

Grants, Gen Hospital

Willetts Point L. I.

Sept 23rd / 64.

Dear Mother

As I am about to pack up, and leave this lovely Hospital, for the busy news of the front, I thought I should drop you a line:

I did intend to come home on furlough, but that is impossible and I shall have to content myself with the idea that you are ever thinking of your grizest son. Ever hoping that some day we ^{can} meet when this cruel war is over and I can return to my Mothers fire-side;

I am somewhat better than I was but not well yet.

There not received a cent of pay yet, and shall not receive until I get to the front.

I wish you could write to Seth, and tell him I want to hear from him.

You need not visit me until you hear from me again.

Remain ever Yours dear son.

George F. Hill