

especial use. After a short service of singing, prayer, and responses, the dervishes began. There were nineteen of them, with a superior, who sat or stood on a mat by himself. He was a slim, middle-aged man, of pale countenance, large dark eyes, and quiet, pleasant expression. There was nothing specially noticeable about the faces of the others, and some of them I afterwards saw toiling at ordinary street work. Their dress was peculiar. Their feet were bare; on their heads were lofty gray felt hats without rims; their robes were long, of a blue colour, and drawn tight at the waist. The performance began, the superior leading, by marching around slowly three times to the sound of a drum and flute, very poorly played. Each man, as he came to the mat of the superior, stepped carefully across, and bowed low to his successor, who bowed equally low in response. The superior then took his place, and the march round continued. Each one, as he came again to the mat, bowed his head, and the superior breathed or whispered into his ear; and, thus inspired, they were all soon whirling about the room, at the rate of over fifty whirls to the minute. Arms were lifted over the head, but gradually fell to the horizontal position; skirts flew out in the shape of a bell; eyes were half-closed, heads thrown back, and a dreamy, trance-like expression settled upon the countenance. This circling about the room, I was told, would be repeated four times, but after awhile the affair became monotonous, and we took our departure. Some of our party went to see a similar performance at Scutari, where the performers gave themselves up to moaning and howling. Truly superstition and folly go hand in hand!

Of course no one visits Constantinople without going to see the grand bazaar at Stamboul. It covers a great extent of ground, is all roofed in, and with its many streets and passages and entrance gates, constitutes a city within a city. The sides of the streets are lined with little shops, displaying their wares in most tempting array. Each corporate trade has its own locality. One long alley glitters with red and yellow morocco; another is gay with India shawls; here are pipes of every shape, and delicate amber mouthpieces; in another part are Manchester goods; not far away are establishments for the sale of silk; here you may obtain most exquisite work in embroidery; yonder are stalls for the sale of Damascus swords and daggers;