

1st Reg Light Artillery
 James Island. Sept. 6th 1863.
 Love night my Darling, I received your
 letter of the 3rd ult. the first that I
 have had since my arrival here. It
 was written just one week since, and
 upon the eve of your leaving Washington
 for Sparta. You must not let fear
 add to the gloom which already is.
 suggested by these periods of uncertain-
 ty and strife. His programme for
 the fall of August may be good,
 but it will, I trust and believe, never
 be realized. So be sure, you may, for
 the present at least, lay aside the
 attractions of a suitable stimulus.
 I do not believe that Charleston will
 ever be occupied by the enemy. The
 fall of Wagner and of Battery Gregg
 I regard as a new question of time,
 but their capture or evacuation does
 not involve the fall of that City.
 It may, and probably will be destroyed

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Charles Colcock Jones Jr. Papers

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ed, either in whole or in part, by the
shells of the Enemy. but as a hilo
it will not be occupied by them.
As a port of Entry, it is already lost,
and the sections of Batteries on the
North point of Morris Island by the
Enemy, will effectually prevent all
Communication in great and small. After
the possession of Morris Island, the
next effort will be either to reduce
the Sullivan Island Batteries and Fort
Johnson, by means of heavy guns,
placed in position on the North point
of Morris Island, or to effect a land
ding on James Island, and thus ad-
vanced upon the City. It may be
that the effort will be made with
their Iron Clads to reach the Harbor,
and thus approach the City. In that
event, the struggle will be terrific,
if it occurs by the way of James
Island, is delayed until our new line
of fortifications is completed, the Enemy

will find his hands full. There is no
doubting what new developments may
occur any day. All day yesterday, all
last night, and up to this hour,
Fort Wagner was and is subjected
to a bombardment so terrific, that
you can form no idea of its char-
acter, unless you are an eye witness.
Capt. Sigsbee and myself, from Battery
Hardee, observed its progress last evening
for several hours, in good view of
everything. Upon the devoted Fort was
concentrated the fire of the Ironsides
at short range, and of the Morton
and Parrot Batteries of the Enemy,
located at various distances on the
Island. The incessant bursting of shells
in the Fort, the huge volumes of
sand blown up from its parapets,
and bomb proofs, seemed to convert
the Battery into an active volcano.
Never have I witnessed such a display
of quackery or such mass of

Obedience and perfect quietude. The practice
 of the Enemy was wonderful. No human
 being could have lived for one mo-
 ment upon the parapets, or within
 the arcade of the Fort. As it is,
 although the garrison was as close
 by as possible as practicable under
 cover and within the bomb proofs.
 We had not dispatched the morn-
 ing even were the day so far
 the one our hundred men were
 killed and wounded in the fort
 during the bombardment of yesterday.
 It was a picture of dark colors.
 There was no little sand. Battery
 entirely silent, not a sign of life
 about its interior works and yet ab-
 sent heroism, receiving blows after
 blows the concentrated fire of three
 batteries and most powerful Batteries
 of the Enemy. I can conceive of no
 situation so trying, as that in which
 our garrison was then placed.

Never perhaps in the history of the world
 was any Fort subjected to such a fearful
 bombardment, and without the slightest
 ability to respond. Now I wish that
 those croakers at home, who, within the
 security of their own walls are complain-
 ing of the faults of Officers in the
 field, - who are fearing personal loss, -
 and the possible diminution of their in-
 comes, - who themselves are possessed with
 morbid apprehensions of the future, - and
 because they share not in the dan-
 ger of the present, invent causes
 of disquietude, - could be compelled in
 person to witness the ravages of these
 heavy men, who amid blood, and smoke,
 and dust, and thunder, are now after
 hours contending in the face of fearful
 odds, for the very existence of our in-
 dependent Country. Even this is our hour
 not for vague speculations about the
 future, and complaint in reference to
 the present, but a season for action

heroic thought, self-denial, and action in
both women and men. We can do
our parts. I very much fear that the
situation of Wagner has become a matter
of professional pride.

The Enemy attacked by assault, Battery
Gregg last night, at the north point of
Morris Island, and were repulsed. Had
Gregg been taken, all communication with
Wagner would have been cut off, and
the Garrison forced to surrender. Thanks
for our success.

Ever, your heart would be sad if you
could only contemplate by personal in-
spection, the vast superiority which the
Enemy possesses in men, and arms,
and every appliance, and munition of
war. We have every opportunity
for stating the facts. The truth is,
we stand under the greatest disadvantages,
and nothing but the heroism
of our men, under God, enables us
to combat so successfully as we do,

with the vast invading fleets and armies
of our Enemy. The question is one of life
and death, and must be met according
to life. I must, my Darling, secure any
dwelling so much at length upon
those matters which are engaging my
kindly attention. I frequently since I
have been writing you, I have heard over
a thousand discharges from the Enemy's
guns, hearing no note of the bursting
of shells. Last night the noise was
terrible. Pray, my Dearest, that the Al-
mighty Arm may be laid low for
our deliverance and protection.

It is Sabbath, but it is a difficult
matter to realize the fact. It is very
hot.

Thus are my Ever, ever absent from my
thoughts, and always present in my
breast. I long for the day when
I may be with you.

When do you think of returning to
Augusta? Do let me hear from you

C. C. Jones - Sept. 6, 1863.

as often as you could I have written you
every day, and I will continue to do
so, just as long as I can. I have
filled my mind with your words upon
it - a pretty good deal. I attempt to
keep it in my mind - not too frequently through
the branches of this ever increasing oak.
I must say that some of my letters
have miscarried. They are only for
yesterday, my Darling, and I will
messengers of love, come from the
full, devoted heart of your
mother.

Miss Sarah E. E.
Augusta, Geo.

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God bless and preserve you my Darling,
in the hollow of His mighty hand
surrounding you ever with His especial
favor and protection. -