

I send my little friend Abigail. My dear
Mrs Nicholas quite a rustic present, a pure
hen (& you will not be far from the truth)
that I am a perfect Mother Goose, and
that the Devon Eggs yield all the beauties
herein contained; owing to my negligence
in not bringing it with me the day I saw
you at home, it has met with a slight
accident but the outside alone is injured
and if she resembles (which I trust she
ever may) her good Mother I am sure she
will place little value on a fair outside.

"This horrible climate" prevailed not
in the region of Devon and I feel more
alone in the midst of this populous city
than I ever did there, with the machine
I hope you will be restored to me by
next July. With kind remembrances to
your friend Miss Seaton & Mrs Nicholas be-
lieve sincerely yr friend
Ch: Campbell.

Mrs Charles J. Nicholas
Melth. Fred. —