

The Albany Register.

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VOLUME V.

ALBANY, OREGON, JUNE 7, 1873.

NO. 40.

Died in the Air.

THE MYSTERIOUS CORPSES.

A Lisbon letter, dated July 13th, 1872, says that a couple of days ago, that beautiful city was thrown into a state of great excitement by the sudden arrival of a transatlantic guest, who did not come by steamer, but through the air. Some fishermen who were living in a little village two "legues" from Lisbon were pursuing their piscatorial occupation early in the morning, when they saw a sight which made them shiver. From the west breeze came, carried by the morning breeze, floating through the air a huge body. The superstitious fishermen thought it was the "Flying Dutchman" or some other supernatural thing. So they fled to the shore.

The balloon, for such it was, came nearer and nearer the shore, dipping its anchor in the waves. On the shore the anchor caught hold, and some courageous men from the village, who at last dared to approach it, fastened and secured the balloon, in which they found two dead bodies, that of a young, lovely woman, and of a mulatto man. The head of this mulatto was penetrated with revolver balls, and his right shoulder was torn into pieces, as if something had gnawed the flesh off it. The young woman was lying on the bottom of the car, with open mouth and ghastly opened eyes.

The coroner was summoned, and an inquest held. On the mulatto there was nothing found which could tend to explain the mystery. But the pocket of the young lady contained some letters, written in the Spanish language, and at her side, on the bottom of the car, was found a book—a sort of a diary. The letters were addressed to *Signora Angelina Rysworth, Calle de Bo.ivar, Caracas.* By these letters, it was shown that the balloon had crossed the Atlantic Ocean, as Caracas is a city in the Republic of Venezuela, South America.

But the diary contained yet more information, which threw a glaring light over the whole mystery.

The diary commenced three years ago. It gives in brief notes a graphic sketch of love and jealousy. The maiden name of the young woman was *Angelina Merida.* She had many admirers, but did not love any of them. One of the young men who was most desperately in love with her was a mulatto, *Daniel Figuola.* The diary gives a detailed account of his passionate and impetuous wooing. She did not love him—nay, she hated and despised him. Infuriated by her resistance to his wishes, he determined that she should be his by any means. Once when she went to church she was suddenly lifted up and thrown into a coach which rapidly drove away. But her loud cries for help were heard by an Englishman named *Rysworth,* who, with two other men, rushed to her assistance, stopped the coach by shooting one of the horses, and liberated her from the fiendish mulatto.

Rysworth was an Englishman, as I said before, and an ardent. He made a very good living at Caracas. In a garden his balloon was fastened to heavy anchors, and let up and down with passengers who wanted to look down on mother earth from a distance of about five hundred yards. *Signora Angelina* describes him in her diary as a man of fine physique and rare beauty. His hair and mustache were of the light blonde color, which is so much admired by the Spanish ladies. She fell in love with him and he with her. They were married. Now the rage of the mulatto, *Daniel Figuola,* knew no bounds. He foamed with fury and vowed revenge.

Time went on. *Rysworth* and his wife lived happily together. *Signora Angelina* used sometimes to go up in the balloon with lady passengers.

One day, when she had just stepped into the car, and everything in readiness for an ascension, the mulatto, quick as lightning, pushed his way through the crowd of ladies surrounding the balloon, jumped into the car and cut the rope. It was the work of a moment. The balloon ascended rapidly, amid the shrieks of the unfortunate *Angelina,* and soon disappeared from the sight of the terrified and thunder-struck spectators among whom was the ardent, *Mr. Rysworth,* almost frantic with grief. Alone in the air with her cruel foe, what a terrible fate for the poor *Angelina!*

But she was a courageous woman. When the black scoundrel approached her, she snatched a revolver, which was always placed in a pocket of the car, and blew his brains out.

But what now to do? Alone she was—alone in mid air. The Atlantic Ocean rolling its heavy waves a couple of thousand yards under her feet. No one to help her; no one to free her from this terrible and miserable position.

Day after day the balloon continued its voyage across the Atlantic; day after day the doomed woman hoped to see an end of her miseries, but none came. She had nothing to eat, nothing to drink. When she passed six days and nights without food, the hunger made her desperate, she attacked the corpse of the mulatto, and gnawed the flesh from the dead man's shoulder. But only for a few moments. The odor of the corpse was too terrible. "Rather die than eat human flesh," she writes in her diary. This book was her only solace; she knew that she was going to die, but she wanted that her beloved husband should know her fate; know that she died unpolluted, and with only one thought—that of missing him, her all, in Heaven.

This diary, written between heaven and earth, is a masterpiece of female eloquence.

The corpses of the beautiful *Angelina Rysworth* and the beastly *Daniel Figuola* were yesterday interred in the Church of *Souhato.*

The murdered murderer occupies a grave alongside of his victim.

THE GAME OF GRAB.

Nothing could better illustrate the peculiar rottenness that is apt to belong to American business operations than the failure recently of a real estate broker in a neighboring city. He was admitted to the Board of Brokers about a year ago; began his operations, according to his own showing, with not a thousand dollars of capital and no backing, purchased two magnificent residences, furnished them after the fashion of any other of our trading princes of taste, with the usual back ground of velvet carpets, etc., to throw into relief the fine bronzes, pictures, and marbles. His advertisements blotted out those of all other brokers; his horses and carriages outdid all other equipages in the park; he flung diamonds and costly bijouterie on every side with the recklessness of a sultan, spending \$3,000 in fans alone during last summer's heat to cool and console his fair friends. When the end of his brief and brilliant career was reached he was in the act of building a palatial marble banking house, and had just purchased several squares of ground in the heart of the city.

Now, the point of this story is not the magnitude of the swindle, for beside some of the exploits of our own sharpers it sinks into insignificance; but the fact that the fellow, from his architect to his washerwoman, paid nobody, and that his creditors one and all, whether they sold him a palace, an advertisement, or a fan, were ready to trust him. The man had absolutely no capital but impudence and audacity, and they knew it. He had not come from abroad with a facilities reputation as a moneyed man; but in the sight of them all quitted a miserable little shop, where the sheriff sold him out for two or three hundred dollars, and opened a business requiring a capital of millions. The moral points itself. These people expected to get their money back again. Nobody certainly, was minded to confer marble dwellings, antique bronzes, coats, boots, or newspaper puffs on him gratis. They expected him to succeed because they knew by experience that impudence and audacity are as good capital as a man can have in the present condition of this country. They carry him but for a short time, perhaps, but they do carry him. They reckoned no doubt that chances were that this adventurer, being, no doubt, a godfathered as well as vain fellow, would pay his first friends out of his first windfalls. That they reckoned without their host is so much more their fault than their misfortune, that we really have no more sympathy with them than their debtor.

The mere fact that such a career is possible among so shrewd a people as ours shows that there is something exceedingly rotten in the state. When our rulers, men with a great reputation to endanger, are not proof against temptation, why should not every petty broker have his share of the grab game?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Henry M. Smith, the wealthy New York banker, is building a new steam yacht, which will have accommodations for twenty passengers and a full crew, and is expected next summer to make a voyage across the Atlantic and up the Mediterranean. It is to cost \$350,000, and a \$1,700 piano is being constructed for the grand saloon.

Governor *Dix* has signed the bill providing for the annexation of Westchester county to New York.

A Wild Pigeon Roost in Maryland.

Probably the largest pigeon roost ever known in Maryland is now existing on the farm of *Mr. Wm. Schley,* near Oakland, in Allegheny county: the pigeons collect nightly on a tract of ground covered with alder bushes, occupying about six acres. The pigeons first appeared about ten days ago in countless flocks. The *Cumberland News* says: "The inflocking pigeons gradually settled down upon the bushes, until they were beat to the ground by the weight of the birds. Still more pigeons came flying in from distant points, and continued to settle down upon the already living mass, until the whole five or six acres were compactly covered. So great was the number of birds that they were piled upon each other in places from one to two feet in depth. The pigeons continued flocking in and settling upon and among each other from about 4 o'clock in the afternoon until night-fall, when at last they became still, and prepared for their night's rest. With the early dawn of the morning flock after flock arose and flew away in all directions, which departures were continued until about 9 o'clock when the place was deserted, and not a living bird to be seen during the remainder of the day, until toward evening, when they again began flocking back to the same roosts and the scene of the evening before was again to be witnessed. All this has occurred daily for the past ten days. It is estimated that all the flocks of pigeons for perhaps fifty or sixty miles around thus gather at this one spot each evening during their annual migratory visit to the immense forest regions of the Allegheny Mountains in quest of the heavy mass of acorns abounding there. This is the only roost known this season in this or any of the bordering counties, and is, perhaps, the only one within a circle of seven hundred miles. It is a well established fact that these birds have but one roosting place within a very large territory, and in their transit to warmer latitudes, and during their stoppage by the way, use one place only as a roost at night. At this wonderful roost, on *Col. Schley's* place, thousands and thousands of pigeons have been nightly captured by men and boys, with guns, clubs, and bags. After nightfall a person can go among the birds and scoop them into the mouth of a bag. It is needless to add that thousands of them have been wantonly shot, and allowed to remain upon the ground, where they died.—*Baltimore Gazette, Oct. 11.*

SENDING DRY GOODS BY MAIL.

The parcel postal law which went into operation July 1, 1872, provides that packages of dry goods, hardware drugs (except liquid drug), and other merchandise, not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, may be mailed to any part of the United States at a charge of two cents for each two ounces or fractions of two ounces. Much time and money will be saved by this arrangement. The express companies demand at least forty cents for the transportation of a package, however small, for any distance. The department has lost, up to this time, by the system. This is owing to the fact that the people have not availed themselves of its advantages, which is probably due to the fact that it is not yet universally known. It takes time to get such facts before the people. In the multitude of items cast before them every day, such a one as this stands a good chance to lie buried for a long while.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

G. F. Train is to sue the city of *N. Y.* for \$100,000 damages.

Rather Exciting.

There is absolute v no safe way to carry a pistol except to carry it without a charge. A young man lost a wife recently by trusting to the directions of a friend who told him how he could carry a pistol without danger. His *Mary Jane* resided some distance from the city, and he had a great horror of dogs, so he put his revolver in the hip pocket of his Sunday clothes one evening when he started to see her. The prospective mother-in-law met him at the door and told him to take the rocking-chair, and as he did so, the report of fire-arms caused the old lady to scream and fall to the floor, while a fire in the rear claimed *Charles Henry's* attention and consumed a portion of his best doeskin "small." The lady swooned, the girl ran it forgetting her disordered hair and dress, and followed her mother's example. The old man and his double-fisted boys ran in, and seeing mother and daughter lying on the floor, went for that young man, and he went through the window, carrying sash and glass with him as he went. A dog, aroused by the noise, made for the fugitive, who in his turn made for the city, about a mile and a-half or two miles distant, emptying his revolver at the dog as he went. The dog was dead for that young man in more than one sense, for he dare not approach the house now lest the old man may revenge the loss of his dog on him. Had he only shot the old woman he would have been forgiven, but the old man says he will never forgive the murderer of his dog. If any one asks that young man how he likes *Amanda Jane,* he says that her nerves are too delicate for a country girl, and betrays an anxiety to drop the subject, but he confided to a friend that in sitting down the hammer of his revolver caught on the arm of the rocker, and it was in that way discharged, whereupon that house and his clothes became too hot for him.—*Evansville Journal.*

WHO IS SHE?—The *New York Telegram* gives publication to the following, and the popular mind is engaged in looking about and trying to fix upon some one who will fill the bill. The name, if it has been ascertained, has not been announced to the public: "There is a Senator in Washington who has been utterly ruined, politically, and worse, by his wife. We shall not here give his name. She admitted that his political ruin was due to her. She must shine in society. He could not afford it honestly, but she must have a house costing \$40,000 or so. Men asked how he could do all this on his limited income, and the answer destroyed him. There began to be whispered that all his show, superinduced by the insane society ambition of his wife, meant corruption, and the suspicion was fatal. That political death has been followed by his complete moral ruin in the late investigations. This is only suggestive; it is only one case in hundreds of those swallowed up by the remorseless vortex which society in Washington has made for the weak and giddy.

An Indianapolis girl of wealth and respectable family, and herself well educated, married a gambler, some years ago, just because he was good-looking. She died in an Iowa poor-house, a few days since, and was buried with the unclaimed dead.

Captain *E. O. Thompson* of the Twelfth United States Infantry is ordered to report to the Superintendent of Recruiting Service, New York city, to accompany a detachment of recruits to the Pacific Coast.

Uncle Josh and the Deacon.

Deacon *D.* was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to 'come over on the Lord's side,' as he expressed it. He had frequently importuned an old neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was nevertheless highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of their evening meetings. Now the piety and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow townsmen, and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience sake, we may call *Uncle Josh.*

After repeated calls, *Uncle Josh* consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accordingly accompanied him to the 'school house' one evening much to the surprise of all present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance to tell his experience. He was the prince of sinners, he said. If he got his deserts he would be banished forever from divine favor. After making himself out to be all that is vile according to his interpretation of 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked *Uncle Josh* if he wouldn't tell his experience. With some reluctance he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly.

It was an unknown occurrence for *Uncle Josh* to speak in meeting. He said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the deacon, and he could assure the brethren that, from his long acquaintance with him he could fully endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meanness and villainy, for he was certainly the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. He shook his fist under *Uncle Josh's* nose, and exclaimed: 'You are a confounded liar, and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of church!'

TO PRESERVE AND PURIFY CIDER.—The *Cleveland Leader* says the following was sent by a well known gentleman of that city, and his recipe is entitled to consideration:

Use five eggs for each barrel, and beat them well, yolks and all, and pour them into the bung-hole, stir well with a stick, and add a spoonful of coarse salt. In about two weeks the cider will be as clear as crystal, and of a light amber color. Those who like sweet cider can drink it while new, but fermentation will be immediately arrested at any desired time. It will keep in the same state for years, if drawn off down to the sediment and put into a clean cask, which should be done after it becomes clear; but without that process it will keep for a year, but lose some of its fine flavor unless separated from the mast and dregs at the bottom.

A Jehu in a drab overcoat approached the arrivals on a night train, and, in a voice smooth as oil, said, invitingly, "Will thee have a carriage?" Of course the brethren speedily filled his vehicle. But when the next query came, "Where's thou's baggage?" they saw the deception, and, with great disgust, as quickly clambered out again. The funniest part of it all is that the backman to this day cannot account for the sudden change in the manner of his passengers, and fails to see where the laugh comes in.—*New York Sun.*

The Canadian Parliament has adjourned until the 13th of August next.