

Foreign Intelligence.

LATER FROM FRANCE.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Our news sheet, Eclipse, boarded Wednesday night, at nine o'clock, the Havre packet ship Havre, Captain Stoddard, but owing to head winds, was unable to reach the city before seven o'clock yesterday morning. She brings us Havre dates of the 7th and Paris of the 6th May.

We translate from a Havre paper a statement of the unfortunate event said to have occurred on firing a salute by the ship United States, at Toulon.—Courier and Enquirer.

HAVRE, May 7th.—We received from Toulon under date of the 1st instant, the account of so extraordinary a circumstance that notwithstanding the positive terms in which it is stated, we dare not give publicity to it without expressing our doubts of its truth.

The following is the language in which the event in question is related to us by a person who was on the spot. But we again repeat, the affair appears to us so unexplainable, that we advise our readers to withhold their belief from it as we do until more ample information.

TOULON, 1st May, 1834.

A tragic event has occurred here on the anniversary of St. Philip. I have already informed you that there were two American frigates in the roads of Toulon, the Constellation and the United States. The latter, which arrived here three days ago, in saluting our vessels in the roads, fired with ball on the Suffren ship of the line, and killed or wounded seven men.

It was on the midday salute. One ball entered a port hole of the Suffren, broke the camboose of the first cook at the moment he was distributing provisions, cut one sailor in two, mortally wounded two more, and wounded in a great or less degree four others. One of the sailors died immediately; another, whose abdomen was partly carried away, expired in the hospital a few hours afterwards; a third, whose thigh is broke, will be operated upon this day.

The commander of the Suffren was on shore when this unfortunate event occurred. He hastened on board with Admiral Mascidon de Clerval, commanding the Roadstead. A Lieutenant and Midshipman from the American frigate United States, came on board the French Admiral, to tender their excuses, which were rather badly received by our sailors in sight of the dead bodies of their comrades. Another bullet from the frigate struck another of our vessels in quarantine. The redoubt on the large tower has also been injured. There must thus have been many of the guns loaded with ball—nine have been counted which have done some damage.

Some parties were on shore, which were immediately compelled to put off for fear of collision between our sailors and the Americans. The pinnace station has been reinforced by a picket of gendarmes and troops of the line, to avoid all further disasters. Some Americans were on shore. The Consul, M. Truchet, accompanied them on board in person, to avoid all disturbance.

The editor of le Journal du Havre, from which we copy the above, again cautions the public from placing full faith in all the details. He justly observes that it is impossible to believe that in firing a salute a number of guns should be loaded with ball by mistake.

From the Louisiana Register.

An effectual cure for the bite of a Snake.—Last summer a black man in Frederick county was bit on the finger in the corn-house about dark by a snake, supposed to be a copper head, from the circumstance that one was killed the next day under the house. Immediately his arm swelled to twice its ordinary size. I applied first the breast of a chicken cut open, next a large vial of whiskey, to the wound. We also bathed the arm and hand frequently during the night and the next day until 10 o'clock with salt water, without any visible abatement of the swelling. At that time a physician arrived, and immediately sent for the root of the yellow poplar tree, (more properly called the American tulip tree,) he had a strong decoction made of the bark, washed the swelled part of it frequently, gave the patient half a pint every half hour and applied the bruised bark which was boiled, as a poultice. The relief was almost instantaneous, the swelling soon subsided, and the pain which was very excruciating, in a short time ceased altogether. The doctor assured me that had it not been for the administration of this simple remedy, the man could not have lived many hours, and I am convinced from what I saw that had it been applied in the first instance, the suffering would have been very light. I wish this remedy to be generally known, it may save the lives of hundreds.

JAS. JOHNSON.

Manner of Making Castor Oil very palatable to Children. Take the quantity of oil you purpose for the dose, and boil it for a few minutes in an equal quantity of milk; then sweeten it with a little sugar. When the mixture has cooled, stir it well, and give it to the child. There will be no necessity of giving the child any thing to drink after taking the mixture, for the taste of it is more pleasant than any drink you can give.

Physiological.—Some celebrated Physiologists have lately expressed an opinion that intense agony is felt after decollation, in both the head and body, and have performed a variety of experiments in order to ascertain the fact. They have satisfactorily settled in their own minds—

1. That after the decapitation, pain is prolonged for some time. 2. That the head retains feeling nearly until the extinction of vital heat. 3. That death by the Guillotine is one of the most painful known.

If these philosophers err not, a person can derive but little satisfaction from the prospect of being Guillotined. But for the criminals condemned to decapitation, though unfortunately for the theorists, a case lately occurred in Ticonderoga, N. Y. which settles the question as far as the body is concerned, and proves that no sensation whatever can exist in the body, after its connexion with the brain is dissolved. That case is a curious one, and we give it as related in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

"F. D. aged 50, a man of hale constitution and robust, in making an effort to scale a board fence, was suddenly precipitated backwards to the ground; striking first upon the superior and inferior portion of the head, which luxated the dentatus anterior on the third cervical vertebra. He was at length discovered, and taken in (as the patient said) after he had lain nearly an hour, in a condition perfectly bereft of voluntary motion; but being present, I did not even suspect that the power of sensation was also gone until the patient (whose speech remained almost or quite perfect, and who was uncommonly loquacious at that time,) said, did he not know to the contrary, he should think he had no body. His flesh was then punctured, and sometimes deeply; even from the feet to the neck; but the patient gave no evidence of feeling, and when interrogated, answered that he felt nothing; "and," added he, "I never was more free from pain in my life," but he remarked that he could not live, and accordingly sent for his family, twelve miles distant, and arranged all his concerns in a perfectly sane manner.

The head was thrown back in such a position as to forbid his seeing his body. The pulse was much more sluggish than natural. Respiration and speech but slightly affected, but were gradually failing; but he could articulate distinctly until within a few minutes before his death. All the senses of the head remained quite perfect to the last. He died forty eight hours after his fall.

Repeated attempts were made to reduce the dislocation, but the transverse process had become so interlocked, that every effort proved abortive. There was, undoubtedly, in this case, a perfect compression of the spinal marrow, which prevented the egress of nervous influence from the brain, while the pneumatic-gastric nerve remained unobscured.—Boston Med. Jour.

A Country Cousin.—A short time since a Mr. Bligh, a respectable hair dresser in a market town in Essex, came from thence on a visit to his relations in London. During his stay in the metropolis, a party was made up to go to Vauxhall. Accordingly, on the evening appointed for their visit to the gardens, one of the party, who was a wag, wrote in legible characters on foolscap paper, "That's Mr. Bligh the Barber!" and placed it, unperceived, on the back of the coat of Mr. Bligh. When they arrived in Vauxhall Gardens, Mr. Bligh was delighted with the magnificence of the illuminations and the splendor of the company, &c. However, in their promencing round the gardens, the company, as they passed Mr. Bligh's party, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same time calling out in a loud tone, "That's Mr. Bligh the Barber!" and almost every person that passed them repeated the expression, and in the like manner laughed out, upon which Mr. Bligh spoke to his relation, and said, "Why cousin I think every body knows me here, as almost every one of the company seems to have got my name." "Very likely," replied his relation, "many of them have been shaved at your shop; at all events, from the salutations you have received from all ranks, you appear to be known from the duke to the mechanic, and from the duchess to the chambermaid." On their leaving the gardens a burst of laughter attended their departure. On Mr. Bligh's getting into the coach, Jarvis, who happened to be "wide awake," said to a waterman, when he gave his brown, "I say, Bob, do you think I've got Mr. Bligh the Barber, in my coach." During their ride home the frolic was explained and the whole party joined in the laugh, not excepting Mr. Bligh the Barber. English Paper.

A correspondent of the Mohawk Courier, says—"A few weeks ago, a lad of this town, finding in the woods a nest of very fine young foxes, took them home and placed them in the nursing care of a cat, who had lately lost her kittens. Puss forthwith adopted the new comers, and has ever since evinced a fondness for them, fully equal with that she was wont to exhibit towards her feline brood—always devoting to them the frosts of her mousing excursions, which the little Reynards as regularly devoured, till they have at length become completely domesticated, and of very respectable size."

Cause of Cholera.—Proust, in his Bridge-water Treatise, says, that he had for some years been occupied in investigations regarding the atmosphere; and for more than six weeks previously to the appearance of cholera in London, had almost every day been engaged in endeavouring to determine, with the utmost possible accuracy, the weight of a given quantity of air, under precisely the same circumstances, of temperature and pressure. On a particular day, the 9th of February, 1833, the weight of the air suddenly appeared to rise above the usual standard. As the rise was at the time supposed to be the result of some accidental error, or of some derangement in the apparatus employed, in order to discover its cause, the succeeding observations were made with the most rigid scrutiny. But no error or derangement whatever could be detected. On the days immediately following the weight of the air continued above the standard; though not quite so high as on the 9th of February, when the change was first noticed. The air retained its augmented weight during the whole time these experiments were carried on, namely, about six weeks longer. The increase of the weight of the air observed in the experiments was such as not to allow of an error, at least to an amount so great as the additional weight, without the cause of that error having become apparent. There seems, therefore, to be only one mode of rationally explaining this increased weight of the air at London in February, 1832; which is, by admitting the diffusion of some gaseous body through the air of the city, considerably heavier than the air it displaced. About the 9th of February, the wind in London, which had previously been west, veered round to the east, and remained pretty steadily in that quarter till the end of that month.—Now precisely on the change of the wind the first cases of epidemic cholera were reported in London; and from that time the disease continued to spread. That the epidemic cholera was the effect of the peculiar condition of the atmosphere, is more, perhaps, than can be safely maintained; but reasons which have been advanced elsewhere lead the writer of this treatise to believe that the virulent disease, termed cholera, was owing to the same matter that produced the additional weight of air. The statement of these reasons here would be quite out of place; it is enough to say, that they are principally founded on remarkable changes in certain secretions of the human body, which during the prevalence of the epidemic were observed to be the almost universal; and that analogous changes have been observed in the same secretions of those who had been much exposed to what has been termed malaria.—The foreign body, therefore that was diffused through the atmosphere of London, in February, 1832, was probably a variety of malaria.

Sleep Walking.—A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlunations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night, and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awaking he recollected nothing of what passed during the night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock on one occasion rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retreating, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

A Mouthful.—Mr. S. Coleman, of No. 20 Division street, had a very valuable small gold French watch stolen from him on Tuesday; and suspicion falling upon a Spaniard named Baretta, who slept in the same room with Mr. C., an officer was sent for, and Baretta was searched, together with his trunks, which operation lasted about an hour, which he cheerfully submitted to. During all this time he was not out of Sparks's (the officer's) sight. Nothing being found to justify suspicion, Sparks was about leaving the room, and the Spaniard very politely opened the door to let him out, when just as he was passing Baretta, he fancied he heard a ticking, and turning suddenly round, he looked the Spaniard full in the face, and observing something suspicious in the shape of his mouth, he pulled open his jaws, and there discovered the watch. Baretta stands committed. N. Y. Tribune.

PETERSBURG, JUNE 13.—Distressing Casualty.—We are called on to discharge the painful duty of recording the demise of a young and highly esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Paul Hurt, brother of Mr. James M. and Mr. Cranch T. Hurt, Merchants of this town. In company with several of his young friends and associates, he repaired on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst., to the rear of Noah Island, for the purpose of bathing. Shortly after entering the water, the party separated; one of the most expert swimmers, taking the current of the river, without regarding the movements of his comrades. After proceeding about three hundred yards, he was arrested by the cry, that "Mr. Hurt was drowning," and before he could reach the spot, the ill-fated young man had sunk to rise no more. His body was recovered two hours afterward, and every effort made to restore life, but the vital spark had fled beyond recall. Mr. Hurt was about 21 years of age; has resided in Petersburg several years, during which period, his correct and amiable deportment, won for him the esteem and confidence of a large circle of acquaintances; who deeply sympathise with his relatives, in their afflictive loss. This adds another to the many melancholy warnings we have had, "That in the midst of life, we are in death."—Constellation.

In one of the cabins of the Steam-boat Trenton, there is hung up a tin sign having the following inscription—Gentlemen are not permitted to lie down in this cabin.

A few days since, while the Trenton was on her passage from Philadelphia to New-York, a tall gentleman, evidently a Kentuckian, was observed walking fore and aft the cabin, his arms folded up and apparently unmindful of the movements and conversation of his numerous fellow passengers. Two gentlemen were in earnest and rather loud discussion of politics; after a hard shot from the disputant who belonged to the opposition side, the antagonist brought his hands smirking down, and exclaimed—"General Jackson has done more for this nation, than any other President we ever had."

The assertion was made in such a loud and positive tone that it arrested the attention of several of the company, and among others of the Kentuckian. He stopped short, and unfolding his arms, said to the last speaker—"Stranger, do you know that you are violating the rules of the boat."

The Jackson man professed his intention to violate no regulation—and asked to know what rule he had infringed.

"There is one which you have violated," said the Kentuckian, pointing to the tin sign, and reading—

"Gentlemen are not permitted to lie down in this cabin."—U. S. Gaz.

Difficulties of Editors.—The truth is an Editor cannot stop without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinions fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without comments, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual in office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jack-napper, who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape—by the yard—hands him a parcel of stuff that gongles like a band of rusty nails and a gambrel, and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense—"stop my paper; I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry." As if it was patronage to buy a paper at about one half more than so much waste paper would cost. One murmurs because his paper is too literary another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room—another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants a type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family—another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long— one old lady actually offered an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such type as are used for handbills.

Every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.

KNOXVILLE, May 28.—Mr. John Neely, a Revolutionary soldier, who will be ninety-seven years of age on the 25th of July next, walked into Knoxville one day last week, did his business, and said he intended to return home the same evening. He lives thirteen and a half miles from town. It has been customary with him to walk in to town and return the same day, and he is still able to do so. He is quite active and vigorous; his movements are quick and lively, and he seems to be in full possession of his mental faculties. He bears no marks of his extreme old age, except his being very much stooped. His walk is particularly remarkable for its speed and agility. He moves with as much ease as many a man of fifty. He was not married until he attained the age of sixty-two, and he has now been living with his wife thirty-five years. Gazette.

Knowledge is like the light of heaven, free, pleasant and exhaustless: it invites to possession but admits of no pre-emption, no rights exclusive—no monopoly.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 10.—An attempt to remove the Deposites.—On Thursday last a very bold attempt was made in this city to remove one hundred and fifty dollars in bank notes from the drawer of one of our Exchange brokers, Mr. Reuben Manley, whose office is at the N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets. A genteely dressed young man, about 25 years of age, who calls himself Jns. Peterson, entered the office with the pretended object of getting half a sovereign changed. Mr. Manley took the gold piece and turned from his counter for a moment for the purpose of getting the silver. The moment his back was turned, Mr. Peterson made a sudden rush at the drawer attached to the counter, opened it in the twinkling of an eye, thrust his hand in and seized a bundle of notes to the amount above stated. He immediately took to his heels with the evident intention of giving Mr. Manley no other security than leg "bail." The broker was not satisfied it seems with this mode of making changes, and as soon as possible mounted over the counter and gave chase, crying at the top of his voice, "stop thief! stop thief!" Peterson as soon as he heard the cry, bawled out with the voice of a stentor—"mad dog! mad dog!" and thus the two kept on the chase for some minutes, the spectators not knowing which was the true story, and some of those at a distance who heard neither, hastening to enjoy what they naturally enough conceived to be a well contested foot race. After taking several cross cuts through various alleys in the vicinity Mr. Peterson was brought up or rather knocked down in Dock-street, opposite the Exchange, and immediately brought before the mayor. The money, which he had thrown away, as soon as he was caught, was all recovered, and the culprit, after a hearing, was bound over to take his trial at the next mayor's court. He did not attempt a defence, and is believed to be an old hand at similar exploits, and recently from New-York.—Bicknell's Reporter.

ANOTHER "GOOD UN"—In the County of — there lives an ardent gentleman by the name of — who has, what is quite rare this summer, a crib full of corn. He is, of course, a good deal troubled with applications to lend, give, or sell; but he turns a deaf ear to every applicant who does not urge his necessities with the accompaniment of \$1 50 per bushel.

One poor fellow, who could not succeed in begging or borrowing, at length, "his poverty, but not his will, consenting," made an attack upon the said crib between two days, and carried off a bag full of corn. Next day the miser missed his corn; and, to prevent another intrusion, set his negro to tooting it into the dwelling house. Some remaining in the crib at night, he ordered a trusty old fellow, named Tony, to stay there till morning, and watch it.

About midnight the sleepless miser went to the crib, furnished with a bag, in order to try to trick Tony, and see if he was faithful. He crept in, apparently unnoticed; but, as soon as he began to fill the bag, old Tony, who before pretended to be asleep, seized him by the two shoulders and began to thump his head against the wall of the crib, crying, "You thief—ha, ha, I got you now—I gib you some bump not high as good like *hucake!*" "Why, Tony, Tony, don't you know your master?" cried out the astonished pretended thief.—"Me know your voice, massa, and we top now; but who speak to see you in de dark midnight come to steal your own corn!" Western Carolinian.

Sudden effect of the mind upon the body.—Pinto used to say that all the diseases of the body proceeded from the soul. Says Mr. Weld in his famous Report—"The repression of the countenance is mind visible. Bad news weakens the action of the heart, destroys appetite, oppresses the lungs, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flashes the face, fear blanches it, indignation it; and an instant electrical million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses giant energy, valiant commands and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The Pope died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals and occupying the chair of St. Muley Molech was carried upon the field of battle in his last stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he leaped from the litter, rallied his shattered troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory and died. The doer-keeper of Congress of the United States expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died, either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided.

Shipwreck.—About the 20th ult. no less than nine vessels were shipwrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. Among them was the ship James, from Limerick for Quebec, with 251 passengers and a crew of 16, all of whom, except 11 persons, were lost with the ship; and the brig Astor, with 211 passengers and crew, of whom only 3 persons were saved.