

that bore me showing no signs of fatigue. Suddenly the grass was changed for loose shingle; and in a few minutes more my horse, after snorting and shying a good deal, set his feet firmly, and refused to advance. Finding I could not change his position, I per force remained quietly seated on his back. It was bitterly cold in those open plains. I could hear every now and then the splash of water, and endeavored to pierce the thick darkness around, but in vain. Nothing but the rushing of the wind, and that constant plashing, could I catch. At last, a pale grey gleam stole over the landscape. It showed a boundless grassy plain on all sides but one—that one directly before me; there lay a lake of some size. I dismounted, and leading my tired horse, stooped to drink. Pshaw! it was brine! I now understood the warning, ‘be careful of your water;’—and water it was that filled the skin at my saddle. I drank sparingly of it; and then re-mounting, concluding I was far enough from the river, turned southwards. Well, sir, I journeyed in this way eight days, without meeting either man or beast; and once or twice only, in the long travel, did I meet with drinkable water. I found, however, the heavy dews on the grass at night sufficed my generous companion. On the eighth day the water in the skin was expended. That day the sun rose glowing hot, and soon my torture became excessive. I was becoming dizzy with suffering, when, as I raised my eyes to the glowing heavens, I fancied I discovered a deep blue, well defined ridge on the southern horizon. Xenophon’s tired soldiers shouted when they saw the sea—I almost shrieked. The Caucasus! there was water there!—there was life!—there was safety! I spurred on my staggering and panting steed. He understood me—he hastened on. Ah! ah! at last he neighs, and dashes desperately forward! The eternal grass is changed: there were shrubs, green boughs, shaking in the wind. To these he madly galloped. In another minute we were descending a steep bank, clothed with trees, at the risk of life, into the stream. At last we plunged. While the panting horse drank almost to bursting, I scooped up the muddy water with my hand. Talk of wine! ah! there was no nectar ever equalled that muddy draught! I dwell upon it now, and something of its indescribable delight seems to re-visit me.

“Well, I ascended this stream, and gradually approached the mountains, the path becoming every moment more and more difficult. It was, however, evidently travelled. Suddenly, turning a huge pile of granite, half hidden by the trees that grew in its clefts and at its foot, I came upon an armed party. The men started to their weapons, women screamed, children gabbled, while more than a dozen bearded fellows, with long barrelled guns in their hands, called out to me at once. I knew not one word they uttered, but I knew the value of tin...