

Albany Register.

U. S. Official Paper for Oregon.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1873.

FIENDISH.

There are persons in Oregon who, either for robbery or revenge, are fiendish enough to place obstructions on the track of the railroad for the purpose of throwing the train off. This has been done recently between Cornelius and Laughlin's Gap, and Sunday before last a threshing machine cylinder was placed on the track opposite Parson's mill. No matter what the motive prompting the perpetrators, these are acts which for heartless criminality are unsurpassed. By them the unsuspecting traveler, innocent of any offense, is hurled momentarily into eternity, or maimed for life. How can beings, bearing the semblance of humanity, perform such cruel deeds! The railroad company has offered \$100 reward for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who were guilty of the offenses as indicated above. We hope they may be discovered and punished.

Twice before the last, was back pay taken by Congressmen. The first was in 1855, the second in 1866. No particular noise or fuss was made about it on either of those occasions. Why? may be asked. The *Bulletin* factiously answers: "We have so much more virtue now."

MISTOOK HER MAN.—A story has gone the rounds of literary gossip about an attached pair of names not unknown to fame, who went to board where people also went, who were literary and of good taste. The lady, thinking that as she and her husband were all in all to each other, it was as well they should remain so, desired of their hostess that there might be no introductions to other boarders, which was observed. Various tender passages between the amiable pair on their way to and from the dining-room elicited the family during the season. In time a Boston man came to board, and on his way to the basement at dinner, going down late, he heard a light laugh behind him, and a figure, not so light as the laugh, sprang on his shoulders and claimed a ride down stairs. The Boston man took things coolly, carried his burden down stairs into the dining-room, and shot her into a vacant seat at the table. The lady looked up to find her husband already there before her, and every eye was turned to watch these extraordinary proceedings. There was nothing to be done but to burst into tears, which she did.

AN INTERESTING GAME.—A gentleman from New Haven, Conn., lately exhibited some sweet little games for children. One of them called the "Fly Leaf," is done in this way: Take a sheet of writing paper; cover it on one side with gum mucilage; then catch a fly; then turn the fly over on his back; stick the back of the fly on to the paper; then catch another fly and do likewise; put the flies close together, heads all one way, keep on doing this till you get the sheet full, then turn the paper over, and you will swear that the paper is alive. It will run all round the room. When you tire of this sport, turn the paper over and admire the movement of the flies' legs. It will be a perfect *fac simile* of grass swayed by a zephyr. This will be cheaper than taking the children to the country to see it.

A frontier correspondent, who saw Capt. Jack after his capture, remarks that his appearance would have been improved if he had been washed before he was ironed.

From our Regular Correspondent.

After thinking of this, and at the same time forgetting that, after, at the rate of two-forty, I went there, when in a moment after I remembered I should have been going with the same acceleration just in another direction; after leaving my boarding house and returning again something less than half a dozen times, because of something forgotten, in a word, after passing through a siege of fuss and tury—sufficient for one who intended to circumnavigate the globe—I found myself aboard the train of O. & C. R. R. at 12:30 o'clock P. M., July 21st, 1873, and when seated, with baggage before and about me, I began then to realize, that what had but held place, and taken form in the realm of mind, was now to be realized in the realities of varied practical experience. A few moments of reverie, and the engine whistle toots, the bell rings. We look at Albany, say good-by, and are gone. Yes, the journey to the loved ones beyond the snow crested billows of the Pacific; beyond the grand old Rocky and Sierras; beyond the sweeping plains and verdant prairies; this journey, longed for, is now begun.

A few moments, and we are at Jefferson. Then an hour and fifteen minutes, and Salem, the queen city of the Pacific coast, is reached. Here we stop for the night, and now will scratch down some notes of interest for your readers concerning the capital of their State: In size, Salem is not as large as Babylon, nor as small as Albany; neither like Jerusalem, can it be said to be "a city compact together;" but for honest "spread," it has no superior. Thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of played out Democracy, and badly mixed Republicanism. In the way of substantial private and public improvements, Salem is advancing. The magnificent residence of E. N. Cook has approached completion. It is probably the most handsome building in the State. The Court House is taking on its finishing touches, and in a short time will be landed over for the approval or non approval of the Commissioners. Without question, for architectural beauty and completeness of finish, it will surpass any building of like kind on the coast. The town clock is placed in the cupola, and numbers the hours as they are hurriedly passing by. The crowning elegance of this magnificent superstructure is the Goddess of Justice. Eiled to the vices and virtues of the fallen sons and daughters of Adam's race, she purports to deal righteously with the children of men, regardless of age, sex, or color.

The State Capitol is making rapid strides in the way of lifting its walls above the surface of *terra firma*. The stone foundation is about completed with a sufficiency of the brick work to lay a portion of the sleepers for the first floor. We believe the building when completed will do honor to the State. The State Medical Faculty are putting up spacious buildings which will be ready for use by the commencement of the coming school year.

But night "draws on a pace," and we take shelter in the well known Chemeketa Hotel, where we spend a very uncomfortable night in a very uncomfortable bed. Six o'clock next morning we are

aboard the express train and about 8 1/2 o'clock are landed in the metropolis of the great North West. And now believing we have blown off sufficiently for an introduction, and wishing to hold something in reserve for future use, we submit:

Portland, July 25, 1873.

Not Used to Elevators.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* is responsible for this:

A few evenings since, an odd-looking character entered one of the leading hotels of this city, and after scribbling his name, "John Higgins, Sucker Flat," upon the register, cast down a \$20 piece upon the counter, and asked for a "good room." The obliging clerk docked him 498, somewhere in the attic, and John Higgins of Sucker Flat, was shown into the elevator. For some reason or another the boy was not at his post, and Higgins, supposing it to be the room in which he was to pass the night, immediately began to undress. In a few moments the elevator boy returned, and found Higgins minus everything but his undershirt and drawers. The gentleman from Sucker Flat was considerably surprised at what he considered the unceremonious intrusion of the boy, and demanded why he had dared to come into a gentleman's room without knocking. The boy took in the situation at a glance, and seeing a party of ladies coming up, with the apparent purpose of ascending in the elevator, concluded that Higgins must be got out of the way as soon as possible, and giving the rope a tug, sent the apparatus skyward. The moment the thing began its ascent Higgins began to bawl about the confined apartment like a caged lunatic, and for a while it was hard to tell which was of the two was most thoroughly frightened, Higgins or the boy. At last they reached the top floor and came to a dead halt. Here the Sucker Flat man burst open the door and rushed out of the elevator airily clad in the simple costume of a red under shirt and white drawers. He was closely followed by the boy, who was evidently anxious to get the guest in room 498 as soon as the circumstances would permit. As luck would have it, however, a number of chambermaids were just passing the spot, and, as Higgins broke loose in their midst, they filled the upper corridors with unearthly shrieks and fled in different directions. At last, by the assistance of several waiters, Higgins was caught and taken to his room, where his wearing apparel was afterward brought to him. Higgins now uses the stairs when he wants to go up or down.

During the performance of some theatricals at Shinoste, Japan, in the course of which a combat with swords is represented, a yacoin stepped from amongst the audience upon the stage, and asked one of the performers what he meant by such proceeding. The actor, in trepidation, answered "Nothing." This answer the yacoin took, saying he did not believe it, suddenly drew his sword, and at one blow took off the head of the actor. This naturally created great consternation amongst those present, who all left the place precipitate. The murderer was secured in a short time by other yacoin, and turned out to be insane. Different members of his family, for three generations back, have gone insane, it is said, in consequence of one of their ancestors having injured a fox.

Inquisitive people sometimes meet with little adventures that make them weak. A fellow who was paying attention to a girl in Andover, Massachusetts, stole up to the kitchen where she was at work the other morning, thinking to see what kind of a housekeeper she was. He got interested as he stood behind a door all unobserved, watching the fair one at her toil, and in the ardency of his observation he obtruded his nose into a crack in the door. She innocently shut the door a little and there was a washed bugle. He now wears it in a sling.

Arabian Horses.

FASTENING THE HORSE IN THE EAST—WONDERFUL ENDURANCE OF THE ARABIAN BREED.

No Arab dreams of tying up a horse by the neck; a tether replaces the halter, and one of the animal's hind legs is encircled about the paster by a light iron ring, furnished with a padlock, and connected with an iron chain two feet or thereabouts in length, ending in a rope, which is fastened to the ground at some distance by an iron peg; such is the customary method. But should the animal be restless and troublesome, a fore leg is put under similar treatment. It is well known that horses in Arabia are much less frequently vicious or refractory than in Europe, and this is the reason why geldings are here so rare, though not unknown. No particular prejudices that I could discover exist against the operation itself, only it is seldom performed, because not otherwise necessary, and tending, of course, to diminish the value of the animal. But to return to the horses now before us. Never had I seen or imagined so lovely a collection. Their stature was somewhat low. I do not think that any come fully up to fifteen hands—but they were so exquisitely well shaped that want of greater size seemed hardly, if at all, a defect.

Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arabian poet, "go raving mad about it;" a little—a very little—saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness; a head broad above, and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of "dri king from a pint pot," did pint pots exist in Nedjee; a most intelligent and yet singularly gentle look, full eye, a sharp, thorn-like ear, legs fore and hind that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail on, or rather thrown out at a perfect arch; coat smooth, shining and light; the mane long, but not overgrown nor heavy, and air and steps that seemed to say: "Look at me, am I not pretty?" Their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry. Their prevailing color was chestnut or gray; a bay, an iron color, white or black, were less common; full bay, flea-bitten or pie-bald, none. But if asked what are, after all, the specially distinctive points of a Nedjee horse, I should reply the slope of the shoulders, the extreme leanness of the flank, and the full rounded haunch, though every other part, too, has a perfection and a harmony unattained, at least by my eyes, anywhere else. Nedjee horses are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed, in this latter quality none can come up to them.

To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drinking and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labor enjoined under the burning Arabian skies for forty-eight hours at a stretch, is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of the breed. Besides they have a delicacy, I cannot say of mouth, for it is common to ride them without bit or bridle, but of feeling, and obedience to the knee and thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, far surpassing the most elaborate *manege* given in a European horse, though furnished with snaffle, curb and all. I often mount them at the invitation of their owners, and without saddle, rein or stirrup, set them off at a full gallop, wheeled them around, brought them up in mad career at a dead halt, and that without the least difficulty, or the smallest want of correspondence between the horse's movement and my own will; the rider on their back really feels himself the man half of a centaur, not a distinct being.

Louis Ottman, Governor of San Francisco, suicided on the 2d.

Ben Butler and the Yankee.

Ben Butler was a down-East lawyer before he got to be Major-General and Representative in Congress. Like all lawyers, Ben had a hard pull of it at the start, and perhaps the sharpness and acumen for which he is so universally celebrated, were acquired at this early period of his life, when he was striving for a practice, and the odds were brains or starvation.

One day, while sitting in his office, there entered a long-legged, gaunt, hatchet-faced specimen of the Genus Yankee, who looked sharp enough to make his meals on pins and needles, and who thus accosted the future Congressman:

"Mr. Lawyer, I'm going into a little bit of law business, and as you seem like a right smart, plucky sort of a chap, I thought I might as well give the job to you."

"All right," says Ben, "you can't trust your case in better hands."

"Well, then, I had a ham hanging in an outshed, and a neighbor's dog came along and ate it. What would you do?"

"Way, prosecute the owner of the dog, of course. Make him pay for damages."

"That's the talk, Mr. Lawyer," said the Yankee, with a sly smile beginning to work around the corners of his eyes and mouth. "But you see—I don't know as it makes any difference—the dog was yours."

Butler opened his eyes a little at this onslaught, but he wasn't going to be taken back in this manner, even by a brother Yankee.

"What do you value your ham at?" asked Ben, drawing out his wallet.

"Well, I guess \$5 will be letting you off cheap," said the Yankee, "for it was an all-fired good ham."

Without entering a word of protest, Butler paid the money, and then said:

"There is your damage for the ham. Now fork over \$10."

"What for?" inquired the Yankee, in his turn astounded.

"For my legal advice, said Ben; you don't suppose I can work without a fee, do you?"

Mr. Yankee was hit; so drawing a face as long as his legs, he slowly counted out the money, and inwardly vowed he would bring no more law business before the youthful but razor-like dispenser of Coke and Blackstone.

The Dissecting Rooms at Vienna.

A Vienna correspondent of the *Baltimore American* says:

In the course of our rounds we dropped in at dissecting house, one of the peculiarities of this great hospital being that all who die within its walls must be subject to a post-mortem examination. With so many patients the number of deaths daily range from thirty to fifty, and every morning the professors with crowds of students are present to witness the opening of this beaumont of death, and to decide upon the cause of death in each case. If they have friends they are allowed to take them away when the professors are done with them, and provide for their burial; but if not, as is generally the case, many of them are cut up and quartered off among the students, one taking a leg, another an arm, or another a head, as the case may be. Each body is brought into the rooms with a tin-taken tied to the right big toe, numbered, and telling the ward in which he died, while around the ankle is tied a piece of paper, upon which is the opinion of the physician attending as to the cause of death. In one of the basement rooms was a row of twenty-six bodies just from the dissecting room, the hearts of each of which were split open, presenting a most ghastly spectacle. In another room were those who had recently died, they being kept there for twelve hours, with a string leading to a spring clock tied to their hands, so that an alarm would be given in case of resuscitation. The student who spends a year in this extensive hospital ought to be able to know something about the structure of the "four divins."