

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A LOST ART.

How many lost arts are there? Surely their name must be Legion!

McGillp, the eminent historical painter, tells me that all the great secrets of colouring known to the old masters are lost. Bogus, the collector of ancient coins and curios, says the art of cutting gems is no longer known. Enamelling seems to have died out, notwithstanding the efforts of Madame Rachel to revive it. My good old friend Mrs. Mantrap, who was a famous belle in her youth, says that girls don't know how to flirt now-a-days, though I confess I am somewhat doubtful on that point; and it was only last week that my friend Henpeck complaining to his father-in-law about certain "nagging" propensities exhibited by Mrs. H., was consoled by his venerable relative with the remark, "Ah! my dear boy, you should have heard her mother?" It is therefore evident that the old gentleman considers "Nagging" also a lost art, though I am bound to admit that Henpeck dissents altogether from this conclusion.

I was led into this train of reflection a short time since, while observing some Custom House officers in the neighbouring republic, relieving certain ladies of sundry articles that they were endeavouring to smuggle across the lines, and as I observed the very inartistic manner in which they had stowed away their contraband goods, I came to the conclusion that smuggling was also one of the lost arts.

It is not very many years ago, since the east coast of England where I was born, was a famous place for smugglers. Most of the wealthy people who resided in my native town had accumulated fortunes by the successful pursuit of this, which they deemed a highly honourable profession. Ladies wore their smuggled lace, and drank their smuggled tea, as a matter of course, while their husbands consumed their contraband claret and cigars, untroubled by any qualms of conscience. Even the very Custom House officers and men of the Coastguard when off duty regarded well known smugglers as honourable adversaries with whom they might, at any moment, be brought into collision in the way of business, but who were to be respected and fraternised with on the neutral ground of private life.

For miles in every direction, the cliffs of the coast were honey-combed with caves and long low passages, some of them running inland for great distances; it was a never failing delight for us school boys, to explore the windings of these dark caverns in fear and trembling, till a sudden panic would send us scampering helter skelter to the open air, like so many frightened rabbits.

Where these caves terminated was to us a matter of dark and gloomy conjecture—some were supposed to have their outlets in old disused churchyards—others in lonely patches of woodland, miles away, while one especially noted cave was said to end in the kitchen of an old farm house, the owner of which had been largely engaged in contraband trade.

It is significant of the then general feeling on the subject of smuggling, that it never occurred to us that it was at all a disreputable occupation; indeed, those popularly supposed to be engaged in that pursuit were, to us, objects of respectful regard and admiration—even in our favourite game of "Smuggling and Cutters," the Smugglers' side was always preferred, and was almost invariably victorious.

I recollect, when a very little fellow, driving with my father across country, one dark foggy night, on our way home from a patient's house, where he had been detained later than usual, and seeing dimly through the mist a long and ghost-like procession of men and horses, the latter with objects that looked suspiciously like brandy kegs slung on each side. They stopped on hearing the sound of our wheels, but responded with a cheerful shout of "all right, Doctor," to my father's hail, and doubtless went on their way rejoicing. I am sure, if they did not deposit their charge in safety, it was not for want of good wishes on my part.

I wish some one would rescue from oblivion the ballads of smuggling. I am sure they are as well worthy of preservation as those which celebrate the feats of Robin Hood. I remember a favourite one of mine, which my old nurse used to sing, detailing the exploits of a certain female smuggler—it was almost as long as the ballad of "Lord Bateman," but I was never weary of hearing it, and when I consider how

"With pistols loaded she went on board,
"And by her side hung a glittering sword,
"And in her belt three daggers; well armed for war,
"Was the female smuggler who never feared a scar."

I cannot help reflecting what a contrast this heroic woman must have presented to those disconcerted and dilapidated females, whom I saw the other day in the clutches of the Custom House officers at Detroit.

There was another too, I remember, which was a very general favourite, called "Will Watch the Bold Smuggler," and a fine stirring old song it was, but although ballads have been written, and stories told, in honour of the aforesaid Will Watch, I must confess that I regard him as a bit of a humbug.

The song tells us that—

"He had promised his Susan, his trip it well ended,
"He would coil up his ropes, cast his anchor on shore,
"With his pockets well lined, why his life should be mended,
"And the laws he had broke, he would never break more."

Now I maintain that if Mr. Watch had been imbued with a proper sense of the dignity of his pursuit, he would never have expressed himself in this way, nor I am quite sure would a thoroughbred "Susan" of the period have extorted such a promise from him. I fear Mr. Watch entered the profession from merely mercenary motives.

Who now-a-days knows anything about the once celebrated smuggler "King of Prussia," so called from his likeness to the then reigning monarch of that realm. He didn't live down our way, but made the West Coast the scene of his exploits, and was said to have accumulated a large fortune by his illegal trade. He had a small battery planted on the cliffs, and on one occasion beat off a king's cutter which had run in to intercept the landing of one of his cargoes, and drove her dismantled to refit in the nearest port. I believe he was never once taken in *flagrante delicto*, and died respected as he had lived.

Alas! those halcyon days have departed, never to return. What all the coast guard stations and revenue cutters failed to do has been effected by a lowered tariff, and the only relic left to remind us of the departed heroes is the very theatrically nautical looking individual occasionally to be met with at summer resorts, who takes the verdant cockney mysteriously

on one side, and proposes to sell him contraband cigars manufactured from brown paper, or smuggled bandanas purchased at the nearest dry goods store.

I did however witness, quite recently, a rather neat piece of smuggling. I was crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone, and observed that one of our passengers had with him, a parcel of valuable lace, on which a very high duty was then levied; when we arrived at the pier, this person marched up the narrow gangway with his hat pulled very suspiciously down over his brows, and ostentatiously humming a tune—he looked defiantly at the Custom House officer guarding the exit, and in reply to the usual enquiry if he "had anything to declare," replied brusquely—"No."

The officer passed his hand lightly over his coat in the region of the pockets in the usual way, and then looking at his firmly fixed hat, said curtly, "I must trouble you to take your hat off, sir." "What for? There's nothing in it." "I dare say not, sir, but you must take it off."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," indignantly, "I tell you there's nothing in it but my head."

"If you don't take it off I shall have to take it off for you."

"Will you?" said the suspected smuggler, menacingly, "I should like to see you try."

He was a stalwart determined looking customer, and such an operation would not be likely to form a pleasant one. So the officer evidently thought, for he said coaxingly, "Come, sir, you know you've got to do it, and you're keeping all the other passengers waiting."

The gangway was narrow and blocked up by an angry and impatient crowd. Still the suspected passenger was inexorable.

"I have given my word that I have nothing in my hat, and I refuse to take it off to satisfy your impertinent curiosity."

"Then you must come with me to the Inspector," said the officer.

"With all my heart," responded the other, and calling another man to take his place at the gangway, the tide waiter marched the impracticable passenger to the Inspector's office, feeling sure that he had made a capture.

Said the Inspector when the matter had been explained to him. "The man is quite in his right, you must take off your hat, sir."

"But I have already pledged my word that I have nothing liable to duty in it," replied the other.

"It don't signify," sir, you must take it off." The matter was hotly debated for several minutes, at last the suspected party plucked out his hat violently off, and dashed it on the floor at the Inspector's feet. "Now, sir, are you satisfied," he exclaimed angrily.

The inspector took it up, and looked at it carefully. There was certainly nothing in it but the lining.

"Why couldn't you have done this at first?" asked the nettled Inspector.

"Because I don't choose to submit to tyranny" was the answer, and passenger and officer left the room, the latter looking very crestfallen.

"I presume I may go on board to fetch my walking stick?" enquired the passenger with ironical politeness, and receiving in reply an intimation from the aggrieved officer that he might go to a more distant and warmer place, he ran lightly down to his cabin, and in a moment returned with the missing stick in his hand.

"Do you wish me to take off my hat again?" he enquired sardonically.

"We've had quite enough of you and your hat too," was the sulky reply, so he walked quietly off *this time*, with his packet of smuggled lace firmly fixed in the crown of his tall beaver. It was very neatly done.

W. H. F.

BETTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Although there is no lack of gambling and betting in our days, few wagers are now laid on the second, third, or fourth bottle, nor are the tricks of those "half seas over" now resorted to. At one period a man well-known about was supposed to possess a half-crown with two heads and two tails to it, as the case might be, and by which he was able to win all the dinners to be tossed up for. Another dodge was to bet which way the lions at Northumberland House and at Lion looked, some saying their tails were turned to the west, others to the east; the fact being that the one on the old Bath and Bristol coaching road at Lion looked towards London, while the metropolitan one, at Northumberland House in the Strand, turned his back upon the City. Then, the size of the squares often led to a bet of a "rump and dozen" i.e., a steak and twelve bottles of port wine. Then, the question as to whether St. James's or the Green Park was the largest was another, there being only a few acres difference. Then quotations were introduced, and many a victim has lost a guinea or two in misquoting the oft-misquoted lines:

He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

In nineteen cases out of twenty it is quoted thus—

He that's convinced against his will

Then, some one who was well up in Homer asked where the line—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;

and pocketed a fiver when the "pigeon" named Walter Scott or others, the wagerer knowing well it was in the *Odyssey*. In short, at late orgies or at a race ordinary, the unwary were often taken in. Then again, men would bet on the number of candles in the room, of the number of pages in a book, the number of bristles in a brush, and this reminds me of an anecdote of John Mytton, the "spendthrift squire of Halston," as he has been called, who, in a very brief career, ran through a fine fortune. Poor Mytton had many redeeming qualities, for a kinder-hearted man never existed. To my story:—Mytton was upon one occasion at the Royal Hotel, Chester, during the races; and, going into the room where the ordinary was to be held, he saw a friend of his industriously counting the number of legs of the tables and chairs. The squire retired unperceived, and waited his opportunity. After a considerable quantity of fiery port had been drunk, the man of figures, who, I grieve to add, was a clergyman, though holding no benefice, began cautiously by saying, "How hot it is! I wonder how many candles are alight in this room." From candles, the conversation got to the furniture, when the sharper continued: "I'll back myself to name the number of legs of chairs and tables, against anyone naming the number of candles." No

one was bold enough to make the bet; but when he proceeded—"and I'll lay a 'pony' that I name the number of legs nearer than anyone else"—he was stopped short by Mytton saying, "Done for a pony or fifty?"

"Fifty!" and the wager was booked.

"Who'll be umpire?" said the reverend—the "leg," it would be more appropriate to call him.

"The chairman, if he will be so kind," responded Mytton; "and, to prevent mistakes, let each write down his guess, and hand it over to the umpire."

This was done; the legs of the chairs and tables were counted, and the squire won by four.

"I'll not keep the money," said Mytton, "it shall go to the infirmary, or some local charity."

To account for the above unexpected result, it must be mentioned that Mytton, suspecting a trick, had sawed off four legs before dinner—a pretty broad hint that the rogues were discovered.

Our Illustrations.

His Honour John Crawford who has just been inaugurated in the important office of Lieut-Governor of Ontario, ranks deservedly as one of the foremost men of that Province. He was the second son of the late Hon. Geo. Crawford, Senator, and was born in the County Cavan, Ireland. His education was obtained in Toronto where he married the daughter of the late Judge Sherwood. Having chosen law as his profession, he was called to the Upper Canada bar in 1839. In 1867, he was created a Q.C. He has taken great interest in public enterprises and notably in railways, having been President of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway Co. He is also Lieut-Col., 5th Batt. Toronto Militia. His political career extends over a dozen of years. He represented Toronto East in the old Assembly from 1861 to 1863 and South Leeds, in the House of Commons, from 1867 to 1872. At the last general elections, he was returned for West Toronto by a very great majority. Mr. Crawford, as a gentleman of large means, always maintained a high standing in the society of Toronto. His appointment to the Lieut-Governorship dates from November 5, and his inauguration took place on November 12.

Recent events in France have invested the name of the Count de Chambord with fresh interest. This distinguished personage was born in Paris, September 29, 1820, his father being the Duke de Berri who was assassinated in March 1820. King Charles X abdicated in his favor in 1830, but the revolution of 1830 prevented the accomplishment of this plan. The Count de Chambord after spending some time in Germany, Lombardy, Rome, and Naples, resided for a time in England and then took up his abode permanently at the Chateau of Frohsdorf, near Vienna. In 1846, he married Maria Teresa, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. They have no issue.

The form of another human body, which had been impressed on the ashes of Pompeii, has been preserved in plaster of Paris within the last few days. The cast is said to be extremely beautiful, and far superior to any which have hitherto been taken. The head is a portrait, the nose is long and decidedly aquiline, the lips full and half open, the ears enormously large. There is no muscular contraction indicative of a violent death, and the whole person which is in the pose of one who sleeps a placid sleep, shows that this unhappy citizen of Pompeii died of asphyxia. He lies on the left side, resting the head on the right hand, while the other arm, bent under the breast, is almost concealed; the legs are drawn up unequally, the left more than the right, which is stretched out naturally. Around the loins was a linen covering, which concealed a small portion of the legs; the breast was naked, without the shirt, unless there be some appearance of one under the left arm pit, but the feet were naked, and these have been cast magnificently.

We introduce another characteristic scene of the Bazarine trial, that of the night patrol at the Trianon. Surely the old Marshal has no intention of making his escape.

The student scene at Heidelberg is called a Packerel. Two students, stuffed so as to the sword divert thrust, are having the traditional duel when the old master of the Mountain Inn interposes, on the arrival of the authorities.

The two beautiful maps of Cuba and the Gold Coast will be found useful at the present time.

The biography of Hon. Edward Blake having already appeared in our columns, it will be only necessary to state in connection with his portrait to-day, that he occupies a seat in the Privy Council, without portfolio or salary.

The Egyptian snakecharmers form a weird and characteristic group, rendered more attractive by the quaint architecture of the background.

Marguerite, before the statue of Our Lady of Pain recalls these lines of Faust's:

Incline, O Maiden,
Thou, sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain.

The *Virginus*, an American vessel, laden with arms and men for the insurgents in Cuba, was captured by the Spanish gunboat *Tornado* on the 31st October, and on the 5th Ryan, Del Sol, Cespedes and Varona, leaders of the expedition, were shot at Santiago. The scenes attending their execution were shocking. They were removed to the place of the execution, about a mile from the jail. The four victims were surrounded by a strong escort of Spanish soldiers. Varona and Ryan, calm and collected, marched amid the yells and vociferations of the infuriated Spanish rabble. Arrived at the place of the execution, they forced Cespedes and Jesus del Sol to kneel, in which position they were shot in the back. The soldiers next directed Ryan and Varona to kneel in the same way, but they refused, and were seized and thrown down, handcuffed all the time. The two victims begged their tormentors to allow them to die standing, and, having offered further resistance, they were murdered standing. Ryan was not instantly killed. A Spanish officer stepped forward and thrust his sword through Ryan's heart. Varona died easily. Then down came upon the corpses, still warm with life, the bloodthirsty mob, severing the heads from the bodies, placing them upon pikes, and marching with them through the city. Ryan was a native of Etobicoke, ten miles from Toronto.

The Russian dog-men who are now creating a sensation in Paris, consists of a man named Adrian, aged 56, and his son aged three. Adrian has his hair growing as long over his face as on his head, giving him the appearance of a King Charles or a terrier. This unnatural crop of long hair on the face is a disease, like elephantiasis, where each hair is developed, instead of being limited to the beard and whiskers. He has also a film over one of his eyes, and a nose as flat as his mouth is wide. His diet is boiled beef and cabbage, with brandy poured over the mess; and as much tobacco as he wishes to smoke. What is most extraordinary is his four upper front teeth which give him a rat-like look; these few teeth only were developed when he was seven or eight years of age. His son is most intelligent, and has the face similarly covered, and in addition, the hands and arms. It is said in Burmah such descendants of the tribe of Esau are not uncommon.