

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

### A SPIRITED CELEBRATION BY THE 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 observed the day—The banquet and speeches—Last evening—Annual supper of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society—Other festivities in honor of the day, here and elsewhere.

The leaden skies and murky atmosphere of 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 Emerald Isle 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 exhilarating 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 anniversary.

### 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 assemble at the Hibernian Hall, each wearing 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 accompanied by a full representation of the rising generation, and children and grandchildren, arrayed like their parents, joined in the line and waved 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 glistering 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 from the ST. PATRICK'S BRASS BAND, moved on up Meeting street. The band is a new organization, which made its first appearance in public yesterday. It comprises twenty pieces, 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 members are all young, mostly of Irish descent, and take naturally 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, P. J. Boniface, M. W. Powers, Jno. H. Early, N. G. Dunf, 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. Belmont, Frank Bearwith, Thos. Glynn, J. B. Maloney and John Pearling.

In front of the column marched a committee of the Benevolent Association, consisting of Messrs. Chas. Mulvaney, Jas. Rabahl, Dan. Sullivan and E. O'Day. These were followed by

### 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 palm-leaf 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 flag, green on one side, and on the other white, with "Irish Rifle Club" handsomely embroidered upon it and surrounded 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 color-bearer was highly complimented, and his comrades remembered the deed.

The club has many tried members to whom it can put 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; J. J. May, second warden; J. F. Byrnes, third warden; William Foley, 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 in the number of nearly one hundred, and they, a solid, able-looking body of men, true representatives of the bone and sinew of Charleston. A genial smile lit up the face of each, which shadowed the spirit of pleasure with which they participated in the celebration. In the rear of this body marched a line of the younger sons of Erin, children of from five to fifteen years. They were kept up in good order, and with their innocent and happy enthusiasm 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 oration, 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 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 very entrance.

### THE IMPOSING SERVICE OF MASS WAS HERE CELEBRATED BY THE REV. J. J. CROGHAN.

The imposing service of Mass was here celebrated by the Rev. J. 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, and how Ireland never persecuted their teachers, and how Ireland became the seat of learning. He showed how she produced the most remarkable orators, and referred to Burke, Flood, Sheridan, and others; and to her poets, 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 orphans 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 other officers, &c., the members dispersed to their homes.

### THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

Seventy-first Anniversary—Re-election 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 Burns, hall-keeper. Committee on Finance—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 happily sustained the reputation of this time honored association for *bonhomie* 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 guests. Among the prominent guests and members were ex-presidents Magrath and O'Neill, 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. B. Tait, 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 Sweeney, 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 inspiring 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 Fathne," 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 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 included almost everything of edible and palatable luxury that ingenuity can devise, and the attractive menu being fully discussed and disposed of with running accompaniments of jest and laughter, anecdote and repartee, and 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 heartfelt thanks for the honor that had been conferred upon him in selecting him to preside for another year over the fortunes of the Hibernian Society. 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 their fortunes in this Western land, and it had extended a loving embrace

to their children and their children's children. It had fostered the wondrous stories of that land beyond the sea, and preserved a pride and a love for the name of Ireland. It took pride in its history, in its achievements of genius, poetry and art. It had smoothed the pathway to success of every Irishman who had sought fortune, fame and honor 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 represented, and he indulged the hope that the years that were past had 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 announced the first toast of the evening:

"We do Celebrate—A bright festival in the calendar of the world, the most pleasant of the days of the patron saint whose name it bears, under all climates it unites the sons of Ireland in a brotherhood of unity 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, unalike of other ties to noble race, and the 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 hospitable arms of the patron saint, but we are met to-day, the talent, the genius, the worth, that old Ireland has dowered the world with, and the noble and generous hearts that beat in responsive sympathy with the name of St. Patrick and St. Patrick's children."

In the distant East, beneath the spreading palm tree, the gallant soldier from green hills and valleys, who, in the farthest West, on the Pacific's slopes, the echoes of the song are heard thrilling the heart of the emigrant with memories of the past, and the noble and generous hearts that beat in responsive sympathy with the name of St. Patrick and St. Patrick's children. In the distant East, beneath the spreading palm tree, the gallant soldier from green hills and valleys, who, in the farthest West, on the Pacific's slopes, the echoes of the song are heard thrilling the heart of the emigrant with memories of the past, and the noble and generous hearts that beat in responsive sympathy with the name of St. Patrick and St. Patrick's children. 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