

Cleanings.

A NEW COLONY.—The 'British Columbian' publishes an Order in Council constituting the colony of Stekin. The Order was made on July 19th, 1862, at Osborne. The colony is organized under the Falkland Island Acts passed on the 6th and 24th years of Her Majesty's reign. The new colony is called the Stekin Territories. What is now constituted a government is bounded on the south and west by the Russian Possessions; on the east by the 125th meridian; on the north by the 62nd parallel. The Governor of British Columbia is made the Administrator of the Government. The Governor has to appoint provisionally all the officers necessary, as well as suspend them. He can pardon offenders, remit fines, &c. He also has the power given him to make such laws relative to land and minerals as he shall see fit; and persons violating them can be fined £50, but not more. The law of England, as it was on Jan. 1, 1862, is the law of the territory. The Supreme Court of British Columbia has cognizance of all suits; and the Judge of the Court can make rules to allow Justices of the Peace to hear suits not above £50. Appeals are allowed on suits above £10, to the Supreme Court of British Columbia. The Justice of the Peace may try all offences not for treason or felony, punishable with death, but he cannot impose a higher fine than £50, or give more than three months' imprisonment.—The higher offences are to be tried in the Supreme Court. The powers of the justices, sheriffs, jailors, &c., shall be the same as in England. The Governor of British Columbia and Vancouver Island shall be Governor—or in his absence the Administrator of British Columbia. The Duke of Newcastle was to give the directions to carry out the Order of the Council.

EGYPTIAN ENGINEERS.—The correspondent of the 'London Engineer,' at the great exhibition, England, thus relates an account of barbarian engineering: 'I remember when coming from the Nile in 1847, hearing a capital story of Egyptian engineering in those days. Mahomet Ali was the first to introduce steam navigation on the Nile, and, determined to have the natives instructed in the mystery of working the engines, a small steamer of about ten-horse power was, after many lessons from an English engineer, handed over to a native crew.—On the first voyage thereafter, a leakage took place, in consequence of the lower joint of the safety valve giving way. The natives applied the universal panacea for all wounds and bruises, a handful of Nile mud. This proving insufficient, a second and third dose of the same styptic was applied. Finally bricks and mud were built over it, but all in vain. At last, when quite a pyramid of mud and bricks had been erected, and the steam rushed out worse than ever, they gave up in despair. 'Allah! Bismillah!' they exclaimed, 'who can contend with fate?' So saying, they leaped overboard and swam ashore; where they quietly smoked their pipes till the fires burned out and the steam went down.'

HOME.—There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael; the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and arrow, 'his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.' Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced? What love makes allowances like household love? God forgive those who turn the household altar into a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrilege of the heart.

FRIENDLY LONGEVITY.—The vital statistics of the Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland for three years immediately preceding 1861, show that their average length of life is greater than that of the population generally. In 1857-8, it was fifty-one years, three months and twenty-seven days; in 1858-9, fifty years, one month, and twenty days; and in 1859-60, fifty-five years, and eight months. The simplicity of their habits, the restraint and control of the temper, and the quiet and order and discipline inculcated by the society, have much to do with this prolongation of life. As these rules are relaxed, the average term of life is shortened.

When do you think the world will come to an end? asked a German.

'Oh, probably in about three months,' answered the joker.

'Ho, vell I no care for dat, exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction, 'I pe going to Puffalo dis spring.'

Ingratitude is unpardonable, and dries up the fountain of all goodness.

THE GUINEA SMUGGLERS.

A STORY OF THE COAST.

It wanted but a few minutes to seven o'clock on an April evening in the year 1812. The moon, in her second quarter, had just graciously shown herself to the world, gliding into sight from behind a dark rolling bank of cloud. There was certainly no doubt about the fact that even Lawyer Wedger thought it a gracious and a pleasant night. A mile from Seaford, and on the chalk-cliffs, was, however, not exactly the place where one would have expected Lawyer Wedger to have been found at such an hour. A clean skin of parchment was a pleasanter sight to him than a field of young corn; and a tin deed-box, labeled in white letters 'Re Dawson,' or 'The Honourable Fitzcarder's Mortgage,' a sweeter view than the moonlight ever shone on from Seaford cliffs. But let us not think evil of an attorney. Perhaps a successful action at the assizes, then holding at the neighbouring town, had warmed his millstone heart, and sent Wedger out to bless nature, and in his turn to receive her blessing. My Lord Bacon, in the middle of his bribe-receivings and present-takings from suitors, would often, we are told, go out into his stately garden, and there, taking off his jewelled hat, stand bareheaded in the rain, receiving on his bald cerebrum what he, noble pedant, was pleased to call 'Heaven's benediction.' Why, then, should not Wedger, imitating that great example, and having perhaps that morning got his parchment chains round some new victim, not have come out to bathe in the moonshine, and feel his old wizen heart grow young again in looking at the great gray wall of the sea?

Wedger was a hard, cruel, unjust man, every one around Seaford knew; but he had feelings. He had love for that prodigal scapegrace son of his: he was human at least in that one corner of his heart. Why not, then, in others? His manner as a mere lover of nature, however, was rather calculated just at present to excite suspicions.—He skulked about in the shade of trees; he evidently shunned the open path; he peered, he pryed, he stared at particular holes in the cliff; in fact, he had more the manner of a terrier looking for a wounded rat, than that of a good man taking an evening walk. A sarcastic person might have said that he looked as if he had dropped a writ over the cliff somewhere, and was trying to find it. Well, on Lawyer Wedger went along the cliff-path, dogged by that untiring bailiff, his black shadow, for all the world like a bloodhound on the trail, scratching here, nosing there, stopping at this place, hurrying over that place, evidently bent on some mischief, and making straight for a little seaside inn, the Zebec, the tile-roof of which could just be seen far away to the left.

Suddenly Wedger started—yes, started as if lightning had fallen and ploughed up the turf at his very feet, then fell on his knees, and crouched in the shadow of a chalk-pit, as if he were trying to make himself as small as he possibly could; at the same time he ground his yellow teeth, slapped his thigh, and exclaimed in a low breath, 'Thank God, I have it at last.'

A red light had shown itself for an instant from a window of the Zebec, and was answered by some hoat out at sea. There could be no doubt about it to any one who knew anything about the bad goings-on at Seaford and its neighborhood. It was a smuggler's signal that had been given from the window of that house—a signal to land or a signal warning of danger. Lawyer Wedger did not know which, but it gave him a clue he had long wished for, for he now knew that the Zebec was the depot of smugglers, as he had suspected. But hush! He rose, and crept toward the edge of the cliff, for just then he heard the faint splash and fall of oars. Suddenly, from out the dark shadow of a little bay between the cliffs, a long, white, ghostly boat, swift as a water-snake, shot out of the darkness into the moonshine; it was pulled by four men, while one stood at the helm, and pointed the boat straight for the French coast. In a moment—and Wedger's eyes received everything with the greediness with which a cat in ambush watches the movements of a nest of young birds—two short masts were raised and two lugsails and a jib were taken to the wind. The boat, aided by this new power, flew off like a swallow, as the favourable wind caught her sails, and soon passed into the gray, dim perspective of the coming night.

In a moment, the dark, wily brain of the lawyer had planned his campaign. It should begin that very moment. He determined at once to steal round the back of the Zebec, get into the road from the assize town, and

then return and enter the tavern as if for a glass of grog on his way home from business. He would watch the landlord's manner, and either coax or threaten as he found it best.

'So it is true,' he said to himself, as he arose to execute the plan, 'and no mare's nest, and I have seen the guinea-boat after all, and found out where it harbours. A crown to a bad shilling, young Master Davison, but I stop your counting Polly, and hang you in a wire-basket before April comes round again. Damerham would have it that it was a mere ghost-story, but I stuck to it, it was not, and I'm right.'

Wedger was a lean, shrunken man with a yellow, puckered face, with little, spiteful eyes, hair powdered in the old-fashioned way, and with black clothes of a formal and scrupulously respectable cut. Even to his very black gaiters, there was a design in everything he wore. He had once heard of a certain merchant on 'Change who gained a fortune entirely by wearing a filled shirt, gold seals, and a blue coat and brass buttons; so he determined to dress, too, in character, and assert his special individuality.—There was almost a suspicious air of respectability about the guests in the parlour of the Zebec when Wedger entered. Jumper Davison, the landlord, had his arm fondly round the waist of his pretty daughter Polly.—Three or four farmers sat gravely at their brandy and water, and looked steadily at the kettle, as if they were watching a tardy experiment in chemistry. They all arose and bowed, like automatons, through the smoke, as Wedger entered and called for a glass of hot rum and milk. One amphibious sea-coast farmer was in the midst of a stolid sea-song, something about

It blew great guns that night,
It blew with main and might,
With a fury and a savage lion's roar;
It blew so hard, I've seen, if you'll credit Ben and me,
It blew away the wig of our brave old commodore.

But even the applause given to this song appeared formal and mechanical, and there was nothing hearty in it.

'Rum and milk, Mr. Wedger, sir; and how do you do? Any news at 'sises?—Here, Polly, run and heat the milk at the kitchen fire. It'll do quicker there. Take a seat, sir. Here; there's room between Muster Jobson and Muster Wilkins.'

'Thank you, friends—thank you, Davison,' said Wedger, bowing coldly and grandly, taking a seat, as if intentionally, not where the landlord bade him, but close to the parlour wall, and laying his loaded stick on the table as he spoke. 'Plenty of sugar if you please, and not too much rum. I'm a temperate man. Lawyers must keep their own heads cool, in order to get other folks to run theirs into hot water, eh, eh?—News at the assizes, Davison! Well, not much, except that they expect to hang those three smuggling fellows from Eastbourne.'

There was a slight involuntary shudder ran through the room as the lawyer spoke so coolly of hanging smugglers, and one farmer, perhaps unintentionally, crushed a stray piece of coal with his heel.

'Every one, too, is talking of this guinea-boat that has been seen on the coast lately.'

'Pack of lies!' said Davison sulkily.

'And where's Robert to-night?' said Wedger, looking round for a smart young farmer-cousin of Polly's, who was generally said to be a formidable rival of the old lawyer's in that quarter.

'Gone to Eastbourne for a load of malt,' said Polly blushing, and speaking with nervous haste. 'Didn't you meet him, Mr. Wedger?'

'Not I,' said Wedger, 'in his turn taken somewhat aback, not having been, in fact, near Eastbourne at all that day. 'But lies or no lies,' he added, 'feeling in his pocket for something, 'the ministers and government believe in it, for the guinea smuggling increases terribly, and here's a proof of it.'

And as he said this he drew a large posting-bill out of his pocket, and moistening four wafers which had been previously attached to the four corners, he stuck it, with a slap of his bony hand, on the parlour-wall, just over Jumper Davison's head. It read thus:

GUINEA SMUGGLING.

'This is to give notice to sea-faring men and others, that a reward of £150 is offered to any one who will apprehend or assist in the apprehension of any sailor, boatman or other on the coast, engaged in smuggling guineas to France. *Vivat Rex.*

'Whitehall, April 1, 1812.'

'Look you here, Mr. Wedger,' said the landlord, starting up, quite red in the face, 'I'll not have the paper of my inn-parlour

spoiled by your cock-and-bull posting-bills, not for you or any other lawyer in the county.'

As he said this, Davison angrily stepped forward to peel the obnoxious bill from the wall; but Wedger, putting his back to the bill, to keep it on, for several ready hands were now raised to tear it down, drew out a letter from his breast-pocket, and requested silence. The letter was from the chief-magistrate of Eastbourne, and written by the Secretary of the Home Department. It urged him to do his best to put down the guinea smuggling on the coast, and ordered him to have copies of the posting-bill stuck up in every inn parlour in his county. Penalty for tearing down or refusing to put up the same, £20; second offence, £30.

'Now, then,' said Wedger, folding up the letter with a quiet smile, 'I should like to see the man who'll dare to touch that piece of paper.'

No one stepped forward.

'I thought that would damp your courage,' said the lawyer. At that moment Wedger, who was lifting angry Polly's hand to his lips at the doorway, was roughly thrust one side by a strong, handsome young man, who entered and asked in a loud voice what all the fuss was about, and 'who was scaring his Polly.'

The farmer pointed to the bill upon the wall.

Young Robert, for it was Polly's lover who had thus abruptly presented himself, went up to the bill, and with a saucy air read it through in mimicry of the lawyer's manner. He had completed the perusal, and was about to tear it in two, when Farmer Wilkins caught his hand.

'Stand by,' he said, 'Master Robert,—stand by; it's twenty pound penalty, lawyer says, to tear it.'

The young farmer laughed as he peeled off the bill and stuck it on again, its face to the wall.

'The bill's dated the first of April,' he said laughing, 'and as the fools in Lunnun have said nothing as to how it is to be stuck up in inn parlours, let me see the lawyer as'll dare to give evidence against us for putting it up as we like. It is all a dream, this guinea-boat. They'll want to hang us next because we coast-people don't all go and join the men-of-war.'

'Don't, Bob—don't, Robert, dear,' said Polly coaxingly to her lover, laying her hand softly on his arm, and looking up at his angry face with her pretty, beseeching eyes.

'We don't want spies here, Lawyer Wedger,' said the young man flashing round suddenly, on the rather frightened lawyer.—'That I tell you, though it is in my uncle's house. If you come here out of your way to get liquor, you can have it like any other tramp; but you shall not sneak about an honest man's house to work out mischief; and as for Polly, I'll not have her worried. She don't want to have anything to do with you.'

'No, I don't,' said Polly, half crying, half fretfully.

'Take care, take care, young man,' said Wedger, 'or you'll never die quietly in your bed. You have defamed my character, you have insulted his Majesty's government. I tell you you are suspected. Take care. I warn you, that were I not a merciful man, I could frame two actions out of what has occurred to-night.'

'Frame away, lawyer, and give the devil more clients,' said the young farmer. 'You merciful! Merciful as a weasel sucking at a hare's blood—merciful as the Good in Sands on a rough night. Ha; ha! I say, friends, a lawyer merciful! Well, that is a better joke than even the fool of a story about the guinea-boat.'

'I warn you,' said Wedger, throwing down the money for the rum and milk; 'there are queer reports at Seaford of this Zebec Inn.'

'And I warn you,' said Jumper Davison, the ex-pilot and now landlord—'I warn you, for all your nasty threat, that the day you see the guinea-boat, or any one in her, will be the worst day in your life.'

'O ho!—So there is a guinea-boat, then,' thought Wedger to himself, as he took up his stick, frowned heavily at every one, and strode out of the room.

'I have them, I have them,' exclaimed he, as he strode rapidly home along the cliff and closed his hand as he spoke, as if clutching on a living thing, 'I have seen the guinea-boat; I have found its starting-place: I know the signal for its starting. No doubt