

be attached to the train, which indeed, jogged along at a pitifully slow pace. In a word, there was not a trace of order and civility, and I wondered in my own mind what the third class must be like when such was the state of the second. One certainly travels more comfortably and safely in the Turkish carriages in Asia Minor, where one also meets with civility and honesty. Roguery, theft, and violence are rampant on all the frontiers of Asia, where the offscourings of two or more peoples are collected, and the friction that naturally results gives rise to an undesirable state of affairs.

The stations on this new line are still temporary mud houses resting on low pillars to raise them above the damp ground. Garni-chai is the first village we pass, and Kamarlu the first station, an Armenian town surrounded by gardens and fields. The second, near the village Davalu, bears the high-sounding name of Ararat, and after the third station, Sadarak, also an Armenian village, the country becomes more and more desolate. The grand view of the twin peaks of Ararat is a relief to the eye, a magnificent panorama. I have now seen the splendid mountain from all sides. The train bears us away from it, and Little Ararat closes up to the larger mountain owing to the change in our position.

We pass now through steppe country, now through barren wastes; a bush is seldom visible, a tree never except at villages. The air is not quite clear, and the outlines of the southern mountains are seen dimly as through a veil; the northern heights, in full sunshine, are quite insignificant, and show shades of brown, yellow, and purple, barren and monotonous as a desert. Bash-narashen, a Tatar village, has caused the erection of the fourth station; here took place, some weeks ago, a fierce and bloody conflict between Christians and Islamites, Armenians and Tatars. To the right, southwards, the Araxes is quite near to us, recognizable by the belt of vegetation which lines its banks. Ararat is still visible, in smaller outline and fainter tones, but soon the curtain falls and the holy mountain is lost in the haze.

We then bump along through steppe land, carefully