

# WOLFE TONE'S FINAL LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

Taken from the Life and Adventures of Theobald Wolfe Tone, edited  
by his son William Tone.

PROVOST'S PRISON, DUBLIN BARRACKS  
Le 20 Brumaire, An 7, (10th Nov.), 1798.

DEAREST LOVE - The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it; complaint, of any kind, would be beneath your courage and mine; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

I have written on your behalf to the French government, to the minister of marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr Shee; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In Ireland, I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

Adieu, my dearest love; I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary; and above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God almighty bless you all.

Yours ever,  
T. W. TONE

P.S - I think you have a friend in Wilson who will not desert you.

## SECOND LETTER

11<sup>th</sup> November, 1798.

DEAREST LOVE, - I write just one line to acquaint you that I have received assurances from your brother Edward of his determination to render every assistance and protection in his power; for which I have written to thank him most sincerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have refused; having determined to speak to no one of my friends, not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and myself. It is a very great consolation to me, that your family are determined to support you; as to the manner of that assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most respectable for all parties.

Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage as I have kept mine; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life. Cherish my memory; and, especially, preserve your health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children.

Your ever affectionate,  
T. W. TONE.