

There are hands that are waved when the fairy
shore

By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent
roar

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh ! remembered for aye be that blessed isle
All the day of our life until night ;
And when evening glows with its beautiful
smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the Greenwood of soul be in sight.

LIFE IN KURDISTAN.

BY ARSEN DAMGAGIAN.

There lives in the highlands of Armenia and Mesopotamia a strange people composed of several groups of tribes which have nothing in common but their name. Their origin is hidden in mystery. The different kinds of religion they profess are as distinct as the three languages they speak in the respective parts of the country. Yet, with all these peculiarities, they might constitute a government like that of Switzerland, if properly educated ; but they have not the slightest idea of political existence. They meet each other only on the battlefield ; and their traditional valor is spent in weakening each other instead of forming a strong unit to resist intruders. However, this does not prevent them from playing an important part in the tragic events in Asia Minor, at the expense of their Christian neighbors.

The ordinary Kurd is a stalwart, robust fellow with sinewy arms and hairy breast, exposed to the heat of the sun as well as to the frost of the winter. By nature he is an excellent climber. He can jump like a goat and run like a horse. He can work hard in the longest days of summer, from sunrise to sunset, subsisting on mere bread and water. It is a marvel that people who do not taste meat for months, and often forget the color of bread, can enjoy such health and physical strength.

The Kurd does not care any more for his dress than for his food. A new pair of shoes, a big cap, with a num-

ber of colored handkerchiefs wrapped around it, form the chief parts of his toilet. The other parts of his body are covered by his panoply, which consists of a flint-lock gun, a pair of pistols, a short dagger, a long and crooked sword, and many leather boxes of gunpowder, lead balls, oiled rags, etc. All these, arranged in a peculiar artistic manner, give a picturesque appearance to the Kurdish warrior, especially when he is rich enough to deck these weapons with gold or silver. He has been trained to use them from infancy, because he had nothing else to learn. Letters and books are unknown to his people. Trades are the monopoly of the Armenians. His tools are his arms : they will procure food and clothing for his family. The most complex machine he can use is his gun. The hardest arithmetic is to find out the exact amount of the tax to be paid to the government for his sheep and goats. The tax for each animal has a fraction with it. He meets the same puzzle every year ; but thanks to his skill, he often succeeds in hiding a number of his taxable animals in the fastness of mountains before the tax-gatherers enter his hamlet. He himself finds refuge in those secret caves when the time comes for conscription, because he thinks it better to do armed service for himself than for the sultan.

He plunders everybody ; but he knows by experience that it is safer to do business with Christians alone, because injured Turks have the power to make him weigh the iron chains of prisons. He seldom kills, but often indulges in cruelly beating and wounding his victim.

Religious views do not seem to influence Kurdish life. They act in the same way and live in the same manner, no matter whether they believe in Mohammed, in the devil, or in the *ssid* ; that is, holy men. They all go on plundering without the least scruple. In fact, the difference is so little between these followers of distinct religions that all the Kurds are often