

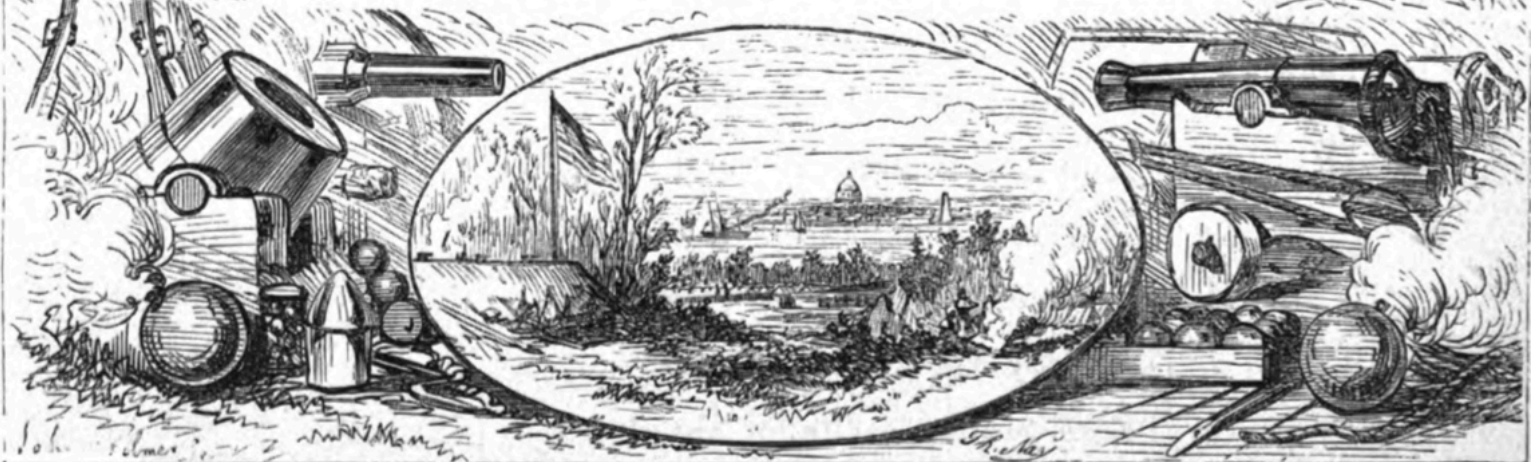
# SUMTER.



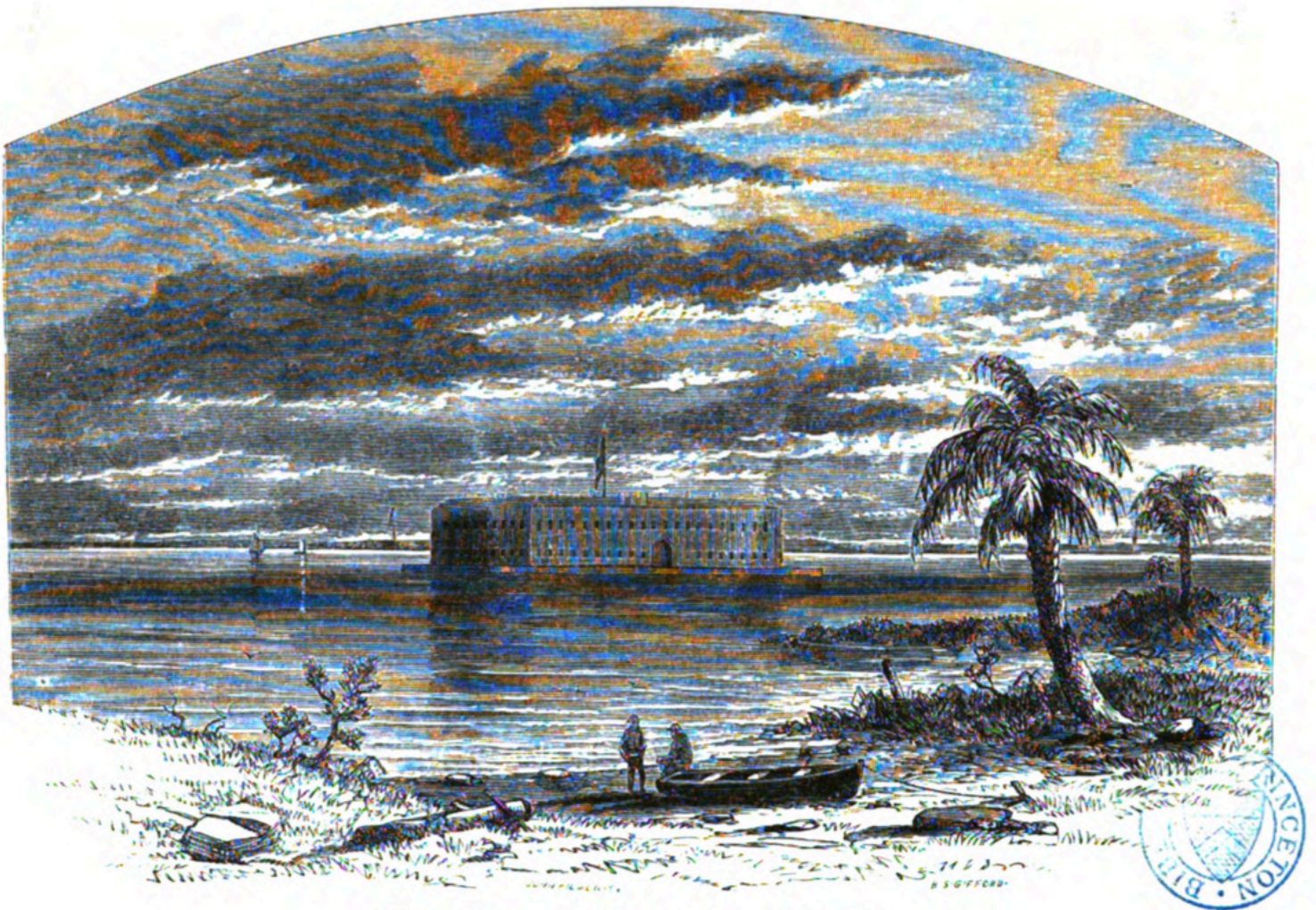
## ARGUMENT.

IN 1860, Major Robert Anderson (who had served with distinction under General Scott, in Mexico, and received a severe wound at the battle of El Molino del Rey, where he displayed a signal courage), was appointed to command the forts in Charleston, S. C. When hostilities were threatened by the rebels, he was in occupation of Fort Moultrie; but deeming that position untenable by his small force, he evacuated it, and raised the National Flag on Fort Sumter, Dec. 27, 1860. Assembling his little garrison, soldiers and workmen around the flag-staff, and holding the cord himself, he knelt reverently down, many of the group following his example. The chaplain offered an earnest prayer, and the men, with deep feeling, responded "Amen!" Major Anderson then drew the cord, and the Starry Flag ascended, to the music of "Hail Columbia." . . . .

The rebels assaulted Fort Sumter from seven batteries, pouring an incessant storm of shot and shell against it, during thirty-four hours. Pending the battle, Fort Sumter's barracks took fire. The defenders were reduced to their last cartridges. They had consumed their last crust of bread before commencing the fight. They were nearly suffocated by smoke, and feeble from fatigue. In this condition, the brave commander listened to terms of capitulation. Overpowered by numbers, by famine, and by the elements, Major Anderson evacuated Fort Sumter on the 14th of April, 1861. "I marched out," so reads the official report, "with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns." . . . .







# SUMTER

Down by the Southern rivers  
The tall palmetto grows;  
And there the soft gossypium blooms,  
All white, like drifted snows;  
And there the evergreen mosses  
The evergreen oaks enfold,  
And the laurel shines like silver,  
And the orange bloom like gold;  
And there, where groves of jasmine  
O'erran the olden strands,<sup>1</sup>  
Down by the Southern rivers  
Fort Sumter's citadel stands;

## SUMTER.

Where ANDERSON kept the gateway,  
By Charleston's sandy bars,  
And the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!

Pleasantly singing in April  
The birds and bees we heard;  
And under the yearning fallows  
The tender grasses stirred:  
New life out of death was breaking,  
By breath of Spring-time kissed,  
Until from Southland shadows  
Crept up the chill of a mist;  
And out of the Southern rivers,  
And up from Southern leas,  
A moaning arose, as of tempest,  
And troubled the April breeze:  
And the heart of our loyal nation  
Awoke, as with cannon-jars,  
When the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!

Seven miles in, from the headlands,  
Fort Sumter's walls ye spy,  
And seven miles in, Fort Moultrie stands,  
On Sullivan's Isle hard by;  
Where erst, in the days of heroes,  
Brave MOULTRIE held his own,





And stormed, from Sullivan's Island,  
 King George's royal throne:<sup>2</sup>  
 When MARION stood by Moultrie,  
 With Etchoee's rangers brave,<sup>3</sup>  
 And JASPER leaped o'er the ramparts,  
 Our fallen flag to save;  
 And nailed it aloft, to a merlon,  
 With cannon-rods for spars,  
 In the days when British invaders  
 Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!<sup>4</sup>



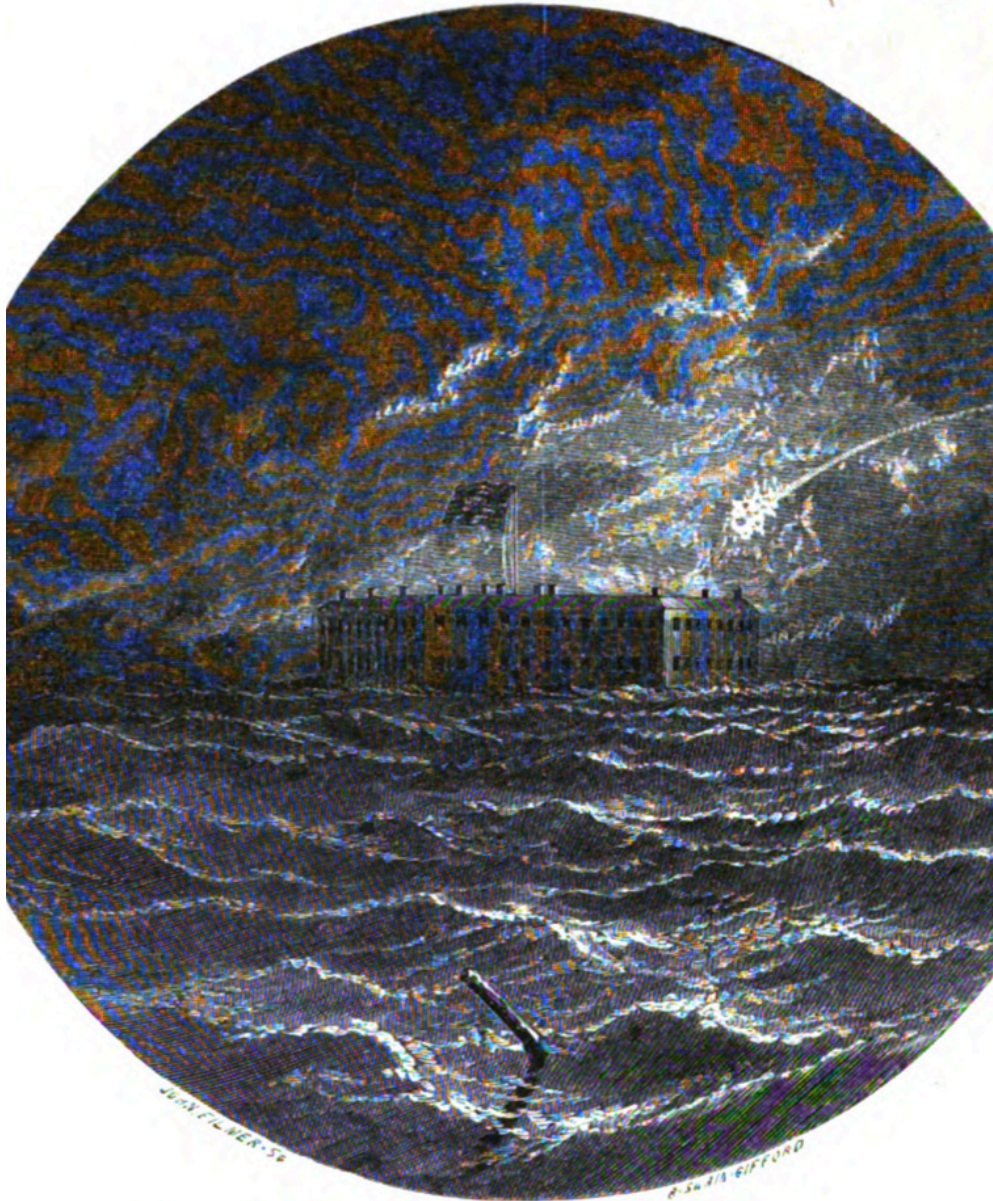
## SUMTER.

Under Fort Sumter's flag-mast  
We pledged our loyal troth:  
In the hush of the holy Sabbath  
We swore our Union Oath!  
We prayed to the God of our fathers,  
And knelt down, side by side—  
Every loyal heart blessing the banner,  
As a priest might bless the bride!  
Then we swung to the air, like incense,  
The smoke of our morning guns—  
And we flung out the Stars of the Union,  
To marry the winds and the suns!  
And they rose up, sweetly and grandly,  
And streamed from Sumter's spars—  
Till the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!

Over the ramparts of Sumter  
We watched the rolling suns;  
For a hundred morns and a hundred eves  
They blushed on our idle guns;  
And under our idle casemates  
We heard the hammers fall,  
That, day by day, with iron strokes,  
Were strengthening Moultrie's wall:<sup>5</sup>  
And the rebel drums awoke us  
From idle sleep, each morn;  
And the rebel flags, on rebel forts,  
Out-flashed with rebel scorn!

SUMTER.

And so we guarded the gateway,  
By Charleston's sandy bars,  
Till the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!



Seventy only we mustered—  
Ten thousand beleaguered us round;  
But over the ramparts of Sumter  
Our giant columbiads frowned.



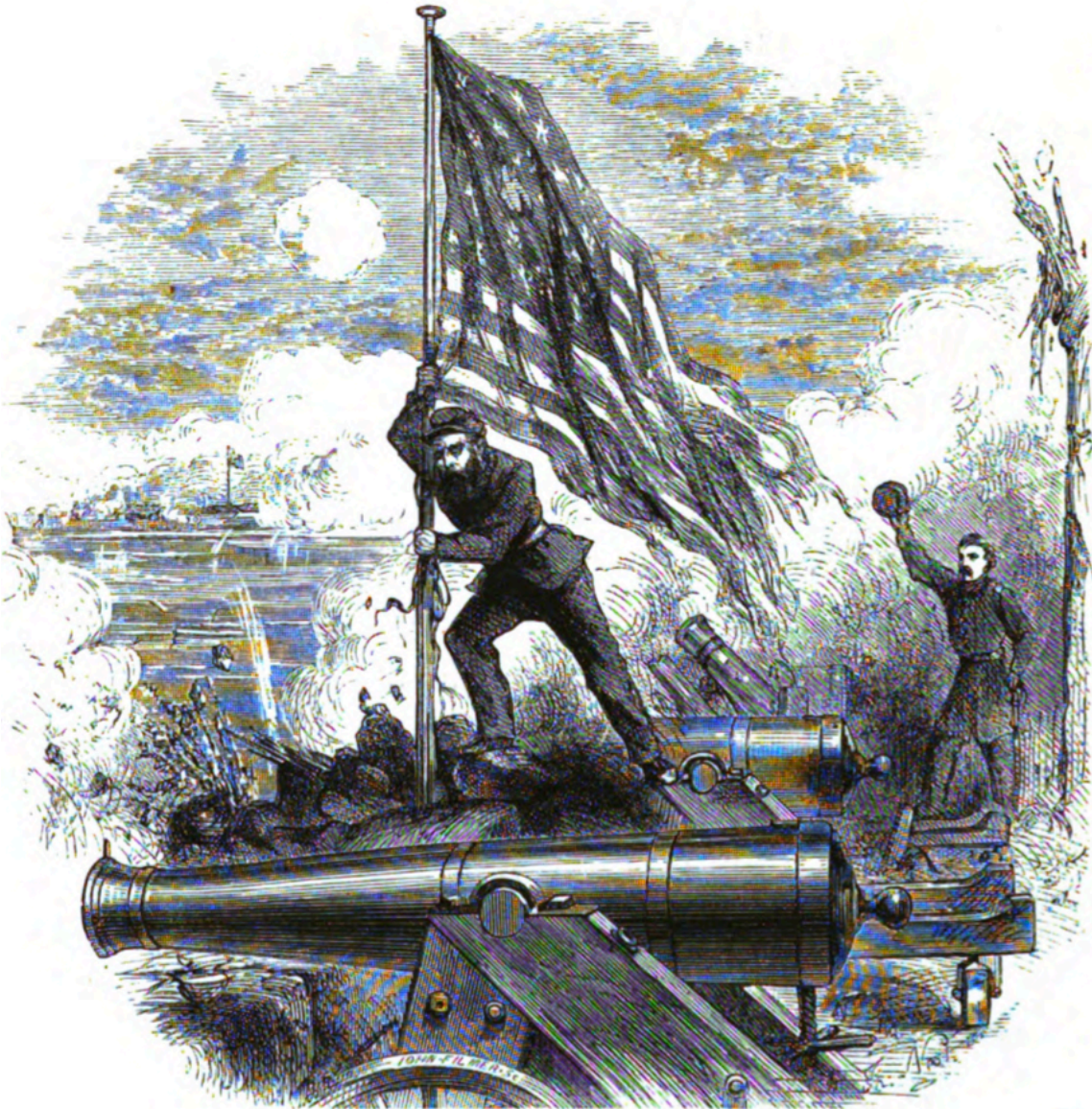
## SUMTER.

One bold command from CONGRESS  
Might have opened each cannon's mouth—  
Might have sent forth a fiery-tongued gospel  
Far down through the traitorous South!  
But the word came not to ANDERSON—  
The word passed not his lips;  
And we looked out vainly for succor—  
All vainly for Federal ships;  
Till we saw them lie idle at anchor,  
By Charleston's sandy bars,  
While the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!<sup>6</sup>

Stormy and black, over Sumter,  
The midnight shadows passed;  
Below us the surges were sobbing—  
Around us moaned the blast;  
And the mist from ocean drifted,  
In salt tears over the wall;  
And the clouds hung low on the ramparts,  
Like folds of a funeral pall,—  
When swiftly a shell, out of Moultrie,  
Curved upward, with fiery arc;  
Like a sword, outdrawn from the scabbard,  
It smote through the mist and the dark!  
And the clouds and the waves around us  
Were cloven with cannon-jars,  
When the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!<sup>7</sup>

SUMTER.

And we heard the hissing of bombshells,  
And crashing of cannon-balls,  
As they hurtled above our ramparts,  
And battered our yielding walls:



Thrice to that traitorous parley  
We answered, and then lay dumb,  
And crouched in our lampless casemates,  
And prayed for the morn to come:<sup>s</sup>



## SUMTER.

Till day broke, yellow and lowering,  
And out, through mist and murk,  
We flung three cheers for the Union,  
And rose to our battle work;  
While the traitor flags of Charleston  
Waved out, from countless spars,  
And the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!

Seventy only we mustered—  
Our foes ten thousand strong;  
Seven forts around us storming,  
We battled them all day long:  
And our giant wall was shattered—  
And the “Old Flag” shut from its hold;  
But ’twas nailed up again by our gallant HART,  
As ’twas nailed by JASPER, of old:<sup>9</sup>  
Through the fiery day, and fiery night,  
It soared on the battle cloud,  
And it waved, still waved, in the morning,  
O’er Sumter’s fiery shroud,<sup>10</sup>  
When the citadel lay like a ruin,  
All scathed with battle’s scars,<sup>11</sup>  
And the rebels a last shot of triumph  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!

Over the land, at seed-time,  
Fort Sumter's story passed—  
Like fiery seed, in the fallows,  
From all the free winds cast:

And upward, in crimson blossoms,  
It flowers through all the land—  
And upward, in loyal season,  
It ripens to Harvest grand:  
From the fiery seed of Sumter,  
From crimson leaves and flowers,  
Upsprings the HARVEST of FREE-  
DOM  
Through all this land of ours!





## SUMTER.

And our souls will yet be thankful,  
Though scathed by battle's scars,  
That the rebels of Carolina  
Fired on the BANNER OF STARS!

