

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS: Thursday, November 16, 1837.

CASTLE CROSER. (Continued.)

And by way of manœuvre, evolution or feint, boldly attacked works in every other direction, so that the besieged, unconscious of the design or military stratagem of the bandit, were convinced that the front barrier was secure, and therefore thought not of defending it; but their attention was directed to the points assailed, and again was the battle waged with renewed vigour, and many a bandit, and a follower of the Cross, fell; and now was Red Beard's voice heard still louder and more obstreperous than before, directing his men to destroy the Cross on the turrets of the castle, offering [On besieging Constantinople, the Sultan Mahomet, with a view to establish the Ottoman empire upon the gorgeous ruins of the Eastern Roman monarchy, excited his myrmidons to ravine by the most alluring promises, proclaiming that the lustre of his arms, and the splendour of his government of principal cities; as an additional and not less powerful incentive, he said he would resign to the prowess of so daring an adventurer the spoil, treasures of gold and beauty.] a command for such a service, next in grade to his own. So soon as the words escaped him, a thousand balls whirled and whizzed over the castle, but still the bright crucifix remained untouched—again and again was the attempt made to demolish it, but with no better success, not a shot so much as even grazed it; at which circumstance Red Beard uttered a volley of the most horrid and blasphemous oaths, saying that he would clamber to the top of the castle, and in defiance of all opposition hurl the odious bauble from the turret—he then redoubling his exertions to gain the castle walls or battlements, brandished his scimitar, threatening destruction to all who should oppose him. A messenger now came, apprising him that the mine was ready, he darted forward to the front barrier, and having ordered his men to retire, applied the match, which instead of hovering over igniting a train of powder communicating with that in the mine, was prevented doing so by the snow which melted as it fell, upon which Bandino, one of his captains, seized a torch and threw it, at the imminent peril of his life, into the mine, and which occasioned the dreadful explosion already mentioned, which was so violent that not only the castle but the adjacent ground shook as if visited by an earthquake; and never did aspect betray a more satanic grin than that which he displayed on springing the mine, which made an opening to the front entrance of the castle. He at the head of fifteen hundred of his most desperate comrades clambered over the immense piles of stones, mortar, and other rubbish, which lay scattered in promiscuous confusion, and which much impeded the onset he was about to make on the front entrance of the castle, said, come on, my brave boys, our watch word, you know, is "murder and booty," so that each shall have his full share who conducts this arm, at the same time raising his gigantic arm, to victory—just as these words were uttered a deadly fire from the terrace, in advance of the castle, levelled the foremost of the gang who were at the moment rushing on, stimulated by the offers of the great bandit, who roused to ungovernable rage by so warm and fatal a reception, swore vengeance against the besieged, who a second time levelled their pieces, and the outlaws again sustained a severe blow, they falling almost in every direction—the fury of Red Beard was now, if any thing, more insupportable, and with a spring, bounding on the ramparts, was about to seize, whom he then observed for the first time, leaning unconsciously over one of the balconies of the castle, a Hebe looking creature, in the full bloom of youthful or maidenly loveliness, when a sabre wound recused her from the touch of pollution, and occasioned his rebound to be rather more rapid than his ascent. The attention of the besieged, and the besiegers, was suddenly directed to another quarter—five of the plumed gang, who were on enterprises of a hazardous nature remarkable, continued without being perceived, during the din of cannon, drums, and other martial implements, to ascend the battlements, and were in the act of tearing from the turret, or tower, the Crosser, when a well directed fire from the nearest sentinels relieved it from their eager grasp—there was here a cessation of hostilities, the assailants finding the castle impregnable, with their then force, sounded a retreat, leaving on the field several hundred dead and wounded, the besieged only having lost three hundred and thirty. The Knight of the Burning Plume chagrined at the discomfiture that befel him, retired hastily, with his remaining followers, to his fastnesses, there to feast and revel, having previously challenged the Emerald Knight to single combat a wrenight after the siege of the castle, and for that purpose threw down his gauntlet [This implement of defiance is a large, strong glove, made to cover the arm, or hand, of a cavalier or knight, and the derivation from the French. The gauntlet is made of iron, and the fingers are plated. It was introduced in the thirteenth century, which the Emerald Knight took up in token of recognition or assent. The character of the Knight of the Burning Plume, which cannot be more appropriately described than in this place, is modelled on that of the notorious outlaw Josiah Phillips, whose very name even appals, whose barbarities excite a cold shivering horror, and causes the whole frame to shudder with a reminiscence of his more than demonic atrocities, whose dark, dismal deeds, as the leader, during the most gloomy period of our war of

the resolution, of a manning banditti, would, as that of the witches of Macbeth, was said to be a deed without a stain, owing to its villainess, so that it could not be divulged, except all attempts to put them in language sufficiently strong to retain the odious and distorted features of the Swedish original. Tradition through the vista we have examined this monster, represents Josiah as a loathing compound of all that is offensive to Heaven, and disgraceful to man. He has been depicted in Gorgon colours, as heading an infamous band of lawless robbers, at an era when the war was at its most perilous or disastrous stage. He glotted in his iniquity, and the most dreadful and execrating tortures for his victims were prepared. It would have been kindness—it would have been mercy—nay, it would have been charity to have surrendered them to the ravenous beaks of the desert, whether the hyena, the panther, the leopard, the lion or the tiger, for their treatment however ferocious would have been humane, for they would only a taste their appetite, to be practiced and unheard of cruelties of this abandoned outlaw. The powers of darkness would almost have envied him his dominion.—He was the declared and avowed—the resolutely determined enemy of the human race—the common foe of all mankind—the indiscriminate assassin. To sum up the whole, the enormity of his foul and midnight misdeeds was only stifled and crushed by that wholesome, unerring and retributive justice which invariably detects, overtakes, and punishes crime. Josiah Phillips, the outlaw, fell uncoloured by the edict of legal authority, and the fate of the Knight of the Burning Plume remains yet to be awarded.

Eudocia, and the rest of the ladies of the castle, who as well as Eudocia, owed their preservation and protection to the Knight of the Cross, were observers of the direful conflict that raged without, they occupying during the siege an apartment over the principal entrance of the castle, and heard the roaring of artillery, the clashing of sabres, the beating of drums, and "all the pomp and circumstance of war," with painful but sublime emotions, and the rocket's red glare" presented in its ascent a grand spectacle; they had from the casement of their chamber a distinct view of the engagement until the rupture was effected by the exploding of the mine, when they thought it prudent to retire within the apartment, where they underwent all the agony of suspense. (To be continued.)

THE FATE OF MRS. ALSTON. The following letters from the late Governor Alston, of South Carolina, to his father-in-law, Aaron Burr, are calculated to arouse the sympathy of all who recollect the most melancholy fate of his interesting daughter. Gov. Alston seems to have felt the sincerest affliction for his wife, and to have deplored her untimely fate with a deep and tender grief. Burr appears, also, to have been deeply afflicted by the death of his daughter—but he had schooled himself, by long practice, to conceal his emotions, and evinced, outwardly upon this, as upon most other trying incidents in his eventful life, the most stoical indifference.

From Joseph Alston to Col. Burr. COLUMBIA, January 10, 1813. To-morrow will be three weeks since, in obedience to your wishes, Theodosia left me. It is three weeks, and not yet one line from her. My mind is tortured. I wrote you on the 29th of the day before Theo. sailed, that on the next day she would embark in the pirate ship Patriot, a pilot boat built schooner, commanded by Capt. Overstocks, with an old New York pilot as sailing master. The vessel had dismissed her crew, and was returning home with her guns under deck. Her reputed swiftness in sailing inspired such confidence of a voyage of not more than five or six days, that the three weeks without a letter fills me with an unhappiness—a wretchedness I can neither describe nor conquer. Gracious God! Is my wife, too, taken from me? I do not know why I write, but I feel that I am miserable.

CHARLESTON, January 31, 1813. A call of business to this place for a few days occasioned your letter of the 20th not to be received till this morning. Not a moment is lost in replying to it. Yet when I write, you ask me to relieve your suspense. Alas! it was to you I looked for a similar relief. I have written you twice since my letter of December 29. I can add nothing to the information then given. I parted with our Theo. near the bar about noon on Thursday, the last of December. The wind was moderate and fair. She was in the pilot boat built schooner Patriot, Capt. Overstocks, with an experienced New York pilot, Coon, as sailing master. This vessel, the same which had been sent by government last summer in pursuit of Commodore Rodgers' squadron, had been selected as one which from her reputed excellence and swiftness in sailing, would ensure a passage of not more than five or six days. From that moment I have heard nothing of the schooner nor my wife. I have been the prey of feelings which you can only imagine. When I turned myself from the grave of my boy I deemed myself no longer vulnerable. Misfortune had no more a blow for me. I was wrong. It is true, I no longer feel, I never shall feel as I was wont; but I have been taught that there was still one being in whom I was inexpressibly interested. I have in vain endeavoured to build upon the hope of long passage. Thirty days are decisive. My wife is either captured or lost. What a destiny is mine! and I live under it, engage in my business, appear to the world as though all was tranquil, easy. 'Tis so but it cannot endure. A short time since, whose barbarities excite a cold shivering horror, and causes the whole frame to shudder with a reminiscence of his more than demonic atrocities, whose dark, dismal deeds, as the leader, during the most gloomy period of our war of

ing anxiety. Should you best night relative to the object of this our common solicitude, do not, I pray, forget me.

JOSEPH ALSTON. From Joseph Alston. February 25, 1813.

Your letter of the 10th, my friend, is received. This assurance of my fate was not wanting. Authentic accounts from Berrauda and Nassau, as late as January 30, confessed with your letter from New York of the 28th, had already forced upon me the dreadful conviction that we had no more to hope. Without this victim, too, the desolation would not have been complete. My boy—my wife—gone, both! This, then, is the end of all hope we have formed. You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last that bound us to the species. What have we left? In surviving the 30th of June, I thought I could meet all other afflictions with ease, yet I have staggered under this in a manner that I am glad had not received until February 9. The Oaks, for some months visited only at intervals, when the feelings of the world thought gone by were not to be controlled, was the asylum I sought. It was there, in the chamber of my wife, where every thing was disposed as usual; with the clothes, the books, the play things of my boy around me, that I sustained this second shock, doubled in a manner that I could not account for. My son seemed to have been reanimated, to have been restored to me, and to have just perished again with his mother. It was the loss of both pressing upon me at the same time.

Should it be my misfortune to live a century, the 30th of June and the 10th of February are so impressed upon my mind that they will always seem to have been just passed. I visited the grave of my boy. The little plans we had formed rushed upon my memory. Where now was the boy? The mother I cherished with so much pride! I felt like the very spirit of desolation. If it had not been for a kind of stupefaction and confusion of mind which followed, God knows how I should have borne it. Oh, my friend, if there be such a thing as a sublime of misery, it is for us that it has been reserved.

You are the only person in the world with whom I can commune on this subject; for you are the only person whose feelings can have any community with mine. You knew those we loved. With you, therefore, it will be no weakness to feel their loss. Here, none knew them; none valued them as they deserved. The talents of my boy, his rare elevation of character, his already extensive reputation for an early age, made his death regretted by the people of my family; but, though certain of the loss of my no less admirable wife, they seem to consider it like the loss of an ordinary woman. Alas! they know nothing of my heart. They never have known any thing of it. Yet, after all, he is a poor actor who cannot sustain his little hour upon the stage, be his part what it may. But the man who has been deemed worthy the heart of Theodosia Burr, and who has felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman's, will never forget its elevation.

JOSEPH ALSTON. This distressing correspondence between Col. Burr and Governor Alston was continued during the year 1813; but the unfortunate Theodosia was never again heard of, except in idle rumours and exaggerated tales of her capture and murder by pirates. These reports, it is believed are without foundation. The schooner on board which she had taken passage probably foundered, and every soul perished in a heavy gale which was experienced along our whole coast a few days after her departure from Georgetown.

•The day on which his son died.

NORFOLK, Nov. 11. The U. S. schooner Pilot left our harbour on Thursday morning, bound to Baltimore, to serve on that station as a Receiving Vessel, in place of the schooner Fox. The following is a list of her officers: John Manning, Lieut. Commanding. Peter U. Murphy, 1st Lieut. Wm. P. McArthur, Sailing Master. The great ship Pennsylvania will soon leave the Delaware for Norfolk. A correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette who has just visited her, says: Her dimensions have been heretofore described. Suffice it to say at this time, that her hull is 3000 tons, anchors 12,000 lbs., main yard 111 feet long, distance from head of mainmast to skysail truck 260 feet, and can mount 140 guns. With all this it is believed that she will be a very fast sailer, and is one of the finest ships now afloat in any navy.

BY THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS MAIL. We have New Orleans slips of 7th inst.—The Bulletin of that date has the following additional particulars relative to the late fatal steamboat disaster on the Mississippi: There have been divers contradictory rumours in regard to the circumstances attending the recent disastrous accident happening to the steamboat Monmouth. From Mr. Eastman, the senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Eastman and Brothers, of the city, by whom the Monmouth was owned, we learn the following particulars. Mr. Eastman was on board at the time of the accident, which occurred on the evening of the 31st October, and was consequently a spectator of all that occurred. He informs us that the Monmouth was chartered by the Alabama Emigrating Co., thro' the Agency of Col. W. A. Campbell, to transport the Creek Indians from New Orleans to Arkansas. On her passage up the Mississippi, when near the head of Prophet's Island, Mr. E. was stand-

ing on the foreward deck, amidst of the crew, and bearing the pilot of the Monmouth ring the bell, he immediately went forward and asked why the bell was rung? The pilot had scarcely replied, "don't you see," when at that moment the steamer came in contact with a ship with such violence, as to break in the bows of the Monmouth and causing her immediately to be filled with water. As soon as the ship passed by, the steamer was run ashore, and with such lines as could be procured, made fast.

Scarcely had she however reached the shore, when the hull sunk and the cabin floated down stream in two parts, on one of which Mr. Warren with several of the officers of the boat, and probably two hundred Indians. The steamboat Warren which was towing the ship immediately on the happening of the accident, rounded off and made for the portion of the wreck of which we have just spoken, and rendered every possible assistance in saving the lives and property of the Indians.

The Yazoo and John Nelson steamers which were also laden with Indians, were soon on the spot, rendering all the aid in their power. Mr. E. informs us that the night of the accident was dark with a drizzling rain, and that neither the ship nor the steamboat that had her in tow, were discovered by any person on the Monmouth, until the moment before the vessels came in contact. It having been stated in some of the published accounts that the accident occurred through the negligence and mismanagement of the officers of the Monmouth, and further, that she was an old boat, not well manned, &c. Such we are informed by Mr. E. is not the fact.

The boat was but little over 12 months old, well manned, all her officers were of experience, and knowing their duty, did not neglect it, and in fine, she ranked among the best boats on the river.

For ourselves we cannot deem it carelessness of an ordinary degree, to tow a ship in a dark night without lights on the river, and such we are informed was the fact.

There were on board the Monmouth 490 Indians, out of which number 234 were killed or drowned. Many of the survivors were badly injured. Several physicians, actuated by the best feelings of humanity, came from Bayou Sara, and administered to the poor unfortunate Indians.

A letter to the Editor of the New Orleans Bulletin states that the yellow fever had broken out at Opelousas, and had proved very fatal, the great bulk of its worthy citizens having fallen victims.

NEW YORK ELECTION. A slip from the office of the New York Mercantile Advertiser, says:— "Letters from the West and North, by yesterday morning's steam boat, bring intelligence that every county West of Cayuga Bridge, excepting Seneca, have returned Whig members. In the House of Assembly, we shall have 115 Whigs to 18 Van Buren. "In the Senate—12 Whigs to 20 Van Buren men."

The slip from the New York Express says— "Our Express from the West and the North brings in a confirmation of all our yesterday's returns, except the election of J. B. Van Schaick to the Senate, in the 3d district, which is rendered a little doubtful by a reported large majority for Livingston, (V. B.) in Delaware. "The Whigs have certainly elected 96 members to the House, making a gain thus far, of 65,—with the certainty of having 100 members, and probably 110."

There is one good that has arisen from the result of the New York election. It has forced out a development of the old party feeling, that, however it may have been smothered, has never been unquenched, and has produced a union of men, who, whatever may have been their professions, have never been the honest supporters of the principles and policy of Jackson's or Van Buren's administrations. We showed on Monday, that the leaders in the great glorification of the whig triumph in the city of New York, were all old federalists of the true Hartford Convention stamp—undulterated "blue light" Tories, who not only opposed the war at its inception, but to its conclusion placed every obstruction in the way of its successful termination, and traitorously sided with a foe, whom it dignified as the "bulwark of our holy religion," a "generous and a much injured nation," and to rejoice at our victories over whom, "was unbecomingly a moral and religious people!" These are the same men who stigmatized as "coddlers," and renegades to their party, those who contended for their country "right or wrong," and who were patriots enough to cast off the shackles of party, and to come out manfully for the defence of their native land against the aggressions of a powerful and aspiring enemy. It is these Northern federalists who are now rejoicing over the victory of the whigs, and into whose arms, their old associates of the "conservative" party have thrown themselves body and soul. It is this result that should be a gratification to our friends. It has proved the democratic party of its foul connections, and they now can go forward with vigor in organizing their forces and strengthening themselves with the assurance that in their defeat the Atlas has been purified and may the more permanently regain their wonted and healthful influence. That the ultimate consequence will be beneficial to our friends, we feel perfectly assured.—Globe Rep.

The Globe relates a curious affair which transpired during the federal session. Mr. Webster having, at the close of the session, on one day intimated an intention to speak on the next, a federal letter writer determined to make the most of it. While, therefore, he supposed Mr. Webster was making his speech, he employed

himself in writing a glowing account of it, which he forwarded by the Express Mail to Baltimore. The address of Mr. Webster in that city coincided with the address of the writer, until the arrival of the next cars, informed them that the bill had not been taken up, and that Mr. Webster did not speak at all!

HONEST CONFESSION. The Columbia Register, a Whig paper, in noticing the election of Mr. Bowman to the Legislature, makes the following acknowledgments:— "We are not disposed," says the Register, "to mislead our friends at a distance as to the Whig strength in this county; we are willing to admit that we should not have carried our candidate for the Legislature, had we not received assistance from the liberal and candid of the Van Buren party. The distasteful course and consequent unpopularity of Felty Best, contributed in a great measure to our success."

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From the Boston Advocate of Nov. 11. OFFICE HOLDERS CAUCUS. The Whigs held literally an office holders caucus last night. Mr. Webster, an office holder, presided and spoke, and Messrs. Bell of Tennessee, Graves and Underwood of Kentucky, and Hoffman and Curtis of New York, every one of them office holders from other States, harangued a Boston audience upon our State election.

We should all be pleased to hear and greet these distinguished gentlemen on a fitting occasion, but was it decorous in them to come here in a mere local election and seek to inflame the majority in this proscribing city, against a small minority, who will not be seen in their houses, from a whig mob, if the election is carried by as great a majority as in the State of 1834.

Mr. Bell spoke an hour and a half on the old topics against General Jackson. Mr. Graves spoke an hour upon bunting and proscription, the latter seeming to be a specialty cut at Governor Everett and the whigs, who proscribe every democrat in this State. Mr. Underwood was particularly severe on Mr. Webster and the old federalists, in speaking of the glorious victories achieved in the late war by Yankee sailors, which Mr. U. forgot it was a "dreadful and irretrievable" to rejoice in. Mr. Hoffman quoted Othello, and Goldsmith's Greece, and was too much exhausted with victory to speak. He said the head of repentant New York in the lap of federal Massachusetts! Mr. Curtis said he had a whig heart. The crowd was immense, nearly all parties being drawn by curiosity. Not one of our citizens said a word except Mr. Webster. The strangers were listened to with respect.

DUEL. We have heard that an affair of this character, which has been for some time in agitation between Mr. Drumgoole of Congress, and Mr. Dugger of Brunswick county, Va., was decided a few days since about six miles from Gaston, N. C. Mr. Dugger received the ball of his antagonist in his side, about three inches beneath the armpit. He is said to have been alive the next morning after the meeting which, it seems, took place in the afternoon.— Petersburg Intell.

BURNING OF THE PRAIRIES. The Illinois Register of the 8th October says, "on Saturday night for the first time this fall, the horizon in various directions was tinged with light, occasioned by the burning of the prairies at a distance. Similar appearances have been visible every night since." These are attributed to the burning by the occupants of land around their timber and fences, to secure them from the great conflagration which will follow in November.

A PLAIN ON FIRE. The country about Bonin Africa, was lately set on fire by the Kabyles, partly to fertilize the soil and partly to provide themselves with a stock of coal and dry wood. A letter from Bonn of the 1st of September describes the conflagration. The French army was obliged to remove its position to prevent the destruction of its stores and ammunition. Then followed a scene which is thus described:— "Fortunately, at about 6 o'clock the sirocco ceased, and a strong north west wind sprang up, by which the conflagration was driven back to the hills. (Without this providential interposition, all efforts to arrest the fiery torrent would have been in vain, and this calamity alone, by destroying a great part of the material for the expedition against Constantia, would probably have rendered that expedition impossible for the present year. The conflagration now rolling towards the mountains, threatened the huts of the Kabyles. With our telescopes we could see these barbarians, in their ragged robes and broad leathern aprons, fleeing over the heights. The men were laden with their worldly wealth, the women with their younger children. It was towards midnight that the spectacle of the fiery mountains became most magnificent. Immense columns of fire, driven along by the north wind, rose higher and higher towards the summit of the hills. The gloomy Atlas appeared to be stormed by a whole army of fiery giants. The wild beasts fled from crag to crag, and the howling of the panic-struck jackalls and hyenas could be distinctly heard in the town. Several hundred of white-headed vultures, driven from their eyries, flew screaming over the flames, while the appearance of the scattered Kabyles, sometimes toward the summit of a hill, and sometimes nearer to the plain, where the fury of the conflagration had wasted itself, added to the picturesque effect of his scene. The women with their long dishevelled hair, their blue-stained faces, and their long fluttering garments, standing out in bold relief from the murky glare of the mountain, appeared more in guard and

more spectral to the eye than before. "Towards one o'clock trees on the top of the whole western part converted into a charnel house up to the sky the smoke, and in the use of fire. In a few hours dark again, for the fire the wind, was descending the reach of our view, west, where a few ducorped with a parcel the Atlas appear to aspect."

Married, on Nov. Mr. Water Miss Mary S. County.

It is with me, I am sure, a great man, a J. WORTHINGTON this life on Tuesday after a protracted illness he died. No man was more a long life, the parent, neighborly, and his amiable family and acquaintances.

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