PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE & CO.

PITTSBURGH.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1848.

☞ READING MATTER WILL BE FOUND ON EACH PAGE OF THIS PAPER.

☞ EVERGREEN WEEKLY GAZETTE.—The extensive circulation of our Weekly Gazette offers to our business men a most desirable medium of making their business known. Our circulation is between four and five thousand, reaching almost every village and county in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio.

☞ TO ADVERTISERS.—Neither the Editorial Rooms nor Printing Establishment of the DAILY GAZETTE, are opened on Sunday. ADVERTISERS who desire their notices to appear in the paper on Monday morning, will please hand them in before 8 o'clock on Saturday.

FOR MAYOR OF PITTSBURGH,

FERDINAND E. VOLZ.

A DINNER TO JOHN MITCHELL.—The great event of Monday last, in New York, was a dinner to the Irish Patriot, John Mitchell. Six hundred guests sat down to the table. Charles O'Connor presided, supported by Robert Emmett, Ex Mayor Kingsland, John M'Keon, and others. Speeches were made by Charles O'Connor, John M'Keon, John Mitchell, Mr. Meagher, Horace Greely, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Emmet, Patrick O'Gorman, and others. The speeches of Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Meagher, were very long—that of the latter occupying several columns of the Tribune.

We propose giving an extract from the speech of Mr. Mitchell, and the remarks of Mr. Greely; but before proceeding to our quotations, we ask the reader's attention to an extract from the *Freeman's Journal*, the Romanist organ in New York, published some time since. When Mr. Meagher first arrived in this country, he evinced in his speeches that his soul was fired with the love of universal freedom—not with a mania against English oppression alone; he was as much opposed to the tyranny of the Pope, Catholic though he was, as of the British Parliament. This conduct offended Archbishop Hughes and the Romanists, and he was denounced by the Catholic press. This interference did not frighten him. He boldly defied them.

Well, John Mitchell has just arrived from his prison in Van Dieman's Land, smarting under a sense of his wrongs, and burning with hatred to the British Government. He must be warned not to imitate Meagher's example. His hatred to the British Government must be encouraged, his zeal for the Independence of Ireland must be sustained, but there he must stop. He must manifest no sympathy with French, or Italian, or Hungarian Liberals. Kossuth and Mazzini must be execrated. England is the only oppression worthy of an Irish Patriot's regards. With this view the "Freeman's Journal," of last week, in anticipation of the great dinner given in Mitchell's honor, to come off on Monday, where he would define his position, gives him the following plain intimation of the position he was expected and desired to take. It reads very much like a Bull from Archbishop Hughes, and is as follows:—

"Mitchel is right in saying that Catholics, be they Irish, American, French, German, Spanish, or whatever else, are mutually and necessarily enemies of the British Government. We hope he will reflect equally well upon the black history of Europe that has been developing all the time he was in his captivity, and which shows that Kossuth, Mazzini, and the other Continental revolutionists are naturally and necessarily the first friends of England, who encouraged, and set them on in their work, and now shelters and consoles them as best she is able. Instead of uttering one word of respect or sympathy for Kossuth, or for any other of the cowardly and contrite rabble of Continental Red Republicanism, let Mitchel take his stand on the totally different and antagonistic ground of *American* Republicanism; and leave Imperial France, aided by any or all of the other Continental Powers, in their own way and according to their own interests, to attack our common enemy—*England*. Except Mr. Mitchel makes and acts upon this distinction of hostility to England apart from all other Revolutionary movements, he will find himself before he knows it, far out at sea, in a leaky shallop, among the engulphing billows of humbug."

Here the warning is definite enough, and Mr. Mitchell did not misunderstand it. He saw that the only liberty which would be sanctioned by the Catholic Hierarchy was the liberty to persecute and overthrow Protestantism. The tyranny of Austria, Naples, and Rome, are all to be passed over. "*Attack our common enemy*—ENGLAND." Why? Because is a *Protestant country*—the others are under the power of Popery.—This is the solution.

In our last issue, during convention, we had John Mitchell's speech with no little curiosity—A large part of it, as was naturally to be expected, is devoted to the denunciation of the conduct of England towards Ireland, but it breathes throughout the sentiments of a friend of liberty to all Europe, and in closing his eloquent remarks he hurls back the mismamed "Freeman's Journal's" dictation into the teeth of its editor, and evinces that, like Meagher, he is the friend of liberty for its own sake, and for the sake of righteousness and justice. He refers to the liberation of Kossta, and to the letter of Mr. Marcy, and proceeds as follows, to the close:—

Mr. Secretary Marcy says that the United States Government will do as much as any of the European nations, to maintain tranquility. And he shows his good feeling and courtesy toward the crowned heads by terming their fugitive enemies adventurers and seditious propagandists. I would that I could know whether this Secretary does truly herein represent the sentiment of the nation. Has America, indeed, as deep an interest in the tranquility of Ireland and Hungary and Germany, under their several Emperors and Kings and Grand Dukes, as those Emperors, Kings and Grand Dukes themselves? And if America has a mind to engage in this contest of politeness, where will she stop? Will you place detectives to watch our houses, and to dog our motions? "America will do as much!" Will your Postmaster-General (forgive me for imagining the bare possibility of it,) soften the seals of our letters, and imitate the impressions and copy the contents? Shall we never take a letter from the postman, without carefully examining to see whether any comity has been practised upon your Aunt Sally? But what am I speaking of? Am I not in America? It was not for this the farmers and traders of these colonies fought and conquered. The courtesies of this country, I believe, are due to the *people* of Europe, not to the people's masters and enemies. And how deeply those poor people need—how richly they deserve—your sympathy!—Do you know who and what manner of men they are—the refugees of '48—whom that Secretary calls adventurers and seditious propagandists?—*They are the very flower of Europe, and the very salt of the earth*—the proud, thoughtful students, the inspired poets, the knightly soldiers of Freedom and Right. A French author has well said that "the genuine representative of ancient European chivalry is now the chivalry of young Democracy—the chivalry that goes as gaily to the barricade, when duty calls, as to a *fête champêtre*—with the courage of a lion to face tyrants and the gentle courtesy of a woman to the weak and the poor. And where are they now? In the swamps of Cayenne they tend the sugar cane, or they are hoeing corn in the penal farms of Algeria. Somewhere in Ohio wonders, and feeds his hogs, the German Uhland. Oh, heaven, Apollo is once more among the herdsmen of Admetus, and the herdsmen know not that it is the sun-god. On some tropical palm tree hangs now the silent harp of Ferdinand Freiligrath; in silence he devours his heart, and song comes to him never, never more. There two men were members of the Frankfort Convention—their tri-color is trampled down, and by the rivers of Babylon they sit and weep. Garibaldi moulds candles, or carries hides, or commands a trading brig. Facing the forest paths of Van Dieman's Land, listening to the murmuring Derwent, or studying with the zeal of an under-graduate, I see the stately O'Brien. So calm is his mien, so haughty is is his eye, no man can see that his heart is breaking. Americans! will you call these men adventurers and seditious propagandists? Will you warn them against fraudulent machinations tending to disturb your genteel friends, the Sovereigns of Europe? Once more pardon me the question. The Mayflower Pilgrims were adventurers—Benjamin Franklin was a seditious propagandist, and if Washington had been taken he would have been sent to Botany Bay.

America, I know, will not be false to her own high traditions and to the immortal men who made her history. And I do indeed believe the time is coming when America will have to decide, once for all, whether she will be an ally of tyrants or the people—who can doubt which?—No thinking man now imagines that the present order of things in Europe can be sustained by multiplying bayonets and heaping on taxes forever. The Creator of the world did not, assuredly, kindle the noblest spirits and crown with intellect the most god-like brows on earth—only that those spirits should consume for themselves forever in vain, that those lofty intellects should be dragged down into idiocy or wrung into insanity forever, in an eternal and hopeless captivity. Democracy! Democracy! Democracy!