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## THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

*(Continued from Page 579.)*

ONE day a violent altercation arose between Urban and myself. A female negro of his house offended him; I was present. Urban seized a whip, the common instrument of the often unjust wrath of the planters, and, in the present circumstance, too rigorous for a slight offence. Urban presented it to me, and ordered me to chastise the negro. 'Command me,' said I, with moderation, 'to do any thing for your service which I can execute without baseness; and I will perform it with zeal. But do not require me to lay hands on a timid woman, who is already ashamed to have offended you.' 'To chastise her who offends me, is to serve me,' he answered hastily. 'If the chastisement be just,' replied I, 'exercise it yourself. It is not my duty to oppose it.' 'Would you,' cried he with fury, 'that I should dishonour myself by raising my hand against her?' 'I think,' said I, 'honour is not more wounded by executing, than by giving an unjust order; but, be it as it may, honour is as dear to me as to you.' 'The honour of a slave! the honour of a slave!' repeated he, with irony. 'It depends only on my own will to be no longer this slave, and I thank you for the remembrance,' I replied with passion. 'Had you always listened to the honour of which you are now so jealous, never would you have had the right to treat me as a slave.' 'Does the wretch reason with me?' exclaimed he, almost suffocated with rage. I saw him place himself in a menacing posture. If, unfortunately, he had struck me, I had lost myself. I perceived the danger; the door was open; I threw myself out, and fled. Father Bruno was my refuge; more strongly affected than usual, our conversation led us far

into the night. At length I took my leave, little suspecting how long it would be before I should return into his friendly house; and far from foreseeing how much my friendship might cost him.

When I returned, I learned that Urban was become calm; and had forgotten, or feigned to forget, our altercation. Ferdinand had retired; I ascended to his apartment. The tender familiarity with which he honoured me, allowed me that liberty at every hour. I opened the door. I saw several trunks extended, and Ferdinand busy in filling them. I cried out at this sight, 'Ah, this tells me the cause of your sorrow! It is this, that you wish to conceal from me! You leave me! Oh God! at what a time!' 'It is too true,' answered he; 'and would to God, I could conceal it even from myself. I quit a mother, a lover, and a friend! but my father must be obeyed. I lose you,' said I. 'Alas! what will become of me! Who will now preserve me from the fury of your father? At least, your presence taught me to support his injuries. Can I now answer for myself?' 'Be yet patient,' said he, 'for another year. I shall not be longer absent. On my return, I shall be united to Honoria. Her design is to demand you of him, on the day of marriage. Decency will not permit him to refuse the request in presence of both our families. I can give you no further comfort,' said he, embracing me; 'and is not such a hope, Itanoko, worth all that it will cost you to buy it?' 'But cannot I go with you?' said I. 'My father will not consent to that,' said he. 'I have proposed it to him. I have long since deposited with Bruno the two thousand crowns which you returned on the day of the revolt. It will be a resource.

Bruno