SIDE ONE

Rose Hill March 31st 1836

My dear dear Aunt Cheston, cannot know the depth of feeling, produced by the reception of her letter, by my son Cheston Lynn - At one, very difficultly, that had presented itself in bar, to redeem a promise long made, to my friends Mr & Mrs Browne of Philadelphia to visit them this Spring, vanished - My garden will be made, my Sheep Shorn and driven off to the Glades by the middle of May - If it pleases God to spare me in health, and no unexpected calamity befals my family, it is my fixed determination to place myself by your side, once more at the Neck There is no spot more sacred to memory, or where such a combination of all absorbing interest can exist. Were it not for other duties - so much love and gratitude do I cherish, for all that you have done for me, that I am ready to say, dear Aunt, nothing but death, shall seperate us -

However my dear Aunt, we poor mortals may plan in the twinkling of an eye, they fall to the ground Dear Nancy Ashley & Betsey Ringgold, when I told them, with what pleasure you spoke of their promised visit, were as much bent on its accomplishment as I now am - An extract from a letter I lately recived from my little grandaughter

Mrs Anne Cheston
care of Mr Galloway Cheston
Baltimore

Mail

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