

WHAT ARE THE SPIRITS DOING!

The Hamilton Spirit is rapping away at us, and on the 8th April relieved himself of nearly three columns of venomous CHOLLS against the Editor of this paper. It is the lowest and most vulgar trade ever written in Canada. He drops the editorial etiquette usual on such occasions, and uses the private name—"Mr. Durand this," "Mr. Durand that," and "Mr. Durand's" all the way through. He fairly boils over with rage and vulgarity—to use a quaint expression \square has evidently "burst his boiler." A few of our readers may see that paper, which has a forced circulation of a few hundreds—forced on the title MYSTICAL BONDS CALLED DIVISIONS, (\square see his article of the 1st April,) as he calls them—if they do, we may truly ask them is not that article a true specimen of a VERY LOW VULGAR MIND? Mr. McQUEEN (pardon us for using his name.) is said to be one of the most abusive political writers in Canada, and a real lick spittle in his way; and this we may easily conceive, seeing his vulgarity as a temperance writer. Our readers are spared a noisome dose in being relieved from the perusal of this 8th April trade, and we are not going to introduce them to much of it, but a few things cannot be passed over.

He says he wrote to London protesting against the Spirit being made the organ of the League. Now the question naturally recurs, how did he know his paper was to be made such before the Convention met? Probably his friend, the Grand Scribe, said so. We are informed that this Grand Scribe, to whom the Order paid \$100 extra in 1852 of their funds, to aid him to get through with his multifarious business, was a candidate at this London caucus, for the office of Corresponding or Recording Secretary—(A SALARY TO DOOR.) Again, he says we must be "expelled out" "the good of the temperance cause requires it." Who is going to do this? The Spirits of Hamilton, with McQUEEN, their LIQUOR advertiser? We suppose so—aided by the Grand Scribe. \square Let them take care in the melee that they don't snuff themselves out— \square but the Scribe might fall back on an office in the League perhaps. It is laughable to hear a paper some four months old, with a few hundreds of a circulation, talking of "snuffing out."

Again, he talks of the Grand Division expelling us 'mighty thought! Did that ignoramus ever enquire whether the Grand Division had the power, if disposed, to expel a delegate? If they have, it might be a question whether it would not be well to expel the Editor of the Spirit, should he appear there. \square It might be well too for the Divisions in Hamilton to enquire how this Spirit Editor conducted himself with King Alcohol in Waterloo, or in that vicinity, a year or so ago!!! Perhaps charity should forbid it; but we very much question, and in this most would agree with us, whether any truly sober man ever wrote his leading article of the 8th April. \square He admits in it, too, that he had not been in his Division for eight weeks! and says he never will go there again UNLESS WE REMAIN A MEMBER of the Order. Well, we have been a Son nearly three years, and were never away from our Division over one night, although during that time often abused by outside Editors. It is hardly likely we will leave the Order for that Editor; nor that any Division, Grand or Subordinate, would condemn us for saying it was wrong to ADVERTISE THE REMAINS OF HAMILTON.

"NO TEN INFLUENTIAL MEN" in Canada agree with us in condemning the Spirit Editor for advertising liquor" says he. If he will find ten influential Sons, who will dare to come out under their real signatures, and say it is proper for a Son of Temperance to advertise intoxicating LIQUORS, then will we say there is some ground for his doing so. As yet we have seen no man of influence advocate the practice. As for our views, we insert in our issue the names of two prominent temperance lecturers, challenging a discussion of the question, and there is not a temperance paper in Canada, or America, but what agrees with us. Then we have already given the names of at least twenty large Divisions, who have taken our views by resolution or some private expression. Again, we have letters from prominent Sons from all parts of Canada, saying that our view of this matter is correct. The Spirit sometime ago alluded to the Tribune of New York, as a political paper, that had done more than all the temperance papers of America for temperance—(just like all his wild assertions), yet when we told him the Tribune would seem to insert LIQUOR advertisements, has he proved the contrary?

Then in this article we are gravely told that "Mr. Durand" as he calls us, has got, and still gets his living by publishing the term. Every man has a right to be paid for his labour; but this paper as we have before said, and now say, has never paid one shilling as yet beyond our expenditure in carrying it on. It is published for the advancement of temperance, and because we are fond of literary pursuits. It costs an immense sum to carry it on, the style and work being expensive. On the other hand what is the Spirit? Examine it and the Canadian on alternate weeks, and you will see \square it is chiefly a noisome re-hash of the same matter, served up twice, like cold meat, to its readers. The warm meat, with LIQUOR advertisements to his political and rum readers in the Canadian; and the cold meat (the same matter chiefly) to the "LITTLE MYSTICAL BONDS AND FRATERNITIES,"—about whose patronage he says he cares not one straw—the next week. If he cares nothing for their patronage why did he deluge the Divisions with his papers in December? And why does the Grand Scribe—his friend—write circulars to D. G. W. P., and Divisions, to induce these "FRATERNITIES" to patronise him? This COLD MEAT, served up as a re-hash, has been paid for already in the Canadian, and, of course, costs the Spirit comparatively nothing! This, we know, is nobody's business; but then the difference in the expense of that paper and ours can be easily seen in all this. Then, we started this paper when the Order was weak, at great risk, with our private funds, without any guarantee of \$300 or \$500 to back us. Our private purse has sustained it for over two years, and it will triumph yet over all the "MYSTICAL SPIRITS AND GRAND SCRIBES."

A mighty voice is rising in our favour in the Divisions—not in our favour exactly, (for we are only an humble, but, we trust, consistent Son,) but in favour of the NOBLE PRINCIPLE OF OUR ORDER, PURITY FROM THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, ADVERTISING, &c.

Songs of triumphs float above us—
Rajy Sons—consistent be,
Conscience whispers will approve us
In love and purity.

Enemies may try to blacken—
Stun our glorious banners;
There is a voice that will awaken,
To teach the "Spirits" manners.



The Literary Gem.

THE RILL THAT RAN BY OUR DOOR.

'Twas as bright a stream
As e'er laughed in the beam,
And as pure as the ray that dances at morn;
Its notes were as wild
As the voice of a child,
And its song came as sweet as the echoing horn.
Oh, give me the rill that ran by our door
It is dear to me still, tho' I see it no more.
Each nook was a treasure;
Each rippet a measure,
Which kept time with the joyous throb of my heart;
Each wavelet that lashed,
As onward it dashed,
Had a charm more potent than the tinsel of art;
For 'twas like the fire of the serpent's eye,
Whose music draws nigher tho' it seems in the sky.

Its banks were so green,
So fresh and so clean,
And shaded at noon by the willow and elm,
That some nymph 'twould seem,
Had hallowed the stream,
To woo forth a sylph from her crystalline realm.
There never was spot in ever-green glade,
So beautifully wrought, or fairy-like made.

'Twas my play-mate and toy,
When an innocent boy,
That some little brook so lovely and bright,
And it strove e'en to float,
My bright little boat,
With so much pride and apparent delight.
Oh give me the rill that ran by our door,
It is dear to me still, tho' I see it no more.

THE PARTRIDGE AND HIS DRUMMING.

Several correspondents have sent letters on the subject of the manner in which the partridge makes the peculiar noise called "drumming." One of these communications is from an old and esteemed friend and settler of Paris. The other two are from Smithville, one from Mr. Emerson, who seems to be quite a lover of natural history, birds, animals, flowers, and trees. These gentlemen and others who have written will accept our grateful thanks. Mr. Barnes of Otterville has written a letter on the subject of the animals called wild cats and Canadian Lynxes. We want a more particular description of the wild cat, as to its size, colour, length of tail and habits. It had always been our opinion that there was but one species, although our father, who was a great sportsman and hunter about the year 1804 in the County of Norfolk, often spoke about the animal called the wild cat. It is about half the size of the lynx, and seems more rare and shy. As to the drumming of the partridge, Mr. Emerson says, it is caused by the wings of the bird. The partridge alights on a log, walks to the favorite place, which is clean of moss, he then takes his position with head and body erect, and after examining and finding no intruders about, commences by lifting both wings at once mechanically, but not so fast but what you can see them. Afterwards they immediately commence a swifter flutter, dropping the wings very suddenly and curving them inward—the noise being made by the quick flutter in the downward strokes, not by the uplifted wings. Mr. Emerson says he thinks the noise is made by compressing the air beneath the wings, in the circular downward flutter, not by striking the body or the legs. He commences twice or three to beat in a subdued tone, then commences a quick flutter like a buzzing wheel, when the bird can scarcely be seen by the spectator, from the motion of the wings. It can well be compared to a little flax wheel. It is difficult to shoot the bird in this position. Mr. Field of Smithville takes the same view of the matter, and says that the noise is made by beating the air and not by any noise on the log itself. He has seen the bird do it on a log

The letter from Paris says the partridge stands very erect on a log, then commences by slowly striking his wings out at right angles, with a quick jerk in the air, first gently then faster and faster, until the motion becomes a perfect buzz. When a coachman cracks his whip, what does he strike, any hard substance? No, but the air. The effect of the partridge's wing is the same. The stroke of the wing on the air, as in the whip, causes the noise. He says he has seen hundreds of them drumming during the space of 40 years, in the United States and in Canada. The male drums whilst the female is sitting on her nest, during the time of incubation. He selects an old mossy log, in a thicket, stands erect crossways of the log. If they see you they will stand erect, with their feathers so close to the body that you can scarcely distinguish them from a lump of moss, and if you lose the glimpse of them, you can scarcely again catch the view. I have crept up, says he, to the log where the male was drumming with a rifle to shoot him, and examined the log, but could see nothing, when the moment I turned my steps away, he would again commence to drum. Their power of concealment by compressing the body, although within a few yards of you, is very extraordinary. The partridge, quail and pigeon often make a noise somewhat similar to the drumming when flying by you. Also the pigeon when suddenly rising from the ground makes a crackling noise, which proceeds from the action of the wings on the air. A noise very similar to the drumming of the partridge can be made by the wing of a goose or turkey—raise your arm up level, bring your hand near your ear, then suddenly straighten the arm with the wing by a quick jerk, and the wing will make the motion and imitate faintly the drum of the partridge. The above is the substance of what these three writers say. The legs of the partridge are covered with a thick coat of whitish feathers down to the toes—the toes are serrated beneath, that is have fine teeth in saw fashion, enabling the bird to hold on to the trees. Across the end of the tail feathers there is a black band, the tips being whitish. The eyes are prominent and black. The beak thick, black, and the upper mandible bent inward. The male has two tufts of black feathers near the shoulders. Go into the distant woods in the latter part of April, or in May, and sit quiet. The whole scene will be sunny and quiet. Nothing will disturb the solitude, save the rap of the wood-pecker, or the twitter of the little tree creepers, or perhaps the gambols of the red squirrel. Suddenly you hear in the distance the low muffled drumming of the partridge. This is a Canadian wood scene and a beautiful one.

THE LYNX AND WILD CAT.

Mr. Barnes, of Otterville, has just sent two letters, giving useful particulars about the above named animals. He says distinctly that there are two species in Canada. The smallest (he has himself killed one) is, in size as follows: Thirty inches from the nose to the root of the tail—ears very short and round for a cat; the height was not measured; the neck longer than that of the Lynx, in proportion—tail three inches long. He has seen several others that were killed. The colour is a reddish grey. They are very shy, but are easily trapped, and are killed at times by the hunters. They make great havoc among mice, rabbits, birds and poultry. They run swiftly, but when hard pushed take to trees, and prefer thickets, avoiding water. In the winter they seek cedar swamps. They will attack a common dog. The larger species, or Lynx, is much larger than the above kind; the colour is more of a brindle, grey and black; very ferocious, head very large, teeth unusually large; legs long, and very powerful, feet broad, and armed with powerful claws, nearly as thick at the root as those of a Newfoundland dog. The tail is short, the hind legs very crooked—half bent. They seem conscious of possessing superior powers, for they are not much afraid of men or dogs. Ears are long, pointed, tipped with black hair; eyes of a bright glowing yellow. They run very fast, and very few hounds can bring them to bay, and fewer still will attack them. When pursued they retreat—not very fast at first, and run in a circular direction, passing every few minutes near the same point, generally a dense thicket. The most successful hunters of these animals, carry short heavy barrelled fowling pieces, charged with goose or buck shot, and armed too with bowie knives. They shoot when the animal is near by. Mr. Donbar of Fredericksburgh, Norfolk county, killed four of these animals this winter, one of which weighed 52 lbs. Another friend of mine caught one in a steel trap nearly as large. They abound in the cedar swamps and thickets along Big Creek or the River Rowan. They catch geese, turkeys, lambs and pigs. These animals fight among themselves making a terrible noise in the woods.

T. BARNES.

From the above it would seem there is quite a difference in the size, appearance and colour of the two species. The Lynx is nearly twice the size of the other kind.

ENGLISH TEMPERANCE NEWS.—An organization entitled "The United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the traffic in Intoxicating Liquors," is just starting in Manchester, Eng. Several meetings have been held for the purpose of arousing public opinion in favour of petitioning Parliament for a prohibitory liquor law of a stringent kind. A large meeting was held for such a purpose in Edinburgh, Scotland.