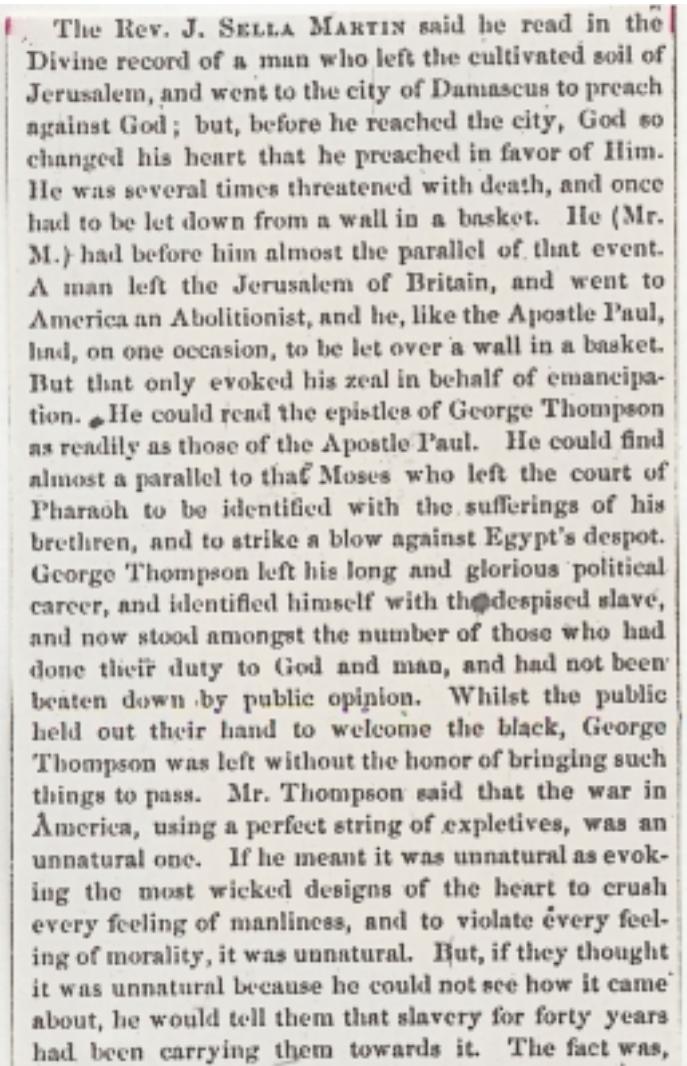


The Rev. J. SELLA MARTIN said he read in the Divine record of a man who left the cultivated soil of Jerusalem, and went to the city of Damascus to preach against God; but, before he reached the city, God so changed his heart that he preached in favor of Him. He was several times threatened with death, and once had to be let down from a wall in a basket. He (Mr. M.) had before him almost the parallel of that event. A man left the Jerusalem of Britain, and went to America an Abolitionist, and he, like the Apostle Paul, had, on one occasion, to be let over a wall in a basket. But that only evoked his zeal in behalf of emancipation. He could read the epistles of George Thompson as readily as those of the Apostle Paul. He could find almost a parallel to that Moses who left the court of Pharaoh to be identified with the sufferings of his brethren, and to strike a blow against Egypt's despot. George Thompson left his long and glorious political career, and identified himself with the despised slave, and now stood amongst the number of those who had done their duty to God and man, and had not been beaten down by public opinion. Whilst the public held out their hand to welcome the black, George Thompson was left without the honor of bringing such things to pass. Mr. Thompson said that the war in America, using a perfect string of expletives, was an unnatural one. If he meant it was unnatural as evoking the most wicked designs of the heart to crush every feeling of manliness, and to violate every feeling of morality, it was unnatural. But, if they thought it was unnatural because he could not see how it came about, he would tell them that slavery for forty years had been carrying them towards it. The fact was,



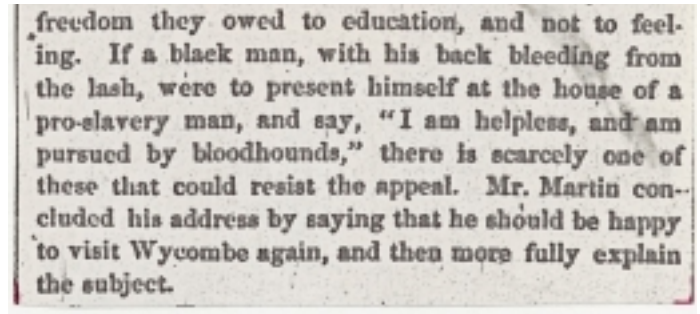
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there had been a chronic state, where every man had been the despot to push away matrimonial alliance, or to go to the cradle, and take out the offspring of that alliance, and offer it for sale on the block. They have been compelled to work sixteen hours a day in the midst of the rice swamp. This carried off hundreds. The people of all the nations of the world have regarded the negroes of so much insignificance that they might be blotted out and not be missed. If they analysed public opinion, it would be this—the negroes are in America, and they are oppressed, and we must assist them; but, if they could be carried back to Africa, they would not be missed. No nation ever existed long that was formed like America. Almost every nation at its commencement was one people, but America, at its formation, was a heterogeneous mass, consisting of French, English, German, and Negro. The Negro could not be spared from America. He was docile, not for want of courage, but because particularly adapted for docility. Look at the girl that suckles her mistress' child, while her own child at that instant may be in want of the nourishment she is giving to another—yet she does not poison that child. Look again at the man bleeding from the lash, contented to remain with his wife and family rather than escape himself. Mr. Martin then compared the Northerner, the practical Yankee, with the Southern slaveholder, and said he had always found the Southerner had more heart than the Northerner. The Northerner looked at everything in a practical point of view. If he had a sovereign in his hand, he squeezed it so long that he made the eagle on it cry out. All they had of

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