







POETRY.

A WELCOME TO PARKER PILLSBURY.

Written for the Anti-Slavery Festival held in Faneuil Hall, Wednesday Evening, May 28, 1856.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM. A champion home from distant lands, Fresh from the battle-fields of Right, With earnest words and outstretched hands, We welcome here to-night!

O'er all the bounds our strong thoughts leap— Our sires were men of you. We will, like our own fathers, fill As freemen glorious graves. Rather than at your tyrant will Sink lower than your slaves.

THE LIBERATOR.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL AT FANEUIL HALL.

RECEPTION OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

In accordance with previous notice, a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, May 28, 1856, to welcome home PARKER PILLSBURY, after an absence from this country of two years and a half, most of which time he spent in Great Britain.

At 7 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who proposed, as President of the meeting, EDWARD QUINCY, Esq., of Dedham, which nomination was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. QUINCY, on taking the chair, spoke as follows: Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot say, with truth, as I said five years ago, that I appear in this place absolutely without any pre-knowledge; for I was informed last week that it was foreordained that I was to occupy this chair.

In due time, the President rose and said: Ladies and Gentlemen.—In the mother country, from which our friend PILLSBURY has just returned, on the occasion of public festivities of this kind, it is usual to express thankfulness by the voice of music, in singing the anthem 'Non nobis Domine'—'the glory be not to us.' We propose to imitate this ancestral custom, and to auspicate the festive duties of this occasion by singing an ode from the sheet which has been laid before you, commencing 'Come all who claim the freeman's name.'

When the singing was concluded, the President again addressed the company, as follows: Ladies and Gentlemen.—It is now five years, within a very few days, since I had the honor to preside at a festival upon an occasion similar to this. It was on a different occasion, however. It was then to speed the parting, as it is now to welcome the coming guest. You all remember, for I presume many who hear me were present on the occasion, and if you were not, you have all heard of it, that glorious evening when we took our last farewell of GEORGE THOMSON, (cheers,) a name which I am sure, can never be uttered in any true Anti-Slavery Convention, without stirring the hearts and uplifting the voices of those who hear it.

Each sigh upon thy couch of pain, Oh! SUMNER, cometh back to thee— In echoes from each hill and plain, Circling the heaving sea! There is a roar of voices—comes A deafening shout, it reacheth thee, From all those free, those blood-bought homes— Thou hast the victory!

And the dire blow they aimed at thee Hath given her death-wound, (cheer thee now!) To that fell 'harlot, SLAVERY!' I see, I see her bow!

And, knowing all his risk of life, Did wield his holy purpose well, Then calmly in the hottest strife Defied the sons of hell!

Thou may'st be called to join the host, With their all-glorious Head, The martyrs of the Holy Ghost, Who for the truth have bled;

But thy imperishable name Shall through all ages be Among earth's noblest dead to fame, The watch-word of the free!

Emulous of such pure reason, Shall other spirits rise, All coveting such martyr crown As is thy well-won prize. I cannot speak what all would speak— My incoherent words Is through the might of Feeling weak, Yet I would gain be heard.

(Hear, hear, and cheers.) The mission of our friend was not a mere mission of pleasure; it was not a mere tour for the gratification of his taste, for the satisfaction of his friendly affluities with those whom we know by name, and whom we love for what we know of them on the other side the water. But he met there with the most cruel hostility, with lying malignity, with priestly defamation; and I am sorry to say, that that defamation, that malignity, those slanders, were reichel from this side the Atlantic to the other. But all that was a proof of how well he had done his work, of how faithful he was to the idea he represented; and we are here to-night, to tell him that we think so—that we honor him for what he has done, that we love him for what he has suffered, and that we welcome him here with open arms and expanding hearts. (Great applause.)

I hardly know, my friends, whether I ought to welcome Mr. Pillsbury home just now; whether he will consider it a compliment to be welcomed to these shores, coming from a respectable country, (laughter)—coming from an empire where every inhabitant is protected in his rights, in every part of that empire; where, if the abstractions of right may not be so absolutely and fully conceded on paper, as ours are, yet the absolute possession of rights is much greater than with us, and those rights absolutely protected every where within the limits of that empire; coming from a country where decency and self-respect mark the conduct of the rulers thereof. I hardly know whether I can conscientiously and consistently congratulate Mr. Pillsbury on his return to such a country as this. It seems to me the congratulation should be given to those who leave it. Still, we welcome him, because there is a mighty work to be done, as is shown by these shameful and atrocious deeds of which our ears have just heard, and of which our hearts are full. We, therefore, welcome him; but it is to a field of labor, it is to fresh toil, to new sacrifices—labors, and toils, and sacrifices, which he regards as the crowning blessing of his life.

Fortunately, ladies and gentlemen, my business, to-night, is not to speak. It is like that of the Speaker of the House of Representatives—so called, because he does not speak. It is only that of a Master of Ceremonies, of one merely who introduces those who are to speak. I shall, therefore, conclude with merely asking you to respond to this sentiment:— Welcome home to Parker Pillsbury! (Enthusiastic cheering.) May health, prosperity, and length of days, crowned with virtuous labors for humanity, attend him! (Renewed applause.)

For Mr. PILLSBURY'S speech, in response to this sentiment, see our inside form. THE PRESIDENT—My friends, you have all set your hearts upon your belief in that sentiment; and all who have ever known the past life of our excellent friend know that what he says, he means, and what he means, he will perform. We welcome him back to the Anti-Slavery movement, a movement of which this is one of the blossoming, and of which we have him who planted it, or at least, him who watered it afresh, with us to-night. Permit me to offer this sentiment:— The American Anti-Slavery Movement.—The last entrenchment of American liberty. Though beleaguered hotly, and assailed fiercely, we shall never despair of it as long as it has a Garrison that will never surrender. (Prolonged applause.)

C. C. BURLEIGH—And never fail to make a successful sortie on the besiegers. (Cheers.) Mr. GARRISON then came forward, which was the signal for the liveliest and warmest demonstrations of affectionate regard. Hats and handkerchiefs waved, and cheer resounded upon cheer, till the old Hall rang again. When the cheering ceased, Mr. GARRISON said: SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON.

Mr. Chairman, I can only say respecting this generous reception of my name, that if those who have thus warmly responded were in Carolina to-night, they would unquestionably be tarred and feathered, or hung by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead. (Laughter.) I do not think, however, that there is any great danger of any one here being exalted above measure, even by the warmest approbation that may be given to him. I think our friend, Mr. PILLSBURY, is entirely safe; for if it be true, that 'birds of a feather flock together,' then, as compared with the great mass of the people of this country, we are still in a very lean minority, and our endorsement of each other does not remove the popular odium which attaches to us all, and cannot under such circumstances make us vain or giddy.

An ancient wise man has said, that there 'is a time to rejoice, and a time to mourn.' By a most extraordinary coincidence, these times seem to be blended in one and the same hour on this occasion. We are here to rejoice at the safe return of our scarred and toil-worn friend from his visit to the old world; and it is indeed good to see him once more safe among us. It is a time for rejoicing, that a life so precious has been spared; that we have the assurance that he will yet be seen in the foremost of the fight in time to come, as he has been in the days gone by, making his blows fall thick and fast on the heads of the enemies of human freedom. But it is also an hour for mourning, when we look at the condition of our country. Grief comes to us by every mail, tidings of horror by every telegraphic dispatch. It would seem as if the very elements were dissolving, and the land were about utterly to be swallowed up.

Sir, we have not come here to indulge in festive disposition, or in personal adulation, but to do a good deed by gratefully recognizing the long-protracted labors of one of the most devoted of our little band in this glorious struggle;—not forgetting the injunction, 'Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' but remembering that, if he has done well during his sojourn abroad, his beloved wife has also nobly acted her part, and is deserving of all commendation. (Great applause.) He has told us of his many kind and sympathizing friends whom he met on the other side of the Atlantic, and who made his hours pass swiftly and happily away. I think of her, who, in her loneliness during that long period, in the midst of a pro-slavery community, with few to sympathize with her, yearning to see his face, and hear his voice, and be strengthened by his presence and counsel, not only resignedly submitted to the separation, but even urged his continuance abroad, so long as there seemed to be any chance to improve his health, or to advance the cause of the oppressed, whose homes are ever desolate. God bless her! (Cheers.)

Our friend is an old soldier in the Anti-Slavery cause. Leaders in it there are none. Precedence is not leadership. It so happened that I anticipated my friend a little while, in lifting up my voice for the down-trodden and the dumb. We are none of us led, in a dependent sense. If there be a body of men and women on the face of the earth, whose individuality is absolute, whose personal independence is conspicuous, it is the abolitionists banded under the flag of the American Anti-Slavery Society. (Cheers.) Every man does up his own thinking for himself; and the Anti-Slavery platform, to-day, in the conflict of opinions which has taken place upon it, has presented afresh to the gaze of the world, the fact that every abolitionist utters his own thought, acts upon his own conviction, whether he has any body to sustain him or not. This it is which makes us strong, vital, fearless, invincible.

Mr. PILLSBURY has served, I believe, more than three apprenticeships in the Anti-Slavery cause. It found him at Andover, in a most unfavorable position—in the Theological Institute. He is not a brand plucked from the burning! (Laughter and applause.) He was preparing to be a good Orthodox minister of the gospel, according to the most approved pattern at Andover. Only think how much he has sacrificed! Why, if he had simply turned his back on our movement, if he had given due consideration to what Professor Stuart and Dr. Wood said to him, he might have been, at this very hour, nothing less than 'the Rev. Dr. Pillsbury!' (Great merriment.) He might have had a large and flourishing parish, a good salary, and an excellent reputation. He is neither Doctor nor Reverend, and has

lost his parish, reputation, and all! What an unfortunate man! Nay, how very fortunate: for in taking up this cause, he espoused that which makes a true minister of the gospel, which furnishes a man with a commission from on high, needing no human endorsement; his parish has been as broad as the whole world, and he has spoken for the freedom of the human race. (Loud cheers.)

Sir, our friend has been over to England. I have visited it on former occasions, and I know somewhat of the state of things in that country. The anti-slavery of England is a very much more than democracy in our country, as against monarchy; it is traditional—it is sentimental. The great mass of the people, having no pecuniary interest whatever in slavery, and not having been corrupted by its presence are naturally opposed to it, because they are as it is. But they have never been tried in the fiery furnace; and so it has turned out, as our friend has reminded us, that when any of their distinguished ministers have come upon our soil, they have left their anti-slavery go to the winds, and bowed down to the dominion of slavery; finding themselves, for the first time in their lives, where to be an abolitionist is every where fraught with popular odium, and in a large portion of our land, with danger and death. Among the numerous delegates who have been sent to this country, representing Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Quakers, I believe there has not been one who has not fallen, the moment he was put to the test. The same religious effort which is here made to put down genuine abolitionism, shows itself on the other side of the Atlantic, especially in Scotland: the same gaudious pretence, under an anti-slavery garb, that they cannot cooperate with 'infidels,' even to break the chains of the oppressed. So Mr. PILLSBURY had to run the gauntlet of those bigots abroad, whose anti-slavery is a mere sentiment, and whose love of their sect is incomparably greater than their regard for bleeding humanity. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places, they have organized hostile societies, for the purpose of withdrawing supplies from us, and stigmatized us as an 'infidel' movement. We know how all such would demean themselves on the question of slavery, if they were here: they would sell the army of trimmers and time-servers. There is not stuff among them all to make one uncompromising abolitionist. Now, we have lost our religious reputation, because, among other reasons, we are like the woman who advertised in the newspapers for a husband,—stating, among various qualifications that would be requisite to make a match, that the party applying must, in the first place, be a man of undoubted piety, and in the second place, he must be honest and trustworthy. (Laughter.) So we have demanded unquestionable piety, but, at the same time, conjointed with honesty and trustworthiness. If we had only left out the latter, our religious reputation would have been established, at home and abroad. (Applause.) We have also refused to worship where, as Mrs. Partington told her boy, pointing to a church, 'the gospel is dispensed with'; (laughter)—which is very clear evidence in our land; and to many in the old world, that we must be an infidel body of people. Again—we repudiate the kind of piety which was exemplified in the person of the slave woman, who joined the church, but soon afterwards stole a goose. When communion day came round, her mistress, finding that she was going to communion, admonished her that she was not at all in a proper state of mind to do so, for she had not repented of the theft she had committed. 'Lor, missus,' said she, 'you don't s'pose I'm gwine to turn my back on my bressed Master for no old goose, do you?' (Laughter.) Her religion was ceremonial—the religion of America, and of all Christendom. Hence, when we say, 'Come out from these pro-slavery churches, for humanity's sake, and for the honor of God,' the ministers and members thereof turn round and say—'You don't suppose we are going to turn our backs upon our bressed Master, for all the niggers in creation! You are a pack of infidels!' (Applause.)

But, sir, if there are narrow-minded bigots in the old world, after the similitude of those in the new, it should not be forgotten, on an occasion like this, that there are also many large-hearted and world-wide spirits in the same quarter, who are giving to our cause their most hearty co-operation, who clearly understand and appreciate our position, whose regard for the slave is based on an unchangeable principle, and to whom we may confidently look for encouragement and aid to the end of the conflict. They are on with us in feeling, sentiment and action.

Mr. Chairman, allow me, for a moment, to speak of our own country, in respect to the state of the times. I believe it was our esteemed friend CORNWALL, who said at our meeting yesterday, that, in the course of a week, we shall ascertain whether the Union remains or is gone. 'In the course of a week?' Why, sir, that question was settled more than seventy years ago. It was settled the very moment our fathers put sin into the Constitution, and cemented the Union with the blood of the slave. It has been settled from the foundation of the world, that between Liberty and Slavery, no union is possible, under any circumstances. Our mission to this hour is, to proclaim that all compromise with sin is certain defeat and destruction; and that any government undertaking to exist, by immolating the humblest of the humble in the land, is doomed to an utter overthrow, in God's own time. We are to proclaim that, that what is called 'the Union' is a cheat, a sham, a lie, and thus to open the eyes of the people to a clear perception of their true condition.

Mr. Chairman, there are four millions of slaves clanking their chains in our ears; but ours is a glorious Union! Fugitive slaves, seeking their liberty by flight, are hunted by blood-hounds through all the States, far away to the Canada line; but ours is a glorious Union! Slaves at the South are buried alive, on mere suspicion of crime, year after year; yet ours is a glorious Union! Rewards are offered for the abduction of Northern freemen by Southern Legislatures; still, ours is a glorious Union! Judge KANE puts PARSONS WILLIAMSON into Moyamensing prison, because he said to certain slaves brought to Philadelphia by their owner, 'You are free by the laws of Pennsylvania, and the Constitution of the United States'; nevertheless, ours is a glorious Union! Burns is seized as a bond-slave in the streets of Boston, and carried back to Virginia by hiring out-throats, and the Commonwealth is convulsed to its centre, and millions of hearts are inflamed almost to madness, but they can do nothing to rescue the victim; for ours is a glorious Union, and we must bear it all! CHARLES SUMNER, simply for exercising his constitutional rights as a Senator at Washington, is cloven down to the ground by the blood of a Southern slaveholder, representing most filially South Carolina in the House of Representatives; but ours is a glorious Union! HENRY WIZARD was escorted to the cars by his friends, because his life is in danger—the Southern press is calling for the immolation of SEWARD, and HALE, and WALKER, and GIDDINGS—members of Congress go armed to their seats, no one knowing whose turn may come next; still, ours is a glorious Union! Look at Kansas, given over to rapine, murder and blood! Where is Pomeroy? Who knows where Reeder is? Where is Robinson in the hands of the 'border ruffian' courts, on a charge of high treason. Where is Lawrence? His hotel and printing-office in ashes—and the end is not yet. But, notwithstanding all this, ours is a glorious Union! I know his heart is like that of the brave French noble, who, when a fortress, with only a handful of defenders, was closely besieged, rode to the walls, and flung himself into it. Whether we conquer or fall, he wants to be in the fight as well as at the jubilee. New England is in peril; her pine-tree trembles in the storm; and she summons all her sons home to do her service on the soil that gave them birth. (Applause.)

There is another reason why I want him here. There is a very large account due from New Hampshire to the Union. She imposed Webster and Pierce upon us: I want to offset it. My friend Mr. Quincy alluded to the picture that lowers over our heads. Sumner has crossed that, for we have got a Senator now worth painting! (Enthusiastic applause.) Boston will tear it down, the moment she wakes from her drunken idolatry, and knows the difference between a man and a huckster. (Renewed applause.) There is another thing we mean to do; we mean to tear down that ugly culture, [the eagle over the clock] even now shrieking over the blood and fire of ruined Lawrence; and we will place the pine tree in its stead, and make these walls worthy, as once before, of the speech of Otis and the presence of Warren. I remind the South, that not long after a British assassin robbed us, in Otis, of the best orator of the Revolution, the clang of arms was heard upon Banker Hill. God grant that our Banker Hill may come as soon after the attack upon our Senator! (Applause.)

Another thing, Mr. Garrison says there is no leader, when I see a fierce struggle with the church impending, friend, and seeing him here. He seems to have a peculiar fitness, a sort of instinct for such matters; and an always willing to subside into his wake on such an occasion. I welcome him home to the Anti-Slavery cause. He left the fortress besieged; he finds it now with every evident symptom of internal revolt. I am glad of it. I welcome him home, because I feel safer with him than I do without him. He has come over the stormy ocean; he has seen that between here and Liverpool; and it is a stern him!—for out of that lightning, and out of that storm, will come the green grass and beautiful fruit of a better civilization, a purer Christianity. (Applause.)

Our friend says he is very weak, that (cheers) he has been in recently; but he mistakes. Long years have laid him in the walls in which he speaks; the coldness and love of thousands that have watched his dogged and hated steps for seventeen years of devoted anti-slavery life, have put on the arches and the top of the very lightest whisper of anti-slavery rebuke is heard from the port of Boston to the banks of the Mississippi, Disease may weaken his physical frame, but it cannot blot out the years of service that make him loved and needed on the far off prairie. I welcome him back to his parish. (Cheers.) Andover refused him her blessing and her consecration; Faneuil Hall places her blessing and her consecration; Faneuil Hall places her blessing and her consecration; Faneuil Hall places her blessing and her consecration. (Loud cheers.) She would have given him the parish of the hidden-bound intellect and timid conscience of some hamlet on the Green Mountains or the White; but our Pope, when he made him Bishop of New Hampshire, gave him the heart of humanity for his audience. (Great cheering.) I rejoice that he has returned to his diocese. [Renewed cheering.]

THE PRESIDENT—Those are good words, my friends, to be uttered in Faneuil Hall. (Cheers.) We want something said here that will take the taste of that picture out of our mouths—(referring to the picture of Webster in the Senate, which hangs behind the platform.)—and to drown the sound of that Sim's English and Burn's Guard, who have been marching along the streets to-day, whose only achievement is a war carrying back a poor negro into slavery. I am happy to say we have to-night, in Faneuil Hall, a friend who comes from the shadow of the Hall of Independence. This Hall has been desecrated—that Hall has been desecrated—both Halls need to be purified, to have a lustration performed, in order to make them worthy of the old time. As these are men here, who are trying to make Faneuil Hall what it was in the days of Hancock and Adams, so there are men in Pennsylvania who are striving to make the Hall of Independence the true Temple of American Liberty, which once it was. I will give you, my friends—

The true Abolitionists of Pennsylvania—Faneuil, if few; they are striving to re-publish the Declaration of Independence, and make it a vital reality, instead of a mockery and a lie. I call upon ROBERT PURVIS, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa. to respond to that toast. (Loud cheers.) SPEECH OF ROBERT PURVIS.

Mr. Chairman, I am gratifiedly annoyed by the reception; but I am glad to be here to-night, and I am glad of the opportunity afforded me, to say a word in congratulation and in cordial greeting of him whom you have so justly welcomed to his home. Mr. Chairman, I desire to offer to our friend, PARKER PILLSBURY, my grateful acknowledgments for the services he has rendered the anti-slavery cause. I do this, not simply by reason of my connection or identification with the victims of American oppression, but because I am a Disunion Abolitionist. (Applause.) His services have been of the highest value, for they have been a triumphant vindication of the course of the distinguished advocates of our cause against, sir, what you have justly characterized as the malignity of its enemies, abroad at home, or in those who feignly represent them, either at home or have not been allowed to shield themselves there by the complexion of their skin, or by their sex. Sir, we need help from England; we need it from every where. We need help of that description, which, while it would excite a feeling of utter abhorrence and detestation for slave-trading, will not the less excite a feeling of utter detestation and abhorrence for the slaveholders. 'No Union with Slaveholders' is our motto. The sentiment is a brave one, and it should be loud and comprehensive. Not simply politically and religiously should we disavow ourselves from them, but commercially and socially. Ever in my mind I turn with glowing admiration to the inscription a Scottish abolitionist placed over the entrance to his beautiful park—'No admission for American Slaveholders!' (Cheers.) And a source of continual pleasure to my mind, is the thought of the fixed and uniform bearing of that abolitionist, Daniel O'Connell, who never, under any circumstances, tolerated in his presence, for a single moment, either a slaveholder or his apologist. (Applause.) Sir, we need that feeling in this country, and we need it here. I listened yesterday with great interest to the eloquent remarks of my friend Mr. Pillsbury, when he spoke of the degeneracy and weakness of the Anglo-Saxon race, as exhibited in Yankeeism; and the thought struck me, that if that gifted man, Mrs. Stowe, who, I am told, has now in preparation a work upon the poor whites of the South, should turn her attention, in a like manner, to the poor whites of the North, she might find abundant material, rich in chapter and incident. But, Sir, we are told that this abject servility on the part of the North, has its source in the trade of this section of the country. O, Sir, I could invoke the scathing lightnings of Heaven to blast the entire commerce of your country, if by so doing I could wake to manly independence and becoming respect, you of the North. (Loud cheers.) Why, what kind of a Union have we to-day—so our friend Garrison has asked. I trust, Sir, I am not wanting in your appreciation of the eminent services of the distinguished Senator from your State, either in or out of Congress, who now lies convalescing from the wounds he has received from the hands of brutal and cowardly assassins; but, Sir, I feel that the deed was fitting; the hand that inflicted the blow was fitting; any thing, anything, in God's name, that will tend to establish a backbone for the North, in asserting and maintaining its rights, and without regard to personal consequences! (Cheers.)

I have no more to say, Mr. Chairman. I really expected not to have had the privilege of uttering a word upon this occasion; and, after unskilled as I am in the art of public speaking, I will not trespass longer upon your time, only renewing my cordial congratulations and welcome to our noble friend. (Cheers.) The band then played the Marcelline Hymn, as a fitting epilogue, the President said, to the speech of which the company had just listened.

[For the remainder of the proceedings, see inside page.] DERBY'S CATHOLIC IS stirring the waters to the foam. Read it if you would possess yourself of the ablest work on the Catholic question yet published. PRICE, 75 CENTS. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO. PUBLISHERS, 117 Washington St., Boston.