

carry a certain number of pebbles in the girdle, which have a symbolical significance, and the girdle is bound more or less tightly, as they desire to do penance in a greater or less degree.

The *Pilgrim Dervishes* roam about the country, begging and chanting doleful songs under the latticed windows of the *aremlik*—the women's apartments in Turkish houses. They are dressed in a coarse cloth made of camel's hair; the one garment visible covers the head and projects a little over the face, and is bound round the crown with large hair ropes; a loose girdle fastens it at the waist. They are so emaciated as to appear like animated skeletons; the skin drawn over the face and bronzed by constant exposure, the scanty, ragged beard, and the eyes wild with fanaticism, give such a ferocious expression to the countenance, one involuntarily shudders on meeting them. The accompanying picture gives a shadowy impression of their abject appearance.

The two orders most famous abroad are the *Howling* and the *Whirling Dervishes*. The poet Longfellow, comparing Tennyson with a class of sensational poets, says of him, he's

"Not of the howling dervishes of song,
That craze the brain with their mad dance."

But the *Howling Dervishes* do not dance, and the *Whirling Dervishes* do not howl!

The *Tekay*—place of worship—of the *Whirling Dervishes* is in Pera; they meet for worship every Tuesday and Thursday, and visitors can usually gain admittance by paying a fee of a *beshtlik*—a silver coin worth about a quarter of a dollar. In the middle of one side of the enclosed space is the *mihrab*, or sacred place, where the Sheik places himself upon a rug. The worshippers march in, dressed in white—the skirt very full and nearly touching the floor; a heavy cloak or mantle is thrown over the shoulders. They walk quietly and deliberately around the room, turning their faces towards the Sheik as they pass him, and making "*obeisance*" in a very reverential manner. Presently, from a gallery over our heads, come sounds of music—drums gently beaten and soft airs from a flute-like instrument called *ney*. The promenaders gradually catch the time of the music; the music grows quicker and quicker, the airs more and more exciting; the men circle round the room at accelerated speed,