

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.
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ser's Store.
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Satur-
day at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be
paid half yearly in advance. No paper discon-
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SIX MONTHS. All communications or letters on
business relating to the office, to insure attention,
must be POST PAID.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.
By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, May 17, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 34--Whole No. 242.

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0 50
1 do 2 do 0 75
1 do 3 do 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, . . . 0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half
column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9;
one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18;
half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares,
\$5; one square, \$3 50.
Advertisements left without directions as to the
length of time they are to be published, will be
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-
ingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.

**SHUGERT'S PATENT
WASHING MACHINE.**
THIS Machine has now been tested by more
than thirty families in this neighborhood, and
has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its
construction, that it cannot get out of order. It
contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to
get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing,
with less than half the wear and tear of any of
the late inventions, and what is of greater impor-
tance, it costs but little over half as much as other
washing machines.
The sub-riber has the exclusive right for Nor-
thumberland, Union, Leaning, Columbia, Luzerne
and Clinton counties. Price of single machine
\$5. H. B. MASSER.
The following certificate is from a few of those
who have these machines in use.
Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.
We, the subscribers, certify that we have now
in use, in our families, Shugert's Patent Washing
Machine, and do not hesitate saying that it is
a most excellent invention. That, in washing,
it will save more than one half the usual labor,
that it does not require more than one third the
usual quantity of soap and water; and that there
is no rubbing and consequently little or no wear-
ing or tearing. That it knocks off all buttons, and
that the finest clothes, such as collars, necks, necks,
trunks, &c., may be washed in a very short time
without the least injury, and in fact with an
apparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore
cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the
public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.
CHARLES W. HIGGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARBLE,
HON. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LESENHING.



From the U. S. Journal.
GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.
To the Roman Sarcophagus.

BY JESSE E. DOW.
The Roman bugle o'er thee peal'd
When march'd the cohorts of the brave,
With blunted spear and batter'd shield,
A fitting escort, to the grave;
Through rocky pass and rose yale
They slowly filed, a weeping train,
With Ramah swell'd the mourners' wail,
And Sharon caught the dying strain.
Memento of departed time!
Of empires trodden in the dust—
Of rulers steeped in blood and crime,
And nations eaten up with lust!
What! sleep in thee, thou hollow thing?
A sepulchre that once wert red—
Tomb of the mother of a King—
Where rests the ashes of thy dead?
Let Princes in their marble sleep,
When crowns and sceptres turn to dust,
And let the vines of ages creep
Around them, faithful to their trust;
But as for me, go make my tomb
Where sleeps the partner of my love,
Where Spring's first roses love to bloom,
And weeping willows bend above.
I cannot take my final rest
Where Rome's proud mistress slept in pride;
My bosom spurns the robber's crest,
And scorns the marble's sculptured side.
When I am called to meet my God,
I would from pomp and pride be free;
Then make my grave beneath the sod,
And hallow it with memory.

Love and the Pledge.

A young gentleman and a fair young girl
were seated in thoughtful and embarrassed si-
lence, in a fine house in Chesnut street, study-
ing the fire that glowed in comfortable quiet in
the grate. At length, the lady said, in a low
and hurried voice, while her eye was steady-
ly turned away from her companion, after a
furtive glance:
'James, I have considered your proposals
long and seriously since I saw you; for my
happiness as well as yours depended upon the
decision, and I am obliged to say that I cannot
accept them.'
'Canst, Anna? Do you doubt my love,
dearest? Surely you do not.'
'No, James, I do not doubt your love, nor do
I deny that my own feelings plead against the
decision I am constrained to make.'
'Your feelings plead for me! Why, how
then can you reject my hand? Am I not worth
your love, of your esteem? Why do you
despise me?'
'I do not despise you, James; we can still
be friends.'
'Then you love another; for surely you would
not grant your friendship to one who was un-
worthy of you. Tell me the truth; be candid—
do you love another?'
'I do not.'
'Then why this determination? What is
the reason of your conduct? You tell me that
your feelings must be repressed to enable you
to fulfil this resolution! Of what have I been
guilty?—Cannot I prevail upon you to change
your opinion. If I have done anything to offend
you, let me know it.'
'James, you cannot alter my determination;
and you only cause me pain and excite yourself
by argument against it.'
'But will you not tell me why you have come
to this conclusion?'
'Do not ask me, James; it would only offend
you, without doing you the slightest good.'
'It will not—indeed it will not, however un-
just and unkind; I will not reproach you even
with a look.'
'James,' she answered, after a moment's si-
lence, and her voice was sad, and seemed half-
smothered by a sob. 'James, you are too fond
of wine.'
'Fond of wine! Is this your reason? When
have I ever used wine to excess? What harm
have I done by drinking a few glasses of wine?'
he replied angrily. 'Who ever saw me intox-
icated?'
'You have been so, James.'
He hesitated, and then continued—'But that
was an accident; and many, whom the world
esteem, use wine more freely than I do. I never
injured any one by drinking.'
'James, you have injured others by your ex-
ample. You have afflicted your mother and
sister, and you would embitter the life of a
wife by chance intoxication. James, I am not
unreasonable in this refusal; it is best for us
both. Look at your sister, Alicia. When she
married, she knew that Mr. Herrick used wine,
but she feared not the consequences. Now
look at her. All their comforts, every means
of subsistence, have been lost by the habits of
her husband, and she is hourly afflicted by the
evil example he sets her children. Yes, by the
lessons he gives them in vice. You have seen
his little boy intoxicated by his father, to give
pain to his wife and her family, upon whose
bounty he was living.'
'But I never use wine as he did; I will pro-
mise never to use it to excess.'
'James, I dare not marry any man that uses
any intoxicating drink.'
'Well, persevere in your reasonable deter-
mination, but I will not be subject to your cap-
ricious government.'
James retired with the angry design of mak-
ing Anna rue what she had said, by deliberately
intoxicating himself, but judgment whispered
in time to restrain him—that this would only
be proving her opinion of him correct. He re-
solved not to let her see him again improperly
excited by liquor, while he at the same time
purpose, by studiously avoiding her, to show
his independence of her esteem; and although
they met occasionally in parties, he adhered
to both his resolutions, even while he felt
pained that she did not notice his neglect; but
one evening he was standing near her as the
wine passed round, and observed that her eyes
were upon him as it approached; to show his
superiority to her opinion, he took a glass, and
rejoiced that he had caught a glance of re-
proach as she turned away. The determina-
tion, painfully broken, ceases to be a restraint
and James drank more freely than ever, until
he was excessively intoxicated. The next
morning brought repentance and regret for the
insult of the indulgence of appetite, but could
not convince him that the appetite itself was
false, and that he should conquer it. Once
more he allowed himself to mingle in scenes of
conviviality, until his prudence was overcome
by the allurements around him, and reason was
bartered for a moment's enjoyment.

One morning, as he was soberly reflecting
over the folly of the preceding night, and ques-
tioning the propriety of continuing to use li-
quors, he received a summons from his sister
Alicia. In a mean and unfurnished house, in a
poor and disreputable part of the city, James
found the sister who had sent for him. She
was in bed, having been beaten by her husband
for remonstrating with him against giving their
little boy, who was barely six years old, whis-
key. The child was beside her on the bed, in-
sensible from drink, and squalor and misery
reigned in the abode of those who had been edu-
cated in affluence, but wasted their comforts
by vice and heedlessness.
James could not see this without feeling the
dangers that beset those who use alcohol; and
after he had done every thing in his power to
make his sister comfortable, he sat down for a
few moments and reviewed the past, whose
present was developed in that room. Eight
years before, his sister had married a man who
was in profitable business, but he sometimes
drank to excess. She had married knowing
this, and her husband continued to indulge him-
self in liquor until he became a habitual drunk-
ard. He failed and had sunk down, gradually
to a complete sot, without one redeeming
trait in his character; brutal and insulting
when most sober, and sacrificing every thing
to obtain money for liquor.
'Anna was right,' said James to himself, as
he rose from his chair. 'There can be no solid
expectation of happiness for any woman that mar-
ries a man who uses liquor in any way. I will
join the Temperance Society.' He immedi-
ately did so; and as he left the hall of the society,
after signing the pledge, he walked up to
the residence of Anna. He found her alone,
and was kindly but coldly received.
After the first salutation, James laid the pledge
upon the work table before Anna, and said—
'There, Anna, may I now ask you to reconsider
the answer you gave me one month ago, when
I asked you to be mine? I have long been
convinced that you were right, but my pride re-
volted against admitting it. I have, however,
seen to day what forces me to give up pride to
duty. Now may I not urge you to reconsider
your answer?'
Anna bent low over the card, and tears filled
her eyes as she read, but she looked smilingly
up. 'There is nothing for me to reconsider,
James—nothing to withdraw; but you will let
me ask for a brief proof of your resolution?'
'Yes, dearest! if you will to mine when the
probation is over.'
She whispered faintly, 'six months?' and
yielded to the happy confidence of mutual affec-
tion.
Six months passed, and they were married,
and six years have since flown by, without
causing either to regret that they have thought
principles a better guide than unguided and
unfeeling feelings in the selection of a partner
for life.
GREAT CROP OF MUSTARD SEED.—Mr. J. A.
Parnisher, residing a few miles below Zanes-
ville, Ohio, in the Muskingum Valley, cultiva-
ted the past year, 27 acres of brown Mustard,
and the product, as sold to Messrs. Fell and
brothers, of this city, was 111 barrels containing
382 bushels, weighing 52 1-2 lbs. per bushel,
making 20,060 lbs. of seed, for which he paid
him 8 cts. per lb., or \$1,608; being a gross pro-
duct at the rate of \$59.25 per acre.
The Ohio Cultivator remarks that there is no
danger of inducing too many to engage in the
business, for the editor happened to meet one
of the Messrs. Fell at an exhibition in Delaware
last fall, who informed him of the crop of Mr.
Parnisher, and remarked that the demand for
the seed is so extensive that it will require
such crops to be produced annually to supply
it; or to have any material effect on the
price. And as the principal part of the supply
for this country is now imported, patriotism de-
mands that this information should be diffused,
and the supply produced at home.
BERLIN LADIES WITH CIGARS IN THEIR
MOUTHS AND SKATES ON.—The Allgemeine
Zeitung gives the following picture of Berlin
on the 21st March.—'Our spring has opened
upon us with new frosts and snow, and it is a
thing unknown to the oldest inhabitant, that
day after to-morrow, the first day of Easter, our
elegant ladies, who have been enjoying the skat-
ing with cigars in their pretty mouths, can con-
tinue to avail themselves of this pleasure even
until Pentecost.'
HOPEFUL BOY.—'Mother,' said a little
square built urchin about five years old, 'why
don't my teacher make me monitor sometimes?
I can lick every boy in my class but one.'
The reason why more homage is paid to
wealth than to wisdom, says a Russian poet, is
because one can borrow wealth, and not wisdom.
Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make
a clear bargain, and never trust to 'We shan't
disagree about trifles.'

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.
MRS. CAUDLE SUGGESTS THAT HER DEAR MOTH-
ER SHOULD "COME AND LIVE WITH THEM."
'Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes;
I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-mor-
row, I dare say. There's a love! You don't
take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't.
And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake.
For whatever I should do, if anything was to
happen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I
can't bear to think of that. Still, you ought to
take care of yourself; for you know you're not
strong, you know you're not.'
'Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-
night? Now, you needn't go to sleep so sud-
denly! I say, wasn't she so happy! You
don't know! How can you say you don't
know? You must have seen it. But she al-
ways is happier here than anywhere else. Ha!
what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a
temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and
so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And
then, if you only knew how she takes your part,
Caudle! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son
ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you.
Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now,
do answer. How can you tell? Nonsense,
Caudle; you must have seen it. I'm sure no-
thing delights the dear soul so much as when
she's thinking how to please you.'
'Don't you remember Thursday night, the
stewed oysters when you come home? That
was all dear mother's doings! Margaret, says
she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you
think dear Mr. Caudle would like something
nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle,
is how the oysters came about. Now, don't
sleep, Caudle; do listen to me, for five minutes;
'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.'
'And then what a fuss she makes when you're
out, if your slippers aren't put to the fire for you.
She's very good! Yes—I know she is, Caudle.
And hasn't she been six months—though I pro-
mised her not to tell you—six months, working
a watch-pocket for you! And with her eyes,
dear soul—and at her time of life!
'And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the
dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I
try hard enough to follow her; but, I'm not
ashamed to own it Caudle, she quite beats me.
Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer
up for you—and I can't do it, the children you
know it, Caudle take so much of my time, I
can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself
that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle;
at least, not for five minutes. You must
hear me.'
'I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty
cough I've—I've thinking, darling, if we could
only persuade dear mother to come and live
with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep;
it's impossible—you were coughing only this
minute—yes, to live with us. What a treas-
ure we should have in her! Then, Caudle,
you never need go to bed without something
nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. You
don't want it? Nonsense, you do; for you're
not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.'
'I'm sure the money she'd save for us in house-
keeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a
joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could
deceive dear mother. And then again, for pol-
larity! What a finger and thumb she has for a
chicken! I never could market like her; it's
a gift—quite a gift.'
'And then you recollect her marrow puddings?
You don't recollect 'em? Oh, fie! Caudle,
how often have you longed her marrow
puddings in my face, wanting to know why I
couldn't make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to
do it after dear mother. I should think it
presumptuous—Now, love, if she was only living
with us—come you're not asleep, Caudle—if
she was only living with us, you could have
marrow-puddings every day. Now, don't fling
yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-
puddings, you know you like 'em, dear.'
'What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pier-
ceret! But its born with some people. What
do you say? Why wasn't it born with me?
Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I
wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you
for the whole world. People can't be born as
they like.'
'How often, too, have you wanted to brew at
home! And I never could learn anything
about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother
makes! You never tasted it? No, I know
that. But I recollect the ale we used to have
at home; father never would drink wine after
it. The best story was nothing like it. You
dare say no? No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle.
Then if dear mother was only with us, what
money we should save in beer! And then you
might always have your nice, pure, good, whole-
some ale, Caudle; and what good it would do
you! For you're not strong, Caudle.'
'And then dear mother's jams and preserves,
love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to
my heart that with cold meat you havn't al-
ways had a pudding. Now, if mother was with
us in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make
it summer all the year round. But I never
could preserve—now mother does it, and for

next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-
in-a-blanket she'd make for the children!
What's dogs-in-a-blanket? Oh, they're deli-
cious—as dear mother makes 'em.
'Now you have tasted her Irish stew, Caudle!
You remember that! Come, you're not asleep—
you remember that! And how fond you
are of it! And I never can have it made to
please you! Now, what a relief to me it would
be if dear mother was always at hand that you
might have a stew when you liked. What a
load it would be off my mind.
'Again for pickles! Not at all I like anybody
else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why it's a
crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and
her all sorts! Eh, Caudle! You know how
you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff-
about 'em! Now, if dear mother was here, a
word would never pass between us. And I'm
sure nothing would make me happier, for—
you're not asleep Caudle!—for I can't bear to
quarrel, can I, love?
'The children, too, are so fond of her! And
she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure,
with dear mother in the house, I should'n't care
a fig for measles, or any thing of the sort. As
a nurse, she's such a treasure!
'And at her time of life, what a needlewo-
man! And the darning and mending for the
children, it really gets beyond me now, Caudle.
Now with mother at my hand, there wouldn't
be a stitch wanted in the house.
'And then when you're out late Caudle—for
I know you must be out late sometimes; I
can't expect you, of course, to be always at
home, why then dear mother could sit up for you
and nothing would delight the dear soul half so
much.
'And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother
had better come don't you? Eh, Caudle! Now
you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd
better come? You say No! You say No a-
gain! You won't have her, you say; You
want, that's flat! Caudle—Cau-Caudle—Caudle—'
'Here, Mrs. Caudle,' says Mr. C. in his MS.,
'suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep.'

REST FENNER & CO.
Manufacturers of
UMBRELLS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street,
Philadelphia.
INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufac-
turers, &c., &c., to their very extensive, elegant,
new stock, prepared with great care, and of-
fered at the lowest possible prices for cash.
The principle on which this concern is establish-
ed, is to consult the mutual interest of their cus-
tomers and themselves, by manufacturing a good
article, selling it at the lowest price for cash, and
realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of
sales and quick returns.
Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufac-
ture, they are prepared to supply orders to any ex-
tent, and respectively to every thing else, and
Manufacturers and Dealers.
A large assortment of the New Style Cur-
tain Parasols,
Philadelphia, June 1, 1844—17

HERR'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE,
No. 116 Chesnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of
Reading, Pa., would inform the pub-
lic that he has fitted up the above cap-
ital, and convenient establishment, and
will always be ready to entertain visitors. His es-
tablished reputation in the line, it is hoped, will
afford full assurance, that his guests will be sup-
plied with every comfort and accommodation; while
his house will be conducted under such ar-
rangements as will secure a character for the first
responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for
individuals and families.
Charge for boarding \$1 per day.
DANIEL HERR,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844—17

To Country Merchants.
Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and
Palm Leaf Hats.
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the
above articles, all of which they sell at unusu-
ally low prices, and particularly invite the attention
of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of
their stock. G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844—17

LAND FOR SALE.—The small lot,
containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles
above Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C.
Horton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold
cheap, if application is made soon to the subscriber,
Saturday, Aug. 31. H. B. MASSER.

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be
given for Flax Seed, by
AUG. 1844. H. B. MASSER.

COITAGE BIBLES.—Five copies of the Cot-
tage Bible, the cheapest look ever published,
containing the commentary on the Old and New
Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars,
by
June 15. H. B. MASSER.

**FORESTVILLE
BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.**
THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few
of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks,
which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash.
Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make
and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 00.
Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$8 00.
Dec. 4, 1843. H. B. MASSER.

**Treatment of Seamen on Board U. S. Ves-
sels.**
We have repeatedly called attention to the
fact that the flagging on board our U. S. Vessels
and the other oppressions which seamen in our
service are subjected to, are producing detrimen-
tation in that branch of our national defence
and driving American seamen into the mer-
chant and the service of foreign countries. The
Washington U. S. Journal, we are pleased to
see, has taken up this subject, and shows the
bad consequences in a strong light. Alluding
to the fact that Capt. Wilkes, of the exploring
Expedition, was recently fined heavily on a ver-
dict in his late trial for cruelty, the Journal
says:
'We are greatly rejoiced that a tribunal has
at last been found where the much-wronged sail-
or, long down-trodden beneath the iron heel of
our naval despotism, can find retribution for his
injuries and redress for his wrongs. In all past
time it has been a hopeless case to look for
redress of grievances at the hands of the Secre-
taries of the Navy; they have been too com-
pletely under the influence and control of the
officers, to be disposed to listen to the well-
founded complaints of the men. So poor Jack
has been treated like a dog.
'And what is the consequence of all this ty-
ranny and cruelty? Why we are told by the
officers themselves that the crews of our national
ships are composed of the sweepings of jail
and penitentiaries, that only here and there one
can be found of American birth. The cause is
plain. Free-born American citizens will not
brook the treatment they receive from those who
are in command. A respectable gentleman,
who had just returned from Europe, told us that
he saw lying in the harbor of Malta, a Queen,
a British Ship-of-war, manned almost entirely
with American Sailors—the finest crew he ever
beheld. The reason assigned was that they were
so cruelly abused under their own flag,
that they had been compelled to enlist in a for-
eign service. Several of the crew who were
attached to the Congress declared their positive
determination never again to sail under the
American flag, for the same reason! Is not
this a startling state of things! Is there no re-
medy for this crying evil?
Yes, the remedy is with Congress and the
people. Awaken the latter to a sense of the
great wrong done to this class of persons, and
their representatives will soon take the matter
in hand and correct the evil. The subject has
been before Congress, but public opinion had
not been sufficiently expressed upon it to pro-
duce the necessary reform.—Ledger.
LOCKJAW CURED BY ELECTRICITY.—It ap-
pears that a remedy for this horrible disease has
at last been discovered. The New York Jour-
nal of Commerce records a cure by the applica-
tion of electricity. The patient was a young
woman, in whom the disease had been brought
on by cold and fatigue, and the jaws had been
closed five days. The electro-galvanic appar-
atus was applied to both angles of the jaw, and
had not made forty revolutions before the com-
plaint was entirely removed.

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