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## THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

*(Continued from Page 515.)*

THERE is then,' said I, 'among the Europeans a class of men so degraded, as not to blush at the inhumanity of their countrymen!' 'Ah! you do not know the eloquence of avarice. She borrows the voice and colour of fiction. Fiction gilds your chains; denies you almost every quality of men, to enoble the pretended charity of your despots toward you; swells the list of dangers which they encounter to procure you; exaggerates the cruelty which you exercise on the white people who fall into your hands, and the stupid insensibility of your sovereigns who deliver you up for trifles which we despise. Thus does she seduce our monarchs by insinuating that this commerce aggrandizes their power: our great men, by multiplying the sources of their enjoyments; our people, by infecting them with the errors, which close their credulous minds to pity; thus does she betray even religion itself; and by showing some of you to her, as objects of her dominion, compels her to consecrate the injuries with which injustice overwhelms you.'—'Weak as these reasons are, at least they are excuses which falsehood may employ to palliate avarice; and, I feel they may impose on people who enjoy the fruits of our slavery, without knowing the anguish which those productions cost us. But lying has no excuse; I cost your father nothing. I implored his humanity; nothing further. Was his mind formed of unalloyed barbarity? he might have refused my request; have sent me back; and this should have been sufficient for his cruel propensity. But chains! slavery! shame! Oh, Ferdinand! the lions of our forest tear us; we kill them; but if they be not impelled by hunger, they do not seize

upon us for future wants.'—'Alas! my dear Itanoko, when long abuse, when luxury has taken the place of virtues, there is no point to which man confines himself; he dares every thing; he excuses every thing.'

'I will tell you a truth, Ferdinand; it may be harsh; but, pardon me, I cannot dissimulate. If riches, which offer the means of solacing human miseries, have served to harden your minds—if the sciences, whose object was to enlighten men, have but increased your pride—if your compassionate religion has no influence on your hearts—you must be the most vile, the most corrupt of men! To possess all the treasures which can give energy to virtue, and to turn them all into the means of vice! It is a degree of depravity, of which the whole world besides gives no example!' 'I have already said, Itanoko, your denunciation must not be general. Believe me, the number of virtuous among us greatly exceeds the wicked.—'My negro,' say your virtuous people, 'your bondage pains me;' yet they suffer me to endure it. They do not avenge my wrongs; but they could do so, since they are more numerous than the wicked. At least, then, this is weakness; and when the welfare of mankind is concerned, weakness is a crime.—'Ah! Itanoko, I am an European!—'I feel the reproach my dear Ferdinand! I owe you every thing. I would give you my blood, my life. I detest these fetters, with which your father galls me; and I bless the happy instant in which your goodness has made me your slave. I love, I respect your virtues. But shall I say it? Your virtues would have extended further, had you been educated among us. A negro