

In Hospital 58 Regt P V
Camp Hamilton Fortress Monroe VA
Wednesday morning one o'clock April 2nd

My Dear beloved Wife,

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I now resume the time to write a few lines to you. Often when I spread my poncho upon the sand and with my blanket retire to my lonely bed I do think of you and loved ones at home, and long to be with you once more. I feel very anxious about your health. I cannot keep you from my thoughts at all. All I can do is to remember you to the times of grace and leave you in the hands of a just God who never willingly afflicts but all is for our ultimate good. I feel that some good will come out of this separation and feel willing to be governed by the hand of a just and ever ruling providence. I had a sweet dream this morning of being in Beren(?). I thought I and some of my comrades were passing through that place and I started out to find Hermes House in the dark. I thought we were to stop there until 5 o'clock this morning. I had just succeeded in finding the house when I awoke before seeing them.

We learned yesterday of the burning of Big Bethel by the rebels on Thursday last the 27 but, this town is only 7 miles distant from our camp. You know more about the condition of affairs here than we do. Any movement is kept close. I think it almost time I hear something from Washington in regards to my discharge.

We have now 14 sick in our regiment hospital which consists of a large tent 16 feet wide 32 feet long with no floor but the sand. We have in it some 8 or 10 cots and the balance have to lie upon the ground. My tasks commence at 12 in the morning and continue until 12 noon when I go off duty. I have some of the time since I have been here been on duty for 18 hours a day. 10 hours are considered a day on extra duty by Uncle Sam and I should receive additional pay for all our time according to the regulations. I seized this point today upon the steward and told him he must add this to our pay roll. He is dull in comprehending his duties. The Medical director gave him a blowing the other day which served to waken him up a little.

There are some fine views of the fort for sale here. They are colored and show the inside outside and the surroundings. This is something larger than the Mount Vernon picture. Price \$1.00. If I had any way to send one so that it would not get spoiled I would send one to you. It is a splendid picture.

We have a man in this reg that crossed Lake Erie December 1852 in an open skiff and landed in Cleveland one Saturday morning. Father will remember about it. His name is Capt Winn. This same Winn was in North Carolina last spring when this rebellion broke out and made his escape by putting to sea in an open boat. He started out Saturday representing that he was going down the sound on a fishing excursion. Took along some bread and bacon and a cask of water. He would run right into the rebel camps inquire after the soldiers and damn the Yankees. He was obliged to lay by one day and fish in order to avoid detection. He bought a number of fish from a fisherman and laid them upon his boat then made himself lines from

cotton cord and sunk them without hooks they would come along and see the fish say to him you are having a little luck. Ah yes, he would answer so he remained all one day in the inlet at Roanoak Island but as soon as night came, under the cover of darkness, he put to sea. He was picked up by an English Man of War the next day at noon but the Capt. refused to take him along unless he would go as picked up as a distressed seaman. Winn told him his boat had lived for 20 hours upon the open sea and he would run her to Philadelphia so he left the vessell and took to his boat again and the next night at midnight was picked up by one of our vessells and brought into the Fortress Sunday morning just 1 week from the time he started. General Wool gave him a pass to Baltimore and from there he went to his home in the interior of Pennsylvania and joined a company and last fall came into our regt at Camp Curtin Harrisburg. He is a wreckless fellow he fears neither God Man or the Devil. He sailed nearly 200 miles in his boat in little less than 7 days after lying by 1 whole day.

I am enjoying good health at present and if you were only here I would enjoy myself very much but I am uneasy and anxious all the time upon your account.

I do not know as you can read this. The paper is poor and my pen is ???..

Except a kiss and believe me yours

Yours in Service

N.F. Marsh