OFFICE OF THE MORNING POST,
Pittsburgh, Feb. 18, 1847.

ANDREW BURKE, Esq.:

Dear Sir—A large circle of your friends are exceedingly anxious to see the Lecture delivered by you before the Literary Institute published.—Will you consent to gratify their wishes? It will afford me great pleasure to present the Lecture to the readers of the *Post*.

Yours truly,
L. HARPER.

Pittsburgh, Feb. 18, 1847.

Dear Sir—I am really at a loss how to reply to your note, just received.

The address to which you refer, was very hastily prepared; and the rough and imperfect outline which I have in manuscript; will, I fear, be illegible to your compositors.

At the best, it would be unworthy of the flattering notices of my friends; but as it is, I am conscious of my indiscretion, in yielding to their request for its publication.

Respectfully, A. BURKE.

THE SEEMING AND THE REAL:
A LECTURE,

Delivered before the Literary Institute, of Washington, Pa:

BY ANDREW BURKE, ESQ.,

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In this beautiful world, which Providence, in its wisdom, has assigned for the habitation of our species, and in which each individual member of that species, passes the few brief rapid years of pilgrimage allotted to him, we are constantly presented, for our contemplation, with two different aspects,—one, the seeming or simulated,—the other, the real or true

We behold seeming or simulated piety and religion, and behold real or true piety and religion; we behold seeming or simulated learning and philosphy, and we behold real or true learning and philosophy; we behold seeming or simulated virtue and integrity, and we behold real or true virtue and integrity; we behold seeming or simulated enjoyment and happiness, and we behold real or true enjoyment and happiness; we behold seeming or simulated patriotism, and public spirit, and charity, and courage, and generosity, and honor, and friendship, and love, and we behold all these qualities in existence, in reality and in truth. In fact, whenever in our intercourse with our fellow-men, we meet with any thing that is real or true, and which merits or receives general approbation and respect, we may, with very great certainty, expect to find its seeming or simulated counterpart.

I know of no grand division of the globe, nor of any subordinate division,—I know of no nation nor district, no people nor community, no rank nor class in society, in which each of the two aspects, to which I have referred, is not exhibited to the view of the attentive observer. History, the living canvass on which are delineated the characters and the conduct, the deeds, the words and the thoughts of men, presents us with no era, in the time that is past, in which, clear, distinct and well defined, are not to be traced falsehood and truth,—the seeming, and the real: And while society continues as it was, or as it is,—nay, while the constitution of man himself remains unchanged, I can imagine no period, in the dim, vague and uncertain future,—unless, indeed, it should be brought about by the direct interposition of Him, "with whom all things are possible, and to whom nothing is impossible,"—when the false will not strive to pass current for the true, when the seeming will not seek to counterfeit the real. Since the "knowledge of good and evil" commenced, it has not been otherwise; and while the "knowledge of good and evil" shall continue, we may safely pronounce, that it will not be otherwise.

To the undue contemplation of some of these aspects, to the exclusion of the other, arising, perhaps, from temperament and early education, or from fortuitous circumstances, may be attributed many of the errors, into which poets and philosophers, statesmen and divines visionaries and, what are called practical men, have fallen.

Some, for instance, regard this world, as

"all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow"—

In the estimation of the misanthrope, there is no truth, no honor, no integrity, no friendship, no gratitude, no patriotism. These are all empty sounds, idle words, "signifying nothing." True Virtue has no temple dedicated to her honor; no faithful priests to minister her rites; no devout worshippers kneel before her shrine. To his eye, the whole earth exhibits but one huge altar, where Vice, painted with meritricious colors, and clothed in tawdry garb, reigns, the sovereign, sole presiding Deity; and around which throng, falsehood and disloyalty, baseness, ingratitude, self-interest, and hypocrisy,—performing, with seeming piety, their loathsome midnight orgies. Strive to wean him from his idiosyncracy,—endeavor to allure him from his gloomy thoughts,—and present to his view nature's sublimest scenery, the towering mountain and the thundering cataract, the roaring ocean and the blazing volcano; and he sees in them but the resemblance, or types of man's darker and more stupendous crimes. Lead him by gentle assent to some quiet hill top, whence, is, unexpectedly, laid out before him, some scene of undescribed and unimagined loveliness, where the rich and verdant valley below rivals the bright blue sky above, where the calm and limpid waters reflect and multiply each object of living beauty around,—and where the prattling of sportive infancy, like Angel's whisperings, blends its soft cadences, with the sweet warbling of birds of brightest plumage;—and he recognizes only the similitudes of man's treachery and deceit. Present to his notice some well authenticated instance of strict adherence to truth, of sincerity in piety, of perseverance, through all obstacles, in integrity, of loyalty, and generosity,—some affecting example of fidelity in friendship,—some Nisus sacrificing even his life for his beloved Euryalus—some "pious Æneas" bearing the aged Anchises on his shoulders through flames of Troy;—and though he may not question the occurrences, nor dispute the deeds, yet he sneers at the motives, and denies the virtue.

In a word, he has contemplated only one of the world's aspects. He has observed, explored, detected the *seeming*; and sickened, disgusted, nauceated by the foulness of all he saw, he retires within his own solitude, abhorring mankind, loathing even himself. From his point of observation, he directed his eye, to the unillumined hemisphere, alone; his gaze was fixed on moral darkness.—He viewed man as universally bad,—as wholly vile—as hopelessly unclaimable,—as partaking of the demons nature,—as the outcast of creation,—as unworthy of life,—as doomed for eternity. He did injustice to the world, to his fellow-men, to himself, to his creator. Nor is this an overdrawn picture. Such men have lived, and thought, and spoken. We can trace them in the numerous avocations of the poets, and in the more sober speculations of writers of prose.

Others, again, fall into the opposite extreme.—They contemplate exclusively the bright aspect the fairer side of human nature. Credulous and confiding,—conscious themselves of no impulses but such as are kind, and generous, and unselfish,—enamored with every thing of beauty and of loveliness, that kind Heaven has strewn around in such rich profusion, for man's enjoyment,—hearing within themselves, and thrilling at the sound, all the delicious and holy harmonies of nature,—delighting in the performance of every thing that is good, and enjoying the rich reward which noble deeds, prompted by generous actions, never fail to confer;—they

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

they love their fellow men, and entertain exalted notions of their merits; they believe in the universality of virtue; they have no suspicion of falsehood, or deceit, or treachery; they take professions for performance; they confound the seeming with the real. Happy, thrice happy, are they, if such there be, who pass through life, without having this fond delusion uprooted from their hearts, and dispelled from their minds! Blissful is the dream of the enthusiast, while it lasts. He regales himself midst sweetest perfumes; softest music sounds in his ears and vibrates on his heart; extatic visions of loveliness and perfection float, in airy beauty, before his delighted eyes. He sees spread out, in illimitable extent, a primeval Eden, with no forbidden fruit to tempt, no serpent to beguile, its pure and happy indwellers, no fearful curse, to affright them with a threatened doom.—And vain will be the attempt, till sad experience, blighted prospects, ruined hopes, and, perhaps a broken heart, shall come to aid,—to awaken the dreamer from his fondly cherished dream. He heeds not the voice of warning; the admonitions of wisdom are thrown away on him; he is incredulous of the example that should deter; he is blind to the allegory that should instruct him. Take him any day,—for it is of constant and universal recurrence, limited to no time, restricted to no space,—to the public street or highway, and there shew him the fabled son of Vulcan, seated in his newly invented chariot, which he had contrived to hide, from the public eye, the monstrous deformity of the lower part of his body; and, gazing admiringly on the comely face, the rounded chest, the symmetrical arms, the tapering fingers, he will not believe that the guilded chariot hide not well-formed legs and feet, but conceals only the deformed and ugly tail of an eel; he will not credit it, that Erichthonius is but another name for Imposture. Or bring to his notice Berthier, in his original obscurity, the surveyor's son. He wins the favor of his imperial master; he insinuates himself into that master's friendship; he alone, of all the marshals of France, has undisputed access to the camp-fire, sleeps in the tent, rides in the carriage, feasts in the palace, and boasts of the unrestricted confidence of him, who was the worshipped object of the Gaul's idolatry, at whose nod monarchs trembled, and whose fiat was Europe's law. He is raised to exalted rank and station, he is overwhelmed with favors, he is literally covered with decorations; he becomes Vice Constable of France, Marshal of the Empire, grand huntsman, Prince of Wagram, and of Neufchatel; all, all, he owes to one, whose slightest notice would guild the brightest diadem, whose smile alone was glory's richest dowry. "Napoleon and Berthier" sound together in men's ears; they are united in men's thoughts. Friendship, confidence, trust reposed, favors conferred, honor, loyalty,—all that can merit man's gratitude, or secure his fidelity;—cement those names, bind them together by indissoluble ties. Napoleon the favorer, Berthier the favored. Yet, no sooner does the hour of adversity approach, the dark cloud of misfortune obscure the sky, than he, the most favored, the chosen one of all, is the first to desert, the first to betray. Oh! perfidy! oh! infamy; thy name is Berthier!! Or shew him Columbus, the discoverer of a world, the benefactor of mankind,—wearing out his days in imprisonment,—closing his life in poverty and neglect. But useless and vain, alike, are examples and allegory; the sleeper will not yet arouse from his dream.

The extremes on which we have thus long dwelt naturally suggest and designate the true medium, and point out the only certain and faithful guide, that can conduct our judgments to sure and satisfactory conclusions. Falsehood and truth are unquestionably to be met with, in every walk of life; the seeming and the real have realms or orbits each exercises undoubted sway. But the parallists not to the exclusion of the other. Though irreconcilably antagonistical to each other, yet they are often so intimately blended together, their textures so interwoven, their colors so mingled, that the discrimination of the wisest fails to detect them, the scrutiny of the most profound is eluded. Like the last pale hues of twilight, encountering the darkness of the coming night, the hostile forces are so intermixed and blended together, that the acutest eye can discern no sign, the sharpest ear detect no sound, by which to note the progress of the fight, or tell the probable victor from the vanquished.

As the different seasons alternate with each other, as day succeeds to night, and night again to day, so truth, in the perpetual contest which she wages with falsehood, meets with defeat not less frequently, than she commands success. She has her winter of sorrow as well as her summer of joy, her night of mourning as well as her day of rejoicing.

We are, indeed, well assured, that truth will, eventually prevail, for it "is mighty;" but this world of ours, constituted as it is at present, is not the destined scene of the glorious victory. That triumph, perhaps, is reserved for us to contemplate, in another and a different state of existence. It may form the crowning happiness of another and a purer world.

Were we but well assured, did we but certainly know, that detection, exposure, and defeat, invariably and unerringly, followed in the footsteps of simulation and falsehood;—and that success, like a "precious jewel," always gleamed in the modest cap, and fame's bright halo encircled the gentle brow, of truth, proclaiming her identity, and announcing her presence, to every eye, then, would the pretended and the seeming entirely disappear, and the true and the real alone remain. But such is not the case. It is otherwise ordained, by One whose justice we dare not impeach, whose wisdom we cannot question.

Not only, then, are seeming and pretence, and hypocrisy, to be met with, in every path of life; not only must we expect to encounter them daily, but so well disguised are they, so cunningly and so successfully do they glide along, so placid is the false smile they wear, so honied is the language of their lips, so well doth fit them the mantle of pretended charity—so like the true it is, that they take place and precedence,

"When virtue's steely bones
"Look bleak in the cold wind."

To recount all of falsehood's triumphs, would be to narrate the history of every successful knave. How often is it, that the hypocritical and sanctimonious pretender to piety, underlakes to expound in public, from the sacred desk, the sublime mysteries of a religion, whose mild radiance never penetrated the dark recesses of his own heart, and to proclaim the solemn warnings and exhortations of a revelation, which he himself privately and practically disregards and discredits? And so well does the false shepherd handle his crook; so admirably does pretence simulate reality;—so accurately imitated is the garb of truth that falsehood wears—that he passes along, stealing the good man's appropriate reward, cheered by the light of the public eye, and the approval of the public voice; no suspicion entering the mind of a single member of his flock. Thus walked abroad, for years, the accursed one, who betrayed his master. Tradition says that, for apparent zeal and eloquence, he excelled all others; nor did the eleven ever doubt his fidelity, till at last, for a consideration, he stood forth avowed, and revealed, a traitor. How often is it, that the meed of glory slights and passes by unnoticing the neglected hero, and binds unfading laurels round the coward's brow? How often do we find the professional man,—the doctor or the lawyer,—by the cultivation of a plausible and imposing address, by the exhibition of some affected peculiarity of manner, acquire, and long retain, a reputation for skill, and knowledge, and profundity, for attention, and zeal, and devotion to the interests of client, or patient, which he well knows he does not deserve, but the pretence to which achieves and secures for him, in emolument and fame, far more than modest merit often earns? How often do we see the business man, who is, perhaps, loudest in his professions of honesty, and most lavish in his well expressed encomiums on virtue, meant for the public ear,—privately, whenever cunning can elude detection, guilty of every, and of any, act of roguery and fraud? How often do we observe ignorance pass for learning?—dullness carry off the prize of wit?—insincerity and sycophancy win the approving smile, that true faith and honor court in vain?—foul treason gather from the public tongue and press, from every avenue of popular sentiment, the praises and the applause, that should belong to unsullied loyalty alone?—the noisy, shallow, brawling demagogue, easily work his facile way to lofty station, and lucrative office; while the man of long experience, of clear and wise views, of deep reflection, and of profound thought, is left in undisturbed obscurity, neglect and poverty? There is no office too high or rich, for the venal to aspire to,—no station too exalted, no honor too lustrous, for the corrupt to attain. Public office, that should be the reward of faithful public service, is bartered away for votes and electioneering influence; public honors, the fit requital, the becoming glory, of abilities well tried in the country's cause, and of fidelity and integrity proof against every temptation and allurement, are given in exchange, for the sycophancy that will bedaub with fulsome praise, or the apostacy that will desert the cause, it once had advocated.

And so may I go on, to enumerate and multiply instance and illustration, to a wearisome extent; and yet not tell the tithe of all. I may point out to your notice the ambitious Pisistratus, who, having subverted all the wise laws of Solon, retained during his life, and, at his death, transmitted to his sons, the honors and the offices with which the Athenians had loaded him; while Miltiades was suffered to languish and die in the loathsome cell of a prison, almost in sight of the very Marathon which he had forever consecrated to freedom, and which, with all its hallowed memories, he had given to Athens—a fadeless garland, a dowery of deathless glory; and the good Themistocles, with the laurels of immortal Salamis yet green and fresh on his brow, and the waters of the Saronic Gulf still bearing in triumph on their bosom the captured fleet of the vanquished Xerxes, was ostracised from the land he loved, and died by his own hand, sooner than he forced to bear arms against his ungrateful country.

But these are sad and painful views indeed. They throw a chill around the warmest heart, a shadow over the most cheerful feelings. They seem almost to vindicate the cruel theory of the misanthrope; and to excuse him for holding up between the bright sunshine and his fellow men, the dark and gloomy mantle of his sombre thoughts. Readily would I have shut them out from my own vision, gladly would I have passed them by unheeded, but fidelity to my subject would not tolerate the omission, it forbade me to yield to the strong temptation.

One who understood human nature well; who read, as if intuitively, the human heart; who could follow men's motives through every devious track, from their earliest start to their final goal; one who was endowed, not only with a power of intellect almost miraculous, to see and to combine, but also with an unrivalled facility and vividness of expression, to convey and perpetuate truthfully the conceptions he had formed; one whose fame the lapse of centuries has not dimmed, and whose immortal productions will survive as long as language endures; I mean, of course—for who else could be meant?—the "wizzard of the north," the "sweet swan of Avon;"—he thus discoureth on the deceit of appearances:

"The world is still deceived with ornament;
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it;
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
This ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty: in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest."

And turn we now, to the contemplation of the real and the true. Not such, indeed, as the enthusiast, in his dream, imagined; for pure and unalloyed good, entire perfection, as no where to be found on this earth. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." Still good has a separate and distinct existence: the true and the real do survive, in living deathless, loveliness and beauty. Falsehood and pretence,—the seeming—overvaulting everything to success; defeat is death to them.—Like the youth of one of the states of ancient Greece, who were taught and schooled into the belief, that to cheat, and lie, and rob successfully, was meritorious; visiting actual detection only, with punishment, and attaching dishonor and disgrace to that alone: so the false and the seeming, proud and boastful in concealment, languish and die in the light of discovery. But truth, on the other hand has nothing to conceal, fears nothing from defeat, and owes nothing to success. Defeat cannot rob it of a particle of its worth; success does not add a tittle to its merit. It is unmoved by passion, uncorrupted by bribery, uninfluenced by hope or fear. In solitary and sublime grandeur, it towers aloft; defying alike the lightnings that play around its summit, and the torrents that sweep against its base. It is like the honest of the wise man mentioned in Scripture, "the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon it; and it falls not, for it is founded on a rock." It accepts of no factitious aids; it scorns all meritricious decorations; when unadorned, it is adorned the most.—Hypocrisy may rule in its gilded chariot, attracting the admiring gaze of the dissolute and the idle, receiving the heartless praises of the mean, elated with the loud applause of the senseless, gaping crowd; but its triumph is short lived; its satisfaction is of brief duration; its pleasure is soon turned to pain; it knows how weak is the tenure by which it holds its possessions; it lives in hourly dread of detection; it feels that the bubble of its enjoyments may momentarily burst; like the Cretan apple, soft to the touch, and beautiful to the eye, no sooner is it pressed to the parched and thirsty lips, than it evaporates in a cloud of fetid dust. But truth is rich even in its poverty, secure in its obscurity, proud in its humility.

The truly wise,—be the number great or small,—who take truth for their guide and familiar friend, through this world's thorny path, and expire after the real alone, learn to despise all praise, all honor and all advantages, that are not based on, and do not spring from, merit and solid worth.—They take no pride to themselves from the mere accidents of birth, or fortune, or color, or creed.—They properly discriminate between true fame, and mere vulgar applause. They know and appreciate that—

"that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire: Honor's best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoer: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed."

They endeavor to place a correct and impartial estimate on all things. They strive to detect the delusive glitter of the false, from the true light of the real. They desire to become "wise as serpents," while they remain "harmless as doves." In the language of one whose wisdom has become the world's proverb, the profound and philosophical Bacon, they seek, with becoming humility and deep sincerity, to reach the haven of a well ordered mind; that temple of God which he graceth with his perfection, and blesseth with his peace, not suffering it to be removed, although the earth be removed, and although the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Ladies and gentlemen, if we have properly appreciated the seeming and the real; if we have taken truth for our friend and guide; if we have steered our barks into wisdom's true haven; then, indeed, have we secured for ourselves our earthly peace, and made sure of our eternal felicity.

TREMENDOUS CONFLAGRATION!

Yesterday afternoon, the large block of buildings, from the south-west corner of Walnut and Water streets to the river, with the frame smoke house adjoining, were consumed. The block is known as Mahard's corner. The labors of the firemen were limited to water street and the river front.

The flames soon spread through the main building, and in a short time was enveloped in flames. Longshore's Hotel on Water street, and the adjoining hotels, were several times on fire.

We regret to state that several of the firemen were hurt during the afternoon.

The Covington Fire Companies came over in full force to our assistance, and were received at the landing with the loud cheers of the multitude.

The basement, corner of Walnut and the river, was occupied as a tobacco warehouse. We did not ascertain the amount of damage.

The loss of Messrs. M'Laughlin & Siggerson is very heavy—said to be about 25,000—insurance for $13,080. The quantity of pork damaged and destroyed amounted to 419,000 lbs., 170,000 of which was hung up. There was a quantity of corn in the building, but the greater part of it saved. The building belonged to the Franklin Bank.

[*Cin. Signal*, 17*th*.

The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1846.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The beautiful contribution of MARY will be published to-morrow; also, the article of "Observer."

Mr. Burke's Lecture.

The Lecture of Andrew Burke, Esq., before the Washington Literary Institute, which we publish to-day, will be a rich treat to our readers. The high literary reputation of Mr. Burke is fully sustained by this chaste and elegant production. The Lecture was hastily written at intervals between professional engagements, not with the view of being published in the newspapers, to meet the critical eye of the world. It was with much reluctance that Mr. Burke consented to gratify the desire of his numerous friends in having the Lecture presented to the public. We deem it proper that this statement should be made in connection with its publication.

Washington Union.

The venerable Editor of the Washington Union is battling manfully for his rights, which have been attacked by the U. S. Senate. We think Father Ritchie will come off victorious; that is, he will have the people on his side and the people never err. We observe that the Democratic papers have generally spoken in tones of thunder throughout the country. The federal press, of course, abuse the editor of the Union. Meetings have been called in various cities to sustain the war and support the liberty of the press. The following resolution was passed at a meeting of the Spartan Democracy of Richmond, Va, a few days since:

"*Resolved*, That we regard the liberty of the press as one of the great safeguards of free institutions, and that every attempt to trammel it in a fearless expression of opinion in regard to public men and measures, ought to receive the most prompt and decided condemnation."

In the Union of the 17th, Mr. Ritchie says: we know not how it was that we were never received with more cordiality by the democrats of the House, citizens, and strangers, (and let us do justice to some of the opposition,) when we visited every part of the Capitol to-day, save only that *sanctum sanctorum*, the consecrated and privileged Senate chamber. We never received so many cordial grasps of the hand, and so many fervent congratulations, from our brethren of the democracy, and, to tell the truth, we never felt more buoyancy of spirits, or so little like the diseased and melancholy leper."

Gen. Cass.

A meeting of the Democratic citizens of Macomb county, Michigan, was held on the 10th "for the purpose of an expression of opinion in favor of Gen. Cass for the next President of the United States." The following among other resolutions were passed at the meeting:

Resolved, That Gen. Lewis Cass, as a patriot, a soldier, a scholar, and a statesman, is peculiarly dear to us, as inhabitants of the Peninsular State; that his fame is our fame; that in peace or in war he is emphatically Michigan's "favorite son," and that we most cordially recommend him as the candidate of the democratic party at the next presidential election.

Resolved, That in presenting the name of our distinguished fellow citizen, as our unbiassed preference, for the suffrage of the American people, we are actuated by high and disinterested motives; believing that his great abilities, civil, military and diplomatic, as evidenced by his long and glorious public career, particularly fit him for that lofty station.

Resolved, That Gen. Lewis Cass, by his able defence of the rights of neutrals, when ambassador of France; by his incontestable and triumphant-like exposition of our country's claims in Oregon; and his late patriotic and noble efforts for the vigorous prosecution of the existing war with Mexico, has particularly merited the approbation, love and respect of every citizen in the Union.

Relief for Ireland.

There was a large meeting in the Saloon of the Chinese Museum, at Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening last, for the purpose of devising means to extend to the destitute and famishing people of Ireland, some alleviation for their unexampled sufferings. His Honor Mayor SWIFT presided, assisted by the usual number of Vice Presidents. A series of resolutions were offered by WM. J. DUANE, Esq. and adopted. Committees were appointed in each ward and district, to make collections. The meeting was addressed by Horace Binney, Morton McMichael, Esq. Col. Page, John Binns, Esq., C. Fallan, Esq. and Col. Wilson M'Candless of this city. The Pennsylvanian says: "The speeches were all eloquent and worthy of the benevolent object of the meeting. Mr. MCCANDLESS acquitted himself with great credit, and was long and loudly applauded. He strikingly illustrated how much we were indebted to the Irish people, not less to their patriotism in times of war, than to their industry in time of peace, and feelingly urged the adoption of such measures by the whole country as should at once be a tribute worthy of America to bestow, and patriotic, hospitable, but suffering Ireland to receive."

Steamboat Collission and Loss of Life.

The Isaac Newton, arrived here on Saturday, reports a disaster which occurred a short distance below Guyandotte, Va., on Thursday morning. The steamer California, (on her way to Nashville, heavily laden,) came in Collision with the Isaac Newton, and was sunk immediately, in deep water, within fifty yards of the Ohio shore. The Newton struck her about ten feet from the bow; she sunk in two minutes, and was entirely covered with water in a few hours.

At least six lives were lost; three firemen, a deck hand, a passenger, and the first engineer, Thompson. The other names we did not hear.

The California was a new boat, and was not insured. A part of the cabin furniture was all that was saved.

Revenue Cutter Bibb.

This government steam vessel, which was built in this city, altered some in Cincinnati, and supplied with masts, &c., in New Orleans, has secured orders from the War Department to get ready for sea, and will soon depart for the Seat of War. We hope, (says the Cincinnati Commercial,) she may do some service as an indemnity for the large amount of money expended in the building.

☞ The Gazette says that "Madam Rumor" has "trumped up a falsehood" in relation to "an absent stranger, who talks of taking up his abode in this city." The old lady should be more careful hereafter.

☞ The *Norristown Register*, announces that Hon. MORRIS LONGSTRETH, of Montgomery county, will not be a candidate for Canal Commissioner.

☞ Two hundred German emigrants arrived at St. Louis on the 6th inst.

Correspondence of the Morning Post.

LETTER XXXII.

HARRISBURGH, Feb. 17th, 1847.

House—The Speaker presented the Report of the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania. One thousand copies were ordered to be printed for the use of the members.

Mr. Bigham reported with amendments (Senate) bill providing for the election of Prosecuting Attorneys. The bill now amended includes the Deputy Surveyors of the several counties in the State.

Mr. Kline read a bill in place requiring all corporations to give ninety days' notice of their application for corporate privileges, referred to the committee on corporations.

Mr. Fox read a bill to authorize the lighting of the public buildings by gas.

The following preamble and resolution were offered by Mr. Pearce:

Whereas, No government can be free unless it secure to the people the full enjoyment of their inalienable rights, among which is the freedom of the press, the impregnable and sacred bulwark of human liberty. *And, Whereas*, The said inalienable privilege is guarded and secured by the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of Pennsylvania. Therefore,

Resolved, That every attempt, judicial, legislative or executive, to abridge or fetter the free expression of thoughts and opinions, in writing, printing or otherwise, is a direct invasion of the rights of men, and a fearful usurpation of power.

This resolution was suffered to lay over; it is intended as a direct hit against the whigs and those recreant democrats who voted to expel Mr. Ritchie from the United States Senate chamber.—If it be brought up for discussion in the Legislature, the whigs will not dare to oppose its passage. But even if the resolution is passed, it will not give any greater latitude to reporters than they now possess. A person is privileged to say what he pleases, so it does not approach too near the truth, our legislature is very sore on this point; the least touch produces convulsions, and the only sufferer in the end, is he who dared to utter his candid opinions, regarding the course of our legislature.

The appropriation bill came up on second reading.

In the Senate, Mr. Gilles, of the committee on Internal Improvements, reported with amendments, the bill to incorporate the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad Company, and to provide a sinking fund for the payment of the state debt.

On motion of Mr. Bigler, the Senate went into executive session. Richard Coulter was confirmed as associate Judge of the Supreme bench. Hopewell Hepburn as President Judge, and Walter H. Lowrie as Associate Judge of the District Court of Allegheny. Mr. Thomas S. Bell's confirmation was deferred until the Judiciary committee had examined into some charges alleged against him. A number of associate Judges were confirmed.

The House held an afternoon session, but nothing of consequence was done—some private bills were considered and passed.

The resolution relative to the appraisement of Mercantile taxes in the city of Pittsburgh, came up, but the House adjourned before any action taken. KARL.

LOCAL MATTERS.

LIEUT. WOODS.

The remains of Lieut. Woods are to be conveyed to Lewistown, the residence of his friends. They will be escorted out of the city by a company of U. S. Troops. The procession will be formed this morning, at 9 o'clock, at the U. S. Rendezvous, at the head of Liberty street.

A Funeral Sermon was delivered in Dr. Herron's Church last evening, by Rev. Magill. The church was crowded.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The Injunction against the Pittsburgh Telegraph Line was refused by the Circuit Court setting in Philadelphia, on last Thursday. On Saturday, several despatches were received and forwarded, but yesterday the line was not in operation, for some cause unknown.

We expect our despatches to-night, and shall give, we think, news by Telegraph to-morrow.

☞ On Saturday we published a report of a trial in the District Court, at which, as it turns out one of the parties feels agrieved. We publish, with pleasure, the annexed note from him. We must say that we had the case reported, because of its novelty, and not with a view to injure any person interested in it. The "facts" promised shall appear in the Post as soon as furnished to us.

Mr. EDITOR.—Under the head of District Court, Feb. 17, an article in the Morning Post of the 20th, does violence to truth; and I ask your readers to suspend their opinion until they have the facts before them, which, with your permission, I will give in a few days. JOHN RHEY.

☞ Col. Deihl and Otis Young, Esq., have had some difficulty in relation to the scales used by the former as Clerk of the Market. Mr. Y. believes it is his duty to inspect the scales and have them adjusted and sealed, while the Col. thinks he had better attend to his own business. We know nothing of the merits of the dispute.

☞ The Liberty men have a meeting this afternoon at the old Court House, performance to commence at 3 o'clock. Rev. E. Smith, and others, are appointed speakers.

☞ We call the attention of the Police to the crowds of boys daily congregated on the pevement in front of the Presbyterian Church, Fifth street. It is with difficulty a person can pass these thoughtless urchins.

☞ Great crowds of persons visited the Iron steamer Allegheny, on Saturday, in expectation of seeing it slide into the water. They were all disappointed.

☞ This is the evening of the great Ball at the Lafayette Assembly Rooms. We understand that an address will be delivered by W. E. Austin, Esq., at the supper table. Andrews is determined to make a splendid affair.

☞ The Allegheny has not yet been launched, and we have not learned whether there is any prospect of the work being done soon. We think there will be a very big river before many hours.

☞ Wilson M'Candless addressed a Relief of Ireland Meeting in Philadelphia, on last Thursday evening. The papers speak highly of his speech, of course, for M'Candless never fails when he tries.

Fire.—An alarm was raised yesterday afternoon by the burning out of a chimney on Smithfield street.

☞ The Police Committee, on Saturday night, decided against Watchman Anderson, so that he is no longer one of the city Police.

☞ The Councils meet this evening. The case of Fenwick, Captain of the Watch, will be considered, and acted upon, we presume.

Signor Blitz, appeared in College Hall, Cincinnati, on last Thursday evening.

☞ A horse threw the rider and streaked it down Fifth street on Saturday. No one harmed.

☞ Booth arrived in town yesterday.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Santa Anna was still at San Louis Potosi at the head of 22,000 men, generally occupied with his favorite amusement of cock fighting.

Gen. Taylor is said to have left his recent position, and passed Victoria at the head of 6000 men, supposed to be on his march to Tampico.

The Clergy have refused to contribute the 8,000 attempted to be raised from them. They are much excited against Santa Anna, and are endeavoring to get up pronunciamentos against him.

The whole cabinet of Santa Anna is reported to have resigned. Great jealousies exist among the different Generals in the Mexican army, and consequently much confusion and disorganization prevails. Vera Cruz is garrisoned by 3000 troops, dispirited, and expect the city to be attacked by the Americans on the 2d of February.

The best informed think the resistance made by the garrison will be feeble, and that it will fall an easy conquest. In the Castle there are only 1,000 men, badly supplied with provisions, their chief dependence being on Vera Cruz for supplies.

LIBERTY MEETING.

The friends of universal Liberty will meet this day at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the New Court House. Rev. E. Smith and others will address the meeting. Feb. 22. MANY.

GREAT ITALIAN REMEDY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1846.

Being afflicted for some 8 years with that most distressing disease, the asthma, and for the last 3 years much of the time confined to my room, and at several different times my life was despaired of; I concluded to obtain some of Mazoni's Sicilian Syrup, which was recommended to me by a friend from New York, who stated that it had cured some of the most inveterate cases known to the medical profession. Suffice it to say, that, after using the above medicine for about 4 weeks, I was entirely relieved, and I believe radically cured. Yours with respect,
OLIVER W. OWEN,
No 175 Bertram st., Philad'a.

Hays & Brockway, Wholesale and Retail Agents; see advertisement. feb22

DR. BEACH'S LECTURES.

Prof. W. BEACH of New York, at the urgent and repeated solicitations of the Reformed Medical Society, has consented to give a Second Course of Medical Lectures at their school, corner of 4th and Smithfield streets, commencing on Monday, Feb. 22d. Persons desirous of attending, can obtain tickets at the Drug Store of Dr. Wm. Henderson, 205 Liberty street,
feb19-3td* L. OLDSHUE, Sec'y.

WALL PAPER,
GLAZED AND UNGLAZED
Of every variety and patterns, cut from the latest French Samples.
15,000 PIECES SUPERIOR GLAZED PAPER.

THEY will be sold for cash, at less price than they can be purchased in Philadelphia and N. York. THOSE having houses to paper AND OTHERS intending to sell again, will find a better article of WALL PAPER, for less MONEY than has been ever offered in this market before. Call at the Wall Paper Store of J. SHIDLE,
feb22-2m Smithfield st., Pittsburgh.

Window Blind Paper,
36 INCHES WIDE.

1200 PIECES of great variety of PATTERNS, at eastern prices.
To be had by dozen or single piece, at the Wall Paper Store of J. SHIDLE,
feb22-22-1m Smithfield st., Pittsburgh.

SPRING STYLE HATS.

I RESPECTFULLY announce to my customers and the public generally that I received this day, from New York, the Spring Style of Hats, which I will introduce on the first Saturday of March. All in want of a neat superior HAT, will please call and examine. S. MOORE,
feb20-3t 93 Wood st.

Washington Birth-night Ball and Supper.

THE anniversary of the Birth of the Illustrious Washington, will be celebrated by a Ball at the La Fayette Assembly Rooms, *and a supper by Mr. Andrews in the Eagle Saloon*, (all to be seated at supper at one time,) on the evening of the 22d of February, 1847.

Tickets to be had at the counter of the Eagle Saloon or of the Managers.

Graham's Magazine for March.
EMBELLISHMENTS.

FOX and Sawkie Indians, an admirable engraving. Falls of the Powalage: this is one of Smillie's beautiful engravings.

Paris Fashions, the latest; and twelve extra pages. Just received and for sale at COOK'S, 85 Fourth street. feb20

NEW BOOKS AT COOKS, 85 Fourth street:

Fortescues, by James Sheridan Knowles—a new Novel now complete.

The Divorce: a Romance founded on facts in real life; by Lady Charlotte Bury, author of "Flirtation," etc.

Martin, the Foundling; by Eugene Sue—Nos. 9 and 10.

Illustrated Shakespeare, Nos 132 and 133—nearly complete.

Rocky Mountains, and a Journey to the Columbia river; by Joel Parker, Esq.

Pictorial Miscellany, with numerous engravings.

A great assortment of cheap publications can be found at COOK'S, 85 Fourth st. feb20

New Books!

A MEMORIAL of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wilderness of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem and other principal localities of the Holy Land, visited in 1842—with brief notes of a route through France, Rome, Naples, Constantinople and up the Danube. By the Rev. George Fish, L. L. D.

Bridge's Exposition of the Book of Proverbs.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century; by J H Merle D'Aubigne, D. D. The translation carefully revised by Dr. D'Aubigne, who has also made various additions not hitherto published.

The above books just received by
ELLIOTT & ENGLISH
feb20 Market st. bet 3d and 4th.

KEEVIL'S "HIMSELF AGAIN!"

My friends and the Public are informed that I shall re-open in a few days, in spite of malicious attempts of parties concerned to ruin my business and blast my reputation. Let those gentlemen take notice—we will give them more, anon. feb19-3t

Notes

ON the Upper Rio Grande, by Bryant R. Tilden Jr., explored in the month of October and November, 1846, on board the U. S. str. Major Brown, commanded by Capt. Mark Sterling, of Pittsburgh, by order of Maj. Geo. Patterson, U. S. A., commanding the second division of Army of Occupation, Mexico.

The above work can be had from the agent, G. Hubbard, corner of Marbury and Penn streets.—Also from the Booksellers. feb15-tf

Silliman's Journal.

W. W. WILSON, only authorized agent for this city and vicinity of the American Journal of Science and Arts, has received No. 7, with its usual rich and interesting variety, embellished with numerous plates, &c. This valuable work should be in the hands of every manufacturer and practical artisan. Improvements in arts and science have been deeply indebted to the matured and able articles with which this work is so amply enriched. Subscriptions $5,00 per annum. Complete sett, embracing 25 years, $100. feb9

Lamps!

JUST opening an additional stock of Cornelius & Co.'s celebr