Miss Remond delivered another lecture yesterday evening, in the theatre of the Mechanics’ Institute, in the presence of a numerous and respectable audience. On presenting herself, and on being introduced by Mr. James Haughton, she was received with loud applause. She commenced her discourse with all the ease and grace to be expected from an accomplished lady, and the narrative of the wrongs and injustice heaped upon the section of the human family to which she belongs was given with a force and natural truthfulness beyond the reach of art.—In all she said, there was something so persuasive, so femininely beautiful and subdued, that made her appear in the estimation of her hearers (though a free woman) one who felt the wrongs and oppression of her whole tribe, and who, in her own person, endured, through sympathy, their slavery and degradation. Evidencing at once her patriotism and philanthropy, as she called upon her audience not to heed what she said, but to consider the forlorn condition of the slave—to inquire into his abject misery, and, as they valued the priceless blessings of freedom, to make the case of millions of bondmen in the land which boasted of its liberty their own. She spoke of the lowly destiny of the poor peasant, condemned to ceaseless toil for the mere privilege of being permitted to live in the land of their birth; and detailed, with painful precision, the many trials and afflictions which he had to endure. But all these were as nothing to the absence of the possession of freedom, and the knowledge of
being the chattel property of another, to be bought and sold. She entered into minute details of the oppression to which the colored population, even in the Free States of the American Union, were subjected, and paid anything but a high compliment to the morality of the great majority of the inhabitants of the United States generally, while her pictures of life and manners in the more tropical sections of the transatlantic republic entirely 'stowed' away 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' She gave some harrowing records of individual wrong and oppression endured by the slaves in the southern States, and contrasted the liberty enjoyed by the negro family in the South, or Catholic. America, with the bitter and reckless brutality which the colored man and woman had to endure in the evangelical 'North.' After dwelling on the great number of slaves who had escaped by the 'underground railway'—namely, through the instrumentality of the Christian abolitionists, who gave shelter to the fugitive negroes as they made their way to Canada—and, after dwelling with much power and eloquence on the heroism of many who had been sacrificed for proclaiming the rights of the colored man to freedom and citizenship, she concluded by observing—'The lives of good men are not lost when they die for justice sake: for so great is justice that she rewards all who suffer for her with greatness: and, though their heads may sodden in the sun—upon the scaffold or block—upon a tower high, or city walls—and though their bones may
strew the wilderness—the just cause for which they rendered up their lives gives them immortality, and their spirits walk the earth.’ Miss Remond retired amid loud and long continued cheering.