SIDE ONE

London

My Dear Mrs Cheston

I have sent two Boxes on Board a ship whose name at this moment I have forgot, the Captn name is Chapman, directed for my Bro^r to the care of James Brice, the contents of which I hope will please you as well, as you say the things did I have sent you before — You will find some articles cost a little more, & some a little less than your order — but at the end you will find it has all come to the same thing, I hope you will like the dress I have sent you — tho the petticoat is loose from the body you must call it a gown — if too long or too short you must make the alteration in the flounce — it should be on the ground a little behind — if you think the sleeves too full — lay them down in large plaits, leaving the ribbon where it is — but from fifteen to fifty here that sort of dress would be worn the former age, would have a black or coloured body —

Mr Beasley writes to my Brother by this opportunity therefore I will not tell the rest — I indeed you will find the account of everything — the Duplicate bills I put in the box — pray tell me if anything is ever hurt or damag'd in the packing. that I may alter my plan if not a good one —

My right hand man (Mr Brooks) thanks you for your kind remembrance of him, & desires I will return all sorts of kind wishes to you — he is a very worthy industrous man — & my good friend, in his care of my letters etc —

I thank you for your kind inquiries & remembrance of the Miss Caulets & my Boy — they are all pretty well just now — If the latter gets through the spring free from any nervous attack, I shall hope my cares about him will be over —

I have injoy'd my health uncommonly well this Winter — till now that I have got a little cold — I have not had a complaint — Mr Pen is allways tender at this season — which is unlucky as it is the time he stands most in need of the full possession of all his powers — which he is too conscious of, to be quite patient under it. could we be at liberty to ramble a little in the summer it is almost the extent of our wishes — London is a tiresome place at that time of the year —