

Williamsburg May 8th 1808..

It is now my turn to apologise for long silence, but I am certain when I relate to my dear Sarah the cause, she will not for a moment be angry, for a month past I have been in Surry, during my stay there I frequently attempted writing to you, but really the house was always in such confusion with company, and preparing for visiting, that I could finish one fit to send, it will appear almost incredible when I say that not one day passed without a large company at Mr. Edwards's (where I stay) except when we dined out, I never spent a more agreeable month in my life, my Friend S. Backen went with me, she if possible was more delighted than myself, I never met with as much genuine hospitality in any place as in Surry. To my great disappointment I did not see Sally Browne, during my stay there, her Governess does not suffer her to visit. We came over on Thursday last, and had a most shocking trip, I never was more frightened in my life, it rained incessantly the whole way, I have not perfectly recovered my fright yet, I continue to tremble still, which you may see by this horrid scroll, nothing I think can be more alarming than ~~it~~ to be on the water in bad weather. you may depend we were compleat figures when we got to the landing, and then we had to walk up. —

Our old City is quite dull The Inhabitants are begining to leave it
already, I hope it will be gay soon as there ^{are} to be several weddings,
among the number our Friend Eliza Wright, if Mr. Mayo could
have obtained his licence they would have been married next week,
but unfortunately he could not, so it is postponed until he can go on
to Charleston, and return. Eliza is very anxious to hear from you
she wrote you some time since, you are so cerimonious I suppose
you would not have written me a line for the world until I
answered your letter, enclosed you'll find a chain of Mary's, hair
and mine, which we beg you'll wear for our sakes.

This letter will not be in my usual protix style
for really my dear Sarah I am so unwell I can scarcely hold
up my head, Mama, the Miss Bracken's, & Mary, press their
love to you, do write me soon, farewell my dear girl.

Yours ever. —

Jane C. Charleston.