March 15 JOHN ARNOLD, Executor.

G. I. GRAMMER, JR.

RESPECTFULLY notifies his triends and the public, that he has just opened, at he residence of his father, nearly opposite the large brick building formerly occupied as a arding House by Mrs. Robinson A choice and well selected assurtment of

GROOMBIES,

which he will be happy to dispose of on ressonable terms, for Cash.

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS. GEORGE M'NEIR.

MERCHANT TAILOR HAS just received a large and handsome as-GOODS, all of the latest importations, among

Patent Finished Cloths Of various qualities and colours, with CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS

of the latest style, suitable for the present and approaching seasons.

He requests his friends and the public to call.

and examine. All of which he will make up at the shortest notice, and in the nost rass-ONABLE STYLE, for CASH, or to punctual med Sept. 29, 1831.

TO RENT.

THE BRICK HOUSE and LOT, fronting on Green Street, formers by owned by Mr. Brice B. Brewer. To a good Tenant the rent will be low. Alex, the OFFICE in West Street between the offies of Alexander Randall and J H. Nicholson. E-quires. The rept of the latter property is fixed at \$50 per fanum. R. I. JONES.

Jan. 26.

PASSAGE TO BROAD CREEK. MAJOR JUNES' Sloop leaves Annapolit for Bruad Creek, on Mondays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M., thence passenged will be taken in the mail stage to Q-en's-tona-Wye Mills, and Eastons to arrive at Esson same evening by 5 o'clock, P. M. Retsa-ing, will leave Easton at 7 o'clock. A. M. on Sundays and Wednesdays, arrive at Birds Creek in time for dinner; at Annapolis, by 5

Pare from Annapolis to Broad Creek 81 50 rom Broad Creek to Queeu's town 75 from Broad Creek to Easton 75 rom Broad Creek 81 80 rom

For passage apply at the Ban of William-

All baggage at the risk of the owners, PERRY ROBINSON. F.b. 16.

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND

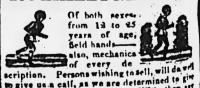
WILL, until further notice, leave Balti-more on Monday next, and every succeeding Monday, at 7 o'clock, M., and reterm the same day, leaving Annapolis at one

On Tuesdays, leave Baltimore at 7 o'clock M., for Easton, and return on Wednesday, leaving Annapolis at 1 o'clock. a On Friday, she will leave Baltimore for Asnapolis, at 7 o'clock, M., and return on Satura

All Baggage at the risk of the owsers. Feb. 9.

OASH FOR MEGROES.

WE WISH TO PURCHASE 100 LIKELY NEGROES,



scription. Persons wishing to sell, will day's to give us a call, as we are determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, these set, purchasse who is now or may be hereafter in the market. Any communication in writing, will be promptly attended to, We can at all time be found at Williamson's Hotel, Annapplisted & WILLIAMS.

December 15, 1851.

The state of the s

VOL. EXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1832.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN.

Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

A FRAGMENT

Tound in a Skeleton Case. Rehold this min! 'Twas a skull Une of etherial spirit full! 'Inat narrow cell was Life's retreat! 'This space was Thought's mysteriaus scat!; What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot! What dreams of pleasure long forzot! Not Love, nor Joy; nor Hope, nor Fear; Jam lett one trace or record here!

Reneath this mouldering eannpy Since shone the pright and busy eyer. But start not at the dismal soid! But start not at the dismal woul!
It social love that eye employ '14
It with no lawless free it beam'0,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
That eye shalf ne for ever oright.
When stars and suns have lost their light!

Here, in this silent eavern hung Here, in this silent casem hung.
That reads, a writ and tuneful longue;
It falsemond's honey it disdoned,
and where it could not praise, was chain'd;
It fold in avriue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle contord never broke;
'and tuneful longue shall plead for thee,
When death unveils etermity!

Fay did these fingers delve the mine, for with its ensuel rubies shine? To how the rock or wear the gem, tan nothing now await to them gail the page of truth they aought, to committe to the mourner brought, these insuls articles there inceed shall claim than all that waits on wealth or fauction.

Avails it whether have or shod Arails it whether have or and.
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled.
To swith affection's humble bed; To simils affiction's humble bed, if grandeur's guilty bribe they spirmed, and home in struct's lap returned; 'I less feet with Augel's wings shall sie, And tread the palace of the sky!

THE PROCRASTINATOR.

"Time—only regarded in Music and Hancing"

Cunninghum's Fashionusle World Unsplayes Processination may be unfortunately considered as the predominant habit of many of

ine inhabitants of all countries under the sun; but as it is one of the national characteristics of our sister land—"the green and fourishing island." I trust the warm-hearted inhabirants of that verdant country will forgive me

rants of that verdant country will forgive me bur presenting an Irish procrastinator, as the procrastinator, par excellence of "Thunder an' ages! Molly Maggs, Katty Purcell, Tim Cleary! sure ye won't answer, if I bawled myself black in the face, and skinned my throat for ye'r sakes. Mistress Molly Maggs! oh! its yourself that's the pattern of a housekeeper," continued the old steward, especially, at the same time, etc. thron of a housekeeper, continued the only atward, sarcastically, at the same time elevating his candestick, that was simply a scooped raw putatio, and contained nothing more distinguished than a tarthing candle, which he held, so that its fickerings fell upon sundry dilapidated chairs, where the moth and the worm securely reveiled ainid destruction. Shaking his grey head, he repeated as passed from the anti chamber into the he passed from the anti-chainer into the great hall—"It's ye'riself that's the pathron of a housekeeper, Molly Machree! to see the dirty dust upon thim illigant chairs. Katty Purcel! sure, thin, you're a beautiful housemaid. Tim—Timmy Cleary; I'd take an emid. maid. Tim—Timmy Cleary; I'd take an even bet he's as drunk as Moses at this bleshed minute—[1] just ring the larum bell; och bother! here's the string broke, and sorra a word it 'ill spake. Bat Beetle—ah, there ye are, Batty, my boy, run agra run, and tell every one o' them that here's a letter we should have got ten days ago, only 'cause of the delay; and masther's married—to a foreigner for any thing I know—an' he an' the new misthress, ill. be here to-night, as sure as ye'r name's Bat—that's a gay gosson! well, yer'r a nimble boy, I'll say that for you, it's a sin and sharae to put such feet as your's

feet, and presently the members of the kitchen household of Castle Mount Doyne crowden nonsenting of Castle Mount Doyne crowded around the eccentric, but faithful old steward, Morty Mac Muriagh, "Och, ye'r coine, are ye!" he exclaimed, without heeding their vociferous demands for

without heading their vocalerous demands for news ive's come and a purty figure ye'll eat before the fereign laily. You, Mistress Maggs, as housekeeper, with a blue bed-gown, and—out I dont want to say any thing offensive—only it 'ill take we a month o' Sundays, the hinder the cloths from falling off, if ye wilk ever so easy; and you, Katty, though
we're a clean skinned girl ye might as well be
a negre, for any thing I could tell; by this
pleased light, to the differ. Tim—I'm
there's his use in life in my setting myself as a pathron to ye ye'r a suner, Tim-I'd say nothing to ye'r taking a mornin', or two or three dacently stiff tumbiers after dinner, of may be a sup to keep the could out o'ye'r stowach of a winter's night, but to be always difful—drinking, like, a frog or a fish! Tim, I'm ashamad of ye, I am, indeed. The Lord look down upon ye, ye poor sinner. Go to bed."

Very well,' rejoined, the housekeeper 'you ed on my knee, a married man.' She then departed, and, although persisting in her belief that her master would not airlive that night, because it was too near the time he had appointed, though there could be no hain in appointed, though there could be no hain in making herself decent; and having quickly accomplished her toilet, she despatched Bat to the nearest cottage to say, that 'Masther was coming home that night with a new illistic to the promote that they must all come to help.

And I will put the pink to emilien of my deat, For she's the pink of acmankind, and blooms with gant wife, and that they must all come to help her to get ready; then Bat had to post on to "Corney Phelan's, general dealer," for candles and salt, a quire of brown paper, some nails, and whatever 'bits o' boards he could spare, to make glass off, to mend the brosen swindys, 'cause the lady was tender may be, and inight catch coulds' besides, he was conmissioned to bring twine and butter, and pepper, and a score of things, the most necessary portion of which he, of course, for-got, and, in his zeal, rendered the other half medective, particularly by suffering the untied paper-bag of salt to fall into a stream,

and mixing the justy nails with the flour.

All was confusion at the castles Tim had contrived to get on an autiquated tarnished livery; and Morty, who, to do him justice, was the pattern of neatness - Irish neatness, at all events—was arrayed as befitted what he considered his elevated rank in the establishment. Some poultry was sacrificed, "10 make spatch cocks in a minute;" and if a great deal was not accomplished, there was, never-theless, a greater bustle than if ten times as wruch had been actually cone.

The night waned on-it was clear, cold, and frosty; the candles approached the sockets of the rich old silver candelabras, that stood in solitary dignity at either corner of the dining chamber, contrasting strangely in their brightness with the worn damask, which was still agitated by the north winds bluster-ing through the broken panes, that Morty had not yet stopped up, though he toiled, and hainmered, and pasted, with inneratigable monatry. At the opposite end of the room rose a nuge biack marble calculey-piece, and, from beneath its distended arch, a fire, of mingled wood and turf, threw the dense and towering mass into atrong shade; as it gloomed heavily over the blazing embers, a little magnation might induce the belief that it magnation might induce the belief that it was a deep cavern, in whose interior shelterest a burning crater—so hot, and darkly red streamed the fire from within. There was a strange blending of poverty and profusion in the garmture of the table—the plate was rich, the linen poer, all that belonged to the obless time time of property—but it was should be to be a property and the party of the obless time time of property. rich, the line poer, all that belonged to the olden time toid of prosperity—but it was the prosperity of the past century; all that was modern was mean, and shewed that the careful eye and hand of a mistress had been long into bregues at all,"

Bat's intelligence war, as might well be surposed, of an algrming nature. Soon the passage leading to the great hall echued a souffling and shuffling and shuffling of bare or slip-shed feet, and presently the members of the kitchand tasteful solucers of existence, those Penates of household life, which vary and embelnates of nousehold tile, which vary and embel-lish domestic—hid I say domestici—poor mi-serable mortals! I should have remembered all you can know of that sweet world is its all you can know of that sweet world is its sound—its feeling is far from ye; though ye be clothed in purple and fine timen, such fare sumptuously every day, yet are there none to whom you can praise, even the beauty and fragance of a flower, with the consciousness that one heart echoes not only your words, but you failure.

but your feelings. One would have thought that Morty had some undefined notion of the sort, and of the necessity there was to make things more comfortable? when a lady was expected, by his wabdering from place to place, now waferhis wandering from place to place, now water-ing a alip of brown paper on a salit' in the win-dow frame, then casting an eye for the twen-tieth time over the table, to see that, accor-ding to his ideas of propriety, nothing was wanting. He had drawn two arm-chairs un-der the shadow of the chimney, and placed a Lord book down upon ye, ye poor sinner.

Go to bed.

Tim did not seem at all inclined to obey the old man's directions; but he stumbled as bandy for masther's tumbler, out of the quivered in her fingers.

far as the door, and holding by it, maintained f could," and again regained to the window, to morty," as he was called, scolded, directed, the wind had blown into open rebellion, and re-directed the ill sorted servants, who had been deemed sufficient to keep the dwelling of Castle Mount Hoyne from t and re-directed the ill sorted servants, who had been deemed sufficient to keep the dwel-himself on the expansive window-seat, which ling of Castle Mount Doyne from damp and decay. At last they ran off in different the saw, distinctly, in the moonlight, the figure rections to make some—they hardly knew of his master's old nurse, Milty Eldred, creewhat—preparation; but the housekeeper paused in the middle of the hall, terned to the all-important steward, and inquired—

"What time was it the masther fixed did you say, Mister Morty?"

"What time was it the masther fixed did you say, Mister Morty?" you say, Mister Morty?"

Whis honour says that he'll be surely here by Thursday, that's the Thursday that's that's the Thursday that's that's the Thursday that's that's that's the Thursday that's th

Dear me! then he'll hardly come to night, bed at the castle; and in her age and feelie-Bless his sweet face! When he was a boy, we ness was paid much attention. It might be always gave him a week's law; and it. Its'ut more from fear than love, for divers things the fashion of the family to mend as they grow were whispered relative to her skill in various ways, which hanched many a rosy cheek lous ways, which blanched many a rosy cheek "Something strikes me they'll be here to-night, any way," replied the old man; and I must insist on all being ready."

"Something strikes me they'll be here to-night, any way," replied the old man; and I wery old—mid-way in her dotage, and cank-ered in her temper; these—added to the adered in her temper; these-added to the advantages which a Scotch education gives over regoined, the nousekeeper you need not be so high about it. Mister Morty, an Irish one—mendered her an object of respectivel a' most as long as ye'reself in the pect and mistrust. She soon passed from family, counting my mother into the time, Morty's sight, and while he was yet wonderwhich is all one; and though it is not matural ing what she could be gathering at that hour. which is all one; and thoughters do the head, yet to like a young misthress over the head, yet the old creature entered the dining-room, to like a young misthress over the head, yet with an almost noiseless step. Her clean white apron was nearly filled with grass and thought o' seeing the baby I've so often der white apron was nearly filled with grass and tangled weeds; and her eye, still clear and tangled weeds; and her eye, still clear and

"The primruse I will put the entiting of the year, And I will put the pink the emilien of my dear. For she's the pink of aumankind, and blooms with

out a peer,
And a' to be a poise to my ain dear May." Whicht with ye'r ballade, agra!' interrupted the steward; 'it's it in such an outd cra-thur as you to be turning up love songs-it's like sun-beams sparkling on skulls and cross the sun-beams sparking on seven and close bones, Lord save us! So be off to yer pray-ers, Milly, honey. Sure there are no flowers now going at an machine! The soly hee-ded him not; but seating herself in one of the arm-chairs near the fire, continued chaunting snatches of oid ballads, and apparently arranging the offering she deemed it right to make to her nurshing spride. Morty had just determined upon a gentle methan of distringing her, when the clitter of horses, and the sound of carriage-wheers, called han and the other domestics to the steps of Castle Mount

Mr. Mount Dorne had experienced no mischauce on his journey until he arrived nearly at the termination of his own avenue. Morty, we have already seen, and not deserve to be numbered amongst unfaithful stewards; but yet, 'somenow,' it never occurred to him that the old trees, which had been felled for firewood, could impede the progress of inmaster's carriage, although they had fallen onrectiv across the room, where, of course, after an Irish fashion, they would remain to be used when wanted by the servants—or. indeed, the neighbours and neighbouring chil-der, who might feel inclined to cut them up for the purpose; over these trees, nevertheless, the carriage upset, and Mr. Doyne, in no very gentle temper, carries his young and lovely wife, almost in a state of insensibility, into the hall, where she again ran the risk of her life, and narrowly escaped suffication from the smell of burnt feathers and whiskey.

from the sinell of burnt feathers and winskey.

Blessings upon your sweet face; *Long life and prosperity to the both—sure they're a beautiful pair;* *Long may they live to reign over us;* 'May their bed be made soft in Heaven, yet, I pray God;* 'May they never know sin or sorrow;' May God's fresh blessing be about them,' were a few of the warm ann affectionate salutations which amised the Mount Dovice and his bide; and waited Mr. Mount Doyne and his bride; and from many glad hearts and cheerful voices and did the wishes proceeds night though it was, all the peasantry, who had heard the rumour of his arrival, had crowded down to the hall,

her long withered arms round ther darling neck,' mingled tears and smiles of affection

and imbecility together.

I ha' meething to gie ye'r bonny bride, she exclaimed, looking at the young and fair creature, who, surrounded by so wild-looking a group, shewed more surpassing in her lovelienzething but these wild flowers, that I pa'd in the night daw. See, here is

'A baddin' rose, when Phoebus peeps is

view, For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bon

The bride took the gift, but her eyes were fixed on the donor.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom l'il place the lily

there. Again she accepted the flower, without

third time, when she shricked, and the leaves

ed Mount Doyne, angrily; why here is nought but wormwood, ine, and nettles,

*Heck, Sirs!' replied the nurse, "if the Lord has turned my winsome flores into sic like, his will be done.' She folded her arms on her breast, and noiselessly withdrew.

'And that odd, wild woman was really your nurse, Charles,' said Mrs. Mount Doyne the next morning; I trust, my love, you are not infected by her madness; I hope you will not give me the rue and nettles instead of the happiness you so often promised.' 'By Heaven!' exclaimed the lover-husband;

and then he swore after the most approved and truly with real sincerity of purlt might be disers things his time, to promote her happiness:—and she beiteved him!

Six months passed as rapidly as if only six weeks had elapsed, and though Caroline loved her husband as much as ever, she had discovered his besetting sin. 'My love,' said covered his besetting sin. My love,' said the lady 'There is no possibility of crossing the court-yard, the weeds are so rampant, and the stones, that tumble from the Castle ing what sie could be gathering at that hour, the old creature entered the dining-room, with an almost noiseless step. Her clean your only effective servant, Old Mary Mac Murragh, keeps in such nice order for my

gratification."
Well, faith, it is too bad, and I will, indeed, send to the workmen who are engaged clamping turf, to clear the rubbish away."
And as you have masons in this part of the world, let then be employed to take down or secure those battlements—by are positively dangerous in their present state.

·Certainly, my love. 'Yes, you say 'certain'y'-but of any thing

being done there is no certainty.'

I declare that I will see to it.' ·How can I attend to it now-don't you

see I'm not shaved.'
But you ought to be-let me ring for Morty, and he will heed your directions: forgive me, but you seem strangely infatuated by a

indit of processinating.

(Why, yes, but I can't help it—it's a family failing. But what's the matter with your check—it is ireadfully swollen?

(Only the tooth-ache.)

·llow could you possibly get the tooth-.ilather, how could I avoid it? There is

not, I do believe, an entire pane of glass in the castle. My dearest love. I am distressed beyond all measure—and as soon as I am dressed—presently—I'll send a man and horse off to Baliytrane for glazier, mason, and every tradesman, who can by any possibility be

Me went so far with this resolve as to ring for his valet. but instead of the valet come do, his tayouted tog, in the agonies of death.

· Good Heavens, Milly—how came this? • The pur beast went into Mad Ronald's stall, and the animal as ye see, jist kict the life out o' kim!? The uncomplaining but suf-fering dog crawled to me master's feet, and

booked piteously in his face.

My poor Fido-my faithful old friend;
muraured Mount Doyne, kindly, while he
examined injuries which he saw it would be in vain to attempt to heal; but how is this-I always understood that Ronald was kept in a separate stude—his vicious tricks are known

.Heck, ye may say that! but what's to binder any living toing from ganging into this stall—the door has no hinges, ye ken, and

winna stay shut?'

'th is a cruel case,' said Mount Downe,
'that amongst the household nothing of the
sort is attended to '

'My bairn, my bairn,' replied the crone,
'ye attend to naething ye'cain sell; and the
house ainly follows the example.'

'My poor Fide!' continued his master, 'd

never past that stable door, without intend-

expected to ken the care o' sich matters; but for her sake, e'en more than ye'r ain, see, an' act ere it be ow'r late. The gloaming is o'er ye bow, but beware o' the night.'

All the second of the night of the second of the se

the old woman's advice, for he was witnessing, without the power of allevisting, the dying agony of his poor favourite; his gentle wife shared in his feelings, and when wido's expiring effort was to lick the fair hand which had so often caressed and ministered to its wants, she turned silently away, unwilling that even her husband should witness the emotion which she could not suppress.

More than four years had passed into the

gulf of time. On the whole, matters, at Castle Mount Doyne, were rather worse than better. To these acquaiated with how things were managed in what were most falsely termed 'good establishments,' in the sister The woodbine I will pa' when the e'ening country, a trile pletare of coarse, yet lavish country, a trile pletare of coarse, yet lavish expenditure, has been often presented—a house filled with guests, from the garret to kitchen—some of theis, it is true, of high Her small white hand was extended for the land bonourable distinction—but the majoritime, when site shricked, and the leaves to ground to work—but not too proud to partake

*Roses—lilies—mondbines, Milly, exclaimof the bit and the sup, and the cast-off rails
the Mount Doyne, angrily; why here is nought
ment of those who had it to bestow. 'His
honour, God bless him, 'ill never miss it; was. honour, God bless him, 'll never miss it,' was, echoed in the kitchen and acted upon in the parlour. And, as from hour to hour—from day to day—from week to week—and from month to month—th—amiable, but infolent, Mouat Dayne, put off every thing where investigation was concerned, he was, it may eavestigation was concerned, he was, it may ea-sily be believed, in as fair away to be ruined as any gentleman could possibly desire. He knew that his agent was any thing but an hon-est man; and yet his habits prevented his look-ing into accounts, where fraud could have been detected by the simplest school boy—he felt that he was surrounded by a nest of sycophants who slandered the very bread they consumed, and daily resolved that 'on the morrow' he would get rid his some Tom this, or Jack that, or Paddy the other, who was preying upon him, without drawing a veil even over his mal-practices. But no 'morrow' ever dawns on a genuine procrastinator. His wife's delicacy of constitution could ill supwife's delicacy of constitution could ill sup-port the noisy company and late hours of an Lish house at the period of our story, and she shrank from what she could not save, in-to a somewhat solitary turret of the rack rent castle; she had now also the duties of a mo-ther to perform, and felt a sweet and holy tranquility in watching her lovely infant, in whom a mother's fundness daily discovered

whom a mother's fondness daily discovered increased beauty.

"You do not smile as cherfully to-night as usual, darling," said Mount Doyne, at the same time pressing his wife to his bosom, and parting her golden curls on a brow that might rival the snow in its mountain purity; and yet I never saw our little Charles look so becaused?

He is beautiful,' she replied, to you I may surely say so; I can almost see the blood cir-culating on his cheek as it presses the soft down pillow, and those blue veins, marbling his noble brow, which is so like your's, dear-est; and now as he lays, his cherub lips just parted, look at his small teeth, shining like pearls encased in richest coral. My blesse-l boy,' she continued with all the earnestness of truth, 'I often think, when I behold you thus, that God will take back to himself so

fair, so bright a creature!

Silly, silly girl—and can such folly make you sad to night? for shame.

It is not that exactly; I have had a letter from Dublin-and that situation is gone.'

D-n it!' muttered Mount Doyne, bitter-

·Had your application been sent in one day sooner, you might have had it-and you

Hold your tongue," he interrupted, angrily: I know I am a most unlucky fellow. Who could have imagined it would have been snapt up in that way? but I suppose you will set that down also to my procrastination, as

His wife made no reply, but busied herself in adjusting some portion of the drapery of her child's couch. Again he spake— It is a greater disappointment than you

dream of; and one I can ill bear-fo to con-fess the truth my rent-roll has become upprofitable, and I cannot exactly tell how to lessen my expenditure.'
If the latter is necessary, nothing is more

easy. Why, out of the twenty servants cu-ployed, five only are are effective. ·I could not turn off the old servants and

leave them to starve.'
God forbid you should leave them to a arve. pension them off, that is the best, the only

Easily said. How could I pension them off, when I find it imposible to command ready money to pay even the tradesmen?

Pray, when does Mr. Sheffield Shuffleton mean to take his departure?"

When I can pay him fifteen bundred good English pounds, value received. My dear, Mr. Shuffleton, his servant, and two herses, have been here during the last five months he has made good interest at all events.

You women pretend to know every thing.

s now, but beware of the night.'

Mount Boyne heard little, and hedded less not woman's advice, for he was witnessig, witnout the power of allevisting, the dyagony of his poor favouriter his centle.

ple eat and drink."

«I would not have my husband mean—I would only have him just," she replied, with much firmness. «I would have him calculate his income, and live within it; I would have him discard an agent whom he knows to be worthless and dishonest—.

worthless and dishonest—

'Stop—in mercy stop!' exclaimed Mount
Doyne, in a tone of and but earnest entreaty;

would to Heaven I could do so!—but that
man has me within a charmed circle, which
seems hourly closing. I am so dreatifully in
his power—I have suffered him to get hold
on my preperty, bit by bit, in gachange for
paltry sums lent from time to time, to supply
present necessities, and which, after all
were nucless. If I had only obtained this sitesting. I should then have had an excuse for tuation, I should then have had an excuse for living part of the year, at all events, away from this destroying gulf.

(Continued to fourth page.)