Sept. 21st, 1864

Misco,

Yours of the 17th inst. yesterday. I have to acknowledge the pleasure occasioned by its receipt. I've heard it as a "quandary," nor feeling sure that any letters sent to Griffin would reach their destination. I feared that Sherman would probably turn up in Hood's rear again, compelling the evacuation of Griffin by possibly Macon; in the event of which, very unpleasant catastrophe, you would be "on the wing," and some Yankee might take your mail. But it's thought that out of respect for the sympathies and affection of the dear masses of Georgians now sojourning unpleasantly in the "Old Dominion," he agreed to the truce of two days, to allow us all to write an affectionate farewell to the loved ones at home, before he betook
himself into the great swamp of the Opechee and Altamaha. This is certainly the only favor we have ree at his hands, and is the name of 2000 Georgians who do not expect anything from Gen. Hood, I beg leave to tender him our thanks of Gen. H. as a passer I have the highest opinion, but it was unfortunate to select him as the Commander of the Second Army of the Confederacy in honor of numbers and importance. His generalship was untried and his enemy was strong and energetic. Disaster was inevitable. Thermopolis met an overwhelming force splendid, disciplined and appointed, faced with success, confronted an army of demoralized soldiers led by an unrivalled General, whose most effective
area was 7000 Georgia Militia. The Army of Tennessee, I fear, will take up winter quarters amid the delightful marshes of the Okefenokee region, or quarte with the "ager" among the aromatic rice-ponds of the Southeast, where their chiefest enemies will be a soldier's appetite and "long-billed" mosquitoes. Here's where the next campaign will find them and if the army remains true to their ancient reputation, it will have arrived at the "jumping-off place", and "jumped off" too, before a twelve-month shall have elapsed. Your sister finds these reports that I'm very "blue" along the situation in Georgia. I expect to see my beloved old State overrun by the enemy, sharing the fate of her sisters, Louisiana and Mississippi. Need I
tell you that gloom overspreads our national sky? I do not despair, but I feel surely that we are at the crisis of the revolution. Oh! that this is the darkness which precedes the dawn, and not the darkness of eternal night. This is the last struggle—now is the time for every resource, every power, every muscle to be exerted to its utmost tension, and the breaking of peace and national bond will crown our toil and compensate our losses. To accomplish this, every man is expected to do his duty. Everybody is required, else all is lost. "There is no special Providence for the Americans," was the exclamation of the elder Adams in 1776. Let us adopt his sentiment and work with all our strength to secure our independence. I am now very well as usual, but am in duty. What a recreation a furlough of 24 days would be now to me, you may
imagine. But three officers of our regiment of those who began this campaign have remained with their command without respite, during the entire time. Many have visited home in the interim, and the remainder with the exceptions as above have served a tour in the hospitals. As for myself, I belong to the can't-get-away crew. In fact I hardly feel right to leave the regiment to visit home. To my home, and many familiar faces in the ranks of the 45th Ga. are endeared by a thousand ties. I see no prospect of a long rest as I never get sick enough to rest frequently annoyed with petty complaints. A slight wound is desirable, but if the Yankees occupy. Yes, I hardly know what to do.
Sometimes I am almost ready to yield to the
demons of despair, but the thought of those
behind me in Georgia nerves me to endure all and suffer all. The ladies of
our land deserve independence, if the times
are recanal, and for them only do we now remain in the field. Allow
me to express my sympathy for you at
this Juncture, I hope you will not be compelled
to leave home by the fortunes of war. Home,
of course, sacred — once a refuge when the
world was closed upon us — to leave it now
to seek an asylum elsewhere, must surely
rend the tenderness of affection. That God will
avert this calamity from you is my prayer.
Convey to Mrs. . My best wishes for the welfare
and happiness of her family. Write soon.
Yours tru[.]

C. Smith