

meets here are mostly Tatars, but the eye also lights on Kurds or Caucasians, easily recognizable by their characteristic costumes. And buffaloes and oxen tug at their creaking carts and waggons just as in Asia Minor, and Bactrian camels, cattle, and sheep graze or are used in transport. Cultivated fields stretch far and wide as we drive over a small bridge across an irrigation canal; one of these carries a large volume of water, and is thrice crossed by the road. On the left hand we pass by the Tatar village Jokjalu, and the peak of Alagoz has to a great degree lost its imposing aspect of yesterday, when we saw the mountain from the pass, and the eye could rove over the long flanks which now, foreshortened, seem more flat and level. Ararat, on the other hand, is magnificent, and presents itself in dull outline just under the sun with light steely-blue tints, here and there interrupted by bright silvery patches, prominences, and irregularities, on which the snowfields are struck directly by the sun's rays.

At the Armenian village Markara we cross the Araxes by an iron bridge laid with wood. At this season the river looks very small, and seems not to have increased since we crossed it at the old arched bridge of Köpri-köi; its turbid water rolls slowly down towards the Caspian Sea. And on we travel over the well-kept, somewhat dusty road, so different from the muddy roads we jolted over in Turkish Asia. We are approaching a great artery, as is evident from the more lively traffic, small camel caravans, carts laden with salt and other goods being forwarded to the railway, homesteads lying closer together, and gardens protected by mud walls. By a smaller bridge we cross the Kur Arax, or "Dry Araxes," an arm which formerly accommodated the whole river, but where now only a riband of clear stagnant water is left. Near the Tatar village Kalkhun we come to the railway at the station of Echmiadzin.

It was only ten o'clock, and as the train to Nakichevan did not start till three, I had time to pay at least a hurried visit to the famous old monastery of Echmiadzin. One of the drivers from Igdir undertook to carry me there, and,