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WHIG STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Whig State Central Committee, held at Harrisburg, March 13, 1850, it was

RESOLVED, That the Whigs of the several counties of this State be requested to select a number of delegates equal to their respective representatives in the Legislature; the said delegates to meet in Convention at the city of Philadelphia, on the 19th day of June, 1850, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Canal Commissioner, to be voted for at the ensuing General Election.

MORTON McMICHAEL, Chairman.

GEORGE H HART, Secretary.

Antimasonic and Whig County Convention.

In pursuance of the call of the Chairman, the Whig and Antimasonic County Committee of Correspondence met at the Court House. The following resolution was adopted, to wit—

"RESOLVED, That the Whig and Antimasonic voters of the several Election Districts of Allegheny County be, and are hereby requested to meet at their usual places for holding elections, on Saturday, the 1st day of June next, then and there to elect two delegates to the County Convention to be held at the Court House, on Wednesday, the 5th day of June, at 11 o'clock, A. M. said Convention to make the usual and necessary nominations for the ensuing October Elections, and also to appoint five delegates to represent the County in the State Convention, to be held in the city of Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 19th day of June."

The primary meetings in the Townships to be held between the hours of two and five o'clock, (except Pittsburgh and the Wards and Boroughs between the hours of seven and nine o'clock. P. M.

A HILANDS, Chairman.

JNO. E. PARKS,
ALEX FRANKLIN, } Secretaries.
THOS. STEELE,
PITTSBURGH, April 18, 1850.

☞ SEE NEXT PAGE FOR LOCAL MATTERS, TELEGRAPHIC NEWS, &c.

A telegraphic despatch says the apportionment Bill has been signed by the Governor, under a protest, and that the Legislature adjourned finally yesterday.

Some of our opponents, and, probably, some fearful Whigs, also, think they see in the change of editors of the Washington Republic, evidences of disruption in the Whig Cabinet, and signs of some wide-spread dissatisfaction in the party, with the administration. This, in our opinion, is all a mistake. It has been evident, for some weeks, in the columns of the Republic, that its editors leaned rather towards the Compromise of the Committee of thirteen, and were ready to give up the pacific and wise policy of the administration, on the California and free territory question. This has produced much dissatisfaction, and has tended to destroy the confidence of the North, especially, in that paper. An administration paper, it was felt, ought, at least, to support a just and righteous mode of settling a vexed question, which had been proposed by the President, and had received the general approbation of the party and the country. We infer, therefore, that it is principally on this ground that those gentlemen have withdrawn. We believe them to be highly honorable and worthy men, and if, in the advocacy of a plan which received their conscientious approbation, they felt they ought to withdraw from the control of a paper which had the reputation of speaking the views of the President, and which thus might make a wrong impression, they acted in a manner honorable to themselves, and just to the administration. The Cabinet, we have the best reasons to believe, is united and harmonious, and as strong as any Cabinet which has been as long in existence, and which has had as many conflicting interests to meet and settle. It is impossible for any Cabinet to give entire satisfaction to every member of the party, especially in the exceedingly delicate duty of appointments.—With the best motives in the world, men may err in this respect, and if they do not, persons will think they do, and will say so. But in what great, important, national question, where all the people are interested, has the Cabinet erred? In not one. This is the test to try them by, and not by the fact that A. B. and C. were appointed, and X. Y. and Z. were disappointed.

THE POPE'S ENTRY IN ROME.—The Pope's entry into Rome has been described as a triumph, the people prostrating themselves on the earth, and begging him to pass over their bodies. This feeling was far from being universal, if we may judge from the tone and temper of the placard which was distributed in the streets by thousands, as our Paris correspondent informs us. The following is an extract from it:

"Rejoice, O Pope! Thou art at Rome, thou art on the throne, thou art King! Thou hast poured out blood, thou hast caused to be poured out the blood of men whom thou hast called, whom thou still callest thy sons! But rejoice, thou art King! Thou Pope, like other Popes, has delivered the fatherland to enemies, to foreigners. But rejoice, thou art King! Thou hast called forth war and extermination in order to render the people of Italy enemies to each other; thou hast given the name of champions and leaded with silver and gold the cowardly deserters, the galley slaves who fled to Gaeta; thou hast given thy blessing to massacre; and then by an infamous libel thou hast insulted the women who piously surrounded the bed of the dying.

"But rejoice, O Pope! thou art King!

"Pius IX, dost thou remember the crowd palpitating with love for the fatherland, which watched all night, deliberating how to applaud thee at sunrise—how, the future saviour of Italy! The poor man sold his last garments to buy torches to make thee a perpetual ovation. Where now is that crowd? Where? In prison, in exile, or dead upon the Janiculum! The remainder terrified trembling with patriotism, dee thee, detest thee. It is no longer the multitude of patriots too credulous but too generous, who surrounded and applaud thee, but a horde of malefactors and spies, chosen by the clerical eye, skillful in choosing the most wicked, the most perfidious. Rejoice, Pope! thou art King. But thou trembleest at the vivats; thou durst not go forth and visit the miserable Rome, which weeps and curses thee. The Cardinals tremble with thee, and repeat that Rome is a nest of asses. Yet they tremble not for that, O Pope! A King is well sint; tremble not for that, O Pope! A King is well sint; tremble not, and is worth more than another upon his throne, and is worth more than another who may succeed him. Thy presence augments the confusion, the uncertainty, the fear. O behold and rejoice! For thy ruin we are not impatient.—Thou ruinest thy successors, and we rejoice at it.—We mock at thee, Pope—at thee, a new Pharaoh.—Who to destroy thy people, escaping from oppression, has plunged himself, blind and furious into sion, has plunged himself, blind and furious into a sea of blood. The sacred College, inundated with blood, will remain barren; it will never bring forth another Pope. Rejoice, Pope, thou art King! But thou will be the last. The temporal is at hand. The people hate the priests; hate them so much as to have a horror of touching them, of slaying them! The people mock at them and them, at you all! Who would sell an Paradise by force, and keep for who would sell an Paradise by force, and keep for themselves the felicities of this earth. Let us revenge our parts—it is time! To your Paradise, as much as you desire; to us a little liberty and a little happiness on this earth! Your end, O Priests! will be hatred and parricides—the earth will refuse to bear you. Like Nero, you will then find neither friend nor enemy to put an end to your lives. Rejoice, therefore, O Pope! and be King."

Precautions are taken to secure the life of his Holiness against poison. A new cook has been promoted from the convent of St. Calixtus, and all wands are introduced by such a turning cylinder as is commonly used in convents for the introduction of food.

The Legislature, we see it stated, has chartered a college for the medical education of females in Philadelphia, which is to be opened next October. The is probably the first college of the kind that has ever been organized. Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D., is talked of for the chair of surgery. If any thing could make a surgical operation pleasant to one's feelings, it would be when performed by one of that sex, who, since the foundation of the world, has been accustomed to probing the heart and feelings of men so sensibly and pleasantly.—*Phila. Ledger.*

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.—A number of citizens of Paducah, Kentucky, pay a high and deserved compliment to the senior editor of the Louisville Journal, in an invitation which they have extended to him, to partake of a public dinner in that city. The compliment is gracefully acknowledged in the Journal, but Mr. Prentice declines the dinner in consequence of the pressing nature of his vocational engagements.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE is not only a man of ability, but is also a man of great industry. He is most emphatically an editorial worker, and has done as much for the reputation of the Journal, and the service of the Whig party, by hard labor, as by independent ability. His good sense and just appreciation of the talents and editorial qualifications of others, have also done much for the Journal, in the influence which they have exerted in the selection of editorial assistance. Not to speak of others who have at different periods been engaged as writers for the paper, it is only necessary, in order to show the truth of this, to mention the name of Thomas H. Shreve, who has been the principal editorial assistant of the Journal for the past eight or nine years.—*Cin. Gaz.*

COUNTING.—Horace Greeley says that this is a free country, and a man isn't obliged to use common sense unless he has it.

The Tariff Question.

We ask every reader, and especially every farmer reader, to examine with care the following article from the pen of J. S. SKINNER, the editor of the "*Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil.*" Its principal object is to show the injurious effects of letting the agricultural products of Canada come in duty free, upon the farming interests of the country; but it also shows, in bold relief, the disastrous operations of the Loco Foco tariff of '46, upon all the industrial pursuits of the country. We beg our readers to look at these things, to discuss them, and to prepare for the great battle which is to come off this fall between the friends of home industry, and its bitter and reckless enemy:

"THE GREAT GRAIN MARKET OF THE WORLD, AND THE CANADA RECIPROCITY BILL.—Having sacrificed the iron manufacturers, whose product trebled in little more than four years, furnishing a ready market for the productions of the farm and the plantation—and the coal miners, whose products also trebled in little more than four years, with great advantage to the farmer and the planter—and having crippled the makers of cotton and woollen cloth—and having thus put a stop to the building of furnaces and rolling mills, to the opening of mines, and diminished by three fourths the erection of cotton and woollen mills, under the idea that the "great grain market of the world" was to furnish a better market than that which was being supplied at home, it may not be amiss to call the attention of our readers to the present state of that "great" market with a view to enable them to calculate what the farmers have *lost* by relinquishing the protection afforded them by the tariff of 1842, and comparing it with what they have *gained*.

Had the tariff of 1842 remained in operation, the domestic product of iron in its various forms, in the past twelve months would have been greater than it has by at least half a million of tons, worth at an average of $60 per ton.....,..... $30,000,000

The demand for coal, East and West, would have been greater than it has been by at least three millions of tons, worth, on an average, $3 9,000,000

The demand for cloth would have required the consumption of much larger quantities of cotton and wool the sale of which would, in its manufactured form, have been greater than that of the quantity actually made by at least 15,000,000

The demand for cloth, and iron, and coal, would have required the construction of furnaces, and mills, and the opening of mines, requiring a capital of at least 15,000,000

Here are, then, items amounting to $69,000,000

And great as is this sum, we might with safety almost double it—and then every dollar of it would be found to *represent labor*, which, in its turn, represents only the *products* of the farm and the plantation consumed in the various forms of food, cloth, house room, which represent lumber, and bricks, and stone, which are themselves but the representatives of food and clothing—and thus might we go on to show, that the farm and the plantation obtain markets to the full extent of the value of all the products of labor applied to the conversion of the raw material of the earth into the various forms in which they become fitted for the uses of man.

So much has the farmer lost in that form alone; and to this might be added that the same policy has driven hundreds of thousands to seek California, there to eat the grain of Chili, and has so greatly diminished immigration to us from foreign countries, that the home demand for food to supply the wants of those who still do come, has ceased, instead of increasing to the extent of eight or ten millions of *consumers*, all to all present appearances, *be less by six or eight millions*—and there would be easy to show that the home market for the produce of the land of the present *year* is less than it would have been by, at the lowest calculation, *one hundred millions of dollars*, and probably vastly more, because of the adoption of the policy which looked to the substitution of the distant market for that which was, but a little while since, so rapidly growing on the land for the products of the land. So much have we lost. What have we gained?

We have now before us an account of the export of wheat, flour, corn, and corn meal, from New York to the "great grain markets" of Europe, in *two* last six months, and it is as follows:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Wheat, bushels	82,364	138,434
Flour, barrels	76,663	96,393
Corn, bushels	1,354,835	
Corn Meal, barrels	1,000	

Such is the "great" market the farmers have obtained in exchange for what they have sacrificed, and the prospect is, that the future will be worse. We have on our table the English journals for March, in which are given the prices for wheat in the various markets of England, and they vary from 32s. to 38s. per quarter, and for extra qualities from 38s. to 40s. A fair average is about 35s., which gives $8,40 for the quarter, equal to 36 and one third bushels of sixty pounds each, and the price, in England, is, therefore, ninety cents a bushel.

The same journals give us the price of the markets of the continent, from which we see, that at Hamburgh good qualities have been delivered free on board at 35s., and the freight to London was 1s., which would give 36s., or $8,64 per quarter, or ninety four cents per bushel, as the price of best western wheat, delivered in that "great grain market." Less weighing sixty pounds, which is much higher than our average, had been put on board at 33s., which would give, as the cost, delivered in London, ninety cents per bushel, the sixty weighing five pounds bad been delivered and on board at 13s. 9d., or less than thirty cents per bushel, and from the depressed condition of the English market, the prospect that prices would be lower.

The potato rot seems to have disappeared, and the season having thus far been a remarkably fine one for the operations of the farmer, the prospects for the home crop in "the great grain market" are deemed remarkably fair, and in the event of this result realizing the expectations that have been formed, there was reason to believe that the fall in the price of both English and foreign wheat would yet be considerable. It is clear from this, that our farmers can, this year, have no foreign market to take the place of the vast one they have lost, closed. What, then, are their prospects, if they have, as the late Commissioner of Patents assured us was the fact, four hundred millions of bushels, for which a market must be sought abroad.

Such, fortunately for them is not the case. The surplus for which a market has not been created at home is small, and a very brief period of protection would make a market in the land for all its products in the form of food. Our crop last year was somewhat smaller than usual, and the vast extent of the domestic market is evinced by the fact that the price at home is greater than in the market of Europe; the consequence of which is, that the export of domestic grain and flour has ceased. Not so, however, with foreign grain and flour. The Canadian, being subjected to the monopoly system of England, has free trade, and can make, no market on the land *for* its products, and Canadian grain and flour, as we have shown, pass through New York on their way to England. Seeing this great fact, that the American farmer, being still, to a great extent, protected, obtains a higher price than can be obtained in the markets of Europe, the Canadian *farmer* seeks for reciprocity, that is to say, he desires to sell his wheat and flour in a protected market, and then to buy his cloth and his iron in England, to be imported *free* of duty—and what he seeks he is likely to obtain, for the representatives in Congress of the farmers and planters of the Union seem desirous to try the experiment of burning the candle at both ends. They have already closed the mills and furnaces, and the mines, and thus diminished the demand for food, and now they propose to admit foreign food free of duty, then to increase the supply. Having killed the farmer's customers, they mean now to kill the farmer himself.

No exertion will be spared to secure the passage of the bill through Congress, and when passed, it will be found to constitute *a bounty on the land and labor of Canada*, to be paid, good easy souls, by the *farmers and planters, and land owners and laborers of the Union*. The people of the West are abandoning their farms to seek California, and are abandoning their farms to seek Canada. The land is diminished in price. The demand for labor is small, and immigration to us from abroad, by which value is to be given to land, is diminishing. We need only now to offer a bounty on the transfer of labor and capital of Canada, and then the measure of free trade will be full, but the revenues of the farmer and land owner will be small, and their purses will be empty. It is time that they should open their eyes to the fate of the delusion which has led them to trifle with their interests. If they do not do this, and it is not done soon, it will be too late.

The Reaction in California.

An intelligent and practical man, now resident in California, gives the following prognostication for the benefit of his correspondent in the city of New York:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.

"Within a period of sixty days, as near as I can calculate there will be the close to pay, for there is no real business doing here worth speaking of; indeed the town is about as noisy, and about as busy, as a New England village would be on a hot afternoon in August. The result of this calm will soon be felt. Men and business, nay, the very atmosphere, with every animate and inanimate thing, seem at a stand still, waiting for some grand event, like the calm in summer before the thunder storm! But it is approaching, and will soon be upon us, and a thundering storm it will be.—But it will quickly pass away, purifying the business atmosphere in its course, and business then will start afresh, and go on with some regularity, and with some approach to system. *The truth is the hurry is over.* The town is built—there are houses enough—stores enough—merchandise, machinery, and mechanics enough, indeed plenty of every thing. The great drawback now is, the enormous price at which real estate is held. Prudent people will not pay $20 to $30 per foot for land, to live or build on for two years, and I have not seen the first person who talks of a longer period than this as the time for remaining here; the consequence is, that house frames can be brought for what they cost with you. The town is filled with all sorts of shops, gambling houses, &c., and those will be closed—that is, three quarters of the owners will fail within sixty days, and never relet the premises. Then down will go the rents, and down the price of real estate, and, following these, many of the merchants will become bankrupts, and finally men and things will find their own level, and a healthy business will spring up from the ruins. Voila my issues."

The following is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Seminary:

Reminiscences of Patrick Henry.

From my earliest childhood I had been accustomed to hear of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. On this subject there existed but one opinion in the country. The power of his eloquence was felt equally by the learned and the unlearned. No man who ever heard him speak, on any important occasion, could fail to admit his uncommon power over the minds of his hearers. The occasions on which he made his greatest efforts have been recorded by Mr. Wirt, in his Life of Henry.

What I propose in this brief article is to mention only what I observed myself more than half a century ago.

Being then a young man just entering on a profession in which good speaking was very important, it was natural for me to observe the oratory of celebrated men. I was anxious to ascertain the true secret of their power; or what it was which enabled them to sway the minds of their hearers, almost at their will.

In executing a mission from the Synod of Virginia, in the year 1794, I had to pass through the county of Prince Edward, where Mr. Henry resided. Understanding that he was to appear before the Circuit Court which met in that county, in defence of three men charged with murder, I determined to seize the opportunity of observing for myself the eloquence of this extraordinary orator.

It was with some difficulty I obtained a seat in front of the bar, where I could have a full view of the speaker, as well as hear him distinctly. But I had to submit to a severe penance in gratifying my curiosity;—for the whole day was occupied with the examination of witnesses, in which Mr. Henry was aided by two other lawyers.

In person, Mr. Henry was lean, rather than fleshy.—He was rather above than below the common height, but had a stoop in the shoulders which prevented him from appearing as tall as he really was. In his moments of animation, he had a habit of straightening his frame, and adding to his apparent stature. He wore a brown wig, which exhibited no indication of any great care in the dressing. Over his shoulders he wore a brown camlet cloak. Under this his clothing was black, something the worse for wear. The expression of his countenance was that of solemnity and deep earnestness. His mind appeared to be always absorbed in what, for the time, occupied his attention. His forehead was high and spacious, and the skin of his face more than usually wrinkled for a man of fifty. His eyes were small and deep in his head, but were of a bright blue color, and twinkled much in their sockets. In short, Mr. Henry's appearance had nothing very striking about it, as he sat at rest. You might readily have taken him for a common planter, who cared very little about his personal appearance. In his manners he was uniformly respectful and courteous—Candles were brought into the court house before the examination of the witnesses closed; and the judges put it to the option of the bar, whether they would go on with the argument that night or adjourn until the next day. Paul Carrington, the attorney for the State, a man of large size and uncommon dignity of deportment and manner, as also an accomplished lawyer, professed his willingness to proceed immediately, whilst the testimony was fresh in the minds of all.—How far the force of time I heard Mr. Henry make use of the closing of his speech, and though it was short, it satisfied me of one thing, which I had particularly desired to have decided, namely, whether like a player he merely assumed the appearance of feeling. His manner of addressing the court was profoundly respectful. He would have willing to proceed with the trial, but said he, "my heart is so oppressed with the weight of responsibility which rests upon me, having the lives of three fellow citizens, depending on it, that on the exertion which I may be able to make in their behalf, I feel as if their blood was behind him; that I do not feel able to proceed to night. I hope the court will indulge me, and postpone the trial till morning." The impression produced by these few words was such as I assure myself no one can ever conceive, by seeing them only in print. In the countenance, action, and intonations of the speaker, there was expressed such an intensity of feeling, that all my doubts were dispelled; never again did I question whether Mr. Henry felt, or only acted a feeling. Indeed, I experienced an instantaneous sympathy with him in the emotions which he expressed; and I have never since felt the same sympathy was felt by every hearer.

As a matter of course the proceedings were deferred till next morning. I was early at my post; the judges were soon on the bench, and the prisoners at the bar. Mr Carrington, afterwards Judge Carrington—opened with a clear and dignified speech, and presented the evidence to the jury. Every thing seemed perfectly plain. Two brothers and a brother-in-law met two other brothers in pursuit of a slave, supposed to be harbored by the brothers. After some altercation and mutual abuse, one of the brothers, whose name was John Ford, raised a loaded gun which he was carrying, and presented it to the breast of one of the other pair. Shot him dead in open day. There was no doubt about the fact. Indeed, it was not denied. There had been no other provocation than opprobrious words. It is presumed that the opinion of every juror was made up from merely hearing the testimony; as Tom Harvey, the principal witness, who was acting as constable on the occasion, appeared to be a respectable man. As for the clearer understanding of what follows, it must be observed that the said constable, in order to distinguish him from another of the name, was commonly called "Butterwood Harvey," as he lived on Butterwood Creek.

As he descended on the evidence, he would often turn to Tom Harvey—a large, bold looking man—and with the most sarcastic look would call him by name of contempt; this butterwood Tom Harvey," "this *would be constable*," &c. By such expressions, his contempt for the man was communicated to the hearers. I own I felt it gaining on me, in spite of my better judgment; so that before he was done, the impression was strong on my mind that Butterwood Harvey was undeserving of the smallest credit.

This impression, however, I found I could counteract, the moment I had time for reflection—for the power of the speech in which he manifested his only part of the speech in which he manifested his his power of touching the feelings strongly, was so much so as to dwell on the irruption of the company into Ford's house, in circumstances so perilous to the solitary wife.

This appeal to the sensibility of husbands—and we knew that all the jurys stood in this relation—was overwhelming. If the verdict could have been rendered immediately after this burst of the pleader, it, every man, at least, every husband in the house, would have been for rejecting Harvey's testimony; if not for hanging forthwith.

It was fortunate that the illusion of such eloquence is transient, and is soon dissipated by the exercise of sober reason.

I confess, however, that nothing which I then heard so convinced me of the advocate's power, as the speech of an opposite character, which he made when he imagined that the trial might be postponed till the next day.

In addition to this it so happened that I heard the last speech to which Mr. Henry ever made. It was delivered at Charlotte, from the portico of the court house, to an assembly in the open air. In the American edition of the New Edinburgh Encyclopedia an account of this speech, and its effects is given, which I can only charge with exaggeration as to the truth of all—Why for the first time I heard Mr. Henry make use of the Deity in his speech;