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DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MASTER AND SLAVE.

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*Master.* NOW, villain! what have you to say for this second attempt to run away? Is there any punishment that you do not deserve?

*Slave.* I well know that nothing I can say will avail. I submit to my fate.

*Mast.* But are you not a base fellow, a hardened and ungrateful rascal?

*Slave.* I am a slave. That is answer enough.

*Mast.* I am not content with that answer. I thought I discerned in you some tokens of a mind superior to your condition. I treated you accordingly. You have been comfortably fed and lodged, not overworked, and attended with the most humane care when you were sick. And is this the return?

*Slave.* Since you condescend to talk with me, as man to man, I will reply. What have you done, what can you do for me, that will compensate for the liberty which you have taken away?

*Mast.* I did not take it away. You were a slave when I fairly purchased you.

*Slave.* Did I give my consent to the purchase?

*Mast.* You had no consent to give. You had already lost the right of disposing of yourself.

*Slave.* I had lost the power, but how the right? I was treacherously kidnapped in my own country, when following an honest occupation. I was put in chains, sold to one of your countrymen, carried by force on board his ship, brought hither, and exposed to sale like a beast in the market, where you bought me. What step in all this progress of violence and injustice can give a *right*? Was it in the villain who stole me, in the slave-merchant who tempted him to do so, or in you who encouraged the slave-merchant to bring his cargo of human cattle to cultivate your lands?