



RIGHT OR WRONG. WHEN RIGHT, TO BE KEPT RIGHT, WHEN WRONG, TO BE PUT RIGHT.

EBENSBURG.

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 9.

The Constitution and Territories.

According to James Buchanan, the Constitution protects Slavery in the Territories, as well as in the States, and Slavery exists by virtue of the Constitution as much in Kansas as in South Carolina.

The Loco-Foco party change their opinions and platforms so often, that we would not be surprised to find them ere long attempting to stand upon ours.

That Congress has entire and supreme control over the Territories was not questioned until late years; and although the people of the South were the first to deny the right, we find they are now willing to concede it again, when they think it to their advantage.

The Marshals and assistants in California, Oregon, Utah, and New Mexico, under the operation of an amendment at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, which was determined by the addition of 100 per cent.

The Election of Speaker.

The contest for Speaker is over, and has resulted in the election of the Hon. Wm. Pennington of New Jersey, on the thirty-eighth ballot.

Gov. Pennington represents the fifth district of New Jersey. He was elected over Wortendyke, Administration Democrat. He is a Republican of the Old Whig School, and one of those who believe with Jefferson, Clay, and Webster, that Congress has the right to prohibit Slavery in the Territories.

After the fire and brimstone speeches delivered by the Southern members, pending the election, we had some reason to look for a demonstration from that quarter, in case a Republican Speaker should attempt to take his seat.

full opportunity to let off her extra steam, through those safety valves who represent her, that Congress will proceed to business. Nearly nine weeks of the session have already been squandered in fruitless discussion, and we trust they will now endeavor to make up for the time thus lost.

Mode of Taking Census.

The duties of this undertaking devolve upon the United States Marshals, who appoint their own assistants.

The General Government has in each State or Territory one or more judicial districts, with each of which is connected a Marshal, who acts as high Sheriff in the District Court of the United States.

These Marshals are required by law to subdivide their districts, and for each subdivision to appoint an assistant, taking care not to include a greater population (by estimate) than 20,000 in any one subdivision.

The assistant having been qualified, by oath, for the proper performance of their duties, are furnished, through the Marshals, with blanks and instructions.

In the prosecution of their work they are required to make two copies of their report. The original returns are filed with the Clerk of the Court of each County, and the copies are forwarded to the Marshal, who transmits one copy to the Secretary of the State for his district, and the other to the Census Office at Washington.

The assistants who perform the work of enumeration are paid on a different principle, combining in a novel manner compensation for labor and travel, one which was found to operate very fairly and satisfactory to the employees and Government.

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MORE EXPULSIONS FROM THE SOUTH.—THE EFFECT OF GUANO.—The Carlisle (Pa.) Herald, says: Many of our readers are aware that several families, formerly living in the lower part of the county, have recently purchased land in one of the counties of Virginia where they have settled in the peaceful prosecution of their business.

A committee waited on Mr. Dorsheimer, who offered his explanations, and showed the guano. The committee after examination, reported that it looked like guano, it smelt like guano, is tasted like guano, and that in short it was guano, and executed Mr. Dorsheimer from any insurrectionary design; notwithstanding the report spread, and finally a meeting was held, and notice given to Dorsheimer and all the Cumberland county men, to leave the State in twelve days.

INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS.—The white settlers in the outskirts of Minnesota are annoyed and distressed by bands of roving Indians, who exist in numbers like the locusts of Egypt, stealing and devouring everything in their way.

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The Teacher's Institute, held here last week, was large and well attended.

THRILLING TALE.

MORDICAI AND SUNNA VAGUN;

OR, The Perils of Hunting Deer out of Season.

Founded on Fact.

BY DR. HELO VA FELO.

[COMMUNICATION.] Office of the Cash-Book, New-York, Feb. 6, 1860.

To the Publishers of The Alleghenian:

GENTLEMEN:—I have learned with regret, that a one-hour paper, emanating from your place, last week published several obscene chapters, endeavoring to palm them off upon the public as "the conclusion" of that most interesting tale, entitled "Mordicai and Sunna Vagun." It is quite unnecessary for me to say that those chapters were entirely bogus.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I am, dear sirs, Your obedient servant, P. TOOTH COMBE, Proprietor of the Cash Book.

EPISODE.

That the reader may fully understand this most interesting story in all its details, we take great pleasure in rendering him some assistance in forming the proper connection between those chapters heretofore published, and those which are to follow.

The unfortunate Mordicai was taken up in sad plight. An infuriated mob assembled in an instant. The jackass was rudely seized—

with a violent attack of wind colic, and began to bray most terrifically. Rushing into the mob, he dispersed it in a trice.

The citizens became alarmed. The military were immediately called out, and a volley of musketry fired at the jackass. The fire was briskly returned, and the incorrigible jackass took to his heels and ran away.

He had dismounted from the log-sled, and gone to minister to the wants of Mordicai. Meanwhile the old horse (supposing doubtless that his master was still aboard,) started off at a full walk, and never stopped until he had landed himself and the log-sled, with all it contained, safely at Sunna Vagun's door.

CHAPTER VII.

"But Mordicai! poor Mordicai!" exclaims the reader. "What became of Mordicai?"

I have said, that after the jackass had dumped him into the mud, Mordicai was taken up in sad plight. Mud in his eyes, he could see not; mud in his ears, he could hear not; mud in his mouth, he could speak not—neither could he drink.

Mordicai was carefully gathered up, placed on a wheelbarrow, and amid great lamentations, was conveyed to the house of Sunna Vagun. Here everything was done for the ill-fated man which sympathy for his unfortunate condition could suggest. His mortal coil, now flexible as dilapidated linen, was laid upon a bed, and medical aid was promptly called.

In a moment the venerable Doctor Quack was by the bedside. He looked at Mordicai and heaved a deep sigh.

There was an awful silence. All eyes centered upon the venerable Doctor Quack. The Doctor took off his gloves—rubbed his brow—pulled out his watch—caught Mordicai by the wrist—looked at his watch—looked at Mordicai—looked round the room—and then looked wise.

All was still silent. All eyes still centered upon the venerable Doctor Quack. For a time, the Doctor seemed to be in a kind of reverie: his mighty mind seemed wholly absorbed in deep, impenetrable, unfathomable, profound, mysterious thought.

Suddenly he dropped the patient's hand; put by his watch; and looked at the bystanders. And as he looked, he seemed to say: "I consider the case a little mixed; but, if there is a man in this world who can restore the patient, I am that man."

The venerable Doctor then approached Sunna Vagun, and whispering something into his ear, quickly left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

No sooner had the Doctor taken his departure, than Sunna Vagun, aided by several kind friends, proceeded to remove the mud from Mordicai's eyes, ears and mouth. The habiliments, too, in which Mordicai was clad—soiled and bespattered as they

were with mud—were carefully taken from his person and piled in a corner. Mordicai himself was plunged over head and ears into a hoghead of cold water. Several split-brooms were then vigorously plied about him; and what with the drenching and the scrubbing, he was soon effectually cleansed.

Whilst all this was in progress, Sunna Vagun several times remarked to those present: "Well, good friends, I have known this man Mordicai for many years; but really this is the first time in my life that I ever saw him take the water."

Once out of the hoghead, Mordicai was carefully rolled in a blanket, and again put to bed. Sunna Vagun and all the rest now looked anxiously for some signs of returning consciousness.

They looked in vain. Mordicai lay dormant. Again was the venerable Doctor Quack sent for. He soon came; and this time held a bottle of hartshorn to the nose of the ill-fated Mordicai.

It was of no avail. The venerable Doctor then struck a match and held it to Mordicai's nose. But the match died out, and there was still no sign.

The Doctor shook his head. "What shall we do?" asked Sunna Vagun.

"Well, I suppose," said the venerable Doctor, "if we can't do any better, we'll have to let him die and be decently interred."

"But is there no hope?" asked Sunna Vagun.

"None," said the venerable Doctor, as he hurriedly left the room.

Sunna Vagun wept. "Alas!" he cried, "alas, Mordicai!—As the auctioneer would say, you've been a-going, going, going this good while; and now I guess you've gone—gone too, most likely, to the very lowest—bidder!"

Whereupon Sunna Vagun took a nip.

CHAPTER IX.

As a drowning man will clutch at straws to save his own life, so will man clutch at anything, however trifling, to save the life of another whom he loves. Sunna Vagun had a deep and abiding affection for Mordicai; and it was hard, nay impossible, to bring himself to the sad reality that his old friend and companion was now utterly and emphatically defunct.

Sunna Vagun rushed wildly out of the room. A moment had scarcely elapsed when Sunna Vagun returned, bearing in his arms three mysterious bottles; one whereof was labeled "Superior Corn-Top;" another was labeled "Doodendad;" and the third "Tanglefoot."

After requiring every body else to leave the room, Sunna Vagun uncorked the Corn-Top, proceeded to the bed-side, and held the cork to Mordicai's nose.

Mordicai grunted. "I knew I could fetch him!" said Sunna Vagun, with an air of triumph. "I will now see what virtue there is in the Corn-Top itself."

The mouth of the bottle was then presented to Mordicai's nose.

Mordicai yawned. "He-ho-hum-m-m-m! ha-a-a!"

"Bravo!" shouted Sunna Vagun. "The results of my experiments thus far are entirely satisfactory. I am encouraged to proceed."

So saying, he opened the Doodendad, and applied the cork to Mordicai's nose.

Mordicai sneezed. "As a general rule," said Sunna Vagun, "I'm not to be sneezed at; but I've no particular objections to it on this occasion. I will now try the Doodendad itself."

The orifice of the bottle was now formally presented to Mordicai's nasal organ.

Mordicai sneezed twice at the same time—during the occurrence of which remarkable phenomenon, two of his toe-nails flew off.

"That one sneeze," said Sunna Vagun, "was a little extra—a little more indeed than I bargained for; however, too much of any thing is enough of it."

Sunna Vagun's countenance glowed with satisfaction as he opened the bottle of Tanglefoot; the cork of which he then held about eighteen inches from Mordicai's nose.

Mordicai opened not his eyes. But his

lips moved, and he incoherently muttered one word. That word, gentle reader, was—"Jackass."

Sunna Vagun—his features still brightening—now held the cork within six inches of Mordicai's nose.

Mordicai's eyes opened, and he stared wildly round the room.

"He lives!" shouted Sunna Vagun. "Yes sir-ree, Sunna Vagun! In the dreadful (hic) langwidge of Daniel Webster, 'I haint ded yet.' I was only a sleepin I spose; an a dreamin about jackasses an tanglefoot (hic). Speakin of tanglefoot, I thort I smelt some. Hev you got any of that article (hic) about your person, Sunna Vagun?"

"I have some in the room; but—"

"Then give me a nip, Sunna Vagun.—It strikes me I'd (hic) be the better of it. Patrick Henry (hic) used for to say 'give him liberty or give him deth,' but (hic) as for me, I say give me tanglefoot under all circumstances. Consarn that jackass (hic)!—I will—now jist mind if I dont—(hic)!"

"Never mind about the jackass, Mordicai;—here's the tanglefoot."

Mordicai convulsively clutched the bottle, and placed its orifice to his mouth. There was a gurgling like that of a rivulet;—there was rapid swallowing;—there was a smacking of Mordicai's lips;—there was an empty bottle.

"Now," said Mordicai, "now we'll (hic) go a-h-u-n-t-i-n."

"Not now, Mordicai," replied Sunna Vagun. "The day is far spent; and owing to the various mishaps which have befallen us, our preparations for the chase are sadly defective. It will be well to defer setting out on our expedition until to-morrow. I will see that everything is in readiness for an early start in the morning; and, if you are then well enough, we will go—go, too, without regard to consequences. In the meantime you need repose. A little sleep will do you good."

"Yes," said Mordicai, "sleep is sartantly a grate institooshun. In the profetick langwidge of the Poet, I may well exclaim, (hic) 'blessed is the man who invented sleep'—and (hic) I might add tanglefoot also."

Mordicai folded his arms and slept. Sunna Vagun soothed his nerves, by imbibing several potations from the Corn-Top bottle; and then betook himself to preparations for the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

As the first thing in order, Sunna Vagun took a slight nip of Doodendad. He then dispatched to the washerwoman, the habiliments of Mordicai, with express directions that they should be "done up" and in readiness by day-break the next morning.

He then proceeded to take a nip. This being attended to, Sunna Vagun went out shopping, and added the following items to the stock of provisions:

- 1 gallon whiskey.
1 pound glaber snits.
17 pounds sweitzer kase.
1 bottle whiskey.
1 bushel sauer kraut.
2 gallons whiskey.
1 bushel fatulent beans.
4 pairs trousers.
1 bottle whiskey.

All which articles, Sunna Vagun caused to be taken home and carefully packed on the log-sled for future reference.

Sunna Vagun next went to the stable, rubbed down the old horse, and gave him a sufficient supply of nutritious oats.—Every thing about the premises being properly secured and attended to, he then walked deliberately to the house and took a nip.

Entering Mordicai's room, he found him still sleeping. Sunna Vagun then indulged in a yard of Bologna Sausage—

took several nips—and smoked his pipe. He then doffed his garments—put on his night-cap—took a nip—and went to bed.

And so fati-gu-ed was Sunna Vagun, with the labors of the day, that he absolutely fell asleep without saying his prayers.

Let the twain sleep. Little do they know of the future which awaits them.

CHAPTER XII.

Daylight had not yet begun to streak the eastern horizon, when Sunna Vagun rose from his virtuous sheets on the morning of the 8d. day of January, 1860.—

Sleep had by no means changed his determination to go a-hunting. He therefore proceeded directly to the stable, and fed and geared the old horse, preparatory to an early start.

Returning to the house, he built on a fire, and prepared breakfast. The repast which he served up, was rough, but strong—the principal dishes being Bologna Sausage, Sauer Kraut and Whiskey.

Just as Sunna Vagun was about to amuse himself with a nip, the door sud-

denly opened, and a little urchin entered bearing in his arms a bundle.

"Here, Mister Sunna Vagun, is Mordicai's cloze, an Mam sed I should tell you she had a heap o' trouble to git 'em clean."

"All right, my lad!" said Sunna Vagun.

"An here's a letter, too, that Mam sed I should give ye," the boy continued.

"All right; all right!" said Sunna Vagun. "Now run home—that's a good boy."

The little fellow hesitated, but soon took his departure. As he closed the door after him, Sunna Vagun glanced at the superscription, and discovering that the letter was intended for him, he quickly tore it open, and read as follows:

Jennyverry the 2d. Mr. son uv A gun to Polly Weggs, Dr. To washin Mordicays cote ditty shirt ditty 1 west ditty 1 Trowsers.

dear Sur About I cend you A bill for More cays washin his kloze. I du hosp the man is moste Better. times is hard a I like 2 git in all sich little drubs. (Cribn was Pete if you ken. The kloze was very ugly I look to a fur my pay. mebbe you charge Too much for the trousers, but was Verry muddy in Side & I Genery extra fur That.

I Remane yourn Polly Weggs with the wife of a eg. dont forgit to give it to pete. I mean the Dollar & 28.

Sunna Vagun folded the letter up carefully, and putting it in his pocket, he proceeded to the bundle of clothes, and proceeded to Mordicai's room. Mordicai still slept, but being gently roused from his slumbers, he got up in ardent spirits. He was the very fellow to go-a-h-u-n-t-i-n.

Through prudential motives, Sunna Vagun and Mordicai resolved to leave on this occasion without any public demonstration whatever; and as the wretched jackass was nowhere to be found, it was agreed that all hands should ride on the log-sled.

Everything being in readiness, Mordicai and Sunna Vagun partook of a late breakfast, and whilst the villagers were reposing upon their peaceful couches, the twain sallied forth on their perilous venture.

Where they went—what became of them—what they did—and what they didn't—will be duly recorded in the ensuing chapters.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.—Their bounding Magnitude and their Unparalleled numbers.—It is now eighteen centuries ago, a half since a new religion was preached to mankind—a religion full of peace and gentleness and mercy. On the day when the founder of that religion was born, the peace of Europe was maintained by about three hundred thousand soldiers. There are now about two million and half on the peace establishment. Place to yourself what these two million and half cost us, the peaceable inhabitants of Europe, in daily pay, in rations, in clothing and in housing. Go through the calculations carefully. Your time is hardly better spent than in making such accounts. Remember, too, that the unproductive soldiers might have been productive laborers and artisans; so that you have to add the loss of their labor to the cost of their keep. Try to imagine these millions of armed men dwelling without intermission, in long array before you—the bright, alert, and ready-handed Frenchmen; the stout, hardy Prussians; the well-drilled Austrians; the staid Danes; the gay Flemingtons; the smart Dutchmen; the much, long-coated Russians; the free-limbed, haughty, dashing Spaniards, and the cool, resolute, soldier-like Englishmen. Bright summer days would wane away as this vast armament with all its baggage and artillery, moved on before your wearied eyes; and all night long the unwearied tramp of men and horses would still be heard resounding.—Something like a conception of the number may be formed by considering that every man, woman, and child, to be found in London and its suburbs, were transformed into a soldier, the number would represent the effective force of most at-arms in Europe. Consider how the most experienced Londoner loses his wits sometimes in that great city, and dispersers districts of which he knew nothing before. Let him imagine these new regions, as well as those parts of the world with which he is familiar, to be suddenly peopled with soldiers only. Let him only traverse the highways, but go into the houses, and see the sick and aged and infantine, who seldom come into the streets, and let him persevere in imagining them also to be soldiers, and London one huge camp. He will then have some idea of the extent of European armies, and how reflect upon what it would cost to keep these unproductive millions for a single day.—Friends in Council, 2d Series.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT.—Hector has arrived in England, in fine health, and already at work in preparing himself for the encounter, which will decide the ownership of the champion's belt. Sayers left for training quarters on the 1st of February.