

never pausing, but never failing to turn their faces and make obeisance when passing the Sheik. After a little time a cloak is thrown off, the arms are outstretched, the palm of one hand turned upward and the other downward, the head is thrown on one side, the whole appearance becomes rapt and ecstatic, and the body is whirled, the toes of one foot used as a pivot, until the full skirt is filled out like an inflated balloon. Another and another catches the afflatus, until the whole company are pirouetting round the large hall in a continuous circle and with constantly increasing velocity. They continue this without the least apparent fatigue, for such a length of time that one begins to feel that the problem of perpetual motion is solved, and they will go on forever and forever. The excitement of watching them is so intense that it seems impossible to look away, and when one after another resumed his normal state as quietly and gracefully as a bird flutters to the earth after an aerial flight, it was an immense relief to our tensely strung nerves. The accompanying picture can only present the position—the motion must be left to sight or imagination.

The *Tekoy* of the Howling Dervishes is at Scutari. The approach to it is through an immense Turkish cemetery—and a ride of several miles under the shadow of the majestic, funereal cypresses is a fit introduction to the barbarous ceremonies we are to witness. There is nothing attractive about the room we enter—it is dusky and dingy. The Sheik sits in the sacred place, and on the wall near him still hang the spears, darts, knives, chains pincers, etc., with which the worshippers used to submit to be tortured when at the height of their frenzy, though this is now forbidden.

In the centre of the room there were men seated on rugs, who seemed to lead in the *devotions*. They repeat the ninety-nine names or attributes of God, counting them upon a string of ninety-nine beads, sometimes as many as ninety-nine times. The performers stand in a row about the sides of the room opposite to the Sheik. There are white men and black men; men bronzed with out-of-door life and those more delicate in appearance; but all having the peculiar expression that betokens the fanatic.

They begin their performance by repeating the confession of faith, "*Ia-il-lah—il-lah-lah*"—"There is one God," etc.—bowing with each syllable—forward, backward, right, left—coming