L. L. Tackle

THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From "James' Tales," illustrating the passions.

LOVE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There was pageant and revelry in the city of Pampaluna. There was splendor and glitter in the court, and the streets, and the churches. The air resounded with acclamations; the porches and the porticoes were thronged with a merry population, in their holiday array; and the buz of many voices, in eager conversation, rose above the crowd that swayed hither and thither, in the squares and open spaces. The bells of all the churches rang out; and eye and ear were told, by every sight and every sound, that it was a high festival in the ancient capital of Navarre.

To the monarch of that small mountain state, the ambassadors from France led, on that day, a beautiful and long-sought bride; and every eye, in court and city, raised the eager lid to gaze upon the future queen as she advanced. Every eye, in court and city, however, after having gazed on the proud beauty, and marked the features which might well become a prince's bride, turned with feelings of deeper satisfaction to the countenance of their own native princess; and found in its calm bright sweetness a loveliness more harmonious to their hearts—a beauty of gentler promise and more endearing aspect.

"Handsome indeed she is!" exclaimed every one who gazed on Isabel of Valois; "handsome she is indeed, but not so beautiful as our own princess."

With equal interest, but very different feelings, Blanche of Navarre also gazed upon her brother's bride, as Isabel advanced through the halls of that palace where Blanche herself had so long dwelt, the first woman in the land. But with no envious thought did she thus gaze—with no feeling of malice toward her who was destined at once to take upon herself the first in the realm. But it was with feelings of keen, intense anxiety for a brother's happiness; with thoughts, too, of some apprehension for her own future fate. Blanche of Navarre was no longer to rule in the house of her ancestors; her will was no longer to be law among the courtiers of her brother; her will was no longer to be the only guide of all her actions; her fate, her time her comfort, were no longer to be decided by her own voice: for into the halls of her infancy had come a being, upon whose will the happiness of almost every moment must depend; upon whose virtue, tenderness, and generosity, the peace and quiet passing of future years could alone be founded.

She gazed, then, upon the beautiful bride, and saw that she was lovely. She was willing, she was anxious, in that loveliness of feature and of form, to see the loveliness of spirit of heart; she was willing to believe that in that dark liquid eye shone forth the virtues of a noble race; she was willing to believe, in that arching lip was pictured the high and dignified mind within. But yet, she could not but feel that there was a flashing brightness in the glance as it roamed, marking with unshrinking firmness each gazing face on the crowded court, and noting with quick accuracy every one of those empty ornaments and trifling embellishments, on which the calm and unoccupied spirit may rest in a moment of idleness, but which,, in a moment of agitation and emotion, are, to the feeling and the sensitive heart, but as bubbles on the waves to the mariner in the tempest.—She could not but feel, that in that lovely lip sat a haughty and a scornful curl—firm, proud, determined; all unlike the quivering diffidence which Blanche had pictured to her fancy, in timid bride seeking her strange husband's court.

No timidity, indeed, was there; and so proud was the carriage, so scornful was the air, that Blanche of Navarre, as she saw the future queen advance to meet her promised husband, felt her heart beat quick lest she should see her brother treated with indignity by the bride whose hand had already been dearly purchased. But no! she met him with smiles, she received his welcome with grace; and Blance's heart grew calm, in the hope that her fears misled her in terpretation of the fair stranger's demeanor.

The first object of all attention was, of course, the princess herself; but in the train of Isabel of Valois, and among all the gay and glittering cavaliers, of which it was composed, appeared one who, in form and feature, carriage and apparel, stood forth without compare in all the court, either of Navarre or France. Francis, count of Foix, was the name the ambassador gave him, as he introduced him to the Navarese king; and, although the eye of Blanche had before marked with wonder. not unmixed with admiration, the appearance of that princely noble, no sooner was he named than her brow slightly contracted, her fair lip lost its smile, and she bowed with cold and stately haughtiness as he advanced and was presented to herself. The count was not abashed, but maintained himself with graceful ease; and there was something in his whole demeanor, during the festivals and ceremonies that followed, which won upon even those prepared to frown on all his actions which dazzled where it could not blind, and gained a smile from the lip even while censure was strong at the heart.

There is a race of men who fancy that some bright and brilliant qualities, some noble deeds, some graces of demeanor, some powers of language or thought, some grandeur of conception or energy of action. not only compensate a life of ribald looseness, but even give a splendor and dignity to vice and crime. Such had been the character which Francis, count of Foix had established for himself, in the world of his day. Brave to a fault; graceful, as we have said, in person; full of high powers abused, and talents cast away, he had devoted himself to pleasure, and, in pursuit thereof, had acknowledged no barriers, and spurned at every check. His life hitherto, young as he was had been but a tale of moral duties violated; of passion excess, and licentiousness. Infidelity in love had been his boast, the ruin of woman's peace, his pastime; and the wine-cup and the dice, and loose companions, and wild exploits of evil, made up a history chequered only by some occasional trait of noble spirit—some deed of generosity, or benevolence, or courage.

So dangerous and hateful had become his name, that the monarch of his own land had willingly found an occasion to send him forth into another country; praying devoutedly, that Spanish jealousy might never suffer the wild and reckless youth to return to the court of France again. Andnow, in the small kingdom of Navarre, he prepared to renew the same course which had won for him so evil a reputation in his own land.

On the third night after his arrival, he sat late with several of his followers, who had accompanied him from France, and with one or two of the young Navarrese nobility, congenial, to tastes and habits, but less advanced in systematic vice than the gay cavalier who had now come among them. They talked of pleasure, and of joy, and of excited passion; and many a bright thought and sparkling fancy followed the cup as it circled round the table, and gave a zest and a grace to the idle; and the loose, and the vain tales which formed the great mass of their conversation. They had drank deep, when one of the Navarrese, bowing his head over the full cup, said, with a smile,—"To your next conquest, fair Count of Foix, to your next conquest!" The others around laughed gaily, and took up the toast, bowing their heads to the count, and drinking to his next conquest. The count filled his cup, and replied, "Willingly, lords, willingly! To Blanche of Navarre!"

The brows of the Navarrese were suddenly contracted, and they turned their flashing looks upon each other. At length, one whose renown in arms saved him from the insignificance of vice, replied boldly,—"Sir Count of Foix, we welcome thee to our land as a distinguished stranger, skilled in the arts of love and the science of pleasure, well known for noble and for knightly deeds, courteous, and gay, and liberal; and we are willing to give all free scope to your pleasant fancies: but you know not our feelings, here in Navarre, to one whom you have just named. She is our native princess, and has grown up among us, under our own eyes, and amidst the love of all: smile not, sir count, for we will bear no trifling with her name. She has the love of all—of good and bad alike. But it is that pure and nobler which to the good is natural, and which, in the bosom of the bad, plants at least one good thing. Speak not of her with one vain hope or idle expectation. Her every thought is virtue; and the high spirit that dwells in that bright form is pure as a saint in heaven. We see all her actions—we know all her deeds. Is there sorrow—is there misfortune in the city or the land, thereby Blanche of Navarre to be found, comforting, consoling; aiding. Is virtue, is honor; is noble generositis heard of, the voice of Blanche of Navarre is raised to give it praise. Is wrong committed, or injustice done, hers is the tongue to plead for the oppressed, however mighty the oppressor; hers the lip to call down punishment on the evil-doer, however great, however favored, however high. Is there, on the contrary, evil or vice; in whatever glittering robes arrayed, concealed under whatever specious form, though voiced with music and garlanded with flowers, sure is it to shrink from the face of Blanche of Navarre, as the birds of night fly from the keen eye of the searching day. I say to you, Count of Foix, smile not! Well do I know that my lip is all unfit to speak the praise of purity like hers; but I tell thee boldly, that, although in the late plague she sat beside the dying wreteh, foul and fearful in all the livid horror of the pestilence, and bent her bright head over the bed of misery and of death, as well in the lowest cabin as within the palace walls, without one look of disguet or apprehension—I tell thee, she would shrink from thee and thy loose words as from toad, or adder, or any other noisome thing."

The count's cheek had grown flushed, his brow had contracted, and his eye had flashed; but such angry signs had passed by ere the other had done speaking, and he was ready to wear a smile, as he answered,—"Nevertheless, Don Ferdinand, I again say—to Blanche of Navarre!—Never was woman born that might not be conquered; and I will either conquer her, or she shall conquer me, It is not alone for her beauty, though I own that never yet have my eyes beheld loveliness so unblemished as hers—those perfect features, which the brightest dream of the Grecian sculptor never equalled, that calm, radiant eye, shining forth from its black lashes, like some bright, tranquil star pouring its peaceful light through a dark summer night; that cheek, were the ruddy hue of health, softened by delicate nurture, blooms like the bosom of a garden rose; that splendid form were grace and rounded softness are ennobled by princely dignity and pride—it is not alone for all this blaze of beauty, though well it might set a world again on fire; but it is because, as thou hast truly, though not courteously declared, she has already shown that she would shrink from me as from some noisome thing. For this do I say, that I will conquer her or she shall conquer me; and I drink again to my next conquest, Blanche of Navarre! Ay! well I marked her," he continued, proceeding, after a little pause, ere any of the others could reply, —"ay! well I marked her, when the ambassador but named my name, draw down the corner of that lovely lip, and spread wide the scornful nostril! But she knew not Francis of Foix. However, let no broils, good friends, mar our fair revelry. Here is to all our loves, past, present, and to come: may they be many as the blades of grass which shall cover us when we be dead, or the cups of wine that we drink while we are living! Here is to all our loves and to yours especially, Don Ferdinand de Leyda. Methought I caught a pair of bright, black eyes yesterday, in the court, following thee wheresoever thou didst turn. And,—ha! Don Ferdinand, was I not right?—a certain lady with a swanlike throat, robed in dark purple, and with many a gem in her hair and in her girdle?"

Although the brows of the Navarrese still remained somewhat contracted, harmony seemed sufficiently restored, and the revel was prolonged for many an hour. At length the guests began to separate, but the Count de Foix detained Don Ferdinand de Leyda for a moment in the vestibule; and when they were alone, he said. "Don Ferdinand, my good friend, you have this night said things which—as we know each other well and of yore—you must feel sure cannot pass by as idle wind. Let us not involve others in our quarrel, but let us meet, with a single page on either side, when, where, and with what weapons you will."

'To-morrow morning at daybreak," replied Don Ferdinand, calmly, "with pointed lances and our two swords, if it so please you, count. Then, for the place, let it be down in the meadows, on the other side of the river. You knew the Tafalla gate?—go forth by that: my windows look upon the road, and I will soon overtake you.—With one page, you say?—good night." And so they parted.

The sun shone bright through the long casements of the old palace of Pampeluna, chequering with misty the pavements of its lordly halls, and from those casements could be seen, clear and distinct, the ring of mighty mountains with their snow-covered tops, which swept round the capital of Navarre. Between them and the city lay, basking in the morning sunshine, that beautiful basin with its richly cultivated slopes, known in all later times by the name of the Cup of Pampeluna and glittering as it passed the city, which it half surrounds in one of its graceful bends, flowed the sweet Arga.

Blanche of Navarre had risen early from her couch, and had watched the wandering sun pour his first light from the pinnacles of the eastern hills into that mountain cup in the centre of which rose up her brother's capital. She gazed from the windows in somewhat melancholy mood, for, in the short space of three days, she had been taught that her brother's palace was no longer to be happy home for her—that her brother's bride looked not on her as a sister—and that jealous of the power she had so willingly resigned, and envy of the love she so well merited, were the feelings that reigned in a heart which she had fondly hoped to find open to nobler and better affections. As she gazed; her eye lighted on what she imagined to be nothing more than some grooms exercising their master's horses; but in a few minutes she saw them turn, and spur at full charge against each other.

Even then she thought it no more than some wild youths, as was customary, breaking a friendly lance in the meadows below; and she only wondered that they had not chosen the ordinary tilt-yard for the scene of their exploits. At the end of about half an hour, however, she heard a number of busy feet, passing along in the neighborhood of the chamber in she sat, toward the apartments which had been assigned to the French ambassedor and the noble gentlemen who had accompanied him, and many voices speaking in a low, quick tone. The first tidings which she obtained concerning the cause of those sounds, was from one of her own women, who ran in with an important face of wonder, exclaiming,—"Oh; lady! do you know that the Count de Foix has been killed by Don Ferdinand de Leyda?"

"God forbid!" replied Blanche —"God forbid! He was sadly unprepared to die:" and she hastened out from her own chamber to the public apartments of her maiden's story, The room she entered was that prepared for the morning meal of the royal household; and from some of the attendants present she learned that the count was not killed, though dangerously wounded.—"He has been carried to his chamber lady," replied the man, "and the surgeons are even now busily engaged extracting the lance's head, which has broken off in his shoulder."

"What has become of Don Ferdinand?" demanded Blanche. "Is he unhurt? for I have heard that this count of Foix is famous for his skill in such encounters."

"He too is badly wounded," replied the man; "but they have borne him to his own house, and he is attended by surgeons there."

"Thus do bad men slay each other," said Blanche. "Some idle dispute, or licentuous brawl, has doubtless, brought them thus to the gates of death when they are least fitted to meet another life. God spare them this once! and perhaps the warning of pain and sickness may not be thrown away."

While she yet spoke, her brother and his bride, with several nobles in attendance, entered the hall. At the tidings of the evil which had befallen the Count de Foix, the young monarch expressed some sorrow, in courteous tones, toward the French lords around him; but, to the judgment of Blanche of Navarre, the grief of Isabel of Valois exceeded the bounds of that commiseration which her brother's wife might well display toward the libertine noble of her own land. She vowed that, if the count died, she should hate Navarre; she called him the flower of courtsey and knighthood; and she declared her purpose of visiting his sick chamber. The young king bore it all with patience; for his beautiful bride, in all her proud loveliness, had at once assumed that mastery over him which weak minds ever yield to the strong when passion raises its voice against resistance. He marvelled not at the interest she expressed; he felt neither jealousy nor anger; and he ventured only to suggest that his fair bride would, when she visited the wounded man, take with her his sister Blanche. Isabel heard him with a flashing eye and an angry spot upon her fair cheek, but she dared not resist his will, so gently expressed; and bowing, with a scornful smile, to Blanche, she prayed her, in ironical terms, to give her the pleasure of her fair company after the meal was over.

No scornful word ever embittered the lips of Blanche of Navarre, and for her brother's sake she yielded at once. When the time came, followed by several others, they sought the chamber where the count lay ill; and those two fair girls approached the couch of sickness; but oh, with what a different air—and, oh, with what different feelings! They both spoke to him, but they spoke not alike; the words of Isabel were mingled of lightness, and grief and tenderness—those of Blanche were calm and gentle, but tending to better thoughts. She read no homily, but she spoke with the voice of purity, and wisdom; and, while she told him that she sincerely wished his recovery, the last words of consolation which she addressed to him were such as awakened in his mind deep thoughts. She told him, that illness and wounds were not always misfortunes, and that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind.

Thus saying, she turned to leave him; and Isabel of Valois, though she would fain have lingered, was obliged to follow also for every shame.—When they were gone, the Count de Foix, uppon his solitary couch of pain, fell into the deep and somewhat curious meditation. He thought of the words that Blanche had spoken,—"that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind." How could that be? he asked himself; and, as he thought of the words, the tone, the look, the surpassing loveliness of her who had spoken them, came back upon his mind, like the beautiful objects of some splendid dream, and made the simple sentence that still rung in his ear seem like the words of prophecy. He paused and pondered; and, as he thought, the pain of his wound, severe as it was, was almost forgotten in the new and thrilling interest that grew upon his heart. He compared her, mentally, with the proud beauty who had stood beside her; and he could not but feel that, in the pure. bright lustre of her virtuous calmness, her loveliness acquired a dignity harmonious with itself, and far, far surpassing the haughty consciousness of her brother's wife.

He felt, too, that to take aught from the brilliant purity would be to rob her beauty of one half its splendor: he felt that—far beyond every thing that sweet lines or lovely coloring can produce—there shone, through every movement and through every look, the effulgence of a noble and a generous heart—the brightness of a gentle, innocent, unsullied mind. He asked himself whether, even were it in his power, he would profane that sweet tabernacle with one evil thought? and still, as he pondered, her words came back into his ear, and again he asked himself, "could the sickness of the body really work a cure in the diseases of the mind?"

He put another question to his heart,—"Was the state in which he had so long lived a disease of the mind, or not? Was the prostitution of great talents and high qualities, unequalled powers of mind and body, and a heart once pure and virtuous—was it, or was it not, a malady?"—And the thoughts which such questions produced were painful, were agitating, were terrible. He strove to cast them from him, and to think as he had thought before. He strove to think of Isabel of Valois, and her too evident partiality; but still by her side, as fancy gave her picture to his eyes, rose up the brighter form of Blanche of Navarre, and outshone the other in the light of innocence and beauty. With the night came fever—the tamer of the strong spirit, the breaker of the wild imagination—and bowed him to its will. He struggled against its power during the livelong night; and, with a wandering mind and throbbing brain, tossed to and fro upon the couch. Morning found its great strength enfeebled; his strong sinews without power; his muscles relaxed; his face wan and pale; his eye dim and haggard. The support of the coporeal frame was gone from the spiritual being; and, like a rider who has lost the power of governing the wild horse that carries him, his mind was carried away to thoughts he had ever shunned, and his heart rested on many a painful, many a reproachful memory.

Continuation in our next.

Cambridge, Feb. 19th 1839.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to my friend "Agricola," who appeared in your paper of the 18th, in collision of opinion with "Agricultor" of the previous paper, on the subject of the proposed Transquakin Canal, I will premise, frankly and truly, in justice to myself, as well as to him, that I did not, as he supposes, view his refusal to subscribe my petition for the Canal, as proceeding from "a captious disposition," or, "a want of inclination to oblige,"—but, from an honest difference of opinion; and I informed him, at the time I offered him my petition, that, as others, as well as himself, had expressed the same sentiment, that he then did, I would endeavour to demonstrate his and their error, in a printed paper, which would afford opportunity for reflection, and, as I believed, a consequent correction of the error maintained by them.

No argument was held at the time; but, simply the position was taken by him, which had been, previously, by others, "that, from the contiguity of the Black Water, & Transquakin rivers, and their emptying into one common estuary, the two rivers must be on the same level, and the Engineer must necessarily, have committed an error, in his reports of their difference of level:" this, with my remark, that I would write a paper, and prove him in error, was, to the best of my knowledge, and that of other gentlemen present, whom I have since consulted, the whole amount of our conversation on the subject.

In the performance of my promise, "Agricultor" appeared soon after; in which was introduced some of the relative phenomena of physical science; and some acknowledged positions were taken,—not, as a "rebuke" to him as he supposes; for his "incredulity,' in regard to their truth, which, really, was not contestable: but, solely, as a basis for the erection of my argument against his opinion, before named; and he has unfortunately, mistaken these materials of my argument, viz: my positions in regard to the phenomena of rivers—springs—rain, &c. &c., for the question in dispute; and he remarks, "I can only say (for his satisfaction) that there is no difference of opinion, whatever, between us, upon this subject" (the *source* of rivers.)

Then, at least, it seems, my premises are admitted by "Agricola"—and, I have looked in vain, to find any part of his paper, which detects the fallacy of my argument; though I have diligently searched.

It would seem, also, by a subsequent part of his paper, that he agrees with me in my conclusion, as well as my premises, that is, on the very point, which I undertook to establish, "that the level of the two rivers may differ, even by six feet, or more—and that the Engineer had not, on the face of his two reports, committed an error."

He admits, that he did deny, that there could be so much difference of level, as the Engineer had reported:—I maintained there might be;—and this difference of opinion, gave rise to the paper of "Agricultor," maintaining my opinion, and denying his; and further, as if to leave no doubt of the true *issue* joined, in the case before us, which he now seems inclined to change, "Agricola" continues, "and I could not in my own mind account for such a *variation*"—and he adds, "but, from *further reflection*, and a *reference* to the *map*, (possibly he might have added and to the paper of "Agricultor") I *can account*, at least to my own satisfaction, for the *variation*"—he continues, "then, *upon this point* there is *no disagreement*."

Thus, by reflection and study are conflicting opinions often reconciled;—heterodoxies corrected; and orthodoxies confirmed.

But, Agricola asks, "where is the great reservoir, which is to counteract the outporings in opposite direction, from the summit of the ridge, which divides the waters of Fishing Bay from the Choptank?" he exultingly answers "I say there is *none*." I answer with him, there is *none*: in this also, we agree.

Then, if there be nothing to *counteract* the outporings, in opposite directions, why should not the outporings *continue*, in opposite directions; yet, he says, they will not; this, using his own language, is too plain to require any further comment;—but take his own words, "so that according to my (Agricola's) opinion, they will both flow the same way, while," he continues, "according to "Agricultor," they will flow in opposite directions,—and he adds "this is the great rock on which we split." I submit it to himself, has he not removed that rock and come safely into port?

Further, he says "If with all its (Black Water river) resources of tide—rain—springs &c. &c., it can maintain a given elevation, how can it maintain the same, when a sluice (into Choptank river) is opened in an opposite direction?" he continues "the consequence must, necessarily, be, that the apex of this ridge would be *bare*, or, the ridge must be cut down, &c. &c."—true, if the sluice is two feet higher, at the appulse of the Canal on the Black Water river, than at the other end of it, at Cambridge Creek, which by the measurement of the Engineer, and now conceded by Agricola, is the fact, then, the water will run into Cambridge Creek;—and, inasmuch as the depth of Black Water river, as I am informed, is not more than two feet, for a distance of about five miles, extended from the termination of the Canal line, and down the river, it follows that the bed of the Black Water river would be *drained* and *bare*, for the said distance of about five miles, by operation of the Canal proposed—in throwing off its water, into the creek, until its two feet of depth was exhausted, to level it with the lower end, at the creek;—and, as rivers generally slope towards their mouths, a very partial replacement could be expected from the lower section of the river; whose influx of water at so high a point, and through a long winding, and obstructed channel, and consequently feeble tide, could not be equivalent to its discharge by a short and nearly straight canal.

But, he says "or, the ridge must be cut down to make the current set down Black Water river."

Now, let it be remembered, that by the actual measurement, by the Engineer, of the canal route from Cambridge Creek to its terminus on the Black Water, it is four miles—and by his estimate made, he says, on the usual terms of excavation, its cost will be thirty two thousand dollars; and, as we have seen, about five miles more, must be done, to make it effectual;—that is, the whole distance of the shallow water;—to excavate this space would cost, by the ratio of the former, forty thousand dollars; and the two spaces added, would cost seventy two thousand dollars;—quite an impracticable attainment, I presume, at present.—Then, it would seem, that to make the additional excavation is *essential* to the useful, and effective completion of the Black Water canal, according to Agricola himself; and it certainly is so;—for without it, most unquestionably, a considerable extent of the river would be closed, even to canoe navigation; or, probably, bared, and converted into marsh, to the injury of owners on that portion of it: and the current of the upper portion, would, unquestionably, set into Cambridge creek, as "Agricola" now admits; and by means of the soft bed of mud flowing with it, would produce there a singular accumulation—a fac-simile of the far famed Pontine marshes—spreading infection among all who may inhale its deadly blasts.

Why then, it may be asked, do I advocate a *canal* from the Choptank to the Transquakin river?

I answer in a few words this seeming paradox; & at the same time I wish it distinctly understood, that in my remarks throughout this paper, I design nothing particularly for "Agricola," excepting only, such as I may have so named—my chief object, being to induce a public consideration of two important schemes of internal improvement.

I answer, then, the "Transquakin" is, comparatively with the "Black Water," a *deep* river—and *cæteris paribus*, the deeper the water, the greater is its tendency to flow with velocity,—the Choptank being four feet higher than the Transquakin, at the respective points of appulse of the proposed Canal, and the *slope* unmterrupted, to Fishing Bay, the current would set through the whole route, to the Bay, from the Choptank;—and, too, without *further* excavation, cost, or labor, than had been incurred, in the measured line of the canal proposed; and it would wash, and cleanse, with its pure, and abundant waters, the muddy bed of the Transquakin, and, much of that of the Bay, itself,—improve the navigation of the whole—drain the low lands—and supply health fertility, and energy, to a country—much of it, at least, now abounding in sickness—barrenness—and apathy.

This canal having also, by the measurement of the Engineer, only three and a half miles, on its line; (that of the Black Water having by the same authority four miles,) and its termini, in deep water, it is complete and effective when that is executed; and, it will cost, as herein before shown, thirty five thousand dollars, less than the other, supposing the other to be continued to a point, before named, as essential to its objects.

The comparison I have concisely drawn, not from a taste for oppugnation; but, to present fairly, the