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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

The period was now approaching when we were to part company, the Gazelle for Jamaica, and the Midge for Havanah; and on such a day, having received my orders, we altered our course a point or two to the northward, and lost sight of the Commodore before the night fell.

Nothing particular occurred until we arrived within a couple of day's sail of Havanah, when we made out a sail lying becalmed right a head; we carried the breeze up to within half a mile of her when it failed us also, and there we both lay rolling on the glass-like swell of the great Bahama Channel, one of the hottest quarters of the globe in the greatest calm, that ever I was in. The heat was absolutely roasting. The vessel we had seen was a brig with bright sides which as we approached had hoisted a signal of distress at the misen peak the American ensign, with the stars down, and stripes uppermost. I immediately manned a boat, & pulled towards her, for apparently she had none of her own. As we neared her, the crew some six or eight hands were running about the deck and holding out their hands imploringly towards us, in a way that *I* could not account for. As we came closer, the master hailed us in a low husky voice. "For heaven's sake send some water, sir; we are perishing of thirst—water, sir, water if you please." I was now alongside, when three men absolutely *tumbled* over the brigs side into the boat, and began, before we could recover our surprise, to struggle who should first get his lips into the small puddle of dirty water in the bottom of it. Brackish as it must have been, it was drank up in a moment. The extremity of the poor fellows was evidently great, so I jumped on deck, and immediately sent back the boat for a breaker of water with order to pull for life and death.

Sailors have their virtues and vices like other men, but I am not arrogating when I say, that a scene like this, in all its appalling bearings, that misery, such as we saw before us, so peculiarly incidental to his own condition, would, were it from this cause alone, thrill to a sailor's heart, with a force unknown & undreamt of by any other human being. Dogvane, the old quarter master, had steered me on board. He now jumped up in the stern sheets, and cast off his jacket—"You Jabos, you limber villain," said he to a slight boy who pulled the foremost oar, "come off the bow and take the tiller, will ye? and mind ye steer steady. Shift forward, my hearties, and give me the stroke oar." The boats crew at this hint tore their hats off, with a chance of a stroke of the sun before their eyes, and threw them to the bottom of the boat, stripped up their frock sleeves to their armpits, undid the ribbons that fastened their frock collars, new fitted their stretchers, and wetting the palms of their hands, feathered their oars, and waited for the word. "Now mind your strain, my lads," again sung out old Dogvane, "until the boat gathers way—no springing of the ash staves, do you hear? Give way now." The boat started off like an arrow—the oars groaned and cheeped, the water buzzed away into a long snow white frothy wake, and in no time she was alongside the felucca, on whose deck, in his red hot haste, Dogvane first tippled down on his nose, and then bounded down the main hatchway; in another moment a small cask, ready slung, slowly ascended, and was rolled across the deck in the boat. But this was not all; the Midges on board the felucca were instantly all astir, and buzzing about a devil of a rate—out sweeps was the word, and there was the little vessel torn along the shining surface of the calm sea, right in the wake of the boat, by twelve long dark sweeps, looking for all the world, in the distance, like a beetle chasing a fly across a polished mirror, blazing with intolerable radiance under the noon day sun.

It appeared that, first of all, the brig had been a long time baffled in the Horse latitudes, which ran their supply of water short, and, latterly, they had lain ten days becalmed where we found them Several days before we fell in with them, they had sent away the boat with three hands to try and reach the shore, and bring back a supply, but they had never returned, having in all likelihood either perished from thirst before they got to land, or missed the brig on their way back. No soul on board, neither captain nor crew, had cooled his parched tongue for eight and forty hours before we boarded them—*this in such a climate!*

There was not only no water, but not a drop of liquid unconsumed of any kind or description whatsoever, but some new rum, which the men had freely made use of at first, until two of them died raving mad in consequence. When I got on board the cask was lying on the top, and perishing as they were, not one of them could swallow a drop of it if they tried; they said it was like taking molten lead into their mouths, at any time when driven, by the fierceness of their sufferings to attempt to assuage their thirst with it. I had not been five minutes on board, when the captain seemed to go mad alogether.

"My poor wife, sir—oh; God, she is dying in the cabin, sir—she may be dead—she must be dead—but I dare not go below to look at her. Oh, as you hope for mercy at your dying day, hail your people to make haste, sir—half an hour may be too late"—and the poor fellow dashed himself down on the deck, writhing about like a crushed reptile, in a paroxysm of the most intense agony while the men, who were all clustered half naked in the bows, with wet blankets on their shoulders, in the hope that nature would in this way absorb some moisture, and thus alleviate their sufferings, were peering out with their feverish and blood-shot eyes; and wan faces, at the felucca, watching every motion on board with the most breathless anxiety.

"There, there—is the cask on the deck—they are lowering it into the boat—they have shoved off—oh, great God in Heaven, we shall be saved after all"—and the poor fellows raised a faint hurrah, and closed in on me, some shaking my hands, others dropping on their knees to bless me, while one poor creature lay choking on the hard deck in a fit of hysterical laughter, as if he had been a weakly woman.

The boat could not possibly be back under ten minutes: so I went below into the cabin, and never did I behold such a heart rending sight. The small table that stood in the centre had been removed, & there stretched on a coarse wet blanket, lay a half naked female—pale and emaciated—her long hair dishevelled and hanging over her face, and down her neck, in wet clotted strands with a poor miserable infant pulling & muzzling at her wasted breast, while a black woman, herself evidently, deep sunk in the same suffering, was sprinkling salt water from a pail on the unhappy creature and her child.

"Oh, massa," cried the faithful negress—"oh, massa, gives misses some water, or him dead—I strong, can last some time yet—but poor misses"—and here she sobbed, as if her heart would have burst, but the fountains of her tears were dried up. The white female was unable to raise her head—she lay moaning on the deck, and mumbling audibly with her dry and shrunken lips, as if they had been ossified, but she could not speak.

'Keep a good heart, madam,' said I—'I have sent on board for water—it will be here in a minute'—She looked doubtingly at me, and clasped her hands together above her child's head, and seemed to pray. I ran on deck—the boat in an incredibly short time, was along-side again, with the perspiration pouring down the flushed faces and muscular necks of the kind hearted fellows in her—their duck clothing as wet and dank as a boat sail in a race.

'Now, Dogvane—hand up the beaker—quick, man, quick. My order was unnecessary, it was on deck in an instant; and before *I* could turn round the men of the brig made a rush aft, in a vain attempt to carry it forward, but they had not the strength of children. We easily shoved them aside as it was necessary they should not get waterlogged by a two free use of it at first. Now, Dogvane, mind what I tell you make that small tub there full five water grog—no stronger mind—and serve out a pint to each of those poor fellows, and not a drop more at present.' I seized a cup full of the first of it, and ran below. 'Here,' said *I*, to the black servant—'here take a mouthful yourself, and then give some to your mistress.'—She shook her head and made as if she would have helped her mistress first, but the selfishness, occasioned by the grinding force of her own misery, conquered the poor creature's resolution; and dashing, rather than carrying the glass to her mouth, she ravenously swallowed the whole contents in a second and fell flat on the deck with a wild laugh.

'Oh, massa. I can't help it—nobody love misses like Juba, but could not help it for the life blood of me massa captain. Oh, my eye my eye like cinder—like red hot bullet dem is massa—oh, for one tear, one leetle tear—oh, dere come one tear—but God, God his is hot as boiling rum, and salt—ah, ah, ah,'—and the poor creature sprawled about the deck in the utmost distress.

The master of the vessel had by this time entered, and lifted up his wife into a sitting position; and there she sat with her parch mouth all agape, and the black fur on her tongue, and with glazed and half shut eyes; her pinched features, and death like complexion, evincing fearfully her tremendous sufferings

He poured some water into her mouth but she could not swallow it; he tried again, and from the gurgling noise in her throat, I thought she was suffocating, especially as I noticed, that as if conscious she was departing she clutched her poor wasted baby to her shrunk bosom with all the strength she possessed. But she had swallowed a little and this revived her; and after several other trials, the poor fellow had the happiness to see his wife snatched from the jaws of death and able to sit up by herself with her back against the locker. She now began to moan heavily, and to rock herself to and fro over her helpless, all but dead infant, as it lay struggling faintly & crying with its small imploring voice, on her knee at length she acquired sufficient strength to gasp out "God bless you, sir—God bless you—you have saved my child, and all of us—God bless you,"—and then resumed her moaning as if she was suffering something that she herself could not describe.

I sent on board for more water, and spared some tea and other small luxuries to the poor people, and that same evening, as the setting sun was dropping into the water, under a canopy of glorious clouds, beneath which the calm sea glowed like molten gold, gradually melting into gorgeous purple, I saw a small dark ripple ruffling the mirror-like surface of the sleeping waters in the east, and gradually steal down towards where we lay becalmed, until I felt a light zephyr-like air on the palm of my wet hand as I held it up. Presently as the grey cat's paws became darker, and fluttered down stronger & nearer to us, and were again withdrawn, & shifted about, shooting out and shortening like streamers. Mr. Peake sung out, "There, there's the breeze at last, sir, there, there;" and the small smoothing canals that divided the blue shreds of ripples, gradually narrowed, and the latter increased and came down stronger, until the whole sea to windward was roughened into small dark waves, that increased as the night fell, until both the Midge and the brig were buzzing along on the course to Havana, before a six knot breeze.

The next evening we were under the Moro Castle, where we anchored; and at day light on the following morning we ran in through the narrow entrance, and under the tremendous forts that crown its high banks on each side, and anchored before the magnificent city, this Tyre of the West, while its batteries and bastions, with the grining cannon peering through the numberless embrazures and through spires and towers, and the highest of the houses, and the masts and dying sails of the numberless vessels, and their gay flags, British, American, French, Spanish, and of almost every country in the world, were glancing bright and fresh in early sunbeams.

Morrison's Pills—Manslaughter.—We copied from an English paper, a short time since, a notice of the trial for manslaughter of Joseph Webb, in administering *Morrison's Pills* to a person afflicted with small pox, which caused his death. We have now before us a full report of the trial, from which we gather the following particulars.—*Phil. Gaz.*

Webb, it appears, was the agent in the city of York, for the sale of Morrison's pills. An apprentice named Richardson, living in the family of a relative, was taken sick with the small pox, to whom Webb administered pills, in large quantities No medical man was in attendance, and the patient grew worse daily, and on the fifth day died. A post-mortem examination was held, soon after, by three physicans, and they concurred in stating that the deceased died of the small-pox, but that his death was greatly accelerated by the treatment he received. Webb was then indicted for manslaughter, and on his trial evidence was adduced to show the nature of the ingredients of the pills. Mr. W. West, a chemist, testified as follows:—

I received the two boxes of pills on Saturday, the 5th of July. They were marked No. 1 and 2. I analysed the pills, and found that aloes, colycinth, gambouge, and cream of tarter, formed the principal ingredients. There seem also to be a small portion of ginger, and in No. 2, I thought I could smell a little senna, but *I* had no other evidence I could depend upon. In No. 1 the average weight was 2½ grains—namely, of aloes and colycinth one grain, of gambouge half a grain. The ginger was in too small a quantity to affect the weight. In No. 2 the average weight was three grains—of aloes and colycinth one grain, of gambouge one and a half grain, and of cream of tarter half a grain—the ginger as in No 1.

In cross examination, the witness stated that he submitted about 15 pills to different experiments, and that he most depended on those he made upon two pills of each number. He first dissolved the pills in alcohol, and he noticed that yellow colour was quickly exhibited, and he concluded that this colour arose from the presence of either gambouge, turmoric, or rhubarb, but in submitting to various tests, he was satisfied that gambouge was the ingredient denoted.

Several physicians testified that aloes and gambouge were injurious purgatives in the small pox.

The prisoner, in his defence, said that he had been induced to try the efficacy of Morrison's pills upon several members of his own family and himself, for various complaints, and that in every instance they had proved successful in effecting cures. That about four years ago, he had been advised to become agent for the sale of the pills, and many cases were instanced by him of the benefits he had been the means of conferring upon many of his fellow creatures. He said that while the cholera was raging in York, the deceased had been attacked by it, and had applied to him for Morrison's pills, and his recovery was produced by the medicine. In consequence of this he attended upon him during his late illness, and, after referring to the opinions given of the boy's death, he went on to declare his anxiety to give him all the aid he could, and that he acted conscientiously throughout from such motives.

The Counsel for the prosecution here interrupted the examination, and contended that no proof was before them that the pills alluded to by the witness and those which had been given to the deceased, were of the same description.

A Clerk from the Stamp Office, London, was then called, to prove that stamps for No. 1 and 2 boxes were only supplied by the Stamp-Office to Mr. Morrison, and that the boxes produced in Court have the only kind of stamp issued for Mr. Morrison's pills.

Mr. John Morrison, of Gray's inn, son to Mr. Morrison was next called, but he could not speak from any direct knowledge of the kind of pills that were issued.—He said he had taken thirty pills a day for three months successively, and never felt any bad effects.

Mr. Moat of London, was next called. He said he was the partner of Mr. Morrison, and that only two kinds, marked Nos. 1 and 2, were manufactured by them. The witness said the pills were all mixed by himself, except occasionally some by Mr. Morrison. In a 2s 9d box there were about 80 pills.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dundas—What are the pills composed of?

The witness inquired whether he was bound to answer the question.

After some remarks from Mr. POLLOCK and the learned JUDGE, *Mr.* MUNDAS asked the witness whether there was any gamboge in the pills? and his Lordship having told him that he must answer that question, the witness stated that there was.

The cause was submitted to the jury, who, after a short consultation, found a verdict of *guilty*, but recommended the prisoner to mercy.

ÆRIAL VOYAGE.

Mr. Mills' Letter to the editor of the U. States Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA, 16th Sept 1834.

Sir: At half past four o'clock, on one of the finest afternoons I have ever seen, I set off in my balloon from the yard in Broad street. Having made the gas with an unusual material, (zinc) and having previously mixed and cooled the sulphuric acid and water, I could not exactly estimate the time necessary to inflate, and did not, therefore, entirely fill the balloon. This was the less necessary, as, from the settled and calm state of the weather, I could not expect to be carried to any great distance by the wind At the appointed time exactly, having sufficient ascending power for the occasion, I rose, the barometer standing at 30.2, and the thermometer at 80 degrees. The stillness of the air enabled me to rise almost vertically, so that, before I left the region of the city, I had reached a height which gave me a view of it, like that in a small map. The regularity of the streets, lined with people, the crowded house tops, and the vast concourse around the inclosure, the noise of carts and the shouts of the multitude, produced altogether, an effect which must be observed, to be properly appreciated. My course, at first, was nearly north, slightly inclined to the east. Then a current of air, from the eastward, propelled me gently to the west, so that my course lay a few hundred yards north of the New Prison. The view of the Schuylkill, its boats, ships, bridges and water works, always beautiful, looked magnificent from so great an elevation. Altogether it is difficult to imagine any thing finer than Philadelphia, seen from a great height; its regularity, its extent and its two rivers, give a remarkable diversity to the scene, and causes one to regret that the observer must be carried away from it.

After crossing the Schuylkill, the air became, at so great a height, very keen and piercing, and made me regret the want of a good warm great-coat. The thermometer fell to 31 degrees, making a difference of temperature of 49 degrees in the course of little more than an hour. At the same time my respiration was uncomfortable, and a head ache completed the inconvenience of my situation.

I had, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing, from a balloon, a bright sunset; and of looking at the sun after his rays no longer reached the dark looking earth beneath me. The eye, at this height, suffers more, from observing the setting sun, than it does below; or perhaps my headache may have caused me to notice a difference, which seemed remarkable.

Warned by the increasing obscurity of the world below, I began to descend; and at six o'clock and 20 minutes, reached the earth in a fine green field, near the Spread Eagle, on the Lancaster turnpike, 16 miles from Philadelphia. As I descended very slowly, two young gentlemen, and Dr. Matlack, of Philadelphia, came to my assistance; and laying hold of the car, in which I remained, towed me about a quarter of a mile to the tavern, where I alighted; balloon and passenger, safe and sound. Before discharging the gas, several ladies got successively into the car, and were let up as far as the anchor rope would permit. The gas was let out, and the balloon folded. In doing this, a cricket was unfortunately included, and having to cut his way out, he made the only break in the balloon which occurred on this expedition.

Mr. Horne, of the Spread Eagle, treated me with great kindness; and Dr. Matlack politely offered me a conveyance to the city, which I reached at one this morning.

Below, you have a table of Barometric and Thermometric observations. I may add, that at a barometric height of 18.6, I opened an exhausted bottle and enclosed some air Another was opened and closed at 17.5. The thermometer was then at the freezing point exactly. These bottles have been since tried by a barometer guage, and verify the report of the barometric altitude.

Disappointed in my hopes of a brisk wind, I shall make another ascension soon, that I may see how far a balloon can be made to travel.

Very respectfully, yours,
JAMES MILLS.

An Indian Horse.—From the last number of the graphic "Indian Sketches," published in the New York American, we extract the following:

'In the mean time those of the Indians who had promised horses in the first day of our meeting, now brought them up. A young Indian first came forward and led up a bright, jet black mare—after him followed another, holding in his hand a long Buffalo tug, or halter, which restrained the wild motions of a two year old colt; his colour was a snowy white, here and there broken with spots of brown He had been wild in the prairies but a few weeks before He was a slave, but he had never been mounted, his back had never bent to a burden; they led him up in his own native wildness—his tail stood out—his ears were pricked up—his eyes starting—his nostils expanded—and every hair of his long mane seemed almost erect with an undefinable feeling of terror. At one moment he dashed swiftly round at the full stretch of the long tug which secured him—then pausing and shaking his long mane over his head, he fixed the gaze of his almost bursting eyes upon his captor. Then raising his head, and casting a long, lingering, and almost despairing gaze upon the hills of the prairie, which till then had been his home, he made a desperate leap forward, dragging to the ground the *I*ndian who held the end of his halter, but others rushed to his assistance and held him in. The crowd then attempted to close round him; but he reared upon his hind legs and kept them at bay with the rapid and powerful blows of his fore feet.

"At length a young Indian, who was standing near, threw off his robe: he crept cautiously towards the animal from behind, and then with a sudden leap he bounded upon his back, and seized the tug which was secured in his mouth. Before this the efforts of the animal had been violent; but when he felt the burden upon his back—when he felt the curbing hand of his rider, he sent up a shrill and almost frantic scream; his form bounded in the air like that of the active wild cat; he reared, he plunged, but in vain—his rider was a master hand, and retained his seat as unmoved as if he had constituted a part of the animal itself; he curbed him in, he lashed him with his heavy whip until he crouched like a dog upon the prairie; his spirit was crushed, and the last spark of freedom was extinguished. Shortly after, one of the hunters came up and tied a pack upon his back; he made no resistance, and they led him off with the rest to finish his days in drudgery and toil."

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

Debate in the House of Delegates, Feb 16, 1834, on the Bill to incorporate "The People's Gas Light Company of Baltimore."

Mr. SPENCER,* of Talbot county, rose and addressed the House at considerable length —He said the bill now before the House, originated in a combination of what was called "*The Workingmen*" of Baltimore—against whom, as a political party, he proceeded to utter some very severe remarks—charging them with designs of uprooting all the existing institutions of the country—referred to their threatening the Rail Roads, Planing Machines, &c. and introducing chaos and confusion into Society. He intimated, distinctly, that this influence had already found its way into the Council Chamber, and mixed with the Executive Department of the Government, where it had developed its operations by displacing two of the most unexceptionable members of the Board of Directors of the Maryland Penitentiary, in order to gratify members of a party whose measures went to *disgrace* both the city and the State. Mr. S. concluded by earnestly calling upon all those who agreed with him in deprecating the influence of such a party in Maryland, to resist its encroachments.

Mr. CARTER, of Montgomery, was sorry that the person who sometimes reported the remarks of gentlemen upon that floor, was not at his desk, that the observations of the gentleman from Talbot, in relation to the Workingmen of Baltimore, might have gone to the public in his own language, and be duly appreciated.

For his own part, Mr. C. was glad the gentleman had thus openly announced his views in relation to the Workingmen's party, and that he had chosen to make even this question a party question. Let it be so understood and decided accordingly. The gentleman has drawn his line already, and plainly enough—we all recognize it, sir—we shall see then by the vote, how members stand in relation to this daring interference, which the Workingmen have presumed to attempt in political concerns. We shall see who are the friends and who are the enemies of this deserving class of our community—who it is that would proscribe them from due influence in society, and who it is that denounces them as a *faction*, disposed to uproot and overturn all the institutions of society.

Mr. JONES, of Baltimore city, said, the remarks which had fallen from the gentleman from Talbot, (Mr. Spencer,) rendered it necessary that he should again obtrude himself upon the attention of the House. He felt the peculiarity of the situation in which he was placed, and believed he should be wanting in duty to himself as well as his constituents, if he suffered the charges and insinuations made by the gentleman, against the working men of Baltimore, to pass by unnoticed. The latitude allowed others in the discussion, he hoped might be extended to him; and if, in repelling the charges brought against the party, to which he had the honor of being attached, and whose humble representative he was, he might step beyond the bounds usually allowed by the rules of the House, he trusted that he would be excused. He did not expect, when he took his seat as a member of the Legislature, that he should have to defend his constituents against charges like those brought by the gentleman from Talbot; but he would not shrink from the task—confident that he could on no occasion have a more honorable duty to perform, certainly none more pleasing. He knew the men he had to defend, and that their character for high mindedness—genuine patriotism, and sacred love of liberty would furnish to the world undeniable evidence, that to their hands might with all safety be committed, the protection of the rights of the people and the destinies of their country. With little of wealth to advance them in life or to purchase the privileges conferred on it in other countries, the working-men of Baltimore felt that the security of their own inalienable rights, depended on the purity of our republican institutions, and the supremacy of the laws, and they would ever stand forward as their champions and defenders. The advocates of "equal rights and equal laws," they are unwilling that any man, however humble his situation in life may be, should be denied privileges which were granted to others—they hold the doctrine to be true, "that all men are created free and equal" and that the humblest citizen of our land may freely claim and is entitled to receive the respectful attention of the representatives of the people to any petition he might prefer.

Thus glancing, Mr. Speaker, at the character and principles of the working-men of Baltimore, Mr. J. thought it could not but strike every one who heard him, that they were most wrongfully calumniated and abused. He envied not, he would remark, the exalted station which the gentleman from Talbot thought he

*Leader of the Jackson party in the House of Delegates, and contractor for carrying the mails on the Eastern Shore.

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