

Last letter to my wife from the land of bondage.

Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 30, 1849.

MY DEAR WIFE—I have been quite sick for three weeks, but, thank God, I am better at this time, and hope these few lines will find you and the children all well. I hope, my dear wife, that you have not got out of heart looking for me; you know how it is here, I did think I would have got my money here before this time. But I can't get it, and I will leave all and come to you as soon as I can. So don't get out of heart, my dear wife; I have a hard trial here; do pray for me that the Lord may help me to see you all soon. I think of you day and night, and my dear children kiss them for me; I hope to kiss them soon. Edward is sold to Owen Holmes; but I think Mr. Josh. Wright will get him from H. I have done all I could for Edward. Don't think of coming back here, for I will come to you, or die. But I want you should write one more letter to me, and say you will be home in a month. Mr. Dawson will be on to New York next week and you will see him; mind how you talk before him, for you know how it is, though he is a friend to me. Now, you must mind what I tell you my dear wife, for, if you don't, you will make it hard for me. Now, my dear wife, you must not come back here for your brother and sister; they talk too much; but mind what I say to you, for you know I will do all I can for you; you must not think that you will not get any money, for you shall have it soon. Don't get out of heart, my dear wife; I hope I shall see you soon. Nothing more, but I remain your husband till death,

THOMAS JONES.

Soon after despatching this letter, I bargained, while my master lay sick, with the steward of the brig Bell, to stow me away in the hold of the ship, and take me on to New York. I paid him eight dollars which was all the money I then had or could get. I went into the hold, with an allowance of biscuit and water, and the ship started. She was loaded with turpentine, and