

The Effect of Douglas' Coercion Doctrine at the South.

The excitement at the South has been greatly increased by the bloody coercion doctrine enunciated by Douglas in his recent speeches:

A PROTEST.—The undersigned, citizens of the Southern States, accidentally assembled at the White Sulphur Springs, have read with much surprise the speech of Judge Douglas, recently delivered at Norfolk, and being many of them too remote from their homes, to take part in any public expression of opinion there, deem it due to themselves to make known in this manner their dissent from its doctrines.

In his address, Mr. Douglas declares that if the Southern States (not a part but all) shall secede from the Union, upon the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, it will be the duty of the President of the United States, who, in the case supposed, will be Lincoln, by arms to punish or subdue them, and that he will counsel him to do, and aid him to do so by all the means in his power.

Now as there is a large party at the North avowing the most implacable hostility to the institutions of the South, whose candidate for the Presidency is Mr. Lincoln, this declaration of Mr. Douglas is in effect, that the election of a man to the Presidency of the United States, by the votes alone of one section, who is pledged to use all the powers of the Government for the destruction of the rights and property of the other section, would not justify the weaker in resistance, but that if in such an event the fifteen Southern States should assume to determine on the extent of their danger, and to quietly withdraw from it, he should regard their action as revolt, and as such to be punished with all the force of the Government. Than this we conceive of no doctrine more dangerous to the South. It confounds resistance to established law by individuals, which it would be the duty of the Chief Magistrate to punish, with the peaceable secession of States from a compact no longer consistent with the interest or existence of its constituents; but it treats the Union as a perpetual bond, exacting unconditional submission forever from a weaker to a stronger section. It strips the States of the chief attribute of sovereignty; to wit: the right to determine when their existence is put to hazard, as to the means necessary to their preservation, and affirms that, while it is legitimate in the people of the North having control of the General Government, through it, to inflict upon the States of the South whatever wrongs it may be consistent with their interest or feeling to impose, it would be treason in the people of the South to obey the order of their States in opposition to Federal authority.

Fraught with error as this doctrine is, subversive of that constitutional theory in which alone the rights of the States are to be found, it has at this moment, and under the circumstances, a bloody significance. The enemies of the South in the Northern States have selected Abraham Lincoln to lead them in the "irrepressible conflict" which he has proclaimed. Mr. Seward, the most distinguished counselor of Mr. Lincoln, declares at Boston that the election of Lincoln is sure, that with it the power of slavery will end, and that the "irrepressible conflict" will be pressed to its infamous and bloody close.

At such a moment, the proclamation of such sentiments by Judge Douglas, (coming immediately after Seward's Boston speech), uttered here at the South, and addressed to the citizens of a State whose Executive declared to General Jackson that Federal troops should only cross her border over the bodies of her sons, by a man from the North, from the neighborhood of Lincoln himself, the candidate for the Presidency, volunteering his counsel to Lincoln, and in the event of his election, his aid to wage war upon our people, and to slay them in battle as rebels, or hang them in cold blood as traitors, if they shall render obedience to State rather than Federal authority, is repugnant to every sense of right, and merits from the people of the South the severest rebuke. Such a rebuke we sincerely hope will be given the doctrine and its author at the November election.

James Lyons, Richmond City; John Perkins, Louisiana; Allen S. Izard, South Carolina; H. K. Burgwyn, North Carolina; H. R. Runnels, Texas; Edward Haile, Florida; L. W. Spratt and John Cunningham, South Carolina; R. V. Barksdale, George R. Drummond, John Miers and E. C. Thomas, Virginia; J. G. Keitt, South Carolina; A. R. Blakely and John G. Griffin, Virginia; A. B. Henegan, Charles Irby, F. M. E. Fant, J. Dantzer, and W. Ederington, South Carolina; Philip Howerton, Virginia; Wm. H. Terrill, Bath County, Va.; N. F. Bowe, Robert M. Taylor, George M. Bates, John W. Street, W. A. Street, and H. R. Tomlin, Virginia; Wm. Polk, Louisiana; W. E. Johnson, South Carolina; John Prosser Tabb and Miers W. Fisher, Virginia; Leiland Noel, Mississippi; Langdon Cheves and Wm. C. Bee, South Carolina; Wharton J. Green, North Carolina; Edward G. Satchell and Geo. F. Wilkins, Virginia;

A. Saltmarsh, Alabama; Joseph A. Graves, Virginia; Thos. B. Lynch, South Carolina; Wm. R. Peck, Louisiana; J. A. Riddick, W. A. Selden, and John A. Selden, Virginia; G. B. Singletary, North Carolina.

Texas News.

We select the following items of Texas news from our New Orleans exchanges:

The Henderson Times announces that the Vigilance Committee found Green Herndon and his servant girl guilty of burning that town, and they were hung on the night of the 25th ult.

The Tyler (Smith county) Reporter, of the 28th ult., says: "Fine rains have fallen at this place during the past week. New feelings seem to animate the people. The rains, though too late to affect the much injured cotton crop, will do much good by reviving vegetation, which will improve the condition of our stock before the winter sets in."

The Marshall Republican, of the 1st inst., says an infantry and cavalry company have been organized in that place.

The same paper says: "The rain seems to have set in earnest. Day after day it continues to pour down in torrents. If it continues thus, we will soon have navigation. With a heavy crop of turnips, and rich fall and winter pastures, our planters may be able to get along until another crop is made; although with the realization of the best prospects, the times are bound to be hard; such times as have never before been felt in Texas since annexation."

The report that a man was taken out of jail at Gilmer, in Upshur county, and hung in the vicinity of that town, by a mob, turns out to be true. The hanging took place on the 14th ultimo. The man's name was Morrison. He had been lodged in the Upshur county jail, charged with stealing a negro woman from a Mr. Farris, near Pittsburg, Upshur county. After he was placed in jail, seventy-five citizens of the counties of Wood, Hopkins and Titus made their appearance, called a meeting of the citizens of Gilmer, and demanded that Morrison should be delivered up to them. A public meeting was convened to consider its propriety. A. U. Wright was called to the chair, and R. W. Ford appointed Secretary. Hon. Jonathan Russell, in behalf of the seventy-five, explained the object of the meeting. It is alleged that Morrison had been engaged in inciting the negroes to insurrection in the above counties. We presume the people were satisfied of his guilt for he was given up and hung. We expect he was a depraved, bad man.

The Quitman Herald says of him: "Morrison, from what we can learn, was about twenty-eight years of age, rather small in form and of fair complexion. He was married to his wife in Indiana, but removed to this State from Kansas, (where he was a participant in the troubles with the Freesoil party,) and first settled in Montague county. He had been living in Winnsborough in this county for several months, and was a well-digger by trade. Lately he had abandoned his wife and had been working in the neighborhood of Pittsburg in Upshur county. He confessed decoying off the negro, and also to stealing a watch and other articles of value, which were found as he directed."

The Galveston Civilian has received a letter from Capt. W. S. Taylor, who has command of a patrol company, in Montgomery county, giving some of the circumstances which led to the suspicion that property was in danger in that county about the 1st ult.

The negroes on the plantation of Judge Goldthwaite and many others have confessed, without compulsion, and apart from each other, that four white men were encamped in the San Jacinto bottom previous to that time, and had frequent interviews with the slaves. The white men did not give their names, and the negroes all say that they never before saw them in the country. These men promised a large number of white men to assist the negroes, and told them to burn the town of Montgomery, at night, steal the money they could; and promised to aid them in escaping to a free territory, or Mexico. There seems to be doubt that such white men were concealed in the thicket; and Capt. Taylor thinks their object was to steal negroes, burn, and plunder, and leave the impression that abolitionists were at the bottom of the work. This, the Civilian thinks, has been the case in most other counties where those troubles have been experienced. Kidnappers and robbers have been the main instigators of the outrages.

WEALTH-CREATORS.—Wherefore is it then that the creators of all wealth are the poor? The poor man and laborer, which is wealth-creator, are synonymous terms? That those whose labor first causes the earth to yield its produce, and then converts that produce into every necessary, every comfort, every convenience, every luxury, and every means of enjoyment, and yet, though thus consuming next to nothing of all the riches they create, and still continuing to create riches, still continue to be, proverbially, the poor? * * * * * The distress of the laboring classes is a phrase so commonly in use, that we hear it without surprise; yea, when translated into the language of literal truth, what a strange anomaly does it convey—the poverty of the creators of riches?

A Dual Executive.

We find in the Winnsboro Register, the following communication. It is from the pen of Mr. E. G. Palmer, Jr.:

A DUAL EXECUTIVE.—Lincoln and Hamlin, the sectional candidates of a sectional party, will have evidently to be chosen, if chosen at all, by a sectional majority, President and Vice-President of the United States.

Such a result would go to prove conclusively the necessity of an organic change in the Executive Department of the Federal Constitution, namely: that of a Dual Executive, a Northern and a Southern. Each would be elected by a distinct constituency, and each would represent the opinions of his respective constituency whenever he might be called upon to approve the acts of Congress, which would, of course, have to be done by both concurring before such acts become Federal laws.

An organic change of this kind would have the effect of restoring the equilibrium that will have been lost between the two sections, by simply giving to each section a negative upon the action of the other, a mutual negative that would cause necessarily all Federal legislation to take the form of an intersectional compromise, would be in perfect consonance with the equitable spirit of the Federal Constitution. The framers of that instrument, to prevent the smaller States from being oppressed by the larger, so judiciously organized the legislative departments as to preserve the perfect equality of the States.

In order to prevent the stronger section from oppressing the weaker, experience has shown, that, to this generation, belongs the work of so re-organizing the Executive Department as to preserve the equality of the sections.

The equalization of the States was the task of our ancestors, the equalization of the sections is our task.

First of all, however, the amending power of the Federal Constitution has to be invoked, and should it be so invoked to no purpose, then it would be obvious that South Carolina could no longer consistently with safety continue in a Confederacy that would be governed by a sectional majority already committed to consolidation as its primary policy and to abolition as its ultimate.

Such a Government, it is superfluous to add would be nothing more than an arbitrary despotism with Republican symbols.

LET US ORGANIZE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE SOUTH.—The following we copy with pleasure from the Wilmington Journal:

"We understand that during the past week a Philadelphia 'Wide-Awake Club,' numbering eight or nine hundred, learning that a number of Southern gentlemen were stopping at the Continental Hotel, called a halt in front of that establishment, making infernal and diabolical noises, intermingled with cheers for John Brown and groans for the Southerners.

"These Wide-Awakes are the drilled police of the Lincoln array—they are actually drilled—taught to march—to go through the manual—to rally at the word, and they make their boasts that they can immediately substitute muskets for their lantern poles. It is about time we had a good deal more organization in North Carolina. There never was such need for it. The conflict is coming. Even submission cannot avert it long.

"New York, too, dependent as she has been and is upon Southern trade, hardly makes an effort to prevent the collision. They are assured that in no case will the South resist. That's what makes them rampant. The denunciation of disunionism hurled against the true Democrats at the South, imparts confidence to the aggressive abolition feeling at the North, until it can no longer be restrained, and, indeed, few seem anxious to restrain it.

"In every case North, and indeed South, Mr. Douglas and his peculiar friends have opposed any fusion or co-operation for the defeat of Lincoln. We have little to hope for in that way. We must be ready for any and every emergency. We have no confidence in the Dean Richmond, New York and Albany Regency, and indeed we are beginning to have less confidence in mere politicians generally than we used to have."

HUGH MILLER.—When employed as mason, it was usual for his fellow-workmen to have an occasional treat of drink, and one day two glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home, he found on opening his favorite book—Bacon's Essays—that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he could no longer master the sense. "The condition," he says, "into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold by the determination."

When Aristotle was asked what were the advantages of learning, he replied: "It is an ornament to a man in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity."

Selected Poetry.

Despair.

BY SERRUS.

Oh, God! that my strong heart should feel
Such utterness of woe,
That I thus wrecked in life, should kneel
Before so weak a blow.
That every higher aim in life,
Or wish, or thought, or care,
Should by this agony and strife,
Be changed to such despair.

Now all is blank, and dark, and drear—
No hope, no fear, no love—
No guiding star my path to cheer,
No thought of an above.
The day breaks to me, and I hear
That brightly shines the sun;
The night, too, comes; they but appear
To me as only one.

They say that summer flowers are fair,
That birds are on the wing,
That balmy is the evening air,
That it is beautiful spring;
But unto me there is no glow
Which summer can impart—
I only feel, with bitter woe,
'Tis winter in my heart.

The sunny day and starry night
May change to clouds and rain,
But still the bright and softened light
To each comes back again.
Alas! I may no more be gay;
Bliss harbingers but care;
A night has darkened on my day,
And left me but despair.

My friends, my proven friends of yore,
Speak kindly to me now—
Aye, kinder than they did before,
And gaze upon my brow
As though they thought some hidden weight
Was pressing on my brain.
Some far too stern decree of fate,
Some deeply written pain.

Oh, God! to think my pride of soul,
My vaunted strength of will,
Can now no more my hopes control,
No more my pulses thrill—
And yet, I cannot help but own
That 'tis a just decree,
Since I did give to her alone
The worship due to thee.

DEATH-BED SCENES.—The rich Cardinal Beaufort said: "And must I die! Will not all my riches save me! I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death."

An English nobleman said: "I have a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of grief and years; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inmost anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But, O! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who can descend into the dark prison of the grave with me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay which may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge."

The celebrated Talleyrand on his death-bed was visited by Louis Philippe, King of the French. "How do you feel?" said the King; the answer was: "Sire, I am suffering the pangs of the damned."

Sir Thomas Scott said: "Until this moment I believed that there was neither a God nor a hell. Now I know and feel that there are both, and I am doomed to perdition by the just judgment of the Almighty."

A rich man, when dying, was informed by his physician that he should prepare for the worst. "Cannot I live for a week?" "No," said the doctor, "you will probably continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man. "I will give you a hundred thousand dollars if you will prolong my life three days; but in less than an hour he was dead."

EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS.—A writer says:

When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things he informed me at their first start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school.

They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, that the children were all like the mother; and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. "And now," says he, "if we could educate one class of our children, we would choose the girls—for when they become mothers, they would educate their sons." This is to the point and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened, when the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of home education.

LONG SERMONS.—Rev. Wm Taylor, in his late work, "The Model Preacher," says: "Often when a preacher has driven a nail in a sure place, instead of clinching it, and securing well the advantage, he hammers away till he breaks the head off, or splits the board."—Witness.

We somewhere read of a brother who was about to preach to another's church, asking the pastor how long his people would listen with interest. The pastor replied, he had never tried them and would advise him not to.

DEPARTED BLESSINGS.—It is often said, and with great truth, that we rarely perceive the value of our blessings till they are taken from us. The preciousness of health is seldom realized till disease and languor invade our frame. The common comforts of life are scarcely thought of with grateful feelings till we are denied them. Then we sigh for their return, and enjoy their recovery with a relish unknown before.

Above all, never do we appreciate friends and relatives as when they have taken leave of us and gone to the land of spirits. We have seen the family bereaved of a mother, or sister, or wife. The funeral rites are performed and the body is in its resting place beneath the sod. Day after day passes but the gloom is not dispersed. The grief lingers there and hangs around the vacant chair. We miss her at the morning meal—we miss her at the evening fireside. Every object reminds us of her. Here is the book she cherished; there the flower she watched and watered. The tones of her voice—the beam of her eye, the sunshine of her countenance, are ever before us. We sigh, but she answers not. We long for one little word of love from her lips, but it is unbroken. We think of her ways, her virtues, of everything but her failings, and we wonder that we loved her no more while living, we lament that we ever grieved or wounded one so gentle and so good.

These thoughts should lead us to prize those who love us, while they are yet with us, for, be assured, we shall mourn bitterly over our neglect, our harshness, our wrong doing, when the grave has closed over them.

MIND AGAINST MIND.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas, talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and reward him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrow that comes from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must not despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life. —Sydney Smith.

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—Few things appear so very beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death—crimeless, and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image—no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled, for the prattle, and smiles, and little world of thoughts that are so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear the lonely voyager—for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father, and of such we know, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE NIGHT SHADOWS.—A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be a profound secret mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses incloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them incloses its own secret; that every beating heart, in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest to it! Something of the awfulness, even of death itself, is referable to this. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?

Some young ladies, feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things?" "By no means," was the prompt reply, "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is well enough to hang out a sign."

OLD FASHION.—It is a curious fact worth mentioning, that among the relics of art interred by Layard from the ruins of Ninevah, may be seen various ornamental devices exactly like some of the fashions of our own day. Among the rings and bracelets, for instance, of which Layard made accurate drawings, may be seen patterns which look as if manufactured from the designs of London and Paris jewellers of the present day. In one of the engravings of Layard's researches, we have a drawing of a horseman with his riding-whip, the handle of which is a gazelle's foot, exactly like the present fashion, as it is frequently seen, in the finish of hunting whips. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun, telegraphs and steam engines excepted.

MENTAL AGRICULTURE.—What stubbing, plowing, digging, and harrowing is to land, that thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions, and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of states, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.

SECRET OF GREATNESS.—It was a noble and beautiful answer of Queen Victoria that she gave to an African prince, who sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness and England's glory. The beloved Queen sent him, not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds and her rich ornaments, but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said, "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

HATE NOT.—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts towards any one. What if this friend has forgotten you in your time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

A man who marries now-a-days marries a great deal. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak nerves that will keep four servant girls and three doctors around the house the whole blessed time. Whether the fun pays for the powder is a matter for debate.

EQUITY.—An eternal rule of right, implanted in the heart. What it asks for ourselves, it is willing to grant to others. It not only forbids us to do wrong to the meanest of God's creatures, but it teaches us to observe the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Three millions of cubic feet of masonry are in the Victoria Bridge! That is to say, if turned into lineal measure it would reach 510 miles, or as a solid, would form a pyramid 215 feet high, having a base of 215 feet square.

A lecturer on chemistry mentioned that a certain quantity of caloric (heat) was found in snow, an Irishman among the audience gravely asked how many snowballs it would take to boil a tea-kettle!

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into Heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

Fashion is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.

It is stated that the Great Eastern, on her outward passage, averaged nearly fourteen knots an hour.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Boosters are cousins to liars. Confession makes half amends. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Have no very intimate friends. Virtue is mother of happiness. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Boughs that bear most hang lowest. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. Keep good company, or none. Prize character more than reputation. Look in the face the man you speak to. Drink no intoxicating liquor. Never speak lightly of Religion. Never play at any game of hazard. Never get in debt. Never spend money until you make it.