

# WEEKLY COMMERCIAL APPLICATOR

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor: TWO DOLLARS Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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NO. 32

## THE BEST FRIEND:

A TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FOR THE COMMERCIAL, BY A LONG CREEK CORRESPONDENT.

### CHAPTER V.

Oh! you are quite imprudent in admitting this cold air, exclaimed the old man, running on to close the window. It was the 16th of October. Then returning he looked smilingly into the young man's face. Ah! said he, how do you do?

The unexpected appearance of Mr. Benn somewhat chagrined Victor; he answered coldly, but the usurer did not notice his change, and drawing from his pocket some fruit which he had purchased evidently for his debtor, said: shall I give you some of this? Thank you, replied Victor, dryly.

Appropos, resumed the old man, I am about receiving some good Burgundy wine; but as I never drink any myself, you will do me the honor, I hope of accepting it?

We shall see about that replied Victor, with a marked movement of impatience.

Mr. Benn then having looked more scrutinizingly, perceived that the young man was laboring under the influence of some melancholy depression.

Ah! my God, Victor, what ails you? you are quite changed.

Oh! nothing.

Yes, yes, something ails you. Oh! do not conceal it, I entreat you! If you are sick I will send for a doctor; if you need consolation, am I not your best friend?

Victor then being no longer able to dissemble, said: yes, Mr. Benn, something does ail me. I wish to be alone.

Then the young man turned aside towards the window to conceal his emotion, leaving the pistols exposed.

At the sight of those instruments of death, Mr. Benn changed color; a tremor ran thro' his whole body; he understood every thing; his thirty thousand francs were going to fight a duel! He would have cried out but his voice failed him; he would fall on his knees before Victor, but his limbs refused to bend. After a few moments silence, Victor, who had been, in the meantime, looking vacantly out on the sleet, turned around.

As soon as he perceived the changed attitude of the usurer, now mute, motionless, his eyes staring stupidly into the fatal box, he shuddered and became fully conscious of the enormity of his impudence.

Victor, by hazarding or disposing of his life would evidently be guilty of an abuse of confidence for which this creditor had the right of calling him to an account.

The danger, which the unreasonable visit of the old man had made him dread, and which he had sought to avoid, was now imminent; he could no longer shun it. Convinced that the first blow is the best. Victor resolved to commence the attack, and approaching the old man with a kind of menacing air, exclaimed, Mr. Benn!

The usurer having heard his name, was aroused from his torpidity, and looking fiercely at Mr. de Corvelles he withdrew a few paces in order to give more dignity to his posture. Placing his arms across his breast he replied: Victor do you think what you are going to do is right?

Victor affected by the earnest, determined manner of Mr. Benn, immediately lost his advantage and hung his head.

What! continued the old man; going to fight; to expose your life! Is there nothing in your heart that tells you it is a crime? But, unfortunate youth, think at least on your poor mother whom your death will plunge into despair! Mr. Benn, in the heat of his enthusiasm, forgot that Victor's parents were dead.

My mother died when I was but a child, replied the latter mournfully.

And your affianced lover, continued Mr. Benn, too animated to have heard the observation of his adversary; do you not feel any remorse for the tears that will stream from her eyes and bedew her cheeks, for the wild distraction of her soul and the gloomy bereavement of her heart?

She whom I love is promised to another, answered Victor, biting his lip as if to deaden the heartfelt pang which such a reflection caused him.

And I, who am devoted to you as a father to his son, do you not consider the cruel loss I should sustain by your death; ah! I will not survive you!

As he said these words the old man raised his hand to his eyes and wiped away some tears; Alas! continued he, I thought I was your best friend!

Victor raised his eyes to heaven, at this protestation of friendship which he had been tired of hearing; however, he pardoned the poor usurer this time, in consideration of his profound grief, and in a mild benevolent tone thus replied:

Mr. Benn, I am fully conscious of my obligation to you.

No sir, you are not!  
Yes Mr. Benn, I feel the weight of my obligation for your friendship; your cares and anxieties concerning me; but there are circumstances in life which unfortunately prevent us from acting in obedience to the suggestion of our hearts.

Then you persist in your wild rash determination, so fight!

It must be!

No! it must not be, I will not have you to fight, I—

But I will, notwithstanding!

You shall not!

Ah! I shall not!

No sir you shall not!

Yes, I will; nay I will court death; life is now a burden!

Well, well, we shall see that.

Having said this, Mr. Benn rushed out and disappeared. While he remained, the scene had passed through every imaginable phase, from supplications and mildness to menaces and wrath.

Ah! I shall not fight, soliloquized Victor, as he walked back and forth in his room, extremely agitated; but this remains to be seen.

Then having glanced at the clock he commenced preparations for departure. As soon as they were completed he rang the bell violently; his servant appeared: Julien, said he—hasten a coach!

In a moment after, the servant returned to announce that the coach was waiting for him in the street.

Victor took up the box of pistols, passed down stairs, and jumped into the vehicle.

To the wood of Vincennes in all haste, cried he to the coachman.

The coach immediately started; but at the same time another coach, stationed at some distance, was balancing itself on the springs.

Mr. Benn thrusting his head out thro' the door, hollowed at the top of his voice—On the road coachman!

The coach that was carrying Mr. de Corvelles advanced very slowly notwithstanding the driver, knowing the length of the way; had taken the necessary precautions to render the journey as comfortable to himself as possible. After having enveloped himself in an old cloak; lashed his whip in the air and recommending his soul to God and his body to the horses, he fell asleep. Victor soon became aware of the negligence of his guide.

He bore it at first with resignation, but fearing lest he should not be on the ground at the appointed time, particularly, as he was the instigator of the quarrel, he could not repress his impatience. Coachman, cried he in a sarcastic, angry tone. See if we are going backwards. Waked up, by this exclamation, the driver raised his head, rubbed his stupid looking eyes, and seeing every thing quiet and still around, he spoke to the horses and then fell asleep again. Fortunately, however, Mr. de Corvelles reached the ground first.

Notwithstanding the assurance of his last words Mr. Benn did not know how he could prevent the duel; doubtless at that moment he would for this purpose have consented to be at the loss of three fourths of the debt.

JUNIUS.

(To be continued.)

## MURDER AND ROBBERY BY CHILIAN CONVICTS.

Valparaiso papers to the 25th February contain shocking intelligence from the Straits of Magellan. Near the close of December a mutiny occurred at the Chilian penal colony planted at Fort Bulnes, and which, including the garrison with the prisoners, contained a population of between six and seven hundred persons. MUNOS CAMERO, the Governor of the colony, escaped with his life, in company with the priest and a few more, to the other side of the Straits. There they wandered about for many days, living on shell-fish and suffering every hardship, but were at length compelled by want to return to the colony. Instead of being treated with compassion they met the most merciless cruelty, and the Governor was murdered in a most brutal manner.

Whilst the Governor was wandering in distress, the barque Florida an American vessel, chartered by the Chilian Government, arrived at the colony and was immediately seized. Her owner, Mr. SHAW, of New Orleans, who was on board, was shot without any provocation, and the captain was spared only that he might navigate the vessel. About the same time a British vessel, the Eliza Cornish, anchored at the colony on her way from Valparaiso to England, having on board, besides her cargo, nearly a hun-

dred thousand dollars in treasure. She too was seized and pillaged, and the captain, the mate, and owner's son were shot, having first been put in irons. After the Governor returned and had been murdered, these miscreants, set sail from the colony, having put to death during the mutiny some twelve or fifteen persons.

The news of these outrages having reached Valparaiso, the British Admiral dispatched a war steamer, the *Virago*, and the frigate *Thebis*, to capture the mutineers, all of whom are now in the hands of the British or Chilian authorities.

It is stated that the rebels, as soon as they had embarked on board the ships seized by them at the colony, discovered that the leader CAMBIASO, had contrived a plan of getting rid of the greater part of them, for the purpose of having fewer persons among whom to divide the plunder. They accordingly were resolved to be beforehand with the chiefs of the piratical party, and formed a conspiracy to seize them as soon as they should leave the Straits on their way to Montevideo. The plot of Cambiaso was to induce a great portion of the party to embark in a boat under some pretext, and then to sink the boat. More than forty persons had embarked in the boat, but, the design being suspected, the boat was searched and the suspicion was confirmed. This produced a reaction; a counter conspiracy was formed; and under the lead of the pilot of the Florida and a sergeant of the troops who had been stationed at the Straits, the exploit proceeded.

Cambiaso was left in chains at Chilee. Gold dust of the value of \$75,000 was discovered, it being the greater part of that which the rebels found on board the British brig Eliza Cornish. There were also recovered 5,000 hard dollars, and \$80,000 in silver bars.

From the Spirit of the Times.

## COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms, revealed the latent flame, and Col. Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing that the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river mistaking them for wild ones, and then by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whether he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is. The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road."

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team.— He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could hit old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too high. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Col. five dollars for a shot!"

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, who don't you shoot?"

"The old man stammered in some confusion; 'That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull!'"

"Say an 'X' and its a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How mach is the hoss wuth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"'About fifty!'"

"G'd, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's your 'X'!" The Colonel pocketed the money muttering—

"Hanged, if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat.—Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed.

Old Roan never stirred!

Drake stared at his rifle with a face black as Ottoello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey? Fus'time you ever sarved quite such a trick, I swan!"

And Drake load d the piece with wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your nack 'o shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look year, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here!" he growled, "I am bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake!" cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just you shut your mouth or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake. "The bullet was hollow. I'll swear. The man lies says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and kin dew it agate."

By the Lord Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now, thirty dollars, I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making an 'X' into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and headed his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight and without hesitation, he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ill-humor and the mutilated condition of the rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news, which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out," growled the angry old man. "I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But, father, it's such a trick?"

"Blast you and your tricks!"

"Played off on the Colonel?"

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it!"

"Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out for deer—"

"Hang the deer! come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter. "By the Lord Herry, Jed did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"I didn't do any thing else."

"Devil! devil!" groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the hoss up and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive."

"Ha! ha! Funny the Colonel going to catch him! I hol' hol' hol'—want't it a joke?"

"Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt his empty pocketbook, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a raucous tone, he whispered to the boys—

"It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By Lord Herry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

## OLD WOMEN.

If a whimsical or a ridiculous story is told, it is sure to relate to an old woman. If a man lacks wit, or is any way eccentric in his ideas of neatness and propriety, he is called an old woman. A deficiency of firmness of purpose, subtlety in his intercourse with the world, subjects one to a similar epithet; and yet, who does the common sense of this saying amount to? Simply this, that a man is like his mother! And who, pray is a real mother? A being filled with devotedness and disinterested love for her offspring. Did any one ever hear of a selfish mother?—of one who would not practice self-denial that she might minister to her children? Here, then, is a trait which is in reality old womanish, and the only one in our mind that distinguishes the peculiarities of venerable females from those of selfish, bombastic men!

The witty editor of the "Carpet Bag" touches the narrow of intervention in this little squib. The following toast, it says, was given by its Presidential candidate at a late celebration of the "Ancient and Honorable"—"The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia"—May their motto be, as it has ever been—"eternal war, but no fighting."

The editor of the *Bungtown Herald* had an interview with Mrs. Partington lately, and the old lady wanted to ascertain "whether this suite of Kossuth, about which the papers talk so much, is made of homespun or boughen store goods?"

The Robbery of the Barque Missouri, Boston, April 6.

Pittman, the master of the ship Sterling, convicted of plundering the barque Missouri, who had previously plead guilty, says that the wreck was accidental, and the plundering an afterthought.

## "SMALL STORES,"---1852-'3.

### NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Proposals for Provisions and Clothing, Feb. 27, 1852.

Proposals for small stores, will be received at this Bureau until 3 o'clock P. M. on Monday, the 26th day of April next, for furnishing and delivering (on receipt ten days notice) at the United States Navy Yards at Charlestown, Massachusetts, Brooklyn, New York, and Gosport, Virginia, such quantities only of the following articles as may be required or ordered from the contractor by the Chief of this Bureau, or by the respective commanding officers of the said navy yards, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1853, viz:

- |                       |                                   |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Boxes, shaving        | Handkerchiefs, silk, fancy colors |
| Brushes, shaving      | Looking glasses                   |
| Brushes, shoe         | *Mustard seed                     |
| Brushes, clothes      | Needles, sewing, assorted         |
| Buttons, navy, vest   | *Pepper, black                    |
| Buttons, navy, coat   | *Pepper, red                      |
| Buttons, dead-eye     | Razors, single cases              |
| Boxes, boxes of Broom | Razor straps                      |
| Combs, coarse         | Soap, shaving, in cakes           |
| Combs, fine           | Silk, sewing, blue black          |
| Cotton, spoons of     | Scissors                          |
| Grass, for hats       | Spoons                            |
| Jackknives            | *Tape, black, white and blue      |
| Handkerchiefs, cotton | Tape, black and white             |
|                       | Thimbles                          |

\*Mustard and pepper will be required at New York only and in the state of New York. All the articles must be of good quality, equal to the best of those generally used in the service, and conformable to the samples (all of which have been recently selected and new) deposited at said navy yards in this Bureau, and subject to such inspection at the navy yard where delivered as the Chief of this Bureau may direct, and be in all respects satisfactory to the inspecting officer, said officer to be appointed by the Navy Department. All the articles to be delivered free of all incidental expenses to the Government, in proper vessels or packages and the price of each and every article must be the same at the respective places of delivery. Every separate package in which one or more dozen of the above articles are packed, and the boxes, hales, or barrels in which the same may be delivered, shall be marked with their contents, the name of the contractor, and the month and year when put up; and when desired, in good, substantial shipping order. The contractor must establish agencies at such stations other than his residence, that no delay may arise in furnishing what may be required; and when the contractor or agent fails promptly to comply with a requisition, the Chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing shall be authorized to direct purchases to be made to supply the deficiency, under the penalty to be expressed in the contract; the record of a requisition, or a duplicate copy thereof at the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, or at either of the navy yards, shall be evidence in that regard, should such agencies be required.

Two or more approved sureties, in a sum equal to the estimated amount of the contract, will be required, and ten per centum in addition will be withheld from the contractor, as security for the performance thereof, as collateral security, in addition to secure its performance, and not in any event to be paid until it is in all respects complied with; ninety per centum of the amount of all deliveries made will be paid by the Navy Agent, within thirty days after bills authenticated shall have been presented to him. Blank forms of proposals may be obtained on application to the Navy Agents at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Beaufort, and this Bureau. A record or duplicate of the letter informing a bidder of the acceptance of his proposal will be deemed a notification thereof, within the meaning of the act of 1846, and his bid will be made and accepted in conformity with his understanding.

Every offer made must be accompanied (as directed in the act of Congress making appropriations for the naval service for 1846-'47, approved 10th August, 1846) by a written guaranty, signed by one or more responsible persons, to the effect that he or they undertake that the bidder or bidders will, if his or their bid be accepted, enter into an obligation within five days, with good and sufficient sureties, to furnish the supplies proposed. The Bureau will not be obliged to entertain any proposal unless accompanied by such guaranty. If, after the receipt of a proposal, and in anticipation thereof, the bidder or bidders, he or they shall fail to enter into an obligation within the time prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy, with good and sufficient sureties for furnishing the supplies, then the Secretary may cause a contract to be made with some other person or persons for furnishing the said supplies; and shall forthwith cause the difference between the amount contained in the proposal so guaranteed and the amount for which he may have contracted for furnishing the said supplies for the whole period of the proposal to be charged up against said bidder or bidders, and his or their guarantor or guarantors; and the same may be immediately recovered by the United States, for the use of the Navy Department, in a suit at law against either or all of said persons.

March 30. 5-4w.

## 5,531 ACRES PINE LAND,

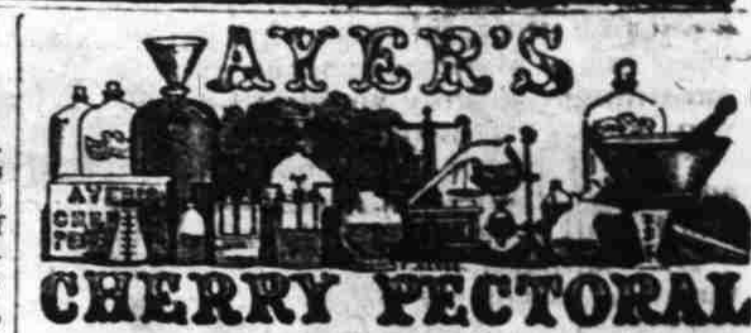
FOR SALE near the Seaboard of Georgia, in the County of Glynn, and lying for several miles along the Brunswick and Altamaha Canal, (now in process of completion) the outlets of which being North on the Altamaha River opposite Darien, and South on Turtle river at Brunswick, and within a short distance of navigable water on Turtle River, a little above Brunswick. These lands being in one body, well timbered, and having great facilities for water carriage, make them desirable for TURPENTINE or MILL TIMBER. If desired, credit will be given on a part of the purchase, upon good security. Apply to either

A. F. X. ITCHELL, S. Z. COLLINS.

Darien, Feb. 18, 1852. [March 9.] 152-2m w.

## HORSE & HORSE MILL FOR SALE.

WITMANS & Co., Double Horse Power. With one run of 24 inches; Stones and all the fixtures complete and in perfect order. The Horse Power will be sold separate from the Runners, if desired. The Horse will also be sold with the Mill, if wanted. Apply to ELLIS & MITCHELL, April 3.



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For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH AND CONSUMPTION.

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While it is a fraud on the public to pretend that any one medicine will infallibly cure—still there is abundant proof that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general agent, but almost invariably, cure the malady for which it is employed.

We have endeavored here to furnish the community with a medicine of such intrinsic superiority and worth as should commend itself to their confidence, and which they will do for them all the medicine can do.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist of Lowell, Mass. and sold by C. DePRE, Druggist and Chemist, and A. C. Evans & Brother, Wilmington, N. C.

March 4. 150-3m

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Pulmonary Balsam, A Depurative Syrup, Pectoral Expectoretic, Heart Corrector, Pulmonary Liniment, Medical Food, Anti-Dyspeptic Mixture, Cough and Catarrhic Pills, Nerve, Female Pills, Vermifuge, Female Specific, &c., &c.

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Sept. 12, 1851. 5-1y.

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There is no article that will so effectively remove the glutinous matter (which obstructs the pores of the skin when unhealthy) and prevent the follicles from exuding an oily substance necessary for the growth of the hair, as the Spanish Hair Gloss—Mothers will find it the very best article they can procure to dress children's hair and remove the scurf so common on infants' heads.

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