

Sunrise

Sunrise, The Demon of Unrest - Chapter Summary

On the morning of April 12, Captain Doubleday commenced his day at Fort Sumter with breakfast alongside other officers. Following a meager meal of salt pork, farina, and rice salvaged from the fort, they readied themselves for the day's imminent conflict. The officers organized the garrison into gunnery squads to ensure a sustained firing effort once fatigue set in. Doubleday led the first group to the guns facing the Iron Battery on Morris Island. He felt no remorse as he aimed the first gun against the rebellion, understanding the importance of their fight for the survival of the United States, viewing resistance against oligarchy as vital.

However, a deep regret lingered for Doubleday; they could not utilize the fort's larger and more effective parapet guns, as ordered by Major Anderson, due to the perilous exposure to Confederate artillery. At six-thirty, Major Anderson commanded the firing to commence, resulting in the first shot from Sumter hitting the Iron Battery but failing to cause damage. Despite more artillery firing from Fort Sumter, the Confederate guns retaliated quickly, showering the fort with relentless fire. Doubleday noted the destructive impact of the Confederate rounds, which not only shook the fort but threatened the crucial stores of powder within.

As the day continued with relentless firing from both sides, sections of the fort caught fire from enemy shells. The wind and rain added a sense of chaos, while the men manning the guns bravely cycled through exhaustion. Captain Seymour joined the fray with a touch of humor, inquiring about the uproar.

Meanwhile, Confederate gunners on Morris Island observed Sumter's firing. They developed techniques to dodge incoming shots while some soldiers playfully chased after rolling cannonballs, despite the risks involved. The engagement between the two forces took on an unexpected air of camaraderie, especially amongst the Confederates, who cheered each American shot as a nod to Major Anderson's bravery. This led to a paradoxical atmosphere; although it was indeed a war, the men on both sides engaged in a spirited, albeit dangerous, display akin to a deadly sport, simultaneously fighting and engaging with a sense of festive morale amidst the turmoil.