

Cheap Paper or Dear Reading.
The newspaper world is threatened with an assault almost as formidable in its way as that of the combined fleets on Russia. Its very "staff of life" is at stake. For more than a year the price of paper has been steadily advancing, and instead of exhibiting any symptoms of a decline, threatens a still further rise. In part the Evening Bulletin thinks this is to be attributed to the enormous consumption which has increased the demand beyond the capacity of the supply, but in part also to the difficulty of obtaining rags. In fact ratters are at a premium. Old clothes grow scarcer every day, a strange phenomenon, especially in these times of prosperity, when every body buys twice as many garments as they were accustomed to formerly. Without old clothes, there are no rags, without rags, alas! no paper. What will be the result, it would take a second Solomon to tell. Certainly, if the price of paper continues to advance, newspaperdom will find itself in a tight corner. People, by some strange perversity, expect to get their journals at the old price, no matter how much wages may advance, or the price of paper rise. Yet, if the increase continues much longer, a point will be reached, with many newspapers, where the cost of paper alone will consume nearly the entire net receipts; and in such a crisis they must either advance their price or stop altogether.

It would be a curious fact, if the universal prosperity, to which a good deal of this rise in paper may be referred, should act finally as a practical extinguisher of the press. The imposition of a stamp duty, it is well known, killed Addison's "Spectator." The advance in paper will act like the stamp duty. It is true, it is not so easy to kill a common newspaper now as it was then, but then neither have we Addisons to write for newspapers, so that, take it all in all, the rise in paper is almost as serious an affair as was the stamp duty. Perhaps, however, the inventive genius of our countrymen may yet save the public from the alternative of having to pay two prices for its newspapers or abstain from them entirely. All that is wanted is the discovery how to make good printing paper out of some cheap material. Straw has been talked of, and a story went the rounds of the press, a few months ago, that some manufacturer had even succeeded in making good printing paper out of straw. But of late we have heard nothing of this straw paper. Where is Yankee ingenuity? Surely the men who can make first rate hams out of old walnut, and capital nutmegs out of dirty mahogany, ought to be able to make white printing paper out of wheat straw, or corn-stalk fodder. The march of civilization demands this, as the next invention of the age. Cheap paper or dear journals—that is the issue—how shall we meet it?

A Singular Cure.
A recent number of the Concordia Intelligencer contains the following account of a case of supposed consumption, and its singular cure:
About four years ago, a young gentleman in Maine was attacked with a cough, and applied to the most skillful of the medical profession in his vicinity. But relief came not. The symptoms were pronounced sure indications of consumption. He wasted away gradually, losing strength and energy; and his physicians told him he must die, as the consumption, which was wasting him away, could not be cured or even checked. He went to Cincinnati to avail himself of the advice and great skill of the eminent physicians of that city. There he met no encouragement, but, on the contrary, was told his case was hopeless—that one lobe of his lungs were already gone. As death approached, the love of life became stronger, and he resolved to come south, seeking some principle of life from our generous climate. He has been rejoicing for a few months at the hospitable mansion of one of our eminent citizens, and has visited the sugar plantation, inhaling the saccharine vapors as a restorative to his wasting lungs, but without relief.

But in an hour of dependency, when death was looked upon as a welcome messenger, relief came. About a week ago, in one of his violent and distressing fits of coughing, he threw up a cucumber bur. Since the bur has been ejected, he says he feels like a new man; and as he frequently calls on us, we perceive a very marked change and almost perceptible daily improvement.

The young gentleman, we hope, will be soon restored entirely to health and usefulness. The cough, which has been for two or three years very annoying and occasionally violent, has almost entirely disappeared, appetite is returning, and a desire for exercise and active life manifests itself. He swallowed the bur, accidentally, about four years ago, but his physicians laughed to scorn the idea of the bur remaining in the throat, although the patient strived to convince them that the cough was caused by the lodgement of the bur, and not from diseased lungs.

Remedy for the Bite of a Mad Dog.—As the cry of mad dogs has been raised, the following which we clip from an exchange, may be worth a perusal:
"A Saxon forester, named Gastell, now of the venerable age of eighty-two, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of such import, has made public in the 'Leipziger Journal,' the means which he has used for fifty years, and where, with his affirms, he has rescued many human beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia. Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it, then pour upon the wound a few drops of muriatic acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison or the saliva, by which means the evil effects of the latter is neutralized."

Fortunate.—Joseph Scoville, late private secretary of Lola Montez, and editor of the New York Pick, has fallen heir to the large estate valued at \$200,000 left by the late Hon. Nathan Preston of Litchfield, Conn.

The Lehigh Register.
Allentown, Pa.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1854.
FOR GOVERNOR:
JAMES POLLOCK,
Of Northumberland County.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER:
GEORGE DARSIE,
Of Allegheny County.
FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT:
DANIEL M. SMYSER,
Of Montgomery County.

The Candidates and the Platform.
If those of the Opposition who have been congratulating themselves for a year past, that the Whig party is dead, had been at Harrisburg last Wednesday, on the occasion of the assembling of the Whig State Convention, they would have had indisputable evidence of a resurrection to even more than its pristine energy and vitality. Seldom, in their palmy days, have the Whigs appeared to better advantage, or given a more hopeful assurance of firm, united and concentrated action, and devotion to principle. In point of numbers it was the largest, in intelligence the ablest, and in energy the most efficient body that has ever assembled for a similar purpose. Of the 133 delegates composing a full Convention, one hundred and thirty were in attendance. The gallant Whigs of our extreme western, northern, and southern boundaries, remote from the capital, were duly represented by delegates of their own choice, who had left their homes in the busiest season of the year and travelled hundreds of miles, to aid in the great work of re-organizing for a new crusade against what is called the Democratic party, and to select the standard bearers for a fresh onslaught against the common enemy. It was a sight to cheer the hearts of the most desponding, and inspire hope and confidence of bright future results.

JAMES POLLOCK, of Northumberland county, is the nominee for Governor. He is a good, sound, conservative Whig, right on every question of public policy now before the country, and no less sound and true in all his antecedents. We defy Locofocoism to say aught against his private, public or intellectual character, or his fitness for the station to which he has been named, without a resort to the grossest libels. In voting for him, the people will vote for a man in the full sense of the term. As a jurist he is learned and able—as a statesman, experienced, wise, honest and eminent—patriotic. He will make just such a Governor as the people want.

Of **GEORGE DARSIE**, all who know him personally, or by reputation, whether Whigs or Democrats, will say—must say if they are candid—that for the office of Canal Commissioner no choice could be better. No man in the State, probably, has devoted more time to the examination of our improvement system, in all its bearings, than he, or is better posted up in the abuses that prevail, and the proper remedy to be applied in order to stop them. He has for many years been a leading, and emphatically a working member of the Senate—entertaining more enlarged views, more laborious and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and less swayed by party predilections, than any of his colleagues in that branch of the Government.

Of **JUDGE SMYSER**, of Montgomery, it is unnecessary to say a word. He is well known by reputation and highly esteemed by the legal profession, and all others capable of judging, as a jurist of ability, thoroughly qualified for the high position for which he is named. A more estimable man in his private and social relations, than Judge SMYSER, is not to be found in the Commonwealth.

So much for the candidates. The platform upon which they stand, it will be observed, is composed of solid timber—true live oak (metaphorically speaking) from the live oak of the North. There is not a plank in it upon which any good Whig—or Democrat—cannot and ought not to stand. No rotteness is there—no attempt at disguise, or concealment, or double-dealing, or shuffling to catch votes. The resolutions speak right out and express the true sentiment of patriotism, and adherence to Pennsylvania interests, and no Pennsylvania man, if he is a true man, can plant his foot upon any other.

As a whole the ticket is good, the resolutions are sound, and the prospect of success by no means discouraging. Let the Whigs but resolve to deserve success this year by energetic action during the campaign, and a full turnout on election day, and victory will most assuredly be their reward.—*Reading Journal.*

Frozen to Death.
On Friday last, as is customary in many parts of the country, a wood chopping frolic took place somewhere in Longswamp township, Berks county, at which liquor was dealt out, and at which a poor imbricate, named **Henry Weber**, no doubt partook freely. On leaving in the evening full of the poisonous beverage, and but a short distance from the place of the frolic, he laid down the next day. This should serve as a warning to liquor drinkers.

Escape from Jail.
On Sunday night, **Burney Donley**, imprisoned by **Huffman & Seider**, having hired a horse and returning the same according to contract made good his escape by securing of the keys to the prison yard. It appears Sheriff Weiler, has a man to attend as ostler, who took off the lock on the outside of the prison yard gate and locked the same in the inside, he put the key into his pocket, and retired to the room of Donley; after the ostler went to bed, and slept soundly, Donley got up took out the keys from the ostler's pocket and went out into the yard unlocked the gate and escaped.

The "Lehigh Patriot."
Our neighbor of the "Patriot" is scolded down some what, and in an indirect manner acknowledges the "guilt" we fastened upon him, by the publication of the certificate in the "Register" of the 18th instant. His efforts are now directed to other matters not at issue, he is caught in his own trap, and the only honest way to extricate himself, is but to confess that he has wronged us, and the matter shall be dropped. To continue in a perversion of facts is simply ridiculous. Your allusion as to our writer is childish. You deeming us unworthy of your notice, is a matter that your readers know to be untrue, as you have made the attack upon us and continued it in your issues of the 8th and 22d, in an ungentlemanly and unneighborly manner. You charged us in a matter you knew at the time you made it to be false, you, however, persisted in the charge; we met it and disproved it to the satisfaction of any honest citizens, by the publication of a certificate of a person who delivered to you the proceedings. You in your last issue admit that you received the "proceedings" which is the point at issue, but contend that the same were not delivered in the printing office. The course you have taken upon this point, makes you indeed appear ridiculous in the eyes of your readers. Does not every subscriber of yours, and all who ever done business in your establishment know, that such is positively all done in your book store or publication, and not in your printing office? Then why not frankly admit that you have wronged a fellow neighbor.

We will now proceed to answer the queries of the "Patriot," as he placed them in regular order.

First.—Our neighbor says, we should discharge our writer, as he placed us in a sad predicament as regards a point of veracity, being ourselves at one time a partner in the establishment. True, we were a partner at one time, and during our connection with the establishment, nearly doubled the subscription; but the awful name of "Lehigh Patriot," was not able to eradicate, being a matter with the people, and not with us, it hangs like an incubus upon the establishment, which ought but a proper respect for truth for many years to come can blot out.

Second.—The "Patriot" indirectly admits that he received the proceedings, at the bookstore, but in order to get out of the scrape, he tells us, they were not delivered in the printing office. Thus we see that you have not only out-trapped, but made yourself supremely ridiculous in this affair.

Third.—Reuben thinks we would be placed in a "fix" should our writer take it into his head to go on a "fish" or hunting excursion," as according to his judgment we are not competent to write correctly. Whether the public consider you a competent judge is for them to say, we however, think

"The God of wit to show his grudge,
Clay'd asses' ears upon the judge."
Fourth.—Dear readers! We must ask your indulgence for the space occupied in refuting the malicious charges brought against us by this specimen of humanity.

Frightful Fight.—It is reported that a fight occurred one day last week, between a party of Irish and German laborers on the Rail road near Stroudsburg, Monroe county, which resulted in the death of some dozen citizens. How the quarrel originated we did not learn. If anything of the kind has taken place, we shall hear of it more at length and give particulars next week.

The Public Schools of Allentown, will give an Exhibition in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Friday evening, March 31st. To Commence at 6 o'clock. Children will not be admitted.

Three Fires.
On the 15th of March, the house of **Mr. Edward Miller**, near Sigfried's Bridge, in North Whitehall township, Lehigh county, took fire and with all its contents was burned to the ground. His family being absent at the time, nothing was saved. The loss will fall heavily on Mr. Miller, being deprived of house and all his furniture. Loss estimated \$600.

On Thursday last, the 17th of March, the Frame Carpenter shop, of **Mr. Jacob Rube, jr.**, took fire and was totally destroyed. The loss of Mr. Rube may reach \$200. It is said it originated from the fact of several children having taken fire, from a brick-kiln, and kindled it in front of the shop among the shavings. No person being in the shop at the time, to warn of the youngsters. It is hoped that parents will be more careful, and charge their children not to play with fire.

On Wednesday noon, the 18th of March, the citizens of our Borough were again aroused by the alarm of fire. We among the rest hurried to the scene. The fire originated in the barn on the rear of the lot, owned by the heirs of **Mr. Henry Fetter**, deceased, in the occupancy of **Mr. Thomas B. Weidner**. The flames aided by a high wind blowing at the time, spread so rapidly, that it was but the work of a few moments, and an adjoining house and barn were also enveloped in the flames.

The house was on the same lot, and occupied by **Mr. James Gross**, a colored man, who lost his all, the other barn, was on the lot owned by **Mr. Joseph Wiltman**, in Upper Saucon, and occupied by the **Widow Kern**. The barn of **Mr. Wittman** was insured for \$200, in the "Saucon Mutual," which will not more than cover half of the loss. **Mr. Weidner's** loss can not be less than \$600, having lost a very valuable horse, two new wagons, three tons of hay, &c. The loss of **Fetter's** estate may reach \$800. The firemen were actively engaged, and but for their efforts another barn filled with hay which stood only a few feet from the fire, would have burned down. They deserve the thanks of the public.

The inhabitants of the globe profess more than one thousand religions.

Moving for a new trial.—Courting for a second wife.

Sale of the Public Works.
Whether the public works of the state should be sold or retained has become a question of great moment—a question in which every citizen of the state is interested. At an early period—twelve or more years ago—the mismanagement of the state officers connected with them, attracted public attention to the subject, and in many sections, meetings were called and resolutions in favor of selling them passed. The rapid increase of the public debt—the inability of the state, for a short period, to pay the interest on it, seriously alarmed the people—and we very well remember that in Cumberland county a formidable party, assuming the name of Anti-Tax Party, sprang up, the object of which was to force a sale by refusing to pay all state taxes until the works were disposed of. Nearly the same spirit, and to a far greater extent, prevails now. The state works, as they have been managed, and as they are likely to be managed, are a source of annoyance and expense—they corrupt the public morals and increase the state debt. Who, then, will wonder at the feeling in favor of selling them to individuals or companies. Experience has clearly proved that the state cannot manage them with profit—nay, that under state control they are a pecuniary loss and a source of corruption. Let us, therefore dispose of them. We say this after mature reflection. Up to this time we have expressed no opinion on the question, hoping that something might occur to satisfy us that they might be profitably retained. But nothing has thus far transpired so to satisfy us, and on every hand, we perceive a growing feeling in favor of getting rid of them upon almost any terms, rather than run the risk of keeping them any longer.

As early as 1844 more than twenty thousand majority of the popular vote was cast in favor of the sale—now, if a vote were taken, that majority would be more than quadrupled. The reason for this is obvious. The people have become convinced, by long and severe trials and experience, that state management is but another name for robbery, and that under any system of state control, likely to be invented, the commonwealth must be plunged deeper and deeper into debt. Any one who looks at the figures, as given by the state officers themselves, must be convinced that so long must be a tax-ridden and oppressed people. It is alleged that the office of Canal Commissioner is worth, for the term, \$100,000 or more, depending upon the smartness and depravity of the incumbent—and from the fact that so many seek for it to whom the mere honor and salary could be no temptation, we are inclined to believe that the allegation is correct. Such a sum, or any sum beyond the mere salary, can be made by no other than dishonest means—and if by the board, the head of the whole machinery, is corrupt, what can we expect but corrupt, in all the subdivisions?

It is acknowledged that on the Allegheny Portage in the term of a single year, we believe, the commonwealth has been robbed of \$10,000—perhaps double or treble that amount would not reach the sum actually stolen; on the Columbia road, the Collector's office at Philadelphia has been guilty of peculation; these things are acknowledged—they are known to the canal board—and yet, although months have elapsed since the facts became public, and since the attention of the board has been drawn to them, nothing that we are aware of has been done to ferret out and punish the robbers.

Thus has the system of state management ever worked, and thus will it ever work. It is corrupt in its head and in all its members, and there can be no rational hope entered that it ever will be otherwise. This, at least is the general impression, and this impression leads to a strong desire, on the part of the people, to dispose of state improvements. But the figures are, after all, the indices to direct the public mind to the course proper to be pursued in relation to the public works. Their actual cost has been \$32,542,267.77—the interest paid on the same has been \$35,157,798.13—the expense of conducting them has been nineteen and a half millions, and the entire revenue only \$25,342,620.47. The total cost of the state works to the present time, has been in round numbers, say \$90,000,000, and we can show to meet this is a revenue of less than \$20,000,000. When we add that new appropriations are asked, amounting to over \$6,000,000, the public may judge for themselves, whether, under such management of affairs as we have had, and as we are likely to have, the interest of the people would be best promoted by retaining or disposing of the works. For our own part, having nothing but the public interest in view, we say sell them, and if you cannot sell them give them away—do anything but keep them longer.—*Democratic Union.*

"An Opinion is an Opinion."
Washington Star, good Democratic authority says "the truth is, the management of the Public Works of Pennsylvania has been well high as corrupt as that of the New York canals, the politicians regarding their revenues, contracts in connection with them, &c., as legitimate plunder at all times, and under all circumstances. The State treasury has been robbed by them in all conceivable ways in their management. To so great an extent have they carried this system, as not only to defeat all revenue or clear profit from the so expensive work, but also to demoralize all branches of the politics of the State. The masses of both parties are evidently most anxious to sell the State roads and canals, in the hope that they may thus get rid of this stocking source of general demoralization, The Democratic politicians, or too many of them, yet stand out against this popular policy, and bid fair shortly to be properly paid for their sinister opposition to the plan of making serious efforts to redeem their management of their State affairs from the imputation of dishonesty and inefficiency."

India Rubber Teeth.—One of the latest achievements in India rubber, is that of a Boston dentist, Dr. J. W. Cummings, who professes to have succeeded in producing entire sets of teeth, plate and dentals, of rubber, vulcanized to the hardness of ivory, and retaining the exactest possible adaptation to the mouth.

Legislative Proceedings.
SENATE.
March 17. Mr. Fry, called up the bill to incorporate the Lehigh Mountain turnpike company, which passed finally.
March 23. Mr. Fry, presented a remonstrance from Lehigh county, against any alteration in the charter of the Catawoga and Muncie plank road company.
On motion of Mr. Fry, the supplement to the act incorporating the Allentown railroad company, was taken up and passed finally.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
The Speaker announced the Senate bill No. 108, an act to provide for the sale of the public works of Pennsylvania, and the reduction of the State debt, to be the special order of the day, and that said bill was still in the hands of the committee.
Mr. Strong moved the committee be discharged from the further consideration of this bill.
Mr. Scott, of Columbia, said he hoped the committee would not be discharged, but that the bill should be allowed to take its regular course and be printed for the use of the members, in order to be considered understandingly.
Mr. Patterson, of Philadelphia, objected to the committee being discharged. They had agreed to report the Senate bill this morning, but some of its features being unconstitutional, it was deemed improper at the present time.
Mr. Strong, of Philadelphia, said he hoped the House would discharge the committee of Ways and Means, and proceed to the consideration of the original bill that was first read by the gentleman from Westmoreland, (Mr. Cook.)
Mr. Cook, offered to amend, by providing that the further consideration of Senate bill No. 180, be postponed until Wednesday next, and that it be made the special order for that day; which was agreed to.
Mr. Lairy moved to amend, by making it the special order for every succeeding day until it is disposed of.
After some remarks from Messrs. Bigham, Strong, and Cook, the amendment was agreed to as follows: Yeas—59. Nays—32.
The motion as amended, by Mr. Lairy was then agreed to as follows: Yeas—67. Nays—23.

Practical Evidence of the Benefit of Chloroform.
The very clever and intelligent Paris correspondent of the New York Times speaks as follows of the use that this article has been brought to. He says:
The first experiment upon the local application of chloroform has been made with entire success at the Clinic Hospital. Mr. Paul Dubois introduced to a young girl an attendant at the Hospital, to allow her wrist, upon which was a virulent abscess to be fumigated with the vapor of chloroform. The abscess immediately became insensible and remained so for three hours. The patient, who before could not move her arm, nor allowed the least contact with the sore, recovered the entire use of her hand. On the second trial, when the abscess had come to a head, M. Dubois plunged his instrument into it, and the patient felt no pain whatever. The wound is now healing, and a certain degree of insensibility consequent upon the fumigation, still exists in the part.
Similar experiments have been made in this country but, no important results have ever been published.

A Defaulting Subscriber.—Parson Brownlow in exposing a defaulting subscriber, who has fled to parts unknown, owing him six dollars, uses the following tall language:
Let him be published in every journal in existence, until his defalcation is known; and upon the waves of Euxine let his meanness be borne along with the shrieks of the drowning Austrians and the groans of the dying Turks! And may the deep dyed waters of the Danube hide his body from the eyes of man, when the sabre of the Cossack and the Turk shall have drunk deeply of his blood! And may the close of 1854 never permit the sun to shine upon another rascal, who may abscond in our debt, too mean and too dishonest even to write and promise to pay.

Railroad on a New Plan.—Mr. Henry Smith, has invented a novel plan for a railroad. "He proposes," says the *National Democrat*, "laying the rails on cast-iron posts or columns, instead of wooden sleepers sunk in the mud. The length of the posts will vary from fifteen feet, on a level—and even as low as ten feet, in passing over rising ground—to one hundred feet, the variation of the length of the columns superseding the necessity of grading, in a majority of cases. The posts extend above the rail sufficiently to admit of bracing and trussing to such an extent as to insure stability and perfect security." A speed of at least one hundred miles an hour is expected on this aerial road!

Success of the Ericson.—We learn from the New York papers that the Galeric ship of Ericson has succeeded in obtaining nine and ten revolutions per minute with one only of her engines, which has been improved in important respects since the late experimental trip. This secures the same number of (nine or ten) miles per hour in use. The other engine will be got in order by the first week in April, and about the middle of that month it is intended to dispatch the ship to Harve, either direct or via Liverpool. The owners now feel assured of a success surpassing the most sanguine expectations ever indulged by the inventor. If their hopes are as well founded as from this statement they appear to be, then the great nautical revolution is indeed impending.

A Good Sized Infant.—There is a boy living near Elkton, Todd county, Ky., who is only eight years old, is four feet eight and a half inches high, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds and is remarkably sprightly and intelligent.

Heavy Robbery.—Yesterday, Mr. J. Price, a merchant in North Carolina, had his pocket picked at the Baltimore depot, corner of Broad & Prime streets, of twenty seven hundred dollars, in hundreds, fifties, twenties, and tens, principally of the Bank of Capt. Fear, Wilmington. There were also some notes of the Bank of Fayetteville, and some of the Commercial Bank of Wilmington.—*North American of Thursday.*

The Policy of Great Britain.
Miss Pardoe, in an introduction to her admirable work, entitled "The Bosphorus and the Danube," assigns these reasons for British interference between Russia and Turkey:
"That the existence of an infidel empire on the soil of Christian Europe is an anomaly cannot be denied; but it is not the less certain that it is vitally essential as a bulwark against the principle aggression of an equally uncivilized and far more unscrupulous power. With Turkey must necessarily fall Egypt, and with Egypt should the intrigues of the Muscovites succeed in seducing Persia, the last barrier would be broken down between our Eastern possessions and those of Russia; and were the fleets of the Czar once to hold the Black Sea, all equilibrium, both political and commercial, must be destroyed. Thus, then, even setting aside every consideration of national honor, the fall of Turkey could not fail deeply to affect the welfare of England while on the other hand, every principle of humanity, generosity, and dignity, calls upon her to rescue a brave-hearted and truthful people and a lovely and fertile land, from the iron rule of a despot, who seeks to write his name in characters of blood above the portals of his palaces to reduce their population to serfdom, and to clutch within his Britian arms not only Constantinople itself, but the whole of Western Europe."

The New Haven Riot.—The particulars of this affair show that the students were not the aggressors. On Friday night about twenty of them were returning peacefully from a place of amusement, and when near the College grounds, were attacked by about one hundred Irishmen, with brickbats, stones and other missiles; several students and others were seriously injured, and one Irishman, Patrick O'Neil, was killed. The students took refuge in the College. The assailants then left. It was supposed that these would be no further trouble. About one o'clock at night they received word that a large party of Irishmen were advancing with cannons. By this time all the students were aroused. They immediately closed the windows, and barricaded the doors with planks. In a short time about five hundred persons advanced, with two cannons, loaded with grape shot. They threatened to fire on the College, if the student by whose hands O'Neil received his death blow was not forthcoming. This threat they were prevented from executing by the arrival of the police, who spiked the cannons. There is no doubt had they been permitted to execute their purpose, serious result would have ensued, as a large portion of the students were armed with pistols. There was great commotion in the streets all night; the bells were all ringing, and certainly the most exciting time in the streets of New Haven for some time. It is not known by whom O'Neil was killed; it is not probable it will be.

A Cure for Drunkenness.
The London Spectator mentions a curious remedy now in use in Swedish hospitals, for that form of madness which exhibits itself in an uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic stimulents, which we commend to those of our readers who profess an interest in the fate of the unfortunate drunkard. The process is thus described:
"We will suppose that the liquor which the patient is addicted to drinking, is the commonest in the country—say gin. When he enters the hospital for treatment, he is supplied with his favorite drink, and with no other; if anything else is given to him, or any other food, it is flavored with gin. He is in Heaven—the very atmosphere is replete with his favorite perfume! His room is scented with gin; his bed, clothes, everything around him; every mouthful he eats or drinks, every thing he touches; every zephyr that steals into his room, brings to him still gin. He begins to grow tired of it—begins rather to wish for something else—begins to find the oppression intolerable—hates it—cannot bear the sight or scent of it—longs for emancipation, and is at last emancipated; he issues into the fresh air cured man; dreading nothing so much as a return of that loathed persecutor which would not leave him an hour's rest in his confinement. "This remedy," says our contemporary, appears to have been thoroughly efficacious—so effectual, that persons who deplored their uncontrollable propensity, have petitioned for admission to the hospital in order to be cured; and they have been cured."

GLEANINGS.
The first cold cut nail in the world was made in 1777, by Jeremiah Wilkinson, of Cumberland, R. I., who "still lives."
A drowned man was found in the Delaware Canal near Lambertson; from papers in his pocket, supposed to be a German named Fredericks.
The greatest man has at least one weakness, which forms a connecting link between him and his age.
The appropriations asked for public improvements at the present session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania exceed \$6,000,000.
Shad are selling in Baltimore at 50 cents per pair.
Millon's "Paradise Lost" has been dramatized for the National Theatre, New York, and is now in rehearsal.
Senator Douglas, who was burnt in effigy at Chicago, Ill., a few days ago, was similarly honored at Waltham, Mass., on Friday.
"Something for the Ladies."—A perfect little wonder" has appeared out in Ohio, viz., a baby weighing, at birth, just one pound! "Half the women in town," observes the Dayton Gazette, "have been to see him, and the other half are getting ready to go." "Look on that picture, then on this!" Squire Health, up among the White Mountains, has a youngster, six months old, that weighs forty-nine pounds, and is also well proportioned, very active, and nutritious. We understand Barnum left the city, suddenly and mysteriously a few days ago. He's plain enough now!
Fire in Maxaltown.—A Frame Barn, belonging to Valentine George, in Maxaltown township, Berks county, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 21st inst., with all its contents.