

## The Rockwood Review.

cular friend taking a favorite piece of chicken into a pair of grimy hands, breaking it up into tempting morsels, and passing it on bit by bit for me to swallow, one at a time. On such occasions one can only look pleased, keep quiet and do as he is told like "Moses in the bulrushes."

I attended one feast given by a Sheik near Jerusalem, in which the chief dish was a stuffed sheep, roasted whole, and placed in the middle of the table, or I should rather say, the floor. This is the greatest gastronomic honor an Arab can confer on a guest, many of whom are not at all slack in doing full justice to the same. As an example,—I had a man come to me for advice who complained of feeling rather heavy and drowsy after eating. Well, how much do you eat, I enquired? "Oh, only thirteen loaves!" And yet they expect a fellow to give them medicine which will make a load like that feel light and comfortable! A charge of dynamite or a small torpedo might have the desired effect, but old fashioned nostrums like bicarbonate of soda share the same fate as the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

However, let us return to the wedding. After the feast there is the procession of chanting girls to accompany the bride to the church, which in this case was a small mission room. The place is crammed full of men, women and children, chiefly babies, judging by the noise. There is a profusion of eastern jewelry, gay garments, and dirty faces. The bride and groom are the centre of attraction, and deserve special notice. The bride is so veiled and bundled up in a grand array of fine garments that it is impossible to see whether her face is white or black, clean or dirty. The groom of course, is there likewise, and looks frightened to death. He also is clothed in stars and stripes, red, green, brown, yellow or saffron, it makes no difference, all colors harmonize here, especially at a wedding. The poor fellow in a vain endeavor to

look extra smart, or who can tell—from sheer fright and nervousness, has left off the really pretty red fellaheen shoes with turned up toes, and put on instead, a pair of very heavy top boots, very cumbersome and extremely dirty. Needless to say, his hands were likewise. I shall not attempt to describe the service lest it should seem like throwing ridicule upon a very solemn occasion. Suffice it to say that just as soon as it was ended, a man gave vent to his feelings by putting a gun in his door and firing it off, probably with an extra charge of powder. I thought that both of my ear drums were irreparably ruptured, and hurried outside before the man with the gun could repeat the operation, which he did immediately.

Here still we have many of the customs unchanged of the days of the patriarchs. In the book of Judges occurs the expression "They that ride on white asses," meaning the chief of the people. To-day, he who would be thought much of in Palestine must ride a white horse. It is also thought a great disgrace for the bride to have to walk to her future home; but lo, in this case the women were much disturbed that there was no horse provided for the bride. Still, "where there's a will there's a way" as the crow said, and now some investigating soul suggested that the "Hakim Inglese" had ridden out on a fine spirited mare, and moreover she was white. What could be grander and more befitting the occasion! Of course, the very thing, how clever to have thought of it! Forthwith, without asking permission they proceeded to fetch out the mare, (Bridget, I call her,) tied a red bandanna handkerchief around her neck, and hoisted up the bride into the saddle. Then, while it took two men to hold Bridget, and as many more to keep the bride on her back, the young men lined up in a dance, and the girls formed procession with music and singing, and lead the way to the new home; whither