

I long to tread again the country of my birth, again to raise my feeble voice in behalf of the suffering, again to unite with you in razing to the ground, the system which is, and ever has proved too faithfully, the fell destroyer of our race and nation.

Again, yours,

C. L. R.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 25th, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND JACKSON:—On the departure of each of the friends for the United States, your solicitation on the day of our sailing, upon the Battery, in New-York, that I would write you during my stay in England, has not unfrequently reminded me of my obligations; and I regret exceedingly I have not time to give full vent to my feelings (if I may be allowed the expression,) on many topics in which I know you feel an interest, viz: the deliberations of the was-to-be World's Convention, recently held in London, for the overthrow of slavery throughout the world. Magnificent undertaking! most praiseworthy object! philanthropic motive! soul-stirring contemplation! Heaven-pleasing proposition! God-approving cause! But, friend Jackson, how far the action of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Conference will tend to the accomplishment of the same, is, to my mind, matter of conjecture. That I was surprised at the whole proceeding, I need not state; that I was disappointed in the character of the meeting, I need not say; that I was pained with the treatment which a part of the delegation of the American A. S. Society received, you may well suppose. Some may think it for the best: I think otherwise; unless the gratification of new organization is the life, sum and substance of the arduous undertaking. Who would have supposed, three years ago, the voice of a rational human being would have been stifled upon the platform of the World's Convention? Who would have supposed that the voice and sentiments of a Clarkson, and Buxton, and Phillips, and Adams, would have been hushed, and circumscribed, and put down, in a Convention similar to the one we have had in contemplation for the last year and upwards? No sane mind. Who would have supposed that the mention of William Lloyd Garrison's name would have been drowned by manifestations of disapprobation in the World's Convention, for the overthrow of slavery throughout God's entire domain? Who would have supposed that

George Thompson, the colored man's unceasing, devoted, and noble advocate, the West India slaves' deliverer, would be coldly looked upon by professing abolitionism? If this is the boon for which such men have labored, I have grossly mistaken the object; but may God *give*, and continue to them, health, and strength, and talent, still to prosecute the work in which they have engaged; and over the head of bigotry, pride, prejudice, party, denomination and politics, this holy cause shall yet be carried. The human work of erecting a tunnel across the Thames, may be stayed; the steamer across the Atlantic may fail the undertaker; Victoria, through man's perfidy, may lose Great Britain's diadem; Martin Van Buren may lose his election, and Daniel Webster may sacrifice northern interests and northern principles to southern policy; but God has commanded, and all nature cries out, undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free. The law is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy strength, and with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself.' And who is my neighbor?

'Thy neighbor! 'tis he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless:
Whose aching heart and burning brow,
This soothing hand may press.
Thy neighbor! Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,
Go thou and ransom him.
Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery,
Oh, share thy lot with him.'

Such, friend Jackson, is my view of this subject; and when the day shall roll round, that I am not willing to act upon such principles, I shall become unworthy the name of abolitionist, if my feeble efforts deserve the appellation,—and most sincerely do I believe the hour not far distant when many will feel and acknowledge the injustice they have done the pioneer of this cause—the man who, alone and unaided, first dared to grapple with American slavery, and called things by their right names—who desired no applause, and refused all favors which should make a sacrifice of principle the condition—who declared, in the face of heaven and earth, that he would publish the whole truth upon this subject, though every tile upon every house-top should be a devil, and bid

him hold his peace; he who was unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain—he who, on no occasion has failed to denounce northern oppression in the character of prejudice, branding the nominally free with infamy and shame, and condemning him to exile and misery; the man whose services and sufferings I would not overrate, but in the name of justice and the bleeding slave, I would claim for him that name to which his eminent and never-to-be-over appreciated services entitle him—the slave's first and firmest friend. But coming generations will do him justice, though those who were once proud to stand by his side during the days of persecution, shall now desert him and the old storm-proof platform of Massachusetts anti-slavery.

I must not omit to mention that portion of the colored people who acknowledge the genuineness of Mr. Garrison's abolitionism, but who would desert him as abolitionists, because he holds to doctrines with which they have no sympathy. Were they true in their first love, and consistent with their first adopted principles, they would adhere to the old platform, though W. L. Garrison turned Infidel or Socialist. No local jealousy should swerve us from our first position, unless that proves to be unsustainable in first principles, and this no one pretends to question. But when I commenced, I did not think of writing a letter, and the clock is now striking 12, P. M., and you will not only excuse me from saying more, but excuse my many imperfections and mistakes, together with the scribbling, as my light is very dim, as you may suppose, and I write with a steel pen, which to me is equal to a tenpenny nail. Remember, those who write, deserve an answer. Thy letter will be anxiously looked for. Please remember me in kindness to those who inquire, and believe me to be, most sincerely, ever

Your attached friend in bonds,

For the suffering and oppressed,

C. LENOX REMOND.⁶⁰

P. S. It was my purpose to have said something respecting the National Standard, and shall do so in my next, and will now say, may the Standard be one which shall make oppressors tremble in view of their conduct, and coming events. May the good and true give it their support. I wish it had a faithful agent in England: and from no consideration allow N. P. Rogers to excuse himself

⁶⁰ *Liberator*, Oct. 9, 1840.

from the editorial chair. He is the man, and must be its editor. The paper looks the man, and he can and will sustain it, God helping him. Direct letters and papers 27 New Broad Street, London. Again yours,

C. L. R.

MANCHESTER, England, Aug. 31, 1840.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

It affords me no small degree of pleasure in forwarding, through the kindness of our mutual friend George Bradburn, Esq. this hurried letter; entertaining the hope that you, together with friends Rogers and Fuller, arrived safe home, to the embrace of anxious and affectionate wives, children, relations and friends; and that, ere this, the American oppressor has been apprised of your return through the columns of the *Liberator*, *National Standard*, and last, but not least, *Herald of Freedom*. Your names have not remained dead letters since your departure from this country, I can assure you; nor will they be, although not enrolled among the members of the *was to be* World's Convention.

For some days after parting with you and friend Rogers, on the Clyde, I was confined with inflammatory fever at the house and truly hospitable home of my dear friend John Murray, Esq. Bowling Bay; since which, I find myself much restored, and hope my health may be adequate to my engagements for a few weeks to come.

The contemplated meeting on British India was held at this place, on Wednesday evening last. The tickets were all disposed of, and hundreds were refused admission for want of room, while the meeting was convened in the Corn Exchange, the most commodious hall in the place. That fearless champion, DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P. and GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. the peerless advocate of oppressed humanity, stood forth on the occasion, each in his turn convincing, convicting, overpowering the vast assembly on the subjects of injured, wronged and abused India—as the almost thundering rounds of applause, at times shaking the very rafters of the large building, most clearly demonstrated. My feelings on the occasion beggar description, as the withering sarcasm, burning rebukes, scorching reproofs, astounding statements, and matchless eloquence, fell from the lips of the speakers. Would to heaven every slaveholder of our country had been present to witness with his own eyes, and to hear with his own ears, these as it were first movements in behalf of In-