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CHARLESTON, TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1872.

EIGHT DOLLARS A YEAR.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

IRISHMEN OF CHARLESTON.

A Bright Morning-The Procession-Splendid Appearance of the Irish Rifle Club and St. Patrick's Band-The Services at Church and Father Croghan's Address-How the Hibernian Society per of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Soclety-Other Festivities in Honor of the Day, here and elsewhere.

Sunday evening gave little hope of auspicious weather for the celebration, yesterday, of Ireland's great Festival, and the day itself dawned drearily enough to satisfy the most unrelenting hater of the EmeraldaIsle and her warm-hearted children. But the Irishman is not made of the stuff to be dismayed by trifles, and the green badges and sprigs that were everywhere to be seen on the streets at an early hour showed how general would be the observance of the occasion, rain or shine. As if nature sympathized with the pluck and patriotism of the sons of Erin, however, there was soon a sunburst through the clouds, and long ere the procession began to move the morning gave no uncertain promise of just such a lovely and exhibarating spring day as was needed to gratify the hope and gladden the hearts of the participants in the coming festivities. All agree that the celebration of St. Patrick's Day yesterday was in all respects the most spirited and enthusiastic that Charleston has known since the times before the war, and it is pleasant to chronicle the perfect good order and decorum which marked all the proceedings of the several organizations which took part in the public observance of the anni-

THE STREET PARADE.

The Gathering of the Clans-Procession of the Irish Rifle Club and the St. Patrick's Benevolent Association-Services at St. Patrick's.

A little after eight o'clock the members of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society began to other officers, &c., the members dispersed to assemble at the Hibernian Hall, each wearing | their homes. the regalia of the order, consisting of a green scarf from the shoulder across the breast to the left side, where the ends were clasped together by a gilt harp. In their hat-bands appeared the inevitable sprig of shamrock, and upon each countenance was a smile which would have done the heart of the Patron Saint good to behold. The members were accompanled by a full representation of the rising gen eration, and children and grandchildren, arrayed like their parents, joined in the line and waived their mimic flags of green in honor of the day. ...

The procession, however, could not move without the Irish Rifle Club, and expectation stood on tiptoe watching for their approach. The martial music of St. Patrick's Brass Band was soon heard, and the glistening line of rifles marched with steady tread behind. Their arrival was none too soon for those who were waiting. The line was formed at once in Meeting street, in front of the Hibernian Hall, and the procession, with a crash of music

ST. PATRICK'S BRASS BAND,

moved on up Meeting street. The band is new organization, which made its first appearance in public yesterday. It comprises twenty pleces, and their fine training, excellent performance and general bearing elicited the enthusiastic cheers of the hearers, and contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the day. The mbers are all young, mostly of Irish descent, and take insturally to the airs of the Emerald Isle. They obtained their instruments some three months ago, and their proficiency reflects credit upon their efficient teacher and their own talents. Mr. Bearwith, of the Post Band at the Citadel, is their instructor, and the members of the band are as follows: P. E. Gleason, leader; F. G. McGary, F. J. Boniface, M. W. Powers, Jno. H. Early, N. G. Duffy, M. A. Conners, Michael Barry, N. A. Devereux, T. J. Sheehan, M. F. Kealey, Jas. E. Coleman, G. Cleary, James Barry, J. P. Corcoran, R. Relumitz, Frank Bearwith, Thos. Glynn, J. B. Maloney and John Pearing. In front of the column marched a committee of the Benevolent Association, consisting of Messrs. Chas. Mulvaney, Jas. Rahall, Dan. Sullivan and E. O'Day. These were followed

THE IRISH RIFLE CLUB on their first anniversary parade. They turned out as fine a body of men as could be seen anywhere, seventy-five in number, and handsomely uniformed. They wore black pants, with a light gray coat trimmed with palmetto buttons, green collar and cuffs, and neatly corded across the breast. The hats were of black, with green cord and tassel, and were looped up on the left with a green rosette pinned in with a miniature gilt harp. The colors of the club were an old Fenian flat, green on one side, and on the other white, with "Irish Rifle Club" handsomely embroldered upon it and surmounted by the immortal shamrock. They were borne by a man who had fairly won the honor. Mr. D. Spelman was the fourth man of his company, then reduced to a mere handful, who snatched the colors from the fallen bearer and flew them all day long in the deadly struggle at Cold Harbor. In the general orders after the battle, the colorbearer was highly complimented, and his

comrades remembered the deed. The club has many tried members to whom it can point with pride, and are men as staunch and true as Charleston can boast. Their soldierly bearing, good order and fine appearance were the subject of general praise. The officers who paraded are as follows: Jas. Armstrong, Jr., president; J. J. Grace, first vice-president; D. O'Neill, second vice-president; A. G. Magrath, Jr., third vice-president; P. Cleary, first warden; P. J. May, second warden; J. F. Byrnes, third warden; William Fowley, fourth warden; John Burke, Jr., fifth warden; J. F. Walsh, secretary, and A. E.

Kenny, treasurer. THE ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY came next in line. The members were in citizens' dress, adorned with the green emblem and the sprig of shamrock. They marched by twos to the number of nearly one hundred and Any, a solid, able-looking body of men, true re- it had extended a loving embrace Smythe and C. O'Mara.

ton. A genial smile lit up the face of each, which shadowed the spirit of pleasure with ries of that land beyond the sea, and preserv which they participated in the celebration. In ed a pride and a love for the name of Ireland A SPIRITED CELEBRATION BY THE the rear of this body marched a line of the He took pride in its history, in its achieveyounger sons of Erin, children of from five to menus of genius, poetry and art. It had fifteen years. They were kept up in good or- smoothed the pathway to success of every der, and with their innocent and happy en- Irishman who had sought fortune, fame and thusiasm appropriately closed the long array. THE LINE OF MARCH

was up Meeting street, along the sidewalks of which crowds of spectators watched the gallant array, and eagerly recognized their friends and relatives in the line. The march was an ovation, and on arriving at Line street, the head of the column filed through into King and down the plankroad to Radcliffe street. Heading again through this street, the procession entered St. Patrick's Church, at the corner of St. Philip street, and The leaden skies and murky atmosphere of soon filled the seats in the body of the church. The crowd followed, and aisles and vestibule were soon crowded with a dense throng to the

The imposing service of Mass was here celebrated, the Rev. John Moore, D. D., officiating. A deep stillness fell upon the assemblage as the service proceeded, and all reverently joined in this appropriate portion of the celebration of the day. At its conclusion,

THE ORATION was delivered by the Rev. C. J. Croghan. The reverend speaker designated the occasion as one for sadness and joy for Ireland. He briefly adverted to its early woes in the invasion by the Danes, by the English under Elizabeth and Cromwell, the revolution of the treaty of Limerick, and the barbarities of the Penal code. He spoke of the sufferings of the people, and how they were alleviated by the arrival of St. Patrick-how the Irish never persecuted their teachers, and how Ireland became the seat of learning. He showed how she produced the most remarkable of orators, and referred to Burke, Flood, Sheridan, and others; and to her ocets, and of these the principal, Moore, who had produced the only original epic poem since the days of the Iliad. Lastly, the speaker eloquently adverted to the charity of Ireland, which had nourished and kept alive her faith. He was listened to with deep attention, and his closing appeal for the ophans excited much feeling. At the close of the oration, the

PROCESSION AGAIN FORMED in the same order as before, and marched through Radcliffe to King street, down King to Broad, through to East Bay, and up to Market, through Market and up King again to the hall, at the corner of Society street. They here partook of a slight collation, enlivened with sentiments and cheers, after which the assembly broke up. The Rifle Club marched back to Archer's Hall, where, after three cheers for the president, and cheers for the

THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

Seventy-First Anniversary - Re-elec tion of the Entire Board of Officers-The Annual Banquet-A Notable Reunion of Tried and Trusty Comrades

The anniversary of the formation of the Hibernian Society is coincident with St Patrick's Day, and the seventy-first birthday of this venerable organization was duly celebrated yesterday along with the commemoration of the life and virtues of Ireland's patron saint. The annual meeting for the election of officers was held at noon, the polls remaining open till two o'clock P. M., and the election resulted in the unanimous choice of the old board of officers for another year, as follows: General James Conner, president; Bernard O'Neill, vice-president; Thomas O'Brien, treasurer; James Armstrong, Jr., secretary; John urns, hallkeeper. Committee on Finance— while they laugh at it. A. P. Caldwell, James McConkey, T. S. O'Brien, H. F. Baker, F. L. O'Neill. Committee on Relief-M. P. O'Connor, W. H. Houston, G. A. Bowman, J. M. Mulvaney, C. C. Trumbo. Committee on Letters-James Cantwell, J. H. Murrell, John Kenny, W. E. Howland, James

F. Slattery.
THE ANNIVERSARY SUPPER.

In the evening occurred the annual reunion

and supper of the society, an occasion which

amply sustained the reputation of this time honored association for bonhommic and cheer. The tables were spread in the main hall of the society's building on Meeting street. At one which extended across the south end of the hall, was seated the president, flanked on either side by invited guests, while at the remaining tables, which extended lengthwise of the hall, were seated the members and the remaining gues's. Among the prominent guests and members were ex-presidents Magrath and O'Nelll, Rev. H. D. Northrop. Hon. J. B. Campbell, president of the New England Society; General Anderson, president of the Survivors' Association; Hon. W. G. DeSaussure, of the St. Andrew's Society; Rev. D. J. Quigley, the chaplain of the evening; Rev. W. B. Yates, Professor O'Neale, W. H. Houston, Esq., Judge R. F. Graham, A. R. Taft, Esq., Colonel B. H. Rutledge, Theo. D. Wagner, Esq , C. H. Rice, Esq., of the Lexington Dispatch; Captain Baker, of the ship Julia, Richard Senior, Esq., Alderman Moran, Alderman Sweegan, and the Rev. Samuel J. Walsh, of Ireland. At the head of the hall was stationed Muller's string band, composed of the veteran musicians who led the marches of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina through many a weary campaign, and whose inspiriting strains on this occasion invited the not unwilling hearers to the attack upon the bountiful supply of good things under which the table groaned. The hall was without special decorations with the exception of the legend "Ceade Mille Falthe," which, blazoned upon an emerald banner behind the president's table, bespoke a thousand welcomes to the guests, but with the honored portraits which, in their massive frames upon | The legends of fourteen hundred years, he the walls, smiled an echoing welcome, and the frequent vases and garlands of flowers with which the tables were adorned, there was no lack of life and warmth in the picture presented in the hall. The supper was served at eight o'clock, and proved, as was to be expected, a triumph of that prince of cuisiniers the indefatigable Tully. The bill of fare inincluded almost everything of edible and palatable luxury that ingenuity can devise, and St. Patrick's Benevolent Society. the attractive menu being fully discussed and disposed of with running accompaniments of jest and laughter, anecdote and repartee, and | mise it has given in its brief existence. The not without the cheerful popping of the champagne corks, the first toast of the evening was announced by the re-elected president of the society. General Conner said that it became his first duty to return his heartielt thanks for the fact that, with but two exceptions, the the honor that had been conferred upon him | members are all sons of Irishmen did not by in selecting him to preside for another year any means detract from the appropriateness of over the fortunes of the Hibernian Society. their performance. Seventy-one years of strength and usefulness

had shed an unwonted lustre upon the career

of the society. It had welcomed those who,

leaving the homes of their fathers, had sought

presentatives of the bone and sinew of Charles- to their children and their children's children. It had fostered the wondrous stohonor in the land of his adoption, had welcomed each and all of the exiles of Erin who came to these shores. It had done honor to the founders of the society, who built well, and whose deeds lived after them. He welcomed the sister societies which he found renyears that were past bad furnished foundation stones for coming years and future strength and usefulness-links that would bind each and all to the land from which they sprang. With these remarks, the president announce

> ed the first toast of the evening: The Day we Celebrate—A bright festival in the calendar of Ireland Among the most blessed of the works of the patron saint whose name it bears, under all climes it unites the sons of Ire and in a brotherhood of charity and love.

This was the signal for Muller's Band, which struck up "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." The response was by the Rev. H. P. Northrop, whose appearance was the signal for applause. Mr. Northrop said:

"The day we celebrate!" We, yes, we, Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, and we who, unallied by other ties to noble race, and hallowed soil of Ireland, yet unite heart and soul in celebrating the glorious memories of St. Patrick's Day. And not only are we gathered together in this honored hall, beneath the harp and shamrock, but all the world over are met to-day, the talent, the genius, the worth, that old Ireland has dowered the world with

that old Ireland has dowered the world with, and the noble and generous hearis that beat in responsive sympathy with the thoughts that are awakened by the name of St. Patrick and St. Patrick's children.

In the distant East, beneath the spreading paim tree, the gallant soldier from green Erlu's isle cheers. his exile with the Juyous strains of St. Patrick's Day. In the farthest West, on the Pacific's slopes, the echoes of the song are heard thrilling the heart of the emigrant with memories awakened by the familiar notes of St. Patrick's Day. In the streets of poble cities thousands are moving along in of noble cities thousands are moving along in stately column—the green badge of Ireland on their breasts, the green shamrock of Ireand next their heart, the sun on the green banner with its immortal harp-moving in glad procession in honor of St. Patrick's Day. In France, in Spain, in Austria, everywhere, where Irishmen, while serving with honor the land of their adoption, never forget he dear land of their birth, the exultation of this day is felt. Even in old Rome I have heard the hoary walls echolng with the enlivening notes of the national hymn. And here to-day, in this tair city, the honored sons of Charleston join the children of St. Patrick in

celebrating their festal day.

Among the many thoughts inspired by the sentiment to which I have the honor of responding, there are two more especially sugsponding, there are two more especially sug-gested by the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. A comparative stranger among you, I am invited to your hospitable board—a native of this city, who claims no descent from Ireland, I am the interpreter of the feelings that inspire this celebration. What more natural then than to recall those two striking characteristics that so pre-eminently belong to the Irish people—I mean their generous hospitality and their undying love of country. The wonders of the olden times—the hospitalities of the East—are traditions only for those who have not visited Ireland. They may be witnessed every day in Ireland. Ire-land, rich or poor—among all classes of the population—with all who breathe the air of population—with all who breatne the air of the Emerald Isle, the virtue of hospitality seems indigenous. I speak from my own experience. I speak from the experience of those who have travelled strangers among the ball and a renerous hearted, opened. the whole-souled, generous-hearted, opened-handed people of that country. I call to wit-ness the testimony of a distinguished son of our own State, who, writing to a public jour-nal some years ago, expressed his astonish-ment, not only at the exquisite beauty of the cenery, the bounty of her soil, but the unmaligners-watters who, even, like Thackeray with all his greatnes, pander so far to popular prejudices as to ridicule the too great kind-ness which they are obliged to contess even

In this point there is no distinction between the rich land-owner and his poor tenant, be-tween the Anglican rector and the "Sogarth Arooa"—all are equally auxious to provide for the wants of the stranger and rival each other in their zeal for his comfort. In pursuance of in their zeal for his comfort. In pursuance of this virtue the difference of class and religion are forgotten. It is an hospitality that lives not in words merely or even in acts. It springs fresh from the heart, inspiring the kind word of welcome and the courteous attention to the stranger. If he who, driven from his home into exile, wrote the sad words from his home into exile, wrote the sad words. from his home into exile, wrote the sad words "How bitter to eat the bread of another, to dwell in the house of the stranger," had had the good fortune to go to Ireland, he would have had no occasion to utter his lament. It seems to me that they wish the guest to forget that he is a stranger, to make him as get that he is a stranger—to make him, as they do, love old Ireland. Yes, love old Ire-land, that is the key to the mystery. It is that eling which has filled this hospitable hall. and gives a meaning to this honored assem

bly.

Among all the affections which Providence has hidden in the deepest and most sacred re-cesses of the human breast—which makes the universal heart beat with quickened pulse— one of the noblest, as it is the most powerful one of the noblest, as it is the most powering and unconquerable, is the love of country—of the native soil—of the earth that guards the bones of our forefathers, and will contain ours. However it may fade in the hearts of other people, in the Irish heart it is indestructible. Ireland! her name ever on her children's lips, her image in their breasts, her memory in their heart of hearts. He has but one country wherever he may be—America, Australia—under any sky where the winds may wait him or the billows bear him, Ireland follows him. He may leave it, but yet he leaves it not, for among the most precious relics that he carries with him-a consolation in his exile, a heir-loom for his children—he treasures up some grains of the sacred soil of his native land.

The applause of Mr. Northrop's scholarly response had hardly died away when an agreeable diversion was caused by a musical incursion from the St. Patrick's Society. The martial straics of St. Patrick's Band approached the hall, and admittance and wel come being gladly granted, a delegation comprising Messrs. John H. Devereux, John Touhey, John Berry and John Burke, Jr., entered amid the cheers of the company. The chairman, Mr. Devereux, conveyed the congratulations and greetings of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society to the Hibernian Society. sald, had planted in the hearts of Irishmen a peculiar genius, which seized with avidity the welcome ideas of nationalism and religion. the two avenues to the human heart, which had through all the ages stamped their impress on the history of the world.

General Conner briefly replied, extending a ordial welcome to the delegates, and proposing the health and lasting prosperity of the

This was followed by music by the new St Patrick's Band, which again fulfilled the proaccuracy and taste with which this new organization, with hardly three months' practice, performed a selection of the most popular and appropriate airs could bardly be excelled, and

The president announced as a committee to return the courteous visit of the St. Patrick's Society, and convey the warmest greetings of the Hibernian Society, Messrs, R. S. Bruns, J. their fortunes in this Western land, and J. Grace, William England, Augustus

The second regular toast was announced by Vice-President O'Neill, as follows:

Ireland—Her history is an example of what man can dare, and what man can bear. From her harp, however, long unstrang, will come the echoes of the song that must immortalize her fame in the valor, poetry and eloquence of her announced by intelligence and courage; and scarce an instance can be shown when any one of them faltered in his fidelity.

But, as I have said, the war closed fatally for the cause which South Carolina had espoused, and a depression followed proportionate to the enthusiasm which had preceded it. When men recovered from the stunning and the stunning that t Ireland—Her history is an example of what man can dare, and what man can bear. From her harp, however, long unstrung, will some the echoes of the song that must immortalize her fame in the valor, poetry and eloquence of her

This was welcomed by the band with

"Wearing of the Green," and gracefully re sponded to by Captain J. Armstrong, as fol-Mr. President-The simple announcemen of the sentiment just expansed is more eloquent in itself than the greatest wealth of words. Ireland, with the mention of that

words, Ireland: with the mention of that name how many recollections arise; how many sad and pleasing memories; how many noble deeds and noble men; how much of sorrow and suffering, of injustice and cruelty, of oppression and wrong is coupled with the name of Ireland. Yet it touches a chord in bosom. Yea, even in the breast of those who are the authors of her present state, that still mall voice of conscience will arise unbidden. admission is forced from unwill lips that Ireland is grand even in her misfor-tune. Why it is that of all the nations of the earth' that have labored under the yoke of bondage the eye turns with the most tearful sympathy to that "Gem of the Sea," the checkered history of devoted Ireland but too plainly lells. Her sufferings, her wrongs, have originated in malice; that malice has been engendered because Ireland has been faithful to herself. She has never consented to yield herself a willing captive to the hand that smote her, nor bow a suppliant knee before the throne of a foreign royalty. In her most extreme adversity, she has been most defiant. The greater the efforts that have been made to crush out her national ex-stence, the more furlous and desperate have been her struggles to arise. Again and again has she been betrayed, and her efforts renhas she been betrayed, and her efforts ren-dered abortive—again and again have her sons rallied to a common standard, and, in the face of one of the most powerful nations of the earth, have dared the effort to restore the diadem of empire wrested from their de-voted country. It really seems that the Provi-dence of God has implanted in the breasts of her sons the undying sentiment of nationality
that in His own good time He might lead
them forth from the house of bondage and
make them once again a free people. Had Ireland consented to yield and accept

man remain consenses to yield and accept with servility the joke of the oppressor, the malice of her enemies might have been ap-peased, but with her sens poverty, exile, death were preferable to submission. So has it ever here assembled to do honor to that land upon which England's government has in vain em-ployed every weapon to inflict dishonor, can recall with pleasing admiration all that is glo-rious in Ireland's history in the past, and be reminded that the noble deeds of her sons. reminded that the none deeds of her sons, both in war and peace, in the field and in the forum, give promise of a still more giorious luture. But to those sons of Ireland who are now amongst us—far distant from their native land-to those who have trod her green field: land—to those who have trod her green fields and clambered to her hill-tops, to those who could once call, and now call, Ireland their home, the sentiment just announced has a most endearing significance. Home, sweet home, how doubly dear when distant and unseen; how the heart yearns for the spot which gave us birth, and how tresh in memory are every hill and dale where we passed the sunny hours of our childhood.

s of our childhood. scattered sons of Ireland revert in imagination to their dear island home, rising like a dream before their vision. Though far away, their hearts are there to-night. They mingle with the same friends—the familiar faces of companions are present to their minds, and many annual recurrences of this festal day far down in distant years rise from the buried tomb of the dead past and exist again as though they were of the living present. A father or a mother's form, the image of a beloved sister or brother long since gone down to the las resting place of earth, live as fresh and greet in remembrance to-night as when they ressed the last kiss of affection upon the

the grave. The home, the sweet home of childhood. The altar, before which the strick en heart knelt in sorrow, and from which it rose comforted and filled with gladness. The rrave, where slumber the loving and loved ones in their final sleep. Yet these are not Ireland; the malled hand of the oppressor has c'utched her possessions, despoiled her homes, invaded her altars, violated and effaced her graves. Unhappy land! When will the hour of deliverance come? You struggle, but cannot yet arise. Insurrection breaks forth, and will ever break forth, at the sight of your wrongs, and sooner or later its repeated efforts vill shiver in atoms the fetters that enslave you. The banner of nationality, emblazoned with harp and sunburst, will yet float in triumph above your castle walls, and the stout arms and brave hearts of your sons will yet restore the crown of empire to your brow.

Erin. O Erin, though long in the shade, Thy star will shine out when the brightest shall fade."

The third regular toast was announced b lice-President W. H. Houston, as follows: The State of South Carolina-Great in the past

depressed in the present, destined in the future or redeem her present and rival her past. This sentiment was greeted with the famil

ar strains of Dixle, and responded to by Colo nel R. H. Rutledge, who said: Sir_I thank you for that sentiment. sillable of it vibrates through my heart. I be-lieve it to be altogether true. South Carolina has been great. She is depressed, and I implore the God of men and nations, who worketh often God of men and nations, who worketh often-times darkly but wisely, so to fortify our minds and inspire our souls that we may verify your prophecy: restore purity to the government, rebuild the waste places, preserve happiness and prosperity to our people, and, above all, elevate that flag which floated triumphantly in d-flance of British power from the battle-ments of Fort Moultrie, blazed like a meteor over the plains of Mexico, and never lowered itself to mortal influences save once, and then not in dishonor; to its legitimate pride of

itself to mortal influences save once, and then not in dishonor; to its legitimate pride of place, the unchallenged emblem of the brave, the true and the free.

I have been rarely more embarrassed in responding to a sentiment than on this occasion. Thoughts crowd in upon me. They sign. sion. Thoughts crowd in upon me. The come not singly, but in battalions. The diff

come not singly, but in battailons. The diffi-culty consists not in the want but in the selec-tion of topics. But, if I overstep the limits of modesty, and trespass a little longer upon your putience than good taste warranis at a jestive assemblage, I am sure you will forgive me, for who ever saw or heard of an Irish-man who was not good-humored on St. Patrick's Day man who was not good-humored on St. Patrick's Day.

It was remarked at my table, a year or two before the war, by a Northern gentleman, now holding the most prominent literary position in the United States, that the history of South Carolina had never been properly written, and that it furnished materials for the work of a philosophical historian, afforded by that and that it furnished malerials for the work of a philosophical historian, afforded by that of no other State in the Union. This is true, but my business is with the present, not with the past. It will be necessary for me to allude to it, for the past is the mother of the present, but I shall do so no more than may be requisite to introduce the ideas I propose to offer.

o offer. The character of a people is always more of The character of a people is always more of less affected by their political associations. In South Carolina these have been very marked. From its settlement to the Declaration of Independence it was under aristocratic and royal influences. That famous act closed the first volume of her history. Since ther her existence under the old Confederation, and as a member of the United States down ner existence under the oid Confederation, and as a member of the United States down to the year 1860, has been Republican, and the second volume ends with the inauguration of the late war. During this entire period slavery

the late war. During this entire period slavery was one of her institutions.

All these circumstances contributed to form a public character peculiar and distinctive, marked with strong points and siriking elements. I propose to-night to speak only of the most prominent. The South Carolinian of that era, which lasted upwards of a century and a halt, was delineated chiefly by intelligence, integrity (based on the sentiment of honor) and pluck—the last by no means the least. Then intervened the grand episode of the Confederate war, and its fatal close shatthe Coniederate war, and its fatal close shat-tered as with a battle axe the entire social and political fabric of old South Carolina. During this flery epoch the qualities I have attributed to her people were splendidly illustrated. The blood of her sons, shed at her bidding, helps to enrich the soil of fifteen States; her officers and soldiers were distinguished for military

it. When men recovered from the stunning sensation of the blow and looked about them, they saw nothing but desolation and disruption; no landmarks left, all established principles shaken, and they sank bewildered and confused into a sort of sullen despondency. Nothing saved them from apathy but the stimulus of actual want and the necessity of providing food and raiment for themselves and families. Political irregularities contri-buted to increase these sensations, and a sentiment was evolved, and has gained ground and at this day is doing mischief, that with the destruction of slavery and the old institu-tions all good has left the State forever; that the character of our people is doomed, and that never again shall we see men like those

that have gone before.

I cannot agree to any such doctrine as that If I thought this to be a universal belief, I would leave a community which had lost conwould leave a community which had lost confidence in itself. There is a tinge of truth in the idea, nothing more. It is thus far true that the peculiar and distinctive style of man produced by the old institutions has gone with the institutions. Is it not equally true that men just as good may appear under the new, although in some respects differing? Time is a great chemist, and in his prophetic alembic from the same elements, by new combinations, produces creatures alike in organization but varying in characteristics suitable to the circumstances in which they are to live and act. The Roman hero of the republic is different from the Roman hero of the empire, and yet both were heroes, and each was fitted for the duties he had to perform. So it is with us. The men under the old system were the creatures of it, and suited it, and adorned their day and generation. There is no reason why we should not do the same. The principles of genuine manhood are alike under all systems.
But have we lost our birthright of integrity,
intelligence and pluck? Has the honor of our people departed? Let us pause for a moment and consider. Has there been any period in the history of the State when they have been exposed to such temptation? How have they exposed to such temptation? How have they borne it? How many of them, even when writhing upon the rack of poverty, have forsaken their principles to better their fortunes? And among the few who have swerved from the old track, doubtless there are some who have done so conscientiously, from an idea that it was the shortest and most effective mode of procuring reform. The fidelity ex-biblied by our people in this respect is marvel-Is there less intelligence than formerly

Is there less intelligence than formerly when education is more widely diffused than at any time previous? Preposterous. Was the pluck gone out of us? I speak not of physical pluck. The faculty to fight, when molested, is common to men and animals. To be deficient in either particular is a moral deformity, as to be born with one eye or one foot is a physical one. I allude to moral pluck, that greatest of human qualities, which enables men and nations to endure without flinching the frowns of fate, stand erect ables men and nations to endire without flinching the frowns of fate, stand erect against disaster, and hold their own when mis-fortune and misery confront them. Try our people by this standard. It is a severe one. You will find them sustain the ordeal. Have they not suffered the devastation of war? Have they not suffered the desolation of fire? not over and again swept away in a few hours the labors of the year? Has not pestilence been among us, and while it lacerated our hearts, crippled our energies? Worse than nearts, crippies our cherigies? Worse that all, have we not labored under the oppressive support of a government which wastes our resources, ruins our credit, and by destroying confidence banishes capital. Has not even the gigantic arm of the Federal power been extended in causeless animosity to harass and alarm, until men felt (as old Ireland has experienced a thousand times) that honesty and perlanced a thousand times) that honesty and things happened to us until it seemed as if the very elements had combined with the malevo-lence of man to crush and overwhelm us? And yet, here we-are, not destroyed, not broken-hearted, and by no means terrified.

Can you see in all this anything which incicates that our pluck has left in? On the contary, the conduct of this people under the singular and fearful trials to which they have been subjected is worthy of all respect and been subjected is worthy of all respect and admiration. When I think of the steady

courage with which they have borne these adversities it calls up to my mind a most nota ble incident of history. Napoleon, the great captain, after his destiny had closed, and while speaking of the events of his career in the spirit of an impartial reviewer, remarked to one of the generals who shared his captivity:
"It was not Wellington, but the British soldiers (you remember at least one-half of his army were Irish) who defeated me at Waterarmy were Irish) who defeated me at Waterloo. My plan was to break the English line,
and I directed all my energies to that object.
After each charge, I confidently expected to
see the lipse give way, but to my astonishment
no such result followed, and, when the smoke
cleared after each effort sufficiently to enable
me to observe the situation that was the me to observe the situation, there was the fatal red line still—shattered, torn, almost an-nihilated, but there it was still unbroken and still undismayed." Integrity, intelligence and pluck, the South Carolina red line, will yet defeat corruption and dishonesty, and redeem

defeat corruption and disnonesty, and reneem
the State.
We are told, however, that this is hopeless,
because a hostile, ignorant, prejudiced and ossidied majority will prevent our ever gaining
sufficient control of the government, to effect
any beneficial changes. I do not think so. It
is true that there is a large majority of the
colored people of the State who have, up to
this time, persistently resisted every attempt
on our part to better the government; and it on our part to better the government; and its equally true that this obstinacy is due to is equally true that this obstinacy is due to prejudice and ignorance. But it is possible to overcome these obstacles. There is a small part of these people who follow no regular occupation, who live by politics, and by what they can get from the government in the way of offices and other less recognized pickings of the public plander. Little is to be hoped from them, because to them reform signifies influence destroyed, and support imperilled. influence destroyed, and support imperilled. There is a considerable portion also who are steeped in ignorance, and are at present impervious to the influences of reason, or the suggestions of wisdom, aithough spoken by the tongues of men and angels. But there is still another class which is composed of neither of these. There is a large number of them who think, (and the number is daily increasing) who are thoroughly dissatisfied and creasing) who are thoroughly dissatisfied and disgusted with the corruption which exists, and which brings disrepute on their race, (as this government rests upon the colored votes only) and who desire a change as much as we do. It was the votes of this class, unting with the white vote, which has given us a satwith the white voie, which has given us a satisfuctory and respectable city government. It
is by similar agencies that we must procure
an improvement in the government at Columbia. The truth is, the great and pressing want
of the people of South Carolina at this time is
an intelligent and honest State government.
It overrides every thing else. Federal politics
are comparatively of small moment to us.
There have always been, and will always be,
two fundamental, discordant political ideas in
this country represented by party, call the parthis country represented by party, call the par-ties as you please. The one of these regards ties as you please. The one of these regards the Federal Government as strictly limited by constitutional restrictions, and the rights of States as sovereign—the other regards the Federal Government as sovereign, and advocates a free and liberal construction of the constitution. The first was represented in constitution. The first was represented in the days of Jefferson by the party called Republican, now Democratic. The other by the old Federal, and subsequently by the Whig party. The party of to-day usurying the Republican name has no right to so respectable an appellation. It is a Radical party. Each of the old parties recognized the constitution; this is encamped outside of it. It is a revolutionary party. It one some we are all Retionary party. In one sense we are all Re-publicans, because we are neither Monarchists nor Imperialists, nor advocates of aristocracy. We are none of us Radicals. Radicalism is ruin. abhor it in all its phases.

I have always acted in obedience to the

I have always acted in obedience to the former of these ideas, and will continue to do so, because I think the tendency of the opposite set of doctrines destructive of true Republicanism and eventually of liberty. But the dangers as to the ultimate effect of these theories is in the distance. Why should we trouble quirestres concerning the roaring of a rouble ourselves concerning the roaring of a lion on the mountain side when there is a jackal at the step who has already marauded the premises, and is about to spring at our inroats and suck the last drop of blood out of us upon the opening of the door? Prudence suggests that we should just dispose of the jackal, and pay our respects to the forest king at a more convenient season.

Our immediate necessity is an honest and competent State government. How can we get it? The special and particular mode no one can prescribe at this moment. The operations of practical politics are like those of the battle-field. The best general is often-times unable to tell what precise movement is advisable until he sees the amount darlow. advisable until he sees the enemy deploy. But we can do this—we can hold ourselves prepared to take advantage of any opportunity that may offer to promote the grand object of governmental reform, and preserving, with steadfast tenacity, the elements of true medgood, integrity, pluck and intelligence, we can, when the auspicious hour presents itself

can, when the auspicious hour presents itself, make such move as sound policy dictates.

In reference to the colored people, we cannot pursue a better course than that recommended to the British nation in a couplet of the poet by their unrivalled statesman, when speaking of American affairs, which they did not follow, and lost their colonies:

"Be to their faults a little blind; Be to their virtues very kind."

Such a policy must assuredly produce happy results. The advice of the veteran leader is as true now as then, because it has its roots deeply planted in justice and the philosophy of

human nature.

We are in a great peril. Everything is at stake—we cannot afford to indulge in vain lamentings about what is gone; we must be up and doing. The present is upon us and the future is before us. The State must be redeemed, and we are the persons to do it. It is certain no others will. Let us bend our souls and energies to the work. If one plan falls we must try another, until we do find one which will succeed. Have faith in your own nies and that of the State. I believe yo Do this, and we shall convert the pr found thoughts just uttered by your distin-guished president into living realities. It can be done. Trusting to the urbanity of the chair to excuse me for deflecting from the regular order of the evening, I propose this The present generation of South Carolinians

are in no respect interior to the generations which have preceded them—willing to redeem the State, and resolved to do it, and to hand down the family escutcheon to those who come after, battered and bruised it may be from the storms to which it has been exposed while in their keeping, but bright and unsulled as the dews of the morning.

The next toast was: The Judiciary—The Conservative element of Republican institutions. Its purity and independence the surest protection against popular prejudice or political excitement.

Judge R. F. Graham, of the First Circuit Court, was called upon to respond, and said: To no people can I conceive that the sentithan to the Irish. They have always stood forth as the advocates of constitutional liberty, whether living in their native green isle or in any other land. This nation owes much of her greatness to the sons of Erin, who, by op-pression at home, have come to this land of liberty. In all positions, from the highest to the lowest, whether on the battle-field, in the halls of legislature, on the bench or at the bar, in the peaceful arts of industry, in trade, in commerce or in agriculture, they have estacommerce or in agriculture, they have esta-blished a character for bravery, for love of liberty, for wisdom, for justice, for elequence, for honesty, for industry and for truth. It would please me much if I had a claim to more of their nationality. I have a little, however, and pride myself on it. I have enough, too, to cause me to heartily agree with you that the judiciary is the conservative element of Republican governments, and that it may prove effective, and properly carry out it may prove effective, and properly carry out the duties in governments having limited con-stitutions, such as ours, it should be indepen-dent. Its purity will almost follow, as a mat-ter or course, where its independence is se-cure from interference by popular prejudice or mubic excitement. or public excitement.

Independence makes us honest and brave. Servilly makes us base and cowardly.

An independent judiciary may well be considered the bulwark against executive op-pression and legislative encroachments. It is equally requisite to guard the constitution and the rights of individuals from the effects of popular prejudice and public excitement, brought about by the acts of designing men, or the influence of particular conjunctures, and which, though they soon give way to sober second thought, still they have a tendency to bring about dangerous innovations in the government, and serious oppression to the less influential, weaker part of the comquire an uncommon degree of fortitude in the judges to do their duty as faithful guardians of the constitution and the rights of individuals, where legislative invasions have been in ass, where registative invasions have been in vestigated or attempted. Every attempt to interfere with the independence of the judici-ary is a step towards absolutism—the most oppressive of all governments—and it is there-fore a duty which every man owes to his country, his friends, to posterity, and to him-self, to maintain, to the utmost of his power, this principle in all its force and strength, to restore it to its ancient dignity—if at all im-paired, to amend it whenever it is defective. and above all, to guard against the introduc-tion of new ideas and theories which, under a variety of plausible pretences, may, in time, imperceptibly undermine this best preservation of Republican institutions.

This was followed by the song from T. P O'Neale_"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," which was exquisitely rendered and loudly applauded.

The fitth toast was:

The Press-The bulwark of a free governmen s purity is its power, and its independence the ystone to Republican liberty. [Air—Bonnie

The response was by Wm. Tennent, Esq., a member of the society. He began with an historical review of the labors of the press since the invention in 1450 by an humb tisan of Gottenburg, of printing type and the appropriate publication, as the first work of an engine destined to spread the light of religion, civilization and humanity, of the Holy Scriptures. He declared that this invention of morable type became in the press the Scriptures. He declared that this invention of movable type became in the press the fulcrum upon which hinged for future ages the destinies of not only nations, but of humanity itself. Through its print knowledge burst upon a benighted world, and from Strasbourg as a locus its bright and genial rays scintillated in fitful dazzlings through the chaos and darkness of error. The the chaos and darkness of error. people of Europe abandoned the mas of Aristotle, and the schoolmen feudalism gave way to the monarchies of a Henry VII and a Louis XI. Mind was at work, and it found pabulum for the digestion of the many in the sheets that flew from the of the many in the sneets that hew now the printing press, until mathematical and metaphysical reasoning culminated in the prosperous reign of the Christian Queen Elizabeth. Clouds came upon the political horizon, and bloodshed, but again the press burst forth, and the writings of Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Cornelle, Reine, Turenne and Conde adorned Cornellie, Racine, Turenne and Conde adorne the pages of literature. The press, through its powerful and universal facilities, also gave vent and ready access to the enterprise and the materialism of nations. Their and the materialism of nations. Their salls whitened the ocean with the com-merce of the world, India poured her wealth and treasures juto the lap of England. wealth and treasures into the lap of England, and Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesqueu, Johnson and Goldsmith crowned the golden age of literature, while the purity of the press glowed in the genial flow of the Spectator and Tatler, as they guiled away the evening hours at the firesides of happy homes. At this auspicious period, America made her debut in the person of Benjamin Franklin, and the press changed its features. Books failed to supply the longings of the public mind, and journalism became the popular literature of America. This country contributed to the America. This country contributed to the world of letters the gems of Irving, Longfel-low, Poe, Bryant, Simms, Hayne, Bancroit, low. Poe, Bryant, Simms, Hayne, Bancroit, Prescott and a host of others, but she early learned to deal with practical facts, and to leave to every man to think for himself and to draw his own conclusions. This gave its wonderful impulse to American journalism, and the legitimate press of the people controlled the destiny of the Republic and shaped the tenor of its government. Amenable to law, it could not afford to be venal nor fawn its a courtier at the feet of nower. Its mislike a courtler at the feet of power. Its mis sion was to be bold and independent, out spoken and true. Discussing public men an easures with calmness, and upon the founds tion of facts, it overleaps the statute law, and reaches the people's hearts in advance, tem

pering the strictness and oft-times the harshness of the law to suit the public necessity

Through the influence of the press, political parties live, move and have their being, and,

being dependent upon their purity for their continued existence, the independent press becomes "the keystone of Republican liberty." The sixth regular toast was announced by

Alderman E. F. Sweegan, as follows: Our Sister Societies-Co-laborers in the same

holy cause, may we ever stand, thorough, dis-tinct and separate, yet but pillars supporting the one indivisible abric of charity and good fellow-ship. [Air—Home Again. This was responded to by General R. H. An-

derson, president of the Survivors' Association, who said: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Hibernian

From the remotest periode in the history of mankind there have been sound some who bestowed their whole energies upon the incucation and practice of virtue, or the development and preservation of the better spirit in man. There are, perhaps, no impulses of the human heart more indestructible, nor any of its aspirations more pure, than those which spring from a desire to cultivate, cherish and perpetuate whatever is good, or grand, or loveable; to preserve the recollections of heroic actions, to celebrate the influences of the beautiful, and to encourage the exercise the beautiful, and to encourage the exercise of the nobler passions.

of the nobler passions.

The modes by which this has been attempted to be done are various and attractive. Religion, with its inspired words; poetry, with its measured strains; painting, with its beautiful delineations; sculpture, with its stately and graceful forms, and music, with its stately and graceful forms, and music, with its melodious tongue, have each and all been employed to assist in attaining this lofty purpose.

It is worthy or remark (if indeed it may not be accepted as a strong argument in fayor of the divine origin of the soul and its immortality) that art and human sympathy have very rarely been employed in the propagation of ideas or principles known to be wrong. Their efforts and their yearnings are always directed towards something higher, or reaching after something better. The poet has not prossituted his art to the creation of ideas which are mean

his art to the creation of ideas which are mean or revolting; the painter has not disfigured his canvas by scenes or countenances which The historian and the writer of romance de-light not in those descriptions which excite the baser passions, and music always sighs to attune our hearts into concord with the gen-tier impulses of our nature. It is no argu-ment against these assertions that there have been men who seem to have been almost to-tally debased, who seem as if in very contra-diction to every good principle or every exalted emotion to have said, "Evil, be thou my good," for these are exceptions which my good," for these are exceptions which prove the rule, and if in some instances charity has thrown a veil over their misdeeds, or romance painted their characters with fictitious coloring, it was because they still present some groups of the milk of human kindness in their breasts, and they had not totally disfigured their humanity. distigured their humanity.
In distant ages the nobler struggle was maintained almost exclusively by individuals.

Lawyers and prophets, priests and poets, as they successively appeared, seem to have been not only alone and unaided by their felbeen not only alone and monaded by their fel-low men, but in very many instances martyrs to their cause. In times more recent, men, guided by the same spirit, and having conge-nial tastes, similar principles, common pur-suits, common recollections or common de-sires, formed themselves into associations and societies for the purpose of practicing or pre-serving that which is, or which seems to be, most nearly skin to their importal spuis. This most nearly akin to their immortal souls. Th most nearly akin to their immortal sculs. This association of men into organized societies for the more effectual accompliahment of some good purpose, or of practicing some good principle, has sprung into existence since the day when a new light shone upon the world, and kindled by its purer flame nobler aims and grander energies in the soul of man. The institution of societies and associations, in all their various forms, derives its origin from the teachings and example of Him who came to proclaim "Peace upon earth and good came to proclaim "Peace upon earth and good will towards men," who gave to men the new commandment to "love one another." and who sets before them the example of a perfectly are extremely various. We find some devoting themselves to charity in its loftlest sense; some practice benevolence; others seek the advancement and diffusion of knowledge; some apply themselves to literature: some to dulge the social virtues in recreation and amusements, and in many other way has man learned to lend a helping hand to his brother and his neighbor. Even the brutes which are subservient to man have not been overlooked and societies have been formed to encourage gentleness and humanity in their treatment. The objects for which the Hibernian Society

was formed are very clearly set forth in the preamble to its constitution.

"The happiness of men upon earth, and the promotion of their choicest interests, are ordained by Providence to depend on their mutual aid and harmonlous union."

"As beneficence too widely diffused ceases to be a virtue, the society considers some specific object necessary to be adopted; and as among the number of cases on which benevolence may be worthly exercised, the as-sistance of distressed emigrants from Ireland appears most prominent, the society does adopt relief to this description of persons as their primary object. Intimately connected with this it is their wish to promote social harmony and friendly intercourse with each other, thus blending the happiness of assisting others, with the promotion of their own failedtr."

. Animated by these generous sentiments, and practicing their dictates with the same liberal spirit in which they were conceived, the Hibernian Society has become venerable and illustrions. She celebrates to-day her seventy-first anniversary, and sends kindly greeting to her sister societies. Her sisters receive her salutations with unfeigned pleasure, and with re-sponsive esteem and regard, and offer to her their heartfelt congratulations on this happy occasion, and their earnest good wishes for her long-continued happiness, prosperity and

The last of the regular toasts was: Woman-Our guide in childhood, the partici-pator of our happiness, our solace in adversity.

This was felicitously responded to by C. O. Trumbo, Eq., a member of the society, who alluded in his happlest style to the agreeably onerous task that had been imposed upon him. It was, he said, one of the sublimest qualities of Irish genius—a native quality of the Irish character—never to forget that heroic respect and chivalrous affection toward woman that have made her the unchallenged queen of the Irish heart, and have pictured her for one hundred years upon the Emerald flag, striking the immortal harp of Erin to its heroic numthe immortal harp of Erin to its heroic numbers, as the best emblem of Irish devotion, Irish patriolism and Irish nationality. The orator and the poet, the sculptor and the painter had tried for sges fittingly to express the immortal admiration of the human heart for wortan, and had but partially succeeded; and he would do no more than ask them to remember that it was the daughter of Pharaoh who rescued the hero of the Mosaic covenant; that it was Judith who slew the tyrant of her people; that it was Mary, the Blessed Mother, who crushed the serpent's head; that it was the wife of Constantine who converted the Pagan world; that it was the spirit of the Spartan mother that stood in the gap of Thermopylæ, and that that it was the spirit of the Spartan mother that stood in the gap of Thermopple, and that wherever the desperate virtue of a people has rallied in the last entrenchments of patriotism, scorning disaster and death, while wrenching victory from threatened defeat, that there it has always been the divine spirit of woman that sustained the struggling hero and consoled the dying patriot.

Not the least pleasant feature of the occasion was the receipt of the greetings of sister societies which were unable to send representatives, and of letters from distinguished gentlemen whose engagements prevented their attendance. Among the latter were the

NEW YORK, March 15, 1872. W. A. Courtenay, Esq.:
MY DEAR SIR-I have been again honored

by an invitation to attend the banquet of the old Hibernians of Charleston—a pleasure

which I have never been able to allow myself yet. This time I must absolutely attend the dinner of our "Knights," and must once more ask to be excused. Pray assure the stewards

Concluded on Fourth Page.