THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

BY R&A. YUE REDICK & CO.

PITTSBURGH:

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☞ Notice to Advertisers.—Advertisements, to secure insertion, should be handed in early in the afternoon.—Attention to the third page of our columns, would be profitable to advertisers.

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For Latest Commercial Intelligence, Domestic Markets, River News, Imports, Money Market, &c., see third page.

See Fourth Page for Miscellaneous Matter.

GET ATTENDED.—We would urge upon all those who have not paid a State or County tax within two years past; to repair at once to the proper office, and get assigned. Otherwise they will be deprived of the privilege of voting at the ensuing general election, one of the most important, perhaps, that will take place for years.

A BRIEF CHAPTER ON "OLD FEDERALISM."

We hear much from the organs and oracles of a self-styled Democracy of "Old Federalism." The gentlemen who thus discourse of this

> Monstrum horrendum ex cui lumen adempta,

seem to be blind to the past, and like a certain class of French philosophers described by Talleyrand, they are men "who never forget anything, and who never learn anything." They repeat the cry of "Federalism," "Federalism," "Old Federalism," as a Parrot echoes the cry of "Pretty Poll," or is made to swear like a trooper under the training of a man who is delighted to hear the echoing of his own vile thoughts. We have to ken the trouble to hunt up the old Monitor for some of the beautifully consistent politicians of the dominant party to gaze upon.

"Modern Democrats" will here see at least the difference of the war of 1845 and '46, or in other words, they will see their own party opposing a mercenous war with the greatest power in the old world, and bullying like a bravado in defence of a war against one of the weakest powers in the new. This is the honesty and consistency of the dominant party, which one day would make a heardsman by in the Whig ranks responsible for "old Federalism," and the next bring to their bosoms the man "*who, if he had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins, would let it out!*"

We know more of the "old blue light Hartford Convention Federalism" in New England and East of the Mountains, than of that in the West, where we hope there is little or none of the Buchanan and Ingersoll order.

It is logic with Maine, whence the Democratic Star in the East has chanced imminently, we note the principal politician there to be one Rensl Williams, a Democratic Secretary during the 27th and 28th Congress, and an "old Federalist" of the deepest die.

New Hampshire rejoices in her Henry Hubbards, Levi Woodburys, Samuel Cushmans, old white washed Democrats now, but all of the Black Cockade order in olden time.

Connecticut, where it is said the "Blue Lights" were turned, but falsely, we believe, unless some tory, burnt them; like Charles Jared Ingersoll, who would have been a tory in the Revolution, and who could never consider that word a term of reproach," and who, we all know sprung from the most ultra Federal ancestry in all New England, provides Mr. Polk's Minister to Russia, Ralph J. Ingersoll, who is one of the old Monarchical Federalists. Ex Governor Chittenden of Vermont, is another "Old" Federalist, metamorphosed into a Simon Pure Democrat.

George Bancroft, Mr. Polk's Minister to the Court of St. James, is another of the order, and among those who opposed the war of 1812. Indeed, Mr. Polk has shown a peculiar love for these "old" Federalists. His Minister to England, his Minister to Russia, his Secretary of State, his favorite as the successor of the able and venerated Story, upon the Bench of the Supreme Court, his 8th Treasurer in chief is a New Englander, his late Minister to England, Mr. McLane, are all old Federalists,—and all old, hardened and incorrigible sinners at that.

New York, too, is full of them, and they are continued up and down the Empire State like falling leaves in October. There is Mr. Bryant who first raised his harp to a song against Democracy and Thomas Jefferson, of whom he sung—

> "And then the scorn of every Patriot's name."

There is there a Hamsanta Bleaker, Mr. Van Buren's Minister to the Hague, Aaron Vanderpool, now a Democratic Judge, E. P. Livingston, late Lieutenant Governor and Senator, John H. Prentice, fine M. C; and a score and more all now related and puzzled Democrats; but all in olden times rank in their Federalism, that it is the Caucus of Hamilton matter, their own "stomach to smell to Heaven!" Now what sort of metamorphoses are these, or that of Garrett D. Wall of New Jersey, who hoisted that "Federalist under the flag of Republicanism as long as that flag "continued to float," or that of Peter D. Vroom, another modern Democrat. Judge Taney is another, and *Lewis Cass* another, and one who wore the Black Cockade as late as 1812! We might pile "Pelion upon Ossa" until the evidence of old Federalism should rest like an incubus upon the reigning party.—

Nor has it been that "little leaven which leavenseth the whole lump," but the very master spirits of the party are infused with the poison, if poison it be.

Look at home, and what do you see,—James Buchanan, Mr. Polk's Secretary of State, and Charles Jared Ingersoll, his Chairman of Foreign Relations, in the House of Representatives.—Come nearer home, and we see Hon. William Wilkins, Democratic Senator, Secretary, Foreign Minister and all, and yet, notoriously one of the very ablest of that "Old Federal party!" And CHARLES SHALER, too, whose name we see appended to a Democratic County Address, of unparalleled atrocity and senility: both for the vile spirit of its language, and the nauseous character of its sentiments—what title has he to his Democratic pretensions? There are *former allies* Federalists than he, and not one, we believe, in the ranks of the old Federal party, who would not have held him as *first and foremost* for all their vile exclusion in office, calumnies to speech, and proscription in private. Hunker language, indeed, when applied to a man as lost to all principle, as to have his name appended to a document of which he was not the author, and the sentiments of which he could not endorse, and which he knew to be false, and which he knew would be used to the injury of the cause he professed to support, and the success of the party he professed to belong to. Hunker language, indeed, when applied to a man who could be guilty of such a dishonorable act, and who could not be ignorant of the use to which his name would be put, and the injury it would do to the party, and all for the purpose of gratifying the spleen of the older and more unprincipled leaders of the party, who have long since lost the confidence of the people, and who are now using the younger men as tools to carry out their own selfish purposes, and to gratify their own personal malice and revenge.

Shaler is a man of talents, and has been a member of the Legislature, and has filled other offices of honor and profit, and has been a member of the Democratic party for many years, and has been considered a man of honor and integrity, but he has now lost all claim to the confidence of honorable men, and has placed himself in the position of a tool, to be used by others for the purpose of gratifying their malice and revenge, and he will be treated by honorable men as a tool, and will be despised by them