

NEW BOOKS. We are indebted to W. T. Berry & Co. for the following new books, just issued from the press of STEINER & TOWNSHIP, New York.

THE REMAINS OF THE ART OF BEHAVING: For the use of Architects, Builders, &c. Edited by JOHN DILLON.

This is a very useful book and should be in the hands of every architect and draftsman. It is very neatly printed, and contains full and comprehensive details on the general principles of construction.

JAMES SCOTTS, OR THE KING'S ADVOCATE. By JAMES GRANT.

This is said, by the press, to be a very brilliant novel, written in a most spirited style and abounding in dramatic incidents. The London Literary Gazette says of it:

"This work will find a host of readers, and with good reason. It is a work of genius—full of interest, freshness, incident, sprightliness, depth and strength. To our thinking it is equal to Scott's Ivanhoe. As a picture of Scotland and Scottish life in the sixteenth century, it is not only grand, it is brilliant."

We are also indebted to the same house for the following works from the press of HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. CHAMBERLAIN. Edited by Rev. WILLIAM HANA.

This is a very valuable volume, containing as it does the cream of all the correspondence of that remarkable man, THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN.

THE RHETORIC OF CONVERSATION, OR BRIDLES AND SPURS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TONGUE. By GEORGE W. HARTLEY.

Great talkers and little talkers should provide themselves with a copy of this work. It will teach the former when to remain silent—a knowledge they need very much—and the latter when to speak.

REGULAR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE. WASHINGTON, Oct. 15, 1852.

Permit me in the first place to congratulate you on the election of my worthy and esteemed friend, one of you, to the office of principal clerk of the Senate of Tennessee.

It is a position of higher office, and I have no doubt will amply fulfill the duties of this. It is a reward of distinguished merit in the democratic ranks. To reward men so worthy of it is the true way to success as well as the dictate of principle.

You have seen Mr. GILBERT's circular to Collector BRONSON, published in the Union of the 8th, showing him a man of the right stamp in regard to proper feeling for men in the small as well as the larger office. It shows that he will not suffer Mr. BRONSON to oppress a portion of the democratic party, which he has denounced. Mr. BRONSON's own reformation has been so recent, that he was loathly called upon to be forgiving for his own sake, and charitable also. The publication of his own letters will remind others, however blind they may be himself of the pungent language of the Apostle:

"Thou therefore, that teachest another, teachest thou thyself? Then that preacheth a man should not be self-righteous. Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou eat sacrificial food? Thou that sayest, I am free from idols, dost thou eat things that have been sacrificed to idols?"

Here the chosen text is disclosed. What a model of democratic purity? He desires the Secretary of the Treasury to take out the public money—loan it to speculating bankers and brokers, upon the pretext of transferring funds from place to place. It seems that public plunderers, under whatever names they come, find to favor with the Secretary of the Treasury, or the President.

A letter of Col. Davis has appeared which is most correctly characterized in the following extract from the Union of this morning; together with the subjoined quotation therefrom from the National Intelligencer:

THE TRUCK CROWN SPIRIT—COL. DAVIS. The candid and impartial of all parties will be compelled to admit the frank, manly, liberal, and patriotic sentiments of Colonel Davis's letter to a friend in New York which we published two days ago. That letter is a model of clearness, precision, and common sense, and an unimpeachable authority in the spirit of the National Intelligencer, which is seldom lavished in the praise of democrats, makes the following liberal remarks on Colonel Davis's letter:

"There has been, as our readers know, a most desirable lack of candor in the course of some of the ablest champions of the democratic party, who have sought to record an instance of good faith among the chiefs in that political league, and on the part of one who certainly surrounded a large scale of individual opinion in any other gentleman who deposited on that platform, either principle or prejudice for party advancement. We mean the Hon. Jefferson Davis, and his case we commit to the personal introduction of our readers by name, because authorized to do so by his public declaration. His intention was conspicuous for his extreme opposition to the compromise measures, and for the tenacity with which he maintained that opposition. But he, with the body of his partisans in the South, hoping from the public danger to pluck the flowers of safety, subscribed to the Baltimore confession of faith. And now, when many of his peers who so lately swore eternal friendship to each other on the party platform at Baltimore, are thus arrayed against the platform, what ground does he hold? Why this:

"I am willing to live, as in other cases, to drop the inquiry into bygone opinions and associations, to adhere to the compact of 1852, to oppose disunion, to resist agitation, and to promote the harmony of the democratic party, as the best means of securing peace among the States and perpetuity to the Union. I will hold to the language of a true man, be he a democrat of any stripe, honorable to his party fidelity and to his patriotism."

The most recent news from Europe is not favorable to peace. The New York money market is stringent, and considerable failures have occurred of persons who have launched out into rash speculations. The abundance of money is occasionally as fatal as its scarcity.

We understand from reliable authority, says the Cincinnati Columbian, that the parties implicated in the Martha Washington conspiracy case, have all been indicted in Arkansas for murder in the first degree.

LETTER XLIX.

SYRINA, ASIA MINOR, 1852.

From the Holy Land—Voyage to Smyrna—Our Steamer Passenger—Smyrna—Islands of Cyprus—Islands of the Aegean—Smyrna—The Quarantine.

Like the Jews I always had, from the time I learned my catechism at the Sunday school, a strong desire to see with my own eyes the scene of Sacred History—to live and die, and be a citizen of that darling city was too great a privation—and I had no rest until the tour was accomplished. Now that I have visited all the Holy Places, and inquired sufficiently into their history, and seen the scenes which I have longed to see, I feel content, and thank my God that my day-dreams have been realized.

Something may be said to induce me to revisit the Holy Land, but the privations, dangers, and annoyances, that one must unavoidably encounter, will always incline me to live on the memory of the past.

From Beirut we embarked on the steamer Stamboul (belonging to the Austrian Lloyd line) for the city of Smyrna—having for our companion a young man, the Bishop of Jerusalem, (who is an intelligent Swiss), a number of Turkish officers, nine Americans and six hundred pilgrims. The deck was crowded to suffocation with a species of humanity, so where else to be seen, except in the Orient.

Most of them were Greeks and Armenians, besides many Turks and Persians, all mingled together in one great mass, looking more like pigs in a sty than human beings. They were returning from Jerusalem, where they went to pass the Easter Holidays. Nearly all of them had long tin boxes filled with miserable paintings of the Virgin and our Saviour, which they procured in the Holy City to carry home as mementoes. I was a little surprised to find some magnificent diamonds on the fingers of some who dressed shabbily, and lived for economy sake on nothing but vegetables. Indeed there are many of these creatures who appear perfectly destitute, and yet count their thousands.

Early the following morning we cast anchor in the Bay of Larnaca, the principal town on the island of Cyprus, where we remained several hours for the purpose of putting off sixty or one hundred pilgrims. Cyprus is the most easterly island of the Mediterranean, off the coast of Syria. In ancient times it was believed peculiarly the favorite abode of Venus—a fable originating probably in the voluptuousness of its inhabitants. The island is seventy leagues in length from E. to W., and thirty leagues in its greatest breadth; its circumference is one hundred and eighty leagues. It is traversed by two mountain ranges of considerable height, from which many streams descend—which once diffused verdure, and added to the beauty of the scenery.

Under a good government and proper cultivation, Cyprus would be a valuable island. It produces grapes in abundance, from which an excellent wine, known in the Levant as the Vinum Commaridum, is produced. The leather, madder for dyeing cotton, red opium, colocynth, soda, and other valuable articles to be found there. Leaving Cyprus we coasted the shores of Karamania, which are exceedingly barren and dreary, the hills rise abruptly from the sea, and are cultivated only here and there in small patches of very straggling Greece. This part of Asia Minor is very thinly populated, and considered unsafe to travel through, on account of the roving banditti that infest all that region.

Early in the morning of the fourth day we reached the city of Rhodes, situated on the northeastern extremity of the Island of Rhodes, and celebrated both in the annals of ancient and modern history. The inhabitants of the island obtained the sovereignty of the sea in early times by their superior knowledge of maritime affairs and navigation, and were conspicuous for their learning and the fine arts. It is better known at the present day as the residence of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the theatre of one of the most heroic defenses on record. The island is about 30 miles long, 18 broad, and 140 in circumference. The coast is indented with gulphs and winding bays, well protected by bold promontories. The soil was originally extremely fertile, but has been so much neglected of late years that it no longer bears that appearance. Rhodes, the chief town, is defended by massive fortifications and large square towers. It is no longer a place of importance—it is a ruined city, gloomy and deserted, the houses are chiefly of stone, and many of them uninhabited.

Several remains of the works of the knights are still to be seen in tolerable preservation. The streets of the knights is straight and well paved, and some of the houses retain the armorial bearing of the knights, sculptured on the wall over the doors. The Captain of the Stamboul pointed out to me the two rocks upon which stood the great Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world, erected in honor of the sun, and dedicated to Apollo, to whom the whole island was consecrated. These two rocks, which are situated at the entrance of one of the harbors, are stretched to fifty feet asunder, and the statue tall enough for ships to pass between its legs. Judging from the eye, the distance appears to be greater. The Colossus was from 105 to 150 feet in length. Fifty years after this wonderful monument was the work of Chares, the disciple of Lysippos. Fifty six years after its construction it was thrown down by an earthquake. It is said to have been the labor of twelve years, and to have cost 300 talents. It remained where it fell for 900 years, till A. D. 672, when Maomvis, the Sixth Caliph of the Saracens, sold the brass to a Jew, who carried it off, loading 900 camels with its remains. No scholar can reflect upon the past history of this little island, and view its present condition without a feeling of sadness and regret. But such is the history of the world; the greatest works of man must pass away, and vanish forever, while the immortal creations of God stand the shock of ages, reminding us of our own weakness.

Quitting a number of small islands skirt the shores of Asia Minor in the vicinity of Rhodes; Stamboul and others lie near the track of the steamers. All is desolation upon them, nothing presents itself to relieve the eye but barren rocks, and an occasional hut of some poor Greek.

The island of Samos next attracted our attention. It is known as the birthplace of Pythagoras, and is the birthplace of the painter, and several other distinguished characters. Herodotus here sought refuge from persecution, and composed the first books of his history. The modern Samonites were the first to join in the Greek insurrection, and they massacred or drove the Turks out of the island, and which they put in a state of desolation.

The island of Sio was in ancient times called Chios, and considered the paradise of the Levant on account of its natural fertility, beautiful scenery, extraordinary verdure, and the richness of the soil. The Sioites also participated in the Greek revolution. In 1822 the whole island was desolated by confiscation, plunder and death. The females were sold as slaves, the men and male children massacred, and many of the principal merchants hung. Thirty thousand were passed through the custom house as slaves, and of the 120,000 souls who composed the population but 900 remained, all of which were swept away by the pestilence which followed. The island has improved much of late years, and recovered, to some extent, its former importance. "Ion the tragic poet, Theopompus, the historian, who flourished in the time of Philip of Macedonia; Theocritus, the sophist; and Metrodorus, the philosopher and physician, were natives of Chios, which is also one of the spots which contend for the honor of having given birth to Homer."

Passing through the St. Sio we soon entered the beautiful gulf of Smyrna, which is thirty-three miles long, and from five to fifteen broad, it is encompassed with high mountains clothed with verdure, and has numerous headlands and islands intervening between the entrance and the lower. It was exceedingly rough when we entered the gulf, and the mist obstructed the view very much, but I could see enough to convince me that it merited all the praise bestowed upon it by ancient and modern writers. Yesterday, under the guidance of a pilot, we entered the harbor, and the market since then has been dull and depressed, particularly for the lower grades, which constitute the greater portion of the supply at present we need. For most articles of Western Produce there is a fair enquiry, but the stocks generally are too insignificant to admit of any very extensive transactions. Sugar and Molasses are dull, and the Tobacco market quiet, but firm grades.

Corros—Arrived since the 7th inst. in Louisiana and Mississippi 7363 bales, Tennessee 40, Arkansas 21, Montgomery 307, Mobile 111, Florida 129, Texas 345, together 8197 bales. Cleared in the same time for New York 207 bales, Boston 44, Barcelona 111, Genoa 247, together 2029 bales. Stock in press, and on shipboard not cleared on the 11th inst., 38,700 bales.

After one or two days of fair activity our market was again quiet, but it is not so much as it was some ten or twelve days ago. The market is now in a state of depression, and the stocks are generally low. The market is now in a state of depression, and the stocks are generally low. The market is now in a state of depression, and the stocks are generally low.

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COMMERCIAL.

From the New Orleans Price Current, 12th Oct.

ROMANA on the Market for the Past Three Days. The market for the past three days has been very quiet, and the prices are generally low. The market is now in a state of depression, and the stocks are generally low.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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BOOKS, &C.

The Great Cities of the World. By a middle-aged man. Uncle Sam's Palace. The Being King. Philosophy of Mysterious Agents.

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STATIONERY.

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