

was bright with almost tropical verdure; araucarias, magnolias, and palms gave it quite a southern aspect. The evening was fresh, the air clear and pure like the water; the crescent moon rose over Batum, struggling vainly against the darkness in the gloomy town. One star came out after another. The sun had sunk in a fiery glow over the level horizon of the sea beyond Trebizond, but it had still left an orange tint which was reflected in the waters of the Black Sea. Deep silence everywhere. A steamer moved slowly towards Trebizond, its outline standing out pitch black against the orange reflexion which fell on the waves—a strikingly fine and attractive spectacle which for a moment reconciled us to the situation in the inhospitable Batum. To the north was seen the crest of the Caucasus, airy and unreal as in a dream, a suggestion of light red hues; to the north-west the mountains grew fainter, like thinned-out mist. The sea was smooth as a mirror, the mountains were solemn as ghosts; not a breath of air was perceptible; the town seemed asleep; perfect peace surrounded us in this country where only man is vile.

Next day we witnessed a funeral. A *gorodovoi*, or policeman, had been shot, and was to be interred with military honours. A slight smoke of incense floated out of the open door of the little church, and the whole ceremony was veiled in mystic haziness. Without a flower to decorate it the silver-white coffin stood between burning candelabra, bearded priests and choristers, who in deep bass voice intoned the affecting funeral hymn "Hospodi pomilui." At length the service was over, and the man who fell at his post was to be carried to his grave. The procession set itself in motion. First marched an ecclesiastic with a large crucifix, another bore a wreath, the third and fourth held up holy banners, and then followed priests with small crosses in their hands, and after them came the coffin borne by superior officers, among whom was the Governor himself, General von Parkau. Behind the bier walked the mourners and friends of the deceased, a company of soldiers, and two musicians, who played solemn funeral marches—monotonous, melancholy, and truly