books! Who would expect—save in the sterling vegetation of tropical climes, or under the perennial beach of Favonian calms—who would expect, I say, to find the blossom and fruit blending "in social embrace on the self same bough?" It is an more to be expected in the social than in the natural order of things. As mankind had settled upon a zone zone of clime, in the political world; so they were led to adopt new sentiments, new principles, and consequently new modes of government and policy. The chemistry of the universe—the selection, the sorts and the blues chemistry of the nations, were necessarily transformed; and by no event was that place more peculiarly circumscribed than by the preachings of the hermit, and the call of the crusader, echoed from tower and battlement—from lofty and shrive. The benefits of the crusades may not have been as extensive as some enthusiasts have thought and maintained. But no sed the story of those days without the prejudices of time and the influences of mode, no man can rationally contest the civilizing tendencies of the bringing of Europe against the East. At a time when the communications of trade had not been internationally established; when journey-endures and slow, exposed the traveller to all the dangers of savageness and plunder; no impulse among the masses, as had, could have moved men enough to hurl the ardent and enthusiasting zeal, which led the believer to wend his weary way to the consecrated places of the East and there tender the confession of divine mercy on the very spot ancient which they were held more specially to linger. Many and enduring had been the animosities of races, which were softened and dispelled in the relations induced by the transit and mission of individuals of various countries, banded for the common weal and linked together by the sympathies of a common faith.

How many prejudices of habits, morals and characters were dispelled by this far-off visit to the Idumean land! But knowledge, above all, was more widely disseminated through the line of those who turned from nations to nation, from hamlet to hamlet, the story of what had struck their observation and excited their minds to new ideas and new fights. Who can, in the present, fully value at the present day, the remnants of antique civilization which the crusades transmitted to Europe? The first soldiers of the cross, who visited Arabs and Greece, forgotten of the hardships of the way, and the horrors of war, dwelt on the recital of the wonders which they had seen and heard. The still lingering reminiscences of Grecian poetry, eloquence and art; the peculiar manuscript and the Byzantine time-piece—the learning of Arabs and its rudiments of science—all were introduced in the West on the path-ways of the returning pilgrim or disbanded crusader. They had wended their heroic way in quest of God; and from His shrine they returned with the trophies of science and art, which teach us to revere the Divine Power with a deeper and holier awe! The seeds which these crusaders, in pursuing the pursuing of matters, did move, in something less than two centuries, to carry mankind on its onward course, then had done the Rome of the Brutus and the Cæsar, through a succession of seven hundred years of useless violence and bloody glories. Indeed, literature, science, legislation, government, and even the social circle, which they involve, were all more or less favorably affected by the appeal to the chivalry of Christendom. In the schools of the monasteries, the dialectics of Aristo and Aristotle were taught and applied. Men accustomed themselves to the conflicts of thought, like unto an intellectual tournament; and nothing could be more salient or enchantic than to contest that freedom of discussion with many of the mental exhibitions of the darker ages, or half-darkness are sometimes pleased to term one of the most astonishing periods of the history of the human mind. Indeed, in the prevalence of the baronial power, in the almost exclusive pursuits of war, in, if I may so term it, the enthusiasm of mere intellect, these were the only objects in which the mind could, at that time, have been engaged: nor were they unattended by intrinsic advantages and healthy results. In the vortex of the seemingly polite controversies of the day, in the midst of which skepticism shrouded its philosophical doubts, questions of an opposite and more practical character were daily growing up for future debate and future solution.

But not to the abstraction of the schools were those influences confined. Curiosity, that peculiar feature of the mind, the parent of great discoveries, drew the attention of Europe to the stock of knowledge transferred from Arabs; but particularly to the mathematical sciences, the secret of prolonging life, the magnetic riches, and consequently the means attainable to read the secrets of the future on the frontlet of the blazing star; and the transmutation of metals was pursued through the experiments of a most indefatigable alchemy; while the search, after the marvellous panacea that should forever wind up the springs of life, was another prominent object of human pursuit. And now what were the results of these really practic inquiries? Truth came out of the wave of error; and under the fire of sceptic ridicule, the crucible was realized in the splendors of astronomy; the experiments of the seekers foretold the ground for the science of chemistry; and the attempts of empytics centered in the low questionable blessings of the healing art. Saleranus founds the first celebrated medical institute, on the principles of the Arabic school—mathematics, astronomy and chemistry, which had once been numerous, and which, though now fallen, though these influences of the crusades, disseminated over Europe and made the objects of regular and useful establishments. It is a strange feature, gentlemen, in the efforts of this strange period of the annals of mind, that all the more useful discoveries sprang out of the gropings of error or the over-dreamings of the mind. Alimony, in his attempts at an elixir of life, brings forth some of the most salutary results in modern pharmacy. Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus, the former in his brazen head, the latter in his automaton, designed to speak the oracles of fate, produce specimens of curiosity, scarcely realized by human science and which surpassed a knowledge and application of mechanics in their most subtle forms. Even Columbus himself cannot escape the influences of the age. Not satisfied with merely a new route to the Indies—the wealth of a fantastic Cipango, with its new world, which he sought with so much genius and toil. These efforts lead to the discovery of the symbolical Eden, fondled by the primal fall. Satisfied with his late achievements, he writes to his royal patron that he is on the track of the great rivers, flowing from the mountain-head of Eden; that the lands, that he has revealed to the world must, as they are higher up the slopes of earth, hold in their summits a portal atmosphere, in which nature is undiminished perfection and life unending time!

But less contestible than these hallucinations of genius, is another influence of the Crusades, which must be admitted by all, convenant with the progress of human letters. You, no doubt, have anticipated my words, and mentally reverted to their bearing on Literature—particularly that of the South and West of Europe. Taking up her cross in a pathway closing with glorious recollections, she entered the soil of Old Latium, in the train of Pilgrims and Knights. The day on which Letter came from the sanctuaries of the East, to gather around the hearth-stone of the West, under the bright skies of Italy and France—the former the Foster-Mother, the latter the Eldest-born, of Modern Civilization—the human mind received a mighty impetus, and a higher hope of Freedom rose over the Feudal Lord, so far at least as the Romantic Spirit, the invading propensities of the Northmen—the conquering rapacity of the Roman stock—the long and all but vain struggle extend into against the Eastern dynasties—all these were so many fruitful elements of an unpolished, but enlarged and vigorous, Literature. Before the Knightly tent, or round the camp-fires, the Greek Poet, not unmindful of his ancestral clime, had sung of the high deeds of Iskander, invested with the magic of fairy, by the wonder-loving spirit of the Orient. The German minstrels had told the Epics of the Scandinavian Scenes—the exploits of the Nicblungen of the Father-Land. The Norman glee-man dowered his own race with the deeds of the Roman Brutus; and the English bard trolled the ballads of Merry England; while the Troubadour of gay Provence crowned his musicalers of love to some fair lady, or, in a keener cadence, lashed the laggard Knight, to the rescue of the Holy Land. In that Literature, beyond question the offspring of the Middle Ages, and the wealth of which is known to those only who have delved deeply into it, Antiquity reappears, like a phantom of the past, wrapped in a romantic shroud. Erudition is changed into Poetry—Poetry performs the office of Chronicles—Chronicles pass into Allegories—and Allegories merge into Philosophy. The warlike spirit of the Germanic tribes are turned into Epics; and the Traditions, buried under the shadows of Dodonic aisles, are summoned back into existence by the minstrel's voice. Thanks to these influences, Intellect controls the Middle Age of Human History;—Intellect, acknowledging the great law of transformation and progress, achieves a unity of doctrine, morals and laws—a task which, with the exception of the Jew, the King-people had vainly attempted to perform, through the brutal impulses of war and conquest. The Pantheism, from which Christianity, in her withering rebukes, had frowned away the splendid tenantry of man-made Gods, presumes to usurp for the divinity of mind. The steps of the Capitol once more acknowledged their wonted triumphs; and Rome—Christian Rome—on the very spot where illustrious conquerors had once been crowned, laurels the homes of Literature—the real conqueror of undying fame; for well does she know that Eloquence and Song, and their sister Arts—the goodly progeny of Genius—are the legions which have a second time given her the mastery of the world!

But hark! a distant crash echoes on the ear, heralding the dawn of the brilliant galaxy of discoveries which constituted the close of the Fifteenth and the course of the sixteenth centuries. An empire has fallen in the East; or rather, a shadow and a ruin—the shadow of the Byzantine empire—the last ruin of Greece! The remains of Grecian letters and Grecian science, struggling for eight hundred years against the following of the Kalifs, driven from their consecrated shrines, and, like the wrecks of Rome and its household gods, scattered over the seas, still for the refuge of happier climes. Illustrious guests, welcome! Fifteen centuries did the West abide your coming! Homer, Plato and Demosthenes, welcome! A strange and mysterious art—the art conservative of all arts—awaits you, to carry your awakened tones to the extremities of Europe. Nay, see! the bark of the daring Genoese, before which the compass has leveled the ocean and the boundaries of earth recede, shall waft your pushaunous fame

"To shores that echo further west,
Than poet sires' islands of the blest,"

the chasm of an hemisphere unrevealed by your genius, though shadowed in your dreams, perchance—a hemisphere destined to be the dwelling place of higher freedom than yours, and the cradle of a civilization which passes the best speculations of your plastic minds!

But though the dwelling place had been found and the cradle prepared, still the mind of the people were not yet. In the vigorous line of Dante, a period of Iron old expires—the popular lion crouched in his slumbers, till the hour that should rouse him to shake off his shackles, "like dew drops from his mane"! And behold the hour has come which heralds the epiphany of true freedom upon earth! The last oscillations of the forward movement, given to the progressive march of mind, through the last three centuries which followed the mediæval period, resulted in the independence of our favored land! With the sun of ideas hoarded during that period of stern experience, our forefathers purchased our political emancipation. Equally familiar with what antiquity had taught, or Christianity inspires, they drew from this treasured source a daring love of freedom and a unusual austerity of virtue! Warmed by the revived reminiscences of Athens, Sparta and Rome, in their love of country they established political government upon a new principle—the representative sovereignty of the people—and rested the authority of their laws on the moral power, the only power, I have already said, which can justify the hopes of endurance. More fortunate than the other nations of earth—if the middle ages have proved a curse to the world—we have no inheritance of a middle age pressing upon our fresh and unjaded energies. Our country was free at the very hour of its birth. No mental habit of bondage—no lingering spirit for the past—trammeled the vigor of its first efforts or unnerved the fruits of its brilliant victories. Born with freedom, toleration and intelligence at once, we were successfully armed against every species of barbarism. Our heart, if not our object, recollections are those which sanctume round the cradle of our independence and its glories; and, overstepping the infancy allotted to nations, as well as men, we reached at once the majority of political truth, rich with the treasured experience of ages and expanding reason of mankind. But, as we have avoided all the errors, and participated in many of the blessings of the past, shall we not also share in the responsibilities of the future? As our voice once appealed to civilized society to assert their rights, shall we not, by the same means that championed ours, continue to example to the world how they are to be maintained? In the great concert of freedom, in the sublime concert of intellect, shall we not ever stand in the pound attitude, and with the noble convictions, of our youth?

To you, free sachem, fledging your plume for a future seat of sachdom, perhaps of fame, from this cycle of knowledge and of virtue—to you, young lovers of the intellect, whom the olive wreath, the old mother of civilization, the nurse of genuine arts, is about to restore to society as living concrete of humanity—in the commerce of mankind as it sanctifies of its progress—these questions appeal with high and peculiar solemnity! Your course of duty has been well laid here, and I adjure you, gentlemen, falter not in that course! Be faithful, I charge you, to the religion of virtue, of knowledge and of truth! Devote each, *pro virili* parte, the powers and the mind, fostered here, to the enlargement and diffusion of those principles, under whose stringent generations must come to stalk upon generations, like weary and haggard phantoms, when the great family of mankind, more fortunate than its early legislator, shall, after centuries of wanderings over a moral wilderness, rest in their intended sphere of happiness! You will be assailed by the lawless language of skepticism, be warned by a friendly voice. They will tell you that the world is too old for change—that man is a creature, disinherited of all, but vain illusions and fleeting dreams. They will invoke the voices of the past—they will summon up the very shadows of those dark ages—to mock the Savior of your hopes! But you will scorn the base suggestions and send the dizzy sophistry, Love, not, not so much with the thought of what is, as of what is to be and what will be to-morrow. To-morrow, the parent of all that seems in the odyssey of human existence! In your expiations of a yet untried life, you will pattern by the example of the great discoverer of worlds. "*Il sade nonchier, presentior di regni,*" the rugged pilot, prominent of realms, as he was called in injurious verse, led by the spirit of the divinity of the world, launches his bark on oceans unexplored. It plunghs the startled deep, and a still receding infinity of waters lave the distant keel. The shadowy land of yesterday, in the morning, fades into a mocking cloud—the hope of the noon-tide hour vanishes with the waning twilight;—the wondering sea-bird, that brought the lating hope, stretches off on its accustomed wing, and the fitful breeze meets away. The mockery of jealous foes, and, keener still, the sneers of lukewarm friends, gather around his high spirit and shout "return, return!" But he with cull still best, with spare crest, and with helm unchanged, looks to the heaven of his aspirations—invokes "the divinity shining within him," and whispers them "to-morrow, yet to-morrow!" And soon enough the morrow comes and brought forth a fresh and unwithered wreath to crown the eagle instincts of genius, and to image, with our own liberties, the future destinies of mankind!

The Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
Of the Council of the Second Municipality.

NEW ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1850.

☞ **Second Congressional District.**—We are authorized to announce Col. T. G. HUNT, as a candidate to fill the vacancy in this District occasioned by the appointment of the Hon. C. M. CONRAD to a seat in the Cabinet.

After October 1st we shall publish the Receipts of Produce, and by the commencement of the business season, we shall introduce a number of improvements in the commercial department.

Impositions on Newspapers.—That excellent paper, the Boston Transcript, contains a sensible article on this subject, from which we make a short extract. Its justice will be admitted by all, and we intend from this time out to live up to its principle. The man who advertises in our paper does so because it is his interest to do so. We are very much obliged to him, but the favor is reciprocal, and the advantage mutual. He gets the worth of his money and we get the worth of the room. Why should we be asked to throw in newspapers whenever it suits our customers to require them? We might as well walk into his store and select such articles as please our fancy. From this day *no paper will be given away in this office.* To steamboats, and outward bound vessels, we shall willingly furnish files, because they bring us foreign papers. This is an exchange, not a gift:

"We guaranty a paper every day to each subscriber, and make good all 'short comings' of our carriers, but nothing further. All extra papers must be paid for when taken, or they will be refused. A newspaper is the article we deal in; it is manufactured for sale, and those who wish it must purchase it, in the same manner as other articles of merchandise are purchased. We mean to make it worth the small sum demanded. If it is worth calling for it is worth paying for. No man thinks of going into a grocery store and duplicating his daily articles of purchase without making compensation; and no man should do so in regard to a newspaper, which has become an article of prime necessity. This is sober truth, if it is bluntly told. We honestly intend to give each of our patrons all we agree to, and we should not be required to do more."

Prof. Dimitry's Lecture on the Philosophy of History will amply repay the reader. It is a production well worthy the high reputation of the eloquent orator and ripe scholar. We know not that it would be proper for us to invite particular attention to any portion of it, as throughout it is replete with most profound thought and eloquent passages. From beginning to end, then, we recommend a careful perusal of it.

Missouri Elections.—In the Third Congressional District, Miller (whig) is elected over Green (dem.) by a majority of 12 votes. In the Fifth District, Phelps (Benton democrat) is elected over Woodson (whig) by a majority of about 2000 votes. In the Fourth District, the contest between Bowman (whig) and Hall (anti-Benton) will be very close.

The Portuguese Benevolent Association, held their annual meeting yesterday, elected officers, and had a sumptuous repast. They passed the Crescent office, with their fine music, and their national flag draped in black.

Every nation has its glorious memories, and Portugal is not wanting in such. That flag was the first which fluttered in the spicy airs of "that sweet Indian sea" which spread out before the enraptured gaze of the fearless and skillful mariner, as he overcame the dangers of the Cape of Storms. The discovery of the passage to the East by sea, not only was the origin of that great power, modern Commerce, but it was the greatest check to the inroads of the Mahometan Power. Just at the time that the Turks had captured Constantinople, and threatened Europe, the Portuguese broke in upon the far East, and called off a portion of their strength to protect their possessions in that remote region. The voyage of Gama is second only to that of Columbus, and the name of the Portuguese Prince deserves to be united with that of Isabella.

"With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, laboring round the *stormy Cape*:
By hold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade; the genius, then,
Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For life ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince; who, Heaven inspir'd,
To love of useful fame roused mankind;
And in unbounded Commerce mixed the world."

We are under obligations to the officers of the steamships Globe and Maria Burt, and of the steamers Mohawk, Fanny Smith, Iowa and Lowndes, Jr. for late papers.

The Falcon, for Havana, Chagres and New York, will leave on Wednesday, the 28th inst., at nine o'clock A. M.

The steamer Pizarro arrived at New York on the 15th inst., seven days from Havana. The Count and Countess de Alcoy were passengers.

For the Crescent.

Candidate for Congress.

Messrs. Editors—It is generally understood that the democratic party will run a candidate at the approaching election for a Representative in Congress from the Second District. Many gentlemen of good qualifications, belonging to the whig party, have been suggested, and their claims urged by their respective friends, but we have found after closely observing the indications of the public feeling on the subject for the last week, that no one of them seems to be generally acceptable to his own party. We have therefore been induced to ask for a brief space in your independent and impartial journal to urge the claims of the mercantile portion of the community to have the member of Congress from this pre-eminently commercial District for once. We think the claim will meet with almost universal acquiescence, when we present the name of a gentleman who will come as near giving satisfaction to all men, and all parties, as any in the District. We suggest the name of CHARLES M. WATERMAN, Esq., who has been reared in this community from boyhood and is a merchant and practical business man has no superior, and but few equals in this city. He has been one of the most active, untiring and effective men of his party in this city for a number of years past, and for the last five years, we may assert without the fear of contradiction, that while he has been courteous, conciliatory and liberal towards his opponents, to a degree which has secured for him their respect and admiration, no one individual has contributed more to the promotion and success of the whig cause. Mr. Waterman is a young man, but he is none the worse for that. The Constitution of the United States declares that he has been eligible for the last five years. His talents are of the very best order for usefulness. He is emphatically a working man; and though he might not spend quite as much of the public time and money in making speeches for "Honcomble" as some others, he would probably do ten times the real service to his District and the country at large. We, therefore, respectfully request that he will allow his name to go before the Convention, shortly to be assembled to nominate a candidate; and we urge his claims upon the people as a man of genuine business qualifications of the highest order.

MANY VOTERS OF THE SECOND MUNICIPALITY.

Messrs. Soulé, Douglass and Foote.

The Union of the 14th inst. contains a full report of the debate of these gentlemen on the amendment of Mr. Turney to limit the Southern Boundary of California at 36 30.

Mr. Soulé revived the argument we thought Mr. Webster had refuted, that the public lands within a territory pass to the new State, unless specially provided for. Mr. Soulé plumed himself on his victory over Webster and Douglass! and cited as a fact to prove his argument unanswerable, that Mr. Douglass had offered an amendment to that effect, but which he (Mr. S.) said did not reach the object intended. He spoke with much violence of the injury and disgrace inflicted on the South by the admission of California with her present boundary, which was the enactment of the Wilmot Proviso in the most offensive manner:

"Now, I ask the Senators who compose the majority, through whose votes this measure is to pass—I ask them if they think that the people of the South will long brook and endure such concessions? Do they suppose that they will quietly submit? Then truly would those masters of slaves deserve to be kicked out of the Union, if, I say, not so to a condition where to submit to degrees were prudence, and to be contemptible a necessity."

Mr. Douglass replied by saying that his amendment had been offered before Mr. Soulé had made his first speech. It was copied from the act for the admission of Arkansas, and as yet that State had not discovered itself to be the owner of the public lands within its boundaries.

He had offered it simply because some Senators had desired it, so as to remove all doubt—just as in Court he would consent to amend pleadings, rather than waste a day on an immaterial point.

Mr. Soulé having expressed a willingness to vote for the bill if the boundaries were altered, Mr. Foote said:

I did not rise to detain the Senate, but to state my own attitude in regard to the matter. I shall vote for the honorable Senator's amendment, although I have little hope of its being carried. I fear it is now too late to effect the object which the honorable Senator seems so earnestly to desire. He must know that when the Adjustment bill was before the Senate, if he had conferred with me, yourself, (referring to Mr. King,) and others, a most happy state of things would have been accomplished, and the object which he now seeks so ardently would have been attained. If it shall be not now attained, the honorable Senator from Louisiana (Mr. Soulé) is more responsible than any other man who belongs to this body. I trust that when the responsibility is enforced upon all those, whether from the North or South, who have obstructed the adoption of such a change of boundary as now proposed, the honorable Senator from Louisiana will be prepared to meet his share of it, as I have no doubt he will, with manly resolution. I will again assure him that in my judgment his burden of responsibility will be heavier than that of any other man on this continent. I shall vote for the Senator's amendment without the least hope of carrying it, but with the firm conviction that unless I do so I shall be false to the honorable Senator from Louisiana (Mr. Soulé) had not so much indulged his pride of opinion, (I say this with no feeling of disrespect, nay, with no any intimation to wound his sensibilities at all,) when I applied to him in a proper spirit of compromise and conciliation, to aid me in procuring the change of boundary which he now urges, and which he seems resolved to attain only by appeals to be supplied from his own fertile intellect, the southern boundary would have been reformed by the Adjustment bill, which would have passed, and the country would have been quieted, and the exciting questions which have so long disturbed our peace would all have been settled for ever.

When the South shall discover that a satisfactory modification of the southern boundary line of California would have been attained if her own Senators upon this floor had harmonized in action, I doubt exceedingly whether the mere admission of California, under such circumstances, by the North, will be so likely, as the honorable Senator seems to suppose, to awaken feelings of indignation and uncontrollable resentment in the breast of Southern men. The honorable Senator speaks of the South being wholly unwilling to submit to the enactment, if adopted. What does he mean? Does he mean to intimate, upon the part of the South, one in part, a determination to resist the law? It must have meant something. The honorable Senator never speaks without meaning; and what is that meaning? Does he mean to assert that if the law will be adopted—after we shall have done all we could legitimately and properly do to defeat it—the South, or any portion of it, will undertake to resist this enactment with force? Does the honorable Senator mean to advise. I have heard him declare heretofore that, no matter what enormities of legislation might occur, he, for one, would make submission a duty. I do not know what his language may be, or my ears, sounds very differently. Now I understand the honorable Senator to counsel disunion—to admonish the Southern people that if the Union is to remain united, it is to resist, by armed violence, an act of Congress which he admits to be constitutional in its character—for he is willing to vote for the bill to the law with its territorial limits, and yet he says he is sanction admits the constitutionality of it. The Senator has uttered language of menace, and says that if this bill becomes a law, the South will not submit, and ought not to submit. He has said that to submit to such a law would be disgraceful. The honorable Senator and myself differ materially. Thank God, I am no secessionist. Thank God, I am not a disunionist. Thank God, in one sense I am a submissionist. I am, and always have been, and I trust I always shall be, willing to submit to any constitutional enactment adopted by the Congress of the Union which does not amount to gross aggression. And I furthermore say, sir, that, in my opinion, it will not be disgraceful for the South to submit to any law which would pass this Senate. It would be disgraceful and unpardonable on the part of the South to utter the language of resistance to such a law. I should regret very much to see California come in with a mutilated territory. Sooner than that I have the consolation to know that it will not be my fault. I shall vote against the admission of California, according to the boundary she has chosen, and I intended to do so a month and distinct measure. But if California shall be admitted, I shall never counsel resistance, and I shall be prepared to meet the consequences. I shall be prepared to denounce the secessionists—to make every sort of opposition to those men who dare to raise their arms against the government for the purpose of constructing for themselves what they deem to be constitutional. I am sorry to hear such language, sir. If the honorable Senator meant what he seemed to mean, I must tell him that, in my judgment, he will not find in any portion of his own State, I care not where he may hail from, I know that State as well as he does; and he will not find a man who would see men will agree with him. This he knows, or is bound to know.

Mr. Soulé replied and disclaimed having used the language imputed to him, and repeated substantially what we have already quoted. Mr. Foote in his reply became for the moment, involved with Mr. Butler of S. C. Having settled that matter, he returned to Mr. Soulé.

Mr. FOOTE. The honorable senator from South Carolina rose for explanation, and I gave him that privilege. I now, sir, I commenced what the honorable senator from Louisiana said this morning with the circumstances of the hour, with the express purpose in progress in different parts of the country, and I said that when the Senate of Louisiana to declare that the South would not submit to this law, I could not understand him otherwise than as intending to declare on the part of the South, I say, at least as much as the Senate has said, and so far as his admonitions can be effectual there, a determination either to break up the Union by secession, or to resist, with armed force, if Congress should enact a constitutional act of Congress; and the senator cannot get out of the predicament in which he has involved himself. Either the act of Congress, which he says he is not to be submitted to, in other words will be resisted in the Union, or is to be defeated by secession; otherwise the law will be obeyed. It will not do for the gentleman to undertake to say that I have been unjustly quoting him. It will not do for him to charge me with what he calls "strategy" in debate, by means of which I have endeavored to obtain a statement from the Senate that did not intend to express. Happy for the country, his words were too plain to be misunderstood. Why, sir, I have not quoted the strongest language yet. A friend near me has just furnished me with the very words, and informs me that he said that if the slave-holders of the South submitted to such an enactment as this, they would deserve to become slaves themselves. I quote the exact language used by the Senator. Sir, with great respect, I say (ha) this is the language of sedition.

The PRESIDENT. Order!

Mr. FOOTE. It is not the constitutional language then.

The PRESIDENT. The Senator will confine himself to the subject before the Senate.

Mr. FOOTE. I am endeavoring to my judgment it is unconstitutional language. It is the language of resistance. It is language well calculated, if diffused through the country, to impel multitudes in certain portions of the confederacy, whether it intended or not. I say again, that the whole Union have either to submit to this bill, if it shall become a law, or resist it, and the strong language used by that Senator can bear only the interpretation I have fixed upon it. What does the Senator say in reply? He calls my speech a "wound he philippic." I did not think of pronouncing a philippic for two reasons. First, I am not capable of pronouncing a philippic, being no Demosthenes; and, secondly, I saw no filling here that I could by possibility assail. Upon these grounds, I hope it will not be recognized as a "wound-he philippic;" though I doubt not that the Senator from Louisiana, after all the scenes he has passed through during this session, may have recognized himself in some such magnificent personage as Philip of Macedon is reported to have been.

The PRESIDENT. The Chair has spoke the necessity of declaring the Senator to be out of order.

Mr. FOOTE. I do not know how else to understand the Senator's language; and in deference to the decision of the Senator said, I was endeavoring to account for the only reasonable foundation for his imagining that my speech was a philippic.

Sir, I must assure the honorable Senator, that he will I differ very materially in regard to one thing. I deem it an unmitigable moment to employ such language as we have heard here. I believe it is a well calculated to do serious mischief, and certainly cannot do any good. If I were in occasions and places where it would be more appropriate, in the southern portion of my country such language was formerly used most thunderingly—I mean in times long past and now times for bad purposes. That sort of speech which we have heard this morning would, in my judgment, have sailed one of the Monmouth county, or Old Bob Ready of Dayton, Mr. Chevalier, and Marat. I wish to inform the gentleman that, in my opinion, there is nothing of what he calls a crisis at the present hour which would justify him in making the declarations which he did, in uttering the language of Jacobinism here or elsewhere. Such language cannot be tolerated here; and if the honorable Senator expects to acquire fame by using such language, he will find himself utterly mistaken. I say again, in conclusion, that the honorable Senator will not find himself sustained by one single parish or neighborhood in Louisiana, in the use of such language as has fallen from his lips this morning, which I would denounce as incendiary language, but for my respect for him and for the Senate.

Mr. SOULÉ. I have a word to say in the first place, with regard to the language put into my lips, not only by the Senator from Mississippi, but by his benevolent friend, who suggested, as he said, the very words I used. I am happy that the Senator from Mississippi and his friend have misunderstood my language and announced it. After having, as nearly as I could, (for I had intended not to consume much either of the time or the patience of the Senate in the remarks which I addressed to them this morning,) summed up the effects of this bill, I said, if I am not mistaken—and I am, in my turn, assisted by the memory of my friends—*do you think that the people of the South will long brook and endure such an enactment? I ask you if the South will long submit to it?* That was what I said; and then I added, that it could not be, *unless those masters of slaves deserved to be slaves themselves.* Let gentlemen quote my language as I have uttered it, and then do with it whatever they please. The Senator who has just resumed his seat seemed to be willing to bring about some thing else than an amicable struggle in the Union. If that be his object, he should know that this is not the place, and he should know that I am—

The PRESIDENT. The Senator must confine himself to the subject now before the Senate.

Mr. SOULÉ. Sir, when the Senator speaks of the Dantons and Marats of my native country, I shall tell him that I had never before realized what the one or the other might have been, under the promptings of that great crisis through which they had to pass, nor could I have had any estimation of the frantic raving to which they might have indulged their disordered imaginations, until I heard the Senator himself.

The PRESIDENT. The Chair will be under the necessity of arresting the discussion.

Mr. FOOTE. I hope the Senator will be allowed to proceed, as a favor to me.

Mr. SOULÉ. I claim no favor from the gentleman.

The PRESIDENT. The Chair has indulged the Senator perhaps further than he ought, under the circumstances.

Mr. SOULÉ. Sir, when he reminds me of the favor and popularity which my opinions might meet in my adopted State, I must tell the gentleman how unique it is, that when he has such a heavy account to settle with his own State, he should at all intermeddle with any thing which I have to adjust with mine. (Laughter.)

Mr. FOOTE. Mr. President—

The PRESIDENT. The senator must confine himself to the subject of the amendment. The Chair cannot permit the discussion to proceed in this personal form.

Mr. FOOTE. I am going to do it. I am going to reply to the honorable senator; and I hope I may be allowed to do so briefly. I am very much mistaken if the gentleman before I have spoken, that I am out of order. I have been here some time, as well as in other legislative bodies, and, having had an opportunity to become familiar with parliamentary rules, I hope I shall not violate them.

Now, sir, if the honorable senator intended to excite my susceptibilities, he has not accomplished his object.

The PRESIDENT. The Chair must repeat this kind of discussion at once. The subject-matter of discussion upon the amendment must be taken up. The remarks of the senator have heretofore gone vastly beyond it.

Mr. FOOTE. Is it possible that the Chair will endeavor to restrict me in replying to the speech of the senator from Louisiana, to which the Chair has already listened?

The PRESIDENT. The Chair arrested the senator from Louisiana, while he was speaking, and only him to confine his remarks to the subject of the amendment.

Mr. FOOTE. I am going to do so.

The PRESIDENT. Very well; the senator can speak to the amendment.

Mr. FOOTE. The honorable senator say, I misquoted him. I did not misquote him. I do not question the existence of enmity between the senator and myself; it is a question of manner, and I am willing to refer that to the test before suggested. If the reporters report the senator as he spoke, both my recollection and that of other gentlemen will also be sustained by the report of his remarks. I am willing to rest upon that test. Let the words appear in the report as they were uttered, and the very remark I have made will be found strictly applicable.

But the honorable senator did not answer my speech. He has attempted it, but he has failed. Is not the failure manifest? Was there ever a failure more manifest? Why, sir, he has not come within the best of a dream of any single proposition uttered upon this floor. Every thing I uttered stands yet as strong as it was when it was uttered, founded as it is upon facts with which all of us are familiar.

I regret very much that the senator thought proper to say that I wished to get up a dispute. Not at all. I have not used any discourteous language. I have not intended to do so. I have not used any but what I believe was the proper parliamentary language, and which, when published to-morrow morning, (and I certainly shall not see a report of it before,) the whole country will understand not to have been personal. Why the senator supposes I intended it to be personal, I cannot understand. What he said, therefore, was entirely out of place. I knew the honorable gentleman very well, and I have no doubt he will not assert any responsibility beyond elsewhere. But before any serious provocations have been received from the honorable senator, or expected to be received, I hope he may reap the advantage of cooler reflection.

The PRESIDENT. Order! The Chair is under the necessity of reminding the gentlemen again that his remarks are out of order.

Mr. FOOTE. I felt bound to say so much to the country. The question being then taken upon the amendment, it was rejected—yeas, 20; nays 28.

Latest from Santa Fe.

The St. Louis New Era, of the 17th, has late and important information from Santa Fé, by a party of gentlemen, mostly United States officers, just arrived. The New Era says:

The party, consisting of the gentlemen above named, with an escort of fifteen persons, left Santa Fé on the 16th of July. In the early part of the journey, along the Arkansas river, they encountered innumerable parties of Arapahoe, Cheyennes, and Kiowa Indians, all of whom, however, they found amicably disposed. They also met the following traders' trains outward bound:

Webb's train at Paparito, near Santa Fé; Wethered, Ross, Harrison and Labuie, with trains, at Red River; McCawley's at Rabbit Ear Creek; Dr. Connelly, Squire Collins, William C. Skinner and party, near Mann's Fort; Connelly's train at Walnut creek; passed Aubrey's train at Big Bend of the Arkansas. When just entering the States, the party encountered a number of United States troops, also on their way to Santa Fé.

At the election held about the 20th June, our informant gives us the following list of successful candidates from New Mexico:

Dr. H. Connolly, State Governor.
Manuel Alvarez, Lieut. Governor.
Major R. H. Weightman and F. Cunningham, U. S. Senators.
W. S. Messervey, Representative in Congress.

Indian depredations and outrages of every description continue to take place almost weekly. An attack upon five different ranchos near Taos is reported to have taken place recently, when six Mexicans were killed and numerous horses and mules stolen. We mention one other instance. In the latter part of June, shortly after the election, a strong body of Apaches having made a descent on the Rayado settlement of Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell, killed an old mountaineer called Bill New, and a bugler and private of dragoons company I, after which they ran off nearly the whole stock of horses and cattle, leaving behind them only some fifteen animals, which belonged to the dragoon company there stationed. The sufferers were thus left without the means of pursuit. The complaints are generally loud against government for not taking better means of protecting the citizens on the frontier.

Business of every description was brisk. There had been little rain in the past season, but the crops were generally very fine. The general health also was good.

News from Texas.

By the Maria Burt we are in receipt of Galveston papers to the 24th inclusive. The Civilian is the only paper which criticises Mr. Pierce's Bill. It is disposed to acquiesce in all, except the provision which retains five millions in the Treasury to meet all such demands as might hereafter be pressed against the Federal Government. This is certainly a fair subject for discussion. But we advise our sister, not to be too much of the termagant. To fight the Indians and conquer New Mexico at the same time, will be a hard job.

An opposition to the re-election of Gen. Rusk is showing itself. We should be sorry to see him displaced. He was one of the friends of Texas in her war with Mexico, and fought on the field of San Jacinto. His course in the Senate has been highly creditable to him. Texas must abound in great men, if she can afford to exchange him for a better.

From the Rio Grande.

Harry Love's Expedition.—We were gratified, says the Rio Grande Sentinel of the 21st, to witness the arrival in this city of that distinguished frontiersman, Harry Love, after an absence of over six months, upon an exploring expedition up the Rio Grande. Six months ago this adventurous man left here with a small keel-boat, manned with twelve hands, with orders from Major Chapman to ascend the river as far as he could find it practicable. We then stated that Harry would push this enterprise as far as it could be taken by any other man, and we are pleased to find that we were not mistaken in our predictions. We are informed by him that he has ascended the Rio Grande to the immense distance of 1400 miles from its mouth—being, as at present computed, 1000 miles above the present head of navigation—and again descended the stream in safety. He reports the river practicable for navigation with steamboats, after the removal of a few obstructions, for 1000 miles. Capt. Love has has brought back with him several specimens of coal and mineral ore which he gathered upon the banks of the river. One act of this daring man we cannot refrain from noticing: after having, at great labor and mental trouble, carried his frail bark far up into the mountains through which our noble river holds its way, and having come to obstructions which it was beyond the power of man to overcome, and at which his ascent by water must stop, he planted, fast in the solid rock, a staff, bearing proudly to the winds the stars and stripes of his country's banner—fit memento of the gallant daring of himself and his brave little band.

From Puerto Cabello.—At NewYork intelligence has been received as late as the 27th July:

The primary elections for a President of the Republic commence on the first day of August, and will continue for eight days after. The most prominent candidates in the field are Gen. Jose Gregorio Monagas, (a brother of the actual President,) Antonio Leocadis Guseman, Tanislas Kendon and Gen. Santiago Marino. There appears to be no probability that any one of the candidates will be able to obtain a two-thirds vote in the Electoral College, and therefore Congress must decide in January next by selecting one from the candidates who may receive the largest vote of the people. All the power and influence of the President will be brought to bear in favor of his brother, whose accession to the Presidency for the next term is almost beyond doubt, although against the will of the people. The country is in a great state of excitement, and present very unfavorable prospects for the future. Commercial affairs are improving. Coffee is scarce and commands $1a9lc. per lb., Hides 9a9lc. per lb., Indigo, 71a71c per lb., Cotton 13 a 13lc per lb, and Cocoa $20 a $25 per 100 lbs.

The Hunkers and Barnburners of New York still do not harmonize.

General Scott has been ordered to fix his headquarters at Washington City.

The Rhode Island General Assembly has adjourned after a session of four and half days.

Barnum has raised his offer of an original American song for Jenny Lind to $200.

The punishment of Hanly, sentenced to death in Rhode Island, for the murder of his wife, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

Minute guns were fired at the Memphis Navy Yard, on Sunday the 18th, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Commodore Jacob Jones.

Miss Davenport, the favorite actress, commences an engagement at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 9th September.

Mr. Buchanan, the tragedian, has been engaged at the National Theatre, in Boston, and will appear about the 2d of September.

The Ohio River.—There were 5½ feet water in the Canal at Louisville, on the evening of the 16th.

The New Mexico Territorial Bill having passed the Senate on Thursday evening the