

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—UNITED IRISHMEN—HAMILTON'S GLORIOUS EXAMPLE—THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Irishmen and Irishwomen, in all parts of Canada, may turn their eyes towards Hamilton and behold their fellow-countrymen actually dwelling together in unity. If the harp that once through Tara's halls could only be turned up in this city, what sweet and tender melodies would float out in the peaceful air! Heretofore the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, in Hamilton, has been confined mainly to the Catholic portion of the community. It were they who always made the 17th of March a holiday, and, adorned in their best attire and displaying a sprig of shamrock, or a bit of green, thronged the streets and made merry independent of any kind of weather. This year, however, the Irish Protestants have come to the front and have joined heartily in the celebration. On Sunday, the 16th, the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society attended service at Christ's Church Cathedral and listened to a most interesting sermon which was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Carmichael, formerly of Montreal. On Monday, the 17th, the Catholic Benevolent Society and their friends attended mass in St. Patrick's Church, and throughout the day the Irish people of both creeds vied with each other in the wearing of the green. It seemed as though that magic colour at last touched the Protestant, as it always did the Catholic, and made the heart enthrall with fond recollections of the dear little Isle beyond the sea.

In the evening a dramatic entertainment took place in St. Patrick's Hall and a large audience was delighted with the "Irish Agent."

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society gave a concert and lecture in the Mechanics' Hall to a very fair audience. The Philharmonic Society opened the programme with one of Haydn's symphonies, and later on the same Society rendered the overture "Sophonisba" by Paer. Both of these pieces were nicely given. It is giving the members but slight praise to say that the music was the nearest approach to the exquisite productions of the Thomas Orchestra that we have ever heard. After some sweet songs by several ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Eager, President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, introduced the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. Mr. Davin entertained the audience for more than an hour with an eloquent and witty address on the subject "The Irishman in Canada." At the conclusion of his address a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. R. Martin, Q. C., and seconded by Mr. M. Howells, President of St. George's Benevolent Society.

On the evening of the following day the first annual dinner of the St. Patrick's Society of United Irishmen took place at the Mansion House. The hall was tastefully decorated with the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Canada. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Richard Martin, Q. C., President of the Society. He was supported on the left by Mr. Howells, President of the St. George's Society, and on the right by Mr. N. A. Eager, President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and Mr. E. Furlong, Secretary of St. Patrick's Society. The vice chairs were occupied by ex-Alderman John Barry and Mr. J. B. Eager. Among the hundred gentlemen who were present were: Hon. F. Leland, U. S. Consul; Messrs. Adam Brown, W. R. Macdonald, E. Martin, Q. C., Alex. Bruce, Abt. Carruthers, Dr. Ryall, ex-Ald. C. Foster, D. E. Sheppard, R. J. Duggan, J. H. Hogan, John Rouan, Dr. Filgiano, Col. Patton, D. McCullough of the Spectator, Wm. Carey, also of the Spectator, Abt. Kavanagh, P. Rouan, J. C. Mahoney, E. Abercrombie, C. L. Thomas, Wm. Griffiths, J. R. Martin of Cayuga, Geo. R. Barton of Dundas, Geo. Ross, A. L. Reeves, jun., Geo. Lee, A. Patton, &c., &c.

The President referred to the success of the inauguration of this Society of Irishmen of all creeds. They all loved their native land, and had many pleasant memories of it, and he trusted that on all future celebrations they might meet and say to their fellow Irishmen, "Aye my lads, we're brothers on St. Patrick's Day." In Canada they wanted to be a united people, a united country, and the existence of this Society was an evidence of the desire to see this consummation.

Speeches were made by Hon. F. Leland, Adam Brown, Esq., Mr. J. R. Martin, Mr. Geo. Barton, Mr. D. McCulloch, Mr. Howells, Mr. E. Martin, and others, all paying a graceful tribute to the Irish character and to the Emerald Isle.

It is, indeed, strange to find Irishmen of all creeds thus fraternizing around the festive board to do honour to Ireland's Patron Saint. How much more commendable is it to thus meet and enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" than to parade around in bitter antagonism, flinging bricks and mud, and finally wind up by pounding one and other into jelly. The members of this United Society are animated by a proper spirit, and the good the Society will accomplish will be felt not only by the Irish citizens, but by the whole community.

It will thus be seen that St. Patrick's Day was duly celebrated in Hamilton. The proceedings were so varied and continuous as to admit of every body taking part, and doubtless every Irishman and woman felt their hearts swell with pride as the incidents brushed up their memories of the "Old Sod." The har-

moniousness and good-natured pleasantry which characterized the whole celebration could not fail to make them feel more contented with their Canadian home.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, March 29th, 1879.

BRELOQUES POUR LAMES.

"Woes cluster; they love a train," remarks the sage, which the same it may be said of women; but of the two give us the women.

A HAPPY mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

AN East Earl (Ind.) young woman has spoken to no one but her mother and two sisters in sixteen years. She is keeping a vow she made when a child, because her father whipped her.

DR. COY'S little boy, aged six, thinks God must have a good deal of confidence in his father or he wouldn't intrust him with so many babies to distribute.

"MOTHER is all the time telling me not to bolt my food," said the small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the company victuals."

"There are too many women in the world; sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

THE girl who "hates oysters" at home is always at a church festival, with her appetite in readiness, and an earnest desire to tackle anything for the good of the cause and the young man who parts his hair in the middle.

A YOUNG girl, being in a Sherburn store, and seeing a man exchange two one-pound rolls of butter for tobacco, innocently inquired, "where the pay of the poor woman who made the butter came in?"

It is an odd thing that a young man's mother cannot get him to bring up a hod of coal, when a young woman not half as old, who lives across the street, can persuade him by a single glance of the eye to clean off the sidewalk with alacrity and a broken shovel.

AND when you find it necessary to refuse a matrimonial proposal, do not tell of it. In the first place, your own honour and delicacy should keep you silent, and in the second place, your rejected suitor will never admit that he was rejected in this world.

FAT cook (with conscious blushes, to the lady who wants to engage her): "As to there bein' no followers allowed, mum, you might recollect, as you've been single yourself; and a girl as is rather showy in figger can't well help 'em comin' about."

WHEN a Hartford woman patted her friend's seven-year-old youngster on the head and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are," he looked up into her face and replied: "Well, I guess you can. I don't believe God's lost the pattern of me."

MISS LILLIE MATTHEWS, of Paris, Ky., in her attendance upon the Christian Sunday-school, has exhibited a punctuality worthy of imitation. For four years she has not missed a Sunday, nor failed to bring her mite for the contribution box.

SOMEbody has said that love is blind. This is curious. We have noticed that when the love business wears off a young married couple that they struggle desperately for the largest piece of beefsteak placed at the other end of the table.

A BASHFUL young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—do—do—must have—do you aware that the good book says—er—says that it is not good that man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

THE Pioneer says that a good joke is told on one of Niagara's enterprising young men. He was visiting at a place where there was a young widow with two bright boys. One of the little scamps went to the door and called to the other: "Come in and see our new papa."

A LITTLE girl was asked by her mother, on her return from church, how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" asked her mother. "Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, and then hollered so loud he wouldn't let me go to sleep."

IN 1695, in the township of Eastham, Mass., a regulation was made that every unmarried man should kill six blackbirds and three crows a year as long as he remained single. If he neglected this order, and wished to marry, he was not allowed to do so till he had shot his full number of birds.

"O husband!" said Mrs. Ophelia McMunn. As she gazed at her wilful and passionate son, "Where that boy got his temper I never could see."

"I'm certain he never could take it from me." "No doubt, my dear wife, your assertion is true; I never have missed any temper from you."

A GENTLEMAN, who has just had a family tomb constructed, takes his wife to the cemetery, and she recoils with horror on beholding cut in the stone: "To the memory of my beloved wife—eternal regrets." "But I am not dead," she cries. "I know it, darling, but I wished to please you by showing you what my affection would lead me to say when you die."

"Now, John, do you always, when you are down town engaged in the hurry and worry of business—do you always think of your darling at home?" said the affectionate young wife as she reached up on tiptoe for the parting morning kiss.

"Yes, my dear, always."

"What, always?"

"Well—h-a-r-d-ly always."

This is printed just to show that there can be a variation from that standard Pinafore refrain.

BURLISQUE.

HOW SHE DESCRIBED IT.—He was a bald-headed bachelor, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion.

"Then you confess," he said in a tremulous voice to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady.

"And may I ask," he continued in a voice of emotion, "what those qualities are?"

"I can hardly explain," said the young lady, bashfully, "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluous—I can't express it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor, as he pressed her hand.

He didn't know just what "mellifluous" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good-night he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary and feverishly turned to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read—

"Smooth, soft, mellow."

WOMEN CROSSING THE STREET.—How women cross the street has been made a subject of observation and study by Dr. E. M. Hale of Chicago. He says: "A lady starts to cross the street; when she gets one-third or half-way over she sees a team approaching; the driver, in nearly every instance watches her movements, and seeks to drive in behind her. If she keeps on her way, all is well. If she only stands still she is perfectly safe. But here comes in the strange and fatal idiosyncrasy of her sex. Just as the driver thinks he can safely drive behind her, she stops, starts back a few steps, and, unless the driver is prompt and draws his horse back on his haunches, the woman is under his feet or knocked down. Then come the hue and cry that the driver is to blame. How can he help it? All teams cannot be driven on a walk and do the business of a great city. I have asked many of the policemen who guard the crossings at the intersections, and they all testify to this universal habit in ladies. 'They all do it,' said one of them to me, 'and I have all I can do to keep them from backing under horses' feet.' If your reporter will ask a thousand men who drive actively through our streets, they will all confirm my assertions. I write this in all kindness and sympathy, and would seriously call the attention of the women to the great risk they run by a blind and thoughtless adherence to this instinctive habit."

Cross directly over, ladies. No gentleman will permit you to be run over.

A PAINFUL MISTAKE.—Only that our duty compels to tell the news we should keep still about the matter. It seems that Tuesday forenoon Bill Capton got the idea that there were prospects of snow. To satisfy his mind on the subject he stepped out in front of the store to make observations, and striking an attitude of wild but graceful abandon, he was soon lost in contemplation of the sky. While he stood thus, like a statue of Apollo, a farmer from Marine walked into the store, and called on Lon. for twenty-five cents' worth of five cent cigars.

"We don't sell cigars," said Lon.

"What?"

"We don't sell cigars."

"Never?"

"No, never."

"Never?"

"Well, hardly ever."

"Jupiter!" exclaimed the farmer, "this is the first tobacco store I ever saw where they did not sell cigars."

"This ain't no tobacco store," protested Lon. indignantly.

"It is a cigar store," insisted the farmer.

"I will take my affidavit on a stack of Bibles, that this is a stove store," yelled Lon.

"Well," said the puzzled farmer, pointing through the window to the imposing figure of the stately Bill, "this is the first time I ever saw the image of an Indian stuck up for a sign in front of a stove store."

The funeral of the farmer will occur at Marine, on Sunday. Friends and relatives are invited to attend.

A NEW ORDER.—The other day, after a strapping young man had sold a load of corn and potatoes on the market and had taken his team to a hotel barn to "feed," it became known to the men around the barn that he was very desirous of joining some secret society in town. When questioned he admitted that such was the case, and the boys at once offered to initiate him into a new order, called "The Cavaliers of Caveo."

He was told that it was twice as secret as Freemasonry, much nicer than Oddfellowship, and the cost was only two dollars. In case he had the toothache he could draw five dollars per week from the relief fund, and he was entitled to receive ten dollars for every headache, and twenty-five dollars for a sore throat.

The young man thought he had struck a big thing, and after eating a hearty dinner he was taken into a storeroom above the barn to be initiated. The boys poured cold water down his back, put flour on his hair, swore him to kill his mother, if commanded, and rushed him around for an hour without a single complaint from his lips. When they had finished he enquired:

"Now I'm one of the Cavaliers of Caveo, am I?"

"You are," they answered.

"Nothing more to learn, is there?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, I'm going to lick the whole crowd!" continued the candidate, and he went at it, and before he got through he had his two dollars initiation fee back, and three more to boot, and had knocked everybody down two or three times apiece.

He didn't seem greatly disturbed in mind as he drove out of the barn. On the contrary, his hat was slanted over, he had a fresh five-cent cigar in his teeth, and he mildly said to one of the barn-boys:—

"Say, boy, if you hear of any cavaliers asking for a Caveo about my size, tell 'em I'll be in on the full of the moon to take the Royal Skyfogle degrees."

MR. BLIFFIN'S FIRST BABY.—The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious baby's existence, he had me up, on an average, six times a night.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, "bring a light, do; the baby looks strangely; I am afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like the little bear that he was.

"Mr. Bliffins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get ill."

Nothing was the matter with the window, as I very well knew.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes. Strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep my wife said, "Mr. Bliffins, did you think to buy that bromo to-day for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her, and without saying a word to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so; you will wake the baby."

"Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Bliffins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby? The dear child! If it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Bliffins?"

"I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired."

"Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife. "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience, and got up for the posset.

Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Oh, dear!" said that inestimable woman, in great apparent anguish: "how can a man, who has arrived at the honour of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live until morning?"

I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Bliffins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose.

How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead with some sharp instrument.

I started up, and Mrs. Bliffins was sitting up in bed, adjusting the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for a nocturnal pincushion.

I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly suffer such trifling ills for the baby. I insisted upon it that I did not think my duty as a parent to the immortal required the surrender of my forehead as a pincushion.

This was one of the many nights passed in this way.

The truth was, that baby was what every man's first baby is—an autocrat, absolute and unlimited.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.