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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1856. No. 7.

Politics of the Day.

THE UNION WITHOUT A CONSTITUTION.

As might have been expected, says the Baltimore *Republican*, the New York *Herald*, duly transferred to its columns of Saturday the traitorous article from the Baltimore *American*, headed "Southern Aids to Northern Agitation;" no doubt from the same principle on which eight or ten columns were given to Botts' speech. Though written and spoken by persons professedly in the interest of Fillmore, they were found to be "valuable Fremont documents," as they reversed the position of Fillmore himself, and denied the seriousness of Fremont's election to the continuance of the Union. "The South out of the Union! The idea appears to us" (the editors of the Baltimore *American*) "the extremity of folly."

When it is remembered that for a month past and down as late as the 13th ultimo, the New York *Herald* has been stating that in the contest, "all the abstract merits of slavery are now put in issue. Not only its political merits and its compatibility with abstract liberty and human rights are made questions, but whether it is abstractly and *per se* compatible with Christian precepts and with Christian love and duty. Hence the issue, which in its true origin was first confined to the Territories and which next by bad management of a bad administration, became the question whether federal money and troops and administrative injustice shall by used to extend slavery, has been enlarged and spread out before the world on the one great issue of slavery under all its aspects, and in all its merits. Now this is in fact a religious issue."

When it is remembered that all the Northern religious papers are cited by the *Herald* as embarked in this issue and enlisted in the cause of Fremont, bent on asserting by his election that slavery is an "appalling sin," and "not *per se* compatible with Christian precepts and with Christian love and duty," we see the sweeping peril which that political catastrophe is intended to hurl upon the South. An anti-slavery religion is to be inaugurated with Fremont, and over three thousand clergymen and almost the entire Northern religious press are thenceforth from high places and with the peaceful force of Government patronage to assail the South with the revolutionizing energies of an anti-slavery propagandism. For what else is Beecher enacting Peter the Hermit? For what else is Wayland pouring forth his impassioned declamation? Are we fools, we of the South? Are we stupidly to believe when we are lyingly told by Mr. Speaker Banks, "With the institutions of slavery we have nothing to do. With the institutions of the Southern States, local or traditional, we have nothing to do; and I know that I speak the sentiments that animate the hearts of all men here, when I say that we are determined to interfere in no way, at no time, and to no extent, with these sectional, local and traditionary rights which distinguish them." This may be spoken in Wall street, from the Exchange steps, to brokers familiar with financiering falsehood, but the Southern planters and agriculturists will ask themselves, why is it, therefore, that you are invoking the "religious element" to denounce our institutions as a sin, contrary to Christian precepts and incompatible "with Christian love and duty." Do you do this simply to restore the Missouri Compromise, as Mr. Speaker Banks says, "That is all, no more, no less, no better, no worse."—Is it for this that the "religious element" has been made frantic at the North and is ranting for "an anti-Slavery Constitution, an anti-Slavery Bible, and an anti-Slavery God."

Well might Mr. Banks contemn the South as "having no literature of its own, having no science of its own, having no mechanical and manufacturing industry of its own, having but little or no commerce of its own, and having no inventive power," if it was fatuous enough to be enslaved under such false pretences from a Northern politician, exposed as they are by the candid though furious declamations of the "religious element." These declarations tell you the truth. The canvass for Fremont is a war against slavery in the abstract, as a thing not consistent with "abstract liberty and human rights," and "not *per se* compatible with Christian precepts and with Christian love and duty." "That is all, no more, no less, no better, no worse."

And what is this to the South? Is there a Southern traitor who dares insult its intelligence by the denial that such a crusade emperils countless millions of money, and the lives and social happiness of ten millions of people? Is there one who will deny, that if unresisted, it will soon pass into the horrible result of an immediate abolition, or at best—a horrible best—into the base and degraded co-existence and intermixture of the Saxon and African race. There are philanthopists! who seek this accomplishment—such people history teaches nothing. They have eyes and yet they see not St. Domingo and Jamaca. The white race may be massacred; but it will not be "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh" with the African.

Now this is the moral and political prospective heralded to us by the advocates of Fremont's election. And it is in full view of this that the Baltimore *American*, in the emporium of the South, has dared to say that the South "cannot suffer a tithe of the irremediable consequences in the Union that would follow a separation from it."

The mind reels with amazement at such a sentiment. One can hardly understand how it could possibly emanate from a heart not as rankly devoted to Abolitionism as Beecher's own.—We can understand how it is that the genuine fanatic is stimulated by his maddened conscience, and thinks he obeys God when he violates the Federal Constitution in obedience to a "higher law." We can also understand how that same fanatic, when over-awed by surrounding multitudes who would strike down the open advocate of such ill-designs upon themselves, will covertly disclaim such designs as impending, and by disarming opiates drug confiding hearers till they be securely bound. Fanaticism is fraudulent, as well as bold. Oh, it can be plausible and crafty! How sweetly it can cry peace, all is well, sleep on, there is no danger.

It is just such men who have for years deluded the South with false utterances about "Southern fire-eaters," "Secessionists" and other hard names to men who were contending for nothing else than the simple principle of "non-interference by Congress with slavery in State or Territory, or the District of Columbia." If the public could be weaned by distrust from the advocates of Southern rights, the rights themselves could easily be overthrown from the want of advocates. It would be thus that the South would "have no literature of its own, no science of its own." It is just such men who have been falsely stating for twenty years that the Abolition party at the North was but "a mere handful," "a miserable faction," "not a coporal's guard." Meanwhile, the "literature of the North" has been seduously busy. It has crept with its anti-slavery doctrines into the school books, into the colleges, academies and periodicals and daily ppess. Its missionaries, the Northern clergy, have been whispering it in their pastoral visitations, and the whole concatenation of a projected moral revolution, has worked into completion the full and perfect net of "Free-soilism."

Now it—this Northern political and "religious element"—starts up into stature and with a bold fowler's cast seeks by a single throw to ensnare the whole South.

It is then, just then, that such men as the editors of the *American* beg the South not to put the Union upon "utmost verge of hazard," but to regard the declarations of Beecher, Wayland and the three thousand Northern clergymen and their entire press, representing the "religious element" as "crazy new light propagandists of the North, reeking with the unholy odor of their sectional triumph."

Now it is all very true that this is a just description of the political and ethical propagandists of the North. But the effect and purpose of the description is to convey the idea that there is nothing to be feared from them, and that their ravings are but idle fury, signifying nothing.—This is too absurd for credence after twenty years of delusion and deception. The whole religious press of the North, its literature and science, all engaged to denounce slavery as "an appalling sin," inconsistent with Christian precepts and fellowship, nothing but sound and fury! Did not the Encyclopedists of France deluge it with blood? Did not Lamartine and Louis Blanc turn loose passions which they could not govern and which could only be controlled at last, not by "literature," but by a military empire?

We have no confidence in people who cry "peace, peace." We have no confidence in people who, at such a time, tell us that the South "cannot suffer a tithe of the irremediable consequences in the Union that would follow her separation from it." Such a doctrine at any time would be monstrous, when the question was as to the submission of some of the States to a clear violation of the Constitution. The appropriation of the Territories to "Free-soilism" and a war upon slavery is something more than this.—It is a question of sectional existence. But this doctrine, even as applied to matters of much less grave importance, amounts to nothing less than submission to a Government without a Constitution. Our glorious Revolution began to enforce the principle of the right of the people to representative government. When it was ended, the States which had fought it through insisted on an additional principle. They were not content with mere parliamentary and representative control. In their local and federal organizations, they fastened on the representative element the paramount and superior bond of organic constitutions. Congress and Legislatures were to be limited powers. Now this sentiment of the Baltimore *American* goes for submission to a government without a Constitution—submission after it has been violated in its most vital element to the South. What would it be then but a consolidated representative government, under the moking hope that the restrictions of the organic law will or may be reclaimed by the oppressed minority by its "earnest fidelity to the Constitution and the Union."

And they seek to reconcile us to this unguaranteed submission to the North, by intimating the geographical inferiority of the South, and by a dollar-calculating estimate of the advantages of the Union even without a Constitution. It is then that the weak and exposed condition of Maryland and the South is hinted. It is precisely in this tone and with these very words that the tories sought to reconcile our ancestors to British rule—to taxation without representation. But in the Providence of God it was then, that Patrick Henry uttered those immortal words, that spoke and roused the Southern soul: "They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly covern their temporal salvation?"

Did the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 produce the separation of the Methodist Church in 1846? Did it cause the murder of Gorsuch in 1852?

No, people of the South, it is all false and designing. The North is embarked in an anti-slavery war, its politicians, its "religious element" and press. "If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston." We see but one way of avoiding this war. It is by the triumph—the peaceful triumph—of the party and candidates which do not fear to uphold in all States and places the constitutional principle, "non-interference by Congress with slavery in State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia." If peace does not come this way, we have no hope of any other way. We cannot say, if deceived in this, that the "bare contemplation of such an event fills us with alarm." It will fill the South with grief and sorrow, and the passionate tears which the wrongs of brothers will distill, and which will fall upon the historic page which records our common achievements when North and South were mutually faithful to the Constitution and the Union. But with true courage, the South will vindicate its Saxon blood and its title to A GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED BY A CONSTITUTION. And Maryland will go with the South. The God of cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco, who has not fitted the white race for their cultivation, will enable the South with African labor still to civilize the world and Christianize the heathen. Southern churches, Protestant and Catholic, will imitate the example of the Saviour and his Apostles, and teach their relative duties to master and slave. The relation will continue to accomplish the purposes of Dfety, till whole regions of malarious jungles shall blossom as the rose and realize that earth was given for man's habitation, and the labor which improves it as the penalty of his race. In the meanwhile, the "literature of the North" shall teach polygamy in Utah, socialism and infidelity in New York, with spiritualism in New England, till God shall turn their hearts and minds to listen to the truly good and patriotic men amongst them, whose teachings are now unheard or despised. In the day of the great judgment, we shall know whose sins are most "appalling."

Donelson on Fillmore.

The friends of Mr. FILLMORE will be interested in studying the following "good sayings" of Major DONELSON, which we find collected together by the Nashville *Union*:

"In 1850 Messrs. Cass, Buchanan, Douglas, Foote, and other leading men of the Democratic party, supposed that they had the sanction of the Whig party to a Compromise which was a final adjustment of the slavery question, and that the obligation to execute the fugitive slave law impeached no right of the United States, or any territory hereafter to be acquired by the United States. In less than a year, however, the President of the Compromise (Fillmore) is found apologizing to the Abolitionists, and solemnly assuring them that their tender consciences ought not to be disturbed, because no slave territory can ever hereafter be admitted into the Union."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"If Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, were in the Presidential chair, he could not do less than Mr. Fillmore has done to execute the law."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"The Executive (Fillmore) allowed the friends of Wm. H. Seward to retain the bulk of federal patronage."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"It is known to our readers that Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, is a thorough anti-slavery man. He is much belied, even by Abolitionists, if he is not a rabid Abolitionist, and in favor of repeal. Well-substantiated rumor states that Governor J. succeeded, by a tacit act of desertion from the next canvass in Pennsylvania, in forcing the President (Fillmore) to sustain Governor J.'s friends, who are, to all intents, Mr. Seward's friends. Oh! the wickedness of the world."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"We undertake to affirm that there is no substantial difference between the opinions of President Fillmore and the Abolitionist Johnston on the subject of the Compromise, so far as it contains provisions which are repealable by Congress."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"The sanction given to Northern fanaticism by the (Fillmore) administration and its organ in the endorsement of the Albany coalition has done, and will do, more to strengthen the cause of secession than a thousand Liberts could ever do! We prefer to strike at the guilty parties—at the aggressor rather than at him who resists aggression too far.—*A. J. Donelson.*

"They (Galphinism, Gardinerism, Christiana murders and Cuba proclamations) come as inevitably out of the present organization of Whiggery as vermin do from the material body when in course of de-composition."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"Have we any guarantee from this assurance that he (Mr. Fillmore) will execute the laws more than Mr. Seward or Wade, or honest John Davis, of Massachusetts, would give if placed in the Presidency?"—*A. J. Donelson.*

"The President, (Fillmore,) forgetful of his high position and onerous duties, has descended into arena to wield his official influence and patronage in support of the schemes of Wm. H. Seward and Thurlow Weed."—*A. J. Donelson.*

"President Fillmore issues his (Cuba) proclamation drawn in terms so entirely unguarded and indefensible that if Concha (the Cuban Captain-General) himself had penned it, it could not have answered his purpose better."

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"The truth is, our Government has acted meanly in this business, and now acts absurdly in the hope of covering up its meanness."—*A. J. Donelson.*

A MODEST AND GOOD MAN,—"HE POINTS TO HEAVEN, AND LEADS THE WAY."—Henry Ward Beecher introduced Mr. Storrs to his congregation as his temporary pulpit substitute in the following words:

"I shall necessarily be so much engaged in *secular matters* from now until the election, in endeavoring to persuade my fellow-citizens to vote in the right way, that I shall not be able to fill my desk regularly, and will feel grateful to such as will consent to assist me in my clerical duties. I am aware of the disappointments that will arise among the three thousand persons who congregate here to hear *me*, and I appreciate the delicacy of the position of any who may consent to assist me."

At a meeting of the Democracy of Cincinnati recently, there was introduced to the mutitude a man of ninety-one years of age, who had voted twice for George Washington as President of the United States, and who also voted for Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk and Pierce. At the close of the meeting the very aged man arose and in a firm voice declared that if his life was spared till November next he would vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge, in order to hand down that Union which he had helped to form, to his great grandchildren. Loud huzzas and music followed this impressive spectacle.

KNOW-NOTHING REPUBLICANS.—We notice by our Gettesyburg exchanges, that a meeting was advertised to take place at Petersburg, Y. S., Pa., yesterday, of those "who are opposed to the extension of Slavery to Free Territories, and opposed to the election of James Buchanan," and two of the most conspicuous speakers who were announced to address the Black Republicans, were the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS, and the Hon. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, of Maryland. Thaddeus Stevens is well known as one of the leading and most influential supporters of Fremont, and a violent and uncompromising Abolitionist. What say now the Know-Nothings of Maryland in defence of their pet Republican Henry Winter Davis? Do they, like their brother Know-Nothings of Pennsylvania, prefer Fremont to Buchanan?"—*Annapolis Republican.*

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "We have not allowed ourselves to expect that the twenty-three electoral votes of Ohio will be given for Buchanan, but it is by no means certain that they will not be. The Democrats are thoroughly roused, all over the State; and their numbers surpass all previous expectation. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: 'Such has been the vigor with which the campaign has been prosecuted, and such the Union feeling which actuates its population, that if all the signs in the political horizon do not fail she will surely vote for James Buchanan.'"

J. C. Bullitt, Esq., an Old-Line Whig of Philadelphia, made a Buchanan speech at Germantown on Wednesday evening.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Louisville Journal.

Thou'lt Miss me Evermore.

BY ANNIE MARIA WELBY.

Thou'lt miss me; fairer forms than mine
May on thy pathway beam,
And eyes of haughtier light in thine
With love's own softness gleam,
But ever from their happier rays
Thy spirit's glance will flee
Back to the one sad earnest gaze
So filled with love for thee.

Thou'lt miss me; tones more silvery clear
Than linger on my tongue,
On brighter, rosier lips may cheer
When lyre and lute are strung,
But still the unforgotten lays
Low murmured in thine ear,
Thy smile their ever meed of praise,
Above them all thou'lt hear.

Thou'lt miss me; smiles of sunnier sheen,
From fairer features thrown
May shine upon thine altered mein
As never mine hath shone;
But still the one familiar smile,
That welcomed thee of old,
Its place above their every wile,
Within thy heart shall hold.

Thou'lt miss me; 'mid the world's gay crowd
Thou'lt mingle as of yore,
With stately step and bearing proud
And words of courteous lore,
But still when other lips my name
Shall whisper where thou'rt found,
Thy cheek, be it in praise or blame,
Shall crimson at its sound.

Thou'lt miss me from nights solemn fame,
When holy stars look down;
Thou'lt seek in pleasure's cup in vain
All thoughts of me to drown,
For still each blessed orb and bright,
On which I've gazed with thee,
Shall bring the tear-drops to thy sight,
Thy bosom thoughts of me.

Thou'lt miss me; on thine aching breast
Whence pleasant thoughts shall fly,
Though other fairer head may rest
Where mine above should lie,
None other out thy soul can chase
The thoughts of what hath been;
This wasted form and faded face
Would steal your soul between.

Thou'lt miss me; but why waste in words
The burning thoughts that sweep
So mournfully my heart's chords?
Forget them—let me weep,
That though forever in each heart
The dream of love is o'er,
On earth or sea—who'er thou art,
Thou'lt miss me evermore.

Selected Poetry.

A COUGAR HUNT IN MISSISSIPPI.

BY AUDUBON, THE NATURALIST.

There is an extensive swamp in the section of the State of Mississippi which lies partly in the Choctaw territory. It commences at the borders of the Mississippi, at no great distance from a Chikasaw village, situated near the mouth of a creek known by the name of Vanconnah, and partly inundated by the swellings of several large bayous, the principal of which, crossing the swamp in its whole extent, discharges its waters not far from the mouth of the Yazoo river. This famous bayou is called False river. The swamp of which I am speaking follows the winding of the Yazoo, until the latter branches off to the northeast, and at this point forms a stream named Cold Water river, below which the Yazoo receives the draining of another bayou inclining toward the northwest, and intersecting that known by the name of False river, at a short distance from the place where the latter receives the waters of the Mississippi. This tedious account of the situation of the swamp is given with the view of pointing it out to all students of nature who may chance to go that way, and whom I would earnestly urge to visit its interior, as it abounds in rare and interesting productions—birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, as well as mollusca and animals, many of which, I am persuaded, have never been described.

In the course of one of my rambles I chanced to meet with a squatter's cabin, on the banks of the Cold Water river. In the owner of this hut, like most of those adventurous settlers in the uncultivated tracts of our frontier districts, I found a person well versed in the chase, and acquainted with the habits of some of the larger species of quadrupeds and birds. As he who is desirous of instruction ought not to disdain listening to any one who has knowledge to communicate, however humble may be his lot, or however limited his talents, I entered the squatter's cabin, and immediately opened a conversation with him respecting the situation of the swamp and its natural productions. He told me he thought it the very place I ought to visit, spoke of the game which it contained, and pointed to some bear and deer skins, adding that the individuals to which they had belonged formed but a small portion of the number of those animals which he had shot within it. My heart swelled with delight; and on asking if he would accompany me through the great morass, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented to all my proposals. So I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely, but wholesome, fare intended for the supper of the squatter, his wife, and his two sons.

The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanor of the family. The wife and children, I more than once thought, seemed to look upon me as a strange sort of person, going about, as I told them I was, in search of birds and plants; and were I here to relate the many questions which they put to me, in return for those which I addressed to them, the catalogue would occupy several pages. The husband, a native of Connecticut, had heard of the existence of such men as myself, both, in our own country and abroad, and seemed greatly pleased to have me under his roof. Supper over, I asked my kind host what had induced him to remove to this wild and solitary spot.

"The people are too numerous now to thrive in New England," was his answer.

I thought of the state of some parts of Europe, and calculating the denseness of their population compared with that of New England, exclaimed to myself, "How much more difficult must it be for men to thrive in those populous countries!" The conversation then changed, and the squatter, his sons, and myself, spoke of hunting and fishing, until, at length tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets of bear skins, and repose in peace on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted.

Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being in almost a wild state, were suffered to seek the great portion of their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well-known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn and counted them; but told me that, for some weeks, the number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther—by which name the cougar is designated in America—and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it. The painter as he sometimes called it, had, on several occasions, robbed him of a dead deer; and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast.

Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy, at which he was highly pleased, but assured me that unless some of his neighbors should join us with their dogs and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting.

The hunters accordingly, made their appearance, one fine morning, at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which, in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or bear through woods and morasses than any in that country. A pack of large, ugly curs were already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, while his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse, and seek for the fresh track of the painter, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him.

In less than an hour the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the dismant huntsman. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up.—The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few minutes the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs, at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot no other game than the panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth and suddenly quickened their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when, all of a sudden, their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was *treed*—by which he meant that it had got up some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that, should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand the fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs, near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar, being wounded would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hoppled the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools and making the best of their way over fallen trees and through the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyment of your "pleasure grounds" alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an occasion.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently.

We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cottonwood tree. His broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valor; but the squtter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest to procure venison, while the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed their hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its carcass left to the hungry dogs. While engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his *pone* of bread, along with a flask of whiskey. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal; and, as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, till my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down, close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

I walked for some minutes round the camp to contemplate the beauties of that nature from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasure. I thought of the occurrences of the day; and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks which lay in all directions around me. How easy, I thought, would it be for the confused and agitated mind of a person bewildered in a swamp like this to imagine in each of these luminous masses some wondrous and fearful being, the very sight of which might make the hair stand erect on his head. The thought of being myself placed in such a predicament burst over my mind, and I hastened to join my companion, beside whom I laid me down and slept, assured that no enemy could approach us without first arousing the dogs, who were growling in fierce dispute over the remains of the cougar.

At daybreak we left the camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his flock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we soon saddled and jogging along in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbor as the panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbors partook of such refreshments as the house could afford, and, dispersing, returned to their homes, leaving me to follow my favorite pursuits.

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

YOUNG RACERS IN MARYLAND.

UPPER MARLBOROUGH,
September 10, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—I have not had the pleasure of seeing a number of your new paper, but I was gratified this morning in reading a communication of "Observer," which had been copied into our county papers, giving an account of the nucleus of a brilliant racing stud which two of our most enterprising, intelligent and wealthy young planters are now establishing on their fine estates. Messrs. BOWIE and HALL are young gentlemen of our first families in Maryland, who have recently made their appearance on the turf, and if their success has not yet equalled their merits and expectations, it is not attributable to any fault in the stock which they have selected to breed from, and the produce of which is just now beginning to show. The horses which, in the last year or two, have appeared in their names, have been picked up here and there, as opportunity offered, and more with a view to learn their boys the routine and duties of a training stable, and to make them accomplished riders against the fine colts of their own raising, from mares as good in blood and form as any stable in the Union can show, shall be produced to contend for fame and purses on fields where none but the best need make their appearance.

Your readers will have seen, from "Observer's" communication, that nothing can be better than the blood of their mares, owning, as they do, the full sister to Register, the half-sister to Register, and One-Eyed Joe, and by Trustee (making her combine with the blood of these two cracks that of the peerless Fashion) and other mares by Margrave, Steel, &c., equally as good in blood and appearance. It is not my intention, therefore, at this time, to give you a list of their entire stock; but at the some leisure moment I may, if agreeable to you, obtain it from them, and forward it, by way of convincing you that the time is not far distant when Maryland shall rank pre-eminent, as in her colonial days, for the superiority of her high-bred stock. I cannot, however, refrain from speaking particularly of the fine filly, *Bride*, by Prince George, out of Anabella, by Trustee, out of Register's dam; *Felicity*, by Claude Melnotte, (he by Boston, out of Slender, by Industry,) out of Fidelity, own sister to Register; and of a yearling filly by Childe Harold, out of the same mare, already entered in the $1000 stake over the Newmarket, to which there are twenty-four subscribers. The two first are now in their two year old form and in gentle exercise, and manifest in their breshes tremendous flights of speed, and endurance that knows no tire. I do not think the country can produce a better grown filly than the yearling mentioned above. In addition to these, Messrs. Bowie and Hall have three other two year olds in exercise, one of which, a filly by Register, out of a Prince George mare, is very beautiful, and of great speed, and five as handsome footlings by Childe Harold as any man ever saw.

The two year olds will soon be turned out to give more attention to the horses in training for the fall campaign. Of these they have five, two of which are three year olds of their own raising, and the first they have bred. One of them is the fine filly *Sonoma*, by Register, dam by Steel, who won her stake at Fairfield in such handsome style last spring. She is a filly of great promise, and is entered in several two mile stakes this fall, against such colts as *Nicholas 1st*, *Sue Washington* and *Stocks*. Let them look to their laurels.

Another is a beautiful colt (a picture of beauty, in fact,) by *Register*, out of a Margrave dam, that, in consequence of distemper, only showed once last spring in a stake of ten subscribers at Baltimore, in which he ran second to Col. Green's fine colt by *Glencoe*, out of *Darkness* by *Wargrave*.—He had only been in galloping exercise a fortnight and made an astonishing race under the circumstances, bringing the whip and spurs upon the Glencoe each heat, and making the second heat faster than the first. He is now entered in several stakes of one and two miles for this fall, and the colt that beats him can "take my hat" along with the purse. These two are the best of their string, all of which, it is hoped, are now doing well, although but recently recovered from a severe attack of farcy, with which all their horses were affected after the spring campaign. I must not conclude this hasty notice of Messrs. Bowie and Hall's stable, without mentioning that they have secured the services of Mr. Garrett Beall as trainer, in whose honesty and capacity they have every confidence.

Wishing our young friends and your new paper the success each deserves, I am yours very faithfully,

"BUCK."

The Electoral Vote.

For the convenience and at the request of many of our readers, we again subjoin the table of the electoral votes to be cast by the several States at the approaching Presidential election:

SIXTEEN FREE STATES.	
Maine	8
New Hampshire	5
Vermont	5
Massachusetts	13
Rhode Island	4
Connecticut	6
New York	35
Yew Jersey	7
Pennsylvania	27
Ohio	23
Indiana	13
Illinois	11
Michigan	6
Wisconsin	5
Iowa	4
California	4
Total free States	176
FIFTEEN SLAVE STATES.	
Delaware	3
Maryland	8
Virginia	15
North Carolina	10
South Carolina	8
Georgia	10
Florida	3
Alabama	9
Mississippi	7
Louisiana	6
Texas	4
Tennessee	12
Kentucky	12
Missouri	9
Arkansas	4
Total slave States	120

THE ORIGIN OF A FASHION.—There is a smile going round Europe, (says the Daily News,) at the simplicity of the ladies of England, France, and America, in their worship of Paris fashions. Because a beautiful young Empress found it convenient to revive the fashion of full petticoats, what must old dowagers and young maidens do but copy the dress without the excuse!

PETER THE GREAT AN EDITOR.—The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its senior editor. The imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from the sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

Gen. J. B. Howell, an Old-Line Whig of Fayette county, Pa., has announced that he will unite with the Democratic party during the present political struggle.

From the American Farmer.

Work for the Month---October.

If there be any agriculturist who may be behind in his work, we would say to him in a spirit of kindness and of deference, that he should bestir himself, so that he may, by increased energy, make up for lost time. In every occupation in life, it is to the interest of parties never to procrastinate work of any kind; but with none is delay so dangerous as with planters and farmers, as season and time are intimately connected with the success of their respective operations, and none can trespass upon either, without jeoparding their welfare. The followers of agricultural pursuits should lay it down as a principle from which they may not depart without injury, that all the operations of their farms and plantations should be executed at the right time, and in the proper way, and that delays and slights are things not to be indulged in. With these brief remarks we shall proceed to point out such matters as should be promptly attended to.

Wheat.—This grain, we believe, should be put in by the 10th of this month, at farthest, and that it would stand a better chance, had it been seeded on or about the first. With early seeding, we are aware that there is danger to be apprehended from the attack of that vile pest and drawback upon the wheat crop, the *Hessian Fly*, but notwithstanding its ravages, we have ever been the advocate of moderately early sowing, believing that it is good policy to give the wheat plants time before frost, to form their roots and embed them firmly in the soil. Now then, let us say to all wheat growers who may not have seeded their wheat, to go industriously to work, and exert every energy to get it in without father delay. As our remarks upon the subject of manuring, preparation of the soil, and seeding of wheat, last month were sufficiently full upon all these points, we will not repeat them here, but refer the reader to the September number of our views upon the subject.

Rye.—We need hardly say to our readers that this grain ought to have been seeded in August or early last month, as all farmers do know, that early seeding is always attended with the best success with rye. We will, however, say, that if put in the beginning of this month, provided the ground be moderately manured, and well and thoroughly prepared, it may still be seeded.—Upon one occasion we sowed a crop on the 24th of November, and made a good one. In mentioning this fact, we do not do so to encourage others to postpone their seeding to so late a period, as there is danger in it; for the seeding of rye should be done in August or September; in the latter month, the earlier the better; but we mention the fact of the lateness of our seeding, merely to show that if circumstances occur to prevent one from getting rye in at the proper time, that it may be put in later.

Threshing out Grain.—In our last number we advised our wheat growing readers to address themselves to the business of threshing out their wheat, in order that they might have it ready to send into market whenever the prices would justify them in doing so. And we repeat this advice, from a sincere conviction of its propriety. We are very certain that there is no class of society in whichfulness is so necessary to protect its interests as that of the agriculturist; he should strive to be always ready for the market, in order that he may watch its changes, and avail of them whenever they occur. We are certain that there is no class so liable to have their pecuniary interests sported with by unscrupulons speculators, none so likely to be despoiled of the fruits of their honest toils as those engaged in the pursuits of agriculture. And as such is the case, we exhort them to use unceasing vigilance to protect themselves from impositions and frauds.

Orchards.—Treat the trees in your orchards as we advised last month and the preceding one.

Planting new Orchards.—If you have no apple orchard on your farm, you should look upon it as a moral duty to plant out one this fall. Upon this point, every farmer and planter should consider it a duty that he owes to himself, to his children, and to society, to have a good orchard of choice apples, pears, peaches, and other fruit on his estate. In the purchase of trees he should avoid *tree-pedlars*, as he cannot rely upon such animals; buy of none but honest, substantial nurserymen; and if deceived by them, he should sue for heavy damages.

Cattle Yards.—If you have not hither done so, permit us now to prevail upon you to take this our advice: have as many loads of rough materials hauled and spread over your cow yard, as will make 12 inches in depth. In spreading, so fashion the materials as to be basin-shaped, the lowest point being in the centre, to prevent the escape of the urine. While the rough materials are being placed in and on the yard, dust each layer so spread with *plaster*, or with pulverized charcoal, and when completed, dust the surface with either of the substances named; then roll the yard to consolidate its contents—the heavier the roller the better. Occasionally throughout the yarding season, spread plaster over the yard, and from time to time add more rough materials.

Pumpkins.—Your crop of pumpkins should be gathered before they are injured by the frost.—As to *the time* of gathering them, your own good judgment must determine. Have them carefully pulled, and as carefully hauled, so as to avoid bruising them. Stow them away carefully in a cool place. In feeding them out to your hogs and milch cows, you will increase their value as food by having them cooked. For hogs, especially, cooking is necessary, as it prevents their purging—for hogs, the addition of bran or meal is an improvement—for milch cows, they should have added bran or meal and chopt straw or hay.

Harvesting of Roots.—Roots of all kinds should be harvested and put away before being injured by the frost.

Milch Cows.—These generous creatures should, in addition to the scanty fare of the pastures, receive messes of succulent food, and hay at night. If you have not already prepared comfortable sheds or stables for them, go to work at once, in order that they may be accommodated in good quarters during winter and spring.

Young Stock—Should be provided with hay at night, and be provided with sheds for their winter