

lescence which renews the sweetness of life. Casting her look over the plain, she saw in the distance a troop of cavaliers coming from the mountains on the north side. They advanced as quick as the thick coat of snow on the earth permitted. Selim-Agha rode at their head, but Lucy did not at first recognize him. He had left off the Turkish vestments, which served to disguise him on his expedition to Mekkio, and he now appeared in the brilliant war costume of his nation. A white turban, narrow and high as a tiara, replaced the Constantinopolitan *fez*. His blue vest shone with silver embroidery, and at his kilt, like that of the Scotch Highlander, hung a complicated arsenal of little instruments of graven silver, with which the Kurds charge their fire-arms. Two long pistols were stuck in the Cashmere scarf which encircled his waist; one of the ancient sabres, with almost straight blade, now become so rare, was suspended at his side by a narrow band of red silk with golden tassels. Agile as a stag, his Turkish horse scarcely sunk in the snow. The Kurd had a beauty truly noble and intelligent; his movements discovered a nervous and easy vigour—the vigour of these tame panthers, upon which the Grecian Mythology shows us the companions of the Indian Baccus mounted. Behind him marched a company of thirty Kurds, equipped almost in the same manner, and armed with long lances with floating bunches of silk. The glittering light of the beautiful winter day was reflected from the polished steel of sword and lance, and became decomposed into little rainbows in the snow dust raised by the prancing of the horses. It was a charming sight.

The preparations were soon made to depart, and they were soon on the way to Abdurrahmanli. The roads were filled with people as on other such occasions. The *Katerdgis*, whom the tempest had kept the day before in the villages, recommenced their journey, and the Europeans encountered them seated on their bales, chanting the complaint for the cruelties of the beautiful Derico. "I love Armenia," said Lucy to the Effendi, "despite its snow and long winters, but it will remain always poor."

"Do not think that. It is rich, only its riches remain hid. The wheat which lies there under the snow will cover, in spring, the plains with a harvest sufficient to nourish half of Europe. As roads are wanting the grain cannot be exported, and sometimes it