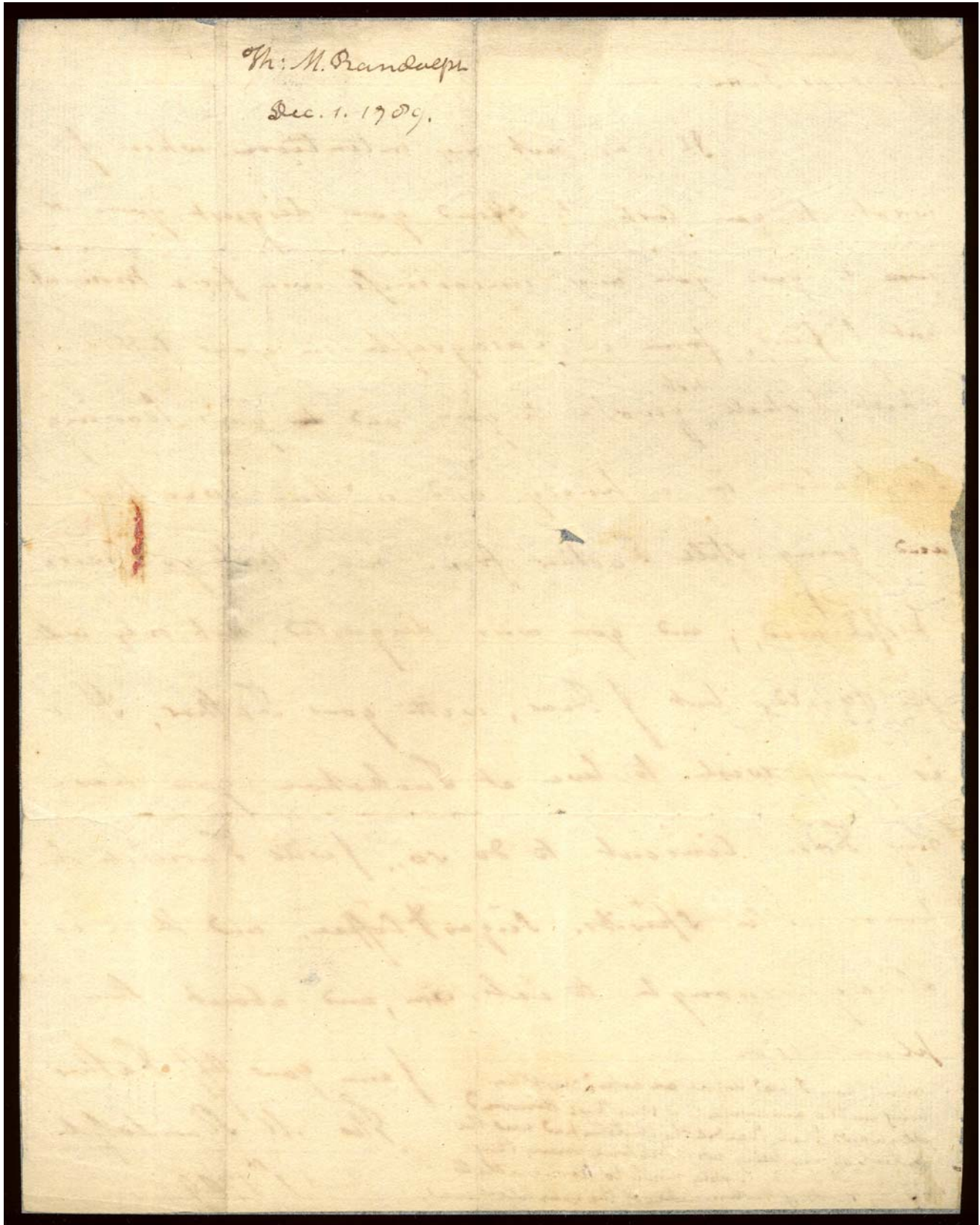


My Dear Tom.

It was not my intention, when I wrote to you last, to offend you, disgust you, or ~~was~~ to give you any uneasiness even, for a moment but I find, from a paragraph in your letter, which I shall ^{not} quote to you, and ~~to~~ your leaving Duckhorn in a hurry, and in bad weather and going still further from me, that you were displeas'd, and you was disgust'd, not only with the world, but of I fear, with your Father, If it is your wish to live at Duckhorn, you have my own consent to do so., I will furnish the house with ⁺Spirits, ⁺Sugar & ⁺Coffee, and there is always enough to eat, see, and about the plantation

more than I had before as arched my stay being for the amusement of shooting: discover'd afterwards that Randal the butcher had used the pretence of my being up to procure many things which he had I used, I only wish to Randal to stop shooting the remainder of the year till I meet.

I am your aff. Father
 Tho. M. Randolph
 Dec 1. 1789



Original manuscript in the Edgehill-Randolph Papers, Albert & Shirley Small Special Collections Library, University of Virginia