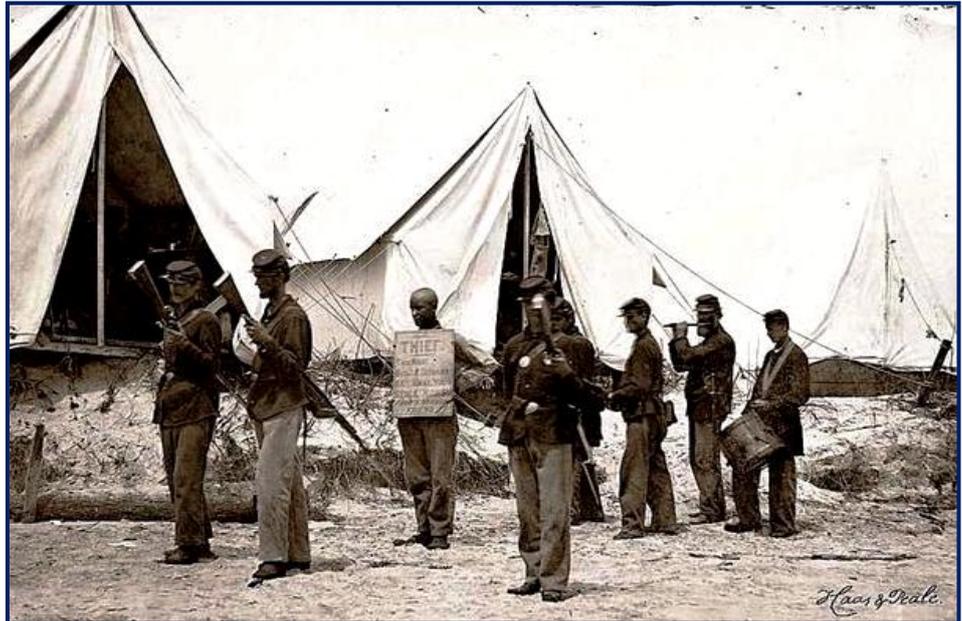
For the rest of the day, soldiers would engage in as many as 5 two-hour drill sessions on weaponry or manoeuvres and most found it extremely boring and tedious; they wanted to fight, not practice, though realised that drill could mean the difference between life and death when fighting did occur.

Soldiers also cleaned and readied the camp, built roads, dug latrines, gathered wood for cooking and heating and sometimes foraged for food to supplement their meals.

One of the biggest problems facing soldiers in the field was poor sanitation, access to clean water for drinking and bathing was often limited, illness from contaminated water or poor hygiene was rampant. Because army camps were tight-knit groups, a contagious disease, such as measles or chickenpox, could decimate a camp within days. Indeed, most soldiers had more to fear from illness than enemy bullets and more died from this than battle.

Food shortages became a serious problem for the Confederacy and even some Union forces during the later years of the war. Early on, soldiers on both sides were relatively well fed. By mandate, daily rations for Union soldiers in 1861 included a minimum of 20 ounces of fresh or salted beef, or 12 ounces of salt pork; more than a pound of flour and a vegetable, usually beans. Soldiers also received regular allotments of coffee, salt, vinegar and sugar. In the field, during long campaigns, mandated allotments often fell short. Quality meat and vegetables were in short supply and soldiers were forced to subsist primarily on salted pork, dried beans, corn bread, and hardtack, a biscuit made of flour and water that more often than not was contaminated with weevils and other 'critters.' The lack of fresh vegetables and fruit often led to outbreaks of scurvy, a disease caused by vitamin C deficiency. Scurvy results in suppurating gums and teeth fall out, old wounds open. Vitamins were not known at the time and the importance of fresh vegetables, while appreciated by James Cook 100 years earlier, was not fully understood during the 1860's, indeed not until the 20th century.

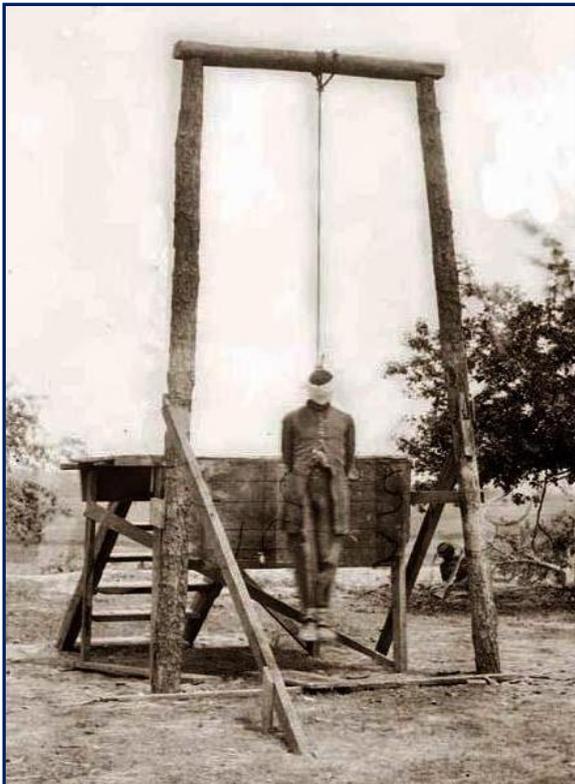
As war progressed and supply trains found themselves unable to reach forces in the field, soldiers on both sides often had to live off the land. Hunting helped provide meat but sometimes, armies were forced to take what they needed from nearby homes and businesses. Confederate soldiers, who usually found themselves fighting on home fields, preferred to request provisions from sympathetic citizens. Sometimes they stole supplies or took them by force, though pillaging was something most soldiers did only under the most dire of circumstances out of respect for their own kin.



A camp thief being paraded through camp and drummed out with "The Rogues March."

Boredom was a chronic problem in most army camps. Drill helps take up some of the day, but soldiers had to devise other forms of recreation to help while away the rest of the hours. Those who were able to write long letters home or read books, magazines and newspapers, when they could get them. Others played cards, or engaged in various sports, such as baseball, boxing, and cockfighting. Some camps, desperate for activity, even staged cockroach and lice races.

Drinking and gambling were discouraged by military officials, but both activities were nearly impossible to control, especially after payday. Contact with prostitutes was strongly discouraged but again, nearly impossible to stop. Soldiers



Desertion brought death on both sides

on leave frequently visited brothels and prostitutes were known to visit military camps in specially equipped wagons. The subsequent diseases were a nightmare for the camp doctor and brought terrible suffering for soldiers with no known cure. The so called 'cures' involved horrific treatment with long syringes inserted into highly sensitive places and injected borax.

Crime was a huge problem; where there are shortages you have thieves and they were despised by all and publicly shamed with "The Rogue's March" and drummed through the camp with head shaved and wearing a placard declaring their evil ways. The picture above was taken in 1863 by Haas and Peale on *Morris Island* in South Carolina; again they are Union soldiers. Punishment for this crime would have involved many forms of torture before being allowed back in camp or sent to prison; holding rocks above the head or sitting astride a crude wooden horse in the sun for hours at a time was a common punishment.

Alcohol was a huge problem on both sides. Soldiers on duty were prohibited, by army regulations, from buying liquor but soldiers being soldiers found a number of ingenious ways of smuggling "Moonshine" into camp or even making it themselves and kept it hidden from their commanding officers. The members of one clever Mississippi company managed to sneak a half-gallon of whiskey past guards by pouring it into a watermelon; they then kept the watermelon hidden by burying it beneath the floor of their tent and drinking from it through long straws, giving new meaning to, "who draws the short straw."

This photograph (above) was taken in 1864 just as the trap door was sprung and William Johnson, an American negro, discovered what freedom meant in the Union army. His image is slightly blurred indicating movement. Johnson was hanged on Jordan's Farm for desertion. It is part of the main eastern theatre of war and siege of Petersburg, June 1864 to April 1865.

Of all the hardships soldiers faced in camp, homesickness was probably the most difficult to deal with and impossible to cure. Furloughs were rarely given; both sides needed as many able bodies on the battlefield as could be mustered. Furlough was often impractical, as most units were so distant it would have taken soldiers days or even weeks to reach home and officers were afraid they wouldn't come back. Many soldiers became so homesick they deserted, sometimes for a short while, sometimes forever. During the war, 141 Union soldiers were executed for desertion.

Lincoln signed numerous pardons for common offenses but many missed out, "*I prefer to take the risk on the side of mercy,*" Lincoln explained. Yet he could be

quite heartless, as indicated when he ordered Confederate prisoners of war to be executed because some union soldiers had been shot after capture during a battle. A similar scene was re-enacted during World War II when Hitler issued orders regarding captured British Commandos. This wasn't an isolated instance during the War Between the States, one Confederate officer, Lincoln had executed early in the war, was so inflame a friend of the officer, that he later assassinated Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, John Wilkes Booth.

Camp life is studded with stories of singing and other forms of entertainment. The film "*God's and Generals*" gives a fine portrayal of this. The picture (above) is a rare gem as it portrays the soldiers catching up with letter writing, reading, sewing and other basic chores and is a natural image rare for the times. This article below, published in 1930, also indicates that camp life was not all bad.



Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1930

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

~page 388~

RECREATION IN ARMY LIFE

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

The man or woman who imagines that "Johnnie Reb" had a hard time from start to finish, that his sky was always obscured by clouds and his hours spent among the doldrums, is very much off his or her imagining.

Despite the stories by politicians of how we suffered the pangs of hunger, etc., etc., every veteran who actually soldiered can recall many blue spots on the sky of his memory; many days and nights when pleasure led the march and love burnished life with gold. One fortunate thing for us was that we had our games. Marbles, played with all the zest and avidity of school-boy days; cards, running the gamut through smut, loo, euchre, three-card monte, poker, cribbage and whist; checks, and the royal game of chess. Then, we had men with voices—voices

of intriguing tenor of loftiest tone; bass, deep with pathos, sweet with harmony; and thrilling baritone rich with melody. Almost indescribable was the power of those voices to please and enthrall the soul when assembled and mingled. It was not exactly grand opera, nor, thank the Lord, was it either "ragtime" or "jazz." The songs were the old familiars, the rich melodies of the Southland, mingled with the popular Scotch and Irish ballads. The very woods would ring with "Swanee River," "Annie Laurie," "Massa's in de Cole, Cole Ground," "Lorena," "Mary of Argyle," "Kathleen Mavourneen," etc., etc. Our "Truthful James" used to declare that when one of these concerts was running at full speed the song birds of the forest would come and perch overhead and take notes.



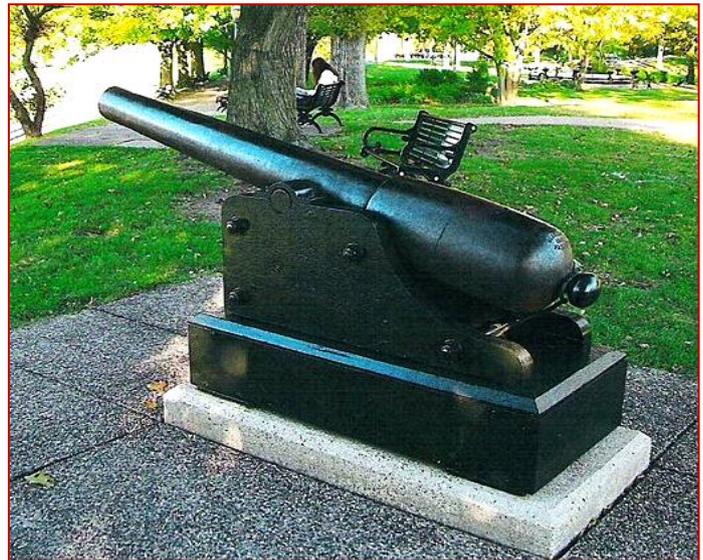
BLAKELY'S BARK

T

he good Confederate ship Georgia packed a wallop with her Blakely rifled cannons and Whitworths. The cannon is referred to in the poem "*The Winds Belong to Mildred Gale,*" as '*Blakely's bark.*'

The big 32 pounder was mounted as a pivot gun on the ship's bow. While that is a pretty big shell, the Alabama had a real monster Blakely mounted as a pivot gun and they are seen in the very famous pictures taken on her decks when she called into South Africa at Capetown.

Captain Alexander Blakely is a name with which anyone who has even a slight interest in the American Civil War will be familiar. Blakely's cannons are mentioned in countless battles in various publications from land and sea engagements. The guns are still with us, yet little is known about Blakely himself, there is only one picture of him and that is as a group of men and we don't know which one he is.



The first Blakely rifled gun sent to the South. This 3¾ inch piece was used to fire on Fort Sumter in April 1861. Preserved at Galena, Illinois. Picture courtesy William J. Manon and Blakely Websites.



There is some confusion over the port of departure for the supply steam tug *Alar* and where she loaded the mighty cannons destined for CSS Georgia but the ship's Midshipman Morgan gives Whitehaven as the port, while other sources say it was Newhaven; however Morgan claims to have gone by train, a train to Newhaven would have required a change of trains, not mentioned. Whitehaven had a direct line installed in the 1840's. Morgan also states that it took four days to steam from the port to Ashant Island off France and that would be about right from Whitehaven, whereas a trip from Newhaven would take about a

day at most. The secrecy surrounding events at the time means there will always be confusion about where the guns were loaded. The guns were last known to be in Liverpool but assumed to have been despatched to London. Whatever, the steam ship tug *Alar* had them on board when the crew were picked up on that wild and stormy night. So it is hard to make up some of the discrepancies but I take Morgan at his word when he says they boarded *Alar* at Whitehaven. Because his book '*Recollections of a Rebel Reefer*' was published a long time after the event, times and names may not be reliable. When Morgan says the port is about an hour's train journey from London he doesn't say it was north or south. It would have taken a lot longer than an hour to reach Whitehaven or Newhaven from London but Whitehaven was about an hour from Liverpool. So it appears obvious that Morgan confused the ports, partly because he had been shunted around the country back and forwards to Liverpool and London, to confuse the enemy.



The Widow Blakely was also a widow maker.

Captain Blakely, as he became known and the guns he designed, enjoyed popularity only briefly between 1855 and 1866 and his name is forever linked with the South. The number of Blakely cannon imported or used by Confederates isn't known. Of more than 470 guns manufactured under Blakely's patents, between 1855 and 1866, the majority were made for the South during the war. They ranged from a 3¾ inch calibre field gun, used to fire on Sumter in 1861, to massive 13 inch cannons of 60,000 pounds, that defended Charleston in 1863.

There were several batteries of 3½ inch Blakely rifled field guns with the Armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee. 7½ inch Blakely cannons protected Vicksburg and Mobile, Alabama.

During the siege of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river, a turning point of the American War, between 25th May and 4th of July 1863, *Lieutenant A. L. Slack's Company C* of the *1st Louisiana Heavy Artillery Regiment*, served the

famous 7½” Blakely cannon known as **“The Widow Blakely,”** because it was the only Blakely they had. Misidentified as a 7.44 calibre rifle, inside micrometer measurements reveal diameters between 7.50” and 7.51.” **“The Widow Blakely”** was located about a mile north of its current position during the Siege of Vicksburg. When one of **“The Widow Blakely’s”** shells exploded in the muzzle, while firing on a Yankee gunboat, it sheared off part of it but left the remainder intact. The ragged ends were cut off and smoothed and the **‘Widow’** used as a mortar for the rest of the siege. The rifling is clearly visible.



(Pemberton surrendered to Grant on 4th July 1863.)

In spite of the exploded and shortened barrel **“Widow”** survived the conflict and after a long period in *enemy* custody was returned to Vicksburg where, as a visitor, you can trip over it at your leisure.

(Editor’s personal experience.)

Military reports from Official Records on **“The Widow Blakely”** can be found by [clicking here](#).

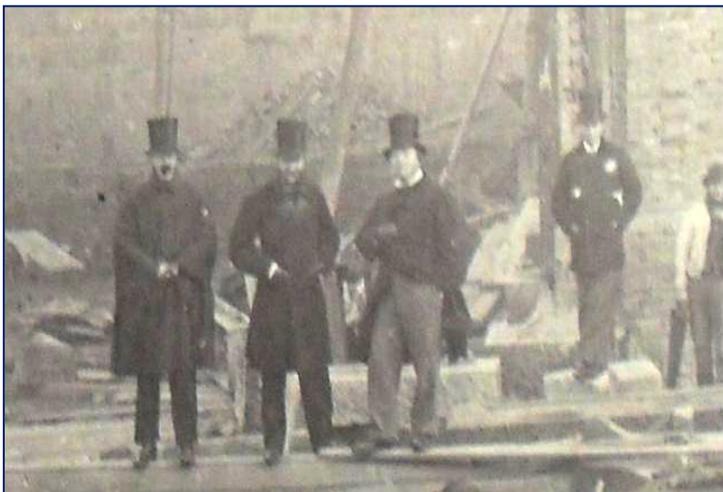
In November 1861, (150 years ago) on the high seas, the steamer **Nashville** was the first Confederate warship to visit Europe and was armed with two Blakely rifles. The cruisers **Alabama** and **Florida** carried the Confederate flag and 7 inch Blakely cannons across the great oceans, while the battery of cruiser **Georgia** included three Blakely rifles, one placed forward at the bow and two amidships. The famous rams built in 1863 by Laird Brothers in Birkenhead to devastate Brooklyn Navy Yard in New York City were each to carry four 9 inch Blakely guns in their turrets. The four cruisers built in France in 1864 but never delivered, were each to have twelve 68 pounder Blakely guns.

Confederate **Brooke** guns were cast, forged and assembled for the Confederate States Navy under Captain Blakely’s patent and with his full knowledge, consent and co-operation. In Parliament 18th June 1863, Captain Blakely declared, **“Shot at Charleston were fired from guns either made by me, which have found their way there ‘somehow,’ or else very ably made, may I say, by Captain Brooke of the Confederate Artillery and from models supplied by me.”** Incredibly 32 Blakely guns still exist as relics in North America, either whole or in parts, surviving the scrap merchants of two world wars.

Captain Blakely’s support went further than simple commerce, in addition to making guns for the South, during March 1862, while attempting to conceal their true ownership, Blakely bought ten batteries of Austrian bronze artillery off Confederate **Captain Caleb Huse** for shipment from Hamburg to the South by the government’s steamer **Bahama**. To supervise the shipment Blakely travelled to Hamburg, even managing to rescue eight cannon that were sunk in a Lighter on the river Elbe through sabotage.

Alexander Blakely was born in Sligo, Ireland on 7th January 1827, son of the Very Reverend Theophilus Alexander Blakely and Mary William. His father, of English descent, was an Anglican Minister. Educated at the Royal Military College in Woolwich, Blakely was only 17 when commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Six years later, in 1846, he became First Lieutenant; eventually achieving the artillery rank of Second Captain, he was thereafter known as **“Captain Blakely.”** During the Crimean War however he was a Major and Assistant Quartermaster General in the Irregular Cavalry of General Robert Vivian’s 22,000 strong **“Turkish Contingent,”** a mercenary corps organised by the British Army.

Blakely was one of the first to apply theoretical science to the manufacture of military ordnance, and successfully



One of these four men is Blakely but which one? Third from left?
1865 Picture from Blakely Ordnance Company, East Greenwich works.

obtained several patents but soon found he was in conflict with competitors, William Armstrong and Joseph Whitworth. The industrialists sought to acquire sole cannon manufacturing contracts with the government. Always controversial, Blakely engaged in vigorous debates with these two giants of industry and with scientific competitors, such as fellow countryman Robert Mallet, creator of the great 36 inch calibre mortar of 1856.

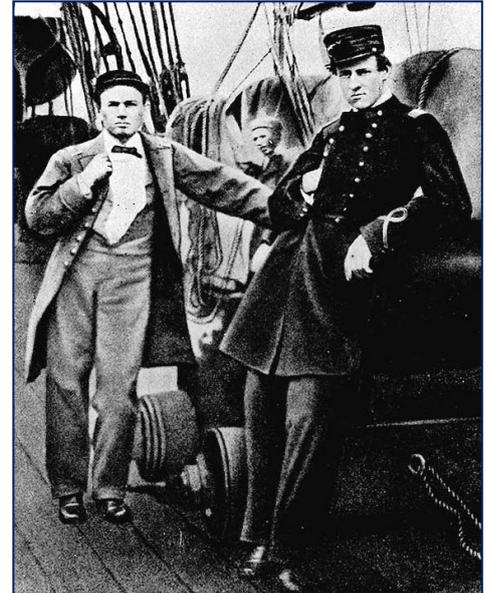
Blakely, was what is called today **“A Media Tart,”** skilled at convincing the London press to write about his work and publishing numerous articles. His first break came from support of the owner of **Butterley Company**, William Needham, who had coal pits and ironworks and was also clearly looking for government gun contracts. The Butterley works made Blakely’s first test pieces.

Captain Blakely soon capitalised on early orders from *Giuseppe Garibaldi* in Sardinia and *Edward Anderson* of the Confederate States during 1860 and 1861. At Fawcett Preston's Liverpool ironworks he managed to get the first production orders completed.

By the 1860's Captain Blakely was a respected expert in ordnance, frequently giving lectures to various British Parliament committees. A good speaker, he addressed many learned societies of the period in his role as engineer and artilleryist. He boldly formed his own joint stock company to make cannon and from that point declared himself "**Manufacturer of Ordnance.**" He was most noted for loyalty to the Confederacy, providing nearly a hundred guns but his advice was also sought by Chile, China, Denmark, Italy, Morocco, Peru, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden and interestingly, the United States.

Blakely was a Member of London's Royal Society, British Association for Advancement of Science, Royal Irish Academy, an Honorary Member of the Society of Engineers...the "*Smeatonians*" and Founding Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London. Socially, he was a member of the Army & Navy Club, and of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club owning at least two yachts.

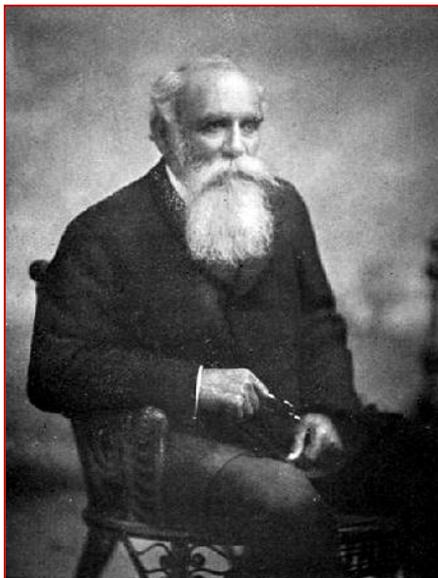
Famed explorer and writer Sir Richard Burton became a friend of Blakely in the early 1860's when they plotted to provide ordnance for *Francesco II, King of the Two Sicilies*, when southern Italy was invaded by the revolutionary *Garibaldi*.



Lts. Armstrong and Sinclair lean on 32 pounder Blakely on CSS Alabama 1863.

Reputation was everything then and being exposed in a seedy adultery case and financial ruin, Blakely left England. Contracting Yellow Fever, Captain Alexander Blakely died at Chorrillos in Peru on 4th May 1868, aged 41. He is buried alongside his mistress Mrs Dering in the *Cementaría Británico de Bellavista*, at Callao. Despite his adultery, thirty years after his death, in 1898 his widow began a campaign to recognise Blakely's contribution to artillery.

The Blakely is quite an incredible piece of ordnance and was involved in the War Between the States from day one at Fort Sumter. Beauregard sang its praises, "***We have a remarkable rifled cannon, a 12 pounder, superior to any other here. Others ought to be ordered.***" General P. G. T. Beauregard was writing to Secretary of War L. P. Walker on 15th April 1861. The history and a description of this "***remarkable rifled cannon***" is worth attention. Despite its immediate success and full-blooded endorsement by Beauregard, it is still difficult to establish even an approximation of the number or the types of Blakely cannon imported and utilised by the Confederate army and navy.



Caleb Huse

Confederates imported relatively few pieces of ordnance for either navy or army. After the first twelve months of war, in spite of popular myth, it became virtually self-sufficient manufacturing cannons, whether at the Tredegar works in Richmond, or at the Selma works in Alabama. But ships purchased from England or France required armaments that were largely purchased clandestinely in Britain. Breech loading Whitworths proved reliable but the big Blakely was weapon of choice for any naval commander.

On July 12th 1862, Colonel Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance of the Army, wrote to G. W. Randolph, the Secretary of War, "***Direct him (Caleb Huse in Europe) to make no more purchases of arms beyond that already made and contracted for...I have already instructed him that artillery is of secondary importance unless of special character.***"

After this, the South imported only strategic raw materials, such as lead for Minié bullets and saltpetre for gun powder. Rather than guns, it was clothing, blankets, cloth and shoes that had priority. By the middle of 1864 clothing and provisions for the army were the main imports. Even so it is believed that by the end of the war *Caleb Huse* had procured munitions for the Confederacy valuing some 10 million dollars. Huse, (*worthy of study*) had an approval marking on the weapons, a small circle containing his initials "CH," on rifles located near the tang on top of the butt plate. (Highly Collectable.)

February 3rd 1863 Colonel Gorgas reported that just 129 pieces of artillery had been imported on behalf of the Bureau of Ordnance. This contrasts with the 130,230 stand of infantry rifled weapons *Caleb Huse* had sent from Europe. Scarcely any cannon were imported on the government account after that date. Official Records of the American War show these few entries regarding the import of cannon:

1-11th August 1861. Caleb Huse, writing from England, reports to Secretary of War in Richmond he had shipped to the south twelve 12 pounder light Blakely guns with solid shot and segment shell.

2- Judah Benjamin, then Secretary of War, appeals to President Davis on 4th March 1862 to fund 500 Blakely guns as part of "additional measures required in the present year" requested by Confederate Congress.

3- Colonel Josiah Gorgas reports to Secretary of War ordnance had been brought from Europe by February 1863 on government account to supplement home manufacture:

Caleb Huse spent a lot of his time in Liverpool, where in March 1863, the shipyard of William C. Miller & Company launched a 300 ton wooden gunboat provisionally called **Alexandra**. She was ordered by Liverpool engineers **Fawcett, Preston & Company**, who also provided a 60 horsepower engine. To equip the gunboat, Captain Blakely had instructed Fawcett's to provide one 6.4 inch rifled gun and two 4.6 inch rifles. These were unique guns, requiring new mounts and tools. Fawcett's provided one 9 foot long 6.4 inch gun, with a pivot carriage and slide, deck sweeps, sight, shells, shell lighter, grapeshot, powder scoop, deck chucks and "**extra ordnance**". As Blakely Patent Gun number 187, two 4.6 inch guns, plus deck sweeps, sights, shells, shell extractors, shell lighters, sponges and rammers, shears for firing with friction tubes and deck chucks and using existing gun carriages.

When it became apparent the **Alexandra** was destined for the South, Union agents began a long law suit to prevent her leaving Liverpool. Anticipating this action in May, 1863 Blakely had the three guns, along with their carriages, accoutrement and 18 tons of shells, hidden. Some believe they were shipped from Liverpool by rail to Camden Town goods depot in London, wherever they went, they seem to have vanished from history.

In 1909, James Morris Morgan, author of **Recollections of a Rebel Reeler** states that while he was Midshipman on the 600 ton iron-hulled cruiser CSS Georgia he had a battery comprising a 32 pounder Blakely rifled gun on a forward pivot and two 24 pounder Blakely's on the broadsides with two small 10 pounder breech-loading Whitworth guns as stern-chasers on the ship's poop deck. In a letter he denies the then common claim that her outfit consisted only of Whitworth guns, saying he commanded the only two Whitworths aboard CSS Georgia. CSS Georgia's three Blakely guns must have been the 6.4 inch rifle and the two 4.6 inch rifles ordered for the gunboat **Alexandra** from Fawcett, Preston & Co in 1862.



Midshipman Morgan, 1863

Some say they were loaded on board the 85 ton steam tug **Alar** in London but it's more likely they were in Liverpool all the time. According to Morgan, **Alar** sailed up to Whitehaven to pick up the crew, who were then taken down the coast on a four day stormy voyage and across the English Channel to the rugged French island of Ushant, where they rendezvoused with **CSS Georgia**, 6th April 1863 and unloaded their cargo of guns, ammunition **Captain Maury** and crew. After an epic voyage, **Georgia** returned to Liverpool on 1st May 1864 and was sold out of service. Her guns and their deck fittings removed and placed in store in Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, on June 6th 1864.

Blakely gun recovered from the wreck of **CSS ALABAMA**, (right) delivered to **The Museum of Mobile**. Restored after 140 years on the bottom, the cannon is a welcome addition to naval artefacts in Alabama. A centrepiece of the 700 square foot exhibit gallery funded by the Mobile Museum Board opened this summer. The Blakely is one of eight guns that were originally on the deck of the **CSS ALABAMA** that sank in about 200 feet of water off Cherbourg, France, after an engagement with the **USS Kearsage** 19th June 1864. The gun is approximately 10 feet long and weighs 5000 pounds, 2.5 tons. The carriage has been faithfully replicated.



The Editor recommends these two following websites as they contain excellent additional data on Blakely's Rifled Cannon and the guns that were used on Alabama, Georgia and other Confederate raiders. This story is edited from both sites and several other sources but these two sites are used extensively for research and full attribution is given to them for their use. All copyright is with original websites and this story is sub-edited for ACWRTQ educational use only.

<http://captainblakely.org/default.aspx>

<http://markerhunter.wordpress.com/2011/04/09/blakely-3-75in-rifle/>

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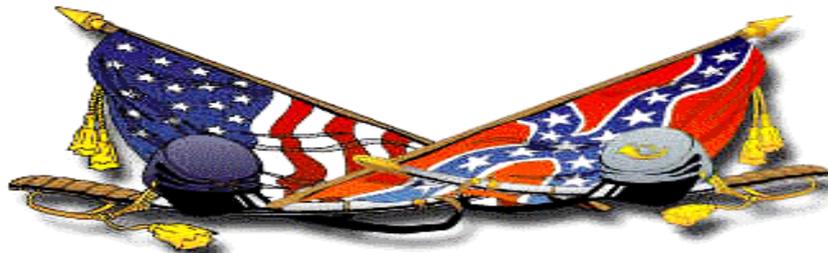
NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERIES

While on the topic of all things nautical, I thought I would share these photographs taken on board CSS Alabama. One in particular has only recently surfaced in Liverpool. Seated at right by the ship's binnacle, housing the compass, is Captain Semmes. A quiet man, rigid with discipline, kept very much to himself, yet showed a rare moment of human tolerance when returning late one night with Midshipman Morgan from shore leave in Bahia to their respective ships, Alabama and Georgia. They were invited by Semmes' to share the Alabama's long boat, as the other was to be a while coming. In the course of the journey back to Alabama, a crew member who had imbibed a little too much, nodded off, resting his head on Semmes' shoulder. The Captain looked casually at the man, while other crew members were horrified and went to pull him away. Semmes said, reassuringly, *"Let the man alone, he is obviously very tired and needs his rest."* So the sailor travelled to his ship unaware of his 'pillow.' The crew were convinced, had he known, he would have leapt overboard.

Another picture of particular interest is this one featuring Sailing Master Irving Bulloch. Given Semmes' reputation for discipline, it is remarkable that many of the crew pictures reveal them quite relaxed, this is a particularly good example of life aboard. The picture was only recently discovered and using illustrations from local newspapers of the time, he was identified as Irving Bulloch.



The picture is taken looking aft towards the flag lockers where crew are assembled discussing their duties with another officer, unidentified. A Blakely gun is seen on the right and the ship's wheel is beside Bulloch on the left.



"Your support is needed at our meetings!! We need more members and we need in-put from current members whose interests spread across the board. This interest and your participation make meetings worth attending. So as President of ACWRTQ I ask you to give your support by visiting our meetings, or joining our group and attending our regular monthly meetings." ACWRTQ President John Duncan.

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All enquiries to Editor: Robert Taylor: bob-anne@aapt.net.au

Meetings held, Coorparoo RSL third Thursday of every month. 7.30 PM. Visitors welcome