

Augusta, Georgia,

May 11th, 1888.

My dear Daughter,

You request me to give you a biographical sketch of myself. Responding to your wish, I state that I was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 28th day of October, 1831. My dear Father and Mother were then residing in that city; - Father being the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Resigning his charge in November 1832, he removed with his family to his plantation in Liberty County, Georgia, where he devoted his energies to the religious instruction of the Negroes. He was the apostle to that benighted people, and freely gave his time, talents, and money to their evangelization, and the improvement of their moral and religious condition.

Our winter home was at Monte Video plantation, on North Newport river, about a mile and a half below Riceboro. Our summers were passed at Maybank plantation, on the Colonel's Island lying between the Island of St. Catharine and the main. Both residences were ample, and very comfortably furnished. Monte Video being in a malarial region, it was not deemed prudent to remain there during the summer months. So, on the first of May in each year, we drove to Maybank, where we remained until frost, after which time - usually about the last of October - we returned with comfort and safety to the winter home. Over the cultivation of his

Charles Colcock Jones Jr. Papers, Duke Univ. Library

plantations at Monte Video and Maybank Father exercised a general supervision; the details being left for execution to overseers and drivers. Cato was the driver at Monte Video, and Andrew at Maybank. On the former plantation rice and sea-island cotton were cultivated as market crops, and on the latter sea-island cotton only. At both places, for home consumption, there was an abundant crop of Indian corn, sweet-potatoes, peas, sugar-cane, &c. Vegetables, and fruits, - such as water and musk melons, figs, peaches, pomegranates, oranges, grapes, and nectarines grew in profusion. These were generous homes, and the hospitality there extended was profuse and refined. Daddy Jack was the Major Domo. Patience and Lucy were the chamber-maids. Phoebe and Clarissa were the seamstresses. Marcia was the cook. Gilbert was the carriage-driver. Flora and Silvy were the hand-maidens. Jupiter and Cassar were the gardeners, and sundry younger servants were commissioned to sweep, scrub, brush flies, and run on errands. Niger was the fisherman, and there was a lad to bring the tri-weekly mail. There was no lack of service, and everything about the establishment was conducted upon the most liberal scale. The plantations were well-ordered. Peace, contentment, and happiness were on every hand. There was a deal of comfort and justice and enjoyment about these Southern homes, and the patriarchal civilization by which they were governed was attractive, refined, and beneficent. Every opportunity was afforded for riding, fishing, sailing, hunting, and for every manly exercise. He was a lucky boy who lived under this regime. In 1836 Father accepted the chair of Church History and Polity in the Presbyterian Theological

Seminary in Columbia, South Carolina, and removed with his family to that city. For only two years did he retain that professorship. We were at home again in 1838.

The summer of 1839 was spent in travel throughout the Northern States and Canada. We sailed from Savannah, and after a tempestuous voyage of nearly two weeks, landed in New York City and took rooms at the Astor House. This was my first acquaintance with the great country in which we live. Six months were spent in journeying through New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Canada. Father carried his portfolio with him, and made many sketches of scenery. He was very fond of music, and drew and painted with unusual taste and accuracy. We returned home in November of that year.

From that time until 1848 we were continuously at Monte Video and Maybank. That my Sister, my Brother, and myself might be well instructed, Father engaged the services of private tutors who resided in the family. At Maybank and also at Monte Video school houses were built by Father. At the former the children of our neighbor - Mr. Roswell King - united with us, and at the latter were also convened the children of Mr. John Barnard. The teacher was generally the graduate of some approved college. The general direction of our studies was indicated by Father, and he not infrequently gave his personal attention to the manner and scope of our studies. The school hours were from eight in the morning until two o'clock P.M. in Summer, and from nine until three

in Winter. Saturday was a holiday, and was devoted to hunting and fishing. Every Monday morning we read compositions and declaimed. Very rarely the tutor was absent, and then my dear Father took upon himself the burthen of our instruction.

We had our bows-and arrows, and fishing lines and boats, our ponies, our swords, guns, and rifles, and we were encouraged to excel in every sport and manly exercise. The fourth of July, the twenty-second of February, and three days at Christmas, constituted our only vacations during the year.

The country abounded in deer, wild turkeys, ducks, squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, quail, wood-cock, doves, rice-birds, fishes, alligators, and crabs, and we enjoyed every opportunity for hunting and fishing. We had our sail-boat also; and, that we might be encouraged in the art of riding and in swordsmanship, a little cavalry company was formed which paraded weekly at home, and at the residences of our neighbors. Prizes were offered and the contests at the head and ring were exciting and interesting. Fourth of July celebrations were held under the great live-oak on the lawn at Maybank, - the speeches of the youngsters being preliminary to a generous spread to which the neighbors were invited. On the 22nd of February we always repaired to the parade ground of the Liberty Independent Troup to listen to the oration, and to witness the prize contest with sabre and pistol.

In Summer we attended Church at Sunbury and in Winter at Midway Meeting House, or Pleasant Grove. It was an all-day affair. We left home after breakfast, taking a bountiful lunch with us, and did not return until about sunset, when

we sat down to dinner. Family prayers were held morning and evening, and all the house servants were present. During the Summer we generally breakfasted and took tea on the piazza.

At this period the social life of the Georgia coast was most agreeable. Interchange of courtesies was frequent and the indications of a refined and generous hospitality were very manifest. I look back upon this boyhood period with unalloyed pleasure and gratitude. No son could have had kinder or more indulgent parents, or fuller opportunities for indulging in those pastimes which a plantation life afforded.

In 1848 Father accepted a call to the professorship of Church History and Polity in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina - a position which he had formerly held, and we removed a second time to that little city. There I entered the Freshman Class in the South Carolina College. That institution was then in the zenith of its prosperity, and was presided over by the Hon. William C. Preston. He was ably assisted by such professors as Dr. Lieber, Dr. Thornwell, Dr. Henry, Dr. Laborde, Williams, Brumby, Pelham, &c. There I spent my Freshman and Sophomore years, and was contending, with fair prospect of success, for the highest honors of the class.

In April 1850, our dwelling in Columbia was destroyed by fire. My father's manuscripts, his library, and the entire contents of the house were consumed. We barely escaped with our lives. My dear Sister was ill at the time with pneumonia,

and Father brought her out in his arms. Daddy Jack was lying dead in the yard, having died from the same disease. The conflagration occurred at night, and we fled in our night-clothes.

Shortly afterwards Father was selected as the Secretary of the Presbyterian General Assembly's Board of Domestic Missions. He accepted the position, and we removed the same year to Philadelphia, where he entered upon the duties of that important office. Our parents being desirous that we should be near them, my Brother and I were sent to Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey. He entered the Sophomore Class and I the Junior. Dr. Carnahan was then president of that institution, and the vice-president was that dear old gentleman, the Rev. Dr. John Maclean.

I became a member of Clio Hall, and was elected a Junior Orator from that Society.

Graduating with distinction, I received my degree of A.B. from this college in June 1852. I then joined the family in Philadelphia; and, selecting the Law as a profession, was entered as a student in the office of Samuel H. Perkins Esqr. on Walnut Street. In his office I continued to read law for about a year, when I went to Dane Law School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, From that Institution I received, in 1855, my degree of LL B. When I was a member of that Law School, Joel Parker, Theophilus Parsons, and Edward G. Loring were the professors. While attending to my law studies, I also heard the lectures of Prof. Agassig, Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Wyman, Prof. Lowell, and Dr. Holmes. My residence at

Cambridge was delightful, and the literary atmosphere most charming. I always look back with special pleasure to the privileges of this period. The summer vacation of 1854 I spent with my friends Ben Harden and George Helm - sons of Gov. Helm - at their home near Elizabethtown, Kentucky. They had come home with me during the winter vacation of 1853 - 1854, and had greatly enjoyed the hunting, fishing, and marooning on the Georgia Coast. Father had then generously chartered for us a schooner of some hundred and twenty tons, placed on board provisions, tents, guns, ammunition, dogs, servants, and told the captain and crew for two weeks to obey our orders, and show us all the sport the Georgia islands could afford.

While in Kentucky we made up a charming party, and visited the Mammoth Cave. This was my first visit to the West; and, before returning to Cambridge I took a bird's eye view of Indiana, Illinois, &c,&c. It was during this jaunt I had my first and only interview with Mr. Lincoln, then a prominent Advocate. I had no idea at the time that I was in the presence of a future president of the United States.

Returning home in the early winter of 1854, I spent a little while at Monte Video, and then repaired to Savannah to read the statute laws of Georgia and prepare for my admission to the Bar. My dear Father's health had been seriously impaired by his labors in Philadelphia, and he had been compelled to resign his office and return to the quiet and repose of home.

I entered the law office of Ward & Owens in Savannah, and was called to the Bar in that, my native city, on the 24th of May, 1855. The Hon. William B. Fleming was then the Judge of the Superior Court of Chatham County. My examination was conducted before him in open court, and my examiners were the Honbls. John E. Ward, William Law, Thomas E. Lloyd, and Thomas M. Norwood. My dear Father came in from Liberty County, and was present on the occasion. From him I received my first legal retainer.

Speaking of this admission to the Bar, I may add, in this connection, that I was admitted to plead and practise in the Supreme Court of Georgia on the 11th of June 1857: in the Sixth Circuit of the United States on the 5th day of November 1859: in the District Court of the Confederate States of America for the District of Georgia, on the 7th day of June 1861, and in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1883, - my first appearance being in the Telfair Will case.

So soon as I was called to the Bar, and while I was acquiring the practical part of my profession, Messrs. Ward and Owens, my preceptors, offered me a position in their office at a salary of one thousand dollars per annum. This was accepted, and upon the expiration of the year I became the Junior partner of that firm.

When Mr. Ward went to China as United States Minister, Mr. Owens retired from, and the Hon. Henry R. Jackson was taken into, the firm.

The firm continued to be Ward, Jackson, and Jones until Judge Jackson went upon the bench as Judge of the District Court of the Confederate States of America for the District of Georgia. Our business was large and lucrative.

On the 9th of November 1858, I was married, my dear Daughter, to your precious Mother, whose name you bear. The ceremony was solemnized at Richmond, Bath, my dear Father officiating. We returned at once to Savannah, where we at first boarded for a few weeks at the hotel, until our arrangements for housekeeping could be perfected.

In 1859, I was elected one of the aldermen of the City of Savannah, and the following year, after a sharp contest I was, without solicitation nominated, and elected the Mayor of that city. I believe it is a fact that I was the youngest mayor who ever presided over the destinies of that municipality. I was in Richmond, Bath, with your dear mother and sister Julia, when I was notified of my nomination. The canvass was short and decisive. With the exception of this position of Mayor of the city of Savannah, I have never held public office in my life, or drawn a dollar of the people's money. I have invariably refused to be a candidate for office, believing that the position of the private gentleman is far more satisfactory and, in the main, decidedly more honorable. Bene vivit qui bene latet.

During my term of office as Mayor of the city of Savannah the Confederate Revolution was precipitated; and, as you may well believe, many abnormal questions arose for serious consideration and prompt decision. I was a Secessionist;

and, I believe, one of the earliest speeches on that subject delivered in Savannah fell from these lips.

To me the year 1861 was filled with the deepest gloom for in the summer of that year your precious Mother and your dear little Sister, Julia, both died within a short time of each other. In the midst of these shadows you, my dear Daughter, were born. Your Mother's life then was trembling in the balance; and a few days afterwards, her pure spirit took its flight to that home beyond the stars reserved for those beloved of the blessed Jesus. At the time I was ill nigh unto death, and for months life had no attractions for me in my loneliness and desolation. Your dear Grand-mother took you home with her, and for many months it seemed very doubtful whether your little life would be spared. It pleased God, through the tender ministrations of your devoted Grandparents, in the end to give you health, and so you have lived to be a perpetual joy and blessing to her who has been to you a precious Mother in the stead of the dear one who has gone before, and to him, your loving Father, who bears this willing and grateful testimony to your constant devotion, unselfish life, tender affection and many virtues.

Declining a reelection to the station of Mayor of the city of Savannah, - for I did not deem it proper in one of my age to hold such office when the Confederacy needed the presence of her able-bodied sons in the field, - I joined the Chatham Artillery - Captain Claghorn - of which Light Battery I was the Senior First Lieutenant. I had been mustered into Confederate Service with that Battery, and as its Senior First

Lieutenant, on the 31st of July 1861, and remained on leave until my term of service as Mayor of Savannah expired. The Chatham Artillery was then doing duty on the Georgia Coast.

On the 14th of October 1862 I was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery, P.A.C.S., and was assigned to duty as Chief of Artillery for the Military District of Georgia. The Assignment was important, and the command extensive, including some eight light batteries and nearly two hundred guns in fixed position. This command was subsequently enlarged so as to embrace the artillery in the Third Military District of South Carolina. My Head Quarters were established at Savannah, and Lieutenant George A. Whitehead was my adjutant.

Without pausing to enumerate my special service during the war, I may state, in a general way, that I was, during a part of the time, in command of the Artillery on James Island when the Federals were pressing with the utmost vigor the siege of Charleston, - again in command of the artillery in Florida during Seymour's invasion of that State, - and again in command of the artillery on the western lines during General Sherman's investment of Savannah, &c, &c. My position brought me into intimate personal and military relations with General Beauregard, Lieut. General Hardee, Major Generals McLaws and Gilmer, Tallafarro and Patton Anderson, Brigadier Generals Mercer, Lawton, and others. I loved and took a special pride in the Artillery arm of the Service. I preferred it to any other branch. In proof of this I may be pardoned for recording the fact that I could,

at one time, through the intervention of General Beauregard, have been advanced to the grade of Brigadier General of Infantry, but I preferred to retain my Artillery Command. I do but reiterate the statement, repeatedly made by inspecting officers, that the condition of the artillery, both light and heavy, in the Military District of Georgia, and the proficiency of the Artillerists, were not excelled, if they were elsewhere equalled, in Confederate Service.

I was an officer of the Army of General Joseph E. Johnston and was included in the surrender which took place at Raleigh, North Carolina, or rather, near Greensboro, North Carolina, in April 1865.

On the 16th of March 1863 your dear Grandfather, who had baptized you, who had so often held you in his arms, and who so tenderly loved you, after a long and debilitating illness, died at his plantation, Arcadia, in Liberty County, Georgia. His end was so tranquil that your dear Grandmother and Grand-Aunt, who were seated near him, scarcely knew when the spirit left the frail tabernacle. He died as he wished to do, in full dress, without a fear or a struggle, and was laid to rest beneath the oaks which guard the venerable cemetery at Midway Meeting House. The very same day your dear Mama's father, Mr. William J. Eve - died in Augusta. Mama and I were then engaged to be married, and this kindred affliction served but to unite us more closely, if that were possible, the one to the other.

On the 28th of October in that year we were married in Augusta, Bishop Elliott officiating. You were present, but I scarcely think you have a recollection of the fact, But

a little while prior to our marriage I had an attack of
Strangers fever on James Island where I was then stationed.
I lay for days at death's door, and had been for months under
the constant fire of the enemy. Time and again I thought
there was but a slim chance for me to fulfil this important
engagement, and when I reached Augusta I was scarcely able to
stand. But the engagement was kept; and, as you well know,
with its consummation began a blessed companionship which has
conferred the truest, purest, and most unalloyed happiness
upon both of us. She has been to you a mother indeed, devoted
and true, and you have ever proved to her a tender, loving,
self-sacrificing Daughter. May the good God reward you both
for this mutual affection so constant and true. It has ever
been to me a great joy, a source of unalloyed pleasure, and
a cause for the profoundest gratitude.

After our marriage we went to our dear home in
Savannah; but during the progress of the war, we were often
separated. That home was plundered by the Federals when
Savannah was captured by them in December 1864, and we lost
many things which we sincerely prized.

When the war ended we were in very straightened
circumstances. Kilpatrick's cavalry stripped Monte Video,
Maybank, and Arcadia plantations in Liberty County of
everything. A plantation in Burke County, on Buck-Head
Creek, which I had purchased early in the war, and fully
stocked, and whither I had carried from the coast over one
hundred of our best negro servants, had been desolated during
Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah. Mama's health was
very frail. Matters were completely out of joint. What

money I could command I gave to my dear Mother to equip the plantations on the coast, and supply her with the ordinary comforts and necessaries of life. My law practice had been scattered to the winds. My law library had been stolen by the Federals. I knew not where to turn for a living. Under these circumstances I received a proposition from my old preceptor and former law-partner, the Honl John E. Ward, to join him in New York City and open a law-office there. The venture was a desperate one, but I concluded to make it. And so, late in December 1865, Mama, you, I, and Polly - our faithful servant - sailed from Savannah in the steamer San Salvador, for New York City. The voyage was boisterous, but we reached that city in safety.

At first we took lodgings in 16th Street near Irving Place. Subsequently we rented a house on 84th Street, and in 1869, as you remember, we purchased a home in Clinton Street, Brooklyn, where we lived until our return to Georgia in 1877.

While in New York I was very busy both in a professional and in a literary way. My office was for a little while at No. 119 Broadway, and for the rest of the time at No. 61 Wall Street, in the building of Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. In 1867, at the suggestion of Mr. Ward, we took Mr. Charles E. Whitehead into the firm, and there was no change until, I think, in 1876, when Mr. Whitehead withdrew to attend to some important railway business with which he had become individually connected.

Our residence at the North was, on the whole, pleasant, and profitable in many ways. I there enjoyed opportunities for study and literary labor which I could not elsewhere have commanded. Among the proofs of the literary labor then

performed, I may refer to my "Historical Sketch of the Chatham Artillery during the Confederate Struggle for Independence", my "Historical Sketch of Tomo-chi-chi, Mico of the Yamacraws", my "Antiquities of the Southern Indians, particularly of the Georgia Tribes", my "Siege of Savannah in December 1864", &c, my "Siege of Savannah in 1779" &c, my "Last Days, Death, and Burial of General Henry Lee", &c,&c. My associations with the literary gentlemen and Societies of the Metropolis was most agreeable. My eyes were opened, my ideas enlarged, and my aspirations elevated. I will always be glad of this northern residence at this special epoch in my life. The good results linger with me to the present time, and the associations then formed are even now pleasurable and profitable.

Your dear Grand-Mother, after a sudden and severe illness died in New Orleans in 1869. She was then on a visit to your Uncle Joe. You will always, by child, bear her memory in grateful recollection. But for her tender care of you, in your infancy, your little life would, humanly speaking, never have been preserved. For months you lay in her arms, and never for a moment were absent from her tenderest ministrations.

We returned to Georgia in the Spring of 1877, and fixed our home at Montrose in Summerville, near Augusta, Georgia, where we now reside. My law-office I opened in the city of Augusta.

Since coming back to my native State, aside from my professional labors, I have not been unmindful of my historical researches and literary ventures. Among these

may be mentioned my Dead Towns of Georgia, my Life of Commodore Tatterall, my History of Georgia, my Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast Sketches of Major John Habersham of General Saumel Elbert, of the Hon. Richard Henry Wilde of General Nathanael Greene and Brig. Genl. Count Pulaski of the Founders, Patrons, and Special Friends of the Georgia Historical Society, of Sergeant William Jasper, eleven printed addresses before the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta, Georgia, and sundry other addresses which have been perpetuated in pamphlet form.

The truth is, while I have never neglected my profession, or failed in the discharge of duties appurtenant to it, Law has never been to me a very jealous mistress. For me other departments, such as history, biography, and archeology, have presented enticing attractions; and in that direction have I made most of my

"Footprints on the sands of time."

In 1879 Mama and I visited Europe and spent some four months most pleasantly and profitably in England and Scotland, and upon the continent. You remember Mama's charming letters while we were abroad, and you have heard portions of my journal kept during our travels. I wish very much I had the means to take her, yourself, and Edgeworth abroad this summer.

Before concluding, it may be well to remind you of the fact that one ancestor in the male line came from England to Charleston, South Carolina, nearly two centuries ago. An early intermarriage with the Pinckneys occurred. We are also connected with the Hutsons, Hegers, Legares, Girardeaus, Colcocks, Swintons, &c. Our ancestor who first came to

Georgia was Major John Jones, your great-great-grand-father. He and his cousin, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, attracted by the rich lands in the swamp region of the Colony of Georgia, when young men purchased plantations in the lower portion of what is now Liberty County, introduced their slaves and entered upon the cultivation of rice. Major Jones resided in Sunbury during the summer months, and upon his rice plantation during the winter. When the disputes between England and her American colonies culminated in open hostilities, he espoused the cause of the Revolutionists, and entered the military service of the Confederate States. He was killed on the 9th of October, 1779, while gallantly leading the assault upon the Ebenezer battery. He was struck full in the breast by an eighteen pounder cannon shot when within a few feet of the embrasure from which the gun was fired. He was, at the time, a major, and upon the staff of General Lachlan McIntosh. If you will refer to Chapters XX and XXI, Volume IIII of my History of Georgia, you will find a full account of the siege of Savannah, and of the bloody repulse of the allied army led by Count D'Estaing and General Lincoln. You will also there see notices of Major Jones. In White's Historical Collections of Georgia are printed several of his letters, written from the camp before Savannah during the progress of the Siege. He was not more than thirty years of age when he fell.

He left a widow and two sons - the elder - John - was the father of your grand-father, Rev. Charles Colcock Jones, D.D., and the younger - Joseph - was the father of your grand-mother, Mrs. Mary Jones. You see therefore, that your grand

parents were first cousins. Your great grandfather, Captain John Jones, was a rice planter, his plantation being called Liberty Hall. It was located in Liberty County, Georgia. He was very fond of everything English, importing his horses, hounds, gun, watch, duelling pistols, wines, &c. &c. He died in 1804 while still a young man, from the effects of a severe fall of his horse while chasing a deer. His horse was killed, and he sustained internal injuries which, in a little while, proved fatal. He is said to have been a most generous, popular, and attractive man - an admirable type of the English gentleman. My dear Father was, at the time of this casualty, an infant of only a few months. His mother dying when he was only a few years of age, my maternal grandfather, Captain Joseph Jones - his uncle - acted as his guardian and really stood in loco parentis. Your great grand-father Captain Joseph Jones commanded the Liberty Independent Troop during the war of 1812 and 1815. He was thrown from his buggy, I think in 1847, and died from the effects of the injury sustained. He was a gentleman of large wealth, and a most successful planter. Just, honorable, charitable to the widow and orphan, he was a man of imperious will, of great personal courage, quick in quarrel, impatient of restraint, intolerant of opposition, and of mark in the community. Your dear Grand-father, who baptized you and who, during your childhood, held you so often in his arms, was born at his father's plantation - Liberty Hall - in Liberty County, Georgia, on the 20th of December, 1804. You will find a biographical sketch of him in the Rev. Dr. John S. Wilson's work entitled The Dead of the Synod of Georgia, pp. 185 - 211.

He and your dear grand mother were married at the plantation of your maternal great-grand-father, Captain Joseph Jones, called the "Retreat" on the 21st day of December, 1839.

Of this marriage I was the first born. Then came my Brother, Professor Joseph Jones, M.D., of New Orleans, Louisiana, and lastly my dear Sister, Mary Sharpe, the wife of Rev. Dr. Robert Q. Mallard of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Thus, my dear Daughter, have I, calamo currento responded to your wish in a very general way. I might say much more, but I abominate platitudes, and have no mind for trifles, in which I fear me I have already indulged to a tedious degree.

God bless and keep you. I love you very dearly, and I am as ever,

Your affectionate Father

Charles C. Jones, Jr.

Miss Ruth Berrien Jones

&c. &c.

Montrose, near Augusta, Georgia

May 12th, 1888.

P.S. I have twice had the degree of Ll.D. conferred upon me, and I am a member of various literary and historical societies both in this country and in Europe. I have said nothing of my fancy for autograph letters, particularly of persons famous during our Revolutionary and Confederate epochs, of my valuable collections in this department, and also of Indian objects illustrating the manufactures of the primitive peoples of the Southern States, or of my privately illustrated books and historical library, because of all these you have full knowledge.

CCJ. jr.