

ception of the difference between in-doors and out-of-doors—and indeed too often there is not much difference. They buy and sell and sit in the streets without seeming to notice that the season for that sort of thing is over. How they manage it is a mystery, for they do not seem to be warmly clothed. The shop windows are full of chest protectors, flannel jackets, knitted waistcoats, fur lined boots, woolly inner soles, flannel petticoats; and other things of the kind which may account for some of this apparent hardness; but it is the poorer people who live most in the streets, and one would not suppose that they are able to enjoy these extra articles of dress. A beggar will sit for the whole day in the entrance of a cold church and look warm and chubby all the time. It is a case of Nature's power of adaptation to circumstances. But we are new to the circumstances and find them, as I have said, cold. At the bottom of the matter is, I believe, the fact that no place is properly warmed and that one never starts warm. A railway journey is like a sleigh drive. You sit wrapped up with a rug over your knees and your feet on a hot water bottle if you can get one. There is no other heat. It is not like the nice superheated Pullman where you hang up your wraps and sit in the loose comfort of an open coat. Nor, when the journey is over, is there a warm hotel waiting to receive you. The usual inn, like other things in the country, has an uncertain dividing line between in-doors and out-of-doors. The ceremony of showing the guest to his room begins with a cold plunge into a court-yard, where the candle flickers in the wind and when it rains one expects a well directed drop of rain to put it out. The attendant leads the way across the court to an archway, from which, often without the intervention of a door at all, stairs lead to the upper story, and the guest is shown a room which is practically out of doors and cold!—all the rank chill of a mild winter seem to have been bottled up there for months.

To look out early in the morning and see the boots patiently cooling before the doors in this corridor full of the outer air is a cheerless sight.

Fortunately there is hot water always ready and there are bells; usually electric registering bells, though I have met with a more primitive kind. At one very comfortable inn, where the bedrooms all looked upon the courtyard, the question of bells was settled in the simplest manner by hanging a bell on the wall outside each room and ringing it by pulling a cord inside. When a bell was rung the *garçon des chambres* ran out of his cave down in the courtyard and looked up to see which bell was shaking. In a wind they all shook, and here and there would even be one ringing softly to itself. When this happened and the *garçon* stood looking wildly about, the man of resources could appear in pyjamas at his window and discourse to him of his wants.

The allowance of hot water is about a quart, and the process of taking a bath out of a basin by means of a sponge—and so distributing the water over the floor—is not a warming process. One leaves his room unwarmed only to meet with a chill reception below, for there is in the ordinary country inn no provision made for comfort in taking the *petit déjeuner*. The *salle à manger* at that hour has all the windows open and the chairs have usually got on to the tables; the smoking room, if there is a smoking room, is not warmed. I suppose the early breakfast—a roll and *café au lait*—is not usually taken down stairs. The wise native probably takes it in bed and does not waste its warmth in washing afterwards. Those who do come down for it appear in hat and overcoat and swallow their *café*, standing anywhere, on their way, as it were, to the street. This is the advantage of the informal and unimportant early breakfast, and also perhaps its evil. It is an advantage since every man can get up and go at his own hour without having to either wait for or hurry to a formal gathering; and an evil, perhaps, for this very lack of a formal gathering. It certainly detracts from the comfort of home by giving no occasion to make home comfortable in the morning—if these homes ever can be made comfortable. As to this I strongly suspect that the country inn fairly represents the country house as far as concerns its capability for being heated. A waiter who was trying to encourage me to feel warm in the smoking room one morning, as I was having my *café au lait* among the cold odours of tobacco, broke down in the end and admitted that it was cold and was always so in winter, and in these rambling buildings must always be so because they could not be warmed. His face fell as he said this

and I felt sorry for him, a man to whom winter must always mean three or four months of the strain which we undergo in the last few days before the furnace is lighted. We all know those days, when we try to tide over one more cold snap rather than have the furnace going in the warm days that are sure to follow. This is the permanent state of the people who have a mild winter. A heated house would probably be unbearable. They must live in a house that is only warm in spots, with zones of heat and cold, cold halls and warm apartments, which, when they are not warm, are very cold. To them never comes the time which comes to us when the cold has at last come to stay and we order the furnace to be lighted and return home in the evening to find the house full of a delightful warmth that wraps us all around like a cloak. W. A. L.

Russia and Armenia

IN the second decade of our century Johannes Avdall—an intelligent, highly cultivated Armenian, a member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal—to which learned body he dedicated his work—undertook the translation into English of a book written by Father Michael Chamich—a Roman Catholic Armenian, who lived about the middle of the 18th century. This book—"A History of Armenia from B.C. 2247-A.D. 1780"—contains much interesting information regarding this singular people, whose story in so many points strangely resembles that of the Jew. Like them the Armenians had a period of national glory, ending with their conquest by Alexander the Great, B.C. 334-5, their kings remaining tributary for about 176 years; Arcaces then achieved the independence of his country, founding a dynasty of kings.

The period which followed included the most brilliant in Armenian history, and lasted, with many vicissitudes, for almost six centuries. Once more the nation fell under foreign sway—Persians, Greeks, Egyptians oppressed and persecuted them in turn, until finally the faint shadow of royalty departed, when Leo—last of the Rubenian princes was taken captive by the Sultan of Egypt, A.D. 1382. Many of these Rubenian princes seem to have been wise and brave—we read of their intercourse with the Crusaders and of help given to the latter in time of famine—but they could not hold out against such odds, and, from the downfall of Leo, the Armenians sank as a nation—even their ancient glory being known only to the few who had access to their records.

In 1605 Shah Abbas conquered many places in Armenia, and declared it under Persian dominion. A threatened invasion of the Turks to recover the province, determined Shah Abbas to transport the Armenians and their property to Persia—in this, too, they resembled the Jews, that despite oppression of every kind, they accumulated wealth. Persian officers were sent all through the land, the people were collected in a vast herd on a plain near Ararat, and thence driven to Persia. The land was then laid waste—everything destroyed, that the Turks might find nothing—the Armenians have no temptation to return. On the opposite bank of the river from the Persian city of Ispahan, arose a new and splendid town of Julpha or Ciulfa, called in loving remembrance of the city the exiles had left behind them;—many and touching are the references to this sorrowful time, to be found in their folk-songs—a small volume of which has been translated into English. Since this terrible break in their history, the Armenians have had no existence as a nation—their land being ultimately divided into Russian, Persian, and Turkish provinces, of which only the last has been subjected to the bitter persecution which has roused so much—hitherto futile—indignation in Christian lands.

From her own records it would seem that Armenia has again and again turned to Russia as the nearest Christian country, and that such help and protection as could be given was never withheld. In the middle of the 18th century the Patriarch sought and obtained protection from Peter the Great; a little later—in the treaty of Kayerarji (1774) and in that of Gassy (1791), clauses were inserted by which Turkey acknowledged that Russia should exercise some sort of protection over the Christian subjects of the Porte.