

A Rebel Reminiscence.

In order to give anything like a graphic account of the escape from Rock Island Prison, which I am about to relate, it will be necessary for me to use the first person. Being in the possession of a small sum of money, I was enabled to employ a "washerman," a good-natured individual from the eastern part of Kentucky. Among his collection of solid garments I one day discovered a Federal blue blouse, worn by some of his patrons as a shirt. It must be remembered that all articles of this nature were taken away from the prisoners when they first entered the prison. Occasionally, as in this instance, such a piece of dress, worn as underclothing, escaped notice. It at once suggested itself that a full Federal uniform might be acquired by piecemeal, through the agency of this washerman. A bargain was struck with him. The progress of the growth of this uniform was watched with an interest hard to describe. A dingy old cap without a rim was hunted down, a rim procured from some other quarter, and the whole on its reappearance from a regenerating baptism of soap-suds was good enough for a holiday. Button by button, patch by patch, the uniform became complete. Of course these articles had to be concealed very carefully to escape the occasional and irregular, but thorough searches made by the authorities for contraband articles.

How to utilize the uniform? A short time before a prisoner had escaped in citizen's clothing by walking unconcernedly out. It was concluded to risk a similar method only as a last resort. In the meantime I provided myself with a pass, with the forged signature of the Captain and Commanding Colonel of the forces outside. Thus equipped I concluded to conceal myself in an ambulance, or substitute myself for a sick man when the sick were conveyed to the hospital, distant from the prison proper seven hundred yards. As a rule a guard was placed on the step behind. I watched the habits in this respect, and, with trousers rolled up, cap in my pocket and a blanket around me, to conceal the colors I was sailing under, I followed the ambulance from bivouac to bivouac until the best opportunity presented itself, that is, when the full complement had been taken in, and they were ready to drive off. The order to go was given, and my friends lifted me in. I lay on the floor, but not without the remonstrance of a sick and querulous fellow, who said the ambulance was full. We halt at the gate; a word passes, "All right" sounds assuringly in my ears and the ponderous gates shut.

Here we are in a beautiful gravel road, bowling along; the guard keeps a weather eye on us, but to my close observation he occasionally gives his attention to a fly on the horse, and while in his pride he dexterously snapped one off with his whip, the sick man from barnack seventy-seven arises, but leaves his bed behind, crouches on the back steps, dons his cap, and presently steps off into a knott of federals, full forty yards away from the hospital and a hundred from the prison.

"Hello there!"
"Hello yourself!"
"Won't you ride?"
"Certainly."
It was an old farmer, with a covered wagon. The bridge was a mile away. We chatted pleasantly about the "rebels," and I gave him in reply to his many questions, a good deal of absurd information. Finally, I professed to be tired, and told him I would lie down among his sacks in the wagon. I pretended to sleep. The horses' hoofs sound and the wheels rumble on the bridge. He is stopped by the guard. A pleasant word passes, when he says: "I have a soldier inside, but he is asleep now."
"All right; never mind. Go ahead."
"Hello!" I say, "Are we across the bridge? I want to get out here," and with thanks I dropped out, I remember, from the tail-piece.

I had the address of a certain lady in the city of Rock Island, whose name it may not be proper to mention even at this time. She had been of great service to the prisoners and was in secret communication, it was said, with a few of them. The house was found without difficulty after a short walk. The lady responded in person to my knock. I presented my card. The reply was startling. Under some excitement she abused the Yankees for their surveillance over her, and their sending spies to entrap her. She accused me of playing that part. She had never helped the Confederates. It was all false, etc. I pleaded with her and protested; gave names, but this any spy could do; I had no token; and no words would do. Yet all this time she would occasionally relent and brush away a tear of pity. Finally she gave me food and \$10 and I was instructed to go to the next station of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad and take the 7 p. m. train. My plan was to go to an intersection of the road and take a train to Bloomington, Ill., where I had friends.

I sank into a seat of the car, and when I awoke from pleasant dreams it was late at night, and I was informed that we had passed the station. There was nothing for it then but to continue on to Chicago, for which all the money in hand except \$2 was paid out. A two-mile walk at Chicago brought me to a hotel. It was 1 o'clock at night. I sat by the stove, dosed away industriously to keep off conversation, which was sometimes forced upon me. The remaining \$2 was applied to two enormous meals during the day. I was in constant danger of arrest as a deserting Federal soldier. I had to get to Bloomington, and that night, or be without food or lodging, or fare worse. I went to the depot. Is there none to

trust? Not a face that I peered into answered the question. I concluded to try the engineer or fireman. They were sorry; could not let me ride on the tender or help them at stoking. The conductor referred me to the Provost Marshal of the city, who "would give me a pass," etc. He would not let me go otherwise on any condition; pushed me off the platform. The train was moving off. "All aboard!" The invitation was accepted at once.

My plan was to get some one on the train to pay my fare. After a turn or so through the cars a benevolent-looking gentleman was selected. The case was explained to him. A Federal soldier, an invalid, with a furlough from his commanding officer, had left Rock Island with the design of spending the Christmas holidays with friends in Bloomington. The mishap of missing connections was stated. The gentleman regretted his inability, etc. In the meantime the forged furlough was examined by others, who were attracted by the conversation. Finally one gentleman—a kindly, but profane good Samaritan—said he would be— if he wouldn't help a soldier who had fought for his country. This sentiment was echoed around, and in a few minutes \$8 was made up—more than enough for the fare.

But the end was not yet. A knot gathered around me, and I had to pass an ordeal of questioning. I had assumed the name of John Simpson. John and Samuel Simpson, brothers, cousins of mine, had removed to Bloomington some years before the war, and invested in land. This is all I knew definitely of their surroundings. (These names of real persons are fictitious here). One man living in Bloomington asked: "In what direction from Bloomington does John Simpson live?" Trusting to luck, I answered "North." This was correct. "How far?" "About a mile from the place, I believe." "Correct." "How far does Knox live from him?" "About half a mile." This was also correct. He was satisfied. Another man objected to the fact that my pass was signed by the Colonel in red ink, but the furlough in black. But the most formidable objection came from a member of the Fourth Illinois, the number I purported to be a member of. "You say you belong to Company C, Fourth Illinois?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I belong to that command, and that is not the name of our Colonel, and I don't know any such Captain!" "I don't care, that's my company. Are you cavalry or infantry?" "Infantry, the Fourth Volunteers." "Oh! well, I belong to the Fourth Reserve." That settled him. The train sped along, questions dropped off, and I feigned sleep, with ears alert for the name of my station, Bloomington, anxious not to be caught napping again.

With early morning I stepped into the house of a relative in that little city. He had not seen me since I was a child, but he saw through my disguise, and the boyhood friend of my father clasped me warmly to his bosom. In a few minutes more I had shed my snake skin and was changed into a citizen, and the federal uniform was relegated to the fire. One of my first cares was to send to my messmates a box of books and apples, the federals still allowing reading matter at least to reach them. In one of the sides of the box a hole was bored with a gimlet, and a long letter detailing my adventures and success, with the news of the day, was inserted. This had been previously agreed upon, and when the box had reached its destination it was split up and the letter found and eagerly read by my fellow prisoners. Subsequent adventures before reaching Canada, it is not here necessary to describe. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Romance.

Among the various royal and semi-royal houses which figure year by year in the pages of the "Almanac de Gotha" are those of Anhalt-Dessau of Hesse-Homburg, though they have both of them been lately swallowed up, thanks to Prince Bismarck, in the new German Empire. It will be remembered by our readers that the Langravine Louise of Anhalt-Dessau, widow of the Langrave Gustav, some time reigning Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and sister-in-law of his successor, the Langrave Ferdinand, died in the summer of 1858, at the age of nearly sixty years, at the Schloss of Homburg, near Frankfurt on the Main. And as some of the details of her early life are so romantic that they would seem to belong to the realms of fiction rather than those of reality, I will give here a short sketch of her life, presuming only that the facts advanced are not imaginary, but literally and strictly happened as they are told in these columns.

The Princess Louise Frederica, daughter of the hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, was born on March 1, 1798, and was little more than a child, certainly not "out of her teens," when the Prince Ferdinand above mentioned, happening to pay a visit to her father's court, was struck with her extreme beauty and fell violently in love with her. Unfortunately, however, he was not an elder son, and the young lady had even before this—though unknown to himself—been promised in marriage to Ferdinand's elder brother, Prince Gustav; and, although the ardent lover tried every means of changing this prior engagement to an arrangement in his own favor, he was not able to persuade the young lady's parents or to gain his end. A lingering illness, during which Prince Ferdinand's reason was for some time despaired of, was the immediate consequence of the marriage of the Princess, which was solemnized on the 13th of February, 1813. At last he recovered from the shock, and reason having returned, he entered the army of his fatherland, and both on other battlefields and also at Waterloo, threw him-

self into the thickest of the fray, as if he wished to rid himself of the burden of life. But death—as often happens in such cases—did not come at the moment when he was wanted. At all events, he did not take a fancy to his voluntary, or rather would-be victim; and so the Prince returned home from his campaigns unhurt in body, and probably better in mind also. In order to while away the time which hung heavy on his hands, he now set out on a long course of travels, during which he visited almost all of the Courts of Europe, and not a few of Asia also, and did not return to Homburg until the death of his brother had already called him to the throne.

This happened at the end of 1818. Prince Ferdinand was now sixty-five; the Princess Louise, his brother's widow, had seen her fiftieth birthday, and was the mother of married daughters, who, of course, were his own nieces. Nevertheless, though so many years had passed by since he had first sought her youthful affections, she was still the beloved of his heart; though it was, of course, impossible for him to obtain the consent of the Church, or, perhaps, of the State either, to a marriage within the prohibited degrees. Accordingly he resolved to lay down a most extraordinary line of conduct for himself. He was naturally reluctant, for her sake and for the avoidance of scandal, to live under the same roof with his early love; but, as there was only one royal residence within his small dominions, he saw himself obliged, very soon after his accession, to install himself as inmate of the Palace of Homburg on the mountains. There he lived henceforth in the strictest possible retirement, inhabiting only a few rooms in one wing of the building, and leaving the rest of the palace to his widowed sister-in-law. Long ranges of apartments separated their suites of rooms, and during the week the two royal personages never set eyes on each other, but every succeeding Sunday was a fete day to Prince Ferdinand, for upon that day he would regularly traverse, along with his courtiers, the empty saloons which separated him from his beloved Princess, and would enter most soberly and solemnly, yet with glowing eyes and a beating heart, the boudoir of his old love, and respectfully kiss her hand. After conversing with her for about an hour—seldom much more or much less—he would take up his hat, and solemnly, and with almost gloom on his countenance, retrace his steps to his own lonely apartments. The faithful subjects of the Landgrave so well knew the mood of the Prince, and so thoroughly respected his feelings, that they seldom handed him any petitions except on the morning of Sunday, when his face was always radiant with joy, and he would have a smile, and almost a welcome, even for beggars.

The Princess died, as already stated, in the year 1858; and from that time down to the day of his death the poor Landgrave remained inconsolable. At all events, he became thenceforth a complete hermit, and lived in the strictest seclusion, wandering by day and night through the chambers of his lonely palace. An English traveler who visited the neighborhood of Hesse-Homburg in 1839 or 1860, writes thus concerning him: "His subjects, as well as the numerous tourists, chiefly Englishmen, who every year visit the baths of Homburg, never get sight of him who formerly was so admirable; and he is supposed to be determined to end his days in a small private chapel, before a statue of Princess Louise, his old never-forgotten lady love." It only remains to add that the Landgrave Ferdinand died on the eve of our Ladyday, in 1866, and that he was the last of his royal race. His small territory was in the same year incorporated with Prussia, and now forms a portion of the Empire of Germany. But for the war it would have fallen to Hesse-Darmstadt. —*The Queen.*

THE PLEASURES OF THE ANDES.—The leaves cut like razors, and their points pierce like needles. The mountains hereabouts are everywhere saturated like sponges, through the incessant rains, and for days we waded rather than walked over them. The puma, tapir, and bears are common around Saracura, and their tracks are very numerous. I saw one magnificent bear crashing through the cane as though it quite enjoyed it, and others of my party saw tapers. One morning we found puma tracks round our tent, but we did not see the brute. Wild and savage cattle are also numerous around Saracura, and are sometimes of great size and power. They are escaped cattle or the descendants of escaped cattle, from the farm around Cayambe, and are sometimes very ferocious. There were two immense bulls that we saw several times, which trotted about at an amazing pace, and took leaps like chamois. J. A. Carrel was out one day trying to do a little bit of exploration, and was attacked from the rear by these beasts. He was looking over a precipice, peering into the fog, when hearing some noise behind, he turned round and saw them approaching from opposite directions with lowered heads, ready to give him a lift over. He bolted up a little peak, with both close in pursuit, and they kept him a prisoner for, I think, a couple of hours. Whenever he tried to escape they rushed at him, but at last he succeeded by a feat in enticing them both to the same side, and scrambled down the other and outwitted them. —[E. Whymper's Letter in The Spectator.

"Just Out!" (at all the libraries)—First Young Lady: "How did you like 'Convict Life,' dear?" Second Young Lady: "Pretty well. We've just begun 'Ten Year's Penal Servitude.' Some of us like it, but —" Old Lady (mentally): "Good gracious! What dreadful creatures! So young, too!"

Wise Farming.

I. C. Steele, in a recent address before the Pescadero Grange, said:

We all know that the products of the farm are greatly reduced in quantity and quality by the system, or rather want of system, generally practiced here. We have seen crops of oats and barley that yielded seventy and a hundred bushels to the acre all along the coast in this country. How is it now? The quantity is reduced one-half, and the quality is like the quantity, minus. The time was when the farmers in this section had time for recreation and money to spend. How is it now? How much of the present embarrassment of the farmers shall we consider justly attributable to the deterioration of the soil? It seems to me as a matter of self interest (not to mention patriotism) we are called upon to not only maintain the fertility remaining in the soil but to restore its original productive power. How can we do it.

The compost heap, rightly made and its material properly applied in the production of farm crops, is a never failing bank of savings for the farmer; and every farmer can and should have a place to prepare plant food, and there deposit stable and yard manure, straw, weeds, night-soil, ashes, soot, soap suds, beef and pork brine, old boots and shoes, old clothes, dead animals, bones (pounded fine), hair, blood—in short all waste matter at hand, and to these should be added swamp muck or peat from time to time, if they can be had without too much expense. Dead leaves of trees should also be added where they are to be had. The compost should be sheltered, and sufficient water used on it to aid decomposition and prevent burning.

Suppose we cultivate half the quantity of land and devote the same amount of labor and expense on it that we now do on the whole and get the same amount of produce? We would gain the use of the other half for pasture or meadow, securing greater diversity in our farming and a larger amount of plant food to maintain the fertility of our land.

Next to manuring comes rotation in crops. There are but few crops that should ever be planted two years in succession on the same land, for the reason that a constant rotation will secure better crops and is less exhausting to the soil. Flax does nicely in this section now, but it will soon fail if continually planted on the same land. In the rotation of crops the grasses or some forage plants must occupy a prominent place. It is doubtful whether permanent prosperity in agriculture can be attained without the cultivation of grass. To carelessly allow weeds to take the place of grass is a pernicious practice. Weeds are of little value for any purpose, and their increase in this country, if continued, will destroy crops entirely. Grass can be made to take the place of weeds, and is valuable feed for stock, and a good fertilizer when turned under. Here in our coast climate we have perennial grasses that form a good sod when allowed to do so, and some of the best foreign grasses thrive when sown. Mesquit, orchard grass and New England rye grass I have tested, and am satisfied they can be grown successfully here. I obtained a few roots of the *Panicum Spectabile* and of the *Milium Multiflorum* of Professor Hilgard last spring, both of which are growing well, and will, I think, be a valuable acquisition to our forage plants. I believe we can greatly improve our pastures, and have permanent meadows of grass instead of depending upon grain for hay. I intended to try red clover next year. Its great value as a fertilizer makes it very desirable. The most natural feed for cattle, horses and sheep is grass, and with its fertilizing qualities it is one of the most important farm crops. Sandwich Island pumpkins is a profitable crop to raise for cattle and hog feed, and leaves land in fine condition for a grain crop. Peas is also a good crop for feed and to mellow land.

The care of domestic animals and growing crops suitable for rotation, with odd times devoted to the collection of material for the compost heap, would divide farm labor evenly through the year and relieve it of the heavy strain at harvest. With this system generally practiced (and I believe we shall have to adopt something like it whether we will it or not some time), the labor problem, so far as the farmers are concerned, would soon solve itself. The efficient laborer would gain a home, and the farm would be relieved of the ruinous expense of high-priced, inferior help.

Night in the Moon.

At last, however, night sets in. Gratefully it comes in after the sun has gathered up his smiting rays and gone down to his rest. All at once we are plunged into comparative obscurity, for again there is no twilight to stay the steps of departing day. At one stride comes the dark. But, looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb, which pours down a milder and more beneficial splendor than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as our terrestrials cannot boast; for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own. There it hangs in the firmament, without apparent change of place, as if "fixed in its everlasting seat." But not without change of surface. For this great globe is a painted panorama, and, turning round majestically on its axis, presents its oceans and continents in grand succession. As Europe and Africa, locking the Mediterranean in their embrace, roll away to the right, the stormy Atlantic offers its view, then the two Americas with their huge forests and vast prairies, pass under inspection. Then the grand basin of the Pacific, lit up with island fires, meets the gazer's eye, and as this glides over the scene, the Eastern rim of Asia, the upper portion of Australia, sail

into sight. The Indian ocean, and afterwards the Arabian Sea, spread themselves out in their subdued splendor, and thus in four and twenty hours, "the great rotundity we tread" turns its pictured countenance to the moon, and grandly repays the listening lunarians by repeating, to the best of its ability, the history of its birth. Nor is the sky less marvelous in another respect. For the absence of any atmospheric diffusion of light permits the constellations to shine out with a distinctness which is never paralleled on earth. They glitter like diamond points set in a firmament of ebony. Stars and clusters which we never see by the naked eye flock into view, and crown the heavens.

Life in Germany.

Of course there is no fire-alarm telegraph. Alarms must be sent to the police or to the fire watch in different parts of the city. Fires, however, like everything else in the country, never seem to be in a hurry to burn, and an American would say that the fire companies were in no hurry to put them out. The engine is a very primitive affair, mounted on a hand car and drawn by a few men, with as much passivity and almost as much deliberation as if they were going to a funeral. Arriving at the fire, the engine is lifted from the car, placed on the ground, and worked by hand. Usually it is not much larger than a garden engine and does not furnish a more powerful stream. I attended with a friend a trial of fire engines in Jena. We both concluded, in no spirit of exaggeration, that two or three garden engines could be obtained from some of our agricultural warehouses which would do quite as much execution as any of the engines we saw. To a New York or Boston fireman the whole exhibition would have been a cold water comedy. But if you laugh at the fire department you lapse into instant gravity when a German very properly: "Our fire department may not be as good as yours, but still (with a significant shrug of the shoulders) we do not have any Chicago or Boston fires." And it is true; there is greater precaution taken against fire than with us. The building laws are stringent; houses are built of brick, have immensely thick walls and seem to be practically fire-proof. Fires very seldom spread. By using the pound of prevention the Germans are able to get along with the ounce of cure. With the German fire department in Boston the city would soon be an ash heap, but with the German prevention and the American cure it would be invulnerable.

The cheapness of labor in Germany induces profligacy of time and effort. It usually takes three men to shoe a horse—one to hold the animal's head, another to hold the animal's foot, and the third to put on the animal's shoe. If you wish anything done that one man can do perfectly well, you must pay some other man for looking on. If you have one or two little carpet bags at a railway station, which you could carry yourself without any effort but a little strength of pride, of the army of porters that ask to relieve you two or three must be satisfied. In Vienna it takes two men and a horse to water the streets. The apparatus seems to have been contrived—like some of our public offices at Washington—for the sake of giving an extra man employment. One man sits on the box and drives the water wagon; a piece of hose six feet long issues from the other end, with a sprinkler attached to its nozzle, and a man following at a dry distance behind swings the hose back and forth, from side to side, and effectually clears the street of pedestrians. Another serious indictment is that there is a lack of hitching posts. I spent nine months in Leipzig looking for a place to tie a horse, and did not find one. I have never seen a hitching post in Berlin, Munich, Vienna or Dresden. If they are there the authorities have taken great pains to conceal them. I doubt if there is a real genuine hitching post in all Germany. The most natural conclusion of the frivolous punster is that there are no fast horses there. But the more exact, if less facetious for the neglect of hitching posts is that no one ever thought of them, or, if the idea occurred, it was probably banished as offering too great a temptation to horse-thieves. I remember complaining to a bright and cultivated Saxon lady one day, after riding horseback, that there were no hitching posts in the city. I told her how convenient and pleasant it was in America to find a standing invitation on the sidewalk whenever you wished to alight. "But don't thieves steal your horses when you leave them tied?" she asked in great surprise. And when I told her that many of our doctors ride in buggies and carry a weight to anchor their horses to the curbstone, she was greatly amused and surprised, and in her opinion American honesty went up to par. The fact is, however, that in the present state of German society there is no need of hitching posts. Such a thing as a light wagon, or road-wagon or buggy is unknown. At least I never saw but one buggy there, and that was in Leipzig, and I was so perfectly confident that it was an American wagon that I walked up to the owner and said, in the best English I could command after a three-months' residence in Germany, "Where, if you please, did you get that buggy?" and he told me, in equally good English, and that he brought it from America, and that for a long time it had astonished the natives. This manufacturer, riding about from day to day, might have found a hitching-post very convenient, but in accordance to the prescribed etiquette of the country and the superfluity of labor, he always took a man with him. But why should a man be called upon to do what a stick of wood judiciously placed could do just as well?