The Southern Standard.

W. D. CHAPMAN } Publishers and Proprietors.
J. R. SMITH }

ARTICLE TEN—The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.—*Federal Constitution.*

COLUMBUS:

Saturday Morning, October 18, 1851.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR.
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
JOSEPH BELL.

FOR TREASURER,
RICHARD GRIFFITH.

FOR AUDITOR,
GEORGE T. SWANN.

FOR CONGRESS
WINFIELD S. FEATHERSTON.

STATE RIGHTS TICKET—FOR THE LEGISLATURE.
SAMUEL BUTLER,
MOSES JORDAN,
THOMAS I. SHARP.

☞ **William J. Gordon**, we are authorizee to announce as a candidate for county Policeman, for the 5th district of the county of Lowndes. Election in November.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, of St. John's Church, Aberdeen, will preach in St. Paul's Church on Sunday next, at 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M.

Daguerrian Gallery.

R. H. Wellington, the Daguerriest, has requested us to say that he will remain but a few days longer in our city. We spent a few moments recently at his room (city Hall) examining some of his pictures. We recognized the faces of many old acquaintances, and were shewn the pictures of several young ladies of our city. Mr. W. colors with exquisite taste and skill—he showed us one picture that was beautiful. Those of our lady readers who have children would do well to avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain their "shadows before the substance fades," from their sight forever this side of the grave. Mr. W. is prepared to wait upon those who may favor him with a call.

Public Speaking.

Col. W. S. Featherston candidate to represent this district in the Congress of the United States, will address his fellow-citizens at Macon, Noxubee Co., on Friday the 24th inst; at Columbus, Lowndes Co., on Monday, 27th inst, and at Athens Monroe Co., on Wednesday 29th inst.

Election Tickets.

We shall commence printing tickets the coming week. Candidates who desire a "show" can hand in their orders. We can supply any number, and will take pleasure in filling all orders.

☞ Owen the Consul at Havana, has been recalled, and C. C. Langdon appointed, by the President.

The Judicial Candidates.

The people will be called upon to elect three judicial officers at the coming election. There are several candidates, and the people must select one for each of the following stations—a Judge for the High Court of Errors and Appeals—a Chancellor for the State, and a Vice Chancellor for this District. It is known to our opponents that *we have never* made the political opinions of men a test in any judicial election. We have warred against this for years; have in every form, and under all circumstances, thrown the influence of the press which we have controlled against mixing up the judicial with the political election. In this, we have, as many know, run counter to the heated zeal of partizans. Our course has been governed by fixed principles, and we have looked more to the public welfare than to the political success of party. We have no cause to repent of our course; in fact, we look back upon the past with pride and pleasure, and rejoice that we were enabled to rise above the personal and political excitement by which we have been surrounded, and select from the various aspirants the man whom our judgment approved rather than the one our party affinities jumped with.

Such being our feelings, and guided alone by an ardent desire to see our judicial benches occupied by the best talent, we shall trespass upon our readers just far enough to present a few thoughts in regard to the aspirants now before the people for judicial station.

In order then, we shall commence with the Supreme Court. Judge CLAYTON is a candidate for re-election, and we hesitate not to say, under all the circumstances, it is right that he should receive the undivided support of the people again. He has been tried—his ability is acknowledged on all hands by all parties. He has lent to the bench great weight, by his impartial bearing as a man and a judge, and he has by his labor, aided in giving to the Court of which he is a member, a reputation at home and abroad, which has placed our judicial system and decisions before the world in a form that commands the sanction of the ablest jurists in the land. He is known to the bar as an earnest, and laborious judge, and his affable manners have won for him the kindest regards of all who have appeared before him. The records of the Supreme Court furnish indubitable evidence of his extensive acquirements as an able and *careful, conscientious* lawyer.

Chief Justice Sharkey has signified his determination to resign his seat upon the bench. This will create a vacancy, which must be filled by some new man. Judge Smith has been on the bench but two years, and if Judge Clayton is defeated, the beneh will be represented by two new officials without that experience which it is prudent to retain there. Judge Clayton has been upon the bench about nine years; he is familiar with the decisions and practice of the Court, and, in the opinion of those who are authorized to determine from their long experience at the bar, it is believed that his removal will produce confusion, and it may, and possibly will, unsettle the practice and rules of the court, and warp the current of decisions from the channel in which they have been running for years, with honor to the bench from which they sprung, and security to the life and property of the citizen, and stability to the monetary and commercial relations of the State. Were it not that Chief Justice Sharkey is on the eve of retiring from the bench, the change of one, or even both Associate Judges, would be a matter of but little moment, for the same mind that has hitherto shaped the legal decisions of the State would be present to guide them still. If Judge Clayton is displaced, the evils we have but briefly touched on, may all arise to the detriment of parties litigant, and to the jeapording of the stability of our whole judicial system. In no instance is it prudent to remove from the bench of the tribunal of the *Last Appeal*, all the Judges. If we would have a stable and reliable system of judicial decisions, one free from the changes and contradictory character which involves the rights of the citizens, we must retain in public service one or more of those men who have shaped and made those decisions. Sharkey and Clayton have served together for years upon the same bench, and the latter gentleman has aided in giving to our present system its high character. Let the same mind retain its influence and guide our judicial decisions. Let no party prejudice place upon the Supreme bench some young and ambitious aspirant, whose greatest recommendation is, that he huzahs under this or that party banner.

Chancellor Stephen Cocke retires from the Chancery bench, and it is incumbent upon the voter to select the man deemed the most capable. As in the case of the Supreme Judge, we are guided by the same rule. We put politics one side, and advocate the election of an old whig on the ground that we believe him the ablest man and the best qualified lawyer. JOHN I. GUION, is a native Mississippian, and a gentleman of unimpeachable character. He has grown grey within the limits of the State, and has served the people with marked fidelity in various stations, and those people whom he has heretofore served, will, we have no doubt, renew their confidence in his fidelity and enlarged qualifications, by again casting their suffrages for him. He is a man of matured judgment, great discrimination, and a profound lawyer. We have listened to him many a time long years ago, before the court of his own county, and at the bar of the Supreme Court at Jackson; and we never listened to any of that galaxy of able men, of whom the gifted Prentiss, the clear and profound Holt were numbered, with more pleasure and profit, than to John I. Guion. He never rose at the bar without commanding profound attention and eliciting the marked applause of all. Such is the character of Guion as a lawyer. As a man he is equally an object of admiration. His purse, like his heart is ever open to the demands of charity, and he has succored many from want and misery who never knew from whose hand the generous donation came. Is it remarkable, then, that we are his humble advocate, and that we, an old and stubborn partizan democrat, should enlist so urgently in favor of a whig. The answer is ready: He is *Competent* and worthy—we know the man and we are willing to endorse for his capacity.

This brings us down to the Vice Chancery Court—we are now at home, and shall speak of one of our own citizens, Capt. A. K. BLYTHE, the People's candidate, and a man of the masses. In this community where the Captain is known, there is no necessity to enter up one plea in favor of his talent or his legal qualifications. But the District is large, and his acquaintance limited, and we feel a just pride in being able to state that he is equal in every respect to his opponent as a lawyer, a gentleman, or as a man. As a public speaker he has but few equals and no superior in this District or State. He is a gentleman thoroughly, we may say, critically, educated—a fine classical scholar, and possesses a mind as solid and massive, as his powers are comprehensive and acute. As a lawyer, his readings are varied and extensive, and he commands the respect of the profession for the clearness and power with which he illustrates the principles upon which all laws rest.—His mind is singularly adapted to chancery practice, a practice which requires patience, reflection, and an enlarged power of comprehension, capable of covering and grasping at once, all the questions at issue, and sifting from the mass, a perfect and symmetrical decision which will defy the tests of criticism and the cankers of time. Blythe's mind is eminently philosophical in its character, and his mental culture fits him most admirably for the station to which he aspires. Gifted by nature with a keen perception, he is prepared by study to reach the truth, and when we say that he will hold the scales of justice with an impartial hand, we but utter a sentiment that will meet with unanimous endorsement by all who know him.

What are his personal claims, asks one? What has he done for the public? Well, his personal claims are to be found in his personal qualifications, and they are unsurpassed. He has served the public but little, having represented this county one term in the legislature. It is true he neither sought nor desired the station, and only consented to serve at the urgent solicitation of men of all parties. It is also true that he did volunteer and serve in Mexico as a soldier, and here we may remark, that we know of no man who was in Mexico with "Old Red," as Blythe was called in camp by the b'hoys, but that is enthusiastically for him. He was a favorite wherever he was known, and was as notorious for his liberality in dividing the last drink as he was the last dollar, with any comrade who happened to be short.

He returned from Mexico somewhat poorer than when he took up the line of march for the Rio Grande—his fortune now consists of a fine constitution and a thorough professional education. While his opponent was drawing a large salary from the State—$2,000 per annum—he was serving his country at about $80 per month, subjected to a climate requiring an iron constitution to resist its inroads, and living, as one of the b'hoys says, upon pork and beans, stale bread, and most villainous *muscale*. His opponent has drawn from the State treasury about $16,000, we believe, and this is a snug little fortune anywhere. Rotation in office is a most salutary and spirit reviving thing. New brooms, saith the old proverb, sweep clean. And we are so constituted, that it affords us a pleasure, to see the young and ardent and talented *young men* displace those old grey-beards from office, wherever the public service will receive no detriment by the change. In the present instance we are sure the public interest is in no conceiveable danger whatever. If the people shall decree that the mantle of the Vice Chancellor fall upon the shoulders of A. K. Blythe, we are confident the choice will prove a judicious and wise one; and the bench of the chancery court of this district will lose none of its present character and dignity.—Beyond this, we believe it will place one in a position where his commanding talents will have a field for wide development and public usefulness.

Phelan's Review of Senator Foote.

This splendid paper is before our readers. It is the most powerful and searching argument that this campaign—a campaign that has brought out the matured mind of the State—has produced. It is a full and elaborate argument, and it crushes Foote to the earth by the clearness and perspicuity with which the record is appealed to to sustain its various allegations. In point of style it will rank with any political review which has ever appeared in our State, and for compactness, it is superior to any production of a political character with which we have recently met. We are sure our readers will agree with us in what has been said of it, and those who are at all familiar with the Senatorial records will admit that the reviewer has, in no instance, attempted to warp history to sustain a point. Its great strength consists in its fidelity and fairness. Its statements cannot be controverted.

This review will raise its young and talented author to an enviable position among the clearest headed and ablest debaters in the State, and those who have had the pleasure of reading it, will appreciated the shrewdness manifested by Foote in avoiding a discussion with *the young man*, as the doughty general designated Mr. Phelan. We give a history of that affair below.

Foote and Phelan at Smithville—Clear Backing out of Little Pacificator.

Every body, who was at Athens in this county on the 9th of June last, when Gen. Foote spoke there, recollects that Mr. Phelan preceded him in an hours speech; and it is also recollected—not much to the credit of those who controlled matters—that after Mr. Foote spoke for some four hours—misstating during his remarks, Mr. Phelan's position in several important particulars, he (Mr. P.) by an illiberal and caven policy, was not allowed to reply—not even to explain or correct the false positions in which he had just been placed by the wily tactician. What short sighted stupidity! Did not Gen. Foote and his friends know—that thought *he*

———might "fight and run away,
And live to fight another day" that his

auditors the citizens of Monroe would remain behind, and before whom—if not him, the little Pacificator—Mr. Phelan could and would set himself right.

Mr. Phelan, unable to get Foote to face the music—has sure enough made good his time by arranging his political course, and denouncing it from every stump in the county. Not a man of the other party was able or willing to defend their champion from the charges, which Mr. Phelan, every where, with the records before him, preferred and substantiated. The nearest thing to a defence, that could be extorted from Foote's best friends, was that he would defend himself at Smithville, and that Mr. P. would be allowed to discuss on fair terms.

This was just what Mr. P. wanted, and to which he readily consented. True to this understanding Mr. P. repaired to Smithville, met Gen. Foote there—dared him to debate equally with him; and lo! after his friends had pledged him to give Mr. P. an equal chance, what does he do? he resorts to pitiful subterfuges, and behind them ignominiously retreats—in other words, backs out.

In the first place he required Phelan to step in the shoes of Quitman—which Mr. P. declined, as he wanted to fight on his own hook; that was the arena to which he had been *invited*, and he had stepped in the ring, *first* to do his own battling, Gen. F. then consented he would debate with P. provided his friends could do so with Quitman.—To this Mr. Phelan promptly assented—pledging himself and Judge Gholson, if Quitman refused, that they would abandon the canvass, and vote for him (Gen. Foote.) After some humming and hawing, and then mumbling out, that one or the other (Phelan or Gholson) *might* back out, he (Foote) finally declined to give Phelan a chance. This is worse than parallel advancing," yea!'tis the tallest sort of crawfishing. It is to be hoped we will hear no more vaporing about what Foote *will* do or *can* do.

If this little Somersetship has as much sensibility as he has certainly culpability, we have but little doubt he would rather confront the apocalyptic scene of Death on the Pale Horse, and Hell at his back, than Mr. Phelan and his Congressional records. Notwithstanding the disparity of ages, Mr. Phelan is his match in any particular—has as much political and more general knowledge—equally as ready in resources—just as quick, if not quicker, to slap insolence in the face—and just as firm in holding himself responsible for any thing he does. With a mind, not a whit inferior—but better balanced, and more systematically stored, and a moral temperament infinitely higher toned, as sensitive too, and as mercural—Mr. Phelan, upon the whole, is the superior man, and Mississippi, erelong—mark it—will find it out.—*Monroe Democrat.*

Another Fugitive Slave Case.

Two weeks since we gave an account of an attempt to arrest a fugitive slave in Pennsylvania, which resulted in the death of the owner of the slave, and the wounding of two or three men engaged in the attempted arrest. This week we are called upon to give the history of another attempt. The account is from an eye witness, and may, therefore, be relied upon as substantially correct.

The returning sense of justice—of which a great deal has been said and written—seems to be rapidly extending at the North. When will the people of the South begin to see and prepare to meet these outrages upon justice and their constitutional rights?—The lawless opposition manifested toward the South, and her citizens when in pursuit of their property, is surely lessening none under the benign influences of that glorious "Compromise" which, we are daily told, has saved the Union, and preserved the rights of our citizens! That glorious compromise is respected, so our Union friends tell us, by our northern neighbors.—The fugitive slave law is enforced, they say! Where is it enforced like a law of the land! There lives not the man who can point to a solitary case where the law has been enforced without raising an intense excitement in the community! In nearly every case there has sprung up a fierce opposition against the claimant, and we do not recollect an instance where the expense of the successful capture has not exceeded, and in many cases doubled, and in some, thribled, the value of the slave. But this is all proper—we are told. We cannot think so. But let the reader judge of the matter—here are the facts below for him to reflect on.

From the New York Tribune.

Slave Catching in Syracuse—Intense Excitement.

SYRACUSE, Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1851.

Our city is perfectly wild with excitement. A negro man named Jerry was arrested here to day, claimed by a man named McHenry, of Missouri, as a fugitive slave. The United States Marshal with aids from the neighboring cities congregated here, arrested Jerry and brought him before United States Commissioner Sabine. The news soon spread over the city, the bells in the various churches were tolled, and the people assembled in knots at the corners of the streets—one general feeling prevailed every breast, that of disgust and abhorrence at the Fugitive Slave Law, and this its first foul offspring in Syracuse. Our County Fair was being held in the city, and the farmers from the surrounding country were all here. In addition, a Liberty Party Convention was called for to-day, and I notice prominent in our streets some of the leaders of that party. The Court of Appeals is also in session here, and have had a good opportunity to witness the feeling here to day.

The examination of Jerry, who is a fine athletic man, commenced at the Commissioner's office about 2 o'clock, p. m. The court room and every avenue leading to it was densely crowded.—The prosecution was conducted by three lawyers, named Anderson, Loomis and Lawrence. The defence was by Hills, Morgan and Sheldon. The Commissioner adjourned the court for half an hour about quarter past 2 o'clock, p. m. The adjournment had no sooner been made than a band of negroes and others seized the alleged fugitive, rescued him from the custody of the officers, and rushed down Water and Genesee st., through Market square, and down Water st. to Lock st. over Lock st. bridge, where he was caught by the officer and taken back to the police office of Justice House. Jerry was heavily handcuffed, which prevented his successful escape at this time.

In the meantime the crowd and excitement became intense; and the feeling gained on the people that the Fugitive Slave Law must not be executed in Syracuse. The military companies were ordered out by the Sheriff of the county, and got under arms, and prepared for action. Only one company, however, would leave their armory, and finally they went back, and the whole military of the city refused to aid and abet in carrying Jerry back into slavery. The Commissioner resumed the examination about 5 p. m., at the police office of Justice House. The crowd outside, unable to gain admittance, became more and more excited, and the "noise and confusion" frequently prevented the prosecution of the examination on the inside. Stones were thrown through the windows of the room, and the crowd exhibited other unmistakable signs that they were decidedly hostile to the Fugitive Slave Law. About 7 p. m. the crowd outside became more and more clamorous, and the stones &c., becoming more and more frequent, the Commissioner decided to adjourn the examination until to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock.

This was announced to the crowd by Mr. Hills, counsel for the prisoner, but the excitement could not be allayed. The officers in charge of the fugitive soon found it necessary to board up the windows, and in doing so they got pretty well pelted. They next tried the effect of a few shots over the heads of the people, but it only increased the excitement. About 9 p. m. a desperate onslaught was made, and the doors and windows of the office broken in, the lights extinguished, and the fugitive taken from the custody of his officers, and carried away to breathe freedom and liberty in the "rural districts" of our delightful county. So Mr. Webster's prophecy proves false, and the Fugitive Slave Law cannot be executed in Syracuse. The agent of the claimant at the final rescue jumped from the window of the police office, on the heelpath of the canal (or into the canal, I don't know which,) where he was caught by the crowd; but he claimed to be a line-boat passenger and the crowd believed the story and let him go. A barrel of tar and bag of feathers had been provided for his accommodation, and were within convenient distance, but he escaped them by his dexterous subterfuge. I understand the Marshal from Rochester had his arm broken in the melee at the last escape, and rumor is busy reporting other injuries, none, however, of a serious nature, and I have no faith in any of the reports. Some two or three persons fell from an awning into a cellar-way, and were somewhat injured. The appearance of the police office is rather dejected, and looks some as if it had stood a pretty hard fire.—The general sentiment was and is against the law and its execution; and one general congratulation is passing round the streets, and from mouth to mouth, at this final issue of the attempt to kidnap a human being in the 'Central City' of the Empire State.

G. B.

II.

SYRACUSE, Thursday, Oct. 2, 1851.

That part of our city immediately surrounding the Police Office, appears as if it had just been evacuated by a retreating army. The building itself bears unmistakable evidence of the fury and sincerity of those who were engaged in the rescue of the fugitive slave Jerry last evening. I wrote to you, and sent by the night Express train, as good an account of the conflict as I could gather amid the intense excitement and uproar. The particulars, as I sent them to you then do not vary at all from the facts as they were. The Deputy Marshal Fitch, from Rochester, had his arm broken in jumping from the Police office to the ground. Some of the accounts have it that he received a blow from some of the assailants, by which his arm was broken. This is an entire mistake. He broke his arm himself in his endeavor to get out of the way of the crowd. He was removed to Rochester in the 6 o'clock train this morning, his arm having been first properly set, and I am informed by his surgeon that it could have been broken as it is, only by a fall. One other man a citizen of Syracuse, named Woodruff, who had been employed to assist in securing the prisoners, received a blow on the head, which did it some damage. No violence was used by the crowd. It had none of the characteristics of a mob. It was one universal, unflinching current against the Fugitive Slave Law, and in favor of the poor man claimed as a fugitive. The feeling could not be resisted. The crowd, as if moved by an impulse, effected the rescue of Jerry, as completely, and as successfully, as it could be done. A heavy plank was brought against the doors of the Police Office, which bolted barred and secured as they were soon yielded to the tremendous pressure. The crowd then flocked into the office, extinguished the lights, and with the same plank battered down an inside partition, which let them into the room where set the poor Fugitive heavily chained and hand-cuffed, and surrounded by officers and Deputy Marshals. He was taken up on the shoulders of the crowd, and amid the most deafening hurrahs and shouts, was borne along Water st. to Salina, and down Salina to the Railroad Depot, through the Depot to Warren, down Warren to Brintnall's Hotel, where he was placed in a carriage and driven rapidly away. The head movers in the crowd appeared to be negroes, although no one could be recognized in the darkness of the night, and amid the excitement and whirl of the occasion. No one was foremost in the rescue, and no one did it, and I have seen no one of our citizens this morning so unfortunate in his opinions as to condemn the act.—Indeed congratulatory remarks and smiles prevailed on every countenance. No sooner do two persons meet than one begins to join, and the other to say, "where's Jerry." The one strong sentiment in the heart of the whole city is, that the Slave Law is wrong. Mr. Webster is unfortunate in his threat, and the legal officers have been still more unfortunate in their attempts to carry it out, at this time. It is doubtful if they will not always be alike unfortunate to do the same thing in this city. The little paper printed here called the *Star*, is furious upon the occasion, but its voice is like unto that of the dog barking at the moon. There is not a Corporal's Guard in the whole city taking sides with it. The agent of the claimant (whose name is James Lear,) was arrested on a warrant issued by Justice House, on the charge of attempting to kidnap a citizen. He was held to bail. He will (if he can be found, which is doubtful,) be arrested again this afternoon, for carrying arms concealed upon his person. The name of the claimant of poor Jerry is *John McReynalds* of Marion county, Miss. With regard to the fireing, some conflicting statements have appeared.—The first fireing was by the officers from the Police Office, and was without doubt intended to intimidate the crowd. It, however, had the contrary effect, and was answered by a renewed and more extensive volley of brickbats, and the crowd only became more furious. After this some more fireing was done from the office, and returned by some member of the crowd.

The Anti-Slavery Convention met this morning, and adjourned before dinner, as the use of the City Hall had been already pre-granted for the address of Mr. Lyon before the County Fair this afternoon. The chief members of that party are still in town I believe. The city is quiet now, although the prevailing opinion is that the end is not yet.

G. B.

PROPHECY AND HISTORY.—Mr. Webster, in his speech delivered in Syracuse on the 26th of May last, thus spoke of the Fugitive Slave law:

"Depend upon it, the law will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. It will be executed in *all* the great cities—*here in Syracuse*, in the midst of the *next Anti-Slavery Convention*, if the occasion shall arise."

So much for prophecy. What is the history? The first fugitive slave arrested in Syracuse was forcibly rescued from the custody of the United States officers, by an unrestrained and infuriated mob, and the Anti-Slavery Convention was in session.—*Carolinian.*

ELECTION IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Union ticket has swept the State in the elections for members of the State Convention. If this is to be taken as a test of the sentiments of the people of Mississippi, it is quite obvious that, like others, they have been bamboozled by the meaningless, but not harmless, cry of "Union." We think our northern friends may go ahead now,—the Union is all safe down here.—*N. O. Delta.*

For the Southern Standard.

The Artesian Well.

Mr. Editor:—There has nothing occurred of late, that has produced a more agreeable excitement, with the citizens of Columbus, than the cooling stream gushing out from the artesion well, in Main street. For several days past, crowds have been standing around the hydra with pitchers, dippers, and tumblers, quenching their thirst with a beverage that flows freely from the laboratory of nature, which "in the beginning" God not only pronounced "good," but "very good."

As artesian wells are becoming common in this section of country, a brief sketch of their origin would be interesting, to at least, some of your numerous readers, who have not had an opportunity of investigating the subject.

The name "*Artesian Well*" is applied to artificial fountains, made, by boring through strata that are destitute of water, into a lower stratum highly charged with this important fluid, the "out crop" of which stratum is in a more elevated portion of the country; consequently, there is no mystery whatever in the rise of water in an artesian well. It is by hydraulic pressure through the the bore or tube of the well, to a level with that portion of the earth's surface where the stratum "crops out," and receives the water by rain, and otherwise. The "out crops" of the various strata from which our artesian wells are supplied with water, is North-east of this place, in the elevated ridges of Fayette and Marion counties, Ala.—the "dip" is consequently South-west, and from reliable information obtained from those who have had experience in boring wells in the rotton limestone, or indurated marl of the prairies, we learn that, that rock, inereases in thickness twenty-two feet per mile in a South-west direction: from this fact we may infer that the "Green Sand" through which we have to bore for water on the east side of the Tombigbee, is governed by the same rule; for the indurated marl rests above the green sand. The most of the water in the prairies, west of this is obtained in a thin stratum intervening between the green sand, and indurated marl, composed of calcarious sand stone, conglomerate, loose water-worn pebles, a whitish colored silicious rock, and lignite. This then, will account for the fact of the water not rising above the ground in the lime formation, where that rock is only perforated.

The name *Artesian well*, is derived from *Artois*, (the ancient Artesium) where the practice of making such wells first had its origin. Fountains of this kind are known by the name of *Blow wells* on the Eastern coast of Linconshire, near Louth and the sea shore. This portion of England was destitute of springs of any kind, until it was discovered that by boaring through the clay to the subjacent chalk, a fountain might be obtained, which would flow incessantly to the height of several feet above the surface. Wells of this kind, since that time have become common in other parts of England, and especially in the vicinity of London. There they bore through what is denominated by Lyle and other geologists, London clay, into porous beds of plastic clay, or even still deeper to the chalk.

It was in 1794 that the first artesian well was boared near London, a description of which was given in 1797, in the Phil. Trans. London. The water of this well was derived from sandy strata of the plastic clay formation; this sandy formation however, obstrueted the free flow of the water, to avoid which they now tube their wells, and continue their boaring until they reach the chalk.

In the Tertiary bason of Perpignan, and the chalk formation of Tours in France, it is said that there are subterranean streams comparable to rivers in size, and of wonderful upward pressure.

Mr. Arago states that at the above mentioned places, the water rushes up with such violence, that a common ball dropped into the tube of an artesian well, will be immediately ejected with considerable force by the ascending stream of water; and also at Raussillon, that the water rises fifty feet above the surface, when a tube is extended that high from an artesian well.

In the American Journal of Science, and Arts New Series, vol. I. p. 264, it is stated that the Artesian well at Grenella, near Paris, is 1794 feet deep, traversing chalk in the greater part of its course. The water of this well rises fifty feet above the surface, and is discharged at the rate of 600 gallons per minute, Temperature 82° F. In the same journal, vol. III. p. 142, it is stated that the artesian well in the Duchy of Luxemburg, in 1847 was 984 feet deeper than the one at Grenella, which would make the Luxemburg well 2,780 feet deep. This well, at the depth of 2200 feet discharged water at the temperature of 95° F.

Artesian wells have long been in use in Italy, in the Dutchy of Modenia, in Holland, and even in far off China.

It is said that an easy method of boring artesian wells has recently been practised near Saarbruck, by M. Sellow. Instead of the tardy and costly progress of boring with a number of irom rods screwed to each other, one heavy barr of cast iron, about six feet long and four inches in diameter, armed at its lower end with a cutting chisel, and surrounded by a hollow chamber, to receive through valves, and bring up the detritus of the perforated stratum, is suspended at the end of a strong rope, which passes over a pully, fixed over the spot in which the well is to be bored. As this rope is raised up and down over the pully, its tortion gives to the instrument a circular motion sufficient to vary the place of the cutting chisel, at each descent. When the chamber is full the whole aperatus is raised to the surface to be unloaded.—This process has been long practised in China, from whence the report of its use was brought to Europe. The Chinees are said to have bored in this manner to the depth of one thousand feet.—M. Sellow has, with an instrument of this kind, made perforations eighteen inhes in diametor, and several hundred feet deep, for the purpose of ventilating coal mines at Saarbruck.

Would it not be well for our friend Copeland and his companion, the *persevering Jaek*, to adopt a similar mode of boring wells, in place of the troublesome process of iron rods and poles?—True, with their rods, their screws and their poles, they have hitherto been on good terms with Neptune. At least, if their prayers were not regarded, their rods and poles were respected; for, wherever they have used them, the natural beverage of man has gushed forth in flowing streams from the hidden reservois of the earth, both cool and unadulterated; yet refreshing, and invigorating to him, whose natural taste has not been vitiated by the poisonous and reason destroying beverages, prepared, not by nature, but by erring man.

I believe that it is generally admitted that if it had not been for the continual entreaty, and constant application of the iron rods, poles of wood, together with auger and pump by the persevering *Jack*, that old Nep never would have consented to deliver thirty gallons of his choice element every minute, four feeta bove the ground in the centre of Main treet.

Well, as our friend Jack has been the constant companion of the old gentleman, his father, in regulating the springing forth of the waters in and about Columbus, and the trumpeter of his father, of depth &c., either by the use of his vocal organs, or by the means of *chalk*, which is a compound of fossillferous shells &c., and which shells, if not so large, were equally contorted, and fully as useful in making known the depth of the well, as the one used by Triton, in trumpeting the approach and will of Neptune. It may not, therefore, be entirely out of place to apply the same words to our friend Jack, that Virgil did to Tritus:

"Him and his martial train Triton bears;
High on his poop the sea-green god appears;
Frowning he seems his crookek shell to sound,
And at the blast the *waters* danced around."

The excellent artesian well just complete in Main street by Mr. Copeland and his step-son, Andrew J. Evans, is a little over 360 feet deep, & discharges about 30 gallons of water per minute, four feet above the ground. The location of the well is about 100 feet above low water mark. The temperature of the water is 65° F., while the temperature of the ordinary wells in Columbus, from 30 to 40 feet deep is 62° F.

The strata bord through are as follows, viz:—

1.—Feruginous Clay, sand, and water-worn silicious pebles fifty feet.

2.—Green sand, composed of fine grains of silix, chlorate of iron, mica, alumia, and a small portion of lime—160 feet. A few feet of the lower portion of this stratum contains a considerable number of small black water-worn pebbles, and also lignite.

3.—Argilo*—Micaceous earth, 45 feet.

4.—Incoherent argilaceous earth, of a light ash colour, containing lignite and iron pyrites. This stratum resembles in structure pressed, dried prunes, with the intersties glazed. The caving tendency of this stratum occasioned more difficulty than any other portion of the well, five feet thick.

5.—Argiolo—macaceous earth, with a small portion of fine sand, 20 feet.

6.—Argilo—Silicious earth, darker than the 5th, also containing lignite 13 feet.

7.—Brown colored argilite, sufficiently hard, when dry, for slate pencils, interspread with lignite, 7 feet thick.

8.—Fine grit, ash color, with fine particles of mica. The grit in this stratum has been used by some on razor straps, and pronounced very good, 7 feet thick.

9.—A continuation of the same fine grit, with alternate layers of like colored argilacious earth, 11 feet thick.

10.—Yellowish colored argilacious earth, hard when dry, 12 feet thick.

11.—Brown colored arghaceous earth, difficult to bore, hard and brittle when dry, 28 feet.

12.—Compact green sand, resembling stratum second, 3 feet thick; and then passing into a coarse drift sand, with green particles of chlorate of iron &c.

Nnext the water came gushing forth, and my friend Jack has not furnished me with a geological specimen since. I, however, suspect that the next geological specimen that he procured was of the *auriferous* character, which he felt disposed to slip into his own pocket, without submitting it to me for examination.

WM. SPILLMAN.

Columbus, Oct. 10, 1851.

*The terms argil, or argilaceous, are used in this article, as synonymous with *shale*, from the fact that each stratum where the term is applied, the shale was of a plastic nature.

P. S.—I have been requested to publish a series of numbers on the geology of this portion of the State of Mississippi. To enable me to do this, I would esteem it a favor, if persons living in the vacinity of fossil shells, or petrifactions of any kind, if they would send me a few specimens of each, species that they may be able to procure.—The present cotton hauling time would be a favorable opportunity of sending such specimens, either to West Port or this place.

W. S.

For the Standard.

EDITOR OF THE STANDARD:—Sir, far from an intrusive desire, towards a generous comity already received, I yet feel solicitous, to see the purport and value of the doctrine, declared by Kentucky and Virginia, against the alien and sedition laws of John Adams, ascertained, determined and defined. Regarding brevity and perspicuity, as the life of the press, I shall, on your permission, be laconic or concise, in allusion to this topic.

The resolutions of Thomas Jefferson in 1798, adopted by Kentucky and Virginia, seem, not to be clearly understood or justly appreciated; either among the great statesmen, or erudite jurists of the republic. Mr. Tazewell, an eminent publicist, *denies*, that they justify a nullification of any law of Congress. What sort of remedy then, do the resolutions of 1798, assert and maintain, against infractions and violations of the constitution? It is urged by able politicians, that a breach of an important provision of the compact, between the States, authorizes a proclamation, by a convention or Congress of the sovereign people, aggrieved by it, to advertise the fact, that the covenent of Confederation and Union, without *restitution* or *reparation*, is dissolved and cancelled; and that its observance, by the party injured, is no longer due or obligatory. It is thus argued, that the party damaged, by such perfidy, is absolved from any former allegiance, to such compact. From such a predicament, the right of a withdrawal or of secession, from the terms of the compact, is said, to accrue. And from intolerable exorbitance and tyranny, the right of revolution is said, to arise. But a right possessed, without the power to maintain, or ability to exercise it, is forfeited or lost, by the fact of inadequacy or incompetency to depend, retain or preserve it; and reverts to a potency, capable to acquire and support it. This is a law of nature, and of nations. It is also a law of justice. The res-