

experienced that crisis in his spiritual life which is most fitly styled "conversion." He writes: "From my childhood, even from the age of seven years, my sole endeavor was to acquire knowledge. I had been taught to oppose the doctrines of the Ismailites; but the arguments of a friend made a great impression upon me. When he parted from me I fell into as ever fit of sickness, during which I reproached myself, saying that the doctrine of the Ismailites was undoubtedly true, and that, should death overtake me, I should die without having attained the truth." A strange confession when we think of Hassan's after-career.

Still striving after the truth, he sought teacher after teacher, and finally set out from his distant home to visit the spot which he now deemed the very source of truth, the skeptical college of Cairo. The ex-minister of a sultan, Hassan was no ordinary convert, and met with no ordinary reception. The head of the college, the *dai el daot*, or "missionary of missionaries," met him at the frontier, the high officers of the court waited upon him when he arrived, and the Caliph placed a palace at his disposal. Henceforth Hassan seems to have held that the highest truth was the formula already quoted, "Nothing is to be believed; everything may be done." For a second time Hassan's ambition and spirit of intrigue soon led to banishment. He returned to Persia by devious wanderings, making converts as he advanced. By their aid he obtained possession of a hill fort, Alamoot, "the Vulture's Nest," where he could defy the troops of the sultan. It was to Hassan what Geneva was to Bakunin. From it he derived the title by which his successors are best known in the history of the Crusades, the Old Man of the Mountain. There he organized his society into ever-narrowing circles of Aspirants, Believers, Teachers and Devoted. Thence he and his successors decreed death to the bravest and proudest of his foes. Against the wielders of the sword the Assassins brandished the dagger, and neither prince nor caliph, Mohammedan nor Christian, could escape their reign of terror. Conrad of Montferat, King of Jerusalem, was stabbed to death in the streets of Tyre, by two Assassins who had been for six months in his service waiting for the opportunity. The Sultan Saajar found a dagger implanted in his pillow, and received a letter bidding him to take warning, or the next time the dagger would be lodged in his heart. Henceforth, in fact, no man's life in the East was safe. The chiefs of the Assassins always affirmed that they killed no man for money or private revenge. "It is our habit," says a letter attributed to one of their chiefs, "to admonish those who have acted injuriously in anything towards us or our friends, and if they despise our admonition, to punish with severity by our ministers"—almost the identical words which the executive committee of the Nihilists published in their organs respecting the death of Alexander II.—HIGH CRAIG, in *Harper's*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The little village of Gastein in the Austrian tyrol has become famous by the recent meeting there of the Emperors of Austria and Germany. This meeting, which is to be repeated on the same spot in the course of next month, gives a historic interest to the place which, besides the picturesque beauty of the scene, must be our excuse for presenting it to our readers.

Two picturesque and characteristic views go to make up the list of our illustrations this week. The cave of the winds Niagara Falls, and Pilot Knob, Northern California.

**MONTREAL SWIMMING CLUB.**—The sixth annual races of the Montreal Swimming Club took place at St. Helen's Island, on Saturday afternoon, August 14. The prize list was as follows:—

800 yards race for seniors—1st, W. Murray, silver cup; 2nd, F. H. Desrosier, silver watch. Time, 10 minutes.

300 yards race for juniors—1st, G. H. Weston, silver cup; 2nd, G. Wand, gold pencil. Time, 5 minutes, 10 seconds.

Green race for seniors, 200 yards—1st, W. Prowse, silver cup; 2nd, B. Morris, music binder.

Green race for juniors, 200 yards, 13 competitors—1st, A. Irving, gold pencil; 2nd, W. Lyall, inkstand. Time, 3 minutes, 3 seconds.

Hurdle race for seniors, 100 yards, 5 hurdles—1st, A. B. Gwillt, meerschaum pipe; 2nd, A. B. Murray, box of cigars.

Hurdle race for juniors, 75 yards, 5 hurdles, 11 competitors—1st, A. Irving, silver medal; 2nd, G. Maud, gold studs.

100 yards dash for seniors—1st, W. Prowse, silver pickle jar; 2nd, J. W. Demison, box of cigarettes.

Fancy swimming—1st, John Barlow, gold medal; 2nd, B. Morris, hunting knife.

Egg hunt—1st, J. Smith, a handsome volume of the *Scientific Canadian*; 2nd, A. Henney, cigar case. Smith picked up seven eggs and Henney six.

Live goose chase—The first goose was readily caught by D. Tansey; the second by A. Irvine.

Messrs. Williams and Walsh, the well known swimmers, gave an exhibition of the rescue of a drowning man, the "victim" being Walsh, who purposely tumbled out of a boat and made no attempt to swim, being rescued by Williams. The prizes were distributed on the ground by the donors.

**P. Q. RIFLE ASSOCIATION.**—Wednesday, August 10th, the second day of the shooting, was a gala time at the ranges, the band of the 65th Battalion being present, as well as a large number of our prominent citizens and their ladies, the latter evincing great interest in the result. At three o'clock the Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia, arrived on the ground and was received by the staffs of the various districts, and during his stay of about an hour he examined and expressed himself highly delighted with the arrangements of the meeting.

The most important match of the day, and perhaps of the meeting, was the Battalion match, for which teams from the Montreal Garrison Artillery, Prince of Wales' Rifles, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Sixth Fusiliers, of Montreal, the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, and the 54th Battalion of Sherbrooke entered. The first prize in this match is the Accident Insurance Company's cup, which has to be won twice consecutively to become the property of any corps, and was taken last year by the Sixth Fusiliers, and the year previous by the Royal Scots. The results of the various competitions have been already given in full and need not be repeated here.

NEWPORT AMUSEMENTS.

Susan Coolidge describes as follows, in the *Middlemarch Scribner*, some of the amusements of Newport:

"The amusements of Newport, in the season, are many and various. First and foremost should be named the Casino, a new feature, but already a most important one. This charming place, which is both like and unlike the conversation halls which, in Europe, bear the same name, is built on the Avenue not far from the Ocean House. Its aspect from the street is that of a low, picturesque facade, two stories in height, in the old English style, of brick and olive-painted wood, quaintly shingled and oddly carved, with wide casement windows, and here and there a touch of gilding. A single year has toned its color down to a delightful oldness, which would do no discredit to a street in Chester or Coventry. A broad entrance-hall in the middle of the building leads to an inner quadrangle, turfed and set with flower-beds, in the midst of which rises a splashing fountain. Above and below, on the street side of this quadrangle, are club-rooms and offices, broken by a picturesque clock-tower. To right and left are more club-rooms, a restaurant, dining and smoking rooms; dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen; smaller saloons, where entertainments may be given; and kitchens, wisely ordered on the second floors, where their noises and smells can annoy no one. The fourth side of the quadrangle is filled with a double curve of roofed galleries, two stories in height, where ladies sit the morning long, work in hand, chatting with their friends, enjoying the smell of the spray-freshened flowers, and listening to the music of the band. Beyond this first quadrangle lies another and wider one, edged with trees and shrubberies, past which winds the carriage-drive from an entrance at the back. This lawn is devoted to open-air tennis. At its far end is another long building, in which are racket-courts, bowling-alleys, and a beautiful ball-room, fitted up with a stage and all appurtenances for private theatricals. It will be seen how many and how various tastes may be served by a building of this sort.

"Polo play, and sitting by to see polo played, are among the other favorite Newport amusements. Still another is to ride or drive to the meets of the Queen's County Hunt, which, in the latter part of the season, has a run about twice a week. Foxes are not too plentiful in the island, and there are days when the hounds are forced—*tant de mieux*—to follow a trail of anise-seed, instead of their more legitimate scent. But the pace, the jumping, and the chance of broken bones are equally good; and as Reynard does not complain, and no baby, in act of being soothed of its infant ailment by the mild infusion which does duty as scent, has as yet fallen a prey to the mistaken ferocity of the pack, there seems no reason to cavil. Ladies often join in the sport.

"The Fort music is another bi-weekly pleasure, involving as it does the pretty drive round the southernmost curve of the bay, with the villa-crowned slopes of Halidon Hill on one hand, and on the other the wide outlook of blue water, broken by many islands. Close by is the tiny rock with its time-washed light house, where dwells the brave Ida Lewis, heroine of so much daring adventure, and beyond stretches the long point of Brenton's Reef, surmounted by the casemates and smooth glacis of Fort Adams. In the deep point of the inner cover lie the wrecks of two ships, one of them an abandoned slaver, drifted many years since into this quiet harbor, and gradually breaking to pieces under the slow, untiring touches of wind and tide. Only the ribs now remain; they lie, black, skeleton-like shapes, reflected in the tranquil waters of the cove—a perpetual pleasure to such artist eyes as take pleasure in contrast and happy accidents.

"Besides the fashionable Bellevue Avenue, and the celebrated ocean drive, which for nine miles follows the sinuosities of the shore from Bailey's Beach to Brenton's Cove, there are others less famous, but no less enjoyable: the drive over the two beaches, for example, and out to the long end of Sachuest Point, through gaps in stone-walls and across fields of grain, by overgrown tracks, where wild flowers and tall, nodding grass half bury the

wheels; or the drives to Coddington's Cove, to the Glon, to Lawton's Valley, or along the shore of the eastern passage. These inland drives afford constant characteristic glimpses."

MISCHIEF IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS.

We find the Middle Ages, when the Western world was young, overflowing with droll mischief. It was the order of the day. Artists and nobles, peasants and serfs, high and low, all dearly loved a jest, and went laughing through life as if it were a carnival, and one's only aim was to be jolly. There was a certain grotesqueness, a quaintness, a certain irresistible charm, about the mischief of those days which had never been before, and which can never be again. This was owing to two causes.

The first cause was this. When Christianity was established it had to wage war against a sensuality pervading every rank in life, and one which always mark a waning civilization. As a contradiction to this the church went to the extreme of asceticism and taught that all earthly pleasures are sinful. This doctrine was naturally accompanied by manifold evils. It prevented progress, for every new step forward brought with it greater attachment to the "lusts of the flesh." Pleasure is absolutely necessary to mental as well as physical development. Hence, the ignorance and degradation of that long period known as the Dark Ages, though originating in the incursions of barbarians, were heightened and prolonged by the promulgation of the strange doctrine of asceticism. But this could not last. Human nature will assert itself, and after the harsh and stern period there came the reaction. The scholastic philosophy, which had fettered the learned and been the limit of learning, vanished like night before the morning redness of the rising Renaissance. "The Occidental mind was then," says Professor Morris, "like an overgrown, undisciplined boy such as savages are said to be. It celebrated its release from scholasticism and all its restraints by hurling at it manly anathemas, very much as the boy, when the period of his youthful schooling is over, is apt to turn his back on the scene of his scholastic discipline and on his teachers with the exclamation, "Good-bye, old school! you can't rule me any longer." It is no wonder that in such a state of society, when merriment burst its bands, mischief ran riot, and the lord of misrule became mighty.

The other cause for the merry roguery of the Middle Ages we find in the gradual civilization of the Northmen and their settlement over all Europe. These men, living in snow and ice, their long winter one endless night, seem from their very hardships and struggles to have evolved in a shorter time more sympathy than the Southern nations. There is a special tendency in the East and in Southern countries to associate pleasure with the exercise of cruelty. Though the Northmen were brutal enough, rough, unpolished warriors as they were, there was in them a queer, grotesque humor which softened their otherwise too rugged nature. Strong and invincible, they unconsciously influenced the people among which they settled; and the spirit which arose from the blending of the rich humor of the North with the refined malice of the South rapidly made itself felt through Europe. We see it peeping out from the goblins and fantastic figures of Gothic architecture; we hear it in the merry shake of the cap and bells of the privileged fool; and we find it in the quaint literature of those days. Even Satan appears in a new light; we almost lose sight of the dignified Lucifer of the Hebrews, and in the Mephistophelian laugh which now accompanies all his exploits there is a gleam of the mischief-maker Loki. This state of mischief served its good end. Luther and Calvin accomplished great reforms, but they might not have succeeded so readily had they been unaided by Rabelais, Ulrich von Hutten, and their brethren.—*July Atlantic*.

MISCELLANY.

**A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.**—A tourist wandering alone upon the edge of a bog at the foot of Ben Nevis had the misfortune to miss the proper path and stumbled into a bog, where, ere long, his struggling served to sink him to his armpits in the treacherous mire. In this terrible plight he espied a stout Highlander not far away, to whom he cried out at the top of his voice, "Ho—what ho, Donald! Here—come here!" "My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot. "Never mind what your name is! Do you see the plight I am in? I can never get out of this alone." "Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can." And with that he turned away. "Good Heaven, are you going to leave me here to die?" the tourist cried. "Dd—? You want me to help you?" "Do I want you to help? What can I do else?" "Sure, I dinna know." "Will you help me?" "Ay—if you want me." "Oh, help, help, help me, in Heaven's name!" "Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place?" And the Highlander quickly lifted him out and set him on hard ground.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an ancient "Yarmount" lady who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school as a former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked, "Waal, master, what do you think he larnt the scollards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am.

Pray what did he teach?" "Waal, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was round, and went around, and all that sort o' thing! Now, master, what do you think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked, "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Waal," said she, "if the airth is round and goes round, what holds it up?" "Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction," he replied. The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded, "Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!"

**DUKE GEORGE OF OLDENBURG** is certainly one of the most good-natured princes alive. A few weeks ago three thirsty souls broke into his cellars and abstracted thence fifteen bottles of choice old wine. They were caught making off with their booty, and indicted for burglarious theft at the Duke's instance by the State attorney. When their case came on for trial before the Strafkammer, the presiding judge announced from the Bench that His Highness had withdrawn from the prosecution, and ordered the thieves to be set at liberty. Deeply touched by this act of magnanimity, they resolved to seek audience of the Duke in order to offer him their humble thanks in person for having let them off so easily. His Highness received them, and, to their joyful surprise, told them that he had by no means resented their vehement desire to partake of his wine, but that the breach of etiquette they had committed in visiting his cellar without giving due notice of their intention to do so had caused him considerable annoyance. "I attach," he observed, "much importance to the observance of prescribed forms. If you should at any future time wish to invite yourselves to my cellar as my guests, let me know when I am to expect your visit, and you will be welcome."

"I THINK," said a well-known orchestral leader, that the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was here. The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play one of the instruments. I was leader. I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece.

"He is sure to throw us all out," said I, "and ruin the performance."

"Gottschalk swore like a major, but 'twas no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him up until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference, with several pianos going at once. And just as I thought, that amateur or his friends never discovered that trick."

"No?"

"No, sir; he just stilled in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his key-board until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time that I did he gave the piano a lunk that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding arch, and when 'twas all over his head parent fell on his neck in the green-room and slipped a check for two hundred and fifty dollars in his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled."

"Didn't he do fine," said he to me, "among so many first-class professionals, too?"

"I never heard an amateur do so well in public," said I; and, what's more, I meant it, eh?"

WHAT makes you feel so uncomfortable when you have done wrong? asked a teacher who was lecturing his pupils on conscience. "My father's leather strap," answered a little boy.

**YELLOW AS A GUINEA.**—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it; and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Price, \$1.00. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic cure. The wrapper bears a *fac-simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.