MEMS. IN AMERICA.

ems. in America, by THOMAS ARCHER, Commédian; published by Southgate, Strand; monthly parts, 1s.

No. 1. contains several very interesting tales, of which we have selected the first as a specimen:—

THE SOMNAMBULIST;

OR A NIGHT WITH ABRAHAM THORNTON.

The Western World, which spreads wide her giant arms to shelter alike the oppressor or the oppressed, where the early prilgrim found a peaceful haven, and the blood-stained regicide a sanctuary, still contains, within its forest depths the homes of many long forgotten in their fatherland; or remembered but as the mourned, or execrated, of the past.

In the autumn of the year 18—, I traversed a portion of that extensive tract, stretching westward from the Alleghany mountains to the vast waters of the Mississippi. I travelled on horseback, and the delights of the daily wild and solitary gallop, more than compensated for the rugged hospitality and comfortless *menage* of the rude hostleries of the prairie.

It was sunset as I breathed my horse on the brow of a steep hill, and perceived below me, with considerable satisfaction, the habitation designated in my route as my resting place for the night. It was a solitary house, standing about fifty yards from the road, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a flourishing establishment; the proprietor of which combined the profitable employments of inkeeper and agriculturist. An unusual quiet pervaded the place, my loud calls were unheeded, and I looked in vain for the appearance of the "human face divine." I dismounted and advanced towards the door—it was opened at that moment by the landlord—deep grief was depicted in his rugged features: death was within the house; his wife had just breathed her last, and his children were in the fierce grasp of a dangerous fever. Of course it was no resting place for me: and with difficulty, amidst the bustle and excitement of the house of mourning, I procured information even as to the means of obtaining a shelter.

"There's Job Harrison," at length, said one rough fellow, (who, in the affliction of the family, had appropriated to himself the privilege of questioning me of my "whereabout,") "he'll give you a bed for the night, I guess he'll be glad to see a countryman." To my question as to the distance, "Oh," replied he, "just grazes us here; you've only to ride seven miles on the high-road due west, then throw a rifle shot over your left shoulder as you pass the swing bridge on the swamp, and you're at his place." Having ascertained with such exactness the location of my countryman, I had no more to do but mount and away: and following the direction of my informant, which however, unintelligible to my reader, was perfectly correct, after half an hour's hard riding, I found myself approaching, through a thickly-wooded plantation, the residence of Job Harrison.

It was a large substantial building, more like an English farm house than any I had seen in this part of the country; I knocked loudly at an outer gate and was answered by a negro, to whom I consigned my horse, and walked up at once to claim the hospitality of the proprietor. He advanced to meet me; I told my story; and with a constrained civility, and rather an ungracious manner, he bade me welcome.

He preceded me into what appeared to be the common sitting room, and arousing a woman who was sleeping in an arm-chair by the fire, roughly ordered her to bring refreshments, and prepare a bed for my accommodation

I had now leisure to observe the extreme peculiarity of his appearance; he was a man not exceeding forty years of age, cast in a gigantic mould, and had been at one time of his life excessively corpulent; but now his flesh hung loosely and gave a tremulous motion to his whole frame, which seemed wasting beneath an unnatural and premature decay whilst it fell, like dewlaps, from each side of his heavy, sallow; and unmeaning countenance: his hair was silvery white; but his eye, the only feature which redeemed him from disgusting ugliness, was bright and sparkling. Yet strange and unpleasant as was his appearance, he excited an interest in me for which I could not account, further than by a vague idea that I had seen him before; his sepulchral tones seemed familiar to my ear, connected with some circumstance of horror, the particulars of which (like a dream we strive in vain to recollect) I could not embody.

His conversation was coarse, although not illiterate; he asked me some questions about English affairs, but they were principally confined to agricultural subjects. An excellent supper was placed upon the table by the female whose slumber I had disturbed, with the exception of the negro who had taken charge of my horse, the only domestic I saw about the premises. Although every thing bespoke plenty, even to profusion an air of gloom and desolation pervaded the whole establishment, which seemed reflected on the lowering brow of my moody and disagreeable host. Brandy and other spirits were placed upon the table, of which he drank largely, but they produced no exhilirating effect upon his spirits. In the course of conversation he asked me of what county in England I was a native, and on my replying Warwick, he looked at me wildly, and slightly removed his chair, I took no notice of his emotion, but proceeded to state that I was born in the immediate vicinity of the village of Erdington: a livid hue passed over his pale cheek; and his eye flashed on me with an expression of terror and defiance; at that instant the female entered, and in a grumbling tone, hinted at the lateness of the hour; I requested to be shown to my apartment, and bidding him good night, gladly availed myself of the opportunity of retiring.

She conducted me up a flight of stairs into a large and convenient room, on a level with a verandah surrounding the house, placed a candle on the table, and bidding me, in an emphatic tone, to lock my door! left me to my reflections.

There was something in this woman's manner as disagreeable as her master's; and her last words blended with his strange conduct, produced in me a feeling of uneasiness.

I had no inclination for sleep: I was fevered, and felt as if the cool night air would relieve me; the communication with the verandah was from the passage; I unlocked the door, which I had fastened according to her direction; it opened outwardly, but was obstructed by some heavy body, which I found to be a piece of furniture, evidently placed there to prevent my egress! it yielded however to the force I applied, and passed out into the verandah.

The moon shed her silvery light through the tall pine forest, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the rustling of the crisp decaying leaf, yielding to the chill breeze of autumn. It was a scene of wild and majestic beauty, but its gloom aroused a train of thoughts which had been whirling in my brain, and seemed, in their complicated machinery, to be developing some hideous drains in which I was to bear a part. At length, finding myself drowsy, I returned to the room, and resolving to frustrate any attempt at confining my actions (which appeared to be intended) I left the door unlocked, which was immediately opposite the bed on which I flung myself partially undressed, taking the precaution of placing my pistols under my pillow.

Overpowered by fatigue and excitement, I slept; but my dreams were wild and startling; I was in England—I was on the ocean; at last I thought I was in a court of justice, and arraigned for murder; heard the charge recapitulated, and the usual question of guilty or otherwise. "Not guilty," I replied. "Not guilty!" echoed a deep sepulchral voice, which awoke me at once from my restless sleep. I grasped a weapon, whilst the life blood rushed startingly to my heart, for there—within a foot of the bed—full in the pale moonlight—with no covering but his disordered night gear—stood the ghastly form of my mysterious host!—My finger was on the trigger, when I perceived by the fixed glare of his dark eye, he slept—'Not guilty!" repeated the fearful somnambulist, making an action as if drawing a glove upon his right hand, and flinging its fellow upon the floor; then, raising his form to its full height, whilst a smile of demoniacal triumph curled his pale lip, he stalked slowly from the room!

I locked the door, and breathed freely again; I was right in my conjecture; my dream seemed to have aided my memory and every circumstance came clearly to my recollection. It was in a court of justice I had seen this man, whose crime (dark as his escape from its consequences was extraordinary) had stained the annals of my native country; and in the strange action rehearsed in sleep, I recognised the judicial form of the gladiatorial law, of which he was the latest claimant.

I was dressed with the ray of morning. The woman was up. I declined taking any breakfast, but leaping on my horse, galloped rapidly from the contaminating atmosphere that seemed to hang around the domicile of ABRAHAM THORNTON.

NOTE.—On the 5th of August, 1817, Abraham Thornton was capitally indicted at the Warwick Assizes, for the wilful murder of Mary Ashford, near the village of Erdington, under most aggravated circumstances.

From some discrepancy in the evidence, he was acquitted, but again taken into custody on an "appeal of Murder," prosecuted by William Ashford, the brother and heir-at-law of the deceased.

The prisoner Thornton is thus described—"He was about twenty five years of age, five feet seven inches in height and of a ferocious and forbidding aspect: His natural thickness was greater than common, but excessive corpulency had swollen his whole figure into a size rather approaching deformity. His face was swollen and shining, his neck very short and thick, but his limbs were well proportioned. He was a great adept in gymnastic games, and accounted one of the strongest men in the country; so athletic was his form, that his arm pits did not possess the usual cavities, but were fortified with powerful ligaments."

He, conscious of the decided advantage which his uncommon personal strength would give him over the dwarfish and delicate frame of the Appellant Ashford, had determined on availing himself of the barbarous privilege extended to him by the antiquated and absurd law under which he stood appealed, known as "*Trial by wager of Battle.*"

On the 17th of November the proceedings were resumed in the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, London, where the Sheriff of Warwick appeared with Thornton as his prisoner. When, in the proceedings of this day, he was asked, in the form of the court if guilty or otherwise, Mr. Reader, one of his counsel, put into his hand a slip of paper, from which he read "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr Reader likewise handed him a pair of large gauntlets or gloves one of which he put on, and the other, in pursuance of the old form, he threw down for the appellant to take up. It was not taken up. And thus did the rigid application of the law a second time snatch this man from the punishment which; even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred.

Finding himself an object of dread and terror in the neighborhood of his family, he, a few months after his liberation, succeeded in disguise in procuring a passage to America.—[See Criminal Trials.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

In 1823 there were three candidates for the Presidency of the United States before the people, when Gen. Jackson was brought out. These candidates were John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay and William H. Crawford. Tennessee put in her claims for the honor of giving to the Union its first officer, and through a committee of the friends of Gen. Jackson, who was pressed as her choice, in August of that year issued an address to the citizens of the United States, in which these words occur:

'*There is no Federal Candidate*; THEY ARE ALL REPUBLICANS!'

It will be seen by this that at the beginning the original friends of Gen Jackson proposed him on his merits alone, and the claims of the West & the state of Tennessee, and did not bring him forward as the Republican candidate *par excellence* for it is acknowledged that all the candidates are Republicans! How well then does it become the organs of Gen. Jackson's administration, and of the administration of his illustrious follower in the footsteps, at this day to class the gentlemen then certified to as Republicans in any other category? We are not among those who look upon the ascription of Federalism to a politician as a reproach. Federalism and Democracy have had their day, and each embraced the names of men whose patriotism and talents never can be questioned, As applied now they are unmeaning terms, used by demagogues to subserve their own views, and we much doubt whether there is not a large proportion, both of speakers and those addressed, who say and hear so much about Federalism and Democracy, who do not know the distinguishing points which characterised national politics at the time of which we write. Let Federalism, however, be what it might it is clearly perceptible that the friends of Gen. Jackson, in 1823, did not consider Mr. Clay a Federalist, but regarded him as a Republican, and an honorable competitor for their choice. It is well to recur occasionally to these 'first principles;' it serves to refreshen the memory of those who are forgetful, and to remind them that records still exist whose authenticity cannot be questioned, and which may yet be referred to, to refute their newly coined arguments against the most distinguished of the Democrats of those times when Democracy meant *something*.

MR. CLAY.—Notwithstanding this distinguished statesman has expressed his desire that his visit to Saratoga should not be characterised by any thing like display in any of the towns or cities through which he might pass, there are some who cannot resist the desire to make the offerings due to exalted worth. We learn from the Buffalo Journal that the Common Council of that city met and took measures for tendering him in a becoming manner the hospitalities of that city. The Journal remarks:—'Although it is understood that Mr. Clay wishes to avoid all public display, we trust our citizens will be afforded an opportunity of exchanging salutations with one whose long and eminent services they so fully appreciate We learn that he intends being in town on Wednesday, and will remain through the day. On Thursday he will return to the Falls and soon after will proceed on his northern tour *via* Rochester, Syracuse and Oswego, to Quebec, and thence by the usual route to Saratoga.'

Mr. CLAY very courteously declined the honors, which it was the desire of the Common Council of the city of Buffalo to tender him. Having thus declined the proffered reception of the Councils, the citizens themselves went out in a body to meet him. He was met in a Park near Buffalo, by thousands who cordially greeted him He was then escorted to the American Hotel, where about a hundred gentlemen dined with him.

The Buffalo Journal of the 18th, says: 'The dinner over and the cloth being removed, a number of patriotic and pertinent toasts were given, and among them one complimenting Mr. Clay. He rose and spoke for a few minutes in a strain of eloquence that told powerfully upon the feelings & judgment of all who heard him, and concluded with the following sentiment:

"*Compromise, Consession, and Union.*"

This toast was received with great applause, as all duly appreciated the vast importance of exercising the noble virtues which it inculcates.

The company left the table at an early hour, after which Mr. Clay took a ride through the city, visited the harbor and the public works, and went on board several of our best steamboats—and expressed his admiration of the many evidences of the rising greatness of our own "Queen City of the Lakes."—Every water craft had its flags flying, and every sailor was eager to see the man who, when there was reported to Congress to be 7000 American seamen impressed in the British service, and there seemed to be no means for their rescue, exclaimed, 'Sooner than suffer this, let us *bind ourselves* to our gallant tars, and go down together, fighting for free trade and sailors' rights.' Mr. Clay spent the evening at the mansion of Gen'l. Burt. At 9 o'clock he visited the theatre by request, and was received with a deep and prolonged burst of applause that told the strength of his hold upon the affections of the people. He returned this morning to the Falls.'

REWARD.—It will be seen by advertisement that his Honor the Mayor, in obedience to ordinance, has offered a reward of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the detection and conviction of the incendiary who fired the Howard Engine House. Our city is doubtless infested with as atrocious a set of scoundrels as ever graced humanity, & it is sincerely to be hoped that of some them, at least, may be made to feel the vengeance of the law. The several fires which we have recently chronicled, afford the strongest evidence of the presence of the incendiary.

[Chronicle.

VERY MODEST.—A Loco Foco Convention was lately held at Concord, New Hampshire, where the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That our fellow citizen, Hon. Isaac Hill, retires from office honored and respected by the Democratic party as the fearless and uncompromising champion of the rights of the people and an honest man. (Signed)

ISAAC HILL, President,

VILLAINOUS DEED.—The St. Augustine News, of the 6th has the following:—The death of Capt. Mitchell and Lt. Pugh, as well as twelve soldiers, we learn, is attributed to poison. Col. Davenport and three Surgeons are stated to be under its influences and for whose recovery fears are entertained. A keg of WHITE LEAD was discovered in the spring from whence their supplies of water were obtained. As yet the perpetrator of this villainous deed has not been found out.

The same paper complains that the Indians are allowed to purchase powder from the Goverment Agents. If this is so, it is very impolitic, and decidedly wrong. We are slow to believe it, however.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—A Marseilles journal remarks that the month of May is fatal to the Bonaparte family.—Napoleon died May 5, 1821: Pauline Borghese May 10, 1825; Cardinal Fesch May 13, 1839; Caroline Bonaparte, May 18, 1839. By the death of this last lady there is now no surviving sister of Napoleon. His living brothers are Joseph, the eldest of the family, Louis, Lucien and Jerome. The three sisters of Napoleon were Eliza, Pauline and Caroline (Mura's widow,) who took the name of Countess of Lipona, at the anagram of Napoli and a remembrance of her past greatness.

Major Abraham Van Buren and lady seem to be basking in the immediate smiles of British Royalty; and the latter appears to vie with the hereditary aristocracy of the land, in the costly magnificence of her court costume. The correspondent of the Evening Star gives the following description of Mrs. Van Buren's attire at a recent drawing room:

"Mrs. Van Buren wore a manteau of rich blue moire, lined with white satin, elegantly ornamented with crape lisse and silver wheat; blonde berthe and sabots; robe of white crape embroidered over white satin, with blonde volente.—Head dress, feathers and blonde tippets, parure of diamonds and pearls.

"Major and Mrs. Van Buren, on Friday, (the actual birth day of the Queen) were present with most of the leading nobility of the land, at the Grand Ball given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The Queen and all her relations were present—except the Queen dowager, who only arrived from Portugal that afternoon, and was immediately visited by the Queen Regent. There was a brilliant company as might be expected when the Queen of England has the bidding of her guests."

That Mr. Clay is an abolitionist is evident from his whole life.

Lycoming Herald.

The remark is worthy of the source. The name of the place where the Herald is published should be put at the head of each and every one of its paragraphs as a warning to the reader—*Lie-coming.*

Prentice.

THE CROPS.—The Westchester (Pa.) Record says: Our neighbors of the Great Valley are rather earlier with their mowing and reaping, than our farmers in some other parts of the county. We are informed that many farmers had their entire hay crop in at the close of last week; and Mr. Henry Kurtz, had garnered his wheat. The latter is of the Mediterranean wheat, and is somewhat earlier than other species.

The Brownville (Pa.) Observer of Wednesday says:—The papers from every part of our country represent the crops to be unusually fine, presenting by far the most flattering assurance of an abundant harvest that has been for several years. The Crops in this county are in a most flourishing condition.

The Brookville (Indiana) American, of the 5th instant, says:—In a ride to the country on Tuesday last, we saw our farmers had commenced their harvest. The Wheat is represented as being very heavy, and clear of rust, blight or, smut.

The Wheeling Gazette, remarking upon the bounteous harvest says—"From appearances in this quarter; we should not be astonished if wheat is down to 50cts. per bushel corn and oats 25 cents., and every thing else in proportion."

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—The Journal of Commerce publishes a letter from Guayaquil, under date of the 21st May, which says—"By the Garafilia, in the remarkable short passage of 14 days from Valparaiso, I have learned of the arrival of a part of the Exploring Expedition, viz.—the Peacock and Relief. The last advices from Callao advises Richmond Flour at $17 bbl. on board. Gamarra is still in command, and it was thought that the Chilians would soon find it best to retire from Lima."

The Ship Mary Howland, arrived at New York from Liverpool, has brought ten Durham cows and one bull, said to be the handsomest animals and purest blood ever imported. They belong to the Hon. Henry Clay.

EASTON GAZETTE.

EASTON, MD.

Saturday Morning, July 27.

MARYLAND ELECTION.

WHIG NOMINATION FOR CONGRESS SECOND DISTRICT.

JAMES A. PEARCE.

To the Editor of the Easton Gazette.

MOUNT HOPE, July 21st 1839.

Sir:—Be pleased to insert in your next paper the answer of the Hon. James A. Pearce to the communication made to him by me as President of the late Whig Convention held at Centreville, notifying him of his nomination as a candidate for Congress for the 2nd District; and in like manner the reply of the Hon. John Leeds Kerr to my notification of the selection of him by the same Convention as a Delegate for this District to the Whig National Convention, appointed to assemble at Harrisburg, in December next for the choice of candidates for the offices of President and Vice President of the U. S.

I am very respectfully
your ob't. serv't.
WM. ORRELL.

CHESTERTOWN, June 29th, 1839.

Dear Sir:—I have received your letter informing me that the Whig Convention which met at Centreville on the 18th inst. unanimously nominated me for Congress. I trust I am fully sensible of the honor which has thus for the third time been conferred on me, and I assure you, sir, that it is a peculiar gratification to know that the confidence of my constituents has not been diminished by my course as their representative during the last four years.

I may, however, be permitted to say, that in accepting again their nomination, I am not actuated by the consideration of any advantage to be derived from official station which many personal motives would induce me to decline—but that I yield to a sense of duty. I feel that to those who have hitherto most kindly and cordially supported me I owe the services which they now require of me. And while I would not seek from the people the honors which they only can bestow, I think that I owe it to them to assist, as far as I may, in counteracting the pernicious theories entertained by those in power and in reforming the many abuses or malpractices which the Administration have too long sanctioned or permitted. I do not doubt that the great body of the party opposed to the Whigs are conscientious in the opinions which they entertain. It shall be my endeavor, in candid and dispassionate discussion before the people to maintain the principles and policy which the Whigs conceive to be essential to the maintenance of the Constitution in its pure spirit and to the efficient and faithful administration of public affairs.

I am sir,
With great respect,
Your obedient servant.
J. A. PEARCE.

To WM. ORRELL, Esq. President of the Whig Convention

EASTON, June 23d, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Your letter, of the 19th inst., which I received by the last mail, announced to me that the late Convention, at Centreville, over which you presided, had selected me as a delegate, from the second Congressional District to the Whig Convention, which is appointed to meet at Harrisburg, in December next, for the purpose of agreeing upon suitable candidates for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States.

I owe to that very respectable assemblage of citizens some expression of my thanks for this manifestation of their confidence and respect, and to yourself, individually, I would make return for the kind and flattering terms, in which you have conveyed to me their resolution.

Although I have been retired from the public Councils and much engaged in professional and private pursuits, I have observed, with solicitude, the course of public affairs, and now looking back upon the extraordinary political events, which have occurred, I am filled with conviction that no good citizen should withhold the means within his power of promoting the advancement to the most important public trusts of the ablest and best tried friends of this great People.

The resort to a National Convention, as a means of ascertaining the free sentiments and the actual preference of a majority of the opposers of misrule and of concentrating the force of opinion, for a successful struggle, seems to be a matter of political necessity, in the existing crisis. I confess, however, that I should go into that assembly very decided in my own choice from amongst the distinguished individuals, who have been named by their respective friends for the highest Executive station; but, I should feel the duty of deliberate consultation for the general welfare, and would finally adopt that course of action which might seem necessary to the attainment of a great patriotic object.

It is satisfactory to me to observe, in regard to the duty assigned me, that my own predilection accords with the sentiment of preference due to the great *pacificator of the Union*, and the duty of ultimate submission to the voice of the majority, so distinctly declared in the Resolutions of your meeting; and I cherish a still greater pleasure in believing that,—party spirit and party interests aside,—the selection, which my own impartial judgement had long since dictated to me, would be ratified by the general acclaim of the People of Maryland.

Entertaining these sentiments, I feel myself at liberty to accept the appointment conferred on me, and I will attend the convention at Harrisburg if no obstacle occur to prevent me.

I remain, dear sir, with great respect and esteem,
Your ob't. humble serv't,
JOHN LEEDS KERR.

To WILLIAM ORRELL, Esq. President, of the late Whig Convention, at Centre ville.

Very late from England.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

The steam ship Great Western arrived at New York on Monday, at one o'clock, P. M. She sailed from Bristol on the 6th July, and brings London and Liverpool papers to the 5th, inclusive.

The most important political news is the DECLARATION OF WAR BY THE SULTAN, AGAINST MAHOMET ALI & IBRAHIM PACHA. The Sultan as supreme Caliph of the Faithful and Representative of the Prophet, has pronounced sentence of excommunication against the Pacha and his son Ibrahim, deposing them from the government of Egypt and Syria. The 14th being Friday, the Mahomedan Sabbath, the sentence of excommunication was to be read in all the Mosques—At the last dates, hostilities had commenced. It is feared Europe may be involved in this war. England & France are with powerful fleets in the Levant. The Deputies of France aver there is a necessity for protecting Turkey against Russia, which nation, it is assumed, is stimulating the Egyptians.

The British Queen was to sail on the 11th of July.

The government of England had determined to release John G. Parker and the seven other Canadian prisoners, who pleaded guilty in the hope of receiving her Majesty's pardon.

The London correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, speaking of Mr. Webster, says—

You will see by the London papers that this gentleman is not lost sight of in this great city. He has been the favored guest of many distinguished persons, among whom was her Majesty the Queen.

We understand, says, the London Morning Chronicle, that the American merchants resident in London, are about to give a splendid dinner to Mr. Webster, the eminent American statesman, now on a visit to this country.

Lady Flora Hastings expired on the afternoon of the 4th inst. The Queen at once ordered Buckingham Palace to be closed.

The Crops are promising in all parts of England. There is every prospect of an abundant supply.

LIVERPOOL CORN MARKET, July 2.

The duty on wheat and flower from foreign ports was, as anticipated, increased last Friday to 13s 8d per quarter, and 8s. 2d. per bbl.

At this day's market there was a moderate attendance, and sales were made chiefly to distant interior markets of Wheat, at very fully our last quotations, and on hard and some other descriptions of middling Foreign Wheat, which have latterly been more depressed, an advance of 2d to 3d per 70 lbs. was obtained; there was also a better demand for Flour.

American flour was quoted at Liverpool on the 2d July.—Sweet 34s. 6d. a 36s. 6d; sour 32s. 6d. a 34s.

Mr. James A. Ridgeway, has presented us with two Turnip Beets, weighing 5lb. 2oz. and measuring 17 inches in circumference.

During the thunder storm, on Monday night last, the stacked wheat belonging Capt. Winder, was struck by lightning and 7 stacks, containing about 500 bushels, were entirely consumed.

The Baltimore American says:—We were informed yesterday of the sale of a crop of morus multicaulis trees growing in a lot of about two acres, for the round sum of $8,000.

The Baltimore American says that a gentleman of this city who has a field of fifteen acres filled with a crop of flourish-

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