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POETRY.

From the London Weekly Despatch

"GOOD BYE!"

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Where'er we grasp the hand of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship burst and glows
In the warm, frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears, her doubts and fears,
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! good bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the world is cold as the marble stone,
And the brow a passing dream:
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand,
A long—a last "Good bye!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London World of Fashion.

KATHLEEN—THE FLOWER GIRL.

An amusing Irish Story of the Love Rogueries of Mercy O'More.

A breathing creature was Mercy O'More From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from Connemara to the Hill of Howth, you would not meet with another such a dear, delightful, clever, captivating darling. All the boys of high estate and low estate, rich and poor, acknowledged the fascinations of Miss Mercy, and no one was ever known to be thrown into any other than an ecstatic state, when Miss Mercy favored him with a smile of that dear, delightful, dimpled face of hers O, it was quite enchanting to have such a smile beamed upon him. Talk of sun. There never was a ray from that glorious luminary that fell so warm upon the heart of created man, as a smile from the face of Mercy O'More—There was a man who declared that upon his heart Miss Mercy had made no impression—and people said, in consequence, that he had no heart at all It happened, too, that this very intractable young gentleman with a hard heart, or a heart with a low covering, was the only one whom Mercy herself had fallen in love with.

"Well, Florence, darling," said Sir Maurice O'More, one day to Mercy's sister, "and so you believe that our beauty is fast caught in love; and in love, too, with that unvolving Englisher, Harry Perceval."

"I do indeed," was the reply.

"And what makes you think so!"

"I can interpret downcast eyes and gentle sighs I warrant. "Sister," said I to day, "sweet sister, what think you of the gay young bachelor," our visiter? "A goodly man enough," said she, and then "heigho! heigho!"—she sighed. Do you mark that! "That goodly man," said I, will make some pretty maidens' heart ache!" "I do not doubt he will," she straight replied, and then she turned the leaves of many books, but nothing pleased her until she tried her pencil, too, but after making many crooked lines, and nothing else, she blamed the unskilful maker of the crayon, and snapped it in a pet; her gay guitar, she said was out of tune; and then her harp, alas! She swept her fingers over the strings, but the only music they made was the echo of her sigh."

"And from this," said Sir Maurice, "you infer that she loves? Well—well, time will show."

It is possible that Harry Perceval may have felt the soft passion creeping upon him, and not wishing to become a Benedict, he resolved upon flying from the dangerous neighborhood of Mercy O'More. Certain it is that he called to him his man Barney, a *gentleman*, who officiated in various capacities, valet included, and ordered him to pack up all his "traps." "For said he, Barney, we leave this place to-morrow morning."

"Sure you won't," said Barney.

"Sure I will," responded Harry Perceval. "They want to persuade me that I'm in love with Mercy O'More"

"And you could do worse than be in love with her," said Barney.

"Could I?" said his master, "but I don't happen to be in the mind just at present to do any thing so desperate. I'm not to be caught with her beautiful bit of the blarney."

"Don't you be talking of the blarney, masther," replied the faithful domestic. "Mayhap, you havn't rubbed up on the blarney stone yourself! By my conscience, I've heard you whisper such things into the ears of the English girl, that St Patrick himself could'nt beat, with the blarney-stone at the back of him."

"Hush, Barney; no tale-telling out of school."

"Say fie to yourself, masther. Isn't yourself that's libelling the red cheeks and bright eyes (bless ings on 'em) of Miss Mercy? Ah, masther! whenever I catch a twinkle of those eyes, I feel a great coat warmer all the day after Och, such eyes! such diamonds!"

"*Irish* diamonds—eh?" said his master.

"No, sir, the *genuine*. Then such cheeks! Red and white, laid on by the hands of Lady Nature herself, round about; like the *cherry-bims* heads at church. Then her lips! Och, her lips! that's murtheration!"

"You are romantic, Barney," said his master.

"You may say that," was the reply; "I'm just the boy for that same"

"Well, well," ejaculated Perceval, suppressing a smile, "by this time to-morrow, Barney you and I will be on the high road———"

"To matrimony, sir?"

"No, sirrah, to England."

"You'd better be merciful and lead Mercy to the altar."

"And tie myself up in a halter, afterwards. No, no, I'm not bound for the gulf of matrimony yet."

Thus saying, Harry turned round and perceived a tall lanthorn visaged young gentleman, whom he heard breathe a heavy sigh, hanging down his head.

"Hallo!" cried Harry, who are you?"

The stranger heaved another sigh

"Are you dumb, sir?" asked Harry.

The stranger shook his head.

"What ails you? Speak!"

The stranger heaved another sigh, and exclaiming, "Mercy O'More!" hastily retired.

"Poor unfortunate gentleman!" exclaimed Harry. "What a vixen this Mercy must be! A fury incarnate! Prosperino in a satin petticoat. I wish I was a thousand miles off!"

Turning again, he beheld one of the wildest, prettiest, most good natured-looking little flower girls he had ever encountered, who dropped a modest curtsey; and was passing onward, when Harry caught her apron, and asked what her name was.

"Kathleen, if you please, sir," repeated the girl, "Kathleen, the flower girl, if you please; who gathers blossoms from hill and dale, for the gratification of her customers. Will you? buy Here are roses and lillies; but they are for the gentle and the good."

"Am I not good?" asked Harry.

"La, no; you're a man. Here is heartease for the forlorn lover, will you buy? And here are some pretty tulips; do you love tulips?"

"*Your* tulips, of all the world, my pretty Kathleen,"

"La!" cried the girl blushing and simpering. "They may suit *you*, you are as bright as the butterfly."

"Am I like a butterfly?" exclaimed Harry Perceval.

"Why no; not quite so pretty," was the reply.

"Eh! my dear girl," said Harry. "I should like to be better acquainted with you."

"*Should* you, indeed! Well that's very kind, for nobody thinks of any pretty girl now, but Mercy O'More. I was once a beauty, sir."

"And are you not still—still—still most beautiful?"

"Ah, that's flattery!" said the girl. But the young men all thought the same once. Before Miss Mercy came into the neighborhood, I was the loveliest, happiest, and gayest of girls; every body envied me, for I was universally beloved. I had then twenty lovers and a half—real ones too."

"Twenty and a half?" cried Harry.

"Yes. The half one was Cormac O'Casey; a very good natured *bit* of a man, rather tender here, sir, (touching her forehead.) Nature in creating him made a slight mistake, and transferred the soft place from the heart to the head. He never told his love, but only used to squeeze my hand, when he bought a posey, most shockingly—"Oh dear!"

"And did Miss Mercy rob you of all these?"

"Ah, she did. There's not a lover can be kept from her"

"It is very strange," said Harry Perceval, "that for her capricious smiles they would have forsaken the pretty Kathleen."

"Isn't it, sir? There must have been some witchery in it, for they all of them, on their bended knees, swore they loved me dearly. Ah, those were happy times, when the days labor being ended, I selected one from my many suitors, to accompany me in a moonlight ramble, among the hills and valleys, glades and glens, by wood and lake; each seemed a paradise, and I the presiding! And when the sun was sinking behind the distant hills, its glories were accompanied by the music of my beloved———"

"Ah!" cried Harry, "a guitar?"

"No; a jewsharp. He played so sweetly that my spirit wept, as the divine melody fell upon my young heart; and when the great round moon arose, our hearts were entranced with bliss."

"I see it!" cried the enraptured youth. "I picture the romantic scene—earth, heaven and water; mooplight, parodies, and a jewsharp!—Oh, delightful."

"Yes, very; except when a shower of rain visited us; and then my lover would run away."

"Run away! Now, can there be a man on earth so vile? Run away from such a simple, innocent girl as Kathleen! Kathleen, that man was a villian"

"Was he indeed?"

"Kathleen, your charms, your innocence, your delightful simplicity, entitle you to a suitor of superior rank. Mercy O'More has not one half of your attractions. She is precious ugly.

"I am not precious ugly, am I?" asked the flower girl.

"*You—you!*"—cried Harry; "No! you are all perfection; you are—you are—zounds—I feel—I feel——"

"Do you feel ill?"

"Ill? Yes—no, not ill my dear; but I have the heart burn sadly."

"Shall I fetch you a little chalk and water."

"O, no; the only medicine that can effect my cure lies deep in those lovely eyes; let me gaze on them until my own dull orbs shall draw it forth."

"O, sir!" cried Kathleen, blushing deeply."

"Let me gaze and gaze again," exclaimed Harry. "Tis thus that I would fortify myself against the witchcraft of Mercy O'More."

"Would you indeed?" replied Kathleen, with such an arch expression, that Harry half suspected she was something more than she seemed; but her subsequent replies removed his suspicions, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon having discovered one of the purest, most artless, unsophisticated girls in the world. He was already half in love with her, and before they had parted, he had made Kathleen promise to meet him again. Presently afterwards, Barney arrived with intelligence that all his master's moveables were packed and ready for departure. "Unpack them again," said Harry Perceval; and Barney, wondering at his master's fickleness, retired to obey the new orders A fortnight passed and Perceval had grown more reserved in his behaviour to Mercy O'More; and he stole out every evening, after dinner, to meet the pretty Kathleen, in whom he was so much enamored that he at length resolved to marry her.

"I am going to get married," said he one day to Sir Maurice O'More.

"Is it possible," said the baronet.

"I knew I should surprise you. You will be more surprised, when I name Mrs. Harry Perceval *elect* I am resolved to do justice to modest merit, Sir Maurice; for what is fortune given to us for, but that we may bestow it in rewarding virtue and goodness?"

Sir Maurice admitted the justice of the enthusiast's opinion.

"And, therefore, I intend to marry Kathleen Nolan, a poor, beauteous peasant, whom I adore"

Sir Maurice expressed a wish to see the charmer; and Perceval promised to bring her the next night. "But," he added, "be sure and keep Mercy out of the way; for she would laugh at me."

And on the next evening the charmer was conducted into a little private parlor at Sir Maurice O'More's, and there the lover, the lady, and the baronet, spent a very pleasing half-hour, Perceval had made Sir Maurice acknowledge that Kathleen was more beautiful than his daughter Mercy, though Sir Maurice qualified the admission, by declaring it to be his opinion that he had seen Mercy, when she used to dress her hair in a profusion of ringlets, look quite as beautiful as her rival. But Perceval insisted that it was quite impossible that Mercy should look like Kathleen, or talk so fascinatingly as Kathleen. And then it occurred to the lover that it was time to depart, and he said as much; but Kathleen did not stir from her seat.

"Come Kathleen," at last he said, "we must go."

"O no; not just yet," she replied in a tone more fascinating than anything Perceval had ever before heard, even from her lips; and running her fingers over the strings of Mercy's harp, that stood near her, she played one of the national melodies with such delightful expression, that Perceval seized her hand, and kissed it ardently cried aloud that he was the happiest man in the world; and Sir Maurice said that he ought to be.

"You *do* love a *little?*" asked Kathleen; archly.

"Love you!" cried Perceval, "to distraction! to madness!"

"Then," said Kathleen, "suppose we ring the bell, and let sister Florence come in to witness our happiness!"

"What!" cried Perceval.

"What!" echoed Sir Maurice.

Kathleen removed the clustering curls from her cheeks and brow, and displacing some marks which she had penciled upon her countenance, was discovered to be no other than Mercy O'More herself, who had hit upon this method of winning the heart of the man she loved.

Need we add that the bell was rung in compliance with Kathleen's request, and that Mercy relinquished her right and title to the ancient and honorable name of O'More, within a month, at the nuptual altar?

A Warning to Female Candidates for Matrimony.

The French nobleman Count Adolphe de Poncelet, who married a respectable young lady of Philadelphia a few months ago, turns out to be a locksmith, who had forsaken his wife and children in France. It will be seen by the following paragraph from the Philadelphia Herald that he has been committed on a charge of bigamy, and, we add, should suffer the severest penalty of the law. When will females cease to risk matrimony with strangers—too often with imposters.

The examination of Adolphe de Poncelet, alias Gregoir Chevalier, was concluded yesterday, after consuming several days. Never has there been exhibited against any individual, charged with a criminal offence before a committing magistrate, a stronger train of circumstances to prove the accusations alleged. In the most ingenious manner did this pretended Count manage to win the affections of a highly respectable young lady, gain the confidence of her relatives, deceive and impose upon her friends, and finally succeed in gaining her consent to matrimony, which was consumated on the 26th of May last.

After getting an introduction into the family, as stated in the evidence, amused the mother with an eloquent description of his daring exploits of the wounds he had received in the three days' struggle; the noble stand taken in opposition to the tyranny of Louis Philippe—of his arrest and trial—of the manner in which, while in the presence of the judge and Jury he tore the badge of honor from his breast, & dashed it to the earth—of the difficulties encountered in effecting his escape from the Bastile, which a less noble and courageous man would never have undertaken—of the manner in which he had been disinherited by his father and brother, and finally the large fortune left him by his mother, which yielded a regular dividend of two thousand per annum.

So far from this being the truth, it was proved that he left Bordeaux under the name of Gregoire Chevalier, that he is a locksmith by trade, that he has left a wife and two small children behind him, in a state of utter destruction, that she called on Lafour, to make inquiry about her husband on his return—and after getting his directions in Philadelphia of the captain, addressed him a letter imploring him to return to his duties as husband and father, &c. The Mayor bound him over in the sum of one thousand dollars, and in default of bail he was committed to Moyamensing to await his trial. Mr. Rush appeared as counsel, and Messrs. McCauly and Hirst for the prosecution —Phila paper.

Corn is so abundant in Arkansas that it is selling at twenty cents a bushel.

HUMOROUS.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—A Yankee paper thus pathetically describes the fainting of a lady:

"Down fell the lovely maiden,
Just like a slaughtered lamb;
Her hair hung round her pallid cheek,
Like sea-weed round a clam!"

A fashionable lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a poet's house, her reply was, "the dinner was explended, but my seat was so promote from the nicknaxs that I could not ratify my appetite, and the pickled cherries had such a defect on my head, that I had a motion to leave the table, but Mr.——gave me some hartshorn resolved in water, which bereaved me."

HOW TO STOP A NEWSPAPER.—Call at the office and fork up arrearages, and order it stoped like a man; and not to take it out of the post office and sneak away like a *puppy*.

LEGAL MORALITY.—Robert Matlock, a regular lawyer of Tennessee, has been condemned at St. Louis to the penitentiary for two years, for stealing a hat.

Some Yankee editor says that he "liked to died a laffin," to see a drunken chap trying to pocket the shadow of a swing sign, which he mistook for a pocket handkerchief.

Remedy for hard times—more ploughing on *land banks* and less discounting in *paper banks*.

A READY ANSWER.—A negro the other day tumbled out of a window in New Orleans upon the pavement, thereby upsetting a gentleman who was passing by. Cuffee got up unhurt and turning to the gentleman, said, "I hope you will scuse dis child dis time; I's not in de habit of it, I sure you ins'nt; de fac is I was asleep, and dreaming dat a big skeeter was biting me, I went to fetch him a swipe, and loos my balance, an down I cum. Dat's de way my fall rose."

KILL OR CURE.—A doctor was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid. "I have five pounds," said the man to the doctor, "and if you KILL OR CURE, you shall have them. The woman died in the doctor's hand; and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds The man asked the doctor "if he KILLED his wife?" "No." "Did you CURE?" "No."—"Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand."

A STAUNCH POINTER.—"We got into a field of standing corn," said the colonel, "when Sancho was missed. Neither calling nor whistling had any effect, and we went home without him, wondering what had become of the dog. When the corn was cut, however, the mystery was explained, for there stood Sancho in the attitude of pointing, and a covey of birds some few feet in advance of him, all, both dog and birds, perfect skeletons."—American, of course.

FEMALE RESIGNATION.—Deacon Marvin of Lyme, Connecticut, a large land-holder and exemplary man, was exceeding eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship, it is said, was as follows:—Having one day mounted his horse, with only a sheepskin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house wherein Betty Lea lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him; on her coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty, without much hesitation, replied,—'The Lord's will be done."

REVOLUTIONARY FLAG.—When the Americans were besieged in Fort Schuyler, by the British and Indians, in 1777, they had plenty of ammunition and provisions, but no flag. To remedy this want, they took a blue camblet cloak, and some red and white shirts, and "the three bright colors, each divine," were soon waving o'er their heads. In a sortie which was made from the beleaguered fortress, the British colors were captured, and were immediately hoisted under the compound of shirts and cloak.

A great lie, says Crabbe, is like a big fish on dry land. It may first fling and make a frightful pother, but it cannot bite you. You have only to let it lie still, and it will die quietly of itself.

Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Paulding than to be rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all you get—to stint ourselves and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man and have no man for our friend—to be mean, miserable and dispised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

MARKET SNARLS—(SUSPENSION!)

Bob. Come Sam! pay me my money; you owe me two dollar dis four month, and I jis see you git five from da massa.

Sam. I sorry to tell you Bob, I spended eber sence Monday.

Bob. Spended? How you mean?—You jis dis minit got de mony, and hab um in your pocket now.

Sam. You fool, boy! no understand de politicsy of banks and currentses, pression, and cuniary debility. I expended—mean I stop pay, for benefits of de cobbunity.

Bob. What de debil, you mean—pay me my two dollar you dam rascal.

Sam. Come don't be in a passion, till we argufy and explain de matter. I owe you two dollar for true. Well! I have five dollar you say. True! Well spose I pay you—I owe Tom three dollar—I owe Bill dollar and a quarter—I owe Jim four dollars and I promis for lend aunt Molly something—now if go pay you and Tom, I drain dry, and no nothing at all left for Billy and de torrors—and if you begin a run on me, whole cobbunity mus suffer—so I'll keep my five, and bank on um for de good ob all. But I tell you what Bob I'll do you a fabor. If you pay me back one and nine next week I'll lend you a quarter, cause I sees your distress, and likes to commodate.

(*Bob knocks down Sam and Exit.*)

[Charleston Mercury.

THE "ODIOUS SUB-TREASURY."

The following, from the Hartford Times, gives, we believe, the sum total of the Federal arguments against the Independent Treasury bill. We copy it, to show what can be said on that side of the question.

A "CRYING SPELL."

Soon after the result of the Western elections was known in this city, a young lad, the son of a celebrated "Whig" office seeker, after listening at the corner of the street to a long tirade of abuse against the Administration from his father and another Federal Whig, went home, and sitting himself on the floor, set up a most dolorous crying. "What is the matter, my dear little Tommy," said his mother. The lad made no reply, but continued crying louder than before. "Why, bless my soul!" said the anxious mother, taking Tommy on her knee, "something serious ails this child! Tommy, tell your mother this minute where it aches the hardest."

"It don't ache none," replied Tommy.

"What does ail you, then?"

"Daddy says the *Sub-Treasury* is coming, and we shan't have any thing to eat—then I shant have no more bread and 'lasses—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"O lordy, lordy! it's the Sub Treasury what ails my child!! Them Loco-Focorys will kill us all, and distress the rest to death that's sartain. Boo, hoo, hoo!" (the old lady sets in crying.)

At this juncture of affairs, the office seeker enters, and inquires the cause of their grief.

"Why, my dear husband," said the old lady, "Tommy is fearful the Sub Treasury will starve us all to death, poor little fellow." (Tommy and his mother set up a most lamentable wailing.)

"Here," said the office seeker, "may be seen *practical* effects of that odious measure! When will men see the horrible thing in its proper bearing I've spent most of my time the past two years in trying to show up this thing in its true light—but men won't mind any thing I say, and my property is going to ruin, just on account of this thing. I'm heartily discouraged!" (Commences crying in company with his wife and child.)

The kitchen maid now enters, and tremblingly inquires what had happened.

"Oh! do see poor little Tommy," said the old lady, "its the Sub-Treasury what ails him—see how he tumbles about the floor—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"It's *bit* him?" said the maid, "and he's either got the hydrofogia or dismontiary symptoms, true as the world. Poor Tommy." (Maid chimes in with the others, and cries most bitterly.)

Mingo, the ostler, attracted by the groans and sobs, comes running from the barn, and with "eyes like bullets," inquires "what made sich a debble ob a fuss!"

"It's the Sub-Treasury what's bit Tommy," replied the maid.

"Dat's de same critur wat trod off my heel todder night in the dark, an skare dis chile mos to del! Wat ail you too, massa, eh?"

"O Mingo, it's the cursed Sub-Treasury," replied the office seeker

"Yes! the Sub-Treasury," cried the old lady.

"The Sub-Treasury!" yelled Tommy

"Gosh amighty! de Schroub Treasumry!" ejaculated Mingo—

"*Then they all set up a crying O.*"

From the National Intelligencer.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.

In the "American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge," for the year 1840, which has just reached us, among the numerous valuable articles, statistical, scientific, and miscellaneous, which are condensed into its well filled pages, we find a brief but comprehensive description of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, comprising its extent, character, dimensions, &c. compiled by one of the gentlemen of the Company's office, and doubtless entirely correct. As it contains information interesting to the friends of Internal Improvement every where, as well as to those who are particularly interested in this great work we take the liberty of transferring the article to our columns.

[*Communicated by T Fillebrown, Esq. of the Office of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, Washington.*]

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company derives its power from a charter granted by the Legislatures of the State of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, assented to by the Congress of the United States. Its object is, to connect the waters of the Chesapeake Bay with those of the river Ohio. The capital of the Company is unlimited, and is made up with individual, State, and other corporate subscriptions. Of this, the United States have taken $1,000,000, the city of Washington $1,000,000, the cities of Georgetown and Alexandria $250,000 each, the State of Virginia $250,000. The funds of the Company have been increased from time to time by loans of greater or less amount, as exigencies have required.

The canal is arranged into three grand divisions, denominated the Eastern, Middle, and Western Sections. The first extends from Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, to Cumberland, in the State of Maryland—following the left bank of the Potomac river, with such occasional divergences therefrom as the face of the country and facilities of construction require. The survey of the Middle and Western Sections has not been definitely made—consequently the precise location and distances are not correctly ascertained

Operations were first commenced on the Eastern Section on the 4th of July, 1828, when the ground was broken by John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States, in presence of a large concourse of citizens, assembled to witness the ceremony. Since that period, the canal has been completed from Georgetown to Dam No. 6, a point above the town of Hancock, a distance of 136 miles from tide water. On this portion there are 53 locks 100 feet in length between the gates, by 15 ft in breadth, and average 9 feet lift—150 culverts, of various dimensions, many of them sufficiently spacious to admit the passage of wagons, or aqueducts, viz:

No. 1, over Seneca Creek, 3 arches of 30 feet span each.

No. 2, over Monocacy River, 7 arches of 54 feet span each.

No 3, over Catoctin Creek, 3 arches, 2 of 20 and 1 of 28 feet.

No. 4, over Antietam Creek, 3 arches, 2 of 24 and 1 of 48 feet.

No. 5, over Conococheague Creek, 3 arches, 60 feet span each.

No. 6, over Licking Creek, 1 arch, 90 feet span.

No. 7, over Great Tonolowa Creek, 1 arch, 62 feet span.

This extent of the canal is fed from the Potomac by 6 dams across the river, of from 500 to 800 feet in length, and from 4 to 20 feet elevation. The breadth of water surface is 60 feet for the first 60 miles above Georgetown; for the remaining distance 50 feet, and 6 feet deep throughout the entire line. The aqueducts, locks, and culverts are constructed of stone, laid in Hydraulic cement.

That portion of the canal now under contract extends from Dam No. 6 to Cumberland, (the western terminus of the Eastern Section,) a distance of 50 miles. On this there will be 22 locks, 40 culverts, 2 dams, and 4 aqueducts as follows;

No. 8,	over Sideling Hill Creek,	1 arch of	70 ft
9	" Fifteen Mile Creek,	1 "	50
10	" Town Creek,	1 "	60
11	" Evitt's Creek,	1 "	70

About midway of this distance is a tunnel, through the spur of the mountain, called the "Pawpaw" Ridge," This tunnel is 3,118 feet in length, from the northern to the southern portal, and 24 feet in diameter, with an elevation of 17 feet in the clear above water-surface, through solid blue, argillaceous slate-rock as far as the excavation has been made. Two perpendicular shafts are in operation, one 188 feet, the other 122 feet in depth; from the bottom of these shafts the drilling and blasting proceeds horizontally north and south, the core being elevated to the surface by machinery.—The highest point of the mountain above the tunnel bottom is 378 feet. From the southern portal the longitudinal perioration exceeds 800 feet. The passage through this mountain saves the distance of five miles of heavy rock excavation, the cost of which was estimated to equal that of the tunnel. It is now considered more than half accomplished.

At Cumberland a spacious basin is in the course of construction, to be filled from the river by Dam No. 8 located at the lower end of the town. This basin is intended for the coal trade, the coal region commencing a few miles from the river, and extending inland to an undetermined distance.

The Middle Section will leave the river at this point by the valley of Wills Creek, whence it crosses the Savage Mountain, by a tunnel four miles in length, and strikes the head waters of the Youghiogeny river, at which point the Middle Section will probably terminate; the western Section passes thence down the valley of the Youghiogeny to its confluence with the Monongahela river, and from thence by the valley of the Monongahela to Pittsburgh, in the State of Pennsylvania, the head of steamboat navigation on the river Ohio.

The aggregate expenditure on account of the canal, from its commencement to May 31, 1839, the close of the fiscal year, has been $8,591,768,37. It is estimated that the additional sum of $3,000,000 will complete it to Cumberland; and that on the opening of navigation in the spring of 1841, there will be a direct and continuous canal from the capital of the United States to the vast and inexhaustible coal region of Alleghany county, in the State of Maryland.

MARYLAND ELECTIONS

Names of Members elected to the House of Delegates October 2, 1839.

For St. Mary's County—Messrs. Wm. Coad, James T. Blackstone, Joseph T. Shaw.

For Charles—Messrs. John Matthews, John D. Bowling, Henry C. Bruce.

For Calvert—Messrs. Jesse J. Dalrymple, Thomas J. Hellen; (the Francis Stevens and James G. Allnutt.)

For Prince George's—Messrs. Robert W. Bowie, William H. Tuck, John M. S. Maccubbin, Osborn Sprigg.

For Anne Arundel—Messrs. Charles Sterett Ridgely, James S. Owens, Edward Hammond, Richard Estep.

For Annapolis—Robert Welch of Ben,

For Baltimore City—Messrs Wm. F. Giles John C. Legrand, John J. Graves, John B. Seidenstricker, Francis Gallagher.

For Baltimore County—Messrs. Philip Poultney, Robert S. Welsh, Thos. C. Risteau, Dixon Stansbury, John B. Holmes.

For Harford—Messrs, Samuel Sutton, Thomas Hope, James Williams, John C. Polk.

For Carroll—Messrs. George Crabb, Joseph M. Park, George Bromwell, Thomas Hook.

For Frederick—Messrs. John McPherson, Daniel S. Biser, Jacob Firer, John H. Simmons, Caspar Quynn.

For Washington—Messrs. John Thompson Mason, Michael Newcomer, Frederick Byer William McK. Kepler.

For Allegany—Messrs. Jeremiah Berry, Jefferson M. Price, Andrew Newnam.

For Montgomery—Messrs. William Lingan Gaither, Richard R. Waters, Robert T. Dade, John G. England.

For Cecil—Messrs. Samuel B. Ford, John C. Cameron, John J. Heckart.

For Kent—Messrs. William S. Constable, Daniel Jones, Ebenezer Welch.

For Queen Anne's—Messrs. Wm. Temples, Peregrine Wilmer, William A. Spencer.

For Talbot—Messrs. James Lt. Martin Daniel Lloyd, M. O. Colston.

For Caroline—Messrs. Wm. R. Sangston, Zabdiel W. Potter, John Thawley.

For Dorchester—Messrs. William Frazier Reuben Tall, Francis P. Phelps, Jacob Willson.

For Somerset—Messrs. Joseph S. Cottman, Rider H. Winder, Edward Long, Cathell Humphreys.

For Worcester—Messrs. James F. Bravard, William H. Selby, Thomas A. Spence, Ebenezer Hearn.

THE YOUNG DEMOCRAT.

In the great struggle for principle, which is now agitating every section of our country, young men are bearing a prominent and glorious part It is wise that it should be so.—Our fathers have retired or are retiring from the more active and stirring scenes of the battle field, and have left to the rising generation and the middle aged, the solemn duty of guarding with more youthful vigor and energy the noble heritage that is bequeathed them. To young men, just entering upon the theatre of life and fired with an ambition to maintain &