Camp Thomas, Brigade,
Decr 27th, 1864.

Dear Miss C,

If I were ungrateful for the kind friendship you manifest for me, then I would return none of your services. But I am not so ungrateful, and upon the honor of a gentleman to have sent within the past month at least three, and probably four, letters to your address. Why you have not read them I cannot divine. Upon the receipt of your letter yesterday, I immediately wrote an application for a leave of absence, which, I suppose, has passed regimental headquarters, but whether the exigencies of the service will allow it in the discretion of Gen. Lee, is to say the least hypothetical. It would afford me much pleasure to visit Georgia just now, especially as the army’s camps fires are still glowing but the thought that Georgia had been devastated under be maddening enough. We are considering the propriety of taking no more prisoners, or at least of “losing” them. We will send these extracts from private letters detailing the hardening of the enemy in Georgia, and condemn them to death upon the violators of these extracts.

I will rumor that President Davis was dead, was prevalent a few days since. It was met with no manifestations of surprise as it is well known that he is sinking rapidly under the burden of heavy responsibilities. But the rumor was untrue, I fear that it was only a little too soon. He should, as a matter of justice, himself and because the country demands it, secede. His entire disregard of the principles of
republican liberty, his unjust demands for unconstitutional power, and his ignoring Congress's legislation whenever it suits him, indicates that he is unswervingly to seize the sceptre of the deeper. Nor he would wield it, if he had grasped it, they best knew, who are best acquainted with his fierce prejudices and morose temperaments. The very spirit of slavery must be suspended to allow him unlimited power over the persons of his subjects, and the right to impress whenever hisquito may need, must be granted him, that he may exercise control over the property as well as persons. The Crown of England was never vested with such power as this dictator demands, and the fear of Phineas himself a deep, would not attempt their exercise. Fearful as it is, it is no less true that the South is making rapid strides towards military despotism.

The Surgeon has just visited me & told me to be still. I pray to tell you that I am quite ill, which you need not trouble yourself to inform a third party. But for this injunction of the doctor, I might write you a long letter. The last three have been of unusual length. Don't talk about my illness. I'm well in a few days, I hope. Don't I appreciate your letters & go up from a sick soul! They are very good medicine for me.

Compliments to Mrs. H. & Family. I to Mrs. Palmer.

Goodbye.

Yours truly,

Agg. Lee.