

Camp near Knoxville Tenn
Mar 14th 1863

My dear father

I We received your letter of
the 11th, this morning, bringing the
sad news of Sister's death. I cannot
say I was surprised, Nay, I have
expected every letter for some time
past to bring the sad news. I feel
that I have never done my duty
toward her as a brother. Oh if I
could have been home only a short
while during her illness, to do
something for her, however little
it might ^{have} been, which would have
relieved her of some of her suffering,
how much better would I feel!
The last time I saw my dear sister



was at Aunt Amabel's the night
before we left town. She was
complaining that night of head
ache, but little did I think that
night was the last I should
ever see her on earth. But how
consoling to know that she died
a Christian; Laura told us
that she frequently got up in
the night and read her bible.
My feelings are such that I can
hardly write. The tears fill my
eyes so fast that it is difficult
to see. If I had always lived
as I should have done and
always have done my duty as
a son & a brother, I should not
suffer so much at present

In future, I trust that I may be better
able & more disposed to do my
duty & what is ought than here
before, that I may be prepared to
meet the worst come when or where
it may. We cannot live always.
Divine Providence has seen proper
to take from us our dear Mother, and
Sister. But, Praise God, not before
they were prepared for the world
to come. I may be called upon
next to leave this world. I hope I
may be prepared as they were.
The dying Christian has nothing
to fear, all ahead, is light & peace.
The dying sinner is tormented, and
sees nothing but gloom & despair.
It is about 12 o'clock at night. I feel

Just after sister's death
1863

had I can write but little more

We moved our camp from
the 1st place, we were at on the
Va Railroad, out 2 1/2 miles on
the Clinton Road. We have a very
nice place for camp, in the
edge of the woods with a good
field right at us for drilling
purposes. Water good & convenient.
Capt. Wise I believe left Knoxville
for home on Sunday this morning.
Some think he has resigned, but
I don't think it is so. He has made
himself very unpopular with
the Company by going home so
much & being off from the Company
so much. It is late I must close
We are all well. Good night.

My dear father, I shall write
again in a day or two. Farewell

Your Affectional Son

Geo. S. Hall

Tell Laura B. well. How is Carrie getting on?



Camp near Knoxville Tenn
May 14th 1863

My dear father

We received your letter of the 11th, this morning bringing the sad news of Sisters death. I cannot say I was surprised. Nay, I have expected every letter for some time past to bring the sad news. I feel that I have never done my duty toward her as a brother. Oh if I could have been home only a short while during her illness to do something for her, however little it might ^{have} been, which would have relieved her of some of her suffering, how much better would I feel. The last time I was my dear sister

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was at Aunt Amanda's the night before we left town. She was complaining that night of head aches. But little did I think that night was the last I should ever see her on earth. But how consoling to know that she died a Christian. Laura wrote us that she frequently got up in the night and read her bible. My feelings are such that I can hardly write. The tears fill my eyes so fast that it is difficult to see. If I had always lived as I should have done and always have done any duty as a son & a brother, I should not suffer so much at present

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In future, I trust that I may be better able & more disposed to do my duty & what is right than here to fore, that I may be prepared to meet the worse come when or where it may. We cannot live always

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It is about 12 o'clock at night. I feel

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We are all well. Good night.
my dear father, I shall write
again in a day or two. Farewell

Your Affectionate Son

Jno E Hall

Tell Laura to write. How is Carrie getting on?