

having "quite a spell of it," when I was
there. The morning I left the city of
Noticia the thermometer stood 18 de-
grees below zero, and the snow was
some two feet deep on the level. —
How could ever any approach be
made to Boonville and Apawton
vill? I suppose for once Boonville must
was driven up. I suppose all at the North
are looking forward to a speedy termina-
tion of the war. Well, I don't blame ^{you} for
myself, am foolish enough to think
that Gen Lee will surrender without
much more fighting. I think there
is still left in his heart enough of the
spirit of manhood to check every
further shedding of blood, knowing, as
he must, that it will be spilt in
vain for ~~this~~ his cause. Lee never
was devoid of feeling. It cost him a
great effort to leave the old govern-
ment, under which he had lived.
But states Rights, that ~~is~~ most pernicious
of all dogmas, finally overcame his
love for one common country, and
he joined his fate to that of the in-
surgents. Grant, Sherman, &c., must
be completing their arrangements for
a most stupendous piece of strategy. One
thing is certain — the war, campaign this
season will end the war. But I must
close. Remember me to Frank and
Liz, and tell them to write.
From your old friend

J. H. Sweetser
St. Albans, Vt.
Beaconsfield, N. H.



Mar

Beaumont, S. C.
April 7/65

Dear Ed:

I have been trying
to imagine what may be the cause
of your silence, as well as that of Frank
and Liz. How one see a letter, ^{which} ~~that~~
has been gathering interest for some
six or eight months; — ditto Frank
and ditto, also Liz. ~~How now~~ I
am really at a loss to know why
you have, all of a sudden stopped
writing, when I always held
your correspondence in high esti-
mation. Liz owes me two letters,
but, having a husband, I can for-
give her silence. But you certainly
have no reason of which I have
any ocular evidence. I almost
forgot to suppose that your school
hours, which, in one way or the other,