Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C:

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1874.

OUR JUDICIAL CAMPAIGN.

We believe it is generally conceded that a people can have no deeper interest or one that affects them more vitally in any election, than the people of this district have in that for a successor to Judge Russell.

For six years our people have lived under Radical Judicial rule, and they have had enough of it and hail with delight the day of deliverance that is so rapidly drawing nigh. And fortunately all we have to do to place upon the bench a man in every way worthy to sit there, is to go to the polls on the first Thursday in August next, and cast our votes for the nominee of our party, Colonel A. A. McKoy.

There is no doubt about the ability of the Conservative party to elect its candidate, for it has a substantial majority that no efforts of the enemy can overcome unless there be treachery in our own ranks, and of that there is not the shadow of a shade of evidence. We are thoroughly united and confident and strong in our strength. Heretofore the case has been otherwise. The Judicial District, as formed by the Reconstruction Convention in 1868, gave the Radical party a majority. Since that time the District has been rearranged and the counties of Carteret and Onslow added to it.

As the District now stands, our party has a clear majority as will appear from the following:

VOTE OF THE 4TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT IN 1872.

	Merrimon.	Caldwell.
Bladen	1,208	1,448
Brunswick	711	708
Carteret	1,062	739
Columbus	1,024	639
Duplin	1.750	1,032
New Hanover	2,261	3,614
Onslow	892	492
Robeson	1,631	1,583
Sampson	1,697	1,434
	12,236	11,689
	11,689	
Merrimon's maj.	547	

Having thus the power to elect its nominees, Colonel McKoy and Captain Norment, the only question is whether the Conservative party has the will to do it. This is the sole question presented to the people for their consideration between now and August next. Do we prefer a Radical upon the bench or do we prefer Colonel McKoy? Do we prefer a Radical for Solicitor, or do we prefer Captain Norment?

Our candidates are already in the field, and they challenge the closest scrutiny into their qualifications for the places for which they have been nominated. Is there a Radical in the District whom the party prefers to Colonel McKoy for Judge, or one whom they prefer to Captain Norment for Solicitor? That is the question and the only one. There is no ground for doubt or despondency as to our power to elect whomsoever we may prefer.

AMENDED ELECTION LAW—CHALLENGE OF VOTERS.

The election law, as amended by an act of the General Assembly at its last session, provides that all voters may be challenged on the day of election, and further,

That when a voter is challenged at the polls, upon demand of any citizen of the State it shall be the duty of the inspectors of the election to require said voter, before being allowed to vote, to prove by the oath of some other person, known to the judges, the fact of his residence for thirty days previous thereto in the county in which he purposes to vote.

We beg leave to call especial attention to this very important change in the election law of North Carolina.—The object of the change is as apparent as the necessity for it is well known. Election after election, men have been imported into counties a few days prior to the day of voting for the sole purpose of controlling their action. It was perfectly well known that many, very many, fraudulent votes were cast in this way, but practically there was no means to stop it so long as the only proof required of his right to vote was the fraudulent voter's own oath. The man voted and disappeared and there was an end of it.

The evil indeed had grown to such an extent that it at last became no longer bearable and last winter the legislature sought for a remedy and found it in the provision above quoted, requiring every man who may be challenged to prove his residence by some one known to the judges of the election.

Nor is this any hardship upon an honest voter who may have recently come to reside in any county. Is it possible for any man to live for thirty days in any precinct, engaged in any lawful calling, without being able to prove the fact by some one known to the judges of the election? It is simply impossible for any of us to live unto ourselves so completely for thirty days in any one community without the fact being well known to many others than ourselves.

We call attention to this important change in the election law thus early in order that its provisions may be thoroughly understood, in order that honest voters may know what protection the law has given them against fraudulent voting, and that would-be fraudulent voters may know the difficulties they will have to encounter before accomplishing their criminal purpose.

Formerly, all that a man who desired to vote fraudently had to do, was to register and present himself at the polls, and if challenged, swear himself through and then disappear. Detection was difficult and punishment impossible. Now, if a voter be challenged, *he must prove by some one known to the judges* that he has resided in the county thirty days, so that before he votes fraudulently some known person must commit perjury. The severe penalties attaching to the crime of perjury will render it difficult for fraudulent voters to find persons known to the judges who will commit it, for persons known to the judges cannot commit perjury upon such occasions without having all the by-standers as witnesses of the crime.

We have now a hope for a fairer election, as the risk will be entirely too great to run, especially with Norment for Solicitor and McKoy for Judge.

MR PURNELL.

This ambitious young man whom the Radicals have put forward as a suitable person for Superintendent of Public Instruction in North Carolina, seems to have made a bad start in the race. In his speech, at Halifax, he made a statement to the effect that Swepson was one of the parties concerned in the establishment of the Raleigh *Crescent*, and that he had been informed its Manager, Mr. Hampton, had so stated. Mr. Purnell, when called upon for the name of his informant, refused to give it. Colonel Pool and General Cox who were present at once pronounced the statement to be false. Mr. Hampton, the Manager of the *Crescent*, has also pronounced it to be false.

Commenting upon Mr. Purnell's course, the *Crescent* well says: "Mr. Purnell either believed the statements to be true or he did not. If he made them not thinking them true, that goes to his veracity. If he made them believing them true, that goes to his discernment. If he is so stupid as not to have known the falsity of his statement, he certainly is too stupid to be entrusted with the discharge of high official duties."

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Purnell has involved himself hopelessly at the very outset.

We trust Mr. Purnell will make a thorough canvass of the State, for the reason that from the character in other respects of his speech made at Halifax, as reported to us upon undoubted authority, no surer proof could be afforded to all respectable and intelligent people of his unfitness to fill the position to which he aspires. Let him canvass, by all means. It will be long ere he hears the last of that Halifax speech.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

It is once more positively announced that the era of good feeling between the people of the North and the people of the South has at last arrived, or at any rate soon will do so.

It is stated that at a meeting of the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic of New York, held last week, it was agreed that there shall be no distinction between Union and Southern graves on Decoration Day. Both those of Union and Confederate soldiers will be decorated. Of the latter there are many in Cypress Hill and other cemeteries around New York.

And again at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, there were kindly words spoken that it is to be hoped will, in due time, bear good fruit. The occasion was the annual re-union of the survivors of the Ninth corps of the Federal Army of the Potomac. We are told that Federal General Wilcox was introduced to the assembly and received with applause. The report of the proceedings says:

He addressed his comrades, referring to the services of the corps, during the war, in Carolina and Virginia, and in the different localities along the front, which thrilling scenes he enumerated. Then he referred to the more agreeable enjoyment of peace and good-will throughout the land. He suggested that an invitation should be extended to the late Confederate corps (Longstreet's) which he had most frequently encountered, to come up next year, to have a patriotic time of it, and to bury the hatchet together and forever. [Applause.]

Times have changed very much since that not very long ago shameful day at Arlington when Radical partisans refused to allow Southern men and women to deck the graves of their fallen kinsmen. The bitterness of fifty years are passing away, let us hope, never to return.

CAPTAIN NORMENT'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

LUMBERTON, N. C., May 9, 1874.

Col. John D. Taylor, President of the Democratic-Conservative Convention:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 7th instant, informing me of my unanimous nomination for the office of Solicitor of the Fourth Judicial District by the Democratic-Conservative Convention which convened in the city of Wilmington on the 5th day of May, and requesting my acceptance of the same, has just been received.

Thanking you for the complimentary manner in which you have made known to me the action of the Convention, permit me to say that I accept the nomination, and if elected will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office impartially and with an eye single to the best interests of the people of the Fourth Judicial District.

With great respect,

Yours truly,

W. S. NORMENT.

THE ARKANSAS MUDDLE.

If there be any man, in America or elsewhere, who understands precisely the status of affairs in Arkansas or the merits thereof, we frankly confess that we are not that man.

Both Baxter and Brooks continue to write themselves Governors of Arkansas, and each maintains his position by force of arms. Fighting has been and we presume is still going on. Men calling themselves "Baxter's troops" have been killed and so have men calling themselves "Brooks' troops." A steamboat in possession of one party on an expedition to capture a supply of arms intended for the other party was itself cut off and captured with the loss of several lives. Subsequently, when the surrender of the captured steamer became a necessity, the parties in possession scuttled and sunk her. Whether they will quote the cases of the Florida and the Virginius, which went to the bottom of the sea, while in possession of the United States authorities just in time to avoid the humiliation of a surrender is not stated.

The advantage that Mr. Baxter had over Mr. Brooks by virtue of the decision of the State Supreme Court, that it had no jurisdiction in the premises for the reason that the Legislature, and the proper tribunal to do so, had already finally disposed of the matter, has been lost by the subsequent action of the same Court, declaring that it had jurisdiction, and that Brooks is Governor.

Governor Baxter has called the Legislature together in special session, but of course Governor Brooks does not recognize its members as having any official legal existence, but only as respectable gentlemen—in about the same way we presume, that Governor Caldwell recognized the present Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina.

Committees or rather attorneys for both Governors have been to Washington City to consult and advise with their Great Father, President Grant, and their Great Good-Father, Mr. Attorney-General Williams, and had long and earnest and frequent consultations and audiences with the powers that be in Washington, and the matured deliberate conclusion from it all was that things in Arkansas were a good deal mixed.

Thereupon President Grant, the Great Father who makes and unmakes States at will, telegraphed to Brooks and to Baxter that it would be well to permit the Legislature called by Baxter to decide the matter after Brooks' friends claiming to have been elected to that body, should have an opportunity to make good that claim. The next news was that Baxter had refused to accept the proposition, because he had already proposed it, but Brooks who had no such difficulty in his way, and who, indeed, had already refused it, would then accept it. The telegram on yesterday, however, informed us that it was Brooks and not Baxter, who had refused, although the letters of these gentlemen to the contrary effect have been published all over the country.

If under these circumstances any one can tell where the truth lies he has greater power of discernment than we have.

One other point material to be mentioned in this connection, is the fact, that the President was prevented from attending the reunion of the Ninth Federal Army Corps at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on Monday last, by the Arkansas muddle. This fact is material and pertinent and competent to show the gravity of the occasion. It must have been a deep muddle to keep the President at home when a grand army festival was going on.

POLITICAL GUERRILLAS.

Colonel Mosby, of Virginia, is once more coming to the front, and as usual, fighting on his own line of battle. At present he is an independent candidate for Congress in his district, which is now represented, and it is said ably represented by General Hunton, who belongs to the regular army of true Conservatives. The District is strongly Conservative, and Colonel Mosby's only hope of an election depends upon the success of his efforts to divide the party. With the Radical vote solidly in his favor and a division in the Conservative ranks, he hopes to win and not otherwise.

This is an old dodge with dissatisfied politicians, too old, indeed, to accomplish any results. We learn that our friends in Virginia intend not only to hold the Congressional Districts already in their possession, but propose to conquer a few more.

Political guerrillas are regarded in Virginia, as well as in North Carolina, as the most dangerous political enemies fighting under the thinnest of thin disguises.

The recommendation of our Central Executive Committee, "to the members of the Democratic-Conservative party, to discourage independent candidates and all other disorganizers, and that all support be promptly withdrawn from every aspirant for office who shall oppose the regular nominees of our conventions," fully expresses the sentiment and determination of the party in North Carolina.

A man in Ann Arbor, Michigan, who was anxious to know just how highly he was prized by his friends, had a paragraph printed to the effect that he was dead, and sent marked papers to them. They did not even come to his funeral, and his zeal for knowledge is checked.

Letter from Egypt.

DEREHIB, (COUNTRY OF THE BISHAREEN ARABS.) February 18th, 1874.

Dear Journal:

This being the first time this new year that I write to you, I seize the opportunity of addressing to you and to all my good friends in Wilmington the graceful and metaphorical salutation of the Arabs: "Naharkom abiad, zaheel laban." May all your days be white as milk. If I were to attempt to mention separately all those that I remember affectionately in your city, their names alone would fill this letter; but I take much pleasure in sending them collectively a kind greeting through your paper, and I hope some day to meet them face to face once more.

I have, as usual, so much to tell that the difficulty with me is to select what is to be left out among all the subjects of interest which crowd upon me. Excuse, therefore, the hurried style, and make allowance for my writing in the very heart of the desert and in the intervals left by travel and other numerous pursuits. The place whose name stands at the head of this letter will not be found on any map. It is a ruined mining village, abandoned for centuries, and standing at the very head of Wady Ollaki or Allake. It is a little south of 22 deg. north latitude and in about longitude 35 deg. E. from Greenwich. Wady Allake is found on Keith Johnston's map of Egypt. It heads here and takes a general N. westerly direction striking the Nile about half way between the first cataract at Assouan and the second at Wady Halfa. A wady—which ought to be written *waddy* to represent its correct pronunciation,—means a valley, but very different from what we call valleys at home. Into Wady Allake open numerous secondary wadies (pronounce waddies) which in the rainy season discharge each a considerable volume of water, and at that time Wady Allake becomes a mighty stream, filled to a depth of several feet and stretching from hills to hills. It sends forth such a volume of water into the Nile that boats going up have to wait frequently for many days for its subsidence before they can force their way through the violent current which rushes *across* the great river and reaches to its opposite bank before turning down and mingling with its waters. All the rest of the year these wadies are *dry torrent beds*, in which springs up more or less vegetation according to the quantity of moisture that the soil retains. They also contain numerous trees peculiar to the desert—most of which are of the mimosa and acacia tribe, and look very much (from a distance) like apple trees, in form and size. If the torrent that flows through the wady is very violent, as it is in the narrow wadies, the trees grow only along the sides of the rocky hills, forming quite an avenue. If the wady is broad and the waters are shallow and flow gently, then the trees grow everywhere, in very open order, and look like irregular young orchards;—and when the valley itself is covered with green grass and flowers, as it is after the rains, it looks like a cultivated country with its meadows and orchards, and you might almost expect to see white houses in the distance. These wadies vary from fifty yards or less to half a mile in width, rarely attaining the latter except where two or three wadies intersect. The hills and mountains which border them are bare and desolate rocks, very dark gray or brown, according to their formation, assuming the most varied and fantastic forms and presenting sometimes stupendous precipices. The only water to be found in the desert after the rainy season is over, is in deep and narrow gulches, screened from the sun, where the water collects in rocky basins, and even those go dry when rain has failed for one or two years. These basins are generally in ravines branching out from the main wadies, and are known only to the natives of the country. Sometimes, however, a well is found in the wady, but it is to be remembered that all over this country water is very scarce—often from three to five days' caravan march from one water to the next. Not only is water scarce, but it is often bad, being frequently very brackish or impregnated with decaying vegetable matter, so that it is a great comfort to be camped for a while near good, clear, sweet water, like that at this place. When we find such, we always remain several days, so as to recruit the camels, especially as there is generally good pasturage around.

The country between the Nile on the west and the Red Sea on the east, and bounded on the north by the 26th deg. north latitude and on the south by the 19th deg., is inhabitated (very sparsely) by two tribes of Bedouin Arabs. The Ababdehs occupy the northern portion of this immense desert, and the Bishareens the southern. The two tribes are closely allied and resemble each other very much in appearance, costume, manner, etc., but the Bishareens are more wild and warlike. The number of souls included in these two tribes is about 15,000. The Ababdehs are in possession of the carrying trade between the Nile and the Red Sea at the port of Cosseir, but they subsist mainly upon their flocks and camels—the Bishareens entirely. I will speak more at length hereafter of these natives, and now, having given some general information as to the nature of the country and its population, I will fill in the details in the course of my narrative. You will probably find a considerable difference between my description of the desert between Kench and Berenice in my last letter and that of this desert, between Berenice and the Nile, which we expect to strike at Abouhamed, in latitude 19 deg. 30 min., on our way to Berber, in latitude 18 deg. The former is a country of plains and plateaus, and except the last two days' march it is all on the west of the great Arabian chain, which is very narrow at that point and intercepts all the rains. It is, therefore, extremely arid—especially at the season I traversed it. The sight of one single shrivelled up tree is a rarity there. Here, on the contrary, we are in the heart of the Arabian chain, which covers at this parallel 200 to 300 miles in breath, leaving but few plains and plateaus between its foot and the Nile. This is, therefore, a *comparatively* moist country; but between the last spurs of the chain and the Nile are some plains of fearful aridity, where no drop of rain ever falls. The whole Arabian chain forms a very complicated orographic system, with multitudes of wadies; a few are parallel to the chain and the rest perpendicular to it, so that you may circulate among these mountains and pass from the east side of the chain to the west, at a great many places, without hardly perceiving that you are crossing mountains, so gentle are the grades of the wadies which lead from one slope to the other. In fact, in traveling, you sometimes pass a summit level between lofty mountains without knowing it, unless you consult the aneroid, and you find out you are descending instead of ascending only by noticing that the drift-wood, grass, etc., washed down by the high waters, are in front of the trees which you approach instead of behind them, as is the case when you ascend.

The last letter I wrote you was closed on the 16th of December at Berenice, where we were then camped. On the 18th, early in the morning, I took a last bath in the waves of the Red Sea, which were just pleasantly cool; and that day we moved camp to the south, about 10 miles. After a few days we moved again still further, to the entrance of Wady Hodar, with the mountains behind us and the sea about three miles in front; but its waters were no longer in demand for bathing purposes. for the weather had turned cool, (for this country) the thermometer falling to 50 degrees in the night and rising to 70 degrees in the day, sometimes to 80 degrees. In this position we waited until the 11th of January, for supplies from the Nile before we could commence our march towards Berber. This was a pleasant camp; the lovely sea in full sight with its waters, bright green inside of the coral reefs, and intensely blue beyond—the separation being marked by a white line of surf. On our left was the beautiful Gulf of Berenice and on our right the lofty peaks of the Pentedactylus, so-called by the Greeks for their resemblance to the five fingers of a human hand. The Wady Hodar was the first of those wooded and grassy valleys that had met our view. We had had in November seventeen days during which it rained more or less over all the Arabian range, and this had started and refreshed the vegetation. The valley was full of a kind of broom or genet, very much like the "Scoth broom", but bearing a little five pointed star flower of perfect form, greenish yellow color and most delightful odor. The Arabs call it the merk. Its fragrance perfumed the whole valley. The great rush of waters flowing to the sea through all these valleys had brought a great quantity of dead wood so that we had abundance of fuel. Nothing could be more picturesque than the view presented at night. The moon would rise from the waters just before us and be brilliantly reflected from the sparkling waves; mingled with its light, the glare of a hundred camp fires, around which Bedwins, soldiers and camels were continually flitting. We spent about two weeks, and had our Christmas dinner and New Year's dinner there. I need not say what loving thoughts and wishes and memories about all the loved ones at home filled our hearts. On Xmas day, we had a visit from all the Arab officers and Bedwin Scheiks in honor of the day. You know the Mussulmans venerate our Saviour, *Issa*, as they call Jesus in Arabic, as the prophet next in degree to Mahomet. We had for dinner that day a fine old English ham, brought and saved from Cairo for the occasion and a splendid turkey; though we had neither egg nogg nor punch, we enjoyed ourselves very well. On New Year's day, we received a visit as before, for the Arabs are very punctilious in presenting their compliments on our feast days and we return it on theirs. Afterwards, there was target firing for the soldiers, with prizes for the best shots.

SHOOTING ON THE SEA SHORE AND THE DESERT.

For the benefit of my sporting friends I will say a word about the game to be found here. Along the sea-shore are snipe and other birds of that family. I had about half a day's good shooting along the shore and bagged sixteen, killing some from my dromedary's back; for where the sand was firm I could ride him to the water's edge. But no desert camel could be made to put his foot in water; and the moment the ground becomes moist enough to be soft or slippery, he absolutely refuses to go one step further. After leaving the sea-shore we had much better sport. There is all over the deserts of Egypt a species of rock-partridges, almost exactly like our partridge, and a trifle larger; but their habits are very different. It is difficult to make them fly, but they run with very great speed. Until the 1st of February they go in flocks—afterwards in pairs. They are found in all the wadies where there is good grass and cover, and especially the merk bushes that I mentioned above. They are quite wild, however, and have generally to be taken at long shots. The moment they perceive danger, they run or fly to the foot of the mountains on either side of the Wady, and begin running up the rocks with astonishing swiftness, till they reach the first crests behind which they disappear.—It is next to impossible to get a flying shot as they rise, for they hardly ever do so as near as fifty yards; but generally much further; so that by the time you dismount and run to the foot of the cliff which they are climbing, they are pretty far up and it is no use trying to get nearer, for they can run up five feet to your one. Thus, a great many shots are fired in vain owing to distance and those birds' extreme tenacity of life; for unless they have a leg broken or are shot through the head, they will run off with a whole load of shot in them. Nevertheless, we have killed quite a number. The other day, without going out of our line of march or stopping to hunt them, we killed twenty in Wady Allake. We have also seen a number of gazelles but always at very great distances. Four wild goats or capricorns were also seen, also some wild asses and a great many ostrich *tracks*, some quite fresh, but we saw none of the birds. Jackall and hyena tracks are also frequent, but those animals are too wary to show themselves. Later in the spring, immense numbers of quail come from Asia into the Valley of the Nile, and we expect some good shooting when we get there.

PERSONEL OF THE EXPEDITION.

On the 11th of January, 1874, having received our complement of camels to the number of two hundred and sixteen, we left Camp Hodar on our march, through a desert which has not been traversed by Europeans since Linant Bey's expedition in 1832, just forty-two years ago. The object of our expedition is to make a thorough reconnoisance of the country with a view to the location of roads, and also an examination of its natural resources, its minerals, its supply of water, and various other matters. So that we are to travel very leisurely—halting several days at all the prominent points and making a careful and accurate map of the route and the country in its vicinity.

The commander of the expedition is Col. E. Sparrow Purdy, of the General Staff, Chief of the Topographical Bureau. He is a son of Gov. Purdy, of California, and is an accomplished officer and engineer. He has been four years in the Egyptian service and has conducted successfully several similar explorations, for which he received a decoration from the Khedive. He takes special charge of the engineering and topographical work. He started with his party from Suez and went by sea to Berenice, while I went up the Nile with mine, and then across from Keneh to Berenice to join him, as I mentioned in a previous letter.

The officer next in rank is your correspondent, now a Colonel in the general staff of the army and charged with the geological explorations.

The third officer is Lieut. Col. A. M. Mason. formerly of the U. S. Navy—afterwards of C. S. Navy, who acted a gallant part in the actions at Hampton Roads and Drury's Bluff. He is a Virginian, and was First Lieutenant on board the Cuba at the time of her visit to Wilmington. Col. Mason has charge of the harbor surveying at Berenice and astronomical observations throughout.

The next officer whom I will mention is Capt. Mahmund Sabri, of the staff,—an Egyptian and an *eleve* of the Polytechnic School of Cairo. He He speaks French extremely well, is a good surveyor and draughtsman, and for his age and experience, a good engineer. He came with me from Kenet and I found him intelligent, laborious and extremely useful, especially as an interpreter. He is an excellent specimen of the young officers graduated at the Egyptian Military school. He is assisted by a Lieutenant of the staff. We have also two Lieutenants of infantry and forty-five soldiers from the 1st Regiment of the Guards. A native Hakim, or doctor, and his apothecary accompany the expedition, and the former possesses about as much skill and has about as much social position as a second rate barber, for such is the estimate in which the majority of Arab doctors are held by their countrymen. With the exception of a few who have studied their professions in Europe, and some of whom are really skilful and eminent men, the Arab hakims are behind the barber-surgeons of three centuries ago. The Bedwins make up our entire aggregate over one hundred souls.

This enumeration of the personel of our expedition would be incomplete without a mention of the native Magnates who accompany it. But first let me describe the mode of organizing a traveling party over the deserts. The nomads who occupy them are called Bedwin Arabs, but they are subdivided into many tribes. They are all subject to the Government, and pay taxes, &c., but they have their own internal government and their privileges. The chief authority is that of the Sheik, which is patriarchal and almost absolute. The principal Sheik of a tribe is the head of its oldest and most illustrious family—and some can trace back their descent to the days of the Prophet. He is like the head of a Scottish clan in olden times. All the tribe owe him allegiance and obedience, and they render it faithfully. Under him are inferior Sheiks. Besides this primary meaning of the word Shiek, it also means the head of anything. For example, every village has its Sheik, and in the towns each trade also has its Sheik, through whom all regulations are enforced; and by courtesy, any old and respectable man, however humble his position, is addressed as Sheik. The country which we are exploring is that of the Ababdehs and Bishareens—north of them are Mahazis—south, the Berbers, the Shangallas, &c. On the Lybian desert are the Bengazis, more properly, the Mogebins; in Arabia, Petrea, the Alawin and others.

Now, among the privileges claimed by all these tribes, is that of furnishing the camels and guides used in traversing their territory. The Government concedes it; and if a private party of travelers were to buy their own camels and procure guides elsewhere (the latter, they could not do) they would not be permitted to pass through. So that parties wishing to make excursions through any portion of the desert, must apply first to the Sheik of the tribe which occupies it. The Sheik engages to furnish so many camels, drivers and guides at so much per day, or for the trip, with one or two sub-Sheiks to command them. These Sheiks become responsible for everything, and if anything is lost or stolen by their men, they must pay for it. But this mode of traveling is extremely expensive, for the traveler has to carry everything with him, tents included, and it takes a great number of camels. Besides this the Arab is never satisfied with a bargain made; and, judging from what the guide-books and travelers say, the European tourist is subject to incessant annoyances: His Sheiks suggest continual difficulties which can be overcome only by additional backsheesh, for which fresh demands are continually recurring. In fact, this word *backsheesh* (bounty or gratuity in money,) is the bane of the traveler's life in Egypt; but being in the Government service, I have never heard it once. If his camels are hired by the day the Sheiks use every pretext for short marches and long halts.

If for the round trip, they urge every reason for hurrying through, the chief being the want of water, though there may be an abundance in the side ravines all along the route. These annoyances and the great cost are the cause why no tourist has ever penetrated these deserts. Linant Bey, who came 42 years ago, was sent by the government, and even he was subjected to much trouble. But we have none whatever. When the government wishes to send an expedition of this kind, the Governor of the Province is notified. He then notifies the Bedwin Sheiks that such a number of camels is wanted for such a service with so many guides, &c., and in a couple of weeks everything is ready. The government pays 10 piastres (50 cts) per diem for each camel; and considering that the latter costs only $25 or $30, and feeds almost entirely upon the desert vegetation, it is a very good price. Every man who owns one camel or more is glad to come, for its promises him about a fortune. There is generally an average of one camel driver to four camels. Now, a Bedwin who owns four camels and is with us eight months will get $480 in silver. His own wages are included in this. His food does not cost him (the way they feed) over three or four dollars a month, and his clothing probably five dollars a year. So that at the end of our campaign, after deducting his expenses and a liberal per cent claimed by his sheik, he will have between three and four hundred dollars in coin. The sheiks realize a large amount, besides receiving a monthly salary from the government. I have often enquired what these Bedwins do with their money, for they have neither lands nor houses, and the Coran forbids Mahomedans to lend out money on interest.—Sometimes they buy more camels, or sheep and goats from which they derive their principal nourishment; but I have been assured that most of them *bury* ther money. This custom prevailed all over Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, under the rule of the Turkish Pachas, who made it a practice to plunder every man who was thought to have any money; and in this land where manners are unchangeable, the habit remains, although the Turkish oppressors have gone.—It often happens both in town and country, that a man dies before having time to reveal to his family the hiding place of his treasure, which is probably found by a stranger after a long lapse of years.

As I said above, we are free from all the troubles and annoyances which beset ordinary travelers. We march and we halt just when and where the commanding officer decides. If there is no water, the camel water train goes for it every day or every two days according to the distance, for we can carry six to eight days water if necessary; but so far we have found plenty of it at convenient distances. Everything moves smoothly and regularly in a military manner; and when we happen to camp in a green wady with plenty of grass and fuel, and good water near, soldiers and Bedouins are happy and glad to stay as long as possible.

Now, to come back to our Bedwins. They have a high sense of personal honor, as they understand it, and are quick to avenge an injury, as will appear from the following sketch of Mohammed Kalifa, the principal sheik of the Ababdehs, who accompanies our expedition. He is about fifty years old, nearly six feet high, and of dignified portliness and bearing. His complexion is a very dark chocolate color, like all his people, but without any trace of negro feature, form or hair. He is a man of much intelligence and character. He reads and writes Arabic well, but understands no European language. He dresses in the flowing robes and turban of the old Eastern costume which becomes him well. He is a man of much wealth and importance in his country and his uncle is Governor of Berber and Dongola. Any one would be struck by the dignity and gracefulness of his gestures and the courtesy of his manners. His father was Sheik Kralif, a man of much fame in his day. After the massacre of the Memlooks at Cairo, in 1811, (which I mentioned in a former letter) three hundred Memlook chiefs stationed in Upper Egypt, knowing that Mahamed Ali would try to complete their destruction, took refuge among the Ababdehs. When Ibrahim Pacha arrived in pursuit with his army, he bitterly reproached the Ababdeh Sheiks with having received the Memlooks hospitably, and Kralif was the only one bold enough to vindicate his course. Kralif was some years afterward assassinated by a Turkish governor, and his brother Baraca succeeded him. The latter accompanied Linant Bey in his expedition in 1832 through this same region, but the lapse of time had not made him forget the duty of avenging his brother's blood, and a year or two afterward he assassinated the Turkish governor, whose relatives in turn retaliated upon Baraca some years later. Many similar cases prove that the Jewish legislation about the "avenging of blood" by the family of the deceased is in force among the Bedwin tribes.

The next in importance is Mohamed Bey, the nephew of Mohamed Kalifa. He resembles his uncle in person but is very far inferior in character. He is superintendent of routes and transportation in the Soudan and accompanies us in his official capacity.

Below these two in rank, are Achmet, Sheik of the camel drivers; Hassan, sheik of the guides; and Suliman, second Sheik do. Both, Mohammet Kalifa and Mohammed Bey have servants and retainers as befits their rank. They also receive pay, rations, tents, &c., from the government.

I have written you this long letter just as fast as my pen could run, taking advantage of the night hours during this halt. We have been at this point (Derehib) for six days to map out the surrounding country, and also to examine carefully the ancient gold mines of which I will speak at greater length in my next. I am obliged to postpone also my continuation of the description of the personnel of our caravan, for we move to-morrow (21st) at sunrise, and I do not know that I will have a chance to add another line until we reach the Nile at Abonhamed where this letter will be mailed. We expect to get there about the 10th or 12th of March, and I can hardly express how anxious we are to reach that point, for there we expect to get our mails, and we have not heard a word from America later than October 24th or Europe later than December 1st. The last news that reached us from the outer world was the wholesale massacre of one hundred and twenty Americans and English by the Spanish forces in Cuba and the intense excitement, both in America and England. We are burning to know whether war ensued, and Cuba belongs to the United States—whether the Pope is dead or Don Carlos has been driven out of Spain, or France is still a Republic, and a thousand other things; but above all we want good news from all our dearly loved ones at home.

When we reach Berber where we expect to stay some ten or fifteen days, I will relate all that I think will interest your readers about our march from Wady Hodar to the Nile. Until then, good-bye, dear JOURNAL.

Truly yours,

C.

P. S. February 27th, Camp Massaric.—I close this letter here. We want to go to-morrow morning to Jebel Shigre, five days march over a plain without water, for we are now across the great Arabian chain. Two days rest at Jebel Shigre, then four days march to Abonhamed on the Nile, where our mail will meet us. Jebel Shigre is a range of mountains rising from the plain. Jebel or djebel, or gebel as written on the maps, is the Arabic for mountain.

The Richmond *Dispatch* says that Mr. Frelinghuysen's Civil Rights bill is worse than Sumner's. "My brethren, learn to know one another, and you will love one another."