

**Citation:**

Blanding, Susan. Letter to Elizabeth Carpenter dated 2 December 1808. William Blanding Papers. South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina.

**Transcription:**

Camden Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1808

I commence writing after an almost sleepless night which must in part plead for the inconnectnes [sic] of my scrall [sic]. Yesterday was the day of thanksgiving with you with you; with us, it was the day of celebrating the nuptials of M<sup>r</sup>. Dickerson & Miss Brevard. A splendid Ball, and Elegant supper concluded the scene—About three weeks ago M<sup>r</sup>. Deas was married to Miss Margaret Chesnet the following evening she gave a ball [illegible] from Charleston—two others were given in consequence—but I only went to here's as one evening was very rainy; and the other I did not feel in the humors of going. I am not fond of these great parties. I can assure you I am not very well pleased with S. Carolina, I think a person to quit the Northern States to spend their life in the southern; must make a great sacrifice, yes 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 where I have written that I am unhappy for I am not. I spend any my time quite a greeably [sic] away in retrospection and anticipation—I ride out very seldom & never have been out of Camden farther than three miles—

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There is little pleasure in travelling [sic] this country nothing but plain unvaried scene before you nothing to please the eye, or delight the mind. Betsey rides but seldom her horse runs away sometimes which makes here timid about riding without her husband—We have moved from Mrs. L. to Abrams' where we turn in such a part of the provisions—& I superintend half the time, which I dislike, the Negros [sic] are such eye servants that you must tell every thing over half dozen times, & then watch, or else it will not be done & then done to the halves; more perplexity than to do it ones self. I believe you would be surprised to see their kitchen & furniture so dinty [sic], they keep their kitchen that one is obliged to tuck their clothes as close to them as possible else you'd get [illegible] & the furniture consists of a few iron pots, frying pan

& waffle iron & a few other utensils—the Negroes [*sic*] never pretend to wash 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 into this place next month which perhaps will diminish W<sup>m</sup>'s business in some measure, that 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 inclemencies [*sic*] of the weather; the whites are as healthy as at any place W<sup>m</sup> & myself have enjoyed

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good health, as also Abram's—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 one, 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 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 Embargo or driven by unfavourable [*sic*] winds to some foreign part.

M<sup>f</sup>. Champion has been here since his return his excursion has not improved him much, he looks uglier, than ever & gets intoxicated everyday 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 enquirers--& my love to you all & believe me to be yours, sincerely

Susan Blanding

To all whom it may concern

[Post scripts on outside page]

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

Tell Mrs. Pearce & Lucy how do for me & tell them I am as fat & as hearty as every and pretty lazy besides

Betsey wishes to be remembered to you all