

*Slave.* Alas ! is a life like mine, torn from country, friends, and all I held dear, and compelled to toil under the burning sun for a master, worth thinking about for old age ? No ; the sooner it ends, the sooner I shall obtain that relief for which my soul pants.

*Mast.* Is it impossible, then, to hold you by any ties but those of constraint and severity ?

*Slave.* It is impossible to make one, who has felt the value of freedom, acquiesce in being a slave.

*Mast.* Suppose I were to restore you to your liberty, would you reckon that a favour ?

*Slave.* The greatest ; for although it would only be undoing a wrong, I know too well how few among mankind are capable of sacrificing interest to justice, not to prize the exertion when it is made.

*Mast.* I do it, then ; be free.

*Slave.* Now I am indeed your servant, though not your slave. And as the first return I can make for your kindness, I will tell you freely the condition in which you live. You are surrounded with implacable foes, who long for a safe opportunity to revenge upon you and the other planters all the miseries they have endured. The more generous their natures, the more indignant they feel against that cruel injustice which has dragged them hither, and doomed them to perpetual servitude. You can rely on no kindness on your part, to soften the obduracy of their resentment. You have reduced them to the state of brute beasts ; and if they have not the stupidity of beasts of burden, they must have the ferocity of beasts of prey. Superior force alone can give you security. As soon as that fails, you are at the mercy of the merciless. Such is the social bond between master and slave !