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constantly meeting. For instance, two of the Heiwat met the raiders of the Mâsa in the Girafy and were allowed to pass unmolested as being friendly to the Maasa, but in most cases Arabs do not think it prudent to allow the raiders to approach near enough to decide whether they are friendly or not. It is always easy enough to recognize them from a travelling party, even a long way off, but it is not so easy to know to what tribe they belong. It is always possible to put up a white handkerchief and parley, but an Arab will generally prefer assuming a distinctly defensive, not to say offensive, attitude to any foe he meets on the road. The odds are so very much in favour of his losing his camels if he allows an enemy to come to too close quarters. A man told me he had once spent a whole night exchanging shots in the dark with a band who had appeared on the scene just after sunset. It was not till morning that they discovered they were friends, but no harm had been done, the shooting having been rather wild!

(*To be continued.*)

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## FURTHER TALES OF THE FELLAḤIN.

Translated by R. A. STEWART MACALISTER, M.A., F.S.A.

THE following is a further instalment of Yusif's collections, begun in the last issue of the *Quarterly Statement*. The incidents related in the present series are absolutely true, the actors in some of them being still living.<sup>1</sup> They are not on that account less worthy of insertion in a "folk-lore" series; for though they do not illustrate folk-imagination, they graphically portray the sordidness of the daily life, the spiritual tyranny (so to speak) and causistry of the sheikhs, and some other aspects of fellaḤ existence. On that account the following series is of considerable importance:—

I. There were two houses in a village side by side, one occupied by a sheikh, the other by a blind man. A dog defiled the party wall between the houses. The blind man came to the sheikh and

<sup>1</sup> I am not inclined to vouch for the last tale, which, however, is too good to omit.

told him what had happened, asking what was necessary to cleanse the wall. The sheikh answered: "You must pull it down and rebuild it seven times." The blind man said: "It is the wall between my house and yours"—to which the sheikh answered: "In that case, a little water will be sufficient to cleanse it!"

II. A certain man committed a moral offence, and went to the sheikh and told him of it, asking how he should be purified. The sheikh bade him wash in the water of a hundred and one springs—that being the number of pellets on his rosary. The man was much distressed, not knowing where he should find a hundred and one springs: so he returned to the sheikh, and begged for a more definite answer. The sheikh said: "Prepare a jug of water and put a sieve above your head: pour the water on the sieve that the water may come down from all the holes: when a hundred and one holes have been poured through, you will be clean." The man did so, and even yet this method of purification is sometimes adopted.

III. A certain woman had no child and feared that her husband would on that account divorce her. She tried physic and means and devices suggested by the women around, without any benefit. They advised her to seek physic in the town, so she went, and began to ask the women there if there were any who had knowledge of the medicines suited for those without children. They answered that there was a cook in the Greek monastery at Ramleh who had such knowledge. She went to him to enquire, but he answered that he knew nothing of such matters. She importuned him, promising a reward; and at last, being weary of her, he went to his room and brought three pills which he happened to have by him, and which had been dirtied by being carried in his *tarbâsh*—and he bade her go and wash in a bath, and take a pill every night. As it fell out, some time after this she had a son, and after his birth the woman brought a sheep and a pair of chickens as a gift to the cook, declaring that the happy event was the result of his medicine. The news spread, and the cook was besieged on all sides by women in the same circumstances—but he never again would give medicine to any.

IV. A girl in the village of Zakariya fell deeply in love with a man of the village, who however did not return her affection. She applied to a friend of his and begged him to do what he could

for her. He promised to do what he could. Now the man, some time afterwards, went out shooting, and happened to pass by the monastic agricultural school called Beit el-Jemâl. He saw lying about outside the school some scraps of waste paper, on which some of the boys had been scribbling exercises in the Italian language. He took one of these papers and folded it like an amulet, and gave it to the girl saying: "Take this amulet, and wear it under your garment, and (if God will) your desire will be accomplished by its means." The girl gave him a measure of lentils, and promised to give him four dollars when the matter should be completed. After a while the harvest began, and it happened that the girl, and the man she desired, and Muḥammad abu Jaudi, the man who had given her the amulet, were working together. Abu Jaudi told his friend the story, and they made a plan to deceive the girl in this way—the man she wished for should promise to take her to wife at the end of the harvest, and to give his sister to her brother in exchange for her: they would thus secure her to fetch and carry for them in the time of the harvest, and at the end the man would deny that he had any recollection of her. This programme was carried out. When the girl saw her supposed lover faithless to her, she went to Abu Jaudi, asking the meaning of it. Abu Jaudi said that it was because she had not prepaid the four dollars. She at once handed over the money, and he told her to come another time. When the appointed day came, she visited Abu Jaudi and told him that no progress had been made. Abu Jaudi said: "Perhaps the writing on the amulet is obliterated." The girl drew out the amulet, and found it torn and ruined. She begged Abu Jaudi to write another, but he answered: "the man who wrote that amulet has left the village." Then the girl understood that the affair was hopeless.

[Yusif got the story of this abominable trick from Abu Jaudi himself, who is not a little proud of his cleverness. He is a typical fellah.]

V. In the year of the war between Russia and Turkey the men were taken from all the villages for military service. There was a woman in one of the villages whose son was taken. She followed him all the way to Esdûd to bid him farewell. The telegraph-wire from Jaffa to Gaza passes through Esdûd, and the woman, asking what it was, was told it was the means whereby

news was sent to the Sultan. So she went to the wire, and said: "Oh my lord the wire, the garden of an injured woman has been ravaged! Tell the Sultan that I have a boy, and they have destroyed me by taking him to be a soldier." She used to return every day to get the answer, putting her ear to the telegraph poles, and listening to the sound of the wind playing on the wires. At last she lost patience and returned home, and prepared cakes baked with butter, of a kind her son always wished to have when he was with her. Then she carried them to the wire, and put them beside the pole, and begged the wire to convey them to her son: and then went home again, leaving them by the pole.

[This woman lived in Abú Shûsheh: she died only a few years ago. Nephews of hers are still living in the village.]

VI. A certain fellah had a cat which he had reared for a long time: the cat had beautiful long fur. One day he carried it to town to sell it. When he entered the market a man saw him and said: "Will you sell this *sinnawr* for a napoleon?" He answered, "No." He had never heard a cat called such a grand name as *sinnawr*, and as he walked on, he stroked the cat from head to tail. Another man met him, and said: "Will you sell this *hîrr* for a dollar?" He answered, "No." The name *hîrr* appeared to him less honourable than *sinnawr*, so as he walked on he stroked the cat from back to tail only. A third came, and said: "Will you sell this *hîtt* for a beshlik?"<sup>1</sup> He answered, "No." As the name *hîtt* was less honourable than the others he stroked its tail only. Then a fourth man came, and said: "Will you sell this *biss* for a metallik?" Whereupon the man seized the cat by the end of its tail and threw it away, saying: "God reprobate this sort of beast of many names and little virtue!"

<sup>1</sup> A coin worth about sixpence, and containing ten metalliks.