HOTEL.
rber informs his
ublic, from whom he
y years received the
patronage, that he
the Easton Hotel—
ll be accommodated
ng, in season, afford-
e place—where they
sincere thanks, but
igent endeavours to
that their past kind-
to still greater exer-
lishment is large and
y one lodging rooms.
nt servant,
SOLOMON LOWE.

d Hacks can be fur-
the Peninsula at the
S. L.

rs of Philemon W.
deceased.
e late Philemon W.
otified that I shall be
Y, the 7th day of June
spective dividends, of
he said Philemon W.
herefore requested to
counts and claims pro-
we's Tavern in Easton,
ntioned, between ten
ck, to receive their re-

EDDEMAN, Adm'r.
Philemon W. Hemsley.

Notice.
bration of the anniver-
24th of June next, by
66, in Cambridge, Dor-
ration illustrative of the
will be delivered by a
The Fraternity are in-

RDSON,
LESTON, } Committee.
URRAY. }

For Sale.
rs at private sale on ac-
wo farms situated in Car-
hese farms is at this time
ter Prichard as a tenant
iated on Choptank Riv-
low Dover Bridge, con-
ith a full proportion of
soil is believed to be
ighbourhood. The other
00 acres, situated within
nd landing, adjoining the
um and Fleharty, and is
mas Rease. This farm is
nd is supposed to be bet-
rowth of wheat than the
lands. A further descrip-
roperty is deemed unne-
o are desirous of purchas-
amine for themselves.
ILN. THOMAS, Agent.
tf

Reward.
amed ENNALLS JAMES,
ne in the last Christmas
bout 5 feet 9 or 10 in-
years old, very black,
two deep scars in one of
the knee, a good tempered
g fellow, stammers a little
s the phrase "by doggy,"
kersey when he went away
o is free, living in or near
Delaware, by the name of
ill give, to any person who
d secure in Easton Jail the
nnalls, if taken in Talbot
n any other county on the
in the State of Delaware,
other State of the Union
R. P. EMMONS.
April 9
munications respecting the
he editor of this paper will
ded to.

Reward.
the subscribers, (from Tal-
Wednesday the twenty third
last, the following negroes;
an named SAM, about forty
l made, of a very dark com-
y black, of a pleasant coun-
cken to and has lost some of
negro woman called ANNE or
mplexion, is about thirty five
y talkative and impudent, of
valks lame having been injur-
ip: also a negro woman called
eteen or twenty years, who
her infant child Mary who is
rs old—Eliza is spare made
k girl—a freeman called HAR-
rmerly the property of Miss
ugh & who is the husband of
n company with them. Harry
o about five feet, 6 or 7 in-
out thirty years of age, has
ter and is polite and obliging
ass for himself, and has proba-
sses for the others—Harry has
he last season on the Canal
vn, and no doubt he has ac-
he neighbourhood and where
ng slaves may probably be
ved in the city of Washington
nonths previous to November
obert Harrison and previous to
ved with the subscriber John
ester Town—Sam and Ann are
J. Harrison, and Eliza and her
the estate of Thomas Harrison,
were levied on by the late
ot county, by virtue of sundry
The above reward will be paid
ng and delivering the said ne-
Hambleton, late Sheriff of Tal-
taken out of the state, or a pro-
rt for each with all reasonable
taken in the state $10 will be
prehension and delivery of each
groes with all reasonable expen-
HARRISON, Chester Town.
ARD N. HAMBLETON,
late Sheriff of Talbot county.

RINTING,
VERY DESCRIPTION,
TED AT THIS OFFICE ON REASONA-
BLE TERMS.

Dr. N. Hammond

EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown."
Religion purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. VIII. EASTON, (MARYLAND) SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1825. NO. 26.

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EVERY SATURDAY EVENING BY
ALEXANDER GRAHAM,

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Advertisements not exceeding a square inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

From the National Journal.

The Adventures of Cornet Martingale and his ten Companions.—[concluded.]

'What ho, thou courier of the dark,' cried Flourish, who always assumed, as I found, the right of speaking first on all occasions, 'what brings my lord's express.' 'By gracious,' said the man who was mounted behind me, "tis the old Gardner from Beach-Hill.' For God's sake Harry, what's the matter?' 'If ever you mean to do good,' exclaimed the man thus addressed—'Ride, spur, the hell hounds are in the house. Oh! my young ladies—my dear young ladies.' 'Onward, onward, I shouted.' Onward, was repeated from every mouth. 'My dear young Miss Julia,' cried the old Gardner, who pressed on at my side. 'She's bin alooking out for you, these two or three hours.' 'For me,' said I. 'Yes, Sir, she saw'd you on the road, when she stop't to see a sick omans.' 'Nay, then, Diomed,' cried I, 'you must feel the spur, tho' I never touched you with it before.' The generous steed, notwithstanding his double load, threw up his heels as tho' he disdained other incitement to his utmost exertion than his master's will, and in a few moments we were at the summit of the hill. Sailors were seen with lighted brands, roving about the yards, from one out-house to another. We pressed on to the front of the house; a small band of marines were drawn up before the door—they were thrice our number; but had they been fifty-fold as many more, an attempt would have been made to force a passage through them, for female shrieks, again and again, came from one of the apartments. With a desperation which nothing but the occasion could justify, we drove our horses headlong at this guard; my poor Diomed was staked on a bayonet; but I disengaged myself as he fell, and one sweep of my sabre clearing the way of the fellows who opposed me, I rushed up the steps, and into the room. Here were six persons splendidly dressed; I will not dignify them by the name of men, much less of officers: two were endeavouring, with the most brutal violence, to separate the lovely sisters, who were clinging with grasps of agony to each other; the other four appeared to be enjoying the scene. I endeavoured to say, 'unhand them, villains, and defend yourselves,' but my emotions choaked me. I discharged my pistol at one. Flourish, who was at my elbow, did the same at the other; and they both fell; at the same instant a lunge was made at my breast, which was parried by little Sam, who, jumping on a chair, gave the assailant a blow on the head, which laid him breathless at my feet. For a moment only, the odds were no longer against us, but as we rushed at the wretches, who had not yet ventured into the fray, they discharged their pistols, and I lost both my friends—they sunk to the floor. My situation had now been desperate, had not the bulky form of Ben Stott pressed through the door, followed by three of the militia whom we had brought behind us; their guns were instantly leveled, and, though the English, falling on their knees, implored quarter, in the most abject manner, it would have little availed them, had not a faint, though still shrill voice, been heard from the floor, crying *'spare them, for my sake.'* 'Hold up your guns, my friends,' said I, "tis the request of a dying hero.' We must put a cord or two round them, however,' said Stott; 'we have got more work to do yet.' The operation of binding was performed with far more despatch and dexterity, than ceremony. 'And now,' said the sturdy trooper, 'let's see what is going on without.' Casting an anxious and hasty glance round the room to see what had become of the young ladies, whom, however, I could not perceive, and with a heart-breaking groan, at witnessing the prostrate forms of my brave companions; I turned to follow him, when a volley was fired in the court yard, and the roar of conflict again commenced. Throwing myself into the midst of it, (though I must even acknowledge that the tremendous stride of Ben Stott was before me,) I found that the party who had possessed themselves of the horses of the dismounted troopers, and whom we had outstripped on the road, were now hotly engaged with the marines, who, on being joined by the sailors, had rallied and determined to make battle. It raged with the utmost fury for some minutes and victory yet hung suspended in the air, doubtful on what side to alight, when the clatter of horses hoofs seemed to shake the ground, and a voice was heard, which though powerfully strong, was clear as a trumpet with a silver sound, crying, 'here I am, my brave, my noble friends, only let me come at them, I will make up for lost time;' and in an instant his sword was flashing among the ranks of the enemy. 'Captain Faulkner, Captain Faulkner,' shouted the militia at the same time that they pressed on the foe with redoubled fury. Deprived of their officers, and never for a moment supposing this newly arrived succour consisted of one man only, the British though their numbers were greatly superior, fairly 'went to the right about,' and retreated to their boats. 'My sisters, my sisters,' cried the Captain as soon as he could draw his breath, 'tell me at once.' 'They are safe, and well,' said two or three voices; 'thanks to this brave young gentleman,' pointing to me. The agitated young man threw himself upon me, and after straining me to his bosom, exclaimed, 'come, let us go to them.'

When we entered the passage, the door of a different room from the one in which the conflict had taken place was open; thither my friends were removed; they were placed on couches, and the lovely beings in whose defence their blood had been shed, were bending over them, with looks in which unutterable gratitude and sorrow were blended. With noiseless step they rose, glided to their brother's arms, who folded them repeatedly to his heart. 'But who,' cried he, as if he asked the question with difficulty, 'who are these?' 'The brave, the brave defenders,' said I, 'of beauty, innocence and virtue, my dear companions, and whom, though I have known but a day, I feel as if I had loved for an age.' 'Oh, God,' 'cried Faulkner, 'restore them, and forgive me,' he added, covering his face with his hands, 'that I was not here.'

'Nay,' said poor Flourish, with an attempt at an air of gaiety, which went to my heart, as I contrasted it with that by which I had so lately been amused; 'never be down hearted, Captain, at the thoughts of loosing such grinning honour as this of ours; your turn may come round yet.'

'My dear fellow,' said I, 'I am glad to hear you speak so cheerfully. Your wound is, I hope, not so bad as we supposed i.'

'Why, *'Tis not as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn door,'* replied he, 'but it will settle all the earthly accounts of poor Tom Flourish: you may depend on that, Cornet.'

'And you, my noble little friend,' said I, taking Sam's hand, the icy coldness of which made me shudder, 'how do you feel?'

'Going fast, Cornet,' said he; 'yet one thing I must say first, and then I have nothing more to do but to trust in Christ: I have a little sister, sir—poor thing, she has not a friend in the world but her poor brother Sam. She lives with my master, sir; and, to tell the truth, it was to coax them to be kind to the dear child that I took his place this morning. Oh, sir, she had nobody to look to—nobody to love—nobody to help her, and hearten her up, but only me—and she only eleven years old. There are a few small matters in my box, sir, at home: see that my poor Lucy has them. But, oh, who will comfort her?'

'I, I will,' said I, as soon as my uncontrolled emotion permitted me to speak, 'I will be a brother, a father to her.'

'And I,' said the lovely Julia, kneeling and taking his hand, 'I will be a sister to her. One week shall not pass before she shall be living with me in this house.'

'Oh, what mercy! what mercy!' cried he, making an effort to raise and close his hands together, in which we assisted him—'there was nothing but that to keep my thoughts from heaven—and now, Lord, I am thine, all, altogether thine.' His hands gradually sunk again by his side, and his generous spirit appeared to part from its tenement of clay, without a pang.

The solemn pause which succeeded was first broken by the unfortunate Trumpeter. His voice was greatly altered; it had become husky and hollow, and the death-rattle was perceivable in his throat. 'Cornet,' he said, 'I have got no sister to recommend to your care. Some relations, to be sure, there are; but I set them so well up, when I was in blast with the lottery ticket, that they have been able to look down upon me ever since—but let it pass. I die in peace and charity with them, and all mankind. Some little matter is due me at the office: get it, Cornet, and let it be used for the special purpose of fitting out Miss Lucy Stitch for her new service, advising her, by all means, to change her name as soon as she comes to a proper age to know what an ugly name it is.* And now, Cornet, one thing distresses me; and that is, to think what a lonesome time you will have going back. Well, to be sure, we had a pleasant excursion down, except for the small accident happening to Sam and myself, of being killed at the end of it—but

"Life's a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once"——

'And now I know it,' he would have said, but he was interrupted by a hick-up, which finally ended in strangulation, and the poor Trumpeter breathed his last.

*Mrs. Martingale insists on my mentioning that this promise was most fully complied with. It may further be added, that a most excellent girl is Lucy, and that on the twenty-first of June last, she was happily married to Mr. Benjamin Stott, Jr. By the same token, the old man soon after I settled at Beach Hill, bought a farm in the neighbourhood, having declined all the branches of his former business except, as he is wont pleasantly to say, *"that he still kills his own mutton"*

PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE ON REASONA BLE TERMS.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

Illustrious example of Gratitude.

A young man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a palliasse and a chair, and all the sustenance, a little barley-water: refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiee, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air: they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiee being near fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but, according to the Genevese habit they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiee through her maid, who had acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection.

Weakened by his illness, which had been aggravated by neglect, the young soldier, was in a frightful state of delirium, when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was a faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying that a friend who took an interest in him had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days, and even weeks escaped thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy, related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mad. Agiee, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiee consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the 'Life of Turenne,' and a book on geometry.

Every day Mademoiselle Agiee passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations which were always just, and some times very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardor beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiee; she smiled as she listened to him. 'In truth,' said she 'I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel.' 'Colonel!' replied he in a tone of indignation, 'I shall be a General—and perhaps——' but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuked himself for what he had said. 'Until now,' said Mademoiselle Agiee, 'I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent, I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment.' 'I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon.' The young man was Buonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiee every day became more and more interested in Napoleon, and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. 'Believe me,' said he, 'I shall never forget what you have done for me! You will hear of me.' He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiee with her mother returned to Geneva. Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mad. Agiee, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protege, who meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when some time before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve leagues from Geneva, on his way into Italy; he could only stay a few hours;—he sent an aid-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to enquire for a lady, named Agiee, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him; such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known; and the aid-de-camp succeeded in finding Mad'le. Agiee; she was become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horse-back, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiee on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed. 'Gentlemen,' said Bonaparte turning towards his suite, 'you see my benefactress. she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it.' Mademoiselle Agiee passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans, and on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons. "You will hear of me."

From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiee. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiee was permitted to carry nothing with her, beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey, and in spite of her age and her infirmities the day after the General's arrival she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Garousel, opposite the palace of the Tuileries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion; a well stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her, Bonaparte had recollected even her favorite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure; she had a long audience of Napoleon; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs.—He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiee lost the house and advantages, he had conferred upon her, but I have reason to believe, that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon, till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822. It is from herself that I received the details I have given; it is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence, no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiee died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Palace du Carousel.

A. D. T.

Comfort for Bachelors.—Matrimonial Statistics.—The following is a fair statement of Matrimony in some of the principal towns of England in 1816

Wives eloped,	1152
Husbands run away,	2348
Legally divorced,	4175
Husbands and wives that exhibit to the world the most perfect *Paradisacal* bliss in *public*, calling each other 'my beloved Sophia, my kind Charles, my charming Editha,' &c. but who pinch and scratch each other all night,	5934
Living in open hostility,	17845
Secret discontent,	13276
Mutually indifferent,	55240
Passing for happy,	27
Hardly happy,	15
Truly happy,	5
Total,	100,000

Georgetown Metropolitan.

The following lines are not unfair specimens of the wretched and contemptible rhymes which frequently accompany the notices of marriages, like scare crows hung up to deter all silly birds from entering into the green fields of matrimony. Few there will hereafter be, if this miserable taste continues to flourish, who will consent to expose themselves by appearing in public in company with such detestable advertisements of their happiness.—*Nat. Ægis.*

'In Canterbury, (N. H.) Benjamin Doe, Esq. author of sundry astronomical works, &c. to Miss Nancy Moore.
Venus grow dim! bright *Mars* your fires forego!
Since Nancy is no *Moore*, but turned to *Doe!*
Randolph desist and cease your dark grimaces
At this new effort to increase *Doe* faces.'

Portsmouth Jour.

HANDSOME BAR MAIDS.

We republish the following advertisement for the benefit of the "beauties and handsomest" girls of New York, taken from a New Orleans paper of the 30th ult. The editor says that this is the first attempt to introduce there the practice at Paris of procuring the handsome females to attend on customers in coffee houses, where the profits of the bar in a great measure depend on the fair charms of the keeper.

"Wanted, two handsome ladies, to assist in two bar-rooms, and to whom liberal wages will be given. Beauties from New York, Charleston or Savannah would be preferred. Due attention will be paid to applicants at No. 60, Camp street.

April 31." [*N. Y. E. Post.*

From the National Journal.

Instances of longevity, most remarkable in its extent, are to be found in our country. We are informed of an individual now living near Lake Champlain, a German by birth, whose age is stated to be 133 years, being one of the life guards at the coronation of Queen Anne, and, at that time 18 years of age. According to this statement, he would be 141 years of age. In Charlotte county, Virginia, we also hear of a remarkable couple, Alexander Berkley and his wife, the former in his 113th, and the latter in her 107th year. This old man, a Scotchman by birth, served under the Duke of Marlborough, and emigrated, after the death of Queen Anne, to America. In all these instances, the individuals have been accustomed to the practice of abstemiousness; as much, perhaps, from necessity as inclination; but the fact itself whatever the cause or motive, leads to the inference, that the paucity of these instances of longevity, in our country, is to be attributed to the injurious indulgence of the animal appetite. Life requires but little to sustain it; and the more simple and limited our diet, the less are the digestive functions depressed and weakened, and the greater the activity of the bodily and mental powers. Gluttony brings in its train drowsiness, dyspepsia, apoplexy. Temperance is the parent of agility of body, elasticity of nerve, and clearness of perception. If there be in our earthly composition any spark of the fire of genius, intemperate eating and drinking will unquestionably stifle and extinguish it; while, on the contrary, temperance will cherish and extend it.

LADKAH SHEEP.—An English traveller, named Moorecroft, in Tartary, among other novelists which have attracted his attention in natural history, makes special mention of the Ladkah sheep. This animal he describes, when full grown, as being scarcely as large as an ordinary lamb of five month old; "yet in the fineness of its fleece, the flavour of its flesh, and the peculiarities of its constitution, it is said to be inferior to no race. It is as completely domiciliated as the British dog. In the night it shelters in a walled yard, or under its master's roof; in the day it feeds often on the surface of granite rocks, where cursory observation can scarcely discover a speck of vegetation. If permitted, it will pick up crumbs, drink salted or buttered tea or broth, or nibble a clean-picked bone. It gives two lambs, and is shorn twice in a year. Mr. M. has procured some of them to import into England. We believe our climate did not well suit the full-blooded merinoes. Suppose we procure some of these? By the account given, they would live luxuriantly amongst the most rocky and barren parts of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

In an account of the loss of the Spring Grove, a Whaling ship, which was lost on the coast of Africa, on the 23d of November last, part of the crew of which were delivered from captivity among the Arabs by that ornament of humanity, Mr. Wiltshire, the British Consul at Mogadore, the following paragraph occurs:

"A circumstance is stated by one of these rescued men, which is as follows:—He says that the Arab Chief in whose hands they fell, could speak a little English; and contrived to inform them, that some years ago, *an English ship was lost on the African coast*, that the crew reached the shore *to the number of three hundred men*, well armed; that his own tribe, consisting of five hundred men, attacked them, and were repulsed; that he solicited the assistance of a neighbouring tribe to renew the attack, with an additional force of four or five hundred men; that the British drove them back a second time, and were making good their retreat for some settlement of security, when they were a third time surrounded by a body of thirteen hundred; and that the British fought till three-fourths of their number fell, and the remainder were cut to pieces, after laying down their arms, and after killing 250 Arabs. The *name of the ship*, and the [exact] *time of the shipwreck*, are both unknown."

There is an appearance of connection between the circumstances above described, and an incident which, at the time, made an impression not yet effaced from our minds, the perception of which made the heart ache, and the nerves thrill, within us. Who, that ever knew them, has forgotton the gallant Blakely and his noble crew of the United States' Sloop of War Wasp, supposed to have been lost at sea, and never heard of since September, 1814? Is it not now highly probable that the Wasp was the vessel above described, lost on the African coast 'some years ago,' the crew of

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