

THE EXPERIMENT.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1847.

We do not commence the history of "Old Hicks the Guide," in this number as promised in our last, from the fact that a part of our Copy has, we fear gone astray. We received it regular up to the late change in the Post Office Department, and since that we have missed one or two parts of it, and fearing that we may not be able to obtain the stray parts, we will not commence publishing it until all is received.

Writs have been issued, returnable on or before the 24th of January next, for a new general Election throughout the Province.

Thunder Bay Island Fishery.

It was our fortune in the summer of 1838, to spend a few weeks upon this celebrated Island, and as it may not be uninteresting to our readers, we will give them a short account of the manner in which the fish are taken, the location of the Island, and the hardships and dangers the fishermen are exposed to, in tending their nets and lines.

There are only two kinds of fish taken at this fishery: the Whitefish, and the Salmon Trout, the former in what they call the gill net, (as this fish never bites at the hook,) and the latter is taken both in the gill net and by set hooks. The gill nets are made of a very fine twine, or common sized thread, net into meshes of two and a half or three inches square, and from twenty-five to thirty meshes wide, and varying in length from seventy-five fathom, to one hundred and fifty fathom in length. This piece of network is stretched through the water, being anchored down strong at the one edge, and buoyed up at the other, so that the fish in attempting to pass through these meshes, become entangled in the net, by their gills, fins &c., and soon drown themselves by their exertions to get out of the snare so dexterously set for them. It is not uncommon to take out of one of these nets, at a single over hauling, (which is always done once in forty-eight hours, if the wind will in anywise admit,) fish sufficient to make two, three, and sometimes five barrels. Both the Whitefish and the Trout caught in this Lake, are much larger than those taken in Lake Ontario, or Lake Erie, never requiring more than about fifty Whitefish to the barrel, and often a less number. The Salmon Trout are also very large, weighing from twenty to fifty pounds, and sometimes sixty-five and even seventy. The mode of taking, these are more generally with the set hooks, notwithstanding many are caught in the gill nets, set for the Whitefish. The Trout hook is made fast to a small cord from three to five feet long, and then tied to a larger cord, or ship rigging, which is anchored and buoyed at one end, and then drawn horizontally through the water, until a very great length of line is spun out. With these short lines with the hooks fast to them, tied to it at a distance of six or ten feet apart, anchored and buoyed at equal distances, the main line being sometimes two or three miles in length, and are likewise over-hauled every forty-eight hours if possible. The amount of fish taken in this way is almost incredible; at the time that we speak of, there were some hundred and fifty men engaged in the fishing at this one locality. Thunder Bay Island is located very near the centre of Lake Huron, as it regards its length from South-east to North-west, but within about ten miles of the main land on the Michigan side. It is a small round island,

containing, we believe, about seventy acres, and covered for the most part with low shrub cedars, with three or four tall pines, which answers for the fishermen's land marks. The soil is shallow, the rock coming near the surface, indeed in many places, nothing but the bare grey lime stone is to be seen. This Island situated as it is, being entirely exposed to all the winds that blow, (excepting the South,) and to the dashing of the waves that come in unbroken, or in any way unchecked, for a distance of a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and here spending all their gathered force and fury upon this iron bound Island, presenting to the beholder, some of the most grand, and awfully sublime scenes that can possibly be imagined or conceived of. On this Lake, as in the Gulf of Mexico, the most sudden squalls of wind arise. At times when all is calm, and the waves to all appearance just lulling to rest, a small white cloud may be seen far in the distance, and to appearance upon the blue arched sky, no larger than a man's hand. When this signal is discovered by the fishermen that are out at their hooks and nets, which is often at a distance of six, eight, and ten miles in the broad and open Lake, with nothing to ride the forthcoming waves, or withstand the fierce and fast approaching gale (which this signal is sure to betoken,) but their light and almost shell like fishing skiffs which they are in; but these nut shell boats are made for the emergency, they are of the most beautiful model that art can design, and made of that texture where the greatest strength can be got with the least weight of material, verifying to the letter the old adage of "sitting like a duck upon the water," or, riding the sea "like a thing of life," or indeed they might be compared, when so dexterously handled by the long practiced and perfected oarsmen, their movements being so rapid, and still so graceful to the "wild swan" upon our great Western Waters. But to return to the white cloud, or the sure signal of a gale, the fishermen instantly cease overhauling their hooks or nets, and immediately apply themselves to their oars and commence pulling with all their strength for the Island; being urged on by a full sense of their danger, knowing that if they do not reach the Island before the wind gets to its height, or the sea so much enraged, as to prevent them from propelling their little bark against it, they must inevitably be blown across the Lake, a distance of some two or three hundred miles, and then perchance be dashed to pieces against the perpendicular rocks of this iron bound coast.

We have stood upon this Island Rock and witnessed one or two of these awfully sublime scenes. Looking in the far distance upon the windward side of the Island, where the clouds in great commotion would appear to meet with the madened and frenzied waters of the great Lake, the waters looking in the distance not unlike an immense forest, visited by a dreadful hurricane, bending the sturdy trees nearly to the ground, and then raising to appearance in their strength and majesty, as if defying the force of the half-spent cloud, to do them more harm; but the wind apparently alive to the insult, renews its force, and brings them prostrate to the ground; thus surge after surge, would come dashing in, each more fierce than the former, until dashed to atoms against the rocks of the Island; and then turning to the leeward side, and witness the fishermen coming in; to see with what skill they manage their tiny boats, and the nerve required to force them along against those combined elements; the anxious solicitude of those upon the land in watching the slow progress they are making towards the shore, and counting the probabilities and improbabilities of their being able to reach the Island—the joy

expressed in every countenance, and the ready assistance rendered to each boat as it nears the landing. We could dwell much longer upon this scene, and the effect that it produced upon our mind; but as we intend at some future day, to give a short history of a summer spent in coasting the Lakes, which is filled with the most exciting incident, we forbear saying any more at present.

WINTER has now fairly set in, accompanied with its usual retinue of cold winds, snow, frost, &c., at the presence of whom, our gardens and fields have been stripped of their many attractions; and the myriads of pleasing objects so lately to be met with, arrayed in all the beauty of summer, have given place to one broad sheet of snow and ice—the chains with which the Ice King binds his summer captives throughout the brief period of his reign. And now is the season when the endearments of the domestic circles are drawn out, and reciprocated. What more pleasing scenes can there be met with than those which are to be witnessed within many of our Canadian domiciles, in the long winter evenings—all outside is cold and dreary, while within is a happy and contented family, knit together by the tie of pure affection and love, congregated perhaps around the hospitable board partaking of their evening meal; or forming a compact circle, of old and young, around the bright and sparkling hearth, engaged in the various means of amusement had recourse to, to while away the long hours. It is at this period when a good family newspaper is peculiarly valuable and appropriate. The mind, like the body, requires exercise, otherwise it becomes dull and heavy—and there are few persons who will not take up a newspaper with much more relish than they would that of a book of some one or two hundred pages; so that a paper, having a moral and useful tendency, should be in the hands of every family. The want of periodicals of a more literary cast than the generality of our Canadian newspapers have been very much felt in the province. It was to remedy this deficiency that we commenced publishing the EXPERIMENT, the price of subscription to which we have fixed at a rate that no man, woman or child, can give their organ of readativeness the shadow of an excuse for not taking it. The encouragement we have, and are daily receiving, has satisfied our best expectations, and will urge us on in endeavoring as far as our abilities allow, to make our paper both entertaining and useful, and every way worthy of its patrons. To those who have not yet subscribed, we say, send on your orders; you will find a very pleasing visitant in WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

It was lately decided in an English court that the absence of a married man from his wife for four years in America, made his wife a widow.

For the Experiment.

Solution to the Mathematical Question proposed in the Experiment for October, 1847:—

1) Put x - the greater part,	2) & y - the lesser do.,	} by the Q.
3) then will x - 31 y	4) & x - 7 x - 25 - 257	
5) 7 x - 25 y	6) x - 5 y	} by 6
7) 31 y - 31	8) 7 - 31 - 5 - the lesser part,	
9) 7 - 31 - 5 - the lesser part,	10) 6 - 2 - 3	} and 31 - 5 - 28 - the grtr do.
11) 2 - 3 - 1 - 3	12) 2 - 3 - 1 - 3	

Then 28 1-3 : 5 2-3 - 5 - the greater quotient; and 5 2-3 : 28 1-3 - 1-5 - the lesser quotient, which x 25 - 5—thus fulfilling the conditions of the question.

M—k W—ds, Nov., 1847.

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THE NIGHTINGALE.

Buffon in his natural history of this bird says in eloquent language, "When this Coryphaeus of the spring prepares to sing the hymn of nature, he begins with a prelude, and feeble, almost undecided tone as though he wished to try his instrument, and interest the listener. But gaining confidence, he gradually becomes warm and animated, and displays in their fullness all the resources of his incomparable organ; brilliant throat-noats; light and lively trills; volleys of music, in which the precision equals the volubility; subdued interior murmurs, scarcely appreciable on the ear, but well adapted to set off the brilliance of appreciable tones; sudden roulades, rapid and sparkling, articulated with the power and severity of perfect good taste; plaintive accents, cadenced with languor; sounds poured out without enchanting and penetrating sighs of love and voluptuousness, which issuing apparently from the heart, make every heart palpitate, and excite in all endowed with sensation the most soothing emotions and delicious languor."

In juxtaposition with the French philosopher's prose we may place the verse of the Dutch poet, Loots, who says enthusiastically—

"Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along!
Love-sick warbler! come and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
Or a thousand tones assembling,
Ours the rush of harmonies.
Or—when rising shrill and shriller—
Other music dies away.
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day;
Till—all sunk to silence round thee—
Not a whisper—not a word—
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard;
Tell me—thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?"