

My dear Friend - You are at all
times, celebrated for having bottles full
of odours, & from the strange things I have
lately heard I am almost forced to conclude
that you have added to y^r. Stock, those "which
are the tears of saints" - Now if you
can from love or duty send me a few
not bottles, but drops from your old
apartment - (not the precious distillations
of Perry this favor I can not ask)
I can not promise to speak of it in Heaven
but I have no doubt my thoughts will
gratefully ascend with their sweet
exhalations, above the vile fumes
of sickness that surround me -

Truly y^r friend

Chas. Sedgwick

March 21. -

Mrs. Nicholas