

gently sloping hill and dale hills covered not
with big unseemly pines but beautiful shrubbery like
Lord Sumner's plantain at this season the leaves
have a beautiful tinge I am writing this on my new
friends desk in a great hurry, the fine scenery I described
is from Albany to Syracuse & to New York, remember
me to Andrew for his kinness, I can find out nothing
respecting Francis Dykes I don't think he is in the City,
I must be on board to move on by 8 o'clock
she is a fine vessel when I reach Scotland
I will write you a long letter

I remain

Yours &c

In haste

James Thomson