

saved. Unfortunately, one of the latter description will do more mischief in his own person than three of the former can remedy; and thus it is, from the want of a careful selection by those who sent them out with the best intentions, the whole body of missionaries have been stigmatised as preaching rebellion and insubordination instead of those divine precepts which would render the negro content in that situation to which it pleased God to call him. It is easy to suppose that a negro, coarse in his appetites, and indolent in his nature, will more readily embrace the dogmas of him who preaches faith, yet permits immoral works, and who points out to the negro that he ought to be free, (which, with the negro, implies that he ought not to labor,) in preference to the creed of that religious and conscientious man who inculcates mortification of the grosser appetites, and diligence in their avocations. One fanatic will, therefore, carry away hundreds of proselytes from every conscientious teacher of the revealed religion. But to continue.

The marriage of Pepper and Sally had taken place about three weeks when Mr. L——, who had a commercial house, and spent a great portion of time at St. Johns, informed me that several missionaries had arrived in the ship from Liverpool, and that he understood that it was the intention that one should be established near the plantation. He appeared vexed at the circumstance, as the conduct of Mr. Wilson had obtained universal respect; and he had been informed that those who had arrived were of a sect not very likely to assimilate with him in their communication with the slaves. What he reported was correct; a day or two afterwards, as I sauntered past the huts, I perceived a white man in earnest conversation with the slaves. His appearance and dress at once told me who he was, but wishing to be certain, I walked up to him, and without ceremony, requested his name, and his reasons for appearing in the plantation.

'My name is Saul Fallover,' replied he, in a sanctified tone; 'my calling is of the Lord, to teach salvation to those poor deluded brethren.'

'They attend Mr. Wilson,' replied I, 'who is a deputed minister of the gospel; and obliged as we are to you for your good intentions, you will surely not interfere with the congregation of another preacher?'

'I must obey the calling of the Lord,' replied he; 'and heed not the scoffing of those who are not in Christ, or who seek not diligently.' He then turned and walked away.

During our short conference, I had ample time for surveying his outward appearance. He was a very well looking man, with black hair combed flat on his forehead, dark eyes, pale complexion, large mouth, and splendid set of teeth. He was however maimed, having lost his left hand at the wrist, and by the manner in which his arm hung down, it appeared to have also suffered injury. I afterwards discovered that he had been a cotton-spinner at Manchester, and having lost his hand in the machinery, had turned methodist, as much for a livelihood as from a desire to extend the gospel. Amongst the slaves who had been listening to his exhortation was my friend John Pepper, who, turning round to me as soon as the missionary was out of hearing, said—'Very fine man, Massa Compton,—talk all about grace, and faith, and the debil. He say, he come to my hut and show me new light.'

'Take my advice, Pepper, and have nothing to do with 'new lights'; and if he comes to your hut, tell him to go home again.'

Poor Pepper! he turned a deaf ear to my request. Mr. Saul Fallover