

One in this still, dark, pleasure pure,
 One of kind, and things each blessing and blessed.
 Sweet intercourse between eternal minds—
 And sweetest interchange of kindred hearts!

THE NARRATIVES, OR THE LOST TRIBES.
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Hostility of the People. Return by way of Van, Tschin in the Valley. Visit to Kachash Villages. Villages. Eastern 1250. Death of Shakti. Van. Encounter with the Hukary Chief. Change of his Relations. Incident among the Boards.

The patriarch's sister had also sent a quantity of bread, in which was rolled up a large supply of butter, or honey, butter, and flour mixed together so as to form a kind of rich cake. His mother sent us bread, cheese, and eggs; so that our trip was really very well furnished by our benevolent friends in these wild mountains; a kindness, to appreciate which one must place himself in the same dependant circumstances, and remember that there was a scarcity of food approaching to a famine. Wheat was selling at five or six times its ordinary price, and scarcely to be obtained at all. The bey had already given my son a small sum of money, in anticipation of our proceeding next day by way of Mosul, telling him that he would have given him a mule to ride, but, on account of the snow, the roads were impassable for mules. His mother, at the same time, suspended a small gold coin, with some beads, to my son's neck, as a memento of her affection.

As we proceeded down the narrow, rugged path cut out of the mountain, and anon cast a glance down the fearful abyss, it looked more terrible than it had ever done before. I was glad, therefore, to dismount, and walk for half an hour over the most dangerous part of the road, rather than trust myself to the sure-footed mule, who might, by one false step, dash me in pieces at the foot of the precipitous declivity. Having descended to the bed of the river, we continued along its bank until about sunset, when we encamped for the night in the open air, while the hoisterous Zab sung our lullaby in notes of solemn bass. The night was clear—the stars shone with unvaried splendour, and all was hushed to silence save the river's loud roar. On either side, the everlasting mountains reared their adamantine crests, till they appeared to touch the skies; all seemed to invite to communion with nature's God. Three fierce-looking Eords had spread their brawny limbs by the side of a blazing fire, which they had kindled to supply their lack of clothing, while we were in a good degree protected from the chills that now advanced upon the night breeze. At such an hour, and in such a place, so suited to deeds of darkness, it was sweet to realise a present God, and to know that the angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear him, for their deliverance.

We arrived about noon at the residence of Talar Aga, the chief of a tribe of Koords, called *Pinianchi*, comprising about 1000 households, under a nominal allegiance to the Hakary chief. Another division of this tribe (7 or 500 houses) live near the Teloma tribe of Nestorians, and are represented as a very lawless and sanguinary clan. I spent the night with the chief, and can truly say that I was never more hospitably received and entertained than by this mountain chieftain. He insisted upon my occupying his own seat, an easy cushion or mattress, with pillows to lean upon. A bowl of fine-flavoured sherbet was followed by coffee, and other more substantial refreshments. A bountiful supply of my favourite *pilau* was served for supper; and a basket of eggs, roasted in the ashes, (a common method of cooking them in this country,) was in readiness after breakfast the next morning, to replenish our scrip for the road. The chief and two of his wives required my professional services; and I believe that this was the principal reason why the bey at Julamerk desired me to take this route. Many of the villagers were suffering from coughs, which I attributed to their residence in a region of almost perpetual snow, and to their drinking large quantities of it in their water. It was a pleasant summer residence, but truly dreary in winter.

Our tent was about forty feet long, and eighteen or twenty wide : one side left quite open, while a web of reeds foimed the other sides. The ample roof of black haircloth was supported by a number of small poles, and secured with cords and wooden pins driven into the earth. About one-fourth of the tent was fenced off with a wicker trellis for the lambs of the flock, which were kept there during the night. The lambs are only suffered to go to their dams at particular times to obtain nourishment, after the people have secured the larger share of the milk for themselves. The milk of their flocks is a more important consideration with an Oriental than the wool or the flesh. It is regarded as quite superior in quality to the milk of cows, especially for their favourite *yogh-hoori*, or sour curd. An exclamation of surprise always follows the assertion that we Americans never milk our sheep.

I had been told that the desire of plunder was the motive which led to the death of this indefatigable traveller. As he is said to have entered the country with considerable baggage, and to have made valuable presents to the chiefs, they would naturally suppose that his effects were of inestimable worth. But I am assured by many of the most intelligent of the Nestorians and Armenians who were in the country at the time, that Shultz had just made a visit to the opulent mines, and that the Koords believed, from the brilliant yellow colour of the mineral, that he had found it to contain gold, and that he would cause an army to come and take possession of their country. This impression was strengthened by the circumstance that he was seen making scientific observations, measuring their castles, and writing down the observations he had made. Too great caution cannot be observed on these points by the traveller in such a country as this.

June 1.—It was late in the afternoon before we could get away, our muleteers, in common with the people generally, having business in the bazaar, (if a few poor stalls poorly supplied deserve that name,) it being the "market-day" for the week. In the smaller towns, one day in the week is generally observed as the market-day, and that day is usually the Christian Sabbath. Hence Sunday in Turkey is called *bazar gun*, literally, "market-day."

About two hours out, our little party, six or eight in all, were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of armed horsemen in the glens of the mountain above us. As they were but indistinctly observed, and then suddenly disappeared, there was scarcely a doubt that they were robbers ; and those of our party who had firearms put them in readiness to defend themselves. My two Nestorian attendants agreed with me that it was better to suffer ourselves to be quietly robbed of a few effects we possessed than to attempt to take any man's life.

Poorly mounted as we were, it was quite evident that flight was out of the question, and we should only invite pursuit, if we showed any timidity by the attempt. It was therefore resolved to keep on our way, remaining in a compact body with what show of preparation for defence we could make. The mutaselim, or local governor of Bash-Kulch, had assured me of entire safety on this road, and, moreover, promised me the protection of three of the chief's servants, who were then going to Van. The supposed robbers proved to be our desired protection.

We proceeded over a chain of mountains, on which large banks of snow were still remaining, to the strong castle of Mahmoodieh, and thence to Van, or, as it is usually pronounced, Wan. It