

floor, and told the great fellow that he ought to be ashamed of himself. He let go his hold, and looked for a moment as if he felt inclined to knock *her* down, but directly afterwards he *did* look ashamed of himself!

"It was *his* fault, he aggravated me," the big brother growled; "but I won't meddle with him if it bothers *you*." And off he went to his berth, like a whipped dog with his tail between his legs.

When baby fell ill the doctor had so many inquiries to answer in every part of the ship, that he had serious thoughts of pasting a bulletin of the state of baby's health daily upon the mainmast. If there's safety in a mere multitude of counsellors, Chessy need not have felt alarmed about her little pet. For a possession so precious to her and to us all, mere doctor's advice—the doctor a bachelor, too—of course was not considered sufficient, and amateur prescriptions of all kinds poured in upon Chessy from all quarters for her little fellow's measles, hooping-cough, teething, or whatever it was. One grave old sailor, whose opinion was greatly respected by his mates because he was a family man, advised Chessy, in perfect good faith, to put pitch-plasters on the back and breast of Master 'Dolphy, and to give him a good spoonful of brimstone and treacle every time he blubbered. "That was the way," the sailor said, "in which his old woman had got all *his* young uns over their mulligrubs." When 'Dolphy had recovered sufficiently to

be brought on deck again, he held a levee. Everybody on board came to be presented at his little court; and when he had dropped off to sleep upon his mother's lap, great rough fellows, both passengers and crew, would stoop down as they passed to uncover his face that they might have a look at him. They lifted his little shawl with a comically tender touch to be given by such rough fingers, but the little amateur nursemaids who were longing to have 'Dolphy lying on their laps, watched these bold proceedings with jealous severity, greatly wondering that Chessy, though she lifted up her fingers and said "Hush!" looked pleased rather than otherwise at having her baby peeped at by such rough fellows.

When I last saw Chessy and her baby they were pulling away from the *Gold Finder en route* for Liardet's Beach, in charge of Adolphus senior. In spite of the poor opinion we had held of him, Adolphus senior had been waiting for his wife and child for a week or two in Melbourne, and had boarded the *Gold Finder* before her crew—those who had signed articles for the return voyage as well as the "shilling a month men"—had had time to run away. Adolphus senior seemed so delighted at recovering possession of his two treasures, that we included *him*, too, in the ringing cheer which everybody on board gave to Chessy Chalk and her baby as they were rowed ashore.

EDWARD HOWE.

TACKLING OLD EPHRAIM.

AN INCIDENT ON SURVEY IN CALIFORNIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND."

IN the year 1852, when things were at their busiest in the American Gold States, I formed one of the chief Government surveying-party engaged in laying out ground from San Francisco bay to the mountains of the coast range. During that time there were various opportunities of seeing Californian life in a way unknown to most who have described the country; and we enjoyed a great variety of field-sport and woodcraft all along. Even round the bay, and throughout the level land of the Contra Costa, or over the settled bottoms about San José, game of every sort fairly swarmed during the spring season while we were occupied thereabouts. And a better test could not well have been had of it than our survey-chain, going ahead over everything, through

scrub, chapparal, wild-corn or mustard-brake. Each of us had a six-shooter in his belt, and it may easily be conceived that when quail, crested partridge, or white cranes were started, or perhaps a black-tailed doe hiding to save her fawn, or a couple of huge donkey-hares, or a puzzled young antelope, the sport at times tended to drop our duty to Government out of view. Whatever our success in the field,—which could not be much with such tools, not to speak of the two sharp surveyors at our head,—a pretty good time could generally be had about camp at leisure hours trapping, tracking, or fishing. The creeks from the bay abounded in trout, mullet, and the finest salmon in the world, while moreover it might so happen that you hooked an alligator-terrapin or a snapping-