

Jerry's boat was a ten ton sloop, clean cut, graceful, and a good sailor, but at all times thoroughly dirty like nearly all of her class, for she was one of a great fleet of small sailing vessels which, from early in the spring until nearly the close of summer, run back and forth between Baltimore and southern ports, carrying cargoes of early vegetables, fruit and watermelons; and in the fall go into commission as oystermen.

The "Rosie" was named after Jerry's little girl Rosie, his only child, a merry little blue eyed, golden haired minx, the pride and delight of the big Irishman and the only member of his family who never abused him or found fault with him, for Jerry's wife had a strong arm, developed by much hard work over the wash tub, and a sharp tongue, both of which—and I suspect the kitchen poker too—she never failed to use when Jerry came home "half seas over" after a riotous evening at Terence Callahan's saloon. The washing, Mrs. MGowen took in to make up the discrepancies in Jerry's income,—due to Sunday evenings spent at the aforesaid Terence Callahan's—while her sharp tongue had acquired an especially keen edge through long practice over the back fence with the wife of one Tim Hennessy, a boon companion of Jerry's; so that between the poker and Mrs. MGowen's tongue, Jerry led a ventable Rip Van Winkle's life when at home. Now the whole trouble, which was a very serious trouble indeed, came about in this manner.

Jerry, as well as some dozen or more of his fellow boatmen, used the slip of the M. & M. company's big coasting steamers, from which to unload his cargoes. Late in the afternoons on market days, when the last of the "Rosie's" cargo had been disposed of and her supplies for the outward trip had been shipped, she would join the line of sister boats and slowly "warp" her way out of the long slip to the open harbor where she could "make sail." Generally there was one of the M. & M. Company's big steamers lying at the dock,