

as one would naturally suppose. Only Europeans join from afar; the others are business people living near by, and *hamatys*. Some of those who come to see are as much a curiosity as the tragic scene itself, viz., the ministers of the various governments with their families and friends. They file in in tribes of twenty and upward, and hire places where they can sit quietly and "take in" the evening. Before the hour for beginning, however, they are decidedly "on exhibition." Hence a crowd, several men deep, and numbering hundreds, line and occupy the front until the police have to interfere in order to thin down the *gha la ba tik* (crowd, or mob.) During the last hours of the afternoon the Persians make short visits to the khan, and are treated to tea, chat a little, and then depart to the next friend. In the *Vaidea khan* about 8000 people gathered, and good order was maintained; but a strong police force was on duty, assisted by about 200 soldiers.

THE EXHIBITION OF MADNESS

began at 12 o'clock *a la Turk*, that is, sundown, on the 10th of Muharem (Sept. 5). The first warning was the sound of flute and cymbal curiously mixed together, and intended simply to signify mourning. A Persian led the mourners; next to him were the band and fifteen standard bearers; then men with bare backs, each carrying a stick loaded with a bunch of fine chains in his hand. With this he had to beat himself right and left over the shoulders at a given signal. Next in order came the real business portion of the procession. Two rows of men, in single file, dressed in white, their heads shaved, and holding a sword in the right hand, while the left was firmly clinched in his file leader's belt, came in sight. The procession moved slowly, hence plenty of time was extended to these unfortunate creatures to work up their fury and fanaticism. They brandished their swords, and as they moved sideways, a step ahead, they would stamp with their foot in advance and at the same time throw back their hand and cry out at the top of their voice, "Hussein-All! Hassan - Hussein! Shahid-Snam!" with many more words calculated to inspire zeal! For instance, the right hand file cried *Shahid!* (martyr), the left hand file would respond *Imam* (priest), and so on. These files were kept about eight paces apart, and continued around the large yard three times, occasionally stopping to have portions of the incident related and to declare their intentions to suffer for the deed done so treacherously by chanting "Amen" in concert, and after the first march around the khan the chain beaters begin their beating, soon drowning the blows. The train of about 250 persons then files out of the khan into another khan, where the same thing is repeated, occupying another half hour. This ends the first act. The second act in the *Vaidea Khan* is performed by the breast beaters. A zealot starts to refer to the tragedy, and sings a

short chant, to which the gang responds, "Oh, Kerbela! Oh, Kerbela! Oh, Kerbela!" and for every repetition of "Kerbela!" they beat their naked breasts with their hands. It isn't "bogus" beating either, as is evident by the motion of the men and the clear and distinct sound of the beat. The men lean back, bring over their right hand and with a full force of strength send their open hands vigorously upon the naked chest, which is bent forward to receive the coming stroke. This is continued during the absence of the main body, the men passing around the khan and stopping at intervals crying "Oh, Kerbela! Oh, Kerbela!" Kerbela is the place where Hussein was slain; and the name Kerbela brings many old men into a real fit of sobbing after crying out aloud.

THE GHASTLY SCENE

or third act is now at hand. To add to the effect night has come on; the whole khan is lighted up; and lights of various colors, varying with the vase lamps in which they were placed, and torches and bonfires, elevated to give a full view of the procession, could everywhere be seen. The procession is headed by the music and the standard bearers as before; but the horses which represent the martyred Hussiens' train were redressed and differently decorated. The three horses in the first act were mounted as follow: The first with swords and arrows, the second with a two-year-old child, the third being empty but heavily veiled. By the side of this a man carried a child attired in white, but besmeared with blood. Now the horses appeared a little different, and were escorted by a double file light-bearing company, all chanting. Next comes the whites. Well, they are not altogether white now, for some look as if a quantity of blood had been poured upon their heads, and it ran down both sides of the face over the white clothing. Large torchlights, with oil freely poured thereon, would suddenly flash up, and amid the shouts of "Hussein - Hassan! Hussein-All! *Shahid Imam!*" one could see the fanatics hewing away at their heads, while others were following behind and with large canes would parry off the blows which the madmen would aim at their own head. This they continued to do during three circuits around the khan, when they again disappeared through the large khan gate for the other scene of action, not ceasing for one moment the cry concerning their heroes, not even while passing from khan to khan. Imagine the sight, if you can. Old men and young men frantically yelling, and while holding to their file leaders with their left hand brandishing their swords and threatening suicide at every step. Happily for the participants, they rather liked the world anyhow; for a few were very sparing in the slicing of the naked scalps; but others, more enthusiastic, had to be watched and bandaged, and men with water and sponges were on hand to wash off the flow-

ing blood. Some of the chain beaters revealed that their stripes had been light because their backs bore no marks; but others had beaten themselves raw. Taken as a whole, however, this sight is a frightful one and would undoubtedly, but for strict police regulations, develop into serious affrays. The fourth act is a repetition of the second, with the exception that a company of school-boys responds "Hussien" in chorus to the chant of the leading teachers.

The fifth and last act was a repetition of the 3rd, only that the leading horse now carried a pair of blood-besprinkled doves, on the points of two crossed swords projecting upward, on which were placed two apples, representing the slain Hussein. By this time the procession moved speedily. The whites—now about red—were altogether irregular in all their movements, and some had fainted. The boys were missing, and the two hours spent in pure and religious rage told plainly of the severity of the ordeal.

The excitement over one goes home wondering where he is. He tries to imagine himself on the borders of civilization, though such scenes as the above carry the beholder back to paganism.

But pagan Hussein memorial, thank God, your days are numbered. The true light of this world will ere long dispel your darkness.

FRIS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 6, 1889.

CRONIN CASE AND CATHOLICISM.

A gentleman residing in Chicago writes thus to a friend in this city:

"The Cronin case still holds the boards in Chicago. It is to me still a mystery. Of course I must admit that Dr. Cronin has been killed, and probably by his own clansmen. If the true history of the case were known it would make an instructive lesson. The only beneficiary of the murder at the present time is the Catholic church. That church is at last openly antagonized by a large element. Several papers specially devoted to opposing Rome are published. We have in Chicago three such, and ably conducted. The church has taken up the gauntlet, and in her publications hits back every time. But the church realizes the fact that to meet the growing opposition unity is required of the different races that compose it. Everything is being done to bring about this unity. It is now proposed that an amalgamation of all Catholic societies be made into one great body, under church control or direction. The congress of Catholics which takes place in Baltimore next month has this object in view.

"Strange to say, the great obstruction to unity is the Irish Society. It is exclusive, and has Ireland first, last, and all the time. The Irishman doesn't fraternize with Frenchman, Pole, Bohemian, German or Italian. Upon all these he looks as apologies for Catholics, and doesn't conceal his thoughts. If the Irish Society could be broken, then