

you know it their ugly heads are over your shoulder, and their angry snarl gives evidence of their chronic ill-humour.

One day, in the bazaar, I heard a great shouting, and saw a confused rush of men. First came four stalwart fellows with what looked like a garden pump on their shoulders, and a man with a coil of small hose on his arm, then fifty soldiers with guns, others with halberts, poles, axes, and staves—and this was all the apparatus for extinguishing a fire in the oldest city in the world.

We rode out through the Meidan, a long street somewhat wide, very ill-paved, and bordered on either side with rude bazaars and with numerous dilapidated mosques. Here arrive and depart the caravans from the desert, and here may be seen the most characteristic Bedouin types, with matted hair, long, white, hungry-looking teeth, restless eyes, and wild, tameless look, armed with a long gun or tufted spear,—semi-savage sons of the desert, to whom the restraints of the city are irksome. A scene of unwonted excitement and fanaticism takes place on the annual departure of the great caravans for Mecca, valued often at £40,000. From the extremity of the Meidan, the Bawwabet Allah, or, "Gate of God," sets out this sacred pilgrimage, which sometimes consists of many thousands of camels, dervishes, merchants, and pilgrims: escorted by armed soldiers, richly caparisoned sheiks, with snowy turban, or if they have made the pilgrimage before, one of green; Druses and Bedouins and half-naked, fanatical dervishes. The thrumming of tambourines, clash of cymbals, roll of drums, the chanting of the mollahs, neighing of horses and braying of donkeys, and the yelling of pilgrims, make a most extraordinary scene. This procession we did not see, but the Rev. Mr. Bond thus describes a similar one witnessed near Damascus:

Before us, knots of people were gathering, waiting, like ourselves, for the first sound of the advancing procession. At length we heard them, the beating of drums, the wild chorus of song, the hum and tramp of the crowd, and a few moments more they came in sight. What a sight it was. Great green silken banners headed the procession, then came ranks of dervishes half naked, panting with frenzy, pressing drawn swords against their bare breasts, tossing up nails in the air and catching them in their mouths; then a lot of wild musicians with drums and cymbals, and all about and around, a vast crowd of all ages, dressed in holiday attire in the many hues and fashions of Eastern garb—an everchanging kaleidoscopic picture impossible of adequate description.

On they came, and close beneath the house they marched, the drums beating, the dervishes panting and posturing, the people shouting in great excitement. A thousand eyes were fixed upon us, a thousand faces were upturned to where we stood at our instruments. The wild multitude made a halt of a moment or two right in front of us, and then passed on a few