

of few travellers, and we were proportionately delighted when we found that an opportunity of seeing and possibly of photographing this unique spectacle would be extended to us.

There lives in Damascus an English officer in the Turkish army, a surgeon-in-chief, holding the rank of colonel and the title of Bey. He is a gentleman of good family, a nephew of the present Bishop of London, and having spent most of his life in the Turkish service and for many years as surgeon in attendance upon the harem of the Sultan at Constantinople, has a vast knowledge of the inner life of the court and the country, and a good deal of personal and official influence, Christian though he is, among his Moslem fellow-citizens. He is also married to a Syrian lady, and more closely identified with the people and country on that account. Our host and hostess had been invited to Katana for the Doseh, by this gentleman, and when he learned that we were in Damascus, the invitation was most kindly made to include us.

It was a glorious afternoon in the end of April—but, indeed, they are all glorious days out there at that season of the year—that we drove out to Katana. The Bey, our host, drove with us in the landau, the doctor and Rev. Mr. Phillips were riding. The large village of Katana, our destination, lies some ten miles from Damascus, and the drive out over the rich plain, with Hermon in full view before us, was most enjoyable. Arrived, we were shown our quarters for the night in a native house, and then escorted to the home of a friend of our host for supper. Such a strange “going out to tea” I had never before experienced. We were seated somewhat tailor-fashion, around a *skimleh*, or native table, on which a huge round tray was placed. The *piece de resistance* was a kid seethed in milk, which proved most excellent eating, and the accompanying dishes of farinaceous compounds and sweet-meats were mysterious in composition, but very pleasant to the taste. Fingers were largely used, and every one was welcome to help himself from the common dish. Our entertainer did not sit with us, but vied with the servants in giving us attention. At the close of the meal a servant, with basins and towel, made a circuit of the table, pouring water on our hands from a brazen ewer, as we washed them over the basin. Afterwards we reclined on the divans in the other apartment, and narghilehs and coffee were passed round. We were in the house of the treasurer of the village, an important official, seeing that some £30,000 sterling of taxes annually passed through his hands. A visitor was announced, a little dapper, dark-visaged Turk, as Rhiza Effendi, the secretary of the village, and a very pressing invitation to dine with him on