



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

EBENSEBURG: THURSDAY DECEMBER 19.

Dizzard Dissected.

When we assumed the editorial control of "The Alleghenian," it was our determination not to deal in personalities toward any member of the fraternity...

Let us advert to a few facts, and we are content to leave to a candid public the criticism of our career. We entered upon our duties as a journalist about three months ago.

The silly threat has also been made, that numerous other charges will be preferred and proven against us, when we are fairly in the field for Congress.

Any one who had the moral courage to wade through the nasty stuff which he was at that time weekly putting forth, will agree with us, that it could only emanate from a vile, depraved, wicked and beastly heart.

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"Tell it not in Gath, and proclaim it not in Askelon," readers! These are the grave and unpardonable sins we have committed, and which have made us so odious and hateful in the eyes of this famous and overshadowing knot of scurvy politicians.

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time and in our way, fully state our position in regard to the matter; but we will not suffer ourselves to be forced to do so through the threats or caprices of the miserable, contemptible, drivelling, lying, secession-sympathizer of the Democrat & Sentinel.

But a specific charge was last week made against us. It is said that in a speech delivered at Chest Springs, we used this expression—"I am an Abolitionist from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet," and that DANIEL LITZINGER, Esq., is cited as the witness who can prove the charge.

On our outside this week, we publish the Message of President Lincoln to Congress. Our readers can peruse it and judge of its merits for themselves. In our opinion, brevity is its only merit, although it is but just to say, that it is by no means an Abolition document.

Witness, also, the manner in which our clownish neighbor compliments Secretary CAMERON: This witty and unscrupulous demagogue is playing, or at least endeavoring to play, a very sharp game just at the present time.

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"Sustaining the President."

The editor of the Democrat & Sentinel, who has for some time been trying to make the people believe that he does not sympathize with Secession and Rebellion, last week gave a free exhibition of his cloven feet.

We can in no way so well give our readers an idea of the depravity of this fellow's heart, as by transferring these tirades of abuse to our columns.

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QUILL-DRIVES.

Genial—the weather. The D. & S. spells the word tries with a y in it; thus, tries. It should try again.

Our neighbor of the D. & S. says we live in a glass house. We would simply remind him that he lives in a GLASS office.

The Huntington Globe calls our friend of the D. & S. "the Ebensburg beauty." Distance often lends enchantment to the view.

The D. & S. began a new volume last week. Pity the editor of the D. & S. wouldn't also "turn over a new leaf."

The editor of the D. & S. hopes that the Postmasters of Cambria county will do him justice, etc.

If so, they will treat him as a "dead letter." The D. & S. has been considerably reduced in size. This has been done, no doubt, to make it correspond with its editor, who is generally regarded as a very small man.

The President's Message was first announced to the public at noon on Tuesday. On Thursday morning following, it appeared in the San Francisco, California, papers.

The paper will contain as much, if not more reading matter, as heretofore.

Punkins says that may be very good English, but he thinks he has seen better.

The D. & S. says the Democracy will always find it an efficient organ. A staunch friend of ours, now at our elbow, says they will always find it an F-fishy organ, too.

Gov. Curtin presented one of the State flags, authorized by the last Legislature, to Col Maxwell's regiment on Saturday. The presentation ceremonies took place at Camp Curtin.

We hope our readers will agree with us in the opinion, that what we have done is a change for the better.—D. & S.

We have no doubt they will so agree with you, for it would be impossible for you to make a change for the worse.

It is at length fully proven by the rebels themselves that Mason and Sidel did carry despatches, and that they were given to other parties on board the Trent, who secreted them, and they arrived safely in London.

Col. Kerrigan, of the 25th N. Y. Regiment, has been court martialed on no less than nine different charges, the most important of which is that of visiting and giving information to the enemy.

The editor of the D. & S. calls the Alleghenian a smut machine. As the title is very appropriate we accept it.

We've put it true, Been having him through, To see if we could Get anything good.

But we're forced to say, How'er it may cut, The millin' don't pay— He's nothing but smut.

Wm. H. Johnston, of Louisiana, but recently from New York, enlisted in August last in the Union Army. He deserted on the 4th inst., and coming, as he supposed, upon a squad of the enemy, but in reality Federal soldiers, he gave them a large amount of information respecting the Federal strength.

Our good Devil furnishes us with the following, and says he will be responsible for it in any way or manner becoming a gentleman of his standing. To wit:

One evening last week, as I chanced to be going up street, I was brought to a dead halt by the rather unceremonious meeting and greeting of two individuals on the sidewalk near me, one of whom I immediately recognized as Dizzard of the D. & S.

John—What are you driving at these times, Dizzard?

Dizzard—O, well, (hic) I'm clerkin' for the Commissioners, (hic) and attendin' to Barker, (hic) (hic).

John—Well, how are you making out?

Dizzard—O, billy! (hic) I'm makin' (hic) a reputation for myself (hic) in the Commissioners' office, (hic) and as to Barker, (hic) he shall never go to Congress. (hic) That's so, (hic) I've made up my mind (hic) to f-e-t-o-h him, (hic) That's so, too, (hic).

John—Well, Dizzard, if you succeed in fetching Barker as well as Parker has succeeded in fetching you, you'll have a nice thing of it!

[Exeunt omnes.] The above is all that was furnished us by our Devil, but he has since requested us to add that when Dizzard's hat fell off he noticed a small brick in it.

Cambria County.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Millville Borough—Continued.

CAMBRIA IRON WORKS.

From the period at which the Cambria Iron Works passed into the hands of Messrs. Wood, Morrell & Co., the present lessees, down to the present moment, they have been eminently successful. The members of this firm reside in Philadelphia, with the exception of Daniel J. Morrell, Esq., the active member of the firm, who superintends the establishment in person.

Upon the subject of the capacity of these works, and the modus operandi of manufacturing rail road and other iron, from the raw material, I select the subjoined description, written by an intelligent eye-witness:

"The process of manufacturing commences with the Blast Furnaces, where the ore is reduced to pig metal. Four of these large Smelting Furnaces are situated at Johnstown, each 48 feet high, 13 feet bosh, and requiring 4 steam engines, (of 200 horse power, each) to produce the requisite blast, and one engine, of 60 horse power, to supply the water for the Boiler and Furnaces. When all is in blast, these Furnaces produce on an average, 700 tons of Pig Metal per week. To feed them requires a corresponding amount of ore and coke to the iron produced. The mountains of ore which we saw accumulating in one point and melting away in another, explained the mode of feeding these Furnaces. The ore is mined upon a level, about 70 feet above the coke yard, (which is on a level with the Funnel Head of the Furnace,) and dumped from the cars in which it is taken from the mines, in large piles or clumps, containing from 20 to 40,000 tons each. Coal being distributed amongst it as it accumulates, it is roasted or calcined in these clumps, from which it is taken, when properly prepared, directly to the Furnaces. Four or five of these clumps are kept constantly going; while one is forming, one or two will be burning, another cooling, and another being used in the Furnaces. About 3,000 tons of ore is thus mined and disposed of weekly.

The coke is mostly made in the open air, in what is called Pits, being long piles or winnows of coal from 75 to 120 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 4 feet high, of which there are generally from 50 to 60 of these Pits in the process of cooking.

The Rolling Mill, which is in the shape of a Maltese cross, (with one additional wing, 74 feet square,) is 400 feet long, the main building 190 feet wide, and 370 feet across the cross wings, covering an area of 83,375 square feet, containing 30 Double, equal to 60 Single Puddling Furnaces, 14 Heating Furnaces, 14 pairs of Rolls, with all the requisite machinery, such as Fans, Shears, Saws, Punches, Presses, &c., all driven by 14 steam engines, equal to 1,000 horse power. Working capacity 600 tons per week, or 30,000 tons finished rails per annum.

"Near the mill is large Foundry, which is driven by a small upright direct acting blowing engine, of 30 horse power, and near it a machine and blacksmith shop, having two steam engines. These shops manufacture the machinery, and do all the repairs of the works. In addition to the 4 large Blast Furnaces at Johnstown, they have four others of a smaller capacity, situated at from three to twelve miles distant, the metal from which is taken to the mill by canal and wagons. Two of these working on charcoal, and one on coke, are now in blast. One out of blast. The Wagon-makers shop, Harness-maker's shop, Stables, Butchering establishments, Stores, and other auxiliary departments, each in themselves a respectable enterprise, all go to swell the magnitude of this mammoth concern. The fact that over 2,000 men find constant employment in and about these works, gives a better idea of their magnitude than any statistics could suggest. In addition to the ore bank at Johnstown, the company has one near Hollidaysburg, from which they obtain the quantity of Fossiliferous ore wanted to work with the Johnstown Carbonates, to produce the desired quality of iron.

"The Pig Metal is taken by Railroad from the Furnaces to the mill a distance of less than 1/2 mile, broken up and taken to the Puddling Furnaces, and there by the process known as boiling or Puddling, converted into wrought iron, and formed into balls of about 100 lbs. weight, which are taken to the large Rotary Squeezer, (an improvement upon the Tit-hammer,) which throws off the cinder or dross, and forms them into Blooms, which are taken to the Rolls, and there rolled into what is called Muck or Puddler's bars; from thence the bars are taken to the shears, and cut into lengths suited to the weight of rail to be made. A portion of this iron is piled and rolled into bars of 7 1/2 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, which is cut by the shears into suitable lengths to form the top and bottom pieces for the Rail pile, which is made up of 6 or 8 layers of this re-worked and Puddler's iron. The Rail pile, thus made up, is heated and taken to the Rail Mill, which has three Rolls, one above the other, and the hot iron is passed first between the middle and bottom Rolls, and

back between the top and middle, thus working the iron both ways, saving much hard labor in passing the iron back over the roller, as is the case in the ordinary 2 high mills, and about one-half of the time usually consumed, and insuring a much sounder and more perfect weld than could be procured in an ordinary mill. Ten to twelve passes, occupying about one minute's time, forms the rail, which is run from the Rolls on to a carriage, which is run takes it to the saws, where both ends are cut off, leaving it of the desired length. From thence it is taken to the cooling bed, where it remains until cool enough to handle, when the straightener takes it to the press to straighten, which done, the ends are finished by chiselling and filing, and then passed to the puncher. After being punched, they are taken outside of the mill, finished and ready to be loaded into cars, which the company's locomotive has ready.

"It requires about the space of time necessary to complete the process of making the Rail before it is cool, and from the time the pigs are introduced into the Puddling Furnaces, the iron passes over some 600 feet of ground, until it is put into the cars, in the desired shape of Rail."

This mammoth establishment, (the largest in America, and perhaps in the world,) gives employment to over 2,000 men, occupying over 200 tenant houses; and is, it is believed, the only one in the country that is now fully worked. So great an idea of its magnitude, as well as the patriotism of the hardy operatives, may be inferred from the fact that it has given to the Country, during the last year, 600 soldiers, and, in the language of its Liberal manager, a "large new crop of soldiers is growing up for future armies."

JONATHAN OLDBUCK. MORSEBURNS, December 18, 1861.

Great Conflagration at Charleston, S. C.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 13.

A telegraphic dispatch to the Norfolk Day Book of to-day from Charleston, S. C., states that a fire broke out in that place on Wednesday night which was supposed to be the work of an incendiary, and at the date of the last dispatch, five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the conflagration was still raging.

The round church, the theatre on Broad street, the institute, and other public buildings, are stated to have been destroyed. The fire had swept across Broad street, when assistance was sent for to Augusta.

The Baltimore American of Saturday says:

Our private advices from Norfolk do not make any mention connecting the slugs with the conflagration, further than that it was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The fire is said to have originated in a sash factory, near the junction of King and Broad Streets—that it crossed Broad street, and to have reached the Institute Hall, the Round Church and the theatre, on Meeting street, must have passed diagonally across Clifford, Beaufort, Cumberland, Princess, Queen and Chambers streets, a distance of nearly half a mile through the very heart of the city. As no mention is made of the destruction of the City Hall, Court House, Guard House and Christ Church, at the four corners of Broad and Meeting streets, it is to be presumed they have escaped.

The Mills House, one of the principal hotels of the city, about a half a square from the Round church, on Meeting street, is also said to have been burned, together with the Catholic Cathedral and the Asylum on Archdale street.

The fire was said to be still raging on Thursday evening, having continued for forty-eight hours. The theatre, which is said to have been burned, is the extreme point on Meeting street, so that we are enabled to locate the extent of the conflagration, and its destruction would necessarily involve several squares of closely built frame buildings in its rear. From an examination of the map, we think it likely that the Charleston Hotel has escaped, though it is not more than a square from the theatre.

A CHEERFUL LETTER.—The following document, written by a Southerner in the Rebel army, and published in a Southern paper, indicates a meek and Christian-like spirit:

"ARINGTON, Va., Oct. 2, 1861.—My Dear Wife:—I have left you and our children in the land of the despot, but God grant that I may soon be able to make the Union men of Kentucky feel the edge of my knife. From this day I hold every Union traitor as my enemy, and from him I scorn to receive quarter, and to him I will never grant my sword in death, for they are cowards and villains enough. Brother Henry and I arrived here without hindrance. I have had child all the way, but I hope to live to kill every Yankee for every child that I ever had. I learn that Hardee is still in the Arkansas lines inactive, and if this proves to be true, I will tender my resignation and go immediately to Kentucky. I hope I will do my duty as a rebel and a freeman. Since I hate the Union men of Kentucky, I intend to begin the work of murder in earnest, and if ever I spare one of them, may hell be my portion. I want to see Union blood flow deep enough for my horse to swim in. Your Husband, "JAMES BLACKBURN."

Joseph H. Sears has been appointed Post Master at Port Royal, S. C.