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Beaufort

September 27<sup>th</sup> 1857

Dear Tom

What in the hell do you mean by trifling with yourself in the way you are doing, why the devil don't you take some thing to act on that liver of yours, for judging from the symptoms as you state them you may as well take so much cold water tonics + Blisters alone for relief, now look you, you may continue the tonics + Blisters but I insist on your taking a pill of Blue mass + quinine every night until you feel the alterative effects.

I am sorry my dear friend that you should have been worried with the sickness of the negroes in your present state, and as I heard from Reding [twoday], after you wrote and he says nothing about their sickness I suppose they have improved. Many thanks for your letter which would have been an exceedingly acceptable but for the intelligence it conveyed of your state of health for I was very anxious about the crop as crops in the [neighbourhood] had fallen of so much caused by the [excessive] drought they have had. My Father says that the crops have gone to hell + with but very few exceptions that is the general report they all make of them.

I am truly happy to hear that you have made it up with Kate and I agree with her in thinking that you have served her [illegible] and I think she has treated you a great deal better than you deserved, and she has really displayed both her affection and goodness in forgiving you. Betty begs to be remembered to you and to Mr. Adam + family, tell the negroes Howdy for me and tell them I will comply with their requests as far as lays in my power + hoping to see you soon I remain

Yours truly

Tos (?) F. Bythersbog (?)