

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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TERMS

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Miscellaneous.

The Terrible Disaster at Santiago, Chili.

Twenty-two Hundred Bodies Recovered.

Intense Stupidity of the Police--Revolted Barbarity of the Peasants.

The Providence Journal publishes a letter received by Mr. W. A. Pearce, of Providence, from his father, resident in Santiago, Chili, who witnessed the recent appalling catastrophe by which more than two thousand human beings were burned to death. The writer says:

"I hear you asking, why were these sufferers not rescued? Yes, why were they not rescued? My heart sickens within me at the question. Those determined, stupid ignoramus of policemen! Fifty foreigners, had they been allowed to work, and to work in their own way, could and would have saved nearly or quite the whole mass. But no, as is always the case here on an alarm of fire, the police place a sentry on every avenue leading to the fire. They have, as you know, no fire-engines, except some two or three old Gordon pumps. I fought my way past the police one entire square, by wrestling guns and sabres from their hands, knocking them out of the way, and being knocked in return, until I was overpowered by numbers and forced to retreat, and all within hearing of the most heart-rending lamentations that ever sounded on human ears. And nearly every foreigner fared similar to myself--I was forced back. Mr. Demilly, of the gas works, received a bayonet wound at the fire, while in the act of rescuing a young lady that he recognized, a Miss Larren. He had fought his way in company with one of the workmen at the gas works, to the church, battered down a side or a private door, and saw Miss Larren; she at the same time recognized him and called on him to save her. He could not enter on account of a sheet of flame between them. He reached his cane to her, which she grasped with both hands, when he and his friend attempted to drag her through the flames, but she was so surrounded and hemmed in with the dead and dying that her strength was not sufficient. They abandoned this method and sent in pursuit of some other means to rescue her, and returned again, and on presenting themselves with the means of saving her at the door, the police ordered them back and not heeding the order, (Demilly) was bayoneted. His friends wrested the gun from the policeman, knocked him senseless to the ground, and made a second attempt to save the girl. At the time lost in dispute with the police was a life with her. This is only one of many similar cases.

"Your brother Charles battered a door down on Calle Bandera, or Flagg street, entered and found in a small ante-room some thirty females, and all living, but like so many statues, perfectly unconscious. He was compelled to take many of them in his arms and carry them into the street, and saved them all. Mr. Meiggs and H. Keith fought their way through the police and reached the church at a late hour, and when the tower was falling all about them, succeeded in saving several. Mr. Meiggs saw a woman still alive under a crowd of others then dead. She recognized him and called to him, saying, 'for God's sake, save me!' He rushed through the fire to her and pushed several of the dead from her, then attempted to lift her out from among the dead, but they were so firmly wedged in about her and on her, he had to abandon that. He then procured a lasso, fastened that about her waist, and the united strength of eight men could not extricate her from her companions; and they had to leave her amid such cries for help as no christian heart could endure, neither can language describe.

"The police had full charge of the front of the church, and in such force that the foreigners could do nothing there. The police rescued a few. Axes and crowbars were not to be had until a late hour. A single instance will suffice to show the stupidity of police. An officer of the police set some half dozen of his men to hew or batter down one of the large front doors with their old broad swords. The doors are made of two-inch hardwood, double thickness, and riveted through and through with iron rivets. You can judge the effect their old cutlasses made on the door better than I can describe it.

"The scene at the church the following day was the most revolting, heart distressing, that ever was witnessed since the world was created. There were the poor, unfortunate dead in all stages of decomposition, the greater portion of them naked. But few could be recognized by their surviving friends. The police ordered on the peones or laborers to remove the dead. Those donors worse than devils damned--commenced their work with such hilarity as you ever saw school children enter on some pleasure excursion. The dead were pulled about and pulled apart as one would pull apart tangled brushwood. You could see two or more peones pulling on a limb of some one who was buried under the others, until the limb was pulled from the body. Then they would have a peon howl of exultation, and commence at another. The dead were actually separated with crowbars and picks. Limbs, heads and frag-

Infernal Machines.

The 14th of January, 1858, was made memorable in France by an attempt at regicide, most diabolical in its character, and yet the project of a man who appears to have been by no means devoid of virtue and even benevolence. It was, however, the third time that what the french call an Infernal Machine was used in the streets of Paris, for regicidal purposes, within the present century.

The first was a Bourbonist contrivance directed against the life of the First Consul Bonaparte. "This machine," says Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, "consisted of a barrel of gunpowder, placed on a cart, to which it was strongly secured, and charged with grape-shot, so disposed around the barrel as to be dispersed in every direction by the explosion. The fire was to be communicated by a slow match. It was the purpose of the conspirators, undeterred by the indiscriminate slaughter which such a discharge must occasion, to place the machine in the street, through which the First Consul must go to the opera; having contrived that it should explode exactly as his carriage should pass the spot." Never, during all his eventful life, had Napoleon a narrower escape than on this occasion, on the 14th of December 1800. St. Regent applied the match, and an awful explosion took place. Several houses were damaged, twenty persons were killed on the spot, and fifty-three wounded, including St. Regent himself. Napoleon's carriages, however, had just got beyond the reach of harm. This atrocity led to the execution of St. Regent, Carbon, and other conspirators.

Fieschi's attempt at regicide in 1835 was more elaborate and scientific; there was something of the artillery officer in his mode of proceeding, although he was in truth nothing but a scamp. Fieschi hired a front room of a house in Paris, in a street through which royal carriages were sometimes in the habit of passing; he proceeded to construct a weapon to be fired off through the open window, on some occasion when the king was expected to pass that way. He made a strong frame, supported by four legs. He obtained twenty-five musket barrels, which he ranged with their butt ends raised a little higher than the muzzles, in order that he might fire downwards, from a first floor window into the street. The barrels were not ranged quite parallel, but were spread out slightly like a fan; the muzzles were also not all at the same height; so that by this combined plan he obtained a sweep of fire, both in height and breadth, more extensive than he would otherwise have obtained. Every year during Louis Philippe's reign there were certain days of rejoicing in July, in commemoration of the circumstances which placed him on the throne. On the 28th, the second day of the festival in 1835, a royal cortege was proceeding along this particular street, the Boulevard du Temple. Fieschi adjusted his machine, heavily loaded with ball (four to each barrel), and connected the touch-holes of all his twenty-five barrels with a train of gunpowder. He had a blind at his window, to screen his operations from view. Just as the cortege arrived, he raised his blind and fired, when a terrific scene was presented. Marshal Mortier, General de Verigny, the aid-de-camp of Marshal Maison, a colonel, several grenadiers of the Guard, and several bystanders, were killed, while the wounded raised the number of sufferers to nearly forty. In this, as in many similar instances, the person aimed at escaped. One ball grazed the King's arm, and another lodged in his horse's neck; but he and his sons were in other respects unhurt. Fieschi was executed; and his name obtained for some years that kind of notoriety which Madame Tussaud could give it.

We now come to the attempt of Orsini and his companions. A Birmingham manufacturer was commissioned to make six missiles according to a particular model. The missile was of an oval shape, and had twenty-five nipples near one end, with percussion caps to fit them. The greatest thickness and weight of metal were at the nipple end, to ensure that it should come foremost to the ground. The inside was to be filled with detonating composition, such as fulminate of mercury; a contusion would explode the caps on the nipples, and communicate the explosion to the fulminate, which would burst the iron shell into innumerable fragments. A Frenchman residing in London brought alcohol, mercury, and nitric acid; made a detonating compound from these materials, and filled the shells with it. Then ensued a very complicated series of manoeuvres to get the conspirators and the shells to Paris, without exciting the suspicion of the authorities. On the evening of the 14th of January 1858, the Emperor and Empress were to go to the opera; and Orsini and his confederates prepared for the occasion. At night, while the imperial carriage was passing, three explosions were heard. Several soldiers were wounded; the Emperor's hat was perforated; General Roguet was slightly wounded in the neck; two footmen were wounded, while standing behind the Emperor's carriage; one horse was killed; and the carriage was severely shattered; and the explosion extinguished most of the gas-lights near at hand. The Emperor, cool in the midst of danger, proceeded

The Irish Exodus.

Save, perhaps, the Jewish, no nation in the world, says the Irishman, has so large a number of its children in exile as Ireland. The exiles of Erin--they are counted by the millions in America, and by thousands in Australia. There is scarcely a country beneath the sun upon whose soil their foot-prints may not be traced. They have left their native land, not because they did not love it, but because they could have no "happy homes nor altars here;" because of its bounty, it was forbidden to furnish them with bread. Had the Irish laborer, which, during the last twenty years, has been expended upon the canals, the railroads, the wharves, the prairies of the United States, in leveling the Canadian forests, and clearing the Australian bush, been devoted, under proper directions, on and fair conditions, to the development of the material resources of Ireland, this Island, to-day, from the centre to the sea, would bloom like a garden. Throughout its whole extent, from the Giant's Causeway, to Cape Clear, and from Connemara to the Hill of Howth, not one acre of uncultivated ground would be seen; every marsh would be drained, every unexploitable bog reclaimed, every mine employed--Ireland would be a fairer, a brighter, and more prosperous land than Belgium. Whilst in distant lands, beneath strange stars, Irish arms reclaim the wilderness, and by the banks of noble rivers lay deep and strong the foundations of great cities, here at home the fruitful soil is without cultivators, and over field and town desolation and ruin hover awfully.

The Spring Campaign.

General Halleck, in conversation with prominent public men, says a Washington dispatch, has expressed his belief that the last grand and desperate effort will be made in the ensuing spring by the rebels to transfer the real fighting to Northern soil. They cannot subsist their armies in their own desolated region, from all the most fruitful parts of which slaves have been withdrawn into the interior cotton States. It is difficult to determine whether their new campaign will be due North into Pennsylvania again or across Kentucky into Ohio, using Longstreet's present position as a base of operations. All the secret advisers received at the War Department show that a Peter-the-Hermit crusade against the North is now being preached throughout the Confederacy, and that they are conscripting into the ranks with ruthless violence everything human that is able to bear arms.

Mammoth Hog.

We have chronicled the killing of some fine and heavy porkers in this County this season, but they have a hog in New York city just now that "takes down" anything in the pork line that we have ever heard of. The hog was raised by J. W. Copeman, in Cayuga county, New York, and fattened to its present enormous size, by A. B. Benham, of Dryden, Tompkins county, same State. In May, 1863, it weighed 1,120 pounds, in September, 1,249 pounds, in October, 1,276 pounds, and in December, 1,430. It has been growing rapidly since, and is now supposed to weigh 1,400 pounds. Its breed is a cross of the Leicester and Suffolk, with a slight cross of the Berkshire. This monster pig is soon to be killed.

Three Boys Frozen to Death in Illinois.

A most distressing case of suffering from the late terrible snow storm occurred at Whiteley's Point, Monroe county, about seven miles from this place, on Thursday night last. Three boys, sons of Mr. W. B. Hendricks, in attempting to return home from school, about one mile from their father's house, were frozen, the two youngest, aged nine and eleven years, and the oldest, fifteen years of age, so badly that when school was dismissed the three started for home, but, becoming blinded and benumbed by the intense cold of the stinging wind and snow, soon returned to the school house, where they remained until two or three o'clock in the morning, when they again attempted to make their way home. When within sight of the light at home, made by the family, who were up by four o'clock, the two smallest boys were no longer able to walk, and leaned up against a corn stalk to keep off the wind, while the eldest went home for assistance. When he reached the house his face was badly frozen, and his limbs so thoroughly frozen that he could scarcely move. As soon as he could make known the whereabouts of the brothers, assistance was sent them. But alas! it was too late. They were both dead--frozen stiff--and that, too, in sight of home.

The Tigers of Singapore--Their Appetite for Human Flesh.

We quote from Commodore Perry's entertaining "Expedition to Japan" the following page, relative to the information gained by that commander during his stoppage at Singapore, at the end of the Malacca Straits, on the subject of Malay tigers--merely remarking that it was in 1853, and that since that time the tigers have become much more numerous and destructive than ever, the evil reaching such an extent about eighteen months since, that general and organized action was taken to destroy as many as possible of these pests for the preservation of the people.

"The native animals are generally the same as those of the adjacent peninsula, from which many of them migrate. The tigers especially entertain a great partiality for Singapore, and resort there in great numbers by swimming across the strait which separates the main land from the islands. These are the genuine animals which have no hesitation in pouncing upon a passing traveller, or snatching up and making a meal of any unfortunate Chinaman or native who may happen to be in the jungle, busy in cutting wood, clearing land for the rice plantations, or otherwise occupied. It was stated on the best authority, that not a day passes without the destruction of one human being, at least, by those ferocious beasts. The Commodore was at first somewhat disposed to be incredulous of this statement, but as the acting governor and commander of the forces both confirmed it he could no longer hesitate to accept it as truth. He was told by them that so much of an every day occurrence was this fatality, that many of the cases were not reported, in order to avoid the trouble and expense of a coroner's inquest, which the laws require. 'Death by tiger,' however, is a verdict that might be rendered daily were the legal formalities complied with.

"It is said, and probably with truth, that the tiger, after he has once tasted of human flesh, becomes so fond of it that he prefers its flavor to that of his ordinary venison or wild boar, and will make every effort to obtain a supply of his favorite food. It is this intense longing for human flesh which makes the tiger so very dangerous to the inhabitants of Singapore, especially to the poor Malay or Chinese who may be obliged to expose himself in the jungle and the forest. It was said, too, that the animal showed decided preference for a Chinaman.

"Nor do these stories of the tiger seem very wonderful, when the fact is well established, that those savages who are addicted to cannibalism become passionately fond of their horribly unnatural food. There is a tribe of Malays, called Bataas, who, like their fellow Malay tigers, are said by Sir Stamford Raffles to eat one another, and to prefer such food to any other. Nor are they to be classed entirely among barbarians, for these Bataas can read and write, and have codes of law of great antiquity; and yet, according to the authority just named, not less than from sixty to a hundred Bataas are eaten annually, even during time of peace.

"In addition to the tigers, there are deer and wild boars found upon the island, and several varieties of smaller animals, the monkey, the wild hog or porcupine, the porcupine and the sloth--Bears abound, and among them are some of great beauty."

The Late Gen. Little.

A correspondent writes to the Boston Courier: "I cannot refrain from sending you the following bit, an extract from a private letter received from a relative of the late Wm. H. Little, of Cincinnati. It will speak for itself. 'Cousin Will's sisters were very much affected by the kindness with which his remains were treated by the Confederates. A Confederate surgeon, who identified him, cut off some of his hair to send to his sisters. They also sent his private papers, watch, chain, and money. They had the grave marked with a slab, and when the metallic coffin was sent for the body, placed it tenderly in it. They had covered the wounds in his face, first with green leaves, then with lace net and a fine cambric handkerchief. His remains were escorted to the lines by 16 Confederate officers none under the rank of Colonel.'

The Greatest of Rat Hunts.

Everybody has heard of the great system of sewers which underlies the great city of Paris. Through these subterranean intricacies, according to Victor Hugo in the *Misérables*, Jean Valjean carried Marius on his back for miles from the barricade to the banks of the Seine. It seems that during severe frosts, the vast multitude of rats which abound in Paris, take to the sewers as a refuge from the cold. Latterly, the weather has been more than usually severe, and the conditions being favorable, it was resolved to have a great rat hunt. Accordingly the authorities, assisted by a number of men, gamas and dogs, entered the sewers at various places, and began a grand drive towards a common center. Just as the beaters in an Indian jungle, with tom-toms, gongs, horns, drums, and frightful yells, send all the animals from the tiger to the smallest antelope, towards the hunters, the subterranean drivers soon had millions of rats massed together, struggling, squealing and fighting with extraordinary ferocity. At length they were driven into a large sewer near the bridge of Amieres, and forty dogs were let down among them. A royal battle ensued, which lasted over forty-five hours, and at the end of it victory remained with the dogs. But the latter had paid dearly for their triumph. Four were found in the drain killed outright, and quite a number were totally blind and helpless when recovered by the gammas, who at length ventured to explore the profound depths of the battle. Most of the rats escaped in the morning, but yet no less than 110,000 were found dead. As the finest Persian *kat* sewers are said to be made out of the skins of these animals, there will be material for many gross.

Children.

A friend, not overmuch given to rash forms of expression either, remarked to us in a serious tone, a little time since, that he expected to see the day, if the ordinary term of life should be spared him, when the children would actually stone him in the streets, so bold, impertinent, disrespectful, and totally unmanageable had they become in the latest and wickedest generation. It is not the children, however, who are in fault, but their parents. The latter are indulgent and negligent, in the first place; then the rage for shows and pretensions has worked so wildly, in the next place, that the mothers of this day seem to think children are given them merely to play them off, like mimic chess-men, against one another, this mother being determined that her child shall make as good an "appearance" as that mother's, and so the offspring are getting spoiled in consequence.

A little girl is taken out with her mother on a call--which she certainly should not be, both for her own sake and the sake of a friend who is made the victim; what is done during the entire sitting but praise the beauty, (no matter how homely), the fine clothes, and what-not of the young one--all in the latter's hearing, too--and give up the rest of the time to the noisy shouts and romping of the little monster? The child would be well enough if discipline was properly applied to her; but as it is, with the loose magazine and millinery notions about "beautiful children" running in the mother's head, we look to see nothing different from what we do see, and set our hearts like flints in detestation against the entire crop of boys and girls of modern days. Yet we love gentle and well-behaved children to excess; but these "terrible infants" we desire never to see them or their mothers coming near our doors.--[Wide World.

A Tragedy.

A settlement in Canada West, was recently the scene of a horrid spectacle. At a place called Sandwich East there lived a poor widowed woman named Rice, with five children, the eldest of them a girl aged nine years. The unfortunate woman was seized with smallpox, from the effects of which she became totally blind. Her neighbors at once ceased to visit her, and left both her and her little ones to provide for themselves during the intensely cold weather as best they might. On New Year's eve from some unexplained cause, the shanty caught fire, and although the neighbors saw it burning, their humanity did not overrule their dread of the small-pox and they left the unfortunate inmates to their fate. The woman and two of the young children were burned to death, two others froze to death at the ruins of their house, while the eldest girl escaped from the burning shanty and ran to a neighbor's house, but before she could reach any place of refuge she sank under the influence of the cold and froze to death. When her body was found she was perfectly naked.

A Son to the Prince of Wales.

The succession of the crown of Great Britain is not likely to be lost to the house of Hanover. Thirty years ago the young Princess Victoria was the only direct heir. But she has added to the line so bountifully that there is no possibility of the succession departing from her direct descendants. She has nine living children and five grand-children. The last of these is a son to the Prince of Wales, born on the 8th of January. The future queen of England thus early gives promise of rivaling her mother-in-law, the reigning Queen, as a mother of children. The birth of her son diminishes the chances of the crown's ever coming to Prince Alfred, the Queen's second son, who is said to be the most intelligent of the family, and whom many would prefer to have as their sovereign after his mother's death.

Horrible.

It is horrible to think what discoveries science is constantly making. It is not sufficient that some eminent astronomer at Cambridge should discover a comet per month, but Professor Tyndall must state that the weight of this earth is such, and the velocity with which it moves so great, that if it should suddenly stop, the heat it would create would be sufficient to reduce it to a thin vapor. Professor Tyndall adds, that "after the stoppage of its motion, the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,000 worlds of solid carbon."

A Hoax.

Judge Hoyt, of St. Paul, has just returned from the Banock mines, Idaho Territory. He reports the mines on Bolaman river exhausted, and little being done at Banock City, the mines having been deserted for those of Virginia City. He says the mining reports from that quarter have been greatly exaggerated, and that most of the money made is derived from trading. The people of the States can safely discount the reports sent from the mining districts. A nearly every instance a speculator will be found at the bottom of it.

Good News for Tories.

We have great news for the topers. Whiskey and brandy can now be made out of coal gas, which consists of carbon and hydrogen, as does alcohol, with the addition of oxygen. For several years past the process of converting old-fashioned gas into spirit has been talked of, but now a French patent has been obtained for the process and sold to a company in London. You take away one-half the hydrogen, add a little oxygen, and presto! you have a bottle of brandy.

Genealogy of the Prince of Wales.

He is the oldest son of Victoria, who is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was the son of George the Third, who was grandson of George the Second, who was the son of Princess Sophia, who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister of William and Mary. Mary was the daughter and William the son-in-law of James the Second, who was the son of Charles the First, who was the son of James the First, who was the son of Mary, who was the grand-daughter of Margaret, who was the sister of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Earl of Richmond, who was the son of Catharine, the widow of Henry the Fifth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of John, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the son of Matilda, the daughter of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

Who are the Happy?

Lord Byron said: "The mechanism workingmen who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless unmeaning disposition of the higher orders." Another author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all, the rich and great; but if I were disposed to see them or their mothers coming near our doors.--[Wide World.

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