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Colonial Farmer.

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Correspondence.

For the Colonial Farmer.

RURAL TOPICS.

"POULTRY FARMS."

We often read in the papers about "poultry farms," as if it required some particular kind, or size of farm, to raise poultry profitably. Ten acres might be enough to keep 500 or 1,000 fowls on profitably, but 25 or 30 acres would be much better, because one who goes into this business requires a horse, a cow or two, and land for pasture, and to grow two or three acres of oats, the same, or more, of corn and potatoes. In short, land enough to almost make a living on, independent of the fowls. I will answer a few imaginary questions:—

1—"How many fowls can be kept to advantage on a small, 25 acre farm?"

It depends wholly on your skill and experience in raising poultry, and the amount of capital that you have to invest in the business. If the fowls are separated in flocks of 250 each, with separate yards, or runs, roosting houses, &c., 2,000 fowls could be easily kept on such a farm

2—"What breed would you advise me to get to commence with; and would you advise me to depend on eggs mostly for my profits, or on both eggs and fowls for market?"

On both eggs and dressed poultry, because you cannot keep a large number of fowls on any other plan, as your hens should all be killed after laying one or two seasons, and be replaced with pullets 6 to 8 months old. You can obtain more eggs the first year from fowls than when older, the laying season to begin in November or December with pullets hatched the previous April and May, and to continue one year. The fowls are less liable to diseases at this age, and it would be more profitable to renew you stock every year from chickens raised on your own premises. In regard to the best breed it is hardly possible for anybody to say what breed is the most profitable in all cases. For eggs only, the Leghorns seem to take the lead, next the Hamburgs; and among the large breeds, the Light Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks I think the two best, both being good layers hardy, and good market fowls dressed. The medium-sized Brahmas are much preferable as layers, sitters, etc., to the great, forced specimens that we see at fairs.

3—"How much profit can I safely expect to make on each fowl, if I keep from 500 to 2,000?"

If you so manage your fowls that they keep healthy, not having over 250 in one yard or run, and feed them properly, you can clear, at least, one dollar per fowl each season above all expenses; but the trouble is to keep them perfectly healthy, the same as when only a few are kept, and in every case that the experiment has been made in the United States to keep a very large number of fowls in one yard the result has been disastrous. You can obtain, on an average, about 125 eggs per year from each hen; worth twenty-five cents a dozen in most places, and their feed need not cost over one dollar, if you buy it all. Then, you can make a good profit on early chickens to sell in July at 40 or 50 cents a pair; and there will be a good profit on the fowls that you kill, and sell dressed every fall, as the chickens raised to replace them will not cost you to feed over half what the old fowls will sell for. I could easily figure up a profit of two dollars per fowl; but to be on the safe side, and allowing for all contingent expenses, I say that one dollar each is sure to you, if you fully understand the business. The man who has land for fowls to use as a run, extending 20 or 30 rods from their roosting-house, would show a gross ignorance of fowl-raising, to say that there is no profit in them. Their manure is worth half what it costs to keep them, if all be carefully saved, and composted with any soil, four times the bulk of the hen dung, and so left a few weeks before using it for any crops, as one would apply guano which costs about three cents per w[illegible] is better than the fowl dropping.

QUESTIONS ASKED.

1—"How can sink drainage be disposed of best, so as not to be an eye sore?"

I can imagine your case exactly. Your sink pours all its soapy filth out upon the surface of the ground, at the side of your kitchen, and becomes a nuisance, which cannot be permitted on any respectable place. You should dig a cesspool in some place lower, or as low as the surface of the ground at the spout, or outlet pipe of your sink. Let it be six or eight feet deep, and from four to five wide, but do not wall it up. Then connect your sink outlet with the cess-pool under ground, through a four or six inch drain pipe, giving a fall that will carry off all the washings of the kitchen easily. Put a wooden cover to the pool that can be easily removed, and twice a year remove it, clean out the pool, and put the filth in it on your garden. Around this pool set some ornamental shrubbery, so that it cannot be seen. No offensive smell will come from it, if the cover fits well; and the water will sink into the ground as fast as it runs in, leaving a sediment containing all the fertilizing properties that ran into it.

2—"Should the Red Astrachan, and other naturally free-growing apple trees be pruned severely to give light and air through their tops?"

As a general rule, all trees of every kind should be so pruned that their branches will not be crowded anywhere. If the tops of your trees are so thick that they do not let in "light and air," remove such branches as can be best spared, while leaving enough to keep up their symmetry and proper proportions.

OLD PASTURES.

When a farmer has a large pasture of land that may be easily plowed and cultivated, but which produces but little grass, and that of poor quality—a field that requires ten acres to keep one cow from dying—and has been so for many years, we must admit that something is wrong in the management of the owner. Suppose we question him as to this pasture; here he comes.

"Good morning, Mr. Slack. You have a large pasture here of smooth land, but with little grass; and I have noticed that it has been in about the same condition for ten years, to my knowledge. Now, I would like to know why you do not plow it and reseed it."

Slack—"Why, you see, neighbor, this land is too poor to bear a crop, and I'm too poor to buy manure to put on it, so I have to let it go as it is."

"But the mere plowing the land, and sowing it to two or three varieties of our best grasses quite thick, without any oat crop with it, would give you a pasture worth ten times what it is now worth. Or if you first sow it to clover, you could got a fair crop of hay for one to two seasons; then plow a full crop under green in June, and immediately seed to buckwheat, three pecks to the acre, and when in blossom roll it down flat, and plow it under; and the first week in September reseed it without any grain crop, and you will have a pasture, after the first season, that you will be proud of."

Slack—[shaking his head]—"No, neighber, you don't get me to throw away my time and money, what little I've got, on any such kind of 'book farmin'" as that, I 'spose you take the Weekly——, with them 'Rural Topics' what that feller writes for the paper; but I'm not going to spend my time reading 'book farming'." No *sir!* My father lived and died without having paid a red cent for any kind of reading; and you see what a fine farm he left me. This old pasture is just as my father left it, and I am going to leave it to my childred as I found it." And this is the way a good many farmers do. They will do nothing their fathers before them were not in the habit of doing.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

At a late meeting of a farmers' club in New York State, a member said: "One difficulty with most of us is that we allow our clover fields to run too long before we plow them up. Now, were I to suggest a method, I would say mow the clover early the first year, and cut a crop of seed, and mow again early the next season, let the second crop of clover grow until the first of August, then turn it under as perfectly as possible. Roll it, harrow and cultivate it thoroughly and sow it with wheat, and my opinion is that it will do better than summer fallow. My reason is, the soil is much lighter. By the decay of the clover roots wheat gets a good start in the fall, and when summer comes and the dry weather we generally have just before wheat fills, the roots get down to the moist, decayed clover, turned under, and the heads fill out beautifully, and the wheat will be very heavy. If you wish to plant with corn, there is no better field for that purpose than a good clover [illegible] and turned under. Follow then with your corn with barley, [illegible] wheat and seed with clover. Try this method with one field and another with timothy; give each field the same quantity of fertilizers for ten years and see which field will be in the best condition. With such a rotation of crops our land will improve with a crop every year, instead of losing one year in four or five for fallowing."

The Minnesota wheat crop, notwithstanding the ravages of the grasshoppers, is estimated at 40,000,000 bushels.

Miscellaneous.

EGGS IN WINTER.—E. G. G. wishes a recipe for keeping eggs through winter. I will give him mine, which has never failed during twenty years that I have used it. It is simply to set the eggs on one end as soon as gathered, and keep them in a cool place. I have kept eggs laid in September until April, and they were just as nice to fry with ham, or for any other use, as new eggs. There is no use of any pickle. If the eggs are good and fresh when put in position, they will be good all winter.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

Some Experience in Farming.

As a correspondence has been solicited on the question whether a young man can do better to go on to a farm or work on a farm, I thought I would tell you what one young man did, and perhaps that would throw some light on the subject.

When I was twenty-two years of age, I bought a piece of new land with only an acre or two cleared; hired some money and had some trees felled and commenced building a house. At twenty-five I married and went on to my place considerably in debt. I have lived by farming, except occasionally getting out twenty-five to fifty dollars worth of lumber in the winter, or an occasional job with my team, until now I am sixty years old. For the first twenty years I had poor health, having injured myself at a fire before I was married, and consequently had to always hire help out of doors and much of the time in the house. I have had a family of nine children, and had a great deal of sickness, only raising three of the nine children, which were daughters. To these we have given a good education, including music, have paid from ten to fifty dollars a year, according to my means, for the support of the gospel, besides subscribing liberally for all improvements in our town or village. To-day, my property is worth at least three thousand dollars, at the low figure at which property is now selling.

Now what could a young man like me, with little education, have gone into that would have shown a better result? I have changed property several times, to be sure, and always to advantage, all within a radius of five miles. My idea is, if a man wants money to spend, let him work for wages; but if he wants a home and a family, let him go upon a farm; and though there must be self-denial and close economy at first, yet in a few years it will come easier. Not, of course, as it regards work, but he will have more to do with; his herds will grow larger and his acres more productive, if farmed rightly.

Again, there is satisfaction in acquiring and owning property. The man who works out and gets his pay in money is more apt to spend it, while the stock and lands of the farmer do not so easily slip through his fingers. It is an old saying that a little to keep is better than a good deal to spend. After all, it depends more upon the man than upon his business whether he is successful in life. A young man of good judgment who is able and willing to work, will succeed at most any thing, and especially at farming. And a good wife ensures his success. If I had my life to live over again, I would work out till I got a few hundred dollars to begin with (it is hard starting any business empty-handed); then if I hadn't the strength and courage to go on to a new farm, I would rent a place for three or five years, and get some stock growing; meanwhile be looking for a farm to purchase. And I believe, if one is bound to be successful in farming, a mortgage is not the worst thing in the world; it stimulates to industry and economy.—*Maine Farmer.*

Clover on Grass.

I gave account last year of my success in seeding a piece of sod to clover, the object being to fertilize the under soil, and also as being an experiment. The sod was a good one, made so by topdressing, the land originally being very poor, so much so that without aid, the grass would run out. I will here repeat what I then said. The clover was sown early, the usual quantity, and the roller passed over. In due time it sprouted and formed its leaves. But the grass, having the start, was too much for it and threated to smother it, which it would have done without aid, as has often enough been demonstrated where old meadows were resown. At this crisis the mower was passed over, cutting close to the ground. This took the grass, but left the little clover just discernible, which now that the sun and air had full access to it, came right forward, aided it as it was by plaster, which affected the grass less. The grass, however which was the strongest, required the second cutting, being a pretty dense crop. After this the clover had the field, though in one place where the grass was very strong and thick, it was "neck to neck" which should get the better. And this continued with some advantage to the clover during the season. In the fall a heavy growth was left for protection.

And now for the present season. In the spring there was a fair start, the clover having the advantage, though the weather was unfavorably early, there being a lack of moisture and warmth, old meadows particularly suffering not altogether from the unpropitious spring, but also from close feeding in the fall. I should have stated that I gave the sod, with its coat of aftermath, and dressing of road dust late in the fall, which benefited it the present season. But it was not until after the first cutting, and a dressing of plaster, freshly ground and of excellent quality, was given, aided by timely showers and warm weather, that the growth really set in, and now there is a cloud of clover smothering the grass and the few weeds that strive for existence. Nothing can be finer than this—so acknowledged by all who see it—the roots of the clover penetrating the soil below. The clover is headed out, and I shall let it mature, so as to die out, giving the grass the benefit. I shall resow with grass early in the spring.

The success of the experiment is so great, so decided, that I cannot refrain from recommending it. The soil was of the poorest, the grass kept on by repeated feeding, so that any land may be treated, the expense to established the clover being the seed, rolling the land (so as to have the seed catch,) and passing the mower over it; this last may be repeated if the grass is heavy and threatens to smother the young plant. If the ground is poor and the grass badly run out, a little manure will be required, to be harrowed in. This should be done in the fall, so as to have the ground ready early in the spring. I should have mentioned that the spot where the grass was heaviest, a mass of grass and roots resisting, with some success, the clover last year, is now to the eye all clover. Nothing, it seems, can resist this vigorous plant if favored by plaster and good growing weather; the most obstinate quack has been subdued by it. There is another thing; clover thus introduced will have a lighter stem, being crowded, and the grass mixed with it, improves decidedly the hay makes of it, as also the pasture. Who will give it a fair trial and report?—*F. G. in Country Gentlemen.*

The Hessian Fly.

We are afraid we have underestimated rather than exaggerated the extent of the trouble likely to befall us in consequence of the operations of the Hessian fly. It is an accepted entomological maxim that an unusually abundant crop of any kind carries with it the multiplication of its insect enemies. For an illustration of the truth of the maxim we have to refer only to the apple crop of this year—an abnormally wormy affair following upon the abundant yield of last year. As respects the wheat, not only was there a great crop, but the season throughout, and especially during September and October, was one of the best seasons that an insect could wish for. The Hessian fly, for instance, is a more tender insect than a mosquito, and it is probable that in average years ninety-nine hundredths of them are killed by early frosts in September before they have fulfilled their life-mission. This year there was next to no frost in September, and consequently we hear of the Hessian fly being seen at work as late as the 6th of October, whereas in an average year, wheat that is sown as late as the 10th of September, and that consequently does not show above ground for a week later, is safe from their attacks. And again, our farmers of late years have put in their winter wheat very early—many of them sowing in August—in order to get it out of the way of rust and the midge in the succeeding summer. This premature sowing has provided those Hessians, which came early to perfection, with a place for ovipositing, while the main body, appearing about the first and second week of September, and the late stragglers, which our observation leads us to believe may even this year be a third brood from the early-deposited eggs, found wheat ready for them everywhere.

As to the extent of country over which the Hessian fly prevails, we cannot say definitely, but we suspect that there are very few sections of Ontario, Michigan, New York, Indiana, and Ohio entirely free from it. In New York State, and Ohio, which seem to be worse off than we are, the farmers are familiar with the enemy: old farmers recollecting a time when the Hessian flies put an absolute stop to wheat-growing, and by that means so nearly exterminated themselves that they ceased to be much of a nuisance. Canadian farmers have hitherto not been much bothered with Hessians, and are so unfamiliar with the nature of their depredations that many of them were not aware of the presence of the foe until the appearance of our article on the subject three weeks ago led to an inspection of the growing wheat. For instance, on the town line of Markham and Whitchurch there are several fields of wheat that were sown very early. The plant began to look sickly soon after it appeared above ground, but there happened to be a dry time, and to the drouth the weakness was ascribed. But when our article appeared suspicion arose as to the nature of the trouble from which the plant was suffering. An examination revealed the fact that there were countless thousands of Hessian flies imbedded in the crowns of the plants. We hear of similar cases in other sections, where farmers have made up their minds that the most economical plan will be to plough their wheat under and take off a spring crop. This, as we before stated, is the only right thing to do after the eggs have hatched and where as many as one in ten of the plants is infested with the pupæ. The land may be used for any spring crop if, in ploughing under, the furrows be laid flat and the soil entirely reversed, but it should not be disturbed in the spring except by going over with a light harrow, of which the teeth have a backward inclination. It may be best not to put in any cereal crop, as the fly will attack barley, rye, oats, or any of the native grasses allied thereto in the absence of wheat. Pea or roots would be the most advisable crops, the roots to be grown on the level, and not ridged as is usual.

Insects are not the only enemies that the young wheat has to contend with this year. We have received several parcels of sickly looking young wheat afflicted with a disease that, under the microscope, is plainly identifiable as rust. It is somewhat unusual for rust to be abundant except in summer, and the fact that the ever-present fungoid spores could find a suitable resting place at this time of the year augurs ill for the health of the plants.

The fact is that farmers, in their anxiety to avoid lateness, have gone to the other extreme and have sown too early—that is, too early for a season like the present, and for a time when the Hessian fly is around. An immense breadth of the fall wheat is far too forward to allow a chance for it to survive the winter.—*Toronto Globe.*

Animals in Health and Disease.

To know when an animal is sick, it is necessary first to know when it is well. The appearance of healthy animals should be carefully watched and noted. The condition of the eye and the visible membranes; the manner of breathing and its rapidity; the condition of the skin and the secretions; the character of the excretions; and the motions and temper of the animals are all unerring guides by which a state of health or sickness may be judged. In health, the eye is bright, clear, open, lively and has a gentle, mild, and intelligent expression. In sickness it is dull, clouded, partly closed and drooping, or staring; either glassy or covered with film, and has a wild, pained, uneasy, restless, or anxious expression. In health, the visible membranes are of a lively red color, the conjunctiva of the eye is of bright red. the breathing is easy, regular, and without effort or noise. The inspirations occur in the horse, ox, and cow about fifteen times in a minute; in the sheep about twenty times, and in a pig about twenty-five times in a minute. The pulse beats about four times to each inspiration. The respiration follows the inspiration deliberately, and at marked intervals; the "respiratory murmur" which may be heard by placing the ear at the right side, closely behind the shoulder, is much like the rustling of a gentle breeze amongst dry leaves of thorough waxing ripe grain. The temperature is not over 100°. The skin is moist, loose, and elastic; the hair is soft and glistening, and lies smoothly and closely upon the skin; the membranes are cool, and only moist with their peculiar secretions; the excretions have no disagreeable smell, and are not high colored. the dung being neither hard nor soft, except in the ox or cow, in which it does not approach a semi-liquid condition, but remains simply plastic, and of a greenish-brown color; they are also voided without effort, straining, or discomfort. The motions of the animals are easy, deliberate, fearless, and made for some clear purpose, while the attitudes when at rest are unconstrained and free from distortion, and easy.

In sickness, or when sickness is approaching and the first effects of disorder of the system are felt, all this is changed. The eye is often the first organ to show the changed condition; the visible membranes are also soon changed in appearance. The membrane which covers the eye and the orbit, and which is much gathered at the corners, is dark red, and filled with blood, or is pale yellow. The nostrils are pale or dark red, and sometimes purplish; the ears are either very hot or cold; the "snuffle" or snout in the cow or ox is dry, hot, and shrivelled; the breathing is quickened and made with effort, or painfully and with grunts, the respirations suddenly following the inspirations, and there is a hollow, dull sound or a coarse gurgle in the chest instead of the musical murmur of health. The skin is contracted, tense, dry, and the contraction drawing the hair follicles closely together causes the coat to stand on end and appear rough. The temperature of the body is elevated to 103° or 104°. The urine is scanty, hot, and red; and smells strongly and disagreeably; the dung has a disagreeable odor, and is dark, slimy, and caked; or it is nearly liquid, and is sometimes streaked with blood. The animal is restless, rising and reclining, and moving from place to place without apparent reason. It stands apart from its companions, and looks around and behind, as if apprehending danger, or it lies in a secluded place, with its head thrown back upon one side, its eyeballs protruding, and it rarely changes its attitude. All this may occur before any but a practiced eye suspects any change or danger; and at this moment treatment should begin, if it is to be effective.

By-and-by the change becomes too apparent to be mistaken. Every symptom is intensified, and—that which generally causes the first suspicion of wrong—the loss of appetite and inability to rise then occurs. But it is too late to avert the fatal result in the majority of cases, at this period. In blood diseases, which include all those known as murrins, charbon, black-leg, Spanish fever, hog cholera, milk fever, red water, foot and mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia, rot and braxy in sheep, with some others, the blood is totally changed in character; the globules become confluent and clog the vessels, and it no longer coagulates when drawn from the veins. In other diseases, the affected organs become changed in structure and can no longer fulfil their office. Treatment then fails to be effective. The animal could only have been saved by earlier treatment or by preventive precautions. In these latter, there is most reason and most success. Skillful and effective help is rarely at hand in rural districts, and physic is more often given ignorantly and recklessly than usefully. By knowing how to avoid disease by preventing or removing its causes is the better way. The ordinary rules of health—cleanliness, purity of air and water, healthfulness of food, with avoidance of either excess, insufficiency or irregularity in feeding; ample and seasonable protection against heat, cold or damp, and avoiding overwork—all these are worth more than a shopful of drugs. But when, from unavoidable circumstances, sickness appears, if the owner is able to detect the first insidious advance, he has already won the battle in most cases, because the most simple remedies, such as a change of food or some good nursing, will often suffice to remove the ailment.—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

Select Story.

Dick Blaizes' Yarn,

I'd been to Church. I'm not a man to sail under false colors, and pretend I went reg'lar, for I didn't; but when a lad has been on a three-years cruise, and through no end o' gales, and come home safe and sound at last it's only right he should report himself at headquarters. Some don't; but I had a good old mother once, and she taught me a great deal that I've forgotten now (more shame to me), besides some things I remember. So, feeling that the Lord's hand had been in my coming home safe, I went to where they say he comes oftenest, and that's to church.

It was a grand sort of place; but I had my 'long shore togs on, and my new silver watch, and a collar as white as old saily—and in I walked, bold as as brass. It was evening, about seven bells, and the glims were all alight. Chaplain, he was there in the wheel-house, and all the passengers aboard, I sailed up the straits, looking for a seat, but, Lord love ye! they all had state rooms with the doors shut, and though I said, once or twice, "Shove up, shipmate," nary a lad of 'em budged an inch.

"Look-a-here, my man," says I to a fellow acting as convoy to a lot of ladies jest come in, "my opinion is you need a missionary. I've been among the benighted heathen, in parts where they're nigh as black, as your coat, and though they eat each other now and then, them that's converted never tries to keep the others out in the cold when there's a meetin'. Chaplain wouldn't hear on't if they did."

Well, the chap turned up his nose at me, and said something about being "under no obligation to find seats for strangers," and I set sail for the door, when he pints, and I looks, and, bless her pretty heart! there was a lady holding her door open, an kind o' bowin', as much as to say, "Cast achor here and welcome."

So I made my best bow, and went in. There warn't another soul but us two there, and I felt sheepish, I can tell you. I warn't two-and-twenty then, and was afore the mast yet. And she was such a beauty!—like a little yacht with streamers flying, and holiday sailing ahead. If she'd turned up her nose at me I'd not have wondered. But she didn't; she gave me a book with blue velvet on the binding, to sing out of, and smiled when she did it. And bless ye, I forgot what the Chaplain was saying, looking at her. I don't know where she got her eyes, unless a bit of Summer sky was used to make 'em, for they were just as blue. Well, when it was all over, such a time as I had treading on the women's long petticoats, and being scowled at, coming out! I was making headway down street, when I saw a fellow half seas over make up to a lass and put his arm about her waist, and try to kiss her. She screamed, but before she could scream twice I was alongside of her. "Hands off, you lubber!" says I, and I laid him sprawling.

And then I saw the lass was the very one I'd been looking at all the evening—the only christian (according to my reckoning) in church.

Says she, "I'm very much obliged to you, sir."

Says I, "You ain't—not at all, Miss; and now, if you've far to go, I'll walk alongside and pilot you, if you'll permit."

Says she, "I have a very little way to go; that's father's house; but thank you a thousand times."

Well, she pointed to a reg'lar first-class sort of place, all white marble, that I knew to be Cappen Jersey's. And Cappen Jersey was my cappen. I'd sailed with him for years—'prentice at first, hand steward. And, Lord love ye! I felt almost frightened to think of sitting and walking alongside *his* daughter. I made my best scrape and bow, and somehow stammered out about giving my best respects to the Cappen' and the honor of having sarved him.

Then says she, "Papa must thank you himself." And there, true as the sea-serpent, was Cappen Jersey at the parlour port-hole. She told him what had happened, and he said, "My man you've done your duty," and made me come in and have a glass of wine. He called it wine' look ye, but I've my doubts of it, for it was sour as swipes, and fizzed like soda-water when the cork came out. I should have took it for spiled cider. However, cappens' wine isn't to be sneered at by forecast hands, and I took it.

Well, I took myself home after that, but I took her along o' me. I could see her eyes and her mouth and her hair—'twarn't gold, nor brown, nor yet flaxen—sort o' like moonlight with a shadow in it—as well as if I'd been in one o' them daguerreotype machines and had her pictur took off on my heart, and at night I dreamed of her.

Look here, shipmate, if you'll keep dark I'll tell you what I dreamed: That I—Dick Blaize—*kissed* Cappen Jersey's daughter! I don't believe in a man stepping out of his place. Nobody under a first-mate had a right to dream that, and I own up it was to blame.

That wasn't the worst—I vow it wasn't. I thought of her after I was awake jest the same; and I did think if I could be cappen, and her my wife—Eva her name was; I had heard the Cappen call her so—I'd not to die, nor yet to go to Heaven. Life would be so happy to me!

If any youngster reads this I want to tell him that's wrong, for the Chaplain told me so, and I'd do no harm (if I knew it) to anybody. Good advice it's my duty to give; but all the same, when I spin a yarn I put the truth in it.

I did love that girl. There's no denying it. I didn't care to have any talk with other lasses. Poll and Sue did seemed pretty to me, but how red and coarse they were arter that!—frouzy and blowzy. She so trim, with white topsails and a rose just half open in her hair, and little hands with dimples on 'em.

I went to church next Sunday—not to sit alongside o' her, bless ye! I got up into the loft. I offered the pilot a dollar to take me there; but I'll say this for the lad, he was above bribes; and I looked down at her. Cappen Jersey was then snoring as if he'd been in his bunk, and most of the folks looked dronsy' but I never closed my eyes. There I sat aloft, thinking what I'd do if I was cappen and owner of a ship, I named the *Era* in my own mind; and bless ye! afore I paid the reconing to the lad with a plate, (solid silver, as my name is Jack!) I'd had the Chaplain marrying us. There's sarce for a foremast man, my messmates. But you see Granther Baldwin, mother's father, *was* cappen of a merchantman, and that's how I came by it.

Well, I went on loving and hoping, and we took a another voyage, and yet another; and I got on and was promoted, and by-and-by I found myself second mate, and then she was not spliced yet. I was six-and-twenty, and had a little money put by, and thoughts of her had kept me from too much grog and company that might ha' done me harm; an' says I one day, "I'll have her yet before I go to Davy Jones's locker."

Off and on we'd met, and I'd bowed, and now I was, as you may say, an officer, I was bolder. I tried to improve; I read and practiced land talk; and I don't mind owning (as I've promised a true yarn) that I hired a Frenchman to teach me manners and parlevooing. He couldn't do it. What he called the langwy Frenchy would not be latut, and as for manners, that was wuss. So one day, he says:

"Mousheer, you sall make von verra grand sail-air, but ze dance an ze langwy French you sall not know, if you live so long as von hundred." I says, "Your'e right, my hearty; salt I was born and bred, and salt I'll die." So we parted company.

Well, shipmates, for all that I didn't give up thought of Miss Eva Jersey, and being second mate, I found many chances after a while to talk to her, and I was a handsome young fellow then—wanity, you'll say, but it's truth—and she took a shine to me. When I knew it, I was besides myself with joy. Secret a bit we were about it as all lovers will be, and the Cappen was a man to be afraid of. But one day I went to him in his state-room—wait a bit—his study, at home, and says I, "Cappen, I've a word to say to you."

"Well, my man," says he.

Now this warn't just the thing for a second mate. He might have said, "Well, sir." However, he'd known me cabin-boy.

I couldn't go on at first, but by-and-by I managed to stumble through it. "I loved his daughter and wanted him to give her to me." That was my yarn; and Lord love ye! the squall it raised. Cappen rose up and looked at me.

"Have you been drinking, my man?"

"No, Cappen," says I.

"Then your'e mad," says he.

"Not yet man," says I.

He pointed to the door.

"I haven't had my answer," says I.

"I beg pardon, Cappen, but I want to hear it."

Ladies may read this, or I'd write down what he said to me. Talk about oaths after that!

"I don't deserve this, sir," says I.

"You deserve a cowhiding. If I had a jack-o'-nine-tails handy, I'd lay it over your back," says he. "Miss Eva is a lady, and you a common sailor."

"Second mate now, sir," says I.

"Second Fiddlestick's end," says he.

"And sir, she—she ikes me,"

Then Cappen kicked me out. Mind ye he was sixty-five, or I wouldn't let him do it.

Next thing I heard was, that Eva was went away to an aunt's, and the nigger that waited on her father on shore, fetched me a note from her, bidding me good-bye, and saying, "she must obey her father," That was her duty. I did mine; engaged with the Cappen for a new voyage, and the time was come; and though it went agin me, I couldn't desart. "It's the last voyage we'll have together," says I—to myself, you know,

I did my duty. I worked hard. But all the light was gone out o' my sky. I was in a fog, with my compass lost. Life warn't nothing to me, and soon I had a chance for death.

For there came to us such a gale as never blew before, when we were not far from the Gold Coast; and after it had blown a bit it seemed to me the cappen lost his senses. He might have saved the ship, but he was obstinate, and so he went upon a rock and split to pieces. We took to the boats in the storm. I never saw any of my mess-mates again. We might