JUST 50 YEARS AGO TO-DAY FT. SUMTER WAS FIRED UPON

Half a Century Has Elapsed Since First Shell Ushered In the Civil War.

STORY OF THE SIEGE.

Union Garrison in Desperate Fix With Only Bacon Rind to Eat.

There came a puff of smoke from an old-fashioned mortar. A hissing, screeching shell sailed in a quarter circle from Fort Johnson, seemed to hesitate, then exploded just like a sky rocket at the climax of its flight. One hundred and seven men and nine officers awoke in the garrison of Fort Sumter. Of these forty-three men were volunteers from the ranks of 250 workmen who had been engaged in building the fort. They offered to remain and help the soldiers resist any attack. The bugle in the fort's yard hastily sounded the call to arms.

They heard that call from Maine to the Rio Grande, and it was the real beginning of the Civil War in which the forces of the North and the men of the South locked themselves in deadly struggle for more than four years.

It was just fifty years ago to-day. The morning of April 12, 1861, holds more, perhaps, of American history in leash than any other day the sun ever brought.

For thirty years laborers had been piling bricks and stone upon a shoal of Charleston Harbor that Fort Sumter might be born. The work had progressed with snail-like official supervision, and upon the day after Christmas, 1860, when Maj. Robert Anderson found his men in Fort Moultrie everywhere surrounded by South Carolina State troops, while the daily drilling of rebel forces had gone on within earshot for weeks, Sumter was still incomplete.

Only Bacon Rind to Eat.

But it offered a much better refuge for the little handful of United States troops than did the Moultrie post. So Major Anderson packed his little belongings and took his men over to the new post. At Washington they knew that Sumter was no point for dalliance. Already the steamer Star had started to relieve the fort when Confederate guns had on Jan. 9, 1861, been turned upon her and she was forced to leave the garrison without sorely needed supplies.

It was a hungry little garrison fifty years ago this morning that heard the bugle telling the story of the attack. Only bacon rind had been available for supper. Only bacon rind was on the menu for the morning meal. The opposing forces had no intention of adding anything to the bill of fare by permitting a friendly ship to bring a cargo.

Indeed the wily Beauregard, himself a West Pointer and a soldier of foresight, had taken the precaution to have the channel leading to the fort effectually choked with such obstructions as in the Confederate mind would do the most good toward creating an appetite over in Sumter without supplying the means of satisfying it.

The shell that awoke the entire nation broke its challenging connines directly over the American flag. It was a well-timed insult, a mechanically perfect defiance, fired by Capt. George S. James, who commanded the battery at Fort Johnson. If the waiting fleet outside of the harbor had had one of the present-day guns the obstructions in the channel would have cut no figure in the day's proceedings, but guns in those days carried no mileage books, and the fleet might as well have been in Alaska.

As the men came running from their barracks, dragging their guns behind them, their tired officers met them and told them to go back to sleep. It was still dark and night is no time to find ranges and return the fire of an enemy. A few of the men went back as ordered, but the majority of them took refuge under the shelter of the casements and awaited the next shot.

The other Confederate batteries about the harbor had opened fire upon Sumter. The five-minute intervals were almost ticked off into minutes by the dull reports of the ancient cannon and the bursting of shells.

Sumter was taking her time. Major Anderson knew that his men were caught like rats in a trap. When day came he had his men begin their studied reply to the four-cornered fire. The little stock of flannel bags in which the powder was placed before ramming it home was too limited to allow much action. Six needles were found and industriously plied in the making of powder sacks from clothing, socks and anything else the fort afforded. The firing from the fort took the form of a six-gun play against the many guns opposed.

Safe behind their sandworks, the Confederates watched the Sumter shot and shell fall harmlessly about them. They checked their flights as billiard balls manipulated by an expert, and when they went toward the floating battery of the other side they merely pattered from the iron protective defenses as so many hailstones from a greenhous roof.

Close Range Artillery Fight.

It was a close range fight for artillery, viewed from latter-day heights. Three points had been selected by Major Anderson for his own return fire. The most remote was 2,500 yards and the nearest 1,300—mere gallery practice distances under new conditions, but quite different for the ancient guns of the opening period of the war.

As the firing went on Major Anderson, scanning the horizon with his glasses, saw the flags of three United States ships just over the bar. He dipped the fort flag to the welcome visitors, but they were barred from helping him by the channel obstructions and the barking line of Confederate guns that kept punctuating the hours with the steady dropping of shells. As the fort's flag was being run up after its courteous salute to the naval neighbors, a shell from one of the attacking forts cut its halyards and it hung at half mast during the rest of the afternoon.

The firing during the day was desultory, so far as the fort was concerned. It was the hopeless expression of a willingness to fight if Anderson merely had the chance, the men and the food. Night found the little knot ready to call it a day's work and to rest for a second day of cannonading.

The news of the firing on the fort travelled like a prairie fire. In New York there was a tumult. The Stock Exchange passed formal resolutions to support the Government. Columbia students resoluted that the Union cause had their support. Many of the students volunteered and others went to see the soldiers depart. Lynch law for those who took the Confederate side was advocated; hemp was carried with placards "upon traitors and treason." The city boiled from end to end. Arms were secured and cleaned, men sought uniforms, and the first dead earnest preparation for a big fight began to take form and substance.

New York Sent 17 Regiments.

The City Councilmen decorated their desks with flags and patriotic emblems. President Lincoln was calling for men. New York was to supply seventeen regiments of them. New York City wanted to send the entire force from her bounds. Contributions of clothing, food, supplies and other munitions came from all sides.

There was a strong undercurrent of Confederate sympathy in the city also, and at night four men were chased from Governor's Island who were believed to have been sent there to destroy Fort Columbus. The men got away in a rowboat before they could be apprehended.

Not only was the patriotic chord of the New York citizenship touched, but in many cases the sensitive pocketbook. Where New York's rich men held shares of stock and investment in Southern securities and railroads, the confiscation that followed the opening of war, and which in this instance was made statutory by the Southern Legislatures, bereft a number of leading citizens of their wealth in the direction of the Gulf, and they made nearly as much noise over the financial aspect as their less selfish and more patriotic neighbors did over the defense of the flag as a purely governmental proposition.

The day had for the Southern States a corresponding interest. South Carolina had decided to secede from the Union, Dec. 20, 1860. But the other States of the cotton belt were not in any hurry to break the old ties. There were many men in them who tried to prevent any such action and they had blocked the extremists up to the time that Sumter and the flag became a target. Then the other States were forced to chose whom they would serve.

The opening gun at Sumter, just fifty years ago to-day, decided the issue.

Fort Sumter Attacked 50 Years Ago To-Day

ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER - SKETCH FROM MORRIS ISLAND - FROM BARNES HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES — A.S. BARNES & CO

PRYOR'S ELOQUENCE SET OFF FIRST GUN IN THE CIVIL WAR

Former Judge Tells of Historic Mission to Charleston Fifty Years Ago To-Day.

Ex-Justice Roger A. Pryor, the man whose speech of "fiery eloquence," delivered from a hotel balcony in Charleston fifty years ago to-day, inspired the attack on Fort Sumter and brought on the civil war, and who is one of the very few principal actors in that great drama still living, sat before the open fire in the library of his home, No. 3 West Sixty-ninth street to-day and gave an Evening World reporter his reminiscences of that first day of strife:

"To begin with, it was a prettier day than this, if that is possible," he said, "and a pretty day in Charleston is a pretty day indeed. The dawn came out of a cloudless sky and a gentle little wind came in from the harbor that promised relief from the heat. The azaleas were in full bloom, and I remember the pretty girls walking along he Battery there with sweeter blooms in their cheeks than the flowers.

His Mission to Charleston.

"I had been sent to Charleston to do precisely the thing I did. I had remained in Congress, to which I was elected from Virginia, until Mr. Lincoln had been inaugurated, and on that mournful day—everybody was impressed by the mournfulness of it, especially Mr. Lincoln himself—I had gone to my home in Petersburg. Afterwards I was elected to the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy. But I was sent to Charleston by the Hunter party in Virginia, who were hot in favor of secession.

"You see, the State was divided between those who favored secession and those who were against it, and Senator Hunter and his followers knew that all that was needed was one shot. Charleston was the place where the bitterest feeling was smouldering and all the people there needed was the support of Virginia. I could promise them that, and in my speech I did. I don't want to appear egotistical, but it was the sentiment I aroused that caused Gen. Beaureguard to send his ultimatum to Major Anderson.

"This was at 3 o'clock in the morning and it seems like yesterday to me—the scene in the harbor, the row in the little boat from Sumter to the battery at Fort Johnson after hours spent in arguing with Anderson. I was in that boat and all that way across the harbor the thing uppermost in my mind was admiration for Anderson and his men in Fort Sumter.

Gave Word to Open Fire.

"Gen. Beaureguard, who sent me to Anderson, had told me in case Anderson refused to surrender, to direct the commandant at Fort Johnson to open fire. This I did as soon as we landed after our row across the harbor. It was a dramatic scene as I spoke in the dead silence of the early morning with all of the little volunteer garrison gathered about us. The elite of Charleston's manhood were in the garrison and in the other batteries around the harbor and a hotter headed lot of fire-eaters never lived. Every man-jack of 'em was fairly palpitating for trouble.

"When I told James the result of our visit to Anderson he bowed slightly and pointing to his guns asked me if I would fire the first shot. But I couldn't do it. I didn't want to fire the first shot of the war, although it was an honor, and, anyway, my State hadn't then seceded. So Edward Ruffin, a hot secessionist, fired the first shot and, poor fellow, he killed himself when he heard of Lee's surrender.

"There was tense silence after that signal gun was fired. The shell burst exactly over the fort and then there was a cheer. The men in the other batteries who had been waiting all night and hoping for that shot, knew then that the war was on and cheered with all the strength of their lungs. I remember well then watching through a glass the people of Charleston running to the Battery to see the bombardment. I don't suppose many folks in Charleston had slept that night, but I am sure there wasn't a man, woman or child who didn't rush out of doors and down to the harbor front at the shot. And there they stayed, sir, cheering and crying until it was all over.

"There wasn't any reply from Sumter at first and, in fact, not until dawn came clear and warm. We found out afterward that Anderson, like a good soldier, was saving his ammunition and his men because he didn't have much of either to waste. But the firing from our batteries for two hours before dawn was general and the shells from our mortars seemed to be dropping into the fort at the rate of two or three a minute.

"Well, the bombardment continued all that day and into the next, with the guns of Sumter answering doggedly, but ineffectually, and I stayed in Fort Johnson till it was all over. Others have told the story of the brave Anderson's surrender better than I could, and I don't think I ought to try it now, because I'm eighty-three years old, my son, and some things slip your mind when you reach that age.

"I left Charleston pretty soon afterwards, because my work was all cut out for me in Virginia. Our party succeeded in having the State secede and I was elected to the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy and commissioned a colonel. That was my first visit to Charleston and I have never been back. Some day I think I will take a trip down there.

"But I found out some interesting inside history of those early days of the war. John Minor Botts of Culpeper, an old-time Whig, who was afterward arrested because he held out for the Union, enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Lincoln and he told me that Lincoln had told him that if the Virginia Convention, which was considering secession, would adjourn sine die, he would call off the three warships he had sent to the relief of Sumter and would allow the Confederates to retain the position they had won.

"That was what Mr. Lincoln thought of Virginia."

A Second "Mother Mandelbaum."

Mrs. Rebecca Frank who posed as a dry goods jobber at No. 65 Market street was convicted before Judge Warren W. Foster to-day in General Sessions of having conducted a fence for stolen goods. The police allege that her place was the most formidable establishment of the sort since the days of Mother Mandelbaum. They caught her when she undretook to sell to Isaac Horn of No. 6 Stanton street a quantity of umbrella material stolen from Mandel I. Weisman of No. 68 Stanton street on Jan. 18. Detectives James and Clarence Kelly of the Central Office did the work.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. More than forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood-purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone root and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrybark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for *free* booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed.

In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Though he offers the substitute for a less price you can't afford to experiment with your health. Go where they give you what you ask for *without argument.*

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. **Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.**

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Don't Hide Them with a Veil; Remove Them with the New Drug.

An eminent skin specialist recently discovered a new drug, Othine—double strength—which is so uniformly successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by Riker's or Hegeman's under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first night's use will show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely. It is absolutely harmless, and cannot injure the most tender skin.

Be sure to ask Riker's or Hegeman's for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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It is this unique plan that permits us to assemble such tremendous and wondrously various assortments; this plan that makes everything we show a full year ahead of "readymades" in style, fabric, pattern and color; this plan that in making our price range $10 to $40, is saving the clothes money of thousands of live New Yorkers. Why not you?

Two garments, out of over 5,000, briefly described:—

Spring Overcoat, color dark Oxford gray (no man's wardrobe complete without a medium weight coat). It's a bargain for the man it fits. Made to order by Cleris, of upper Broadway, for $30. If you can save Eighteen Dollars wouldn't you be foolish to wear a readymade, or have one made to order. Our price..... **$12**

From the recent Clothes Exhibit, at Washington, D. C., you will find in our windows displayed a sack suit, designed by Carteil, of Baltimore, a renowned fashion creator, color "deep purple." Style of coat long, soft roll, shoulders narrow and sloping and slightly form-fitting; trousers cut perfectly straight with turn-ups, silk lined. If you left your measure with the tailor the exact suit would cost you $50. Our price..... **$20**

Included in the superb Spring showing are Sack, Walking, Prince Albert, Dress and Tuxedo Suits, Spring Overcoats, Raincoats, Cravenettes, Waistcoats, separate Trousers, embracing a fine assortment of new English soft roll sacks and London Raglan Coats.

When alterations are necessary to perfect the fit of a garment, they are expertly made by our own master-tailormen in a manner that preserves the custom lines; far different from "readymade" busheling.

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ARE YOUR NOSTRILS CLOSED?

The Lessons Taught by the New Electrical Methods That Do Away with Cutting.

People have begun to realize the importance of having their nostrils kept free of disease and obstruction. I have developed a method of freeing the nostrils of obstruction that as a rule does away with the necessity of cutting away the bones of the nose. I applied my treatment to Mr. James J. Jeffries, the champion pugilist, on his return from Europe, and opened his closed nostrils without any cutting or pain.

Nature's Plainest Danger Signals

The air you breathe contains disease germs and dust, things that should never be allowed to reach the lungs. The nostrils were supplied with filters to catch and hold the dust and germs.

When your nostrils are closed germs and dust pass on to the lungs and set up irritation. In time the irritated spots become sores that throw off a discharge. This brings on a cough to clear the discharge out of the air tubes and lungs.

The raw places in the breathing tubes cause soreness in the chest, pains behind the breastbone, stitches in the side or a dull ache under the shoulder blade. It is in the sore places in the breathing tubes that the germs of tuberculosis find a spot to enter the lungs and cause consumption.

The warning signs of tuberculosis are pains in the chest, an irritating cough and the spitting up of a tough greyish or rusty brown material. To prevent tuberculosis the choked nostrils must be freed of disease, and the closed nostrils must be opened. Then dust and germs will cease entering the lungs. To cure the chest pains and the irritating cough the sore places in the air passages must be healed.

My specialty is freeing obstructed nostrils and healing sore places in the chest. I have spent thirty years studying the best way to do this. I can free the nostrils without cutting away the bones of the nose, thus leaving in the nostrils those important structures that were created by nature to strain the air.

ARE YOU GOING DEAF?

I have made a discovery in the treatment of head noises and deafness which I consider an important one. My discovery does away with the necessity of passing instruments into the ear tubes, which measures have proved unsatisfactory, are painful, and, instead of curing the disease, have often forced it further up into the ear.

How important my method of treatment is will be shown in the case of Miss Stewart.

When Miss Mary Stewart first consulted me she said: "I have been going deaf for 15 years. As my mother was deaf, an uncle deaf, my mother's mother was deaf and I have a deaf sister, I have been greatly worried about my condition. I had noises in my ears that changed from time to time. Sometimes these noises sounded like the roar of an engine, at others like the chirping of crickets. My ears felt all the time like they were stopped up with cotton. I became so deaf that I could not hear the ticking of my alarm clock when I was right close to it. I was treated by ear doctors who passed instruments into my ear tubes. This treatment hurt me, and instead of helping it made me worse."

Since treating Miss Stewart she reports her head noises are about gone, and she can now hear her alarm clock ticking clear across the room. She resides at 320 West 54th St., New York.

If you suffer from closed nostrils diseased nostrils, are going deaf or have chest pains, or an irritating cough, and you think my training and experience should make me a good Doctor, I will be pleased to have you visit my office. It will cost you nothing for examination and advice.

If you reside out of the city, write me and I will be pleased to advise you by letter concerning your condition.

DR. J. C. McCOY,
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Trimmed Hats for Street Wear. Attractive models in a variety of colors. 6.75

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Satin Street Coats, semi-fitted models. 29.50

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Easter showing of hand-tailored Garments for Boys. Excellent cut and finish. Materials include Cheviot, Serge and Worsted.

Norfolk Jacket Suit with Knickerbocker trousers. Size 8 to 14 years. Double Breasted Suit with Knickerbocker trousers. Size 10 to 17 years. 9.00 to 17.50

An unusually large assortment of Boys' Spring Hats and Furnishings.

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Pure Thread Ingrain Black Silk, with cotton tops and soles. 1.00 per pair former price 1.50

"Cobweb" Lisle Thread with double tops, extra spliced heels, soles and toes. Black or tan. 35c per pair former price 50c

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