

looking a wide, open space, along which the procession would pass. I shall never forget that morning, as we stood for, I suppose, nearly two hours on the roof in that burning sun, afraid to leave it for a moment, lest in that moment we should miss our opportunity, and withal, somewhat nervous as to the effect our appearance and our instruments would have upon the mob of fanatics we were expecting to photograph, yet keenly anxious for them to make their appearance. Beside us were the Bey in his Turkish uniform, the owner of the house, and two or three other natives.



EASTERN HOME LIFE.

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 around an angle. 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