

certain that, so far as distance was concerned, Kubeibeh might be regarded as Emmaus.

The plan of the site shows that the ancient road from Jaffa to Jerusalem passes behind the monastery and along the north side of the church, where it is paved. Eastwards, towards Jerusalem, the remains of three Roman villas have been found, and further east there are ruins in an olive grove adjoining the village. From this ancient site a road descends northward to the valley and a spring, called 'Ain el-Ajab (the wonderful, or where wonders happened), which is $5\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs distant. I have also measured the road to the plain as far as el-Burj, and of this I will write another time. West of the monastery, in ground purchased a few years ago by German Roman Catholics, are also ruins; and south of the church is a pool, 80 feet wide and 120 feet long, of which the depth is not known. Towards the south and east the view is limited, but to the north and west it is extensive, Jaffa and the sea being seen. The air is very good, and the place fit for recreation or a change of air.

WOMAN IN THE EAST.

By PHILIP J. BALDENSPERGER, Esq.

(Continued from "Quarterly Statement," 1901, p. 90.)

PART III.—THE BEDAWÏN WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.—GENERAL DESCRIPTION.



THE third type of Eastern woman is represented by the modern Bedawin woman, very probably unchanged through thousands of years. Just as Sarah, Abraham's wife, lived in tents about two thousand years before Christ, we meet the same way of living amongst the nomads—a continual roaming about from the north to the south, from the east to the west. The tent is pitched where there is plenty of pasturage for the herds and camels, and where water is to be had. As Abraham and Lot had many flocks and herds and tents, the land was not able to support them all, and they parted. The tribes also of the Bedawin live in definite districts, else there would be eternal

strife among the herdsmen. Owing to this class being always either in the sun or in the black tents, they are always dark.

A Bedawîn settlement is composed of three or more tents, generally placed in a line or a square, according to number. When there are enough tents to form a square, a large space is left in the centre; the ropes of the tents cross each other, and close the camp all around, leaving only one entrance.

The women are clothed in huge gowns or shirts of a very dark blue colour; the sleeves are very long and wide, and the dresses are a good deal too long, so that the women trail their skirts far behind or gather half of the length in front, hanging it down from above the girdle. The head-cloth is all of the same stuff and colour, wrapped round the head and hanging down on both sides. As if darkness would not be made complete by the dark clothes, sunburnt faces, and black tents, they are very often tattooed in dark blue round the mouth, and often the lips are deeply tinged with blue.

Certainly this class is the most purely original race, into which no foreign blood has been admitted, as among the townspeople and Fellahîn; for they are, in spite of their roaming life, most scrupulous about their pedigree. Intermarriage with Fellahîn is rare, and if in some tribes strangers are admitted, still they are partially discarded, or the next marriage is again concluded with a stranger.

The tent is always long, in most cases the whole front side open, and usually towards the east. They call the tents "hair-houses," as they are made of goats' hair, spun and woven by the women themselves in long strips not over a yard in breadth, and when sufficient pieces are ready they are sewn together with thick hair-threads. The tent is pitched on one central pole, the two side poles north and south—the fore and the hind foot. For the common Bedawîn there is a single tent, in which all live together; but the more wealthy have the tent divided by a separation of the same stuff, marking off what is called the *me'hram*, , or women's apartment, into which men are not allowed to go. The separation itself is called *m'enad*, . When guests are announced, they go to separate guests' tents if the encampment is considerable enough to have such; but if only a few tents form the whole encampment, the guests are received in the tent proper, whilst the women go into the secluded part, just as Sarah also hid herself when the angel came

to visit Abraham and foretold the birth of Isaac. Long ropes are bound to all pole-tops except the central one, and pegs are driven into the ground at some distance in proper proportion. Owing to the eternal moving, the narrow space, and the few wants, the "house of hair" is never over-filled with useless articles.

CHAPTER II.—THE HOUSEHOLD.

Necessarily the household furniture is reduced to such articles as are strictly wanted. Mats or carpets are to be found in every tent, as these are of prime necessity, forming the bedding (for they cannot sleep on mother earth, though they are not very far above it), and a few cushions and covers complete the bedroom articles. As with the townspeople and peasants, these articles are rolled up and put away during day-time, being spread out only in case visitors of importance come to the tents. The skin water-bottle is one of the most precious articles to be found in the house. As the regions in which they encamp are generally devoid of trees and bushes, the hottest part of the country is chosen in winter, away from water, and in summer a slight elevation, but always in desolate places, or at least where there are no villages. The water is very often miles away, and the women can be seen toiling home carrying the water either on their own backs or on the backs of their donkeys. In Palestine the Bedawin women wear a heavy black veil covering the nose and mouth and hanging down in front, so that only the eyes can be seen sparkling, black, and piercing with their disdainful looks. Next in importance to the bottle is the wooden bowl to make the dough; the tanned goat or kid skin, sewed up sack fashion, to hold the flour; and the inevitable hand-mill to grind the corn. A few kitchen utensils, a small pot or two and a wooden ladle, or sometimes an iron pan, complete the household furniture. Everything appertaining to coffee-making is owned by the whole settlement. It is usually in the house of the Sheikh, or else in the guests' tent, and goes round according as this one or that one may want the whole set. The grain stored away which some half-agricultural tribes may possess is put in pits in some isolated, out-of-the-way spot where no stranger will ever venture, as the whole region is considered something like the private property of the tribe, and loafers are not admitted. Thus thefts are very rare. Small quantities of grain, flour, cheese, and butter are always in the house under the absolute control of the woman.

The baby is generally in a home-made hammock hanging across the tent from the front to the back pole, and when the mother moves or goes on an errand the baby is carried in its hammock on her back. A circular concave pan, without handles, is used to bake the bread on, the hollow side turned to the fire, which is built up in front of the tent between two stones, usually in such a place as is out of the way of the prevailing winds, to prevent the smoke filling the tent. During rains or bad weather the whole family huddle around a central fire, and this is the most uncomfortable time in the Bedawin life. As most Bedawin live in the deserts, they retire as far south as possible, to avoid rigorous winters or to have the least possible rain. Those of the mountainous districts of Jerusalem—that is, those in the desert of Judea—go towards the Dead Sea district after having ploughed and sowed their lands. The women always have their poultry-yards, and when they are about to start they bind the chickens' feet the night before leaving, and on the journey these are either simply laid across the loads on donkeys or camels, or else the women carry them in a wickerwork basket on the head. Arrived at their new settlement, the fowls are set loose at once, and, like their mistresses, seem accustomed to this roaming life, for no sooner are their legs untied than they run round about the half-finished settlement as if they had never known another spot. A small chicken-house, so low that a child must creep in to fetch the eggs, is soon built, and into it the fowls retreat as soon as it is evening, to avoid being eaten by the ever-ready foxes and jackals, who seem to be acquainted with the camping grounds. When the tent is pitched, a small furrow is dug all round, to prevent the rain running in.

The donkeys, cows, and dogs are almost always left to the women to look after, and when the donkeys and cows are driven out to pasture they are kept by the smaller girls and boys. The dogs always remain by their mistresses, who never forget to feed them with whatever they may have themselves, either dry bread or a bit of bread and butter, or the remains of some milk. After supper to strangers the bones are preserved for the dogs, who have always names, such as "Lion of the Night," "Young Pigeon," "Peacock," "Tiger," and so on.

The further away from towns the fewer wants, and the less to do. When they live near towns, as in the plain of Sharon, where Jaffa and Gaza can be reached very easily, and where minor towns also require many requisites which they themselves

do not produce, they find ready sale for those products they may have, such as milk, cheese, butter, chickens, and eggs, or, in harvest-time, grain. As with the Fellahin, so also with the Bedawin, it is the women who carry the articles to market, and bring back sweets or cloth for their dress. In all the Arab towns there are dyers who dye the shirting blue, and long strips may be seen hanging around the streets from the tops of the houses. This dyeing business is now carried on by the Mohammedan and Christian townspeople. In centuries gone by it seems to have been mostly in the hands of the Jews. Benjamin of Tudela, who visited Palestine whilst it was in the hands of the Crusaders, enumerates the names of the Jews, and he states that many were dyers, especially in Judea, or Southern Palestine. In every small town and in many villages he met Jewish dyers.

In the far away desert the Bedawin seldom, if ever, allow their women to come to towns: most of those of the southern tribes have never so much as seen villagers or strangers, except chance travellers as they passed along the road. Many years ago when I lived in the Jordan Valley, on ground rented from the Bedawin of the Tiger tribe of the 'Adwan, one day as I was hunting in the thicket, four women, when they caught sight of me, shrieked and fled, calling out for help. I tried to get near them, and explained to them that I was a European settler living for the time with their tribe, and that I was out pigeon-shooting and would do them no harm, but, on the contrary, would be glad enough to be left in peace by them and their people. Thickly veiled, and with throbbing hearts, they approached and wondered what was the matter with me, why I had such a white skin, and timidly a damsel stretched out her hand to feel if I was really flesh and blood. Having talked intelligibly in Arabic to them they were reassured, but owned that on having first caught sight of me they thought they saw a spectre, as I was wholly dressed in white, with a white head-cloth, and had besides white hands and face, though a little sunburnt, which was not distinguishable at a distance, and in the first moment of their terror. For a very short time the women of the tribe remained in the plains, but as soon as the summer heat began they retired into the cooler districts of the mountains of Moab. The Bedawin woman who remained with us was tattooed all over her face, and having married a Fellah, she had done away with the veil, which is very troublesome for women, but as Bedawin women have only half or not even so much work to do, they are quite accustomed to the veil and take life very easy.

CHAPTER III.—THE WOMEN.

The Bedawiyeh, as well as the townswoman and the Fallaha, has her duties, though on a smaller scale than the two others. Still she has to look to everything concerning the household, and as a mother to bring up her children, no matter how small this duty may be, for in early life, when the children can run, they are either almost or quite naked by day, so that the mother has neither mending nor sewing to do. Of course this is not the case in the winter months, neither can it be applied to all children, for the babies all have diapers and all kinds of rags, and as long as they cannot run and warm themselves have to be kept warm by some kind of clothing, whilst the grown-up children must be decently clothed, be they boys or girls. Here also the girls are sent out as shepherdesses, but never out of the family. The clothing of the women is not adapted to very active work, like the clothes of the townswomen; the Bedawiyeh loses herself in cumbersome wrappings and windings. In the first place, the whole dress is very wide, a girdle holds it in position round the waist, but the rest comes out and dangles about on all sides. The sleeves can be turned round the body several times, the head-cloth hangs down to a considerable distance after having been twisted round the head. The thick black veil, as already mentioned, is ornamented with coins hanging all round the edge, at the same time holding the lower part of the veil in position, as it is otherwise loose at its lower part.¹ The top is fixed in the middle by a thread or bead-row going up between the eyes and tied to the plaits of the hair behind, and also to the right and left behind the ears like spectacles; and is fastened behind the head. Enormous earrings of silver, which are in reality attached to the head-gear, and in nowise touch the ear, encircle the ears and hang down almost to the shoulders. Nose-rings, bracelets, finger rings, as well as rows of coins, hang on the head. Such cumbersome every-day clothing is not fitted for work, like that of the Fallaha, who can tuck up her clothes to the knees and, with bare legs, go to work. The Bedawy woman is hardly ever in a hurry, sweeping the way as she moves slowly, or is seen stretching about the floor of her tent in search of one or other of the house articles which she may want, all these being very close together, so that she has hardly

¹ *Dress.*—The Bedawin women in the eastern deserts are much less accustomed to wear veils than those in the Jordan Valley, or in the west of Palestine.—C. R. C.

ever to get up to fetch them. Her duty depends on the work of her husband; if they are half agricultural Bedawin, naturally enough a good deal more of work falls also to the woman, and in many things her general duty does not differ from that of her Fellah sister. But where the Bedawin are of the robber or herdsmen tribes the woman has hardly anything to do out of the tent, except fetching the water, or washing; which last is very much simplified on account of the colour of the clothes, and also because the clothes are very little soiled when there is little work to perform. The women as they advance in age generally smoke and drink coffee, and try to emancipate themselves; this is very true of widows. Bedawin women are very fond of the soot adhering to the inside of tobacco-pipe stems, they push in a long straw and suck off the soot, using it very much as tobacco is used in chewing.¹ Also they practice chewing gum. The Bedawin of some northern districts use no veils, but have their faces simply framed round about with the dark head-cloth.

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIAGE.

The marriage customs of the Bedawin very much resemble those of the Fellahin, but there are some differences. The girl among them also is never consulted about the man she is to take, but she has simply to obey the head of the family, whilst a widow may either accept or refuse the proposed husband.

The men do not, as with the townspeople and villagers, accompany the bride in procession; the women only accompany her to the tent of her bridegroom. As the Bedawin generally have no priests of their own, the religious part is wholly omitted. Having agreed as to the price and received the greatest part, on the day of the wedding the father of the bride and the bridegroom perch on stones, and the father, presenting a straw to the bridegroom, says: "Did you accept my daughter?" The bridegroom, holding the straw, says: "I did." Again the father presents the straw and says: "By God's and his prophet's year?" The bridegroom, holding the straw, representing the season, answers: "Yes, may she be blessed," and he takes the straw, and sticking it into his head-dress, the marriage knot is tied.²

¹ *Smoking*.—It is also remarkable that the pure Bedawin do not smoke as a rule—probably because it is difficult to get tobacco.—C. R. C.

² *Marriage*.—The custom among the Terabeen, and others, for the bride and her companions to run away from camp and to assault the bridegroom with

Second marriages and divorces are just as easily managed as with others. And the same style of songs are sung; it is very likely even that most of the songs are of Bedawîn origin. The women also sing in the name of the bridegroom :—

O charmer! a precious girdle is always around you,
Wind me, too, about you, my charming one, seven or eight turns.
Good people, should I die, in the house let me be buried,
Beside her I'll rest as a martyr, and be saved from the fire (of hell).

O girl! with the big earrings,
With the long, trailing clothes,
Take away your girdle and sleep quietly,
I am watching the enemy, for you there is no fear

The eyes are also blackened with *kóhl*, as with the others, and the feast and songs and firing are carried on. The bride remains seven days hid in the tent, and she may not pass over running water, which would carry away her progeny, if ever she has any.

Though the Bedawîn themselves will not admit that love-making or flirtation is easy to be carried on in the wide open plain, seeing that every movement can be observed by the whole camp, yet I am inclined to think that they find ways and times to manifest their preference. Lovemaking like that of Occidentals, is prohibited, still, as has been repeatedly mentioned, cases of real love are met with, and especially among the Bedawîn, whose open-air life and contemplation of Nature give them more poetic feelings than those of the ever shut-up Madanîyeh, expecting to be surprised with the veil off at the turning of any corner, or of the ever-busy Fallaha, too much occupied with her continual duties. The Bedawiyeh has a far better hiding place than the others, it is just the endless space open to all sides which is free to her as well as to her lover, if she have one, and the shadows of night kindly draw a veil all round and shut out indiscreet eyes, and the darker the night the easier the excuse. For the townswoman has nothing to seek out of her house, and cannot without suspicion go out into the street; and the Fallaha, though less watched than the townswoman, is known all about the village, and as the smallest village has streets she or her lover may be met, even though it be night. But not so with the Bedawiyeh; outside the camp is the endless plain, without streets, and consequently with a good deal less chance of being surprised.

stones when he follows, is also one of those taking its rise in ideas of proper modesty. Nor is such conduct peculiar to Bedawîn, as it may be found sometimes even among townspeople.—C. R. C.

If family prejudices or other causes hinder an alliance, and the couple be too deeply attached to each other, they plan an escape. The elopement happens either in the evening or before daylight, the lover leading the way, but usually a mile or so ahead for safety. For if the pair were caught together one or both might be killed before even having been given time for justification, but if they are separate, they can deny having anything to do with one another, and, should Bedawin justice be appealed to, no punishment can be inflicted on either of the two if they have not been taken in a very intimate moment, and this has to be witnessed by at least two trustworthy witnesses. An elopement, therefore, is a very risky act. Should they succeed in their plans, they pass by the next tribe or go round, hiding, if possible, by daylight, and proceeding only by night, as the pursuers are sure to be on the road, and before they have settled in some tribe they may be overtaken and mishandled. But when they have journeyed during two or three nights they come into a camp and declare themselves man and wife, and beg hospitality. The Bedawin always accept new settlers, especially full-grown men, as they are an increase of strength for war, though war may not be projected, nor even probable for years to come. The Bedawin live continually ready for an emergency, and no able men of the tribe, or stranger that is within the gates, will shrink if the least danger is threatening. The number of armed men in a camp or tribe is always considered, and the more the armed men the surer the prospect of peace, unless by increase they become themselves the aggressors. When a year or more has passed since the elopement, and the parents have found out the retreat of the enamoured couple, they may send messengers to try and bring them back again, after consenting to the marriage and declaring it lawful. The parents of the man pay a certain sum, generally less than the price would have been—somewhere between 80 and 100 dollars—a number of silk gowns are given to the male relatives, and an atonement sacrifice is eaten, both parties swearing they are contented. Thus the couple may timidly return. Yet in most cases they will not accept any reconciliation. Neither the deeply humiliated family of the woman, who will swear not to rest till blood has washed away the family stain, nor the man himself, who, though they may swear forgiveness to him and make brotherhood with him, is never sure of his life, as the family may be very great, and one

or other of the relatives may not have been present at the reconciliation, and consequently be free not to recognise the forgiveness. It is wiser never to come back!

Just as with the Fellahîn, the Bedawîn woman is not allowed illegitimate friendship with any man, under penalty of death. Although Bedawîn law does not allow a man to be killed for simple suspicion, yet if a woman should denounce a simple attempt on the part of any man the consequences are terrible. A woman of the Tarabeen Bedawîn was attacked by Tayaha Bedawîn, the consequence was a conflagration among all the tribes, many years' war and numberless dead, and the Government had to interfere to separate the belligerents. If I am correct, the enmity began in the beginning of the last decade, and no Bedawî to this date ventures into the district of the opposite party for fear of being killed—"they have blood between them."¹

On October 20th, 1888, a girl of the Ta'amry Bedawîn went out into the fields gathering wood; two young men of the village of Bethfajâr, in whose neighbourhood the camp was set up, met her in the field and tried to abuse her. The girl, shrieking at the top of her voice, rushed into the camp, shouting: "To arms! Your honour is soiled; in daytime your girls are violated!" Without losing a moment all the men sprang to their arms, and after rapid examination, in a body went against the village, carrying off everything that belonged to the whole family, of whom four men were severely wounded in their precipitate retreat. Herds, flocks, camels, and donkeys were driven away, every portable object carried off; others were destroyed, and the Bedawîn retreated in triumph, living for the next few weeks on the stolen herds. The quarrel was not arranged till the Government had sent out soldiers, and after having made the Bedawîn surrender what was left of their booty, took the two young men to Jerusalem to be imprisoned, and in course of time to be judged guilty or set free. The almighty Majidi (in lieu of the dollar) arranges most differences with the Government officials, and the accused, often enough innocent, are imprisoned; twenty times for one the real culprits escape any punishment at all.

¹ *Ta'amry*.—While the Terabeen and Tayaha are true Bedawîn, as are the Jahalin, the Ta'amry appear to have been Fellahîn who have taken to the desert life. They are said to have come from Beit Ta'amir, near Bethlehem, and they wear turbans, while all other Bedawîn tribes wear the *Kufeya* or head shawl.—C. R. C.

CHAPTER V.—LEGEND OF ABU ZAID.¹

A Bedawin chief in Naj'd, in Arabia, had a wife, Khadra, who had borne a daughter, Shiba, and then ceased to have children. This chief, Risk, was very sorry, but would not divorce his wife. Khadra one day went to a fountain to wash, when she saw a black bird pounce on other birds, killing some and scattering many. She prayed to God: "Oh, my Lord, hear my petition, make me conceive and bear a son, who shall drive the knights before him as does this bird the other birds, and though he be as black as this bird." Her prayer was heard, and she had a black son.

Ser'han, the father of the Bedawin Sultan Hassan, then came to visit Risk, and sang:—

Bring forth the new-born, let us give him gifts.
May we be ever increasing for a day of need.

The happy father presents the child, but Ghanem, the father of Zohrab, says:—

Say, Risk! this child is not from our stock,
But from the stock of vile slaves,
I swear by my conscience, O Risk, this is a stranger,
And he even resembles our negro, Nirjan.

The exasperated father says:—

Witness, all ye present, his mother is divorced,
Divorced, though all judges and learned men be against me.

And turning to his wife he continues:—

Break down thy tent, O Khadra, load it, and be quick,
Take with thee thy maids and all thy goods,
May the entrance to thy tent be forbidden to me,
Though thou be decorated with pearls as thick as my thumb.

¹ *Abu Zaid*.—This story is well known in Palestine, not only as printed in books, but also localised in various places, as, for instance, at the "Dish of Abu Zaid," in the plain of Shittim, east of Jordan—a huge stone cylinder. The epic poem, however, cannot be older than 700 A.D., as it notices the Beni Hilâl, or "sons of the crescent," in Tunis. As regards Queen Martha, she might possibly be Martina, the widow of the Emperor Heraclius, who ruled the Greek Empire in 641 A.D., after his defeat by Omar and his death. She was deposed and mutilated in the same year. But she was the only ruling queen likely to be known to Arabs, for there was no Latin queen of Jerusalem. The epic appears to belong to the age of the great Moslem conquest of Syria in Omar's time, 632–638 A.D., and Abu Zaid may be connected with the famous Moslem general, Zaid, of that age. The route of the Beni Hilâl was that taken by Omar's general, Abu 'Obeidah.—C. R. C.

Sorrowful Khadra leaves the camp and goes toward Mecca to her relatives, but on the way she changes her mind, and goes to Zah'lan, the fierce enemy of the Beni Hilâl, the tribe she had just left, and thus reasons to herself: "If I go to my relatives, and say I am offended, they will perhaps blame me, and if I say my husband has beaten me, it is not true; I will go to Zah'lan and bring up my child as a warrior." She is received by Zah'lan, and the young Barakat (blessing, so called for the blessing) grows up in the art of war. One day, while at war with his father's tribe, he shows his prowess by killing forty warriors in single combat. His own father now goes to war with him, and in the wars the hero always has a beautiful girl behind him to attract the eye of the opponent. Risk took his daughter Shiha. When the two warriors meet, every time that Barakat lifts the sword to strike his father something supernatural holds it back. Suddenly Shiha calls out to her brother: "Hold; this is your father; cursed be the Sheikh who brought you up." But Risk scolds her, saying: "Are you becoming like your mother? And will you flirt with our enemies?" But Shiha insists, and says: "This is my brother, who has been sent away and was brought up by Zah'lan." And she continues: "Try his dexterity; if he be able to catch three apples on horseback, you will find out that it is my brother by father and mother." Having consented, Risk gets three apples, and throws the first, which Barakat catches at the point of the spear, the second he catches in his stirrup, and the third in his hand.

Shiha now utters a cry of joy, with ululations. Barakat comes nearer to know the cause, and she tells him: "This is your father whom you are fighting"; so Barakat throws himself down, and having rubbed his nose with dog's grass feigns being dead, the nose bleeding, but he runs home and falls before his mother, and expects to hear whose son he is, in her wailing. Khadra at once assembles the women and maidens, and they wail after Khadra:—

Say after me, ye maidens, the tale of Barakat.
 Barakat died, he was the progeny of the wealthy,
 Thy kindred, O Barakat, rejected thee, and left thee to me,
 But Zah'lan brought thee up, thou son of honour,
 For your father is Risk, and your uncle Ser'han!

Barakat having heard these words, sits up, and says: "Is it true, mother? Is Risk really my father?" As she answers in the affirmative, he is astonished to be with the enemies. She

tells him how all came about, and entreats him to go and capture his father. Having done so, Risk is brought before his wife, but at first sight of her he advances bareheaded and barefoot, repenting for what he had done. When the news had spread Zah'lan falls down dead, and Risk returns to his tribe, with Khadra and his black son and slaves, and having increased the tribe, the name of Barakat is changed into that of Abu Zaid, "the Father of Increase,"¹ and also Salamé. Famine had now spread amongst the tribe, and they decided to send out spies to discover a new country, where they might find food for their herds and water for all.

Abu Zaid is chosen to accompany the sons of his sister Shiha. Shiha sings a farewell song to the travellers, something like this:—

Shiha bids you farewell, Shiha tells you,
Go in peace, ye nobles of the Arabs.
I warn you make no fire in the open field,
For fire is visible and attracts from afar ;
I warn you not to sit among the people,
For in the assembly the Evil Eye may be ;
I warn you not to sit behind high walls,
For the mason builds, but foundations may fail ;
I warn you not to go before an unjust ruler,
Though Abu Zaid has always sly answers ;
I warn you if you pass any market
Send Yunis to buy, he is quick to come back.

Having started on their journey, as they pass the Plain of Jezreel, in Palestine, and are invited by an Arab chief, the people wonder why the strangers honour the negro most of all, but they explain to them that he is no real negro, and is only born black by accident, and not being able to convince them, an old chief, Mansour (the Victorious), comes and tells them in rhymes all he knows about this man and his family, and sings :

I knew your mother, O Salamé,
Before your father took her to his house,
And seven years your mother was barren,
But going to wash at a fountain one day,
With plenty of slaves and maidens around her,
High up in the heavens a bird she espied,
Who drove before him all other birds ;
Though the bird was black, she prayed for the like
And the Lord of the Throne, O Salamé,
Did not reject her desire.

¹ This part has been published by me in the *Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund* for October, 1894.

They now continue their way, and having arrived at Tunis, in North Africa, they find the land very good. Yunis, the youngest son, had his mother's necklace of pearls to sell when they should be in need. But being very costly it was reported to the Regent's daughter; when she saw Yunis she fell in love with him, and having bidden him enter the palace, she shut him up, and would no more let him go.

Abu Zaid has to go back alone to Arabia, abandoning the three prisoners.¹ Having told the tribe of the goodness of the land, they start on a Thursday, having given notice to all such women as are not of the tribe to remain in their native land if they choose to do so.

As in the wanderings of the Israelites through the wilderness, so the Beni Hilâl fight their way through at times, or pass in peace at times. Having come into the Jordan Valley, with their clothes all tattered and torn, they water their flocks at the River Jabbok. Klélé, a Bedawîn girl, having seen Jazié, the sister of Sultan Hassan, and she being very fair, is jealous, and says:—

Don't drink from our waters, our tribe will be defiled,
If you don't draw back, my brother Shbeeb, the knight, will smite you.

But the beautiful Jazié answers:—

We will drink from your waters and will wallow in your blood,
Till the waters be turned as red as henna.

Again Klélé answers:—

By God! I'll go to Shbeeb, my brother, and tell him the insult you offer,
By God! I'll tell him that you are enemies of the Keis.

But Jazié again says:—

Don't exult, O Klélé, for we are guests for one night,
To-morrow we are going, and will camp far away.

But Klélé runs and tells her brother, who is furious, and comes on horseback. Having challenged the tribe to war, the first duel is to be fought with Sultan Hassan; and his sister Jazié is the attraction-woman accompanying him. Having taken his lands, the wanderers now pass the Jordan, and come to Khafayé, a chief in the Plain of Jezreel. As soon as he sees Jazié he falls in love with her, and bids all the tribe remain his guests for two long months. When the two months were over the Beni Hilâl

¹ Only the particulars concerning more especially the women are here told, to show how the women are treated and accounted of in their songs and in by-gone tales.

wanted to proceed, but did not know what to do with Jazié, for neither do they want to leave her to Khafayé nor do they know how to refuse him her hand. Salámé Abu Zaid, always ready at tricks, says: "We will move, and during the day the Sultan Hassan and Khafayé will be out a hunting, and coming home late in the evening and tired, he will only look for the entrance of his tent, where is a great mullein plant." This plant they put in a wooden bowl and carry it with them, putting it down before his tent every night; so during twelve days they deceive him, and have now journeyed far south and nearly to the Egyptian frontier. Now they again consult each other, and say: "We must get rid of Khafayé now, either kill him directly or else ask him to fight for his life." But Jazié, who had reciprocated his love, wishing to save his life, sings to him:—

If thou listen to me, Shukur, go back to thy country,
 For whoever goes back to his country shall live.
 A watermelon ripens only on its stock,
 And without its mother no cat is brought up.
 They brought you here, but they have sworn
 That should you venture further south than Arish
 Your flesh would surely be given to the birds.
 My heart aches in me, O Shareef Hashem, my heart aches in me, I may not live.
 I made you a house in every camp, and in every camp I have left some food,¹
 One only camp, oh Prince, have I forgotten,
 O, my heart aches in me, may I not live.

Shukur understands and journeys backwards, living on the bread he finds in every camp. They now besiege Jerusalem, for they remember the sanctuary, and ask the Christian Queen Martha to let them pray and go on. But Queen Martha refuses, her father having been killed in battle by them, and she has power over seven species of Jinn. Yet, having lost several knights, she is desolate, and offers herself in marriage to a victorious knight, thus:—

When she had heard the singing, And filled the wine-cup to the brim,
 She turns her face to him, And says, "Take, drink this, O Barandi,
 Drink the gift from the hand of a maiden, Drink it and be it wholesome to thee,
 And if thou be angry, turn round, With my own hands will I give thee drink,
 And wilt thou kill the one named Zohrab, And Hassan the chief of the tribes?
 And also young B'dair of age to fight. This is my wish, O Dikias,
 I am not angry after all, And pray forgive me altogether,
 And if thou preferrest, before war, We will marry at once."

¹ She had left a loaf of bread in every camp they passed, and buried it under the ashes.

This knight now goes to war, and is also overcome, but Jerusalem still does not surrender; so Abu Zaid has to find out by ruse how he can enter the city. Disguised as a monk he comes before the Queen, who is a geomancer, and finds out that this monk is none other than Abu Zaid himself, and when he is confronted she tells him:—

O Abu Zaid, how great is thy activity, Carrying a saddle-bag, and acting your
ass!

You put on a monk's hood, O Salamé, Beni Hilâl will be troubled without you,
But I will make a show of your death, and torture you before dying,
Whilst your tribe will be in consternation, the Christian maids will be drinking
wine.

Having imprisoned Abu Zaid he finds a way to escape, and kills the Queen, and carries the news to his tribe. They now visit Jerusalem, and then go on to Tunis, where they find tribes of their country in possession before them; after fighting for a long time uselessly they are allowed to remain in the environs. The Regent's daughter looks out of her palace, and seeing the knights discouraged, says:—

Strip off your beards and hand the spears to women,
Give us your turbans and take our veils, If we overcome them, we'll torture the
women,
But should we be overcome, our excuse is, we are women.

Of course the offer is rejected with disdain, and the fighting of duels goes on. A knight, 'Akel, who has been victorious in many duels, is continually on the battle-field, and does not leave it even by night. A Tunisian girl, daughter of the Knight Imtawé', begs of her father to be taken as the enticer in the fight against 'Akel, but in reality she is in love with him, because of his renown as a warrior, so when they arrive on the battle-field Imtawé' calls his adversary, and 'Akel answers:—

Here I am, thou who hast called me, I am Hala's son!
To-day in the battle-field thou wilt leave me thy spoil.

The daughter of Imtawé' now lifts up her veil, but 'Akel goes on:—

O girl, cover your lips, though beautiful, I have plenty of beauties,
Had I desired any, I could have married one of our own girls.
I have the "Perfume of Pockets," Abu Ali's daughter,
Her beauty makes one forget to fast in Ramadan.

So saying, he pounces on his adversary and says:—

Go for them: be the dust their doom,
The Angel of Death is floating above them.

'Akel having killed Imtawé', the girl says: "I am free now, take me for thy legitimate wife." But 'Akel says: "Not before I reign over all the West." So she gathers the girls of Tunis to mourn her father, and says before them:—

Say with me, ye daughters of God, say Amen!
 May Tunis to-morrow surrender to Hola's son!
 May ye all by to-morrow be married to 'Akel,
 May ye all have the desire to be in his lap.
 Ye girls! if only you could catch sight of 'Akel,
 His beautiful plaits,¹ as they touch his costly bed.
 Ye girls! if only you could have a glimpse of 'Akel,
 His right hand adorned with a ring of gold.
 Ye girls of Tunis! should you only see 'Akel,
 His dainty plait hangs at his right side!

In spite of the mourning due to her father, she has no words but for 'Akel. 'Akel continues to fight till he is also finally killed and crushed by the feet of the horses, and is only known by the ring on his finger.

As the siege of Tunis is always carried on, the besieged are anxious what will be the issue. The Khalifé's daughter, Sa'ada, who still retains the three princes as prisoners, looks out of her palace on the battle-field lying before her, and seeing one of the mighty knights, she calls to him:—

Good morning to you! O father of Moses,
 O Lion, brought up in a chosen place.

Zohrab, father of Moses, the terrible knight, says:—

Good morning, you fair, may this dawn be only upon us,
 For your friends no pleasure is coming.
 Go, maiden! go, tell your father. Let him meet the warrior at once.

Sa'ada goes quickly and tells her father:—

My father! come quickly, the flower of chivalry,
 A knight is calling this morning for you,
 The blade of his spear is a terrible beauty,
 He rolls as a mountain detached from the earth.

Zenati, the Khalifé, tells his daughter:—

O Sa'ada! I hate the meeting of Zohrab, son of Ghanem.
 Just as a young camel refuses the load.
 O Sa'ada! I know the terrible spear of this knight,
 Three days' journey off I have seen its light!

After many duels finally Zenati is killed, and Ben Ghanem is Regent and marries Sa'ada, but the Beni Hilâl conspire against

¹ The plaited locks of his hair.

him, and in an invitation to feast after his victory they decide his death. Nofalieh, the sister of Zohrab Ben Ghanem, is married to one of them, and knowing all about the conspiracy, she writes this letter to her brother :—

I tell you, my brother, don't answer the invitation
To the Wad-el-Doh ; I tell you, my brother, don't come,
Though your loads encumber you, I pray you don't come !
Abu Zaid has woven a web of deceit !
The weaver himself is confused at it.

But Zohrab did not listen to this warning, and at the supper he narrowly escaped death, yet took his revenge later on.

When Zohrab stuns Abu Zaid, this latter dying, calls for Jazié the beautiful, with the black eyes, and says :—

I have two sons and Sultan Hassan has one.
O Jazié, take the orphans and return to the East,
Go far from the Zughby, the false swearer Zohrab,
His oath he has broken, he'll always be false !

Jazié takes the children eastwards, without any worldly goods, in her love for them and the slain heroes. Having always taught them the art of war, riding, and fighting, when they are grown up she returns to Tunis. Zohrab, though very old, is challenged to come down that they may avenge their father's death. Zohrab sends his son Ghanâm, but he dares not go, and Zohrab says, alluding to Breke', the son of Sultan Hassan and Jazié :—

Even if thou livest, O Ghanâm, thy life is no gain !
Thy mother has borne thee without any pain.
Hadst thou spent thy time hunting, as Breke' had done,
Hadst thou ridden on horses, with lance and with sword,
Thou wouldst have been worthy of thy father's fame.
See these adversaries, how well they are trained,
I overcame Jazié, the mother of Mohammed,
I made her wear wool, after she had worn silk !

Zohrab now comes down, and is captured and tortured by Jazié ; before dying, he says :—

Hold your uncouth tongue, O Jazié,
All these wars have been for you.
All knights killed, and the beardless left,
Shame for ever be on you.

Zohrab is killed, and there is peace.

(To be continued.)