

who were found hidden in the houses were killed and thrown over the balconies into the streets. The Governor of the town, after hiding in and escaping from four different houses, finally found safety in a vacant niche in the cemetery. The invaders seized all the Government funds, besides those of the Corporations and private associations, exacting of the inhabitants a two years' contribution. They took all the arms of the garrison, consisting of three thousand muskets, six cannon, a considerable quantity of ammunition, and all the horses of the Carabineers, besides the other private property which had been hastily taken into Cuenca for refuge at the approach of the enemy. The shops and houses have been completely stripped of every kind of provisions, as well as blankets, clothing, and all else that could be of any use to the marauders. Each and all of the pillagers took and appropriated whatever money, jewellery, and plate they could find in the houses. Numbers of edifices were set on fire, and the building containing the archives of the Government and public deeds was burnt to the ground. Cuenca is not on any railroad, although a branch to it was in construction, and as the Carlists had first of all cut the telegraph wires, the news brought to Madrid, by one who escaped during the first moments of the attack to the nearest telegraph station, was so long coming that the troops sent did not arrive until after the Vandals had finished their work of devastation and fled with their booty. They lost some three hundred in the assault. The partisans of cremation will be glad to learn that the Carlists have introduced into Spain this mode of rapid combustion. After an engagement they collect their dead, place them in piles, and drenching them with petroleum, burn them to ashes. They were plainly seen during the disgusting operation, from the Castle of Cuenca. A letter in the *Temps* says:—"What the fugitives from Cuenca relate is hardly credible. In all the streets the drums sounded '*Deguello y saqueo*,' literally throat-cutting and sack. When a detachment was about to invade a house they drew lots as to who should enter first, and they went in four by four, seizing the furniture, burning, stealing women's dresses, insulting and maltreating the inmates, assassinating whoever was found hidden or gave signs of resistance. At the moment when one of the witnesses I have fallen in with, a Frenchman, quitted the ravaged town to come here, three or four days after the catastrophe, about 60 dead bodies had been found not dressed in uniform, and some of which were so mutilated that their own relations did not recognize them. It was expected that others would be found under the ruins of the fallen houses, and it was known that a certain number of employes had been killed in the Government House and in the *Hôtel de Ville* previously to the fire which destroyed the whole interior of those buildings and all the archives. When the perpetrators of all these horrors left Cuenca they were followed by a long line of carts full of booty."

THE PETRARCH CELEBRATION.

On page 133 are given several illustrations of scenes during the great centenary celebration held at Avignon, in honour of Petrarch. The fête commenced on the 18th ult., and consisted of a competition of poets, followed by the ceremony of crowning the laureates; a grand reception by the civic authorities of Avignon, a procession and illumination; the celebration, with much pomp, of a solemn high mass; a second procession in costumes of the time of Petrarch; a theatrical representation; illumination of the old palace of the Popes; a musical competition, floral games; numerous speeches, and, finally, a Venetian fête on the Rhone. Several of the most striking points of the celebration are illustrated in the series of pictures given on the page above mentioned. It is calculated that fully 30,000 people were present at Avignon on this occasion.

HALF-BREED AND OX-CART.

This is another of the series of sketches sent us from the North West by our special correspondent with the Mounted Police.

THE QUEBEC PROVINCIAL RIFLE-MATCH

opened at the Point St. Charles Range on the 12th inst., and lasted four days. The space at our command does not allow of a list of the winners, but this has already appeared in most of the Provincial papers. Apropos of this match, at which several American marksmen were present, the *New York Herald* says the result of the contest, in the opinion of the Americans attending it, may be summed up as follows:

First—That the Canadians are the most hospitable people in the world.

Second—That Canada has a far greater number of experienced first-class shots than we have.

Third—That our best shots are as good as theirs, although fewer in number.

Fourth—That the Snider is a good military rifle, and although it is surpassed by ours, yet that we have got to practice constantly at Creedmoor, particularly at 600 yards, to beat the men who shoot.

Fifth—That our long range Remington and Sharpe breech-loaders are in no way inferior to the muzzle-loading Metford; and

Sixth—That although it is not wise to bet upon defeating the Irish team (a point which the enthusiastic should bear in mind), yet the prospect of doing so is not such up-hill work as it seemed some time ago.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO

is the metropolitan church of Spain, and was founded in the year 587. One of its principal features is the chapel of Santiago (shown in our illustration) in which lie the remains of Alvaro de Luna and his wife.

"CROSSING THE BROOK."

This is a pretty little spring-tide scene painted by the well-known French artist Mr. Bouguereau. The subject is one of respectable antiquity but nevertheless the painter has succeeded in investing it with a charm of its own.

OUTSIDE THE ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE.

This illustration shows the outside of the French Assembly on the evening of the celebrated 23rd July, when M. Casimir Perier's Bill for the proclamation of the Republic was taken up and finally disposed of by a majority of forty-one declared for its rejection. The excitement at the time was immense, both in Paris and at Versailles, and at the latter place a large posse of police had to be posted around the Assembly to preserve order among the crowd that thronged around the building.

DICKENS DESCRIBED.

In a volume of reminiscences of Dickens and Thackeray by R. H. Stoddard is the following interesting description of

"Boz," when yet a young man, written by a young girl who met him at a dinner-party: "I was introduced to his wife in the sanctuary of the bed-room, where I was arranging my hair before the glass. I thought her a pretty little woman, with the heavy-lidded large blue eyes so much admired by men. The nose was a little *retroussé*, the forehead good, the mouth small, round and red-lipped, with a pleasant, smiling expression, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes. The weakest part of the face was the chin, which melted too suddenly into the throat. She took kindly notice of me, and I went down with a fluttering heart to be introduced to 'Boz.' The first ideas that flashed through me were: 'What a fine characteristic face! What marvellous eyes! And what horrid taste in dress!' He wore his hair long, in 'admired disorder,' and it suited the picturesque style of his head; but he had on a surtout with a wide collar, very much thrown back, showing vast expanse of waistcoat, drab trousers, and drab boots with patent-leather toes, and the whole effect (apart from his fine head) gave evidence of a loud taste in costume, and was not proper for evening dress. Of course I listened eagerly during dinner to catch the pearls and other precious things that fell from his lips, and watched, in reverent admiration, every flash of his clear grey eyes—for I was enthusiastic, and in my teens. He did not speak much, and his utterance was low-toned and rapid, with a certain thickness as if the tongue were too large for the mouth. I found afterwards that this was a family characteristic, and he had a habit of sucking his tongue when thinking, and at the same time running his fingers through his hair till it stood out in most leonine fashion. When writing, if his ideas got entangled, he would work away with his left hand, dragging viciously at certain locks until the subject became satisfactorily 'evolved out of his inner consciousness.' Before uttering an amusing speech I noticed a most humorous scintillation gleaming in his eyes, accompanied by a comic elevation of one eyebrow, but he did not strike me as possessing the sarcastic, searching expression that I expected."

AN INN WITH A HISTORY.

A writer on the recent Luther Festival, held at Sonneberg in Thuringia on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd inst., describes a quaint old inn—wooden, dilapidated, one-storied, and top-heavy—which has had the honour, more than once, of sheltering the great Reformer. The inn stood in the mountainous village of Judenbach, near Sonneberg, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has, however, been transferred in its old shape to new ground, and was by no means one of the least attractive features of the celebration. The committee of arrangements have very naturally collected all the information they could about the history of this little inn. The record embraces a period extending from the year 1457 to the year 1870, including four visits of Dr. Martin Luther. In 1457 we are told that "Duke Wilhelm the Brave passed Judenbach with his train, and spent eight groschen" (about eightpence!) On "Tuesday, the 17th of October, Duke John of Saxony and the Bishop of Wurzburg passed Judenbach, on their way to visit the Elector of Saxony." Then we come to an entry of greater interest to us. On the 14th of April, 1518, Dr. Martin Luther passed Judenbach on his way to the Augustine Convent at Heidelberg. He met here the Electoral Councillor Peflinger of Saxony, who paid for him and his companion (Urban). Luther arrived at Coburg very weary, having found no opportunity of riding." He had already nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg, and had then accepted the invitation to attend a general convention of the Augustines at Heidelberg. In the same year we are told in the "Cronica" that the "infamous seller of indulgences, Tetzl, passed Judenbach on his way to Rome." On the 26th of October of the same year, Luther again sought the hospitality of the host at Judenbach. He arrived weary from the flight from Augsburg, where, as he tells us himself, he had—"by night, without hose, boots, spurs, or sword"—mounted the horse furnished him by Dr. Staupitz, on which he rode to Wittenberg. Twelve years later, on the 14th April, 1530, is an important entry in the "Cronica." Luther's doctrines had now gained friends and supporters among the people and the princes, and the time had come for demanding of the Emperor and Diet, then assembled at Augsburg, the recognition of Protestants and Protestantism. The record reads: "Elector John the Steadfast came here with Dr. Martin Luther, on his way to the Diet at Augsburg. In his train were the Electoral Prince Johann Friedrich, Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt, Duke Franz of Luneberg, Counts Albrecht and Jobst, of Mansfeld; Count Ernst, of Gleichen; five electoral councillors; Chancellors Brueck and Baier; besides Dr. Luther, Melancthon, Justus Jonas, and Spalatin, and seventy nobles, with one hundred and sixty mounted body-men (all furnished with firearms, and clad in dress of leather). The party reached Coburg on the 15th of April, where Dr. Luther remained in the fortress. On the 5th of October of the same year the Elector and his train returned, bringing with them Luther from Coburg," all of them convinced that they had nothing to expect from Carl V., and determined to stake their cause in the issue of war. Then follow some entries of less importance to us, but still interesting. On the 28th of June, Elector Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous passed Judenbach, guarded by twenty-four Spaniards, he being a prisoner of the Emperor Carl V. In 1584 the lightning struck the building and killed seven persons. "From 1598 to 1698 953 children were born in the village." "1705—The present church was built from money presented by merchants of Nuremberg and Augsburg, for which reason, whenever the Nuremberg caravan passed the village at New Year, the school children met them and welcomed them with songs of thanks." "Oct. 6 and 7, 1805, the two French army corps of Lannes and Augereau passed through the village; a fire broke out while they were bivouacking here, and nine houses and four barns were destroyed." The last entry in the "Cronica" tells us that, in the year 1870, fifteen young men of Judenbach took part in the Franco-German War; that one is still missing, two were wounded, and the remainder returned home safe and sound. So end the "Cronica of Judenbach"

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

From the recollections of Mr. Hodder, at one time Thackeray's private secretary, contained in the reminiscences in the work of R. H. Stoddard, the following is extracted: "At the time of the publication of 'Vanity Fair' Thackeray's great contemporary, Charles Dickens (for in spite

of all remonstrance it has always been the fashion to place the two writers in the same category, and often to sacrifice one at the shrine of the other according to the particular taste of the person addressing himself to the subject), was producing, in the accustomed monthly form—the green cover in the one instance, against the yellow cover in the other—his story of 'Dombey and Son,' and it was Thackeray's delight to read each number with eagerness as it issued from the press. When it had reached its fifth number, wherein Mr. Charles Dickens described the end of little Paul with a depth of pathos which produced a vibratory emotion in the hearts of all those who read it, Mr. Thackeray seemed electrified at the thought that there was one man living who could exercise so complete a control over him. Putting No. 5 of 'Dombey and Son' in his pocket, he hastened down to Mr. Punch's printing office, and entering the editor's room, where I chanced to be the only person present except Mr. Mark Lemon himself, he dashed it on the table with startling vehemence, and exclaimed: 'There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!' Long after this, and during the period that I acted as his amanuensis, I went into his chamber one morning, as usual, and found him in bed (for, lest it should be supposed that Mr. Thackeray was what is commonly called a late riser, I should state at once that my visits to him were somewhat early, that is to say, before nine o'clock), a little pot of tea and some dry toast on a table by his side. I therefore remained at a distance from him, but Mr. Thackeray called me forward, and I discovered that he had passed a very restless night. 'I am sorry,' said I, 'that you do not seem very well this morning.' 'Well,' he murmured—'no, I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night.' I immediately recollected that he was to preside at the annual dinner of the general theatrical fund—an undertaking which I well knew was entirely repugnant to his taste and wishes. 'Don't let that trouble you, Mr. Thackeray,' said I; 'you will be sure to be all right when the time comes.' 'Nonsense!' he replied, 'it won't come all right—I can't make a speech. Confound it! That fellow Jackson let me in for this! Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair? He can make a speech, and a good one. I'm of no use.' I told him that I thoroughly appreciated his remark in regard to Mr. Dickens, but at the same time he was giving little credit to those whose discernment had selected him as the chairman of the evening; and they could not very well ask Mr. Dickens, as he had only a year or two since occupied that position at an anniversary dinner of the same institution. 'They little think how nervous I am,' said Thackeray, 'and Dickens does not know the meaning of the word.'

"In confirmation of this remark I observed that I once asked Mr. Dickens if he ever felt nervous on public occasions when called upon to speak, and his instant reply was: 'Not in the least. The first time I took the chair at a public dinner I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before.'

"The result of Mr. Thackeray's chairmanship on the evening in question may here be recorded, with all respect to his memory, and with that desire to be strictly correct which he himself would have been the first to encourage. True to his engagement he took the post assigned to him, and commenced his duties as if he had resolved to set difficulties at defiance, and to show that the task was not quite impossible with him, but, unhappily for his nervous and sensitive temperament, Mr. Charles Dickens, as the president of the institution, sat at his right hand, and when he came to the all-absorbing toast of the evening, the terrifying fact rushed across his mind that his great contemporary would witness all his shortcomings and his sad inferiority. He had prepared his speech, and he commenced with some learned allusions to the car of Thespis, and the early history of the drama, when he suddenly collapsed, and brought his address to a close in a few commonplace observations which could scarcely be called coherent. He too painfully felt the weakness of his position, and, notwithstanding a particularly kind and complimentary speech, in which Mr. Dickens proposed his health as chairman, he could not recover the prestige he believed he had lost, and he left the room in company with an old friend at as early a moment as he could consistently with the respect he owed the company."

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

It is a study, says a writer in the *Court Journal*, to watch the cut and thrust of the two Parliamentary gladiators. Personally they are most courteous to each other; Disraeli deferential, saluting his rival as "the most eminent of Englishmen," and always showing him little attentions across the table as if he were still, as Mr. Disraeli called him the other day by mistake, Prime Minister; but the whole game of English politics is now a game of chess between those two men and their retainers, with Power for their prize. And how that game is played! A Session is like a campaign. But Disraeli has one great advantage over Gladstone. He is a man of society—a man of wit—a man of letters. Gladstone is nothing but a statesman. With Gladstone distance lends enchantment to the view. But the more you know of Disraeli the more you like, admire, and love the man. The Lord Mayor expressed this feeling very well in his speech at the Mansion House; but it is a common experience. But Disraeli's forte, like Lord Palmerston's, is Parliamentary finesse. Gladstone's is eloquence. Disraeli is at home everywhere—in the house of Commons—in the Club-room—at a fancy dress ball—at the Mansion House—at a quiet dinner. Gladstone is at home nowhere but in the House of Commons; and yet, if the business of the House is not in his hands, he must be thinking of Homer or Strauss, or pottery—of anything and everything except the House of Commons. This trait is peculiar to Gladstone. You never see it in Disraeli, Lowe, or Bright. But Gladstone brings books down to the House, or a packet of letter paper, and reads, with a pencil in his hand, to annotate the pages, or writes for hours together, pulling himself together for his speech about ten minutes before he rises. You never see a book or a pen in the hands of Disraeli or Lowe, although, like Gladstone, they are both literary men. Disraeli makes up for this in other ways—spending six or seven hours in the House of Commons—for instance, on Wednesday disappearing from there at six o'clock to go home and dress, sitting down to dinner with the Lord Mayor in less than a couple of hours afterwards, and at ten, after a couple of speeches, asking permission to withdraw in order to go the ball at Marlborough House. Yet with all this the man is always fresh, always genial, always piquant.