

Camden Dec. 2nd 1808

I commence writing after an almost sleepless night - which must ^{in part} plead for the incoherences of my small ~~in part~~ - Yesterday, was the day of thanksgiving with you; with us, it was the day of celebrating the nuptials of Mr. Dickerson & Miss Brevard - a splendid Ball, and Elegant supper concluded the scene - About three weeks ago Mr. Deas was married to Miss Margaret Cherritt the following evening she gave a Ball ^{music} ~~players~~ from Charleston - two others were given in consequence - but I only went to her's as one evening was very rainy; and the other I did not feel in the humour of going - I am not fond of those great parties - I can assure you I am not very well pleased with S. Carolina, I think a person to quit the southern states to spend their life in the southern; must make a great sacrifice, viz. sacrificing a land of Liberty for a land of slavery - a land flowing with milk and honey by the industry of the husbandman for a land of luxury; acquired by the hearts blood of the poor ignorant Africans - Such indeed is the difference - I hope if we should ^{be} prospered a few years that we shall be able to return and take up a lasting abode in New England; you must not conclude from what I have written that I am unhappy for I am not I spend ^{time} quite a agreeably away in retrospection and anticipation - I ride out very seldom & never have been out of Camden farther than three miles

There is little pleasure in travelling this coun-
try nothing but ~~an~~ an unvaried scene before
you nothing to please the eye, or delight the
mind. Betsey rides but seldom her horse runs
away sometimes which makes her timid about
riding without her husband — We have moved
from Mr L. to Abrams' where we turn ⁱⁿ such
a part of the provisions — & I superintend half
the time, which I dislike; the Negroes are such eye
servants that you must tell every thing over half
dozen times, & their watch, or else it will not be
done, or then done to the halver; more perplexity than
to do it ones self. I believe you would be surpris'd to
see their kitchen, & furniture so dirty, they keep
their kitchens that one is obliged to tuck their
clothes as close to them as possible else you'd
get daubed & the furniture consists of a few
iron pots, frying pan bake pan &affle iron
& a few other utensils — the Negroes never pretend
to wash their their things till ready to use
them — We should keep house by ourselves if there
was not a probability of our returning before any great
length of time. There is a new physician coming in to
this place next month which perhaps will diminish
Solon's business in some measure, tho' he is pretty
universally liked. This day he rode out 22 miles — it
is not often he takes such excursions his business is
chiefly in Camden he has been very busy since the
sickly season commenced, pleurisies among Negroes
prevail, they being so much exposed to the inclem-
encies of the weather; the whites are as healthy
as at any place W^m & myself have enjoyed

good health, as also abrams' — I doubt
whether you see Abram very soon. Betsey wishes
to go in such high stile that I think they will
not afford it yet, he would go without her and
make a short visit with you, if she would be
willing she says no. & 'tis fixed —

If troublesome times should come on, I think
I should make the best of my way to New England
too many negroes for times of war, in this place.
we own no slaves yet nor do I wish to, unless we
should conclude to settle in this place, then it would
be necessary.

We have had no news of the things you sent
on, & begin to think they are either lost at sea or
have gone out to the west Indies in defiance
to the Combargo, or driven by unfavourable
winds to some foreign port.

Mr. Champion has been here since his return
his excursion has not improved him much, he
looks uglier, than ever & gets intoxicated every day
he said he took a great liking to Susan admired
her manners, but all to no purpose, I dare say
I should rather live in a hovel without him, than
with him in a palace —

Remember me to all enquirens — & my
love to you all & believe me to be yours, sincerely

Susan Blanding
To all whom it may concern

Asy mouth waters
for a bit of mothers
cheese but I fear
I shall never see it

All Mrs Pearce
& Lucy how do for
me & tell them
I am as fat & as
healthy as ever
and pretty lazy
besides

The Blandings
family

Betty wishes to be
remembered to you
all