THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace;
Unmisgiven by party rage, to live like brothers."

RALEIGH, N. C.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1853.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, Montgomery, Alabama, is our General Travelling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisting C. F. LEWIS, JAMES O. LEWIS, and SAMUEL D. LEWIS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by JOHN T. DEVEREUX, THOMAS O. J. DYER, C. M. L. WISEMAN, HENRY H. C. THOMAS, R. C. COOKE, A. L. CHILDS, and L. R. ISAAC BARTLETT. Receipts of either will be good.

BROWN & BELL, Receipts of either will be good.

Mr. ISAAC B. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our General Travelling Agent, assisted by WM. H. WELLINGTON, CHARLES JAMES DEERING, J. HAMMITT, JOS. BUTTON, GEORGE P. BUTTON, ISAAC M. BODINE, EDMUND W. WILBY, WILLIAM L. WATERMAN and GEORGE L. WALLS.

TAPPING NORTH CAROLINA.

We are glad to see that our contemporaries, generally, in the State, are speaking out with regard to the proposed scheme to render North Carolina tributary to Virginia, by the construction of the Danville and Richmond Road. The following just and sensible observations we clip from the last "Hillsboro' Recorder:"—

"We go for the *North Carolina* Rail Road; and we hold, that any project which would divert from it either travel or freight would be fatal to its success. Good faith to the stockholders, we think, would forbid our Legislature from making any connection that would prejudice the road; and we do not think that individuals, *even if they had the power*, should attempt to do what the Legislature could not with propriety sanction. It was the great object of the road to connect the eastern and western sections of the State, and make us one people; and that object would be in a great measure frustrated by constructing a branch, as proposed, to carry "the trade and commerce of the west to the cities of Virginia." State pride should teach us to look more at home. Our road was projected with the expectation that it would open a way to market for the produce of the west, and that, in turn, it was expected, would give prosperous activity to the trade and commerce of the east; and both of them united are necessary to give profitable employment to the Road. If two-thirds of the Road is to be in a degree paralyzed, by drawing off the travel and transferring the produce of the west to the Virginia Rail Roads, is there any good reason to suppose that a sufficiently increased activity would be given to the business on the remaining one third to compensate the loss and prevent a depreciation of the stock? We do not think it would. The travel might be somewhat increased; but not the freight. But even if it should, what will become of that other feature of the enterprise which gave existence to our Road—to build up our seaports, to bind together the East and the West by identity of interest, and to make them feel more sensibly their relation as citizens of the same State? This is the true policy which, should govern our actions. It will be time enough, after our Road has passed its infancy, and secured for itself a profitable business, to talk of new experiments. The construction of a connecting link between the North Carolina and the Virginia Road would unquestionably benefit the district of country through which it passed; but it would be at the great sacrifice of the general good—it would greatly impair the trade of our own towns, and depreciate the value of the most important of our State improvements. The people of Caswell, we hope, will be accommodated with some commodious way of getting their produce to the North Carolina Road; but it must be without sacrificing the interest of our own State for the benefit of Virginia."

The Salem "People's Press" also condemns the present consideration of the project, after the manner following:

"The idea of connecting the Danville Railroad with the North Carolina Railroad is by no means abandoned, and is spoken of to be accomplished at no very distant day; and the citizens of Charleston, S. C., are moving and agitating the idea of tapping our Coal and Cotton regions. The Raleigh and Cape Fear interests are of course opposed to this movement, and so are we, for the present. North Carolina has been tributary to other States long enough; and now when she has works of internal improvements progressing which will tend to build up her own towns, and raise her in the estimation of her sister States, in a commercial point of view, it will be well enough to be a little selfish, for a time at least.

Should market facilities not be afforded within ourselves, in a sufficient degree, when we get all our internal improvement machinery fairly at work, it will be time enough to look abroad. The extension of the Richmond and Danville Railroad into this State has been spoken of as *the road* for this section of country, but circumstances alter cases. Banish the thought."

Our friend of the "Milton Chronicle," by the way, conducts the discussion of this matter with rather too much *temper* for us. We will not be forced into a *controversy* concerning it.—We are content with the simple expression of our own views, as heretofore given,—leaving disputation to those who may chance to be more fond of it than ourselves.

SWEARING IN THE VICE PRESIDENT.—A bill was introduced and unanimously passed in the U. S. Senate, Thursday last, authorizing our Consul at Havana, to administer the oath of office on the 5th March, or any time thereafter, to Vice President King. Also, authorizing any Judge of a U. S. Court to administer said oath at any place in the United States, on said 4th March or thereafter.

OFFICIAL COURTESY.—The National Intelligenerr says that Gen. Pierce paid a visit to President Fillmore, Thursday last, in the White House, and remained with him a quarter of an hour.

General Pierce dined with President Fillmore on Friday. Gen. Scott called on Gen. Pierce in the morning, but the latter had gone to the Caloric ship.

☞ A telegraphic despatch from Louisville, Kentucky, says:—"J. H. Harney, Editor of the Louisville Democrat, leaves here to-morrow for Washington. It is understood he goes at the solicitation of a majority of the Democratic members of Congress to take charge of the official organ of Gen. Pierce.—*The Union* to be the said organ."

☞ Mr. Pearce, in his speech in the Senate, on the Army appropriation bill, said, "ever since man had been expelled from the Garden of Eden, he had been endeavoring to cheat the decree of Heaven, that he should earn the bread he eats by the sweat of his brow. Since that day we have been endeavoring to cheat that decree by getting our bread without, or with as little as possible of, the sweat of our brow."

☞ Visitors for the Inauguration are crowding into Washington. The Hotels and Boarding Houses there will be full to overflowing. The influx of "office seekers" is beyond all example, and every day adds to the number.

COLD COMFORT.

The Richmond *Whig*, looking upon the appointment of one *Caleb* Cushing to a distinguished post under the new Administration, as a probability amounting almost to a fixed fact, throws out a few comforting suggestions to the members of the old and faithful democracy.—Another contemporary suggests that it is the sin of all parties, [but especially of the locofoco party, and particularly in *this* section of country,] that renegades and new comers are generally rewarded with the most honorable and profitable offices. Whether it is believed that deserters from the enemy are more likely to prove valiant soldiers, than long tried patriots, in the hour of trial; or whether it is necessary to glue the affections of a turncoat to the new cause espoused, by the adhesive power of public plunder, we are not prepared to say. It is a fact however, and one which in some measure disgraces the movements of every party and almost every political association, that a man, who has been literally kicked out of one political connection for want of principle, prudence, or something else, is generally received into another and placed over the heads of long-tried and faithful, and able statesmen. We have witnessed in our day many instances of the kind, and have occasionally felt some of the sensations which our cotemporary supposes will arise in the bosoms of the old democrats, when they find *Caleb* so suddenly, and, to the most of sensible people, so unexpectedly, elevated. There will be scratching of heads among the old fogies, and gritting of teeth among the young Americas.

The Washington correspondent of the South Side Democrat expresses the opinion that the appointment of Cushing will not be well received. To this the Whig replies, and in this reply is the cold comfort spoken of above.

"*Not well received* did you say, my friend?—We are not surprised at the news. Caleb *is* a bitter pill. But you will try to give him a fair trial! That speaks favorably for your moderation, forbearance and long suffering. You old Democrats have a hard time of it and no mistake. The renegades have almost pushed you from your stool, and excluded you from your own table. They occupy most of the seats in Congress from Virginia, and they have made provision to take upon themselves all the best offices in General Pierce's gift. You are expected in the meanwhile to stand back and let your betters be served. We have a lively conception of your sensations on the occasion.—

The virtue of disinterestedness scarcely compensates for the privations you endure. You would rather bear a little of the odium of selfishness in consideration of some of the profits. But what can be done? Your condition is pitiable. Your allies look upon you as vulgarians, as fit only to bear the burdens of the contest—while they are the men to reap the fruits of victory. They consider you meek and humble individuals, ready to make any sacrifice for the cause—and therefore willing to yield to them—mercenary adventurers—all the honors and rewards of common toils—the only conditions on which their services could be procured. But *Caleb* puts your patience to the severest test! You might have stood Mr. Hunter or Gen. Bayly, or Mr. Wise, or any common-place-turn-coat, but the unwashed Caleb, reeking with the fumes of the rankest Federalism—the unrepentant Caleb, who never had sufficient respect for Democracy to profess to recant—the consistent Caleb, who supported all the bills that Tyler vetoed and then defer led all the vetoes—the mercenary Caleb, whose rapacity, all the spoils are not sufficient to appease—Oh! it is very hard!—But if the Brigadier says he *must* be the chief of a democratic Administration, you will submit—you will give him, the virtuous Caleb, a fair trial! Liberal, charitable and disinterested men that you are!"

☞ The days of the present administration have pretty well drawn to a close. In speaking of the fact, the New York Commercial, an independent, sound, reliable journal says: Considering all the circumstances of Mr. Fillmore's Administration—the difficulties that were rife when he assumed the Government, the political hostility of Congress, and other impediments which are well known—it must be regarded as one of the wisest, most successful and most brilliant the Union has ever enjoyed. Political opponents may deny this, but the demonstration is before the world. It has won the confidence of foreign powers so far that, while maintaining untarnished the national honor, it has arranged the most delicate questions with a proud and ancient monarchy of continental Europe, difficult and intricate questions with Great Britain, and is able to leave to its successor propositions from the English Government of a liberal and pacific character; such as that Government probably never before made to any power on the face of the earth. Mr. Fillmore and his Cabinet will retire from office, leaving both the domestic and foreign affairs of the country in far better condition than when they took office; with negotiations on foot which, had they had time to complete them, would have added imperishable renown; and they will leave to Pierce and his Cabinet an inheritance of national prosperity and national honor and influence, such as perhaps no Administration ever entered upon.

☞ At a Banquet on the 22d, the health of Mr. Custis (a relative of Gen. WASHINGTON,) being drunk, the veteran rose, and, in returning thanks, begged leave to offer the following sentiment:

"Honor to whom honor is due."
Let others hail the rising sun,
We bow to him, whose race is run.

Fill more, Fill more, aye, fill to the brim,
A health to the man of the nation;
Fill more, Fill more, we fill unto him,
Who nobly hath filled his high station.

This sentiment was received with loud cheering.

☞ Gov. Foote, of Mississippi, has offered a reward of $300 for the apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of Warren county, of Wesley Wallace, who stands charged with the murder of a negro man belonging to Gen. G. D. Mitchell, whose overseer Wallace was. It was first thought that the negro was killed by a log rolling over him; but the coroner's inquest has fixed the charge of murder on Wallace, who has fled. He is from North Carolina, and is supposed to be making his way back here.

☞ We shall publish in our next Weekly issue, the able argument of Gen. Leach, delivered in the House of Commons, during the last Session of the Legislature, upon the subject of the Public Lands.

FREAKS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Some eight or ten days since, one of our commission merchants, says the St. Louis Republican, received a telegraphic despatch from a gentleman in the interior of North Carolina, asking "what was the price of dried pears" in St. Louis. A reply was returned, that, because of the scarcity, they were held at a high figure—we believe at 8 to 10 cents per pound. For the moment the correspondence ceased, but shortly after a second message was received from the Carolinian, which stated that he had bought and shipped for sale 250 bushels of the article. The quarter of a thousand bushels of dried pears, is a large item in the accounts of a country dealer; so for further advice, the correspondence was re-opened, when it was discovered that the Carolinian had all this while been wanting information of the price of "dried peas," and that 250 bushels of peas had actually been shipped under the pleasurable impression that they would would bring from 8 to 10 cents per pound.

CONGRESS.

The Senate yesterday resumed the consideration of the Army Appropriation Bill, and made such progress therewith as to get through with its details in Committee of the Whole. It is, however, still open to debate and amendment.

Amongst the amendments already inserted in this bill is that which was offered by Mr. Chase on Thursday, appropriating $150,000 for the survey of the several routes proposed for a railroad to the Pacific. The amendment of Mr. Walker, alluded to yesterday, proposing to give to settlers the alternate sections of land on the line of this road, was rejected by a large majority. An amendment was agreed to which authorizes the President to contract with individuals, to be remunerated in land, for keeping in repair an overland road to the Pacific, and establishing armed posts at different points along said road, for the protection of traders and emigrants. Two other amendments worthy of special notice are the appropriation of $100,000, for a military asylum at the West, and of $100,000 as a reward to the discoverers of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic agent, to be paid whenever it shall be judicially determined which of the competitors for that honor is entitled to it.

A bill having in view a very desirable object was introduced by Mr. Bradbury, viz: To establish a Court for the investigation of claims against the United States. It was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The Naval Appropriation Bill was almost exclusively the subject of discussion in the House of Representatives. The principal points at issue had reference to increasing the efficiency of the Navy by augmenting the number of seamen, and in authorizing the building of half a dozen ships, with screw propellers, instead of repairing some of the old ones. The amendment proposing an increase of seamen was rejected, and that for building new vessels was relegated to order. The bill is still pending.

Before the adjournment Mr. Letcher endeavored to lay before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Interior, in explanation of imputations that had been made upon that officer in the course of the debate on Thursday, but objections having been interposed to the reception or reading of the communication we are left in ignorance of its contents.

Intell. yesterday Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1853.

Senate. Mr. Hunter reported the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill with the amendment.

The consideration of the army bill was resumed.

The question pending, was on concurring in the amendment for continuing the military superintendents of the national armories. A discussion grew out of this question.

The proposition was adopted, fully authorizing the President to decide whether to appoint a civil or military superintendency, and directing the Commissioner to enquire into the whole subject and report to the next Congress. The bill was then passed.

The Civil and Diplomatic bill was then taken up.

House of Representatives. Mr. Bragg moved to suspend the rules to take up the bill from the Senate to set aside preemption rights to the unsurveyed lands in Florida for purposes.

The motion was lost by 131 yeas to 55 nays—not two thirds.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Navy appropriation bill.

The amendment to sell a portion of the Government property in Brooklyn, New York, at a sum less than it cost, was under discussion.

Correspondence of the New Orleans Crescent.

WASHINGTON, February 9, 1853.

The Federal City has been the theatre of no little excitement to-day. We have had in the Hall of the House of Representatives a grand session of the two Houses of Congress, in convention assembled. The President of the Senate (Mr. Atchison, of Missouri,) and the Speaker of the House (Mr. Boyd, of Kentucky) presided jointly—sitting not exactly in the same chair together, but side by side. The attendance of honorable members was large, and the galleries were crowded with ladies. My seat on this occasion, being out of "the area" of female influence, I was contingently permitted to hold on, without interfering with "woman's rights." *Extraordinaire!*

The business of reading the returns from the different States was dry enough. As the distinguished reader as "progressed," (Messrs. Hunter of Va., and Chandler, of Pa.) the mass grew rather restless; and some of the wags present were disposed to vary the scene with an occasional stroke of humor. As State after State was announced, some Congressional wit would start the query:

"How do you think it will go?"

"Is there much doubt about the election?" asked another.

"It looks rather strong for Pierce and King," said a good whig from the South, as he hung down his head.

"We began with Maine for Pierce, and then got Vermont for Scott; isn't that a tie?" said one.

"Yes, but wait a little," replied his friend; "I'm afraid some of the other States won't come in so well."

"There!" cried a new-comer, "I declare if Chandler hasn't got the upper hand of Hunter. He's only got the whig states to read, and Hunter is in for the Democratic ones."

"Don't believe California's been heard from," whispered one down from the gallery.

"Twenty seven to five"—broke in an outsider—"that's too bad!"

"Yes; but how are you going to help it?"

"Oh! what can't be cured must be endured," sighed the last speaker; and the colloquy closed, amid the official flow of names, certificates, "signed, sealed and delivered."

But, badinage aside, there was something truly grand in this national proceeding of the public servants of the American people. Here was the proclamation of an entire change of rulers; of the coming re-organization of our government; of the putting down, for a time, of one powerful party, and the putting up of another; and yet there was no violence, no bloodshed, no revolution. The old officials of the sovereigns are to pass quietly out, and the new ones are to pass as quietly in. And the people, who have done it all by their free suffrages, will ratify and honor the deed. Such is the power of the successful working of our Republican institutions.

☞ Rev. Dr. Hawks, of New York, preached an eloquent sermon in the Episcopal Church in this place, last night. Dr. H, is here on a visit to his brother, John S. Hawks, Esq. We understand the immediate object of his visit to North Carolina is to collect materials for the history of the State, which he is preparing.

N. S. Whig.

FOR THE REGISTER.

EXTRACTS

From the Diary of a North Carolinian, at present travelling in Europe,—communicated to a friend in this City:

NAPLES, Dec. 13, 1852.—Am again at sea, on board the ORONTES, bound for Constantinople! Shall resume my Diary or Note Book,—long lost and forgotten amidst the "first impressions" of a Backwoodsman abroad. Indeed, it is amusing enough to recur to these "impressions," coming from the new world to the old, one imagines himself endowed with double vision—he sees, or thinks he sees, so many sights, and all so strange. He begins his "notes," and sidy enough, notes down everything. He passes on to France, to Germany, to Switzerland, to Spain or to Italy. Every step is another change—something newer still. At last novelty ceases to surprise—habits and customs grow at once "familiar as household words." He finds a moment's leisure, and glances over the first few pages of that "Note Book," and is horrified at the idle stuff it contains! I'd give hundreds just to peep into *somebody's else*. Fortunately, mine "gave out" at the very beginning. The few pages I made shall, however, long be preserved "as the greatest curiosity I've yet seen." They are never to "see the light of other eyes," and are now dabbed and buried—"The follies of a Traveller."

But a word for Naples. The Italians have a saying—"see Naples and die." Indeed, it is worthy of the praise. There is no Bay like the Bay of Naples! no Islands like Capri and Ischia. There too are Lake Avernus; and the classic shores of Baiæ, where Cæsar and Cicero had their villas, and where Horace and Virgil loved to live, "amidst these scenes of gay delight." Then, bless my soul, what a climate! Think of *green peas* for dinner every day the year round! Yesterday I saw thousands of most beautiful and tender flowers; but, like a practical man, uniting the useful with the sentimental, I confess myself most affected at the sight of a cotton field, with the blossoms in *full bloom in December!* After all, Vesuvius and Pompeii are the great wonders of a visit to Naples. The whole world can find nothing to compare to the latter. There we have this luxurious City of the degenerate pagan Romans just as it stood eighteen centuries ago—streets, temples, houses, baths, shops, walks, gardens and all! And oh! my eyes! rare among the curious, there is a lady's toilet complete—even to the box of *Rouge!* But farewell to Naples.—I've strolled for the last time amidst the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and roasted my last eggs on the crater of Vesuvius!

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DEC. 15.—At Malta, a beautiful, neat town; but no chapter of it in the Palace, Castle Inn and Armoury of the Knights of St. John. The trophies, armor and weapons of warfare here bear no comparison to those in London or Madrid. The Bastionations, however, are vast and magnificent—superior even to those of Gibraltar. Here I had placed under my care by the American Consul a countrywoman, who excited no little admiration among all on board the steamer, Mrs. Hay, the niece of a former President (Madison,) who leaves the comforts and joys of home and friends, and with a little son, and a small adopted daughter, braves along the dangers of the deep, and goes as a Missionary Teacher to the shores of downtrodden Greece.

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DEC. 20.—Stop to spend a day at Smyrna, where two young Russian officers and myself, finding a French Steamer bound for the coasts of Asia Minor and Syria, suddenly change our course, and strike for the Holy Land. We see but little of Smyrna; that little, however, satisfied us. It is a large and important City, but devoid of beauty, except from the sea, whence it only dazzles to deceive. I visited the family of the North Carolina Missionary, Rev. J. P. Johnson, of Lexington, who seemed wonderfully delighted with my call, and *chaperoned* me every where I wished to go. Tells me I am the first citizen of North Carolina he ever saw in Smyrna! he has been there 12 years. At 5 P. M. we go on the Steamer, and such a sight! In the cabin we count nine or six Europeans, and on deck about 150 Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Ethiopians, and Jews, they too bound for Jerusalem, and our companions for ten days to come! However, we have concluded to hire an ass, and will have a fair chance for seeing and studying Orientalism.

DEC. 22.—Land and spend a day at Rhodes—a most interesting city—all in ruins, but filled with the architectural, arms, inscriptions, relics and trophies of the Knights of St. John, and of the crusaders.

DEC. 25.—Spend Christmas at the little village of Scandeloria, in the Port of Alepo and Pamassus. "Peace hospitable thoughts intent," we shed on him, we paid our respects to all the dignitaries and officials. We of course received with the marked respect due our rivers, and the great countries we represented; we treated time and again, hour by hour, to the everlasting chibouque, coffee and sherbet of the East. There being no American Consul, I called on one in the English, and found him a ridiculous—a fool, indeed, he might be, but owing to this makes universal infirmity of the Anglo Saxon race. No people in the world drink like the English, Irish, Scotch, and Americans. In all Southern Europe and Asia, I've seen only two drunken men—one Spaniard and one Greek. Through with our visits, one of the Russians and myself muster up two old guns and go hunting; but no game. The gazelle abounds here, but can only be caught with the gray hound. Late in the evening, return to the Steamer; indulge in a glorious dinner, and remember our country, our friends, and the fair.

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DEC. 30.—Sail from Beirut for Jaffa—are driven back by a steamer to Raifa near Acre—where the Russians and myself, joined by an Austrian, venture "to part company" with the pilgrims on board, and proceed by land to the Holy City. Failing to find hotel, house or hut fit to sleep in at the miserable village, we mount some Syrian ponies and go to Mt. Carmel, (a few hours off,) where we are most cheerfully and hospitably received by the Monks of the Convent; and are delighted with the splendid view from this sacred spot—all worthy of the miraculous display of divine power, in the issue between Elijah and the Prophets of Baal. The sea, the sites of Tyre and Sidon, the mountains of Lebanon, the hills of Samaria and Galilee, the plain of Esdraelon, and the vale of Sharon, all in one glorious panarama before us. Here too we met with the Coreb, or "Locust" tree, of the Scriptures, resembling the apple tree.

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JANUARY 4, 1853.—With the rising sun we enter the gates of the Holy City of Jerusalem—that city over which the Saviour wept, and which was once declared "the perfection of beauty." I hastened to the spots enumerated by the eye of Faith, as the scenes of so many sacred events—of the glory of Solomon, the lamentations of the Prophets, the sufferings of Christ, the preachings of the Apostles, and of the wisdom, the power, the mercy, and the wrath of God. First to the Mosque of Omar, where stood the "temple of the Lord,"—down the Via Dolorosa, along which the Saviour bore his cross; passing the pool of Siloam and over the valley of Jehosaphat, I entered the Garden of Gethsemane; and immediately above the Garden is the Mount of Olives, from the top of which the splendour of the city and surrounding scenes first broke forth in all their beauty. The Holy City, the Dead Sea, the mountains "beyond Jordan," the Desert of India, the wilderness of St. John, the valley of Jehosaphat, the barren rocks, the groves of Fig and Olive, Mt. Zion, the Tombs of the Kings, and a thousand other objects equally striking and interesting, all open upon the view. Late this evening I went to the Holy Sepulchre, where grief and sorrow weep for shame. The Convent built over this spot, so dear to the Christian, is virtually in possession of the Turks, who stroll through it smoking chibouques, whilst Greeks and Armenians disgrace the sacred relics with the most ridiculous and disgusting superstitions. But weary with the fatigues of the day, I retire gratified with the attainment of one of the long cherished objects of my life.—To morrow we go to Bethlehem, the Tomb of Rachel, and other places of sacred interest.

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JAN. 6.—To-day bid adieu to Palestine, with its wild, desolate mountains, its cool vales, its beautiful flowers and its verdant fields, so imposing now—what are they not in April or May? At 11 A. M. we set out from Gaza across the Desert for Cairo. Gaza is a rare old town—noted in Scripture, and particularly famous as the city of which Sampson "carried off the gates, bars and all." What is singular for a Turkish town, it has no gate even now.—Whilst our camels were loading, a procession passed by, which turned out a curious spectacle. It was a group of Arab women, all veiled and in black; next came a still larger group, veiled but in white. The latter formed a circle surrounding the former, when they set up the strangest possible "concord of sweet sounds," accompanied by clapping of hands, with all sorts of steps, hops, and jumps: yet a united movement in all their actions. The singing was plaintive, yet so rapid and in such time as to suit very well for dancing. I felt exceedingly like throwing "the light fantastic toe;" and *they* certainly did dance, and danced well too. Presently another procession, but entirely of men, came along, bearing a corpse, without a coffin, but well enough shrouded. Next to the corpse, was an aged man, supported on each side by other men; the former ("with hoary locks,") composedly smoking his chibouque.—This then was a funeral according to the custom of the Gaza Arabs. He with the chibouque, was the chief mourner and father of the deceased. They in black, were the female relations, rejoicing that he had gone to Paradise. As well as I could learn, their rejoicings are had only when males die, as it is doubtful if females are admitted at all in Mahomet's Heaven. Certain it is, while the men pray regularly five times a day, the women seem never to have any concern about religion—not having, as they supposed any soul to save. Indeed, throughout the East, some fatal belief has stamped them as worse than slaves. If love of admiration be (as has been said by some woman-hating author,) the ruling passion of the sex, here in the East they are never allowed to enjoy it—for no female can appear in public without being so utterly veiled as to prevent the view of a single feature. Heavens, too! such hideous veils, and awful "Bloomers" as the poor creatures are made to wear. To-day we all were oblig d to mount Camels—the Desert beginning at Gaza. When going slow the motion is easy, but sleepy"—fast, it almost jerks one to pieces. My "mare I" was a noble fellow, except that the mean old thing would, every now and then, lie down with me. Our departure from Gaza was quite imposing—numbering 12 Camels and a Donkey—bearing tents, chairs, beds and bedding, great barrels of water, sacks of coal, and coops of chickens and other fowls. We have an eleven days journey before us, and are in charge and keeping of seven Arabs, two dragomans, a cook, and four camel drivers.—Pitched our tent at 5 P. M.

JAN. 15.—Today for the first time the desert changed from the hills of sand to immense plains—all sandy sand and pebbles—we are evidently approaching the Nile. Saw numerous gazelles. One of our camels gave out. All shared greatly from heat this day. Travelled 16 hours, the guide once losing the paths.

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JAN. 17.—Rise at 1 and are off at 2 A. M., and by 10 A. M. are at the gates of Grand Cairo, where we change the Camels for Donkeys, (the fashionable mode of travelling here,) and gallop up to the British Hotel, all safe and sound. Am perfectly delighted with the Oriental character and appearance of Cairo. Stroll through the Bazaars, visit the Mosques, Baths, Citadel, &c.; all fine.

JAN. 18.—Am on my Donkey at 6 and off for the Pyramids, 4 hours ride. Cross the Nile; see the isle of Rhoda and Nilometer. Am in raptures with the richness and verdure of the Nile. The river, however, in size, bears no comparison to many of those in America. The Pyramids fully equal my expectations in the grand, wonderful and mysterious; but the Sphynx close by is a humbug. Ascend the great Pyramid and have a magnificent view of the Nile and Deserts. Return to Cairo; find some Americans and English arrived; go some papers to lodge in a native dinner of Turkish Arab and Hyppian dishes. Will be able to get a boat to descend the Nile in a few days, and meet the steamers at Alexandria direct for Europe. This has put me in a most comfortable humor.

JAN. 27.—Am again on European soil—land at Trieste, a beat Austrian Sea Port, with which I am much pleased. No where does one see a greater variety of costume and character, European, Asiatic and African. Am so much pleased with this German town, that I must return through Germany to Paris.

JAN. 29.—The English chaplain and myself, with our *valet de place*, start to see the sights of Venice. I've seen many cities, and towns innumerable; but in all my seeing, I've met with nothing to compare with the varied, dazzling, profuse richness and grandeur of this fairy city. Built upon the bosom of the Deep, strong and proud in the pride of her people, she has gathered the trophies won by her arms in every clime and in every age. No building in the world unites such a variety of Architecture, such a profusion of ornaments, as the church of St. Mark. It combines all the rarest beauties of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Alexandria and Constantinople. The Ducal Palace is not less remarkable, and the Piazza St. Mark has not its like on the Globe. And there is every kind of Statuary, and in all her paintings, she was happy in producing artists, who breathed the patriotic pride of her people. In all these, Venice ever stands forth as the emblem of might, grandeur, and beauty. See the master-piece of Titian, in which he has portrayed her as a Goddess, amidst the saints, breaking the bonds of oppression, and receiving the homage of subjugated kingdoms; rising the ocean, she sits on the Heavens, encircled by the virtues and crowned with victory. Ah! that I could have seen her in the day of her glory—"beautiful Venice, the pride of the sea." But she is shorn of her glory, and alas! how fallen!

JAN. 30.—To-day began the Carnival; and never did my eyes behold such sights as this rare old city now presents. She is fairly herself again. But "my gray goose quill" is unequal to the task of description.

THE CABINET.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Daily Times.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Feb. 25.

Gen. Pierce spent an hour to day with his sick friend, Senator Clemens. I have the best of reasons for saying that the Cabinet is made, and will not be altered, but the position of each person is not determined. The opinion prevails that it will stand thus:

MARCY—Secretary of State.
GUTHRIE—Secretary of the Treasury.
DAVIS—Secretary of War.
DOBBIN—Secretary of the Navy.
MCCLELLAND—Secretary of the Interior.
CAMPBELL—Postmaster-General.
CUSHING.—Attorney-General.

THE MAILS.

We have a letter of complaint from a subscriber at Friendship, Guilford Co., N. C.; stating that he cannot receive his papers either from Salisbury or Raleigh, under one week after they are printed. Friendship is right on the road between this place and Greensboro' and the stagers pass right by it every day. It is truly surprising that there should be such a failure. The Postmaster at this place informs us that no packages for Raleigh, even, are ever sent by the Hack line, much less for offices on the line of the upper route. A mail agent would do well to traverse this line and discover the delinquent Postmaster.—*Salis. Watchman.*

☞ The Washington Correspondent of the Petersburg "South-Side *Democrat*" draws the following graphic picture of the condition of things in the Federal City:

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 22, 1853.

They are still pouring in upon us. Hundreds arrive daily to participate in the division of the spoils. It makes me sick at heart to witness the eagerness with which men, apparently in every way qualified to earn much more than a livelihood in the pursuit of independent business, rush to clutch place under the government, as though under the impression that if they fail to fasten themselves on the treasury of the United States, they and theirs are doomed to starvation. Among them, I perceive the faces of all the veteran politicians of the party; the political wire-workers by trade, who, for many years past, have undertaken to shuffle and cut the cards at home, in every State in the Union, and in Washington, on such an occasion. They are well nigh all known to me personally, many of them having been in Congress within the last twenty or twenty-five years. I suppose that at this moment there are quite 100 ex-democratic members of Congress in Washington, all of whom have come hither either to beg offices for themselves or others.—They are a band of harpies, who are drawn together only by the smell of the prey which they have scented from a far off.

FOR THE REGISTER.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,
Feb. 26th, 1853.

WHEREAS, an all-wise Providence has seen fit to deprive our much esteemed member, Gen. J. C. B. Ehringhaus, of a life of usefulness and honor; and whereas, the duty devolves upon us, as members of the Philanthropic Society, to which he was attached, of entering upon our records some suitable testimony of our grief at the loss, which we, in common with a bereaved family and numerous friends, have sustained in the death of one alike respected for his talents and beloved for his virtues:—Therefore, be it,

Resolved, That we do offer to the relatives of the deceased, that hearty sympathy and sincere condolence which can only be offered by one afflicted heart to another.

Resolved, That, as members of the same Society, we do deeply lament our imparable loss.

Resolved, That, in token of our esteem for the memory of the deceased, we do wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

SOLOMON POOL,
ISAHIAH FEARING,
DANIEL McDOUGALD, } *Com.*

A PARTY IN ROME.—A letter from Rome says: "Miss Cushman and five other ladies, including Grace Greenwood, Miss Hosmer, the young sculptress—a funny little fellow, bright, wide awake, and short as pie crust—Miss Vaughan, Miss Hays, &c., are living together like the "Happy Family," in the *Corso*. Wicked wits call them the "strong-minded party." They have receptions every Wednesday evening."

MRS. HOWARD, the late mistress of Napoleon III, has been ennobled by the Emperor, who has purchased and made her proprietor of the village of Beauregard, near Versailles. She will bear the title of Countess of Beauregard.

THE MARKETS.

MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, P. M.—There was a better feeling at the stock board to-day. Sales of U. S. 6's 1867, 120¼. Canton 122¼; Erie 87¼; Nicaragua 34¼; Morris Canal 21; Erie Convertibles 91¼; Harlem 68; Norwich and Worcester 51¼; Stonington 50½; Cumberland Coal 55⅝; Cary Improvement 13½. Money stringent. Exchange on London 10¼ premium.

The flour is quiet and in favor of buyers.—Sales of 1500 bbls. state brands at $5.06a5.12, and 2500 southern at $5.41a5.62½. Rye flour $4.12. Corn meal $3.44.

Wheat is firm—sales 8000 bushels at 123a124 cts. for white; red 117a118 cts. Sales of 11000 bushels Corn at 63a66 cts. for mixed white and yellow. Oats 48 cts. Rye 90 cents. Cotton is firmer—sales 400 bales at a shade advance.

PETERSBURG MARKETS.

REPORTED DAILY FOR THE REGISTER.

Wholesale Prices Current.

Those buying by retail may expect to pay and advance on annexed quotations:—

TOBACCO—The market was more animated today. Decline last noted, was partially regained. Lugs have slightly advanced; we quote common leaf at 6a8 and good 10a12.

COTTON—Dull at 8½@8⅝ cents.

CORN—But little offering. We quote new at 55@60 cents.

WHEAT—Red 110@125; white 120@$131.

FLOUR—City Mills, 6¼@$6½.

BACON—Sales shoulders at 9@9½c., sides 10½ cents; Virginia hog-round 12½.

LARD—Western, in barrels, at 11½@12c.; kegs, 12½@13 cents; Virginia, 12½@13 cents.

BEEF—Mess beef, per bbl. $13@16. Nominal.

PORK—Mess Pork offering at $19.

FISH—No. 3, Mackerel $8½, and scarce; No. 1 North Carolina clipped, none; do. roe $6½; gross, $5; Nova Scotia, gross, $4@4½—scarce.

SALT—$1.75@$1.78 cents for fine; G. A. $125c.

GUANO—$40 @ 2000 lbs. Active demand.

PLASTER—Petersburg fresh ground, unpacked, $6 per ton; packed $7; northern $7½.

LIME—Thomastown $1.67½@$1.75c.

WILMINGTON MARKETS.

Turpentine—Since Tuesday morning last, about 640 bbls of Turpentine have been disposed of at $2.35 per bbl for Soft, and 2,05 a $2,10 per bbl for Hard.

Spirits Turpentine—100 bbls changed hands at 61 cts per gallon.

Rosin—No sales to report that we hear of.

Tar—100 bbls Tar (rafted in with a lot of Turpentine) were sold at $2,10 per bbl.

Timber—8 Rafts Timber were sold at prices ranging from 6 to $10 per M. according to quality.

Staves—16,000 R. O. Hhd. Staves were sold at $15 per M.

Rice—30 tierces of Rice, were sold by auction at 3½ cts per lb for whole, and 2 cts per lb. for half Rice.

Molasses—Sales of Molasses have been made at 19 cts, 90 days.

Groceries! Groceries!!

IN Store and for Sale, by W. H. & R. S TUCKER. A prime lot of Cuba Molasses; Fresh whole grain Rice; Crushed, Powdered, Clarified and Brown Sugars, by Bbl. or retail; Laguira, Rio and Java Coffees.

March, 1853. 19

WHITE Mercer Potatoes.
50 Casks Thomastown Lime.
Ground Alum and Liverpool Salt.
Gun and Blasting Powder.
Two Thousand feet Safety Fuse.
A lot of Short Handled Shovels for Railroading.
W. H. & R. S. TUCKER.

Wire Dish Covers.

ROUND AND OVAL.—Twelve sizes, from 6 to 20 inches—a most capital article to cover dishes of Butter, Meats, Milk, Sweet-meats, Cheese, &c., either in the pantry or on the table. Impervious to either flies or ants.

ALSO.—Bright or Planished Imperial Tin Raised Dish Covers, Round and Oval, in sets of 6 or 8, or singly.

For Sale by, H. D. TURNER,
N. C. Book Store.

Raleigh, March 1853. 19—

NEW NOVEL—By Mrs. Marsh, Castle Avon, by the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Ravenscliff" &c. Just published and for sale by
H. D. TURNER,
N. C. Book Store.

Raleigh, March 1, 1853. 19

NEW BOOK.—A Hero and other Tales, by the Author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c. For sale
At the N. C Bookstore.

Raleigh, March 1st, 1853. 19

GUN, LOCK-SMITH, AND BELL HANGER.

Charles Kuester,

WOULD respectfully inform the Citizens of Raleigh and surrounding country, that he has located permanently in Raleigh, and has opened a Shop on Wilmington Street, (in Dr. Cooke's brick-building,) where he will be found at all times, ready to execute any "JOB" in his line, in a style that shall not be surpassed by any other person, and the charges shall always be moderate. CALL AND SEE.

Raleigh, March 2, 1853. 1y-19

The Dew Drop.

A JOURNAL FOR YOUTH, published in Wadesborough, N. C., twice a month, by Franc. M. Paul, and edited by Franc M