

quires means in Egypt as well as in Europe to live a life of pleasure. However, at Cairo he was often in company with a missionary for the conversion of the Jews, and an excellent man, whose discourses made him perceive the folly of Mahometanism, though he had written a treatise in defence of it. He accordingly became extremely penitent, was conveyed down the Nile secretly to Alexandria, and on reaching Europe was received once more into the bosom of Christianity.

His companion, the Scotchman, was more unfortunate; he went about the streets of Cairo with little on him except a blanket, and sometimes came to me for relief. "I can make it badly out, Sir," said he to me one day, "among the Turks: I shall turn Christian again." In the way to Girge the wind became violent for one or two days, and obliged the vessel to stop. One afternoon, in order to pass the time, I took a walk to a village at some distance, and seating myself beneath a palm, took out a volume of the Arabian Nights to read. After some time, two Arabs came up, and sat down beside me. The book was beyond their comprehension, save that a figure of a beautiful Eastern Princess in the frontispiece interested them wonderfully. One of them, an old fellow with a beard, made the most expressive signs of admiration, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure. They invited me to enter the village; where being seated on the floor of a cottage, they set dates and milk before me, and a number of women gathered before the door out of curiosity. The custom they have of concealing a good part of their faces is a very laudable one; considering the number of fine looking men among the Arabs, it is strange there should be such almost universal plainness among the other sex in Egypt.

A little naked boy came into the hut; he seemed to be a great favourite, being a Marabey—that is, dedicated from his infancy to be a fakir, or Arab Priest. The little dog looked very round and fat, and was, I believe, covered over with oil. All at once the sounds of music were heard without, and a strange group made its appearance. A boy carried a flag of red and white, a tall respectable looking Arab played a tambourine, a young man a long drum, and another a pair of castanets. They all sung in a low voice; and in the midst was a fakir, for whom all the display was made. He was a very good looking man, with a full florid face, a black bushy beard, and his thick hair in wild disorder. He moved his head up and down strangely in time to the music, and joined in the chant with the others. He came into the hut where I was, and behaved with great ease and civility; and seemed more a man of the world than a self-denying saint.

The figure of the beautiful woman in the book, which the two Arabs had kissed with earnestness, the fakir seemed to view with dislike, as the Koran forbids a fondness for pictures.—The Prophet was right, perhaps, in prohibiting the use of pictures or images to his people; the wretched paintings of the Virgin and the saints, male and female, in the Greek Church may have quite as much effect on the imagination, if it can at all be excited by such things, as the vile statues of the Catholics. The only human figure I saw in Greece that was better worth worshipping, if I may be allowed the expression,