

Mr. Charles Lenox Remond, the young gentleman whom we introduced to our readers in Tuesday's Reporter, gave a second lecture on Wednesday evening, at Dr. Townley's, Bedford-Row, on the great and interesting theme of slavery in the United States of America. The audience was far more numerous than on Monday. The house was thronged in every part. Even the stairs leading to the galleries, and the avenues to the body of the house were crowded with anxious groups, impatient to hear from the gifted tongue of this interesting person, his stunning details of the horrors with which the system is identified, and his powerful denunciation of those who uphold it; and who, strange to observe, whilst they uphold it, are the loudest vaunters of the happiness and beauty of unrestricted human freedom. We were not astonished that this should be the case. The popular error, that the color of the skin presupposes mental prostration and an absence of the reflective and reasoning faculties, is so entirely demolished by the undoubted talent, and acute and tutored judgement of Mr. Remond, that it is not at all surprising that eager crowds should impatiently rush to behold what we may pronounce to be a sort of phenomenon in the intellectual world, and to see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, that in whose existence they had no previous faith. But it is a popular error that color has aught to do with the deterioration or elevation of ethereal mind. Some of the lights of mankind were men of color—blacks. The immortal Bishop of Hippo, whose writings will float above the tide of time, whilst time shall be, was not a white—neither was the facetious and laughter-exciting Terence, whom no comedian

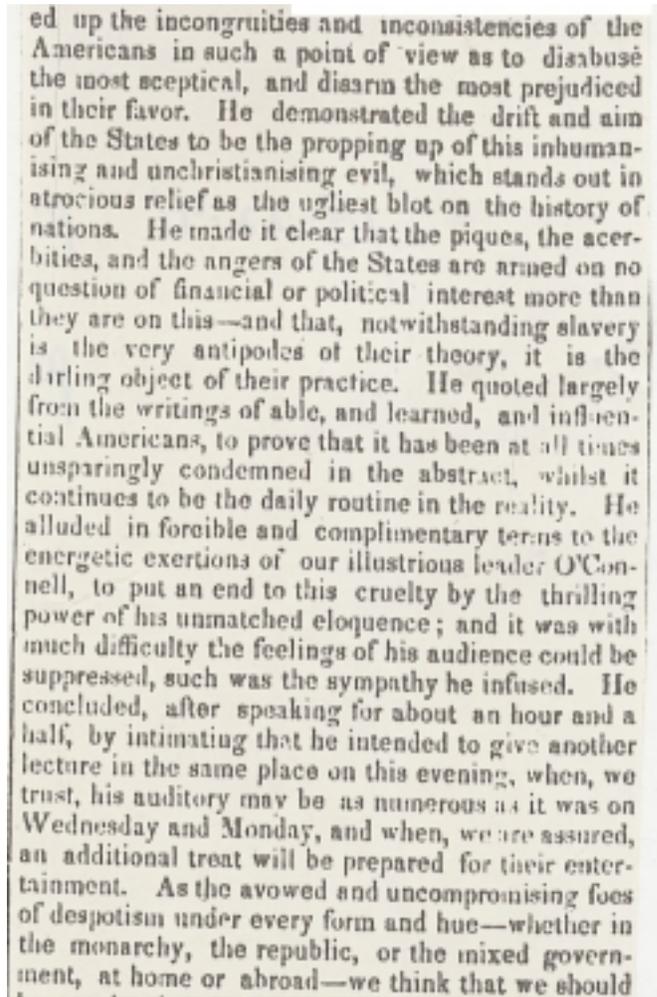
MR. CHARLES LENOX REMOND, the young gentleman whom we introduced to our readers in Tuesday's Reporter, gave a second lecture on Wednesday evening, at Dr. Townley's, Bedford-Row, on the great and interesting theme of slavery in the United States of America. The audience was far more numerous than on Monday. The house was thronged in every part. Even the stairs leading to the galleries, and the avenues to the body of the house were crowded with anxious groups, impatient to hear from the gifted tongue of this interesting person, his stunning details of the horrors with which the system is identified, and his powerful denunciation of those who uphold it; and who, strange to observe, whilst they uphold it, are the loudest vaunters of the happiness and beauty of unrestricted human freedom. We were not astonished that this should be the case. The popular error, that the color of the skin presupposes mental prostration and an absence of the reflective and reasoning faculties, is so entirely demolished by the undoubted talent, and acute and tutored judgment of Mr. Remond, that it is not at all surprising that eager crowds should impatiently rush to behold what we may pronounce to be a sort of phenomenon in the intellectual world, and to see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, that in whose existence they had no previous faith. But it is a popular error that color has aught to do with the deterioration or elevation of ethereal mind. Some of the lights of mankind were men of color—blacks. The immortal Bishop of Hippo, whose writings will float above the tide of time, whilst time shall be, was not a white—neither was the facetious and laughter-exciting Terence, whom no comedian

of former times excels in facile delineation, nor others whom we could name, were it our purpose. And as it is a positive and undeniable truism, that the Godhead has shed its almighty boon of reason on the soul of the black as well as on the soul of the white, so should the one be considered in the same scale of creation as the other, and treated with the same deference and regard, as far as legislation penetrates. But it is not so. The United States of America have particularly obtained an inglorious notoriety from the damning fact of proceeding towards the black population of that extensive confederacy, in diametrical opposition to their own most cherished and jealousy-guarded privileges and principles—in diametrical opposition also to the indefeasible rights of man. Whilst the essence of their Constitution aims at the eradication of slavery root and branch, they belie the Constitution, and set themselves before the world in the light either of idiots who know not what they profess, or of knaves who make professions in which they have no belief. The men of Bunker's Hill and Boston bled for the hallowed right of 'happy homes and altars free'—and they won the right; but that they are deserving of its possession, let the three, millions of beings, with feelings, and minds, and souls, that groan beneath the iron rule of the slave States, decide. Let them be judged by their doings, and see whether the sun throws its rays on an absurdity more glaring—or disgusting—in iniquitous—Than their principles on the one side, and their actions on the other. Mr. Remond resumed the subject, and handled it with a master-grasp. He show-

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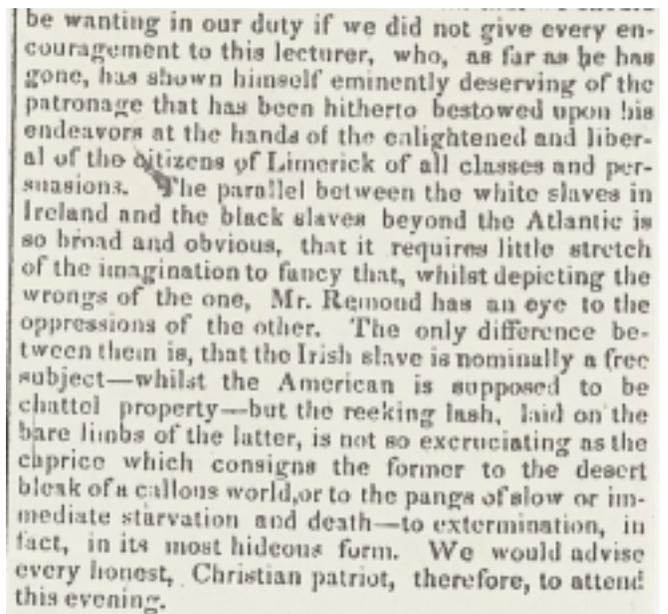
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ed up the incongruities and inconsistencies of the Americans in such a point of view as to disabuse the most sceptical, and disarm the most prejudiced in their favor. He demonstrated the drift and aim of the States to be the propping up of this inhumanising and unchristianising evil, which stands out in atrocious relief as the ugliest blot on the history of nations. He made it clear that the piques, the acerbities, and the angers of the States are armed on no question of financial or political interest more than they are on this—and that, notwithstanding slavery is the very antipodes of their theory, it is the darling object of their practice. He quoted largely from the writings of able, and learned, and influential Americans, to prove that it had been at all times unsparingly condemned in the abstract, whilst it continues to be the daily routine in the reality. He alluded in forcible and complimentary terms to the energetic exertions of our illustrious leader O'Connell, to put an end to this cruelty by the thrilling power of his unmatched eloquence; and it was with much difficulty the feelings of his audience could be suppressed, such was the sympathy he infused. He concluded, after speaking for about an hour and a half, by intimating that he intended to give another lecture in the same place on this evening, when we trust, his auditory may be as numerous as it was on Wednesday and Monday, and when, we are assured, an additional treat will be prepared for their entertainment. As the avowed and uncompromising foes of despotism under every form and hue—whether in the monarchy, the republic, or the mixed government, at home or abroad—we think that we should



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be wanting in our duty if we did not give very encouragement to this lecturer, who, as far as he has gone, has shown himself eminently deserving of the patronage that has been hitherto bestowed upon his endeavors at the hands of the enlightened and liberal of the citizens of Limerick of all classes and persuasions. The parallel between the white slaves in Ireland and the black slaves beyond the Atlantic is so broad and obvious, that it requires little stretch of the imagination to fancy that, whilst depicting the wrongs of the one, Mr. Remond has an eye to the oppressions of the other. The only difference between them is, that the Irish slave is nominally a free subject—whilst the American is supposed to be chattel property—but the reeking lash, laid on the bare limbs of the latter, is not so excruciating as the caprice which consigns the former to the desert bleak of a callous world, or to the pangs of slow or immediate starvation and death—to extermination, in fact, in its most hideous form. We would advise every honest, Christian patriot, therefore, to attend this evening.



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