

I met a recent bride, Mrs. Elsbury. She was so very large and handsome and strong; so calm, so covered with a tangle and frizzle frazzle of finery. Silent and grave, she found it all she could do to take care of her cloud of drapery in the crowd. She guarded her dress with her hands, and as it was caught by the passersby, with quiet dignity she unhooked herself. On every side, the tag end of her costume required to be detached from man or woman. Her occupation being to take care of her clothes, like the unkind Jew in the parable, I passed by on the other side.

I wonder if it be a sin to think slavery a curse to any land. Men and women are punished when their masters and mistresses are brutes, not when they do wrong. Under slavery, we live surrounded by prostitutes, yet an abandoned woman is sent out of any decent house. Who thinks any worse of a Negro or mulatto woman for being a thing we can't name? God forgive us, but ours is a monstrous system, a wrong and an iniquity! Like the patriarchs of old, our men live all in one house with their wives and their concubines; and the mulattoes one sees in every family partly resemble the white children. Any lady is ready to tell you who is the father of all the mulatto children in everybody's household but her own. Those, she seems to think, drop from the

clouds. My disgust sometimes is boiling over. Thank God for my country women, but alas for the men! They are probably no worse than men everywhere, but the lower their mistresses, the more degraded they must be.

I think this journal will be disadvantageous for me, for I spend my time now like a spider spinning my own entrails, instead of reading as my habit was in all spare moments.