

"Hail" Columbia, Monday, Dec. 8

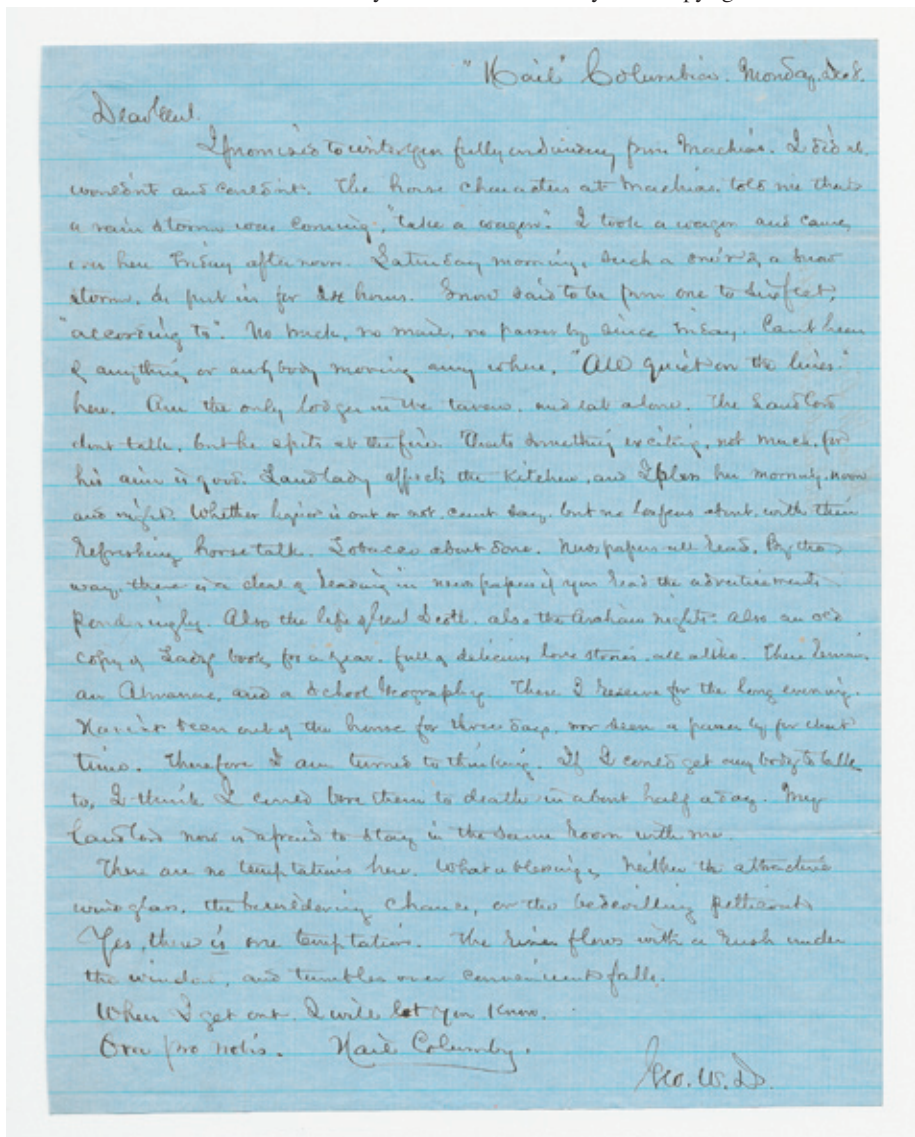
Dear Genl.

I promised to write you fully and singly from Machias. I didn't, wouldn't and couldn't. The horse characters at Machias told me that a rain storm was coming, "take a wagon". I took a wagon and came over here Friday afternoon. Saturday morning, such a one'r* of a snow storm as put in for 24 hours. Snow said to be from one to six feet "according to". No track, no mail, no passer by since Friday. Can't hear of anything or anybody moving any where. "All quiet on the lines" here. Am the only lodger in the tavern, and eat alone. the Landlord don't talk, but he spits at the fire. That's something exciting, not much, for his aim is good. Landlady affects the Kitchen, and I bless her morning, noon and night. Whether liquor is out or not, can't say, but no loafers about, with their refreshing horse talk. Tobacco about done. Newspapers all read. By the way, there is a deal of reading in newspapers if you read the advertisements ponderingly. Also the life of Genl Scott. Also the Arabian nights. Also an old copy of Lady's book, for a year full of delicious love stories, all alike. Their remain an Almanac and a School Geography. These I reserve for the long evening. Haven't been out of the house for three days, nor seen a passer by for that time. Therefore I am turned to thinking. If I could get anybody to talk to, I think I could bore them to death in about half a day. My landlord now is afraid to stay in the same room with me.

There are no temptations here. What a blessing, neither the attractive wine glass, the bewildering chance, or the bedevilling petticoat. Yes, there is one temptation. The river flows with a rush under the window, and tumbles over convenient falls.

When I get out I will let you know.

Ora pro nobis. Hail Colombia. Geo.W.D.



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Date: Dec. 8, 1862

Description: Letter from George W. Dyer to General John Hodsdon.