THE EXPERIMENT.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1847.

Our District, Our Country and Ourselves.

We will say but little of our District, as an *article*, from a *very able pen* is preparing for our next Magazine, which will appear on the first December; consequently we will pass over our District, and particularly recommend our Readers to procure at their earliest convenience, a copy of the Victoria Magazine.

Our Country.—This is a subject on which we feel very incompetant to do justice to, for we know that our County is improving so rapidly, that no one does, or can fully realize or appreciate it.

The Villages that are springing up; the Towns that are becoming of importance, and the Cities that have already obtained their Charters, with all their Commercial show of Steam Boats and Shipping in the Harbors, and at their Wharves, with 'thronged Streets,' 'large Markets,' 'towering edifices,' 'beautiful Palaces,' and 'tastefully laid out grounds, walks and gardens. All this shows improvement, and is generally observed by the traveler, or the Business man, that travels from one City to another, on those floating palaces, by the way of our great Lakes and Rivers, particularly when we reflect that not *many* years since, what is now Canada West could not boast of a single City, and the only Town of any importance, was 'Little York,' where "Proud Toronto" now stands.

But what are these improvements? great as they are, in comparison to what is going on in our County, and going on in that quiet unassuming way, that they are scarcely noticed, and improvements that are *not confined* to a few favored Localities, but that stretch themselves almost without a blank, from the extreme East, to the far, *far* west of our Country! We mean those improvements that our Yeomanry make; the Pioneers, those who had moral courage sufficient to shoulder the axe, select their location, erect their log cabin, fell the sturdy trees, trusting in Divine Providence for a plentious return for their labors. It is from this quarter that our Country grows!

"And grows so fast, that I *know* that no one knows."

When we see the mighty forests surrender to the axe-man, and the strong Oak, Maple, and Birch, give up to the golden grain, and waiving Corn, the ferocious beasts of prey, retire and give place to looing Cattle, and bleating herds!'

And when we see the log cabins vacated, and the neat and tasty Farm Houses erected in their stead, the Barns and Store houses well filled with not only the staff of life, but also the luxuries, and to see our farmers come teaming into our Cities, Towns and Villages, with their surplus Products, the rich reward of their labors; and there to be fitted and sent to foreign countries, to gladden the hearts and cherish the famishing bodies of thousands, whose fortune it is to be cast in a more uncongenial clime, or where labor is not blest with that rich reward. And when we see not only our verdent hills and Rich Valleys, brought to blossom as the rose, but our country dotted with School-houses, and a goodly sprinkling of Chapels, and places of Public Worship.

Such are the improvements of our country, and such is the rapidity, and quietness of such improvements, that they are scarcely noticed by us, and are not fully appreciated, only when we contrast the present with the past, and compare twenty years ago with the present.

Ourselves.—Our Foreman tells us that on this subject we must be short, that our paper is more than set up already, and we behind our time of publishing; but we cannot forbear giving our numerous readers a little account of our prospects and intentions:—

Our prospects are encouraging. Our Subscription lists both for Magazine and Experiment, are daily increasing, and increasing rapidly; our *Magazine* has already six hundred patrons, and our Experiment has nearly reached fifteen hundred; we have every confidence in our ultimate success, but it will require time and perseverance, to bring about that remuneration, to both Editors and publishers, which so arduous an undertaking deserves.

Our intentions are, as a general thing, to give one or more tales complete in each number, and continue one. We intend to commence publishing *Old Hicks the Guide*, in our next; although the Aztec Princess will not be finished, those wishing to commence with this highly interesting tale, must send in their names soon, as the back numbers cannot be supplied much longer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:

The Fatal Vow, and *The Prodigal's Return*, by A. G., in our next. Give us a Canadian tale?

The Secret Society, by our friend "Gananoque," in our next. We shall be pleased to hear from him again.

Our Agents for Toronto—Messrs Sanford & Fuller, 48 King Street, and Robert Petch Jun., No. 17 Adelaide Street.

CONDENSED ITEMS OF NEWS.

☞Gen. David Rogers, of Saratoga, a prominent man, has committed suicide. He was 76 years of age—too old for such a deed.

☞The mine, belonging to Don Perez Galvez, in Mexico, is said to yield the extraordinary profit of $100,000 per week.

☞The telegraphic line between New Orleans and Boston will soon be completed.

☞A National Society of Native born Canadians is about being organized in Kingston, C. W.

☞Burke and his wife, who were tried at Kingston, for the murder of their children, and sentenced to be hung on the 1st of October, have had their sentence commuted to confinement in the Penitentiary for life.

☞A General Election is confidently spoken of.

☞A man, by the name of Murphy, recently committed suicide in the Penitentiary, at Kingston, by hanging himself in his cell. He had previously attempted to take the life of his Keeper, by stabbing him with a Shoemaker's knife, but was prevented by one of the other convicts.

Approach of the Cholera.—This Scourge of the human race, in its westward progress, has passed over Persia, visited the armies of Russia, in the Caucasus: and at last accounts, had commenced its ravages in Constantinople, Moscow and Warsaw.

☞A Palace is being built for the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, which when finished will cost fifty thousand Pounds.

☞In Philadelphia, under a new gambling law, a man has been sent to the States' Prison, for three years, for keeping a billiard room.

The Provincial papers, with few exceptions, advocate the proposed convention, for the purpose of advocating the rights of the "Fourth Estate." If the meeting takes place, it will most likely be held at Kingston or Cobourg.

☞The Editor of the *Gazette de France*, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment, and a fine of 2000 francs, for publishing articles calculated to incite the poor against the rich.

Napoleon and his Marshals.—There are now but two Survivors of the twenty-six Marshals of the Empire, created by Napoleon.—Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; and Marmont, Duke of Ragusa.

Miss Burdett Coutts.—It is now positively stated that Miss Burdett Coutts is to bestow her hand and £200,000, (exclusive of her yearly income) on the Duke of Wellington. The iron Duke is softened down, and now dresses smartly,

The Great Britain.—This leviathan ship is to be put up for sale by public auction. Mr. Brunel and Mr. Field, of the firm of Maudesly & Co., proceeds to Liverpool to survey her. We understand that all the scientific men who have been engaged in the examination, agree in the opinion that she is quite sound, and free from all material damage in her hull.

Marriage of Jenny Lind.—The "Swedish Nightingale" has, it is reported, taken unto herself a mate. The envied man is said to be a banker of Stockholm, an Englishman, and related by marriage to a gentleman in whom are united the characters of London banker and a Grecian historian. The ceremony took place, it is said, at Manchester.

At the Assizes lately held in Belleville, an action for breach of promise of marriage was tried, and a verdict of £500 given in favor of the injured fair one.

The total number of Emigrants admitted into the Toronto Hospital, to 22nd Oct. were 3000—discharged, 1993; died 739.—Kingston, Hospital and Out patients, admitted 4088; discharged 2687; died, 1030.

A shocking murder was perpetrated at Griffintown, Montreal, on the 29th inst., upon the person of two butchers, by the names of Roberts and Mc Shane. The supposed murderer, a man by the name of Carroll, has been apprehended.

THE EMIGRANTS.

The following are the number of deaths during the Season, at the different places mentioned below:

At Grosse Isle - - - - -	3452.
On the passage out - - - -	3000.
On board Ship during detention at Quebec	1182.
In the Marine Hospital - - - -	1000.
Total. -	8634.
To which add the deaths at Toronto,	757.
" " At Kingston,	1030.

Making a Grand Total at these places of 10421, not including the many hundreds that have died in other parts of the Country, and by the way-side, the actual number of whom can never be ascertained.

MARRIED:

On the 21st Oct. by the Rev. William Gregg, A. M., Belleville, Mr. James Goode McKinney, to Miss Sarah Campbell; both of Tyendinaga.

On the 15th Nov. by the Rev. William Gregg, A. M. Belleville, Mr. James Harrington, to Miss Frances Simpson, both of Cramah.

At the residence of the bride's Father, on Tuesday, the 2nd November inst., by the Rev. George Goodson, Mr. Robert R. Smiley, Editor and Proprietor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, to Margaret, second eldest daughter of Elijah Switzer, Esq. of the Township of Earnest-Town, Midland District.

At Sydenham Cottage, Portsmouth, on the 2nd inst., by the Rev. R. F. Burns, of the Free Church, Kingston, Captain Robert Abbey, to Mrs. Riddell, relict of the late Dr. Riddell, R. N.

At Picton, on Tuesday, the 26th Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Macaulay, Mr. Alexander Patterson, Merchant, to Miss Sarafina Carnahan, of Hallowell.

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD BONNYCASTLE.

We have to-day the melancholy task of announcing the decease yesterday at his residence in this city, Lieutenant Colonel Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Kt., late of the Corps of Royal Engineers, and for many years the chief Officer of that Department in Western Canada. Sir Richard served with distinction at the seige of Flushing, in 1808; in the American War from 1812 to 1815; and was at the capture of Castine, and other places on the coast during that War—served with the Duke of Wellington's army in France, from 1815 to 1818—was the author of a work on "*Spanish America*," the "*Canadas in 1841*," "*Newfoundland in 1842*," &c. &c.

Sir Richard recently retired from active service, intending to reside permanently in this section of the country, in the prosperity of which he was much interested, and in whose Militia he held the rank of Colonel. The death of Sir Richard will be regretted throughout this Province, especially in Kingston, where he spent a great number of years of his life.—*Whig*.

DIED.

At Kingston, on the 30th ult., Mr. Samuel McGowan, late Clerk of the Midland District Council.

At Kingston, on the 4th inst., Mr. Micah Mason, aged 38 years. The deceased was universally esteemed by all who knew him.

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FRIENDS.

Friends, aye, what are they? I think I can tell;
Poverty's friends are few, are they not?
The wealthy imagine they have their friends; well,
Let poverty come, they soon are forgot.

Could I still give dinners, and have folks to tea,
How many dear friends would I see every day;
If *I* wanted my supper, alas! for poor me—
I fancy my friends would be out of the way.

My new-market coat to a dear friend I lent—
My Mackintosh too, without even a break;
Often since then I had cause to repent,
For one or the other he never sent back.

This very same friend who cut a great dash,
Wrote me and begged I would lend him some "tin."
I sent him a check on the bank for the cash,
When I call at his house, he is never within.

Another dear friend, (we were old chums at school,)
Asked me to lend him my horse for a day;
I did so, and, faith, folks must think me a fool—
That night both my horse and my friend ran away.

I had many *dear* friends who were equally kind,
And while I could treat them, they ne'er passed my door,
And now for the truth,—there's a change in the wind;
I havn't a friend,—do you know why? I'm poor!

JANE H. C.

Belleville, Sept. 27th.

Said the 'Squire to John, who had with his daughter eloped,
"I a different *return for my confidence hoped.*"
"Please your honor," said John, an answer to make,
"You'll forgive me this once—sure it was all a *mis(s)take.*"

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Belleville, 15th October, 1847.