

The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAILE.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1854.

NO. 5.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAILE, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOB WORK done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

Choice Poetry.

From the Philadelphia Merchant.

MY WORSHIP.

By ALICE CAREY.

I have no reasons and no times
To think of heaven—sometimes at night
I go up on a stair of rhymes
And find the journey very bright:
And for some accidental good
Wrought by me, saints have near me stood.
I do not think my heart is hard
Beyond the common heart of men,
And yet sometimes the best award
Smiles on it like a stone; and then
A sunbeam that may careless stray
In at my window, makes me pray
The flower I've chanced on in some nook,
Giving its wild heart to the bee,
Has taught me meekness like a book
Of written preaching; and to see
A cornfield ripe, an orchard red,
Has made me bow in shame, my head.
Of stated rite and formula,
A formal use the meaning wears;
When feasting in God's works I see
And feel his love, I make my prayers,
And by the peace that comes, I know
My worship is accepted so.

Select Miscellany.

HERE SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES.

The following amusing and well told story was published in one of the city papers of Gotham, about a dozen years ago. It occurred at the time a good deal of merriment:

Not long since, two stylish-looking persons put up for the night in the upper part of the city. On the morrow, after ordering their bill, they sent for the landlord, who was not long in waiting on his aristocratic guests.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs; will you sell it?" asked the elder, while the younger lit a cigar, and cast his eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heir-loom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with coin; and almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the elder, "I once won twenty pounds with a clock like that."

"Twenty pounds!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes; you see there was one like it in a room down in Essex, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore-finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did? You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you ten pounds I can do it on the spot!"

"Done!" cried the knowing one.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in air, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The fellows behind interrupted, "Where's the money? Plank the money!"

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore-finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left hand disengaged his purse, from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent; the dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the waiter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the wags left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the waiter entered, and touching upon the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B., are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the fore-finger as before.

The waiter rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor, seizing him gently by the collar in an imploring voice said:

"Mr. B., do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad!

"He is mad," whispered the friend in a low voice; "we must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped, he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered full of agony of soul.

"My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought, she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again seeped, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had a great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought upon the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered—

"No, madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. A—?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. A—, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor with him.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply. The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. A—.

"Ah, poor dear husband," said the lady. "I fear he will never know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis, and a more nervous, yet determined waving of the finger in concert with the pendulum: for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put ten pounds into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife, in a low, bewailing tone, continued her utterances—

"No! never; nor his daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand arrived at the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied:

"Ah, ha! Monsieur, you say yer ver bad to razor—tes beautiful—eh?—look—very fine, isn't he?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes," he responded, in the best English he could use. "Vare? vare shall I begin? Vat his dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes?" for the last time, cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, as he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it! I've won it!"

"What?" said the waiter.

"What?" said the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—ten pounds." But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young man who induced him to watch the clock, he asked—

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? eh? quick—where are they?"

"They went away in their phanton nearly an hour ago, sir?" was the reply of the waiter.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with twenty-one pounds therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them.

SEVEN MILES IN FIVE MINUTES.—Mr. Godard, an Aeronaut, ascended from New York, on Monday, in a balloon, and was carried by a violent gale seven miles in five minutes, when he thought it time to descend.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "NOW" AND "THEN."—A woman said in the police court the other day that, before marriage, her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

ISKENDER BEY, a colonel in the Turkish cavalry, of whom frequent mention is made in the present war, is described as eighty-three years of age, of medium size but powerful frame.

Extraordinary Case.

The Paris correspondent of the *Columbus Journal* translates the following extraordinary and incredible story from late German papers:

A very rich old lady, the Countess de K—, had by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country; where she possessed, independent of a vast and magnificent chateau, an immense property under rent. She traveled, consulted the most eminent physicians, and finally fixed her residence in Italy. There, under the influence of a beautiful sky, the two boys grew up, but they preserved the excessive nervous impressibility which had, since their infancy, put their lives in peril. The two boys had between them a remarkable resemblance; they both engaged in the culture of arts, but especially to painting. At sixteen years of age, they were already cited as masters; but at this epoch a new crisis appeared: the same symptoms; the same pains; the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises, the young men should be separated. They obstinately refused at first, but vanquished by the supplications of their distracted mother, they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt: the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother; he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously what his brother designed and painted after nature. Each time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the aquarells that they contained had already their duplicates in the studio of the brother—duplicates so faithfully that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of all the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced.

The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her son, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return, she gave birth a second time to two twin boys, who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had so unfortunately lost. They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which had presided at the development of the first children, were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous paroxysms; the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went into Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers they fell sick. Then separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished, however, by the persistence of their malady and the continued persuasion of the physicians, who declared that they would die if they remained together, on account of their extraordinary resemblance, of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principles of their existence. The mother consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated the one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designed at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadiz, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. The day that Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadiz in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers pronounced eighteen years ago.

WITTY PHILANTHROPY.—An Irishman on trial pleaded not guilty, and the prosecuting attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the Court and said, "Do I understand your honor that Furkisson is to be a witness foreman me again?" The judge said it seemed so. "Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty, not because I am guilty, for I am as innocent as your honor's suckling-babe at the breast, but just on account of saving Mister Fargisson's soul."

"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am a going to have a still neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

The man behind the age was overthrown by the advancing civilization of the rising generation.—*Boston Post.*

No, he wasn't. He bought two bottles of "ketchup" and got ahead.—*Louisville Dem.*

The Elephant Show in Paris.

A Paris correspondent of the *Boston Post*, gives the following account of the really extraordinary performance of elephants in that city:

"Since I saw an elephant stand on his head at the circus in Paris, I have not been more amused than I was an evening or two since at the Cique de l'Imperatrice, at an animated ladder. The elephants were evidently young and docile creatures; and appeared in the immense area of sawdust and tan to be somewhat smaller than usual. They were handled by a muscular fellow, who had more control over them than any mahout I ever saw in India. They waltzed, danced, promenaded and walked on their head. I never laughed more in my life than at this singular performance. To see the trunks and tusks place themselves firmly on a small raised platform in the ring, and then to hold the huge slouching legs and diminutive tail gradually elevated, the act disclosing a vast expanse of dirty, tawny-looking belly, was infinitely ludicrous. The elephants seemed to enjoy the attitude, too, very much, and disclosed no modesty whatever in revealing the whole beauty of their construction to an intelligent public. A reward of a cracker or an apple invariably elicited a repetition, and once in the ardor of success, one aspiring animal tumbled forward on his back! His fall shook the house, and for a moment he two discomposed him; but he quickly recovered himself, and soon emulated his companion, who, in his natural attitude had been a quiet but observing spectator of the effects of a lofty throwing of the hind legs towards the ceiling. They subsequently interlarded their trunks, and to a discriminating strain from the orchestra, performed a series of evolutions which, if they were not characterized by an extraordinary rapidity were at least distinguishable for the dignity attending their accomplishment. Feats with their trunks they exhibited in profusion; but the ground and lofty tumbling and the waltzing were things, to me as supremely ridiculous as they were wonderfully industrious. They circulated their keeper, at his command, in every direction, saluted the audience, embraced each other and gracefully retired from the arena; bearing before the English loss in killed and wounded, instead of being 1,400, as at first stated, was over 2,000, while that of the French was but 1,400, but Gen. Bonet was killed. The Russians numbered 40,000 men and 100 cannon, and their loss in killed and wounded is variously estimated at 6,000 to 10,000, the former being probably the more correct. The Fury was on the way to England with the despatches to that government.

Letters from Vienna, October 2d, state that the reserves of the allies were not brought into to action. The English, the Turks and the French, in different positions, did their work so well that the Russians never had a chance.

After their defeat on the Alma, the Russians regained their fortifications without making a halt. The Zouaves, Tirailleurs, and Scotch Fusiliers distinguished themselves.

The Poor Boy's College.

"The printing office," says the *New York Globe*, "has indeed proved a better College to many a poor boy, has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society, has brought more intellect, and turned into practical, useful channels, awakened more mind, generated more active and elevated thoughts, than many of the literary Colleges of the country. How many a dunce has passed through these Colleges with no tangible proof of fitness other than his inanimate piece of parchment, himself if possible more inanimate than his leathern diploma! There is something in the very atmosphere of a printing office calculated to awaken the mind and inspire a thirst for knowledge. A boy who commences in such a school, will have his talents and ideas brought out; it he has no mind to be drawn out, the boy himself will be driven out."

SELF-GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.—A modern writer says:—"I know nothing more touching than the efforts of self-government of which little children are capable, when the best parts of their nature are growing vigorously under the warmth and light of parental love. How beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain because his mother's pitying eye is upon his in tender sorrow! or that of the babe who abstains from play and sits quietly on the floor, because somebody is ill! I have known a very young child slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, that a grown sister might find a warm one. I have known a little girl submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment, merely because it was right. Such wills as these, so strong and yet so humble, so patient and so dignified, were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet excitements and holy supports."

A child was stung in the eye-lid by a wasp, near Wheeling, Va., a few days since, and inflammation of the brain and death ensued within thirty hours.

Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all the natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

Dr. Franklin, in speaking of education, says:—"If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."

UNINTERRUPTED FIGHTING IN THE CRIMEA.

SEBASTOPOL FORMALY INVESTED.

The foreign papers from Liverpool to the 6th inst., brought by the Africa at New York, have come to hand, and clearly show that the fall of Sebastopol is utterly false, though at the latest date the allies were investing it.

The next steamer from England will be the Washington, sailing thence on the 11th.

THE WAR—THE CRIMEA.

Various fragments of intelligence has arrived at London on the 6th, preceded by a dispatch from Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, which, while showing Sebastopol was not taken to the 28th September, also show that the allies in the Crimea had made a movement upon Balaklavs, which is some ten miles south of Sebastopol, while Alma and the other points at which they had previously met the Russians, were considerably north of that fortress. The indications, therefore, are that the movement, to Balaklavs was part of a general arrangement of the allied forces, consequent upon the total rout of the Russians at Alma and Belbek, and the retreat of Prince Menchikoff into the interior. The allies thus appear to possess the entire country around Sebastopol, from Belbek to Balaklavs, (a distance of 13 or 14 miles, with Sebastopol fronting to sea between them), and the place is, therefore, completely invested. Prince Menchikoff's escape to Sebastopol, with half his army, is owing to the allies being at present totally without cavalry. The nature of their flight after the battle of Alma is demonstrated by their having been obliged to leave their wounded on the field, 300 of whom have already arrived at Odessa, whither they were sent by the allies under a flag of truce. One story circulated is, that fourteen Russian vessels of war made a vain attempt to escape from Sebastopol.

The details of the battle of Alma show the severity of the combat. The steamer Nilo, which left Constantinople on the 25th, arrived at Marseilles with despatches for the French government, relative to this sanguinary affair, and we learn from a telegraphic message that the English loss in killed and wounded, instead of being 1,400, as at first stated, was over 2,000, while that of the French was but 1,400, but Gen. Bonet was killed. The Russians numbered 40,000 men and 100 cannon, and their loss in killed and wounded is variously estimated at 6,000 to 10,000, the former being probably the more correct. The Fury was on the way to England with the despatches to that government.

Letters from Vienna, October 2d, state that the reserves of the allies were not brought into to action. The English, the Turks and the French, in different positions, did their work so well that the Russians never had a chance.

After their defeat on the Alma, the Russians regained their fortifications without making a halt. The Zouaves, Tirailleurs, and Scotch Fusiliers distinguished themselves.

The Poor Boy's College.

"The printing office," says the *New York Globe*, "has indeed proved a better College to many a poor boy, has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society, has brought more intellect, and turned into practical, useful channels, awakened more mind, generated more active and elevated thoughts, than many of the literary Colleges of the country. How many a dunce has passed through these Colleges with no tangible proof of fitness other than his inanimate piece of parchment, himself if possible more inanimate than his leathern diploma! There is something in the very atmosphere of a printing office calculated to awaken the mind and inspire a thirst for knowledge. A boy who commences in such a school, will have his talents and ideas brought out; it he has no mind to be drawn out, the boy himself will be driven out."

SELF-GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.—A modern writer says:—"I know nothing more touching than the efforts of self-government of which little children are capable, when the best parts of their nature are growing vigorously under the warmth and light of parental love. How beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain because his mother's pitying eye is upon his in tender sorrow! or that of the babe who abstains from play and sits quietly on the floor, because somebody is ill! I have known a very young child slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, that a grown sister might find a warm one. I have known a little girl submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment, merely because it was right. Such wills as these, so strong and yet so humble, so patient and so dignified, were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet excitements and holy supports."

A child was stung in the eye-lid by a wasp, near Wheeling, Va., a few days since, and inflammation of the brain and death ensued within thirty hours.

Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all the natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

Dr. Franklin, in speaking of education, says:—"If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."

New Grip and Salutation of the Know Nothings.

The new grip and salutation adopted by our Know Nothing friends is as follows:

The challenging party lays his right hand upon his left breast, with all the fingers extended except the little finger, which is turned inward toward the palm of the hand.

The answer is by holding up the right hand with the first and middle finger extended upward and the third and little finger bent towards the palm, the thumb being placed over them.

The grip is then exchanged, consisting of an ordinary shake of the hand, with the exception of a doubling inward of the little fingers, the little finger of one party crossing the little finger of the other.

The party challenged asks, "Where did you get that?" To which the answer is, "I know." Then the former asks, "What is the word?" The answer is, "I will divide it with you," "Washing," says the one party. "Ton," says the other. The meaning of this being WASHINGTON; no party repeating the first two syllables of his name and the other the latter.

—*Pennsylvanian.*

It ever there was a time when it became the Democratic party to stand by its principles, and show no indulgence to traitors, that time is now. They have conspired against its doctrines, and have adopted a platform prepared for them by the Whigs; they have defamed an honest and pure man, who was our candidate for Governor; and they have done their best to deprive the State of the services of one of the noblest judicial minds that have ever done honor to her jurisprudence, in order to elevate in his place Thomas H. Baird, a man whose total unfitness for the position rendered his nomination an absurdity.—*Pittsburg Union.*

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—The following new counterfeiters have recently been put in circulation:

Farmer's Bank, Lansingburg, N. Y.—10's altered from 1's. Vignette, train of cars.

White Plains Bank, White Plains, N. Y.—5's and 10's, altered from 2's. Vignette, female and sheaves of grain.

Shoe and Leather Dealer's Bank, Boston, Mass.—50's and 100's altered from 1's. Vignette, warehouse, &c. Shoemakers and carriers on ends.

Grocer's and Producer's Bank, Providence, R. I.—5's altered from 1's. Vignette, two females.

Bank of Bainbridge, Penn Yan, N. Y.—10's letter A, dated June 1, 1850. Engraving very coarse—has the appearance of a wood cut.

Island City Bank, New York.—10's altered from 1's. Vignette, ship building, &c.

THE HONOR OF THE ARMY.—In concluding an article upon this subject, the *N. Y. Mirror* says:—"To the lost, the five long hours preceding the final engulfing of the ship were a thousand times more terrible than the pangs of parting life. How many thoughts of the loved ones at home, whose faces they should see no more; how many fond remembrances, how many earnest prayers, how many forgiving of injuries and hopes of being forgiven were crowded into the last mortal moments preceding eternity! The mere drowning is nothing—a gasp for breath—a suffusion of the brain—a serene insensibility—and that which was known on earth as a human soul mingles a drop in the ocean of the Infinite."

SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—Now that coal is worth considerable, if not more, a cheap substitute is desirable, which the *Washington Star* says may be prepared as follows: One third clay, one-third chopped straw, one-third coal-dust, mixed together to a proper consistency, made into blocks similar to brick, when dried in the sun or other heat, it will become hard and suitable for burning in stoves, ovens, &c.

GREAT YIELD OF APPLES.—There has been gathered from a single apple tree, upon the farm of Mr. Nehemiah Perkins, in Toppfield, the extraordinary quantity of one hundred bushels (forty barrels) of apples. The tree has always been a great bearer, frequently producing from fifty to sixty bushels. The tree is about fifty years old.—*Salem Observer.*

FINE CATTLE.—At the Wythe county (Va.) Agricultural Show last week, Mr. Stephen McGavock exhibited five three year old cattle, which weighed respectively 1850, 1847½, 1900, 1920, and 2005, averaging 1902 pounds. Mr. James T. Crockett exhibited a yearling steer that weighed 1225 pounds.

A LARGE HOG.—The Madison (Ind.) Banner says:—"Martin Roberts, who resides on the river, six miles below Madison, in Kentucky, informs us that he has a hog that weighs upwards of NINETEEN HUNDRED POUNDS, which he has sold for two hundred dollars."

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—I have noticed in the *Cultivator* for May 15th, an inquiry for the cure of a ringbone in a colt, and answer: Take high wines of cider or brandy, add saltpetre as much as will dissolve, and wash the ringbone two or three times a day. One of my neighbours cured one of three or four years' standing, by the application a few times.—*Boston Cultivator.*

In Allegheny county, two Whigs, one Democrat, and two Native Americans, have been elected to the State Legislature.