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New York Sept 9th

Dear Pass.

I found your letter on my table this morning and tore it open to see if you were dead as in that case it would have been unnecessary to write which I intended doing this morning although I had received no answers to my two Philosophical & critical communications. Whether Mrs Gibbs in her letter of Saturday raised sufficiently about the Scenery &c of the country we have travelled through, I know not, and although I feel raven ous myself at present, the poetical afflatus is not the existing one - the monetary being at this moment uppermost. We had indeed a most delightful journey - If the choice of weather & accessories had been over we could not have made a better selection - Lake George put on his most smiling countenance to welcome his great namesake the noble hills on his banks loomed up through the morning mist to a gigantic height & the waters flashed under the bows of the steamer like the chrystals of the little islands around us - We strolled over the ruins of Ti - & turned to the often told tale of Ethan Allens invasion of the Port hole in the name of the Great Jehovah & the Continental Congress - I guarded not a little as we pode over the broad lands which your grandfather sold for the vulgar purpose of paying his debts. "Tis better to look