U.S. Ship Preble
Hong-Kong, China,
December 6th 1848.

The certainty of our now having to return home *via* the Cape of Good Hope, prompts me, my dear John, to write you a line.

I addressed you a letter, two months since, on my arrival in the China Seas, which I left in charge of Turner & Co. Hong Kong. I presume you will receive it ere long, as I am informed it was sent in a vessel bound to Mazatlan from H.K. Nov. 2d.

Mazatlan! how this word thrills through my heart. What pleasant memories are connected with it! How gracefully are its syllables entwined around thine own heart, John, as connected with Essie, Evy, and Fanny! How your eye glistens, and your heart beats, as you read these names! How delightful are all the associations connected with them! Ah, my dear young friend, may you never know less joy than when your beloved home was made still more lovely by the presence of her who first caused the well-spring of love to gush forth from the hitherto unbroken depths of your own young heart. I can sympathize - and I *did* sympathize with you both. I was made glad to see two young hearts happy in reciprocal affection and confidence; and I prayed Heaven to give you strong faith in each other, and finally reward by a long life, as Husband and wife. I believed you both to be in *earnest*, and I sincerely trust your anticipations may be fulfilled - fully and completely. Excuse me, my dear John, for this digression - it was necessary for the relief of my own feelings.

I presume the family of Mrs. Mott have returned to Mazatlan. Please remember me to them when opportunity occurs - and write to me, *at once* (how imperative I am!) to Columbus, O. and give me all the news about yourself, your dear friends, and of Honolulu in general. I shall be very, very happy to hear from you.

Since my arrival in China I have spent several weeks at Canton, staying at the house of Russell and Co. The head of the house is Paul S. Forbes. Esqr. our Consul

I find that almost all the old Merchants of Canton were well acquainted with your dear Father— and they all spoke of him in the highest terms, and made many enquiries about his family, which I was gratified in being able to answer. I can more fully appreciate, now, than when at Honolulu, the great and irreparable loss your Mother and yourself sustained in the Death of Capt. Dominis. He died in the midst of usefulness, and at the zenith of his fame. How sincerely I have ever sympathised with you in your bereavement you already know.

I too, have received most afflicting news, in the death of one of my elder Brothers. I am in deep distress. I loved him as Brother never yet loved Brother, and now, I go home, without meeting his manly and intellectual countenance, but to join others in grief and sorrow at his loss. This is the first death in our family— the magic number is broken— death has entered in our midst, and God knows where it may end. Oh, John how bitterly these things come home to the heart. But I must cease! I have no right to ~~trouble~~ trouble you with my private griefs— yet. I know I have yours, and your dear Mother's, full sympathy.

Until recently I have enjoyed myself in China very much. I am now in no mood to give you my impressions of the Eastern world.

Give my kind regards to your Mother— remember me to Capt. Penhallow— to Mrs. Snow— Judge Turrill and family.

We sail in April for home— and in a day or two for Manilla.

McGumple desires me to give you his love.

Yours truly
Henry Wilson.

Jno. Dominis Esqr

ris I have spent
ing at the house
the house is Paul

st all the old
d acquainted
they all spoke
, and made
family, which
ble to answer.
to now, than when
reparable loss you
ed in the Death
the midst of use=
his fame. How
ind with you in
know.
afflicting news,
Brother! I am
as Brother never
ge home, without
ed countenance,
sorrow at his loss.
family - the magic
centered in our midst,
end. Oh, John
home to the heart.
no right to ~~trouble~~
riefs - yet. I know
rother, full sympathy.
and myself in
now in no mood
he Eastern world.
rother - remember
ow - Judge Smith

home - and in a
to give you his love.
Henry Wilson.

Henry. Wilson, At Sea
December 6/48