

ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI



The Battle of Fort Sumter

AND

First Victory of the Southern Troops.

APRIL 13th. 1861.

Full accounts of the Bombardment, with Sketches of the Scenes,
Incidents, etc. Compiled chiefly from the detailed
Reports of the Charleston Press.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

CHARLESTON, S. C.:

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THE BATTLE OF FORT SUMTER.

FIRST DAY'S BOMBARDMENT.

FRIDAY, April 12, 1861.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter, so long and anxiously expected, has at length become a fact accomplished.

At about two o'clock, on the afternoon of Thursday, General Beauregard, through his Aids, Col. James Chesnut, Jr., Col. Chisolm and Capt. Lee, made a demand on Major Anderson for the immediate surrender of Fort Sumter. Major Anderson replied that such a course would be inconsistent with the duty he was required by his Government to perform. The answer was communicated by the General-in-Chief to President Davis.

This visit, and the refusal of the commandant of Fort Sumter to accede to the demand made by General Beauregard, passed from tongue to tongue, and soon the whole city was in possession of the startling intelligence. Rumor, as she is wont to do, shaped the facts to suit her purposes, enlarged their dimensions, and gave them a complexion which they had not worn when fresh from the pure and artless hands of truth.

A half an hour after the return of the orderlies it was confidently believed that the batteries would open fire at eight o'clock, and in expectation of seeing the beginning of the conflict, hundreds congregated upon the Battery and the wharves, looking out on the bay. There they stood, straining their eyes over the dark expanse of water, waiting to see the flash and hear the boom of the first gun. The clock told the hour of eleven, and still they gazed and listened, but the eyelids grew weary, and at the noon of the night the larger portion of the disappointed spectators were plodding their way homeward. At about nine o'clock, General Beauregard received a reply from President Davis, to the telegram in relation to the surrender of Sumter, by which he was instructed to inform Major Anderson that if he would evacuate the fort he held when his present supply of provisions was exhausted, there would be no appeal to arms. This proposition was borne to Major Ander-

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son by the Aids who had delivered the first message, and he refused to accept the condition. The General-in-Chief forthwith gave the order that the batteries be opened at half-past four o'clock on Friday morning. Major Anderson's reply was decisive of the momentous question, and General Beauregard determined to apply the last argument. The stout soldier had resolved to make a desperate defence, and the bloody trial of strength must be essayed. The sword must cut asunder the last tie that bound us to a people, whom, in spite of wrongs and injustice wantonly inflicted through a long series of years, we had not yet utterly hated and despised. The last expiring spark of affection must be quenched in blood. Some of the most splendid pages in our glorious history must be blurred. A blow must be struck that would make the ears of every Republican fanatic tingle, and whose dreadful effects will be felt by generations yet to come. We must transmit a heritage of rankling and undying hate to our children.

The restless activity of Thursday night was gradually worn down; the citizens who had thronged the battery through the night, anxious and weary, had sought their homes, the Mounted Guard which had kept watch and ward over the city, with the first grey streak of morning were preparing to retire, when two guns in quick succession from Fort Johnson announced the opening of the drama. Upon that signal, at twenty-five minutes past four o'clock, A. M., the circle of batteries with which the grim fortress of Fort Sumter is beleaguered opened fire. The outline of this great volcanic crater was illuminated with a line of twinkling lights; the clustering shells illuminated the sky above it; the balls clattered thick as hail upon its sides; our citizens, aroused to a forgetfulness of their fatigue through many weary hours, rushed again to the points of observation; and so, at the break of day, amidst the bursting of bombs, and the roaring of ordnance, and before thousands of spectators, whose homes, and liberties, and lives were at stake, was enacted this first great scene in the opening drama of this most momentous military history.

As the roar of cannon burst upon the startled city, the expected sound was answered by thousands. The houses were in a few minutes emptied of their excited occupants, and the living stream poured through all the streets leading to the wharves and Battery. On reaching our beautiful promenade, we found it lined with ranks of eager spectators, and all the wharves commanding a view of the battle were crowded thickly with human forms. On no gala occasion have we ever seen nearly so large a number of ladies on our Battery as graced the breezy walk on this eventful morning. There they stood with palpitating hearts and palid faces, watching the white smoke as it rose in wreaths upon the soft twilight air, and breathing out fervent prayers for their gallant kinsfolk at the guns.

Steadily alternating, our batteries spit forth their wrath at

the grim fortress rising so defiantly out of the sea. Major Anderson received the shot and shell in silence. And some excited lookers on, ignorant of the character of the foe, were fluent with conjectures and predictions, that revived the hope fast dying out of their hopeful and tender hearts. But the short-lived hope was utterly extinguished when the deepening twilight revealed the Stars and Stripes floating defiantly in the breeze. The batteries continued at regular intervals to belch iron vengeance, and still no answer was returned by the foe. About an hour after the booming began, two balls rushed hissing through the air, and glanced harmless from the stuccoed bricks of Fort Moultrie. The embrasures of the hostile fortress gave forth no sound again till between six and seven o'clock, when, as if wrathful from enforced delay, from ease-mate and parapet the United States officer poured a storm of iron hail upon Fort Moultrie, Steven's Iron Battery and the Floating Battery. The broadside was returned with spirit by the gallant gunners at these important posts. The firing now began in good earnest. The curling white smoke hung above the angry pieces of friend and foe, and the jarring boom rolled at regular intervals on the anxious ear. The atmosphere was charged with the smell of villainous saltpetre, and as if in sympathy with the melancholy scene, the sky was covered with heavy clouds, and everything wore a sombre aspect.

About half past nine o'clock, Capt. R. S. Parker reported from Sullivan's Island to Mount Pleasant that everything was in fine condition at Fort Moultrie, and that the soldiers had escaped unhurt. The same dispatch stated that the embrasures of the Floating Battery were undamaged by the shock of the shot, and though that formidable structure had been struck eleven times, the balls had not started a single bolt. Anderson, after finding his fire against the Iron Battery ineffectual, had concentrated his fire upon the Floating Battery, and the Dahlgren Battery, both under command of Capt. Hamilton. A number of shells had dropped into Fort Sumter, and one gun en barbette had been dismantled.

The following cheering tidings were next brought to the city: Stevens' Battery and the Floating Battery are doing important service. Stevens' Battery has made considerable progress in battering the south and south-west walls of Fort Sumter. The north-west wall is suffering from the well-aimed fire of the Floating Battery, whose shot have dismantled several of the guns on the parapet, and made it impossible to use the remaining ones. The Mortar Battery connected with the impregnable Gun Battery at Cumming's Point, is managed with consummate skill and terrible effect.

Eleven o'clock.—A messenger from Morris' Island brings the news that the shot glance from the iron covered battery at Cumming's Point, like marbles thrown by a child on the back of a turtle. The upper portion of the south-west wall of Fort

Sumter shows plainly the effect of the terrible cannonade from the formidable invention of Mr. C. H. Stevens' patriotism and ingenuity.

A boat reached the city from the Floating Battery about half-past twelve o'clock, and reported that a shot from Fort Sumter penetrated the top or shed of the structure, and three shots struck the sand bags in the rear of the Battery.

Twelve o'clock.—We have just learned by an arrival from Cumming's Point, that the batteries there continue doing good service—Stevens' Battery very successful. Not a single casualty has happened. The troops are in the best spirits. Two of the guns at Fort Sumter appear to be disabled. Considerable damage has been done to the roofs of the officer's quarters.

One o'clock.—The following was received from Morris' Island. One gun in Stevens' Battery temporarily disabled, Anderson's fire having injured the door of the embrasure. The damage will be repaired speedily. Three steam vessels of war were seen off the bar, one of them supposed to be the Harriet Lane.

The venerable Edmund Ruffin, who, so soon as it was known a battle was inevitable, hastened over to Morris' Island and was elected a member of the Palmetto Guard, fired the first gun from Stevens' Iron Battery. Another son of the Old Dominion was appointed on General Beauregard's Staff on Thursday, bore dispatches to the General in command, from Brigadier-General James Simons, in command of Morris' Island, during the thickest of the fight, and in the face of a murderous fire from Fort Sumter. Col. Roger A. Pryor, in the execution of that dangerous commission, passed within speaking distance of the hostile fortress.

Fort Moultrie has fully sustained the prestige of its glorious name. It fired very nearly gun for gun with Fort Sumter. We counted the guns from eleven to twelve o'clock, and found them to be forty-two to forty-six, while the advantage was unquestionably upon the side of Fort Moultrie. In that fort not a gun was dismantled, not a wound received, not the slightest permanent injury sustained by any of its defences, while every ball from Fort Moultrie left its mark upon Fort Sumter. Many of its shells were dropped into that fort, and Lieut. John Mitchell, the worthy son of that patriot sire, who has so nobly vindicated the cause of the South, has the honor of dismounting two of its parapet guns by a single shot from one of the Columbiads, which at the time he had the office of directing.

A brisk fire was kept up by all the batteries until about seven o'clock in the evening, after which hour the guns boomed, throughout the night of Friday, at regular intervals of twenty minutes. The schooner Petrel, J. L. Jones, commanding, while lying off the mouth of Hog Island Channel, was fired into from Fort Sumter, about half-past eight o'clock. One shot took effect in the bow of the schooner, and several passed over her.

It were vain to attempt an exhibition of the enthusiasm and fearless intrepidity of our citizens in every department of this eventful day. Boats passed from post to post without the slightest hesitation, under the guns of Fort Sumter, and with high and low, old and young, rich and poor, in uniform or without, the common wish and constant effort was to reach the posts of action; and amid a bombardment resisted with the most consummate skill and perseverance, and with the most efficient appliances of military art and science, it is a most remarkable circumstance, and one which exhibits the infinite goodness of an overruling Providence, that, so far as we have been able to learn from the most careful inquiry, not the slightest injury has been sustained by the defenders of their country.

It may be added, as an incident that contributed no little interest to the action of the day, that from early in the forenoon three vessels of war, two of them supposed to be the *Harriet Lane* and *Pawnee*, lay just beyond the bar, inactive spectators of the contest.

CLOSE OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, April 13, 1861.

We closed the account of the grand military diorama in progress on our Bay amidst the clouds and gloom and threatening perils of Friday night. The firing, abated in the early evening, as though for the concentration of its special energies, commenced again at ten o'clock, and amid gusts of rain, and clouds that swept the heavens, the red hot shot and lighted shells, again streamed from the girt of batteries around, and concentrated in fearful import over Fort Sumter. Of the effects little was visible, of course, and anxious citizens, who from battery, spire and housetop, had bided the peltings of the storm, mute spectators of the splendid scene, could only wait the opening of the coming day for confirmation of the hopes and fears with which the changes in the scene successively inspired them. As dawn approached, the firing again abated, and when the rising sun threw its flood of light over the sparkling waters from a cloudless sky, it was but by random shots from outlying batteries, with scarce an answer from Fort Sumter, that spectators were assured the contest still continued, and that human feeling was not in harmony with the grace and glory of the scene. It was but a little while, however, before the energy of action was restored, and as the work of destruction still went on, it was feared that still another day of expectation and uncertainty was before us. But at eight o'clock the cry arose from the wharves, and rolled in one continuous wave over the city, "FORT SUMTER IS ON FIRE!" The watchers of the night before, who had retired for a few moments, were aroused, occu-

pations were instantly suspended, and old and young, either mounted to their points of observation, or rolled in crowds upon the Battery, to look upon the last and most imposing act in this great drama. The barracks to the south had been three times set on fire during the bombardment of the day before, but each time the flames were immediately extinguished. Subsequently, however, a red-hot shot from Fort Moultrie, or a shell from elsewhere, found a lodgment, when the fact was not apparent, and the fire, smouldering for a time, at length broke forth, and flames and smoke rose in volumes from the crater of Fort Sumter. The wind was blowing from the west, driving the smoke across the fort and into the embrasures, where the gunners were at work, and pouring its volumes through the port-holes; the firing of Fort Sumter appeared to be renewed with vigor. The fire of the Fort, long, fierce and rapid, however, was gradually abated, and although at distant intervals a gun was fired, the necessity of preserving their magazines and of avoiding the flames, left the tenants little leisure for resistance. But the firing from without was continued with redoubled vigor. Every battery poured in its ceaseless round of shot and shell. The enthusiasm of success inspired their courage and gave precision to their action; and thus, as in the opening, so in the closing scene, under the beaming sunlight, in view of thousands crowded upon the wharves and house-tops, and amid the booming of ordnance, and in view of the five immense ships sent by the enemy with reinforcements, lying idly just out of gun shot on the Bar, this first fortress of despotic power fell prostrate to the cause of Southern Independence.

At about nine o'clock the flames appeared to be abating, and it was apprehended that no irreparable injury had been sustained; but near ten o'clock, a column of white smoke rose high above the battlements, followed by an explosion which was felt upon the wharves, and gave the assurance that if the magazines were not exploded, at least their temporary ammunition were exposed to the element still raging. Soon after the barracks to the east and west were in flames, the smoke rose in redoubled volume from the whole circle of the fort, and rolling from the embrasures, it seemed scarcely possible that life could be sustained. Soon after another column of smoke arose as fearful as the first. The guns had long been completely silenced, and the only option left to the tenants of the fortress seemed to be whether they would perish or surrender. At a quarter to one o'clock, the staff, from which the flag still waved, was shot away, and it was long in doubt whether, if there were the purpose, there was the ability to re-erect it. But at the expiration of about twenty minutes, it again appeared upon the eastern rampart, and announced that resistance was not ended. In the meantime, however, a small boat started from the city wharf, bearing Colonels Lee, Pryor and

Miles, Aids to Gen. Beauregard, with offers of assistance, if, perchance, the garrison should be unable to escape the flames. As they approached the fort, the United States' flag re-appeared; and shortly afterwards a shout from the whole circle of spectators on the islands and the main, announced that the white flag of truce was waving from the ramparts. A small boat had already been seen to shoot out from Cumming's Point, in the direction of the fort, in which stood an officer with a white flag upon the point of his sword. This officer proved to be Col. Wigfall, Aid to the Commanding General, who, entering through a port-hole, demanded the surrender. Major Anderson replied, that "they were still firing on him." "Then take your flag down," said Col. Wigfall: "they will continue to fire upon you so long as that is up."

After some further explanations in the course of which it appeared, that Major Anderson's men were fast suffocating in the casemates, the brave commander of Sumter agreed that he would, unconditionally, surrender—subject to the terms of Gen. Beauregard, who, as was said by Col. Wigfall, "is a soldier and a gentleman, and knows how to treat a brave enemy." When this parley had been terminated, another boat from the city containing Major Jones, Cols. Chesnut and Manning, with other officers and the Chief of the Fire Department and the Palmetto Fire Company came up to the Fort. All firing had meantime ceased. The agreement to unconditional surrender was reiterated in the presence of new arrivals, and Messrs. Chesnut and Manning immediately came back to the city to bring the news, when it was also positively stated afterwards, that no one was killed on either side. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. The only way to account for the fact is in the excellent protection offered by the unparalleled good works behind which the engagement was fought. The long range of shooting must also be taken into account. In addition to this, on each side, the men, seeing a discharge in their direction, learned to dodge the balls and to throw themselves under cover. A horse on Sullivan's Island was the only living creature deprived of life during the bombardment.

General Beauregard decided upon the following terms of Anderson's capitulation:

That is—First affording all proper facilities for removing him and his command, together with company arms and property and all private property.

Secondly—That the Federal flag he had so long and so bravely defended should be saluted by the vanquished on taking it down.

Thirdly—That Anderson should be allowed to fix the time of surrender; to take place, however, some time during the ensuing day (Sunday.)

These terms were the same as those offered before the contest. In pursuance of this programme, Major Anderson indicated Sunday morning as the time for his formal surrender.

THE SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER.

SUNDAY, April 14, 1861.

On Sunday morning, April 14, 1861, at half-past 12 o'clock, his Excellency Governor Pickens, with his Aids, and Messrs. Jamison, Harlee and Magrath, of his Executive Council, and Gen. Beauregard, with his Aids, Messrs. Miles, Pryor, Manning, Chesnut and Jones, and many distinguished gentlemen, invited to be present, took their departure in a steamer from Southern Wharf, and were borne in the direction of the Fort. As we advanced, it was apparent, however, that the evacuation was not completed. Though the steamer Isabel, at the request of Major Anderson, had been present from nine o'clock, and the expectation had been occasioned that very soon thereafter his command would be under way, still causes of delay had intervened. To avoid the embarrassments of a premature arrival, the party was landed upon Sullivan's Island. Availing themselves of the opportunities thus afforded, they visited the floating battery, the Dahlgren battery, the enfilading battery, and were ascending the mortar battery, when the booming of the guns upon the parapets of Fort Sumter, announced the lowering of the "stars and stripes." In the terms of capitulation, it was allowed to Major Anderson to salute his flag, and it was perhaps expected that he would fire the usual compliment of twenty-one guns; but, reaching that number, he still went on to fire, and the apprehension was, that he might exhibit the discourtesy of numbering thirty-four. But he continued still to fire, up to fifty, and then slowly lowering his flag, the shouts from assembled thousands, upon the shores and the steamers, and every species of water craft, announced that the authority of the late United States upon the last foot of Carolina's soil was finally withdrawn. It had been noticed that, at the firing of the seventeenth gun, there was the sound as of two reports, and the impression was, that two guns had been fired together; but, as the party, re-embarking, were on their way to Fort Sumter, they were met by a boat, which announced that one of the caissons had exploded, and made the earnest request that the boat would return to Sullivan's Island for a fire engine, from the apprehension that the magazine might be in danger. This obtained, the party again started for the fort, and made their entrance.

It were vain to attempt a detailed description of the scene. Every point and every object in the interior of the fort, to which the eye was turned, except the outer walls and casemates, which are still strong, bore the impress of ruin. It were as if the Genius of Destruction had tasked its energies to make the thing complete, brooded over by the desolation of ages. It could scarce have been developed to a more full maturity of ruin. The walls of the internal structure, roofless,

bare, blackened, and perforated by shot and shell, hung in fragments, and seemed in instant readiness to totter down. Near the centre of the parade-ground was the hurried grave of one who had fallen from the recent casualty. To the left of the entrance was a man who seemed to be at the verge of death. In the ruins, to the right, there was another. The shattered flag-staff, pierced by four balls, lay sprawling on the ground. The parade-ground was strewn with fragments of shell and of the dilapidated buildings. At least four guns were dismounted on the ramparts, and at every step the way was impeded by portions of the broken structure. And so it was that the authorities, compelled to yield the fortress, had at least the satisfaction of leaving it in a condition calculated to inspire the least possible pleasure to its captors.

Of all this, however, the feeling was lost when, ascending to the parapet, the brilliant panorama of the bay appeared. And when, from this key to the harbor, the view expanded to the waving outline of main and island, and when, upon this key, the flag of the Confederacy, together with the Palmetto flag, were both expanded to the breeze; and when the deafening shouts arose from the masses clustered upon boats and upon the shores, and when the batteries around the entire circuit shook the fortress with the thunders of their salutation, the feeling that the victory was indeed complete; that the triumph was a fact accomplished; that liberty had indeed been vindicated, and that the State had established her claim to the skill and courage necessary to the cause she had the intellectual intrepidity to avow, thrilled in the breast of every one of Carolina's sons, as seldom has such feeling thrilled in the breasts of any men before. Shortly after the arrival, the garrison marched out, and were received on board the Isabel; which, however, from the condition of the tide, was unable to move off, and it was a somewhat unpleasant circumstance that Major Anderson and his command should have been made unwilling spectators of the exultations inspired by their defeat.

Of those suffering from the casualty we have mentioned, one was killed upon the spot; two were wounded, it is supposed mortally, and were left for medical treatment; and two others badly wounded, also, at their earnest solicitation, were carried off.

The occasion was not without the charm and interest afforded by the presence of the fair. The lady of his Excellency Governor Pickens, and the wife and daughter of Attorney-General Hayne, witnessed the ceremony from the boat, and Mrs. Henry Bonnetheau has the distinction of being the first in the fort under the flag of the Confederacy. She was down to attend the sister of Lieut. Davis, her guest during the period of her brother's confinement to the fort, and with the eye and genius of an artist, it was, doubtless, with a feeling of especial pleasure that she was favored with the opportunities of this occasion.

Col. Ripley was put in command. The departments of the service, necessary to bring the fort to order, were distributed. The men were preparing such rude appliances for comfort as the dreary place admitted of; and as, at twilight, we steamed off for the city, of those standing upon the ledge around the base of the fort, the last to be seen was the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, who, with canteen and blanket strapped upon his shoulder, seemed to be submitting with exemplary complacency to the experience of a volunteer.

THE FIGHT AS SEEN FROM CUMMINGS' POINT.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON MORRIS ISLAND.]

On Thursday morning, when I came to Morris Island, it was evident that the term of preparation and practice was soon to close. The men all expected the order to open fire that night. And, indeed, there were reasons enough to justify the belief that it would be given. It was generally known that a fruitless demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter had been made that afternoon. And, from what was known of Gen. Beauregard, nobody imagined that he would delay action many hours after such a refusal. Besides, the unusual proceedings at the batteries bearing on Fort Sumter showed plainly that we were upon the eve of battle. The sand-bags, which screened from Anderson's view the 42-pounders at the Point Battery, were hastily removed as soon as it was dark; the works in the neighborhood of the Point were all lit up with lanterns; the guns were loaded, shotted and sighted, and the men were kept at their posts long after their usual time for retiring. Thus matters stood until a few minutes after eight o'clock, when, to the great chagrin of the impatient young gunners, their officers gave the order to return to their quarters. The companies accordingly filed off, as usual, to their camps, the tattoo resounded over the dark sand hills, the tents were soon tenanted, and the men forgot their disappointment in sleep.

THE BOMBARDMENT OPENED.

A light rain commenced falling soon after midnight and continued, with intermissions, for several hours. At half-past four o'clock in the morning of Friday the more wakeful of our men were aroused by the distant boom of a shell. We afterwards learned from the sentinels that it came from the Fort Johnson mortar battery. In a moment the camps were all astir. The long roll summoned a few drowsy ones to the ranks, and the eager squads, convinced that the time for action had at last arrived, trotted off at a quick pace towards their respective

posts. Everything being in readiness, the three batteries of Morris Island, bearing upon Fort Sumter, opened immediately. It was not yet daybreak, and the scene, which at that moment was novel, was picturesque as well. The course of the shells on their fiery way could be easily traced until they exploded in a white cloud of smoke, followed by a dull detonation, over the parapets of Fort Sumter. The effect of the solid shot was also perceptible with the naked eye. At each discharge of the guns, either the water adjacent to the fort would be dashed up in great sheets of spray, or the dense brown cloud of crumbling brick and mortar would mark the spot upon the ramparts hit by the balls. Meanwhile we could see that the batteries at other points in the harbor were as actively employed as our own. Ever and anon the shells flew out from the mortar batteries at Fort Johnson, Sullivan's Island, and Mount Pleasant. The Floating Battery, stationed in the Cove, was quite hidden from our view by the smoke from its own guns, but it was not difficult to see the effective execution of its 42-pounders upon the north parapet of Fort Sumter. Quite a large portion of the Sullivan's Island shore was also wrapped in the white smoke, but the incessant flashing from the merlons of Fort Moultrie assured us that Ripley was hammering away with characteristic vigor. At first the Morris Island batteries alternated regularly with the others, but later this arrangement was found embarrassing, and our batteries fired at the discretion of the officers commanding them.

HOW THE GUNS WERE MANNED.

Here, perhaps, I ought to give some account of the men who worked the guns in this portion of the harbor. The batteries which bore upon Fort Sumter from Morris Island are three in number, mounting in all six guns and six mortars. The outermost of these is the now famous Trapier Battery, in itself a monument of engineering science and energy. It is composed of massive beams and sand-bags, and contains at this time three eight-inch mortars. When the work was first built, it also mounted some heavy guns; but these have been removed, their carriages and closed embrasures remaining to show the position which they occupied. The Trapier Battery was manned by the Marion Artillery, Captain King, assisted, towards the close of the bombardment, by the Sumter Guards, Captain Russell. The former company labored incessantly at their pieces, from the opening of the bombardment until Saturday morning. Their fire was skillful, and but very few of their shells failed to explode either in or over the fort.

The next work, and nearer to the city than the Trapier battery, is the Stevens, or Iron Battery—a novelty in military engineering—planned by and constructed under the supervision of an estimable son of this State. The efficiency of this unique

fortification was a matter of no little concern to many previous to the action: but all doubts were immediately dispelled by Major Anderson's tests, as I shall presently relate. The Iron Battery contains three heavy Columbiads. It is flanked by immense slopes of sand bags, and these are burrowed very curiously, but securely, with places to retreat, which the soldiers call "rat-holes," but which are in reality very dry, capacious and comfortable chambers, except, perhaps, that the ceiling might be a trifle higher. And here I may as well say that all the fortifications have one or more of these rat-holes, to be used as a magazine, a hospital or as quarters for the relief according to circumstances. Passing from the Iron Battery, we come to the Point Battery, a large work containing three ten-inch mortars, two 42-pounders, and the newly arrived rifle cannon, presented to the State by Charles K. Prioleau, Esq., now in Liverpool, and junior partner in the firm of John Fraser & Co. It will, doubtless, be a great satisfaction to that gentleman to know that his timely gift was so serviceable to our troops. The gun has patent side-sights attached, by means of which the greatest accuracy of range was obtained, and each of its conical balls crashed through its mark with telling effect. Both these last named important posts, the Iron and Point Batteries, were held by the Palmetto Guards, Captain Cuthbert—a gallant corps, which, for numbers, alertness, efficiency and unexampled coolness in action, won the respect and admiration of all who saw them during the fight. I think that their officers must be proud of such men, and I know that those officers are not unworthy of their command. The two batteries manned by the Guards were commanded by Major Stevens, of the Citadel Academy. Captain Cuthbert devoted himself especially to the direction of the Iron Battery. The rifled cannon was worked by a squad of the Palmetto Guards, under the superintendence of Captain Thomas, of the Citadel Academy. I should not omit to mention the fine looking companies in charge of the long line of batteries pointing to the Ship Channel and extending along the whole extent of the Morris Island beach. Although they were not called into action, we cannot forget that it is to their sleepless vigilance we must attribute the indisposition of the fleet to reinforce Anderson's garrison. Perhaps through the foolhardiness of our enemies, they may yet have an opportunity of vindicating their valor in the fight as well as their vigilance on the watch.

ANDERSON OPENS HIS BATTERIES.

At half-past six o'clock a dull, unpleasant drizzle began to fall, and the leaden sky betokened a dreary day. Our guns kept pounding indiscriminately at the walls, parapet and quarters of Fort Sumter, but for nearly two hours no reply came. The Fort seemed as if all within were asleep; not a casemate

was opened, and there was no movement noticeable in any portion of the post, excepting the flapping of the United States flag, floating defiantly from a very lofty staff. Thus things continued until a few minutes after seven o'clock, when a shout from the hundreds peeping over the sand-bags announced that Anderson had opened fire. He began with his heavy casemate guns bearing upon Cummings' Point. His first efforts were directed to batter down the Iron Battery. For a time his shots were watched with intense interest, but after fifteen minutes' firing it became apparent that he could make no serious impression upon the iron-cased roof. Ball after ball rebounded from the close layers of railroad iron, and splashed their way harmlessly through the marsh beyond. Most of his shots were aimed too high, and whizzed above the battery without striking it. These went ricochetting over the surface of the water, tearing up vast masses of the sea-weed, and giving a terrible fright to hundreds of the sea-fowl, which rose in every direction from the marsh. The effect of the shots which hit the iron battery was not perceptible to those within, except by the noise of the concussion, and even this was not so loud as we had expected.

At half-past seven o'clock, the flash from the parapet of Fort Sumter announced that Anderson had begun to work his barbette guns. This, however, did not continue very long, for the continual explosion of our shells in every direction, on and around the parapets, soon admonished him of the risk of exposing his men in that position. At twenty minutes before eight o'clock, an alarm from our guard boats cruising about the bar, announced a steamer in the offing. Looking out from the crest of the sand hills with my glass, I could descry, in the far distance, a large steamer, very similar in appearance to those which ply between Charleston and New York. It was afterwards ascertained to be the *Nashville*. Later in the day three other vessels were seen—two of them evidently men-of-war. They made no attempt, however, to come in, but lay together in the offing throughout the day. About half-past ten o'clock, a shot from Anderson struck the middle port of the Iron Battery, crushing in the iron plates that protected the guns, making an indentation of several inches. The ball did not penetrate, but glanced off like the others over the marsh. The force with which it struck the door, however, unfortunately so disarranged the lever by which the port was opened and closed, that it was found impossible, during the remainder of the day, to work that gun. The other two kept up a brisk fire throughout the whole of the bombardment.

The firing from all the batteries on both sides of the harbor was maintained steadily until nightfall. Major Anderson, during the afternoon, appeared to have become convinced that his efforts to riddle the Iron Battery were ineffectual, for the steady fire which he had kept up against Cummings' Point was transferred to Fort Moultrie, the Dahlgren and the Floating Batte-

ries on the other side of the bay. He took care, however, at irregular intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, to send a shot whizzing over our heads, and this kept our men upon the *qui vive*. At one time I noticed that the direction of his shots against Morris Island was changed from the Point batteries to those farther out. Perhaps he meant to rake the camps, the sight of which was plainly enough indicated by our flags. If such was his design, his aim was very creditable, for the balls—some said grape—whistled a few feet above the heads of the Sumter Guards, who had been detached from the Seventeenth Regiment, and posted as a reserve at the head of the line of tents, to act as a relief to the Marion Artillery, at the Trapier Battery. Whenever a flash from the south-eastern casemate announced that a shot was coming, it was somewhat ludicrous to notice the sudden dodge of hundreds of heads behind the sand hills, and the abject prostration of such of the darkies as had not already betaken themselves to the other extremity of the Island. A few minutes before seven o'clock, the fire from Fort Sumter ceased. Shortly afterwards our guns also stopped firing. At half-past seven the rain, which had been lowering all day, began to fall in torrents, and most of our men sought such shelter as was to be had. The storm was a trying one. The wind howled drearily over the sand hills, and the rain descended with a force and volume, against which the slight tents and leaky sheds—the only available cover—were a poor protection. The storm continued, with an occasional lull, until near morning. Meantime our gallant young gunners at the Mortar Batteries, nothing daunted by the disagreeable rain, had kept up their firing of shells during the entire night, though at somewhat longer intervals than before. The Sumter Guards deserve special mention for the alacrity with which they performed the laborious and unpleasant duty of strengthening the foot of the Iron Battery with sand-bags. For many hours of the night during the worst of the storm they worked steadily, lifting the wet and heavy bags into position, and when day broke the face of the work was even stronger than on Friday.

SECOND DAY OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

Saturday morning, the 13th of April, a day long to be remembered in our annals, as marked by the close of the most extraordinary bombardment on record, came in bright and glorious. The clouds had cleared away, but the rain had left the ground moist, and the air pleasantly cool. About sunrise a vigorous fire was re-opened from our guns. The effects of the first day's bombardment could now be easily seen without the aid of a glass. The south and east facades of Fort Sumter were completely pitted by balls, and from what we had seen of the fire from Sullivan's Island and the Cove, we knew that the

north facade could not be in much better condition. The edge of the parapet was in many places cut off, a number of the guns were dismounted, and the embrasures of the casemates were so battered, that the regularity of their outline could hardly be distinguished. The chimneys and roof of the barracks were also perforated in many places by our balls. The guns of Fort Sumter did not re-open fire until seven o'clock, when the shots began to pour in quick succession from the casemates pointing towards Fort Moultrie. Ripley's men returned shot for shot, and at each discharge from Sullivan's Island, we could see great fragments of the parapet of Sumter toppling over into the water.

FORT SUMTER ON FIRE.

At ten minutes after eight, A. M., a thick black smoke was seen issuing from the southern portion of Fort Sumter, and a moment later, a wild shout of triumph rang along the sand-hills, and was heartily echoed across the water from Sullivan's Island and Fort Johnson, as we saw the red flames piercing the top of the barracks, and borne eastward by the high wind, wrapping the entire parapet in dense clouds of smoke. The sight infused new confidence into our men, and the bombardment immediately became far more rapid and fierce than at any previous time. The singular coolness with which our gunners had, until then, performed their duty, seemed for a moment to have given way to the excitement of the novel scene. The bombs flew so thick and fast, that we could see them exploding in groups over the flaming fortress, while only a few seconds intervened between the hammering fire of the heavy ordnance. The fire blazed furiously, until the whole line of the barracks on the south side of Fort Sumter was swept away, leaving only some of the crumbled, blackened and tottering chimneys towering over the ramparts. Then the fire burned lower, the flames sank behind the parapet, and we were left in ignorance as to their further progress. In the course of the forenoon, we noticed several violent explosions, apparently doing serious damage to the fort, but whether these were caused by the fire communicating to hand-grenades and like combustibles, or to the magazines, we could only conjecture. During the progress of the conflagration, for a long time Major Anderson maintained a steady and terrible firing against Fort Moultrie, but very few guns were fired towards Morris Island.

THE FLAG-STAFF SHOT AWAY.

At a quarter before one o'clock, another tremendous cheer from the watchers upon our batteries called me to my point of observation, just in time to see the flag-staff of Fort Sumter bearing the flag of the United States falling heavily inside the

Fort. From this auspicious moment, the impression became general among our men that the fortress would be ours before night fall. For fifteen or twenty minutes I could see no ensign over the fort, but, at the end of that time, I descried a large United States flag elevated amid the smoke close on the north wall of the fort. Meantime a small boat had shot out from the beach of Cummings' Point towards the wharf of Fort Sumter. I afterwards learned that it contained Col. Louis T. Wigfall, aid to Gen. Beauregard, and Private Gourdin Young, of the Palmetto Guards. Col. Wigfall bore a flag of truce upon his sword. A white flag also waved upon Fort Sumter, and in a short time the conclusion of the negotiations was announced to us by the disappearance of the United States flag from the fort.

THE SURRENDER ANNOUNCED.

The rest is briefly told. Col. Wigfall returned and notified the Captains of the several companies to inform their respective commands that the fort was unconditionally surrendered. The scene that followed was altogether indescribable. The troops upon the hills cheered and cheered again. A horseman galloped at full speed along the beach, waving his cap to the troops near the Light-house. These soon caught up the cry, and the whole shore rang with the glad shouts of thousands. The first burst of exultation over, all eyes were turned to the fleet in the offing, and the guards resumed their wonted rounds upon the batteries which have so nobly vindicated the independence of the State.

A NIGHT IN THE HARBOR—A CRUISE AFTER THE ENEMY.

STEAMER SEABROOK, STONO INLET, }
April 12, 1861. }

About seven o'clock on Thursday evening last, two of the South Carolina vessels, under command of Commodore Hartstene, left Charleston for a cruise off the bar.

The squadron consisted of the steamers Clinch and Seabrook. The former was the flag-ship. Both have been fitted up with a view to service in the harbor, and are furnished with twelve-pounder howitzers, and a force sufficient to serve them. There was no want of ammunition. In short, every preparation was made for a successful cruise. The following are the officers of the Clinch: Lieut. Pelot, Commanding; Lieut. Porcher; Midshipmen R. H. Bacot and G. D. Bryan. The Seabrook was commanded as follows: Lieutenant Commanding J. M. Stribbling; Lieutenant Evans; First Assistant

Engineer, J. H. Loper; Assistant Surgeon R. W. Gibbes; Gunner Cuddy, and Midshipmen Ingraham and Wilkinson. The *Lady Davis*, also forms a part of the squadron, but she was not on duty last night. Her officers consist of Lieut. Dozier, Commanding; Lieut. Grimble; First Lieut. Henry A. Mullins, acting Pilot; First Assistant Engineer Geddes; Third Assistant Engineer Yates, and Midshipman Thomas. The *Clinch* had taken her position near the bar early in the afternoon, and accordingly it was the *Seabrook* that left Charleston at 7 o'clock, cheered by the large crowd at the wharf. About half past seven, under easy head of steam, the various conjectures in regard to what would be the probable reply of Major Anderson to the summons to surrender, were suddenly cut short by the look-out reporting a rocket seaward. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction, and two red rockets burst in the air, followed by the burning of a blue light. Fort Johnson promptly recognized the signal that our enemy had made his appearance, sending up the answering rocket almost the instant the blue light, displayed by the *Clinch*, disappeared. Excitement and preparation for whatever might occur immediately succeeded. The howitzers were manned, the decks were stripped, guns, revolvers and ammunition were distributed. When all that could be had been done, silently sped the steamer on her course, steadily she approached Fort Sumter, all blackness in the distance. Suddenly a hail was heard, and a hoarse voice shouted "the pirates are off the bar." "What steamer?" was asked. "The *Harriet Lane*, twelve miles out," shouted the same gruff voice, and we were then informed that she alone, of all the expected cruisers, had been seen. Great eagerness was at once manifested to reach our destination. It was fully expected an attempt would be made to land troops in boats. This it was the purpose of the expedition to prevent. Finally, at 8 o'clock, the *Steamer* lay off the *Clinch*, when a pilot boat brought a confirmation of the approach of the *Harriet Lane*. Commodore Hartstene then took possession of the flag-ship, and twenty men were transferred from the *Clinch* to the *Seabrook*. The hour at which Major Anderson was to indicate his decision by the firing of a shell, having arrived, all eyes were strained in the direction of Fort Sumter. As minute after minute elapsed, and the stillness and blackness of Fort Sumter remained unbroken, the belief became general that Major Anderson had surrendered.

In the meantime the squadron lost not sight of its duty. Both vessels cruised all night in search of the expected war boats, just within the bar. It was the original intention of the Commanding Officer to have proceeded out to sea, but as the wind increased, and there was every indication of a "heavy blow," the pilots said it could not be done with safety. In this manner an hour passed, supper was eaten—10 o'clock arrived, and yet Fort Sumter had given no signal, nor had the slightest

appearance of hostilities been noticed on the part of our batteries. Belief now became certainty, and not one of us but expected to steam into Charleston for breakfast, after saluting the Palmetto waving over that much coveted "four acres of land." The expedition, however, redoubled its vigilance, in order to prevent the possibility of surprise. Lieut. Stribling sleeplessly paced the deck all night. His energy and perseverance overcame all obstacles. Lieut. Evans took the first watch as officer of the deck; Midshipman Ingraham took the second; First Assistant Engineer Loper the third; Gunner Cuddy the fourth; and Midshipman Wilkinson the morning watch. Scarcely, however, had the latter officer entered upon the discharge of his duties, before he made a report that cleared up all doubt as to the decision of Major Anderson and the determination of General Beauregard.

At 4.40 A. M., the signal shell was thrown from Fort Johnson, and shortly afterwards the contest—a contest that will make the 12th of April, 1861, a memorable day in history—for the possession and occupation of Fort Sumter commenced. Shell followed shell in quick succession; the harbor seemed to be surrounded with miniature volcanoes belching forth fire and smoke. Still Major Anderson gave no sign of resentment, save the defiance expressed at his flag-staff. But a shell from Cummings' Point bursts on the parapet—the brave Cummings' Pointers are getting the range! Another falls quite within; and now Fort Moultrie seems to have got the range; and the Floating Battery, which the North believed a humbug, begins to indicate her position. She's not exactly at her wharf in Charleston, nor is it positive she will not take a position nearer still to Fort Sumter. It is getting to be warm work for Major Anderson. There, I see a flash—there goes the first shot from Fort Sumter, right plump at Cummings' Point. A considerable interval elapses, which is improved by all the batteries within range of Fort Sumter, and then the question of whether Major Anderson will keep up the fire is definitely settled. Casemate follows casemate with dogged deliberation. But whilst all this was transpiring, we were rapidly steaming out to sea. There goes the whistle of the General Clinch, and we haul up close and receive orders to follow in her wake. We come to anchor, and presently Lieut. Stribling starts from his seat, seizes a glass, and looks eagerly eastward. He reports a steamer, and what he supposes to be a brig, standing straight in. The vessels are at a great distance, however; but when we see them more plainly, we are almost satisfied that we have had a sight of the Lincoln squadron, or at least a portion of it. The General Clinch makes another signal, and we haul in our anchor and steam towards Cummings' Point. As we go by battery after battery, we can see the men on the beach waving their hands to us, and distinguish a faint cheer. At last we come to anchor close in, where an excellent view of the firing was obtained.

In a brief period the steamer which had been seen off the bar became plainly visible at Cummings' Point. She was taken for the *Harriet Lane*. The squadron immediately steamed out to sea, and as we neared the strange steamer, she ran up the Palmetto flag. It is believed to have been the *Nashville*, Captain Murray, from New York. At first she made for the squadron, but afterwards changed her course, and when last seen was heading for Charleston.

Stono was reached about ten o'clock, A. M., without any further adventure, and as the vessel came to anchor, Fort Palmetto fired a gun. Commodore Hartstene went on shore, and made a report. It appears that this was the first intelligence of the commencement of hostilities that had been received; the firing of the guns not being audible at this distance, in consequence of the wind.

At seven o'clock we left Fort Palmetto. All was quiet there. No steamers were in sight, and the *Edisto* had arrived with Captain Shedd's command, consisting of eighty tall, stout, fighting men. The men are in the best of spirits, and have made up their minds to fight to the death. Captain Pope and the *Lafayette* Artillery have been at this fortress for the last three months, and they have made it almost impregnable. Their battery fully commands Stono Inlet, and woe to the unlucky vessel with Yankee colors that escapes the breakers and gets within range.

The firing of our batteries was audible for miles, and the large volume of smoke issuing from Fort Sumter created almost universal belief that Major Anderson had surrendered.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

APPEARANCE OF FORT SUMTER ON SATURDAY EVENING.

An officer, who visited the fort soon after the terms of evacuation were made, states that the scene there presented is beyond conception. Without, the walls have the appearance, at a distance, of having been covered with an immense number of brick poultrices spattered in every direction. This is the shattering effect of the shot. Within, the entire fort wore an aspect as if the hand of the destroying angel had swept ruthlessly by, and left not a solitary object to relieve the general desolation. The blackened walls of the officers' and soldiers' quarters were yet smoking, ashes and embers met the eye at every turn, while the shot and shell which had been rained upon the stronghold lay in great quantities upon all portions of the parade ground.

CONDITION OF THE GARRISON.

The appearance of both Major Anderson, his officers and the men, indicated the terrible nature of the ordeal from which they had just emerged. Deprived of sleep for many hours, fatigued with their labors at the guns, and prostrated by their battle with an element which waged beyond their control, they looked worn, haggard, and ready to drop with sheer exhaustion. When the fire was at its greatest height, Major Anderson stated the only manner in which they could breathe was by laying flat upon the ground within the casemates, with their faces to the earth; while added to the danger was the occasional explosion of the piles of shells collected for service at different points within the fort. It is to the fact that so few men were in the fortification that is due the preservation of life. Major Anderson himself stated, that had there been two hundred more, not less than one-half of them must have been killed, owing to the absence of sufficient room, under the circumstances, for their protection. As it was, their provisions would have given out in two days more, when an unconditional surrender would have necessarily resulted. He also remarked, that yesterday was one of the proudest days of his life, for while he had endeavored to do his duty as an officer, he had not taken the life of a fellow being. In conversing with those about him, Anderson was free in expressions of regret at the necessity which compelled the destruction of public property. On being introduced to Major Stevens of the Iron Battery, he complimented that gentleman on the efficiency of his battery. He assured the Carolina officer that his work could be no better done.

THE EVACUATION.

The arrangements for the departure of Major Anderson were completed on Sunday morning. At the early hour of five o'clock, Commodore Hartstene, and Messrs. Jones, Chief of the Staff, and Pryor and Miles, Aids to General Beauregard, accompanied by Lieutenant Snyder, of Major Anderson's command, proceeded in the Clinch to the fleet off the Bar. They found the commanding officer, Captain Gillis, on board the Powhatan. Lieutenant Snyder obtained an interview with Captain Gillis, who asked and obtained permission to visit Major Anderson, for the purpose of arranging for his departure. Accordingly, about nine o'clock, Captain Gillis and Lieutenant Snyder were deposited at Fort Sumter, when it was decided that Major Anderson and his command would accept the offer of the Isabel, which had been made to him.

Major Anderson and his command marched out to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." They were dressed in full uniform, and carried their arms. Major Anderson looked careworn and deeply despondent, produced no doubt, among other circum-

stances, by the sad accident which happened while saluting his flag. When the salute of Major Anderson to his flag had commenced, the Major was standing on the Isabel, when a gentleman inquired if thirty-four guns was the salute. "No," said the Major, "it is one hundred, and those are scarcely enough," and then burst into tears.

THE FIRE IN FORT SUMTER.

On Sunday afternoon, after Governor Pickens and Staff, and General Beauregard and Staff had started from Sullivan's Island to take possession of Fort Sumter, they were notified that a fire had broken out, and that the magazine was in great danger. The boat immediately put back to Sullivan's Island, and took on board two Fire Engines that were on the Island, and a company of regulars from the Floating Battery. The Engines were conveyed under the command of Col. R. S. Duryea, and upon their landing, a stream of water was immediately thrown upon the fire nearest the magazine. The brakes were manned by a company of regulars, and by volunteers from the noble Palmetto Guard. Col. Duryea returned to the city about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, for the purpose of obtaining more engines. The Ætna Fire Company, with their apparatus, and the Axe Company, with their new steam engine, were almost immediately placed upon the steamer. They went down to the Fort in charge of our very efficient Chief, M. H. Nathan, Esq. The firemen played three streams all night upon the burning mass, and partially succeeded in arresting the progress of the fire. About half-past ten, in pursuance of notice on the bulletin boards, a detachment of five firemen from each company, making fifty in all, left the city under the command of T. Tupper, Esq., to relieve their comrades. At three o'clock, a report was brought by Col. Duryea that the companies were at last gaining upon the fire, and the magazine was considered safe.

THE PREMATURE DISCHARGE.

The following are the names of the men killed and wounded by the premature discharge of the cannon in firing the salute: Daniel Howe, killed almost instantly, and buried yesterday, the service being performed by the Rev. Mr. Yates; Edward Galway, mortally wounded, and carried to the hospital; James Hayes, George Fielding, John Irwin, George Pritchard, severely wounded. The above are all of Company E, First Regiment United States Artillery.

A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

The Rev. W. B. Yates, the zealous Pastor of the Seaman's Chapel, had just concluded an impressive sermon at the Bethel

on a special Providence, as illustrated by the happy and brilliant issue of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, when he was waited upon by an officer and requested to perform the burial service over the unfortunate soldier who had lost his life by accident. With characteristic promptness he answered the call, and, conveyed in the Lodebar's boat, which was propelled by the sinewy arms of the young sailors of the School Ship, was in a few minutes inside the walls of the fortress. He was received with courtesy by the gallant Anderson, and performed the solemn rites for the stranger soldier who had passed unhurt through the battle, and fell under the arrow of death while his heart was beating high with the hope of a joyous reunion with wife and children. Before committing the mangled body to the dust, the minister pronounced an appropriate address to his comrades in arms. The torn and mangled remains of the brave soldier were then laid in a grave in the middle of the yard, and after the earth had been heaped upon the sacred spot, a volley was fired, the drum beat its solemn roll, and the garrison was transferred to the Isabel.

LEGISLATORS AND SOLDIERS.

During the conflict, so gloriously triumphant, members of the Convention, members of the Legislature, rendered zealous and valuable services at the different posts and batteries. Ex-Gov. Manning, Hon. James Chesnut, Jr., and the Hon. Wm. Porcher Miles, of Gen. Beauregard's Staff, exhibited a coolness, fearlessness and disregard of danger, when moving from battery to battery, giving the orders of the Commanding-General, and inspiring confidence among the troops, that was worthy of the highest admiration. These gentlemen kept up constant communication between the batteries and head-quarters during the bombardment, with shot and shell bursting over their heads and all around them. On Morris' Island, besides the commanding officer, Gen. James Simons, there were of members of the Legislature, Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. DeSaussure of the Artillery, Col. T. G. Lamar, Capt. A. J. Green of the Columbia Artillery, Col. Henry Buist, Col. Maxey Gregg of the First Regiment of Volunteers, a member of the Convention, and Col. T. Y. Simons, also a member of the Convention, who, since the adjournment, has been on Morris' Island as one of Brigadier-General Simons' Aids. Other distinguished volunteers, both from the Convention and the Legislature, accepted appointments on the Staff, or shouldered a musket in the ranks.

THE FLOATING BATTERY.

This powerful structure was a great success. Upon its face there are twenty-five well defined marks of balls, and many traces of glancing shots. The deepest indentation does not

exceed seven inches, and several others measure two, three or four inches. The repulsive power and virtues of the palmetto, fortified and coated with iron, as in this case, were signally exhibited, and the predictions of many who considered themselves "knowing ones" concerning the slaughter pen, have been falsified. It is now established beyond a doubt that a floating fortress or battery of palmetto can be made impregnable—especially when the sons of the Palmetto are the engineers, builders and defenders. The Floating Battery received in all one hundred and sixty-three shots from Fort Sumter, and discharged four hundred and ninety balls in return, of which, a very large proportion hit the mark, and brought the brick dust. In the decisive fire of Saturday, which for a time threatened to all appearances to subject the garrison to a greater calamity even than war, the heroic band on the Floating Battery watched with generous admiration the devoted daring of Major Anderson's garrison amid the flames. When amid these trying circumstances Fort Sumter re-opened in a well directed volley, the cry arose "three cheers for Major Anderson." They were given with a right good will, and lustily.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Although during the thirty-four consecutive hours through which the bombardment lasted, not a man was in any way injured upon our side, it cannot be said that our men altogether escaped Major Anderson's balls. As Capt. Jones was standing in the Point Battery a spent ball, which had struck the sand bags above, rolled over striking him upon the back of the neck, but not with sufficient force to hurt him. The ball—a thirty-two pounder—was preserved as a memento of the occasion.

Arthur P. Lining, a member of the Palmetto Guard, stationed at the Iron Battery, narrowly escaped death from Major Anderson's first gun upon that point. He was upon the parapet, about planting the Palmetto Flag, when the first ball from Sumter passed within three feet of him, upon which he (still retaining his position on the parapet) waved the flag aloft, as if in defiance of Sumter, amid the cheers of his comrades, and retired behind the battery.

MARION AND SUMTER.

The bright-quartered flag of the Marion Artillery floated proudly over the Trapier Battery during the whole of the bombardment. On Saturday morning, when the men at these mortars were relieved by the Sumter Guards, the splendidly broided blue banner, presented by some ladies a short time ago to the latter Company, was placed side by side with the ensign of the Marion's, and the rest of the action was fought with both flags waving over head. It was noticed as a singular

coincidence that at the very moment when the emblems of the Game Cock and the Swamp Fox were first fluttering together from the crest of the battery, the fire was discovered issuing from the parapet of Fort Sumter.

HOISTING OUR FLAGS.

The first Palmetto Flag was raised on Fort Sumter by Col. F. J. Moses, Jr., and J. L. Dearing, of Governor Pickens' Staff, and the Confederate States Flag by Capt. Ferguson, of General Beauregard's Staff, and others, in the presence of the Governor, General Beauregard's Staff, and a large number of gentlemen, among whom were Chancellor Carroll and Judges Glover and Wardlaw. A salute was fired from each of the batteries on the raising of these flags. The detachment of Regular Artillery, Company B, which served the Sumter Battery at Fort Moultrie, under Lieuts. Alfred Rbett, Mitchel and Blake, has been ordered to Fort Sumter, where the whole Company will remain under Capt. Hallonquist, who is its Captain, and is already there with the first detachment...-

SUNDAY AFTER THE VICTORY.

The glorious issue of the bombardment was duly commemorated in several of our Churches on the Sunday following the surrender. The incidents in "Old St. Philips" we witnessed were deeply touching. The heart of the worshippers in that sacred fane, consecrated by the precious historic memories which made the glory of the "first temple" on this site, had been poured out in devout thanksgiving to the Giver of Victory, when a venerable old man, leaning on his staff, was led by the Rector to the sacred desk. It was the Bishop of the Diocese, wholly blind and physically feeble, yet with the eyes of faith discerning the light of Heaven, and rejoicing therein. In his exhortation, he said that not only a patriotic, but a personal interest in the great event of the past week had brought him to the city, and made him here abide until the battle had been fought. Your boys were there and mine were there, and *it was right that they should be there*. Still the heart had inly bled; the strong man, as well as the tender woman, had quivered under the influences of natural affection, for we were not children, we knew what we were doing, and had counted the cost, and had weighed in our very souls the warfare upon which we were going. And how very marvellous had been God's doings! How unparalleled his agency. All our children had passed through the fire unharmed! "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto

Thy name, Oh Lord, be the glory!" We forbear to follow the good Bishop through the affecting application which he made of this wonderful Providence of God, but cannot pass over the strong testimony which he bore to his firm persuasion, strengthened by travel through every section of our State in the discharge of pastoral duty, that the grand movement in which our people were now engaged, was begun by them in the deepest conviction of duty to God, and after laying their case before God—and God had most signally blessed our dependence on him.

At the Cathedral of St. John and St. Finbar, Bishop Lynch alluded in happy terms to the events of the previous two days, and a *Te Deum* was chaunted in thanksgiving for the bloodless victory.

APPENDIX.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT SUMTER.

Fort Sumter is built upon an artificial island, at the entrance of our harbor. The foundation being of stone, it must be of the strongest nature. That portion of the fort above the water line is of brick and concrete of the most solid character. Its plan is a truncated pentagon, with one side parallel to the adjoining shore, thus presenting an angle to the channel. Of the truncated angles the eastern, western and northern are simply formed into *Pan-compees*, whilst the other two are formed of two small faces, making an angle of about fifteen degrees with the sides of the pentagon. At each intersection of the small faces is a sally-port. The height of the parapet above the water-line is sixty feet. On the eastern and western sides are the barracks for the privates, mess-hall, kitchen, &c. On the southern side are the officers' quarters, which are finished in very handsome style. It is mounted with the heaviest guns of the United States service, arranged in three tiers, the two lower being Casemates, and the upper Barbette guns. The Casemate guns are those which are fired from an embrasure in the Scarp Walls, and are protected from the enemy's *shells* by an arched bomb-proof covering overhead; the Barbette, those which fire over the parapet, which exposes the cannoniers to the fire of the enemy, although, in this instance, the height of the ramparts is so great that there is comparatively no danger from the shot of an enemy's fleet. The armament consists of 140 pieces, placed in the following order: The heaviest guns, such as the 32 and 64-pounders, on the first tier; 24 and 32-pounders on the second tier; Columbiads (8 and 10-inch) and heavy sea-coast mortars on the top of the ramparts. The heaviest pieces are turned toward the harbor, the lighter toward the land side; which side is further protected by musketry, for which loop-holes are cut in the Scarp Wall. The number of each kind of gun is about thirty 64-pounders, the same number of 32-pounders, forty 24-pounders, ten of each calibre of Columbiads, ten 13-inch and ten 10-inch mortars, capable of throwing about four thousand (4,000) pounds of shot and four thousand three hundred (4,300) pounds of shell at each discharge. On the terra-parade plain are situated two furnaces for heating shot. The magazines are situated on the inner sides of the sally ports, and contain, at present, 40,000 pounds of powder, and a proportionate quantity of shot and shell. The landing to the fort is on the southern or land side, and is formed by a wharf projecting towards the shore, and also extending the length of that face. This fort would be nearly impregnable if finished and properly manned. Its weakest point on the south side, of which the masonry is not only weaker than that of the other sides, but is not protected by any flank fire, which would sweep the wharf. Once landed, an entrance may, at the present state of the construction, be easily made, for the blinds of the lower embrasures, though six inches in thick-

ness, may yet be easily blown away. And even if this was impossible, sealing ladders can reach those of the second tier, which are not protected in this manner. This concludes the brief sketch of a fort which is a most perfect specimen of civil and military engineering. The whole work has been conducted in a manner that reflects the highest credit upon the engineers, and is worthy to occupy the prominent position that it holds. In conclusion, we take occasion to allude to one point of especial beauty—the construction of the arches—of which there are nearly every variety—the “Full Centre,” the “Segment,” the “Groined,” the “Askew,” and the “Rampant”—and to add that the walls at their base are 12 feet thick, and at the top $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick. Fort Sumter lies about one mile from the shore, directly on the main ship channel, which passes between the fort and Sullivan’s island, on which is located Fort Moultrie, about one mile distant. From the battery of Charleston City Fort Sumter lies about five miles distant, standing out in the open bay, one mile from the land on either side. Fort Moultrie is, in military phrase, commanded by Fort Sumter.

THE GARRISON IN THE FORT.

NAMES.	RANK.	REGIMENT OR CORPS.	ORIGINAL ENTRY INTO SERVICE.	WHERE BORN.
R. Anderson.....	Major.....	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1825,	Kentucky.
S. W. Crawford..	Ass't Surgeon.	Medical Staff,	March 10, 1851.	Pennsylvania.
Abner Doubleday.	Captain.....	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1842,	New York.
Trueman Seymour	Captain.....	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1846,	Vermont.
Jeff. C. Davis....	1st Lieutenant,	1st Artillery.	June 17, 1848,	Indiana.
J. N. Hall.....	2d Lieutenant,	1st Artillery.	July 1, 1859,	New York.
J. G. Foster.....	Captain.....	Engineers...	July 1, 1846,	New Hampshire.
G. W. Snyder....	1st Lieutenant,	Engineers...	July 1, 1856,	New York.
R. K. Meade.....	2d Lieutenant,	Engineers...	July 1, 1857,	Virginia.

Officers.....	9
Band.....	15
Artillerists.....	55
Total.....	79

Under the most favorable circumstances, this force would only be sufficient to operate nine guns.

WHO MAJOR ANDERSON IS—HIS CAREER.

The New York Leader has a biographical sketch of the present commander of Fort Sumter, which is interesting at this moment. We copy a passage:

“Major Anderson is now about fifty-six years old, and was born in Kentucky, entering the Military Academy from that State, and graduating with distinction on June 30, 1825. The record of his military service shows that he was promoted to a first Lieutenantcy in 1833, and made Captain by brevet in 1838, for gallantry and successful strategy in the war against the Florida Indians. In the same year, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain; the Captaincy itself not coming until the October of 1841, and his present rank of Major only reaching him last year.

“Major Anderson has also performed a large amount of the staff duty incident to the service a few years since, and before it was made distinct from duty in the line. He acted as Assistant Inspector of the Illinois Volunteers, serving with

Abraham Lincoln in the Black Hawk war of 1832. He was Assistant Instructor and Instructor of Artillery at the Military Academy in the years 1835, '6 and '7, and was Aid-de-camp to Major-General Scott in 1838.

"During the Mexican war, the Major endured all the labors and dangers of the campaign; being severely wounded in the assault on the enemy's works at Molino del Rey, and receiving brevet majority 'for gallant and meritorious conduct in that action.' Major Anderson has also received from the Government many evidences of its trust and confidence other than those bestowed by the War Department.

"His last service, previous to his taking command of Fort Moultrie, was as a member of the commission, ordered last summer by Congress, to inquire into the manner of instruction at the West Point Military Academy. The labors of that commission (in which Major Anderson performed his part) have already been laid before Congress.

"In physique, the Major is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well set and soldierly; his hair is thin, and turning to iron-grey; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well-formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance, determination, and an exaction of what was due to him. He has a good deal of manner. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified, a man of undaunted courage, and as a true soldier, may be relied on to obey orders, and to do his duty."

THE OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is a copy of the official correspondence which took place before the bombardment commenced:

[No. 1.]

Gen. Beauregard's Despatch to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 8, 1861.

TO L. P. WALKER:

DEAR SIR: An authorized messenger from Lincoln has just informed Gov. Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must."

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

[No. 2.]

Reply of the Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

MONTGOMERY, April 10, 1861.

TO GEN. BEAUREGARD, Charleston:

If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington Government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation; and if this is refused, proceed in such a manner as you may determine to reduce it. Answer.

[Signed,]

L. P. WALKER.

[No. 3.]

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 10, 1861.

To L. P. WALKER:

The demand will be made to-morrow at twelve o'clock.

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD, Brigadier-General.

[No. 4.]

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

MONTGOMERY, April 10, 1861.

To Gen. BEAUREGARD, Charleston:

Unless there are special reasons connected with your own condition, it is considered proper that you should make the demand at an earlier hour.

[Signed,]

L. P. WALKER.

[No. 5.]

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 10, 1861.

To L. P. WALKER:

The reasons are special for twelve o'clock.

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

[No. 6.]

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 11, 1861.

To L. P. WALKER:

Demand sent at two o'clock. Allowed till six o'clock to answer.

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

[No. 7.]

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

MONTGOMERY, April 11, 1861.

Gen. BEAUREGARD, Charleston:

Telegraph reply of Anderson.

[Signed,]

L. P. WALKER.

[No. 8.]

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 11, 1861.

To L. P. WALKER:

Major Anderson replied: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and of my obligation to my Government prevent my compliance." He adds verbally: "I will await the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces, we will be starved out in a few days." Answer.

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

[No. 9.]

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

MONTGOMERY, April 11, 1861.

To Gen. BEAUREGARD, Charleston :

We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter. If Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that in the meantime he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be employed against Fort Sumter, you are authorized thus to avoid the effusion of blood. If this, or its equivalent, be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be the most practicable.

[Signed,]

L. P. WALKER.

[No. 10.]

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 12, 1861.

To L. P. WALKER :

He would not consent. I will write to-day.

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

[No. 11.]

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

CHARLESTON, April 12, 1861.

To L. P. WALKER :

We opened fire at 4.30 A. M.

[Signed,]

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

NOTE.—Intercepted despatches disclose the fact that Mr. Fox, who had been allowed to visit Major Anderson, on the pledge that his purpose was pacific, employed his opportunity to devise a plan for supplying the fort by force, and that this plan had been adopted by the Washington Government, and was in progress of execution.

