

He then snatched up the purse, and ran home with it, crying in the same manner all the way; and leaving his friend to follow him with his shoes.—Soon after the bookseller had told this story, there joined us a Persian darweesh, whom I had often met there before, and a fat, merry-looking, red-faced man, loaded with ragged clothing, showing the edge of a curly head of hair below his turban, and carrying a long staff. Everybody at the shop, excepting myself, kissed his hand: he offered me his hand, and, after taking it, I kissed my own, and he did the same. I was informed that he was a celebrated saint. He took snuff; smoked from my pipe; and had a constant smile upon his countenance; though he seldom spoke: almost the only words he uttered were a warm commendation of an answer which I gave to the Persian: on his (the Persian's) asking me why I had not already departed from Maṣr as I had intended, I said that the servant of God was passive and not elective; and this sentiment, though common, seemed much to please the welee: he repeated it with emphasis.—There next joined us a man of a very respectable and intelligent appearance, applying for a copy of the sheykh Rifá'ah's visit to France, lately printed at Boolák. Asking what were the general contents of this book, a person present answered him, that the author relates his voyage from Alexandria to Marseilles; how he got drunk on board the ship, and was tied to the mast, and flogged; that he ate pork in the land of infidelity and obstinacy, and that it is a most excellent meat; how he was delighted with the French girls, and how superior they are in charms to the women of Egypt; and, having qualified himself, in every accomplishment, for an eminent place in Hell, returned to his native country. This was an ironical quizz on the sheykh Rifá'ah for his strict conscientious adherence to the precepts of El-Islám during his voyage and his residence in France. The applicant for this book had a cataract in each of his eyes. I advised him to seek relief from the French surgeon Clot Bey; but he said that he was afraid to go to the hospital; for he had heard that many patients there were killed and boiled, to make skeletons: he afterwards, however, on my assuring him that his fears were groundless, promised to go.—While I was talking with him, there began to pass by the shop a long funeral-train, consisting of numerous fikees, and many of the 'Ulamà. On my asking whose funeral it was, I was answered, "The sheykh El-Menzeláwee," sheykh of the Saadeeyeh darweeshes. I was surprised; having seen him a few days before in apparently good health. Presently I saw him walking in the procession. I asked again; and was answered as before. "Why," said I, "praise be to God, the sheykh is walking with you, in good health:" I was then told that the deceased was his wife. Some Saadeeyeh in the procession were performing a zikr as they passed along; repeating "Allah!" When the bier came in view, I heard the women who followed raising their *zaghareet*, or cries of joy, instead of lamenting. The deceased was a famous saint. She was the sister of the late sheykh of the Saadeeyeh; and it is believed that her husband, the present sheykh, derived his miraculous powers from her. It is said that she prophesied yesterday the exact hour of her death this day. The women began to lament when the corpse left the house; and, as usual when this is done at the funeral of a saint, the bearers declared that they could not move it: as soon as the lamentations were changed to the cries of joy, the bearers pretended to find their work quite easy.*

* Cp. notes to the *Thousand and One Nights*, 2nd ed., ii., p. 64.

Nov. 6th.—To-day, as I was sitting at the booksellers' shop, a reputed welee, whom I have often seen, came and seated himself by me, and began, in a series of abrupt sentences, to relate to me various matters respecting me, past, present, and to come. His name is the sheykh 'Alee el-Leysee. He is a poor man, supported by alms: tall and thin and very dark; about thirty years of age; and wears nothing, at present, but a blue shirt and a girdle, and a padded red cap. "O Efendee!" he said, "thou hast been very anxious for some days. There is a grain of anxiety remaining in thee yet. Do not fear. There is a letter coming to thee by sea, that will bring thee good news. [He then told Lane that all his family were well except one, who was then suffering from an intermittent fever, which was proved afterwards to be true.] I wanted to ask thee for something to-day; but I feared: I feared greatly. Thou must be invested with wiláyah" (i. e. be made a welee): "the welees love thee; and the Prophet loves thee. Thou must go to the sheykh Mustafâ El-Munádee, and the sheykh El-Baháee!" (These are two very celebrated welees). "Thou must be a welee." He then took my right hand, in the manner which is practised on giving the covenant which admits a person a darweesh, and repeated the Fát'hah; after which he added, "I have admitted thee my darweesh." Having told me of several circumstances relating to me, some of which he had doubtless learned of persons acquainted with me, and which I could not deny, and some which time only will prove true or false, he ventured at a further prophecy and hazardous guessing; and certainly his guessing was wonderful; for he informed me of matters relating to my family which were perfectly true, matters of an unusual nature, with singular minuteness and truth; making no mistake as far as I yet know. He then added—"To night, please God, thou shalt see the Prophet (Mohammad) in thy sleep, and El-Khiḍr, and the seyd El-Bedawee. This is Regeb; and I wanted to ask of thee—but I feared—I wanted to ask of thee four piasters, to buy meat and bread and oil and radishes. Regeb! Regeb! I have great offices to do for thee to-night." Less than a shilling for all that he promised was little enough. I gave it him for the trouble he had taken; and he muttered many abrupt prayers for me.*—It is just a year, to-day, since I embarked in London for this country.

7th.—I saw, in my sleep, neither Mohammad nor El-Khiḍr nor the seyd El-Bedawee; unless, like Nebuchadnezzar, I cannot remember my dreams. The welee, therefore, I fear, is a cheat.

11th.—The Turkish pilgrims are beginning to arrive, in considerable numbers.—Four men were beheaded to-day, for repeated robberies and murders.

18th.—Went to the Moolid of the Seyyideh Zeyneb; which I have described in note-book no. 3.†

20th.—About a hundred boys, from about 11 to 14 years of age, were conducted by my house this evening, to be enlisted. The mothers of many of them followed, screaming, and with their heads, faces, breasts, and the fore part of their clothing, plastered with mud.

22nd.—The government has given orders, which are being put in execution, to pull down the maṣṭabahs and the saḳeefehs, or coverings, of matting, in almost all the sooḳs, or bázárs, and most of the thoroughfare streets. The former are not to be rebuilt in the more narrow and more frequented streets, and in

* Cp. *Thousand and One Nights*, i., p. 212. † Cp. *Mod. Eg.* pp. 467, 8.