

My dear Thomson

I enclose you a matchless piece
of impudence which I received in the
form of a letter from our querulous
friend Mr. Garrison. I am sure you
can bear the rebuke that on no one
transaction I ever had with this
poor man I had or could have any
thing in view except being of service
to him if I could. In fact I think
he is becoming insane and I therefore
judge it as well that you should
know the state of his mind or temper
in whatever the disease happens
to be. I suppose he will publish some
thing else as he seems to threaten
in his letter. Of course my answer
was very brief saying that better the