

The Milton Chronicle.

VOLUME X. PLEDGED TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY—WE RANGE WHERE RIGHT AND DUTY POINT THE WAY. NO. XIV THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1861

BY C. N. B. EVANS.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

Col. Archable Yell, of Arkansas.

The first case on the docket was called and the plaintiff stood ready. It was a case that had been in litigation for five years. General Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an overbearing tone:

"Our witnesses are absent, and therefore I demand that the case be continued until the next term, in course."

"Let the affidavit be filled, for not till then can I entertain a motion for a continuance," was the mild reply of the Judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed sharply, and involuntarily raised his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the Judge with his blandest smile; "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul the law, nor any will so see it annulled."

The Judge's calm and business like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench— "Whatever may be the law, I, for one, will not learn it from the lips of an upstart demagogue and coward!"

Judge Yell's blue eyes shot lightning; but he only turned to the clerk and quietly said— "Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against Gen. Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had hardly communicated the order, when Gen. Smoot was seen rushing towards him brandishing his sword cane, all his features writhing with murderous wrath, and pallid as a corpse.

Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he would brook the coming shock of the duelist's fierce assault. But none, however, could detect the slightest change in his appearance. His cheek grew neither red nor white, nor did a nerve seem to tremble; his calm eye surveyed the advancing foe, with a little sign of perturbation as a chemist might show scrutinizing the effervescence of some novel mixture. He sat perfectly still, with a little staff of painted iron in his right hand.

Smoot ascended the platform and immediately aimed a tremendous blow with his enormous sword cane, full at the head of his foe. At that blow five hundred hearts shuddered, and more than a dozen voices shrieked, for all expected to see the victim's skull shivered into atoms. The general astonishment then may be conceived, when they beheld the little iron staff describe a quick curve, as the great sword cane flew from Smoot's fingers and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of twenty feet in the hall! The baffled bully uttered a cry of wrath, wild as that of some wounded beast of prey, and snatched his bowie knife from its sheath, but ere it was poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut another curve, and the big knife followed the sword cane. He then hastily drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to touch the trigger, his arm was stuck powerless by his side.

And then for the first time did Judge Yell betray perceptible emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath it, and shouted in trumpet tones— "Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name as a foul disgrace from the roll of attorneys. Mr. Sheriff, take the criminal to jail."

The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued that no pen could describe. The bravoes and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered round to obstruct the Sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, screams and horrid curses, the ring of impinging and crossing steel, alternate cries of rage and pain, all commingled with the awful explosion of firearms, blended together a vivid idea of Pandemonium. But throughout all the tempestuous strife, two individuals might be observed as leaders in the whirlwind and riders of the storm. The new Judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet sparing life.— But Buffum imitating the clemency of his honored friend, disdaining the employment of either knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed down all opposition, roaring at every furious blow—"this is the way to preserve order in court."—a sentiment which he accompanied with wild peals of laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the Judge triumphed, the clique of General Smoot suffered disastrous de-

feat and the bully himself was borne away to the prison.

Such was the debut of the new Judge in Arkansas; and from that day forth, as a man, as a jurist, as a politician, went on from triumph to triumph, till he became the oldest and most powerful man in the first year of his emigration. He came a candidate for the Governor, and notwithstanding the bitter opposition, he was elected by nine tenths of a majority. He continued to serve with supreme councils of the State, and in the midst of the war with Mexico, he signed, hurriedly, a law which raised a regiment of volunteer cavalry, with which he made all possible dispatch to the scene of action.

The writer of the present sketch saw him on his line of march to coalesce with the grand army of occupation, and never will he forget the evening passed by the light of his hospitality camp fire, on Red River, within the limits of Texas. The prophecy of his farewell words rings still on my ears with mournful distinctness.

"I go," said he with a look of fire, and in tones of thrilling emphasis, "to make fame that shall be co-extensive with the length and breadth of the Union, or to extinguish life itself in a blaze of glory."

He kept his word—he did both. He arrived on the gory arena in time to witness the magnificent storm of Buena Vista; and where is the true child of American birth that cannot name the three transcendent stars of chivalry, who fell quenched in blood that day? Aye, who fell, but as they fell shed a parting sun-burst of everlasting sunlight over the field of glory and of graves? Harden!—Clay! Yell!

PRACTICAL JOKERS.

We remember of hearing a story of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock one winter's night, and on coming to the door, coolly inquired:

"Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?"

"No," growled the victim.

"Well, never mind," said the wag, "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday."

We thought that rather cool, but the following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, surpasses impudence anything within recollection. Read and speak for yourself, gentle reader:

When the celebrated 'Copenhagen Jackson' as British Minister in this country, he resided in New York, and occupied a house in Broadway. One night, at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough riders, while passing the house, noticed it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hallo!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the company remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party, and I not invited? I must see to that."

So stepping up to the door, he gave a ring which soon brought the servant to the door.

"I want to see the minister."

"You must call on the servant."

"You must call on the servant, for he is the game of whist, and must be invited."

"Don't talk to me that way," said McKinnon, "but go direct to the British Minister that I mean, and immediately on special business."

The servant, who had just delivered his message in a very polite style, as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well," said Neil, "what time of night, which is so very late?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?" asked Neil.

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British Minister."

"Yes sir."

"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson."

"Yes, sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume."

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Playing cards, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, playing cards."

"O, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I merely called to inquire what's trumps?"

From the Dollar Newspaper.

RAISING TOBACCO.

I see an answer in your paper, of a correspondent in Pennsylvania, to an inquiry made through the 'Newspaper' of the 23d

January, of the manner in which the tobacco plant is raised and prepared for market. As tobacco is our great staple in the Southern part of Kentucky, and our manner of raising it is in some respects different from that recommended by your correspondent, and as the article is now giving a very remunerating price to the planter, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to many of your numerous readers to learn something of our mode of raising it.

The seed may be sown any time during the winter when the ground is not too wet. It frequently answers in this climate to sow them as late as the 10th of April, but during the months of February and March is usually considered the surest time. The beds are prepared in new land by first raking the leaves off carefully, and then piling on brush and wood thick enough to burn. When burned the ground is dug up with hoes and well pulverized.

The seeds are then sown at the rate of a tablespoonful to ten yards square (a greater quantity will make the plants too spindling and delicate,) and the bed well trampled with the feet, in order to protect the young plants from the dry winds which frequently prevail in the spring. The bed is also usually covered over thinly with brush for the same purpose. We prepare our land for tobacco by ploughing and narrowing it two or three times, and when the plan is large enough to set out, the land is rigged three and a half feet apart, and furrowed across the same distance the other way. We then go over with hoes to level the ridges between the furrows and knock out the clods. The plants are set out after a rain. It is then cultivated as any other crop, being careful to keep the grass from about the young plant. To work the land too wet is more hurtful to tobacco than almost any other crop.

When the tobacco has grown sufficiently we break off the bottom leaves to about six inches from the ground, and pinch out the bud, leaving about ten leaves. For cigar tobacco it would be best to leave a greater number, as for that purpose great richness and strength are not desirable. After this operation, suckers will soon put out at each leaf and around the root, which must be broken off. Soon after the second set is broken off, the tobacco will be ripe, when, if the weather is not too wet, it will become yellow and spotted, and the leaf will break freely if gently pressed between the fingers. It is now ready for cutting and housing.

Your correspondent recommends cutting it off at the root, hanging it on a stick one inch in diameter, and pointed at the end with iron spike on it. If he had not told us that he worked in the weed while young, we would have supposed that he was merely theorizing upon the subject, without ever having seen a plant in his life. I suppose he runs the iron pointed stick through the stalk. Now, I have rarely seen a stalk as large as he makes his stick, and it is, besides, hard and brittle, which of course would not permit the insertion of such a stick. Our plan is to split the stalk with a knife, beginning at the top, to within a few inches of where you design cutting it off, and hanging on a stick when sufficiently wilted. As soon as the stalks are sufficiently wilted, (though not enough to bear hauling to the barn,) pick it up and pile it on the hill about four plants together, (the butts lying to the wind,) which will prevent its sun-burning until it can be carried to the barn or scaffold and hung. Now we come to the curing. There should not be more than eight or ten plants on a stick of four feet in length. It is hung up in the barn, or on the scaffold, (not too closely,) until it becomes partially yellow, which, if the weather is warm, will be in two or three days. Fires are then put under it, quite small at first, (particularly if the house is tight,) and continued if the leaf begins to dry and curl at the end; they may then be increased until the barn is uncomfortable to stay in, and continued until the tobacco is entirely cured.

The color of the tobacco is now a beautiful pearly or spotted, unless it was too full of sap when cut. In that case it will be a lively, rich, but dark color.

A few words in regard to its management now, and I will close. At some time when in soft order, it is taken down, the leaves stripped off the stalk and tied up, five or six in a bundle. It is then rehung and suffered to become dry, and the first damp spell it may be taken down and packed straightly in a bulk for pricing.— It should get no damper than enough to keep it from breaking in handling.

Christen Co., Ky.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE AT BOSTON—SEVERAL ARRESTS, &c.

Boston, April 4.—At a late hour last night a fugitive slave, named Alfred Simms was arrested while passing Endicott street by a deputy United States marshal, assisted by the members of the police and watch. He at first supposed that he was arrested for drunkenness, but as he reached the court-house the true nature of the case was made known, when the cry of kidnappers was raised, and the prisoner drew a knife and stabbed officer Buckman in the groin. He was, however, safely lodged in the court-house. At about 10 o'clock an abolition lawyer, named Samuel E. Sewell, met Deputy Marshal Riley in the street, and was so violent and abusive that he was sent to the watch-house where he remained for an hour.

Later in the night Fletcher Webster, esq. found a watchman ringing the bell of King's Chapel, and, supposing an alarm of fire had been raised by the abolitionists in order to collect a mob, he ordered the watchman to desist. Mr. Webster attempted to drag the man from the rope, and afterwards assaulted him. The officer called for assistance, and Mr. Webster was taken to the watch-house, and thence to the jail. This morning the court-house is completely surrounded by Marshal Tukey and his police force, who had drawn a chain completely about it. There is a large crowd about the place, few of whom are blacks. Simms came to this city about the 7th of March last. He is 23 years of age, and has a wife and several children in Savannah.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

The examinations of the late fugitive slave arrested last night was commenced this morning at 9 o'clock before Commissioner G. T. Curtis. Seth J. Thomas appeared for claimant—the Hon. Robert Rantoul, Charles J. Loring and S. E. Sewell for the fugitive. The complaint was then read, alleging that Simms escaped from James Porter, rice planter, Chatham county, Georgia on the 22d February last.

Several depositions of persons in Savannah were read, to the effect that they knew Simms as the slave of James Porter. Some deposed that Simms had confessed that he was the slave of Porter, and also that his brother had acknowledged that both he and his son were the slaves of Porter. Edward Burnet testified that he lived in Savannah; that he knew Thomas Simms the prisoner at the bar. Simms had worked with him at bricklaying; had told him that he was the slave of Porter, also heard his mother say that she and her son were the slaves of Porter.

Simms remains in a room in the Court house fitted up for such an emergency, and so far everything has been quiet.— The police guard the Court house. But few blacks are to be seen.

The Supreme Court have just refused to grant a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Simms.

The crowd continues large about the Court house, and the blacks begin to appear in considerable numbers.

THE ABOLITIONISTS CALLED TO THE RESCUE.

Boston, April 4.

The following notice has just been issued from the Commonwealth office and posted about the streets—

PUBLIC MEETING—KIDNAPPERS IN BOSTON.

"Men of Boston! One of your fellow-citizens was last night seized by the slave hunters. He is in most immediate deadly peril; the citizens of Boston and its neighborhood are earnestly invited to assemble, without arms, in front of the State House, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M., to consult for the public good."

THE ANTI-FUGITIVE LAW MEETING.

Boston, April 4.

In the Legislature to-day, the following petition was presented—

"That the use of the State House yard be granted to the citizens of Massachusetts, to devise proper and legal means for the defence and protection of citizens of Massachusetts."

Mr. CUSHING, of Newbury, spoke in opposition to the petition, and moved that it be laid on the table.

Mr. Keith, of Roxbury, moved that it be laid on the table.

The names, delicacy to them, table was named, but who will know how to appreciate the character of an act so

The meeting of those opposed to the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law was accordingly held on the Common.

Speeches of the Conspirators, &c.

The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Mr. Colver, and Mr. D. Howe was appointed chairman.

WENDELL PHILLIPS addressed the meeting. He spoke of the Court House in chains. He hoped the people would come in from the country in such solid columns as to block up the streets and prevent the fugitive from being carried off, except over their heads. He rejoiced that the law could not be executed, except at the point of the bayonet, and behind chains. They won't dare, he said, to carry the fugitive out of the Commonwealth, except under the convoy of the guns of the Navy Yard. He spoke of Faneuil Hall being closed to them, and hoped that they would make the elms of the Common resound to the declaration, that law or no law, constitution or no constitution, chains or no chains, this law shall not be enforced.— Block the locomotives, tear up the rails, follow the fugitive to the borders of the State, if possible to rescue him. He counselled every colored man who had ever felt the chains of Southern oppression, to fill his pocket with pistols, &c., and as far as he was able he would stand by their sides. The law for them was at an end. He urged the meeting to hold itself in readiness, with all the means at its command, to endeavor to stop to-morrow the execution of this statute. The government and Legislature have refused us the means to try this issue, and we have the right to disobey it, and meet the consequences.— When priests and statesmen are traitors, the people must take up the reins.

The meeting here adjourned to Tremont Temple, where the Rev. Theo. Parker was called up. He said, that when he passed the Court House, this morning, and saw the chains, which encompassed it, he imagined that he was in Vienna, (and not in Boston,) under martial law, and certainly not under the laws of New England.— He asked the meeting to pass the resolve, each for the himself, that they would hold for evermore as infamous, any one who aids in the arrest or rendition of a fugitive slave, I am, he said, ready to do it, and can see but little difference between the African kidnapper and the Boston kidnapper.

There are three kidnappers in Boston; find them out, and point at them as they pass in the street—make them sick of Boston. He understood, from good authority, that they were intending to arrest two more fugitives to-night. He urged the meeting to form a Vigilance Committee, and keep a watch upon the movements of the blood-hounds.

A Scotchman, named McClure, denounced as a coward, any man who would allow his arm to hang loosely by his side while a fugitive was being carried off. He counselled no violence, he said, but soon afterwards cried out— "Liberty or death—resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

The Rev. Mr. Colver next said that the law was so obnoxious and inhuman that he would trample it under his feet. He went for disobedience. He also would counsel no violence, but he asked the assembly to meet to-morrow, at the Court House, in their strength. The people from the surrounding country would be there; he would be there, and if his presence on such an occasion was inconsistent with his clerical profession, he would unrock himself—he denounced those of his brother ministers, who had counselled obedience to the fugitive slave law, as traitors to the country and their God, and called upon the meeting to again pass the resolution passed at Faneuil Hall; that "Constitution or no constitution, law or no law—no fugitive slave shall be carried out of Massachusetts."

After some further inflammatory speeches, the meeting adjourned with the understanding that they were to meet at 10 o'clock, to-morrow, around the Court House.

Some of the speakers denounced Daniel Webster as a disgrace to his country—a villain—and a traitor to the North, which was received with mingled hisses and cheers.

The number present at the Temple was about 1,000, many of whom went there from curiosity.

THE BOSTON FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

Boston, Saturday, April 5.

The examination into the case of the Fugitive Slave was continued this morning be-