

On board Barque Island City off  
Portress Monroe Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> 861.

Dear Sparrow, and all my old roommates,

I rejoice to  
be able to give you the gratifying intelligence  
that we have all arrived here safely after our  
sea voyage, Our sick have much improved and  
contrary to my expectations we have not buried  
any body in the great deep. We made the run in  
exactly 3 days, the most of which was spent in getting  
clear of Cape Cod and its surroundings, but after we  
once shook off Massachusetts our noble Barque shot  
off like an arrow from the bow and rolled off  
nearly 300 miles in 28 hours. We should have been  
in last night but could not get the pilots out, though  
we were off the Cape at 3 o'clock <sup>am. yesterday</sup> ready to come in. Of  
course the pilots got no blessings from us, particularly as  
they also detained us about three hours today so that  
the flag of peace boat did not have time to go up to  
Craney Island & back before night. We go in the  
morning at 10 o'clock, so say the officers here and  
Gen Pool has not taken a look at our rags and

will not have them examined tomorrow, which will expedite matters and save a great deal of useless work to his officers. Mr. Casey has been unremitting in his attention to the prisoners and added yet more to the obligation they are under to him, ~~for~~ <sup>and</sup> although very sick himself, he has always promptly crawled out to aid the sick and help them as much as possible. Such a sick crowd in the cabin perhaps never was seen. I was sick incessantly for two days but crawled about eating & giving it up, repeating the operation time after time until I got hold of a cod-fish which struck, when codfish became popular and Coboon had one under his head, Shannon on the shelf near and Tyler not only <sup>on</sup> his bed & shelf, but his pockets full of the article, you never saw the like, Johnston suddenly became enamored of the salt cod. the effect was surprising. Poor Martin was sick all the time up to the last day when he resorted to cod also and improved immediately. Today we had our first real state dinner two turkeys, game & champagne. There have been many funny things, but I cannot tell them now. Here we are safe under the guns of the Minnesota in the midst of what Old Puiris calls the "Bullheading Squadron"

which he declares he will "knock all to smash if they don't get out of the way and let us go up to Dixie," He says "the d—d blockheaded squadron had better keep out of his way, for he expects to be a Commodore yet and he'll give them h—t if they tangle with him," The boys are on deck tonight singing some very fine songs which sound delightfully, they have not struck "Dixie" yet though the \* \* + — line the shore all round south of us, I suppose their respect for the Sabbath restrains them, Martin declares he had rather have stayed at Fort Warren 2 months longer than have taken the trip, For myself I confess I would have done and endured a great deal more, We have talked about you, across the cabin "as rolling on our restless pillow" sick and sore we came, we have tried to think what you were doing and saying and how you were located since we left, and our hearts still fondly turn to you and send our yearning hopes for your speedy deliverance. Casey says he will deliver our notes, I would he could also give expression to our well wishes and earnest desires for your safe return home, you must consider them sent herewith, Tell Sutter I <sup>have</sup> heard from Ben and he has got home safe — With love to all, and assurances that I will do all I can for you I am truly your devoted friend W. S. Andrews

82/55e

Capt<sup>m</sup> Tho Sparrow  
Fort Warren  
Boston  
Politeness of  
Lieut Casey

My Brother  
Dear Sir