

ROSE AND MISS BELLE
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On one memorable New-Year's day, when Isabella was a child of eight years, she presented Rose a changeable silk dress. It was a fine affair, and Rose was pleased and grateful.

"Now," said Isabella, "you are as grand and as happy as any lady in the land--are you not, Rose?"

"Happy!" echoed Rose, her countenance changing; "I may seem so--but since I came to a thinking age, I never had one happy hour, or minute, Miss Belle?"

"Oh, Rose, Rose! Why not, for pity's sake?"

"I am a slave."

"Pshaw, Rosy dear! is that all? I thought you were in earnest;["] and she added in an expostulatory tone, "Are not papa and mamma ever so kind to you? and do not Herbert and I love you next best to them?"

"Yes, and that lightens the yoke; but still it is a yoke, and it galls. I can be bought and sold like cattle. I would die to-morrow to be free to-day. Oh, free breath is good--free breath is good!" She uttered this with closed teeth, and tears rolling down her cheeks.

--*Miss Sedgwick.*

For other excerpts from this book, see:
<http://www.merrycoz.org/slave/SLAVE10.HTM>