

We have received a quaint communication signed *Silvanus Urban*, on the subject of railways, which we regret is somewhat lengthy for our columns. The writer, who describes himself as one who emigrated before the amenities of the mother country were marred by railing, enlarges pathetically upon the untoward effects which locomotives have had upon the ideal.

He says, *inter alia*:—I lately visited Scotland, after an absence of some fifteen years, and bitterly do I regret having done so. The choicest of my associations, I found, had been swept away and annihilated by cars more barbarous than those of the Scythians! Whole miles of high-ways had been rendered almost as solitary as Tadmor, by the rival-ship of iron! Hotels, where first portly Dame Quickly's dispensed nectarial Double X to thirsty pilgrims on foot or stage, were a dilapidated and forlorn appearance. Their signs garnished with effigies of Sir William Wallace or Robert Burns, were sorely faded, as if through sorrow for the degeneracy of this mercantile age; and around the silent barrooms flitted a few gaunt Bardolphs, meditating like Maribus amidst the ruins of beer casks and pewter measures!

Silvanus waxeth more pathetic as he proceeds. "A few miles from Glasgow" he remarks, "stand the ruins of Cruikston Castle, from which Mary Stuart witnessed the destruction of her crown and liberty, in the lost battle of Langside. Here, under the venerable yew tree which shaded the beautiful Queen of Scots, I spent many a mid-summer's day, musing on 'men and deeds of old'; and building aerial palaces more gorgeous than those of Aladdin and Vathek. Last summer I revisited the much loved locality, and for a brief season became a boy once more. Alas! the vision was short-lived. As I was actively engaged getting up a tournament in a fair green meadow, washed by the 'plaintive Cart,' all of a sudden *crash! hiss! snore!* came a felon train through the adjacent forest, and forthwith my poor chivalry vanished amidst the clouds of hot steam, which the utilitarian monster mercilessly vomited forth! Henceforth and for ever there is no Cruikston for me! I can only associate the spot with first and second class carriages, express trains, and sulky trucks burdened with coal cotton bales!"

Mr. Urban contends that the upshot will be the utter extermination of poetry in this free-trading, thirty miles an-hour travelling generation. He says: "We have only one great bard left, Alfred Tennyson to wit—and he took his degree in the College of Paranaus, before Henry Hudson dethroned Queen Mab! The naked truth is, pilgrims are hurried so swiftly over the bosom of Mother Earth, that they have neither time nor opportunity to mark and digest the features of nature, and consequently cannot describe them. Thus the material of poetry is wanting, and out of nothing nothing can come. Where flowers are lacking there can be no honey!"

Now whilst we frankly concede that there is some truth in what our correspondent advances, we opine that he takes too gloomy a view of matters. Poetry is as imperishable as the soul which it thrills. Its objects may be changed, but most assuredly it will find or create poet for itself. Another quarter of a century may witness a *Railroad School of Ministers*—wretched Laureates of steam!—investing our iron pathways with beauty and romance—even as Garth made the sombre *Dispensary* to shine with wit, and Pope peopled the toilet chamber with creatures more graceful than even Ovid gave birth to!

We commend to the attention of honest *Silvanus* the following stanzas, cut from one of our late English exchanges. With a certain dash of roughness which renders them the more rare, they vividly embody the sensations and impressions which steam locomotive travelling generally gives rise to. The sound is indeed an echo to the sense.

THE RAILROAD.

Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
Over the river, and through the brake,
Over the bleak and dreary moor,
On we ho with screech and roar!
Splashing! flashing!
Crashing! dashing!

Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges!
By the bubbling rill,
And mill—
Highways,
Byways,

Hollow hill—
Jumping—bumping—
Rocking—roaring
Like forty thousand giants snoring!

Over the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every moment fast to view,
Now a tavern—now a steple—
Now a crowd of gaping people—
Now a hollow—now a ridge—
Now a crossway—now a bridge—

Grumble—stumble—
Rumble—tumble—
Fretting—getting in a stew!
Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view!
Every thing that eye can survey,
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy.

Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
Glimpse of ocean's wide expanse,
Glimpse of foundry and forge,
Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge.

Dash along!
Dash along!
Crash along!
Flash along,
On! on with a jump,
And a bump,
And a roll!

Hies the fire-hed to its destined goal.

Northern Railroad.—The contractors for the erection of this Road are now here. They arrived on Wednesday evening, and are engaged with the Board of Directors in discussing points necessary to a commencement of the work, which appears now likely to be in speedy operation, notwithstanding opinions which have been advanced, by parties of some standing, who have expended a great amount of spleen in opposing it, in petty quarrels, where only they can show their petty spleen, and look big. It is much to be regretted that persons possessing, in their own estimation, some de-

consideration of the true interests of the city as to oppose a measure of all others the best calculated to extend those interests, merely because they have imbibed and cherish some preconceived notions, founded upon their own conceit, their own wishes and their own private interests, which, in the main, they neglect, by the circumstance of their own feelings of unjust prejudices being allowed to supersede their better judgment. We are of opinion that such parties would better discharge their duties to society, were they to adhere more closely to a consistency of conduct, which might eventually establish for them a character which they can never otherwise attain. *British Colonist*.

GLIMPSSES OF SWITZERLAND.

(From the *Buffalo Advertiser*.)

We reach at length the depths of the valley. Here is another of those spots where nature commands at once the highest admiration of man. We can turn nowhere without exclaiming, "How magnificent!" Very steep palisades hang over us on each side, while their topmost edge is fringed with unnumbered streams, that shine with silvery light as they follow their devious course, sometimes in mighty leaps, then again dancing gaily over and under and through the rocks. From this circumstance the vale bares the name of Lauterbrunnen, literally nothing but fountains. The Staubach, however, is that which has the most wonderful charm. By it, poets and philosophers have been entranced; painters have been drawn in the vain hope of catching its myriad forms and glittering hues, and nations of men to admire in speechless silence. It is the loftiest fall in Europe, perhaps in the world, measuring in height more than nine hundred feet. From this cause, and from the comparatively small quantity of water of which it is formed, the stream dissolves itself in vapour long before the bottom is reached, whence its name, *Staub*, that is, dust. Byron, in the second scene of the second act of his *Manfred*, has likened this stream to the "pale converse's lake"; and the illustration by no means embodies the beauty of nature, though quite truthful as to the form. Wordsworth alludes to it as a "heaven-born waterfall," and certainly when clouds envelope the summit, the deception is complete, the poetic idea becomes a fact. We gaze upon the scene just as some clouds are breaking away, and a few stray sunbeams are thrown upon the waving column. Rainbows seem to cross each other, as the whole mass swings in pendulous motion. Sometimes the wind takes it altogether from sight, bearing it aloft to the clouds; afterwards it returns, and like a suspended weight, oscillates to and fro until it again recovers its columnar form. After leaving the vale behind, we emerge upon a beautiful plain. On the right hand stand the remains of an old castle, which we are anxious to visit. An hour is whiled away in surveying the ruins of former splendour—a part of the time we sit upon a moss covered stone that once arched a doorway. We can see even now the marks of the chisel, where the cutter strove for a smoother groove or a more delicately-tuned curve. How rapidly do our thoughts fly from the noble ruins back through centuries, to the days of its greatness, and then to architects and masons whose hands were active here, long since dead and gone; and now once more to the walls which crumble before our eyes. What a series of perishable links, and how soon will the hand that has just picked up a fragment of the ruin, add another to the ever-lengthening chain. We read in the guide-book that the Barons of Ursprunnen, a brave and ancient race, formerly occupied this castle. Burkard, the last male descendant of this family, had a beautiful and only daughter, *Ida*, who was beloved by a young knight attached to a court, between which and Burkard a deadly feud had long subsisted. Under such circumstances the youthful Rudolph, despairing of obtaining the father's consent to their union, sealed the castle walls by night, earned *Ida* off, and made her his bride. Many years of bloody strife between the two parties followed this event. At length Rudolph, taking his infant son by *Ida* along with him, presented himself unarmed and without attendant, to Burkard, in the midst of his stronghold. Such an appeal to the old man's affections and generosity was irresistible. He melted into tears, forgot his wrongs, and receiving his children into his bosom, made Rudolph's son the heir of his vast possessions. At the time of the reconciliation the old baron had said, "Let this day be forever celebrated among us," in consequence of which rural games were held for many years on the spot.

J. T. C.

LIGHT READING.

A venerable old gentleman was found a few nights since by the Philadelphia Police busily engaged trying to fit a night key in a knot hole of a board fence. He was taken to the watch house, where it was discovered that he had imagined himself at his own mansion and was trying to get in. He was fined for his mistake. The orthodox length of a sermon at the Royal Chapel of Queen Victoria, is twenty minutes. George II. fixed this, as he could not stand a longer discourse without going to sleep. An advertisement in an Irish paper read: "Missing, from Killarney, Lane O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back which spots are awfully."—A lady complains that the spirit of the "Lords of Creation" who chew tobacco, and cover the floors of cars, omnibuses, with saliva, by which her dresses become soiled on all occasions. To this a wicked son of Adam replies, that "ladies have no business to wear such long dresses at the bottom, while they persist in keeping them so very short at the top!"—In California the *fles and fies* are so thick that you could not drink, says the *Baltimore Republican*, unless you had a moustache for a strainer to keep them out of your throat. It is said that a pair of prote eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. Zedky so, and it is accordingly shaved by them. A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bleeding; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point some engine three inches lower."—A general way to make thieves is to hire clerks for two hundred a year, and insist on their keeping well dressed. This recipe has never been known to fail. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed? What is your verdict? We find the prisoners not guilty, if he'll

leave the town!—We once heard of a man who was reduced to such extreme poverty, that in a fit of desperation, he advertised in some London paper that he would hang himself on a certain day, at some well known place, for the benefit of his wife and children. Admittance one shilling. An almanac editor says that before a man consents to waltz, he should ice his thoughts and study the book of Proverbs. Bad as champagne is for the morals, it is nothing to the impropriety that twirling a piece of calico will give rise to. The eccentric Sidney Smith, speaking of the prosy nature of most sermons, said: "They are written as if sin were to be taken out of man, like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep."—Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, to go to church without their purses; when a recollection is to be taken. Miss Tucker says it's with old batchelors as with old wood. It is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously. The following was posted on the door of the Laddow Church, Hertfordshire, England, some time back: "This is to give notice that no person to be buried in this churchyard but these living in the parish. Those wished to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."—A good book and a good wife are the two best companions in the world; a brassy bottle and a pack of cards about the worst. A toast drunk at a celebration recently, was "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself." Mrs. Quiz says, "that is an impudent insinuation."—An editor down south says: The march of civilization, is onward!—onward!—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peak of cats.

FIRE IN BRANTFORD.

We exceedingly regret being called upon to record one of the most disastrous fires that probably ever occurred in Brantford. The fire, as we learn from a gentleman who left Brantford yesterday morning, broke out between 10 and 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, in the cellar of Mr. Higginbotham's drug store, Colborne Street, from whence it spread to the adjoining buildings eastward, destroying all within reach, to the number of about twenty. On the east, the progress of the flames was only stayed by the brick store of Mr. Stevenson and the stone store next to where the fire commenced, occupied by Mr. Stewart, prevented their extending westward. The loss must doubtless be very great, and will be sorely felt by those whose property was uninsured. The sufferers, as far as we have been able to ascertain, are—Messrs. Higginbotham, Eaton, Walkenshaw, Bunnell, Dunn, Weyms, and Wilks, besides several others, including the owners of two barbers' shops and a wagon-maker's shop. Mr. Higginbotham, we understand is insured for £750 in the Gore Mutual, and Mr. Eaton for £500 in an American Company. We are not aware of what property is covered by insurance, but learn that the Gore Mutual is a loser in the sum of £2,050. How the fire originated appears to be a mystery. Mr. Higginbotham had been ill for some time previous, and the clerk was left in charge of the store. Thursday, on account of a temperance festival, was regarded somewhat as a holiday, and little business was done in town. Hence it is presumed that as the young man in attendance at the store of Mr. Higginbotham had not been in the cellar that day, nor any one else to his knowledge, the fire must have been caused by a barrel of phosphorus. How far this may be correct we cannot say; at all events such is the suspicion.

Later.—The offices and storehouses of Mr. Burwell and the Messrs. Wilks, were entirely consumed. The former had 5,000 bushels of wheat in store. The fore cut stone front of the building adjoining Mr. Higginbotham's drug store, and owned by W. L. Turner, Esq., Woodstock, is very much injured. *Spectator*.

Fire at Stratford, County of Perth.—This thriving town was visited with a sudden fire, occurring in daytime, on Tuesday, the 21st instant. The extensive store and the dwelling house in the possession of Messrs. Vail, Morrill & Co., were burned to the ground, notwithstanding the laudable exertions of the inhabitants, and a supply of water at hand from Mr. Daly's well. The goods were all saved, and some of the furniture. They were insured, we understand, in the Gore Mutual, to a certain amount. There will, therefore, fortunately, not be much loss, but there will be some on the buildings, the property of Thomas M. Daly, Esq., though also insured in part. The buildings adjoining, which turned out almost at once, as they always have done, either at an alarm or at a fire, were saved from damage and fire, though they narrowly escaped. There should be similar engines as the small engine belonging to J. C. W. Daly, Esq., in this town, in absence of a larger engine, for like all inland towns, composed chiefly of frame buildings, and built near to each other, when a fire happens, the extent of it is unknown, as was witnessed in Call and Brantford, so lately. This town, however, has escaped, hitherto, except two previous fires, one of them the Shakspear Hotel.

PORT OF MONTREAL.
ARRIVED—APRIL 23.
Brig Mary Ann, McGrath, Sorel, ballast.
PORT OF QUEBEC.
ARRIVED—APRIL 20.
Ship Toronto, Ballantine, March 17, Liverpool to Gillespie & Co., general cargo for Montreal.

company for \$1,000, and 4,200 in other companies. The origin of the fire is unknown, but many think it the work of an incendiary. *De-troit Free Press*.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday morning last Mrs. George Post of Pickering, and Mrs. Nash, senior, of Whitby, were driving a span of horses on the Plank road, they were met by a person of the name of Abbot, drawing wood with a land-cart, which frightened the horses so that they wheeled round, and that suddenly, that Mrs. Nash was thrown out of the buggy, and straggled to say on to the whiffletrees, in which perilous seat she remained, the horses galloping at their best speed for home. On arriving at Nash's yard gate, the gate being open the horses dashed in, driving the buggy against the gate-post, and throwing the ladies out. Mrs. Post received a severe contusion of the head by coming in contact with the gate-post. Mrs. Nash was severely bruised by being thrown amongst the horses feet. We are happy to say, they are doing well, having been immediately bled, and put under proper treatment by Dr. Clark. *Whitby Reporter*.

BLACK ROCK AND FORT ERIE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—We learn from Mr. Serrell, Engineer of the Lewiston Suspension Bridge, who has made an examination of the site for the first canal work at Black Rock, and at the opposite Canadian shore, that there are no impediments whatever in the construction of that desirable work. The space between the towers may be drawn within the distance of 1800 feet, less than double that between the towers at Lewiston and Queenston, and offer no impediment to the passage of the heaviest shipping craft on the lakes. The expense need not exceed \$250,000 for a bridge of the heaviest capacity required. The charter for this work has already passed the New York House of Assembly, and we trust that no obstacle will prevent its passage through the Senate. The Canadian Legislature is to hold its session in May, and we hope that body will respond to the wishes of our citizens equally with those of our Canadian friends, who feel deeply interested in connecting us more closely by this magnificent work. A charter on liberal terms given by Canada, and we have no doubt the structure will rapidly proceed, as there can be no doubt that a stock so promising in its results will be quickly subscribed. It must be of mutual advantage to both sides. *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

Copyright Works.—The *Official Gazette* of Saturday contains a proclamation giving the Royal assent to the Act of this Province, affecting the importations of reprints of works, on which the copyright exists in Britain, and fixing the duty at 12 1/2 per cent on the importation of such reprints. Lists of the works liable to such duty must be published in the *Gazette* by the Customs Department.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—The committee of management have resolved to alter the time for holding the Provincial exhibition from the 17th, 18th, and 19th, to the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of September, to prevent it falling on the same time as the New York agricultural exhibition. *Examiner*.

A quaint old gent had a man at work in his garden, who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning; "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met, for you could never overtake him."

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely one of time—the one has feeling, the other has felt.

Three Shares in the Chatham Building Society was sold last evening, at a premium of £25 each.

NEW LIVERY STABLE. 1851. ADJOINING THE ROYAL EXCHANGE STABLES, KING STREET, CHATHAM. CARTER & WILLIAMS.

BEG leave to inform the Inhabitants of Chatham and surrounding Country, that they have opened a LIVELY STABLE on the above named premises, where they will keep in readiness for hire, Carriages, double and single Buggies, closed and open; also Horses of the best kind, either for Saddle or driving; and by strict attention to customers, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

TERMS: LIBERAL. Orders left at the Royal Exchange will be promptly attended to. Chatham, May 1st, 1851.

A. CURRIE, Merchant Tailor, MOST respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has just received direct from England a splendid assortment of Dress Cloths and Cassimeres, of the latest and most fashionable styles, also Tweeds in great variety, together with plain and fancy Silk and Satin Vestings, Silk Velvets, and other vesting materials of great variety, also Trimmings of every description of the best quality. All of which he will sell either made up or unmade, at prices which must give satisfaction to those who patronize him.

N. B. Persons furnishing their own cloth may depend upon having it made up in the most fashionable and satisfactory manner, at short notice and moderate prices. Chatham, April 29th, 1851.

1851. CHEAP MORNING LINE. BETWEEN CHATHAM, DETROIT AND AMHERSTBURG. ALSO in connection with the Central Railroad to Chicago, and Railroad from Detroit to Pontiac. THE STEAMERS BROTHERS AND HASTINGS. Will run during the season of 1851, as follows: The BROTHERS will leave Chatham every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at half-past 8 o'clock, calling at Windsor and Detroit, thence to Amherstburg every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at 7 o'clock, calling at Detroit and Windsor, for Chatham—leaving Detroit at 10 A. M. The HASTINGS, will leave Chatham every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at half-past 8 o'clock, for Windsor and Detroit. Leaves Detroit and Windsor, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at half-past 8 o'clock, for Chatham.

The above Boats runs in connection with a Daily Line of STAGE COACHES, Leaving Chatham on the arrival of the Boats, for Wardsville, Delaware, London, Brantford, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Queenston. And also a Line of Coaches connects these Boats with the Steamboat WAVE, leaving the Rondau Harlor every Tuesday evening, for Port Stanley, Port Dover, Dunville and Buffalo. The Owners of these Boats will not take charge or hold themselves responsible for any merchandise or money parcels, unless a regular bill of lading, receipted and paid for, accompany the same. For freight or passage apply to the following gentlemen—W. W. Eberis, Chatham; T. M. Taylor, do.; Charles Hunt and John McEwen, Windsor; James Black, Detroit; John V. Dickson, Louisville; S. Fleming, Mesa; John Ward, Wardsville; G. S. Smith, Eklif; Capt. Montgomery, Delaware; J. Rollins, Junction; M. Seger, London. Chatham, May 5, 1851.

CHEAP GOODS! A RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD BARGAINS. THE Subscribers expecting a large Stock of Goods daily, are desirous of making room for them are selling off their present STOCK at very low prices. Country Merchants and Farmers will find it worth their attention to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere. M. & O. DOLSEN. Chatham, April 28th, 1851.

WILLIAM WINTERS' NEW STORE OPPOSITE M. & O. DOLSEN'S, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, and Crockery, &c., &c. CHEAP FOR CASH OR BARTER. Chatham, April 28th, 1851.

A. P. SALTER, Provincial Surbeyor, Land and General Agent, CHATHAM AND SANDWICH.

DIVISION COURTS OF THE COUNTY OF KENT. NOTICE. At the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, held in and for the County of Kent, at the Court House in the Town of Chatham, on Tuesday the first day of April, A. D. 1851. The following limits of the different Division Courts for the County of Kent were established unanimously by the following Justices present:

WILLIAM BENJAMIN WELLS, Esq., Chairman, THOMAS MCCRICK, GEORGE DUCK, Hooper King, Robert Mitchell, Otis Ingalls, Timothy Dillon, William Webster and The. McIntire, Esquires.

First Division.—To consist of the Town of Chatham and the following townships or parts of townships, viz: Chatham, from lot 1 to 6th concession inclusive, Dover East from 1st to 12th concession inclusive, and Dover West, Tilbury East, Tilbury West, Romney, Raleigh, and all that part of Harwich not included in the 2nd Division.

Second Division.—To consist of the following Townships and part of Townships, viz: Howard and Oxford and the south eastern part of Harwich, commencing between lots Nos. 9 and 10 on the Howard and Harwich townline, then along the concession line between lots Nos. 8 and 9, east of the Communication Road, and then along the line between lots 15 and 16, west of the communication road to the town line between Harwich and Raleigh.

Third Division.—To consist of the following Townships and part of townships, viz: Dover East, from 13th concession inclusive, Chatham, from 7th concession inclusive, Camden, Zone, Gore of Camden, and Gore of Chatham.

By Order of the Court. GEO. DUCK, Jr., Office of the Clerk of the Peace, 7 C. P. Kent, Chatham, 2nd April, 1851.

DIVISION COURTS COUNTY OF KENT. THE NEXT DIVISION COURTS for the County of Kent, will be held at the following times and places.

First Division. At Chatham, on Tuesday the 27th day of May, 1851. Second Division. At Morpeth, on Saturday the 31st day of May, 1851. Third Division. At Dawn Mills, on Thursday the 25th day of May, 1851. By order of WILLIAM BENJAMIN WELLS, Esquire, Judge of the County of Kent. GEO. DUCK, Jr., Clerk of the Peace, County of Kent. Office of the Clerk of the Peace, Chatham, 2nd April, 1851.

SPEED INCREASED! 1851 THE FAST LOW PRESSURE STEAMER DESPATCH. J. W. BAKER, MASTER. WILL ply between Chatham, Detroit and Amherstburg. She will run during the season of 1851, as follows: Leaving Amherstburg for Detroit, Windsor and Chatham, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at half-past 8 o'clock. Will leave Chatham, for Detroit, Windsor and Amherstburg, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at half-past 8 o'clock. The DESPATCH arrives in Chatham time for passengers to take the STA GEGES, through to London, Brantford, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Queenstown, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. For Freight or Passage, apply on board or to JAMES BURNS, Chatham. WILLIAM SHELDON, Morpeth. W. P. McDONALD

BEGS to return thanks to his customers for the liberal patronage they have given him, since he has been in business in this town; and he would respectfully inform them that he has just received the latest style of fashions, which he is confident will give ample satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. Chatham, 28th April, 1851.

TAILORING! THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Chatham and its vicinity, that he has commenced the Tailoring and Cutting Business on Fourth Street, Chatham, and having had long experience in both England and America, he hopes, by strict attention to all orders and neatness of workmanship, to obtain a liberal share of public patronage. He also begs to inform them that he will carry on the Water Proofing Business, and is prepared for water proofing Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Hosiery, &c., &c. I. SMITH. Chatham, April 28, 1851.

Western Saloon. A. MACPHERSON, RESPECTFULLY announces to the Gentlemen of Chatham and its vicinity, that he has taken the premises lately occupied by Mr. Charles Glendenning, known as the WESTERN SALOON, where he will be always on hand, ready and happy to wait upon all who may favor him with a call. His Bar will at all times be supplied with the best of Wines and Liquors of every description, and his TABLE with all sorts of luxuries in season, such as Oysters, Lobsters, Sardines, Beef-Steak, Mutton Chops, Pickled Tripe, Pig's Feet, and Game, together with all the rest of a table that a lover of good living could desire. A call is respectfully solicited. N. B. Charges moderate. Chatham, April 22nd, 1851.

FISH'S HOTEL. WALLACEBURG. AT THE JUNCTION OF BOTH FERRIES. THE subscriber begs most respectfully to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened the above HOTEL in the Town of Wallaceburg, and would also inform them that the above Hotel is fitted up equal to a first-class House, and invite the travelling community to favor him with a call. Good Stabling, and Civil hostlers. RICHARD FISH. Wallaceburg, April 28, 1851.

MANSION HOUSE. BY JOHN MOORE, Corner of Griswold and Water Streets, DETROIT. THIS HOUSE has recently been thoroughly repaired and fitted up in a style equal to any House in the City for the comfort and convenience of the travelling public. It is situated near the Railroad and Steamboat Landing. Board by the day, 75 cents. Meals, 25 cents. Persons arriving by the Steamboats and Cars will please Call Out for the "MANSION HOUSE". A PORTER AND CARRIAGE. Will always be in attendance to convey passengers to the House free of Charge! Detroit, April 27, 1851.

F. REDDY, Commission Merchant, MONTREAL. Offers his services for the sale, or shipment abroad, of all kinds of produce. April 28, 1851.

TOWN LOTS. THE Subscriber has still upwards of 30 Town Lots for sale in CHATHAM NORTH, Terms one fifth down, and the balance in four annual instalments with interest. Deeds are given to purchasers at once and Mortgages taken for the balance. Apply to the Subscriber at his Office over Messrs. EBERTS & ROBERTSON'S Store, King Street. R. S. WOODS. Chatham, 19th April, 1851.

POST OFFICE REGULATIONS, CHATHAM. Mails for the East and West, leaves Chatham every Morning at 8 o'clock A. M. Mails for Dawn Mills, Wallaceburg, Moore, and Port Stanley, leaves Chatham every Wednesday and Saturday Mornings. Mails for the Road East, Romney, Mason, Gosfield, and Colchester, leaves Chatham every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1 o'clock P. M. Office hours on Sundays from 9 to 10 A. M.