

Boston Pilot
April 9, 1842

Celebration of St. Patrick's Day
Newport Catholic Temperance Society

This Society celebrated the commemoration of the Apostle of Ireland, in a manner which reflects credit on their Pastor and themselves. The Society assembled about 9 o'clock, on the morning of the 17th, at the Catholic Church, where a solemn high Mass was celebrated, and an eloquent panegyric was delivered by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly upon the Patron Saint of Ireland. After leaving the church they formed themselves into a procession within the church-yard, and preceded by a band of music and a splendid green banner, marched through the principal streets according to direction of the Grand Marshall.

On their return to the church, they separated, and re-assembled at half-past one, and marched in procession to the Masonic Hall, where they sat down to a splendid dinner.

The cloth being removed, the following statements were read by the toast-master, Mr. Nunnery:

Regular Toasts.

1. The Day we celebrate. A day on which Irishmen should rejoice, as it commemorates the most precious of all gifts, the induction of Christianity [Air, St. Patrick's Day.
2. Ireland. The land of patriotism, learning and hospitality. May the sun of liberty dispel the clouds of tyranny and oppression, and exhibit her what she once was: "great, glorious and free." [Air, The harp that once.
3. The United States of America. May they ever continue to be the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, as well as the terror of all tyrants. [Air, Hail Columbia.
4. The President and Vice President of the United States. May they never forget that they have their power from the whole people, and their obligation of legislating for all. [Air, President's March.
5. Daniel O'Connell, the champion of universal liberty all over the globe. May he never cease his exertions, until he has repealed the nefarious union, and placed Ireland among the nations of the earth. [Air, See the conquering hero comes.

Volunteer Toasts.

By William Mansfield. The land of the orators, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan and Flood. May the epitaph of her martyred patriot, Emmet, be written by the hand of the great liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

By Edward McHugh, Father Mathew, the second Apostle of Ireland, who has triumphantly succeeded in destroying the god Bacchus.

By Roger McCormick. The memory of the immortal Washington, to whose patriotism we are indebted for the blessings we now enjoy.

By James Hennessy. Ireland, the land which produces patriotism; and Columba, where it produces fruit.

By James Daugherty. Union and friendship between Americans and Irishmen.

By Jefferson O'Reilly. May the land of our birth soon be what the land of our adoption is – the land of the free.

By James O'Tarrell. Our reverend and talented pastor, to whose zeal and exertions we are indebted for the blessings of being a united, temperance, moral people, as well as for the celebration of Ireland's Patron Saint. May he continue for a long time to preside over his congregation with the same talent and ability as he has since he come amongst us.

To which the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly responded in the following eloquent speech: -

Mr. President and Gentlemen: - Surrounded by so many generous souls, both of the old and new world, I cannot but rise to return you thanks for the very kind manner in which my health has been proposed and received by you. I assure you I am wholly unworthy of the eulogy conferred on me by my noble friend; for if I have done anything to promote the cause of Catholics and Irishmen, since I came among you, I have been but the mere instrument of it in the hands of the "giver of all good gifts, to whom are due all praise and honor;" "for what have we that we did not receive, and why do we boast of it as if we received it not?"

The occasion which assembles us today around this festive board, is to the Irishmen one of joy and exultation. What scenes does it not bring to our view? With what associations is it not ushered in? It reminds us of a country delivered from the fatal darkness of paganism, and converted to the rivivifying (?) light of Christianity by the preaching of the Gospel; by the miracles and sanctity of its glorious and venerated Apostle St. Patrick, who has not only established Christianity on the ruins of Idolatry, but moreover, (what no other country on the habitable globe can boast of,) has banished from that sainted land all noxious and venomous reptiles. It brings to our fathers, the society of friends and relations, with many other endearing associations.

But though each recurring anniversary of Ireland's Apostle becomes to us all a source of pleasure and mirth, yet we will find in the annals of that country something to demand our sympathy. When we reflect upon all that nature has done for it, the salubrity (?) of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the magnificence of its scenery, the meandering of its thousand rivers, capable of moving all the machinery of the world, its splendid and spacious harbors, when we consider all this; and see how she has been abused and persecuted by a worse than barbarian nation, her religion proscribed, her churches and monasteries pillaged and destroyed, her ministers of religion banished and beheaded, her universities and academies of literature and science leveled to the ground, every monument of piety and learning razed to its foundations, in fine, her lands confiscated, and fertilized by the blood of her children, when we consider that all these heart-rending scenes and barbarous acts have taken place and been committed in the bravest and most loyal country of the world, by a nation which calls itself Christian will we not shed a tear of sorrow and sympathy upon the page of its dark and bloody history, and

acknowledge that the reigns of the tyrants and oppressors have surpassed in savage barbarity those of a Nero and Caligula?

But it seems that the long night of her sufferings and persecutions is drawing to an end; that the sun of a happier day is about to dawn upon that oppressed country. O'Connell, the great O'Connell, is now leading his people from victory to victory; he has almost succeeded in placing them within the pale of the British constitution, he has repealed in rapid succession all their penal laws, the restrictions and disabilities under which they labored, and had them now in sight of the land of promise. I had almost forgotten to make mention of even a greater than O'Connell, the Apostle of that great moral revolution which is pervading the land. I need scarcely say that his name is Father Mathew, a name which will hold a conspicuous place in the page present as well as future historians, and which will be handed down to and revered by future generations as the great benefactor of mankind. Oh, well may Ireland be proud of such two constellations (?) – O'Connell and Father Mathew! The former, like another Moses, astounding not only the British nations but the whole world by his extraordinary and almost superhuman acts, is delivering his people from the oppression and bondage of a cruel and despotic government, and is devising and establishing a more perfect system of human legislation; the latter, like another Aaron, for the deliverance and salvation of his people in offering up the adorable sacrifice of the immaculate Lamb, in preaching and expounding the word of God and reforming the habits and manners of his fellow creatures. Oh what astonishing changes have taken place even in our day and generation! The cries and persecutions of his faithful people have at least ascended before the throne of God, who in his justice is how about to visit England for her injustice, her crimes and abominations. We see her writhing in the agonies of convulsion and internal dissension. Her operatives are without employment, her manufactories are idle, her towns and cities are overpopulated; starvation and crime, the two forerunners of a revolution, are increasing to a frightful degree, and England is on the decline. Yes, England shall fall by her own power, by her own right hand, and Ireland shall again be free. Then shall the soul of every Irishman, in the words of the immortal Curran, “walk abroad in its own majesty, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.”

I shall now conclude by thanking you, gentlemen, for your indulgence, and give as a sentiment –

May the American flag yet float triumphantly in the breeze over Ireland, and may a reciprocity of good feeling always exist between the sons of Columbia and those of the Emerald Isle.

By the Hon Dutee J. Pearce, a guest. Erin go Bragh! Ireland forever! No venomous reptile touches her soul, and lives.

Sons of Erin everywhere too proud to worship a dust crawling reptile any where.

By Mr. S. A. Robinson, a guest. The Catholic Temperance Society, which has effected so much good; and Irishmen who have fled from a tyrannical king or queen, are made welcome to “the home of the brave and the asylum of the oppressed.”