

ready to shoot for herself anywhere, but on this occasion she appears not to have interfered. The Alcalde lost no time on Mr. Malloch's behalf; and the brewer having stated that he had come out solely for the purpose in question, he was on the point of being sentenced to imprisonment, when it turned out that he had the choice of a heavy fine, which he paid, and got his liberty. Everybody knew his name from the labels on the pale ale bottles; and his popularity during the rest of the day was something extraordinary. The feeling was certainly strong against Mr. Malloch, but this was nothing compared with what leading Vigilance-men would drop in regard to him and similar influential citizens, if once the movement got carried out.

Coming ashore one day shortly after, I was more than surprised by the next news on the Vigilance side. The statement was, that Mr. Malloch had lately shown a disposition to break with the corrupt party in power, and join the reform cause; at all events it was understood that he had sent in his name the previous night, not only with a handsome subscription, but engaging to bring in further supporters. Many among those engaged were perfectly wild at the idea; and for my part I must say it quite bewildered me at the time. The majority of the leading men, however, seem to have thought it was just what they required. Before another night passed, Mr. Malloch's name was given out as being on the committee; and it evidently brought weight with it. The chances, moreover, were, that if they managed to put off a few days longer till the harvest was finished across the Bay, it would help to decide Colonel Rigg as to coming over.

My term aboard the *Cornucopia* was then drawing to an end. Preparations for sailing were pushed forward, a sufficient crew secured, and more passage-berths applied for than could be given. None of the passengers, however, were allowed quarters in the ship beforehand, except one steerage passenger, an old acquaintance of the steward's, who was going home in bad health. He was always ready to be useful, and afraid of nothing. The captain or the new chief mate now generally slept on board likewise. We had plenty of neighbours, too, the next vessel up roadstead being a timber-barque that had just anchored, with the officers on the watch to keep her crew from running before she hauled in, while outside of us was a good-sized passenger brig, the *Queen of the South*, just ready to leave for the Sandwich Isles and Van Diemen's Land. The brig after all missed the forenoon ebb when it made next

day; the regular sea-breeze then of course came in, which obliged her to wait till it should fall toward sundown, with the turn of the evening tide.

That day Captain Simmerall required me to take him ashore in the boat, during which, in his usual kindly manner, he gave me notice that the *Cornucopia* was fixed to sail early that week. He had not been able to let me know sooner, and busy as we were, he then gave me the afternoon to look about me in town. As nothing suitable turned up, I made the best of my way out of the streets, in more than good time to get aboard according to regulation, which was always before work knocked off in the ship at sundown. In this respect I never failed to be punctual; and as to the boat, it was invariably left at one or other of the public wherrying-points. Through the various shifts I was put to at getting aboard or ashore, I had come to prefer sculling to paddling. Once the turn of the wrist was got it came so easy in the bay that now I never carried more than a single oar; and would scarce have hesitated to leave the *Cornucopia's* skiff at any hour, seeing that not one man in a score could do anything with it, if so inclined. When I came down there that afternoon, the wharves were busier than before. It was still broad daylight, and there was a crowd at the points to look out at the brig that was to sail shortly. Boats of all kinds were coming and going, some in connexion with her, but others to various parts of the harbour. As I took my oar to push off, a respectable seafaring man hurried along in a somewhat groggy state, anxious to get aboard the *Queen of the South*, where it seemed he had shipped, but overstayed himself. And immediately after, came another man in similar case, to all appearance a returned digger, claiming to have secured a passage in the brig, and willing to pay any amount to be taken out. Every boat was engaged nearer hand, leaving the two in their plight. One of the watermen, seeing that I was alongside, called me, as my direction lay in the exact quarter. The consequence was that I could not avoid making the offer to meet some of the return-wherries from the anchorage, though I at once said that I did not take fares, and required no payment whatever. The sailor, after seeing me, was clearly less eager about joining the brig. However, it was evident that the other man was desirous to secure a passage in the brig, and much cut-up about the likelihood of missing her. He caught at my offer directly, giving a glance from me to the boat, and saying something as to payment, as he sat down in the stern-