THE SIXTH MAN.

A Private's Story of the Sepoy War.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

IE of —th Foot, or The Queen's Guards, were stationed at Mallapoor when we heard of the massacre at Meerut, which was the first outbreak of the famous and terrible Sepoy war. Our garrison consisted almost entirely of Europeans, and the few natives in it were considered faithfuls.

Events following in bewildering succession told us that the rebellion was widespread, and that the English in India were in danger of annihilation.

The third night after the Meerut affair occurred the first of a series of tragedies which to this day invest Mallapoor with a romantic history. One of the guards stationed near the main barrack was found to be missing when the relief came round, and search as we might the poor fellow, Keller by name, was missing still.

The next night another guard vanished in like manner, and the second night after this the third man went. At first it was thought that fear had induced the men to desert, but as they were the best privates in their respective companies, suspicion of desertion did not stick to them very long. We began to believe that the men had been carried off by some enemies and murdered somewhere in the town, which contained, among other buildings, an imposing structure inhabited by the sub-Rajah of the district.

The disappearance of the three men placed every one on the alert, and those who took their places were warned to be careful and not relax their vigilance for an instant. This every man in the regiment promised to do, but in spite of it all at the end of the week the fourth man vanished and within the next three days the fifth guard followed his comrades.

Matters were getting serious and a fear seemed to fall over the whole regiment. Were we all doomed to the same mysterious fate? Were we to be visited, one by one, with the unknown and terrible doom which had overtaken the guards? It made us shudder to think of it, and yet some of us had seen service at the cannon's mouth.

"Who will be the sixth man?" was the prevailing question when we mounted guard, and I confess to a fear which would not down, try as I would, to stifle the feeling of insecurity.

One night—it was the 13th one after the disappearance of the first guard—I took my station at the place from which the first missing man had vanished.

The last words of the officer who posted me were words of caution. He recalled the fate of my comrades and told me to keep eyes and ears open and try to win the reward offered by the Colonel for a solution of the impenetrable mystery.

When I was left alone and saw the shadows thrown by a watery moon chase one another across the parade-ground on my left, I could not help wondering if the Unknown would make me the sixth victim of his prowess. I stood quite alone, but where I could hear the sounds of night-work in the officers' building; but this did not chase fear from my heart.

By-and-by the moon went down and all became dark, for the stars did not shed light enough to show me the ground within a few feet of my beat. I began to think of the men who had disappeared, calling them up one by one, and trying to solve, as if I could by speculation, the cause of their vanishment. This served to keep me wide-awake, and I felt no drowsiness, however drowsy the night air was that fanned my cheeks.

All at once, and before I could make a single motion in self-defense, I was seized from behind and thrown to the ground. My arms were pinioned to my sides in the twinkling of an eye and a cloth was thrown over my head. All this did not occupy the first half of a minute, and when I tried to resist it was too late, and I felt myself picked up and hurried off in the hands of at least two men.

I was the sixth man!

How long my strange journey through the dark lasted I never knew, but when I came to my senses I was lying on a cold floor, and with my hands free. Of course I sprang up and tore the blindfold from my eyes.

At first my surroundings seemed as dark as my beat had been, but I soon perceived a streak of light, and going forward I reached a grated window, from which, to my surprise, I looked down into the Rajah's gardens.

At first I could hardly credit the evidence of sight. I was not prepared to believe that I had been conveyed to the Rajah's palace, as the large building was called; but the longer I looked the firmer became my belief that I was nowhere else.

My prison-room was a cheerless place, 10 by 12 feet, with high ceiling and bare walls of a dull stone. The stones that formed the walls were cut in square blocks and had been fitted together so nicely that none but a keen eye could see where they joined. The only piece of furniture in the room was a cot in one corner, but I had no desire to throw myself upon it.

Shut in as I was I tried the door, but found it as solid as a rock; then I went to the window again and looked down into the grounds. I heard the growling of the pets in the Rajah's menagerie and caught sight of several gazelles which were given the liberty of the gardens.

I had no doubt that I had been carried off by the same agency which was responsible for the vanishment of the five men before me, and thought that perhaps they had been brought to this very cell. But they were not there now, and I could not help thinking that they had gone from it to their final doom.

I longed for daylight as I had never before longed for the beautiful mornings of India. I wanted to see more of the outside world, and, if I was to be murdered, I would have a chance to fight for life, whereas if the strangler came in the dark I could not meet him so well.

It was the longest night of my life, and when I saw the first arrows of day in the east my face was at the grating. Sure enough I had looked down into the private garden of the young Rajah, a man whose friendship we all suspected. I now saw a part of the palace, and the tamest animals of the menagerie were taken out for a morning walk under my very eyes, and I saw their sleek, well-fed bodies and the dark skins of their keepers.

But all at once, while looking at the walls, I made a discovery that thrilled me to the depths of my soul.

I found on one of the stones some pencil marks, and on a closer inspection found them to be the names of the five missing soldiers.

The reader may imagine the horror that took possession of me on making this terrible discovery. The great mystery which had shocked us all was no mystery any longer. The unfortunate men had been captured by the Rajah's slaves, brought to the palace, and put to death in some secret manner. But they had left on the stone the record of their fate; their names told me that they had been ruthlessly murdered by the Rajah, and that I would be the next victim—the sixth man, as it were.

That day was the longest of my life. I could picture the horror that had already seized the whole regiment; I felt that I was believed dead, that the Colonel had doubled the reward for the solution of the dark puzzle, and that the men were huddling together and wondering who would be "the next man."

Nothing came to me that day in the shape of food. I added my name to those already on the stone, and then contemplated the whole with a look of despair.

I went from window to wall, from wall to window. I heard the notes of the fife as the regiment was paraded, and caught the rattle of the drum which "Old Jimmy," the head drummer, knew so well how to beat. But all this only hightened my agony, and when the long shades of evening again tangled themselves among the tamarinds, I fell back and clutched the empty air with a cry.

Suddenly I caught the sound of a voice. It seemed to come from beyond the door by which I had been admitted to the cell, and in a moment I stood near the portal glaring at it like a lion.

Who was on the outside, and was that person about to come in?

For some moments there was no sound beyond the door, but I did not relax my vigilance. I felt that everything depended on my patience.

At last the door moved. I saw it open and there stepped into the chamber a dark-faced man whose eyes shone like balls of fire. I was so close to him that I had to fall back to avoid contact; but the next second my heart flew to my throat, for I had recognized the Rajah himself.

If I had prayed for any particular person to come it would have been that very man. I wanted to meet him. I felt that he was at the head of the murders, and I longed to bury my hands in his rascally throat and deprive the Sepoys of a titled ally.

The lithe body of the Rajah seemed to quiver as he fixed his sloe-black eyes on me, and there slipped from somewhere about his scanty garb a long noose, which he clutched in his hands. It was the strangler cord, the emblem of thuggee, and the dreaded noose of which I had heard so many terrible stories around the campfire.

The eyes of the half-naked man seemed to possess the charming propensities of the serpent.

With them fastened upon me, he slipped one foot forward without noise, meanwhile moving his body toward the spot where I stood. I felt a strange feeling take possession of my nerves. Was I under the same dark spell by which my comrades had been conquered and killed?

Suddenly I moved and went toward that disciple of thugism like an arrow sent from an Indian bow. I fell upon him like a madman, but the next instant I discovered that I had struck a wonderful person. The long arms of the Rajah went round me like the arms of a devil-fish, his eyes seemed to burn on my cheek, and I felt my powers leaving me even while I thought I was gaining the mastery over him.

Not a word passed between us.

Up from the gardens below came the roar of the lions and the sharp barking of the hyenas. The wild beasts were doing exactly what we were—fighting for the mastery.

I threw the Rajah against the wall at last, and, seizing a favorable opportunity, buried my fingers into his long stretch of throat and tried to make them meet beneath the skin. His body was almost as slippery as that of an eel, and it was all I could do to hold the throat I clutched with the energy of despair.

It was life or death.

I clung to the royal weazen until I found the Rajah giving way under my grip. I looked into the face as it was revealed in the faint starlight that stole into the room, and saw it ghastly in look and horrible in contour.

He did not breathe now, but I did not let go. Tighter and tighter I clutched, until my hands seemed actually to meet under the skin, and not until the body slid to the floor did I relax my hold.

When I drew the first long breath of relief I looked down into the face lying on the cold stones, over which we had fought for life. The Raja's lay like one dead at my feet. The cord had long before fallen from his hands, and his wristlets of gold were broken.

I spurned the body with my feet and sprang to the door. With the power of two men I opened it and dashed down the long, dimly-lighted corridor that presented itself.

No one opposed my passage. I saw a figure get out of my way, and when I ran out into the night I heard the lions again. The wall around the palace proper did not break my flight to freedom. I scaled it, and dropping to the ground on the other side, ran down the main street of the town and across the parade-ground as fast as a private's legs could carry him.

Somehow or other, it was not intentional. I fell against the Colonel's door, and when it was opened I heard a loud cry, the last one I remembered for weeks. The hospital opened its doors for me, and when the regiment made its famous forced march to Allahabad, where it joined the main army, I was taken in an ambulance, still unable to give an account of my adventure.

When I was able to talk I told my story, but we were then far from the old barracks, and the demon Rajah was reported to have joined the rebels. After my recovery I took part in the relief of Lucknow, and when we came to blow the rebel chiefs from the muzzles of our cannon, I was startled to look into the eyes of one of them and see the same flaming orbs which I had seen in the chamber of death in the Rajah's palace. The next moment all that was left of the rascal was a quivering trunk.

From the date of my adventure, and even after the expiration of my enlistment, I was known to the Guards as the "Sixth Man," and I have no doubt that the regimental records refer to me as the wearer of that nick-name.

The 2d N. Y. Vet. Cav., or Empire Light Cavalry.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly give me a brief history of the N. Y. 2d Veteran Cavalry?—JNO. S. FASSETT, Major, N. Y. 2d Vet. Cav.

[June 23, 1863, Col. Morgan H. Chrysler received authority to reorganize the 30th N. Y., then discharged by reason of expiration of its term of service, as a regiment of cavalry—the Empire Light Cavalry. July 20, 1863, this designation was changed to the 2d Regiment Veteran Cavalry. The regiment was organized at Saratoga Springs, and the companies mustered into the United States service for three years at that place: Co. A, Aug. 15; B and F, Aug. 26; D and E, Sept. 8; C, Sept. 9; G, and H, Oct. 10 and 16, respectively; I and K, Nov. 10; L, Dec. 3, and M, Dec. 30, 1863, at the Cavalry Depot, Washington, D. C. The regiment was recruited in various parts of the State. The regiment left the State in detachments; Cos. A, B and C in August; D, E and F in September; G and H in October; I and K in November, and L and M in December, 1863, and served in the Department of Washington, Twenty-second Corps; in the Department of the Gulf from Feb. 16, 1864, in the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, Nineteenth Corps; in the Fourth Cavalry Brigade, same corps, from June, 1864; in the First Cavalry Brigade, same corps, from September, 1864; First Separate Brigade Cavalry of the Reserve, Nineteenth Corps, from November, 1864, and in the First Brigade, Cavalry Division, Department of the Gulf, from March, 1865; the latter brigade being commanded by Col. Chrysler. The regiment was mustered out at Talladega, Ala., Nov. 8, 1865. During its service the regiment lost two officers and 10 men killed in action; three officers and 20 men died of wounds received in action; died of disease and other causes, three officers and 215 men; total, eight officers and 245 men, an aggregate of 253, seven of whom died in the hands of the enemy. Quite a large number of the men reported as died, were drowned by the foundering of the steamer North America off the coast of Florida, Dec. 22, 1864. The regiment's loss was mostly during the Red River campaign, the greatest being at Campti, La., April 4, 1864—being an aggregate of 24 officers and men killed, wounded and missing. The next greatest loss was at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864, being an aggregate of 15.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Comrades of the Battlefield.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Learning that some enemy of the Comrades of the Battlefield here in the Department of Pennsylvania has been circulating the report that the Order is a fraud, and its originator and present Commander, George E. Dolton, is disloyal and a swindler, I therefore take this method of challenging all such defamers of the Order and Comrade Dolton to come forward and sustain their charges through the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and give facts that are incontrovertible. I dispute the charge that the Order is a fraud, and here say to its defamers that they know practically nothing about its workings or its intents and purposes. As for Comrade Dolton being disloyal, I am compelled by facts of a private nature in my possession to say to his defamers that I believe Comrade Dolton to be loyal to the inmost recesses of his heart, which his 178 days under fire of the enemy amply proves.

The principles of the Comrades of the Battlefield are such as to debar any and everything that has a taint or suspicion of disloyalty about it. Therefore Comrade Dolton could not have been the originator of the Order and at the same time the disloyal, shrewd rascal he is depicted by his defamers.—LEWIS BLUNDIN, Major-General, commanding Department of Pennsylvania, Comrades of the Battlefield, Hulmeville, Pa.

All forms of scrofula, salt rheum, etc., are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

A Wife Wanted.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A good-looking young man, 23 years of age, with dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a good-looking young lady between 18 and 20 years of age, with matrimonial intentions. Send photograph.—ARCHIBALD, care THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE PECOS VALLEY.

Remarkable Yields of Grain, Fruit, and Vegetables in New Mexico.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

AS I have lately collected some facts and figures with regard to farming and fruit growing in the Pecos Valley, I write, feeling sure they will interest many of your readers. I could not give you half of them in a letter of any reasonable length, but have selected a few at random from the lot, and beg to submit them herewith.

Thomas Stokes, whose postoffice address is Eddy, N. M., raised during the past Summer 11 tons of sorgum (hay) on less than two acres of new ground, which product he sold at $15 a ton, the cash yield being over $83 an acre. Julian Smith, whose address is Lookout, Eddy County, has sold, within the past nine months, over $300 worth of garden produce from half an acre of ground, and has 400 pounds of potatoes left. R. M. Gilbert, whose address is Seven Rivers, Eddy County, planted, last Spring, one acre of Irish potatoes and gave them no further attention whatever except to irrigate them occasionally during the Summer. He has just dug them, and the yield is over 7,000 pounds. They are now selling at two cents a pound; so that the cash yield, from this one acre, is over $200. Mr. Gilbert claims that he can raise twice this quantity of potatoes to the acre with proper cultivation.

W. W. Paul, of Lower Penasco, raised 211 bushels of oats on two and a fifth acres of ground. Oats are selling here at 70 cents a bushel. Cash yield, $67 an acre. G. W. Blankenship, of Eddy, sowed 12 acres of rye on Sept. 18, 1890; cut it in May; sowed millet on the same ground and cut two crops, the last on Sept. 12, making three crops within the 12 months. The total product yielded, in cash, $64 an acre. Col. John W. Poe, of Roswell, cut 600 tons of alfalfa from 110 acres. Value at $15 a ton—$9,000; cash yield per acre, $80. Maynard Sharpe, of Eddy, sold $75 worth of watermelons from one-eighth of an acre of ground. An acre at this rate would have yielded $600. He raised a second crop on the same ground, but being pressed with other work, and short of help, did not market any of these. L. W. Holt, of Seven Rivers, Eddy County, raised 11½ tons of sorgum on one and a half acres, and 450 tons of alfalfa on 90 acres. The alfalfa could be sold to-day at $15 a ton, making a cash yield of $75 an acre. The sorgum could be sold at $15 a ton, making the cash yield $112.50 an acre.

C. W. Greene, jr., and Sam Hughes, of Eddy, raised sugar beets that yielded 19 and 63 tons to the acre respectively. Samples of these beets have been analyzed at the Agricultural Department in Washington, and Prof. H. W. Wiley, the Chemist of the Department, estimates the probable yield of sugar, from an acre of such beets, at 2,000 pounds and 8,400 pounds respectively. Negotiations are now in progress for the building of a beet-sugar factory at Eddy, and it will undoubtedly be put in next year.

The Northern Indiana Editorial Association recently visited the Pecos Valley, in order to learn the truth as to its resources and advantages, that they might advise their readers intelligently. They were so strongly impressed with the richness of the soil, the abundance of water, the fine climate, and the future of the country, that seven of them bought property there, and several of them announced their determination to go there to live. Others say they will buy there in the near future. When a newspaper man is strongly convinced of the merits of a country as to invest his hard-earned dollars in it, you may rest assured it is a grand country.

Over 500,000 pounds of wool have been shipped from Eddy since June, and it is estimated that more than 1,000,000 pounds will be shipped from here next year. George Blankenship and Edward Scroggins, of Eddy, have both raised fine fields of cotton during the past season. Many of the stalks bore 60 to 90 bolls each. Such results can be obtained only under irrigation—never in any portion of the rain belt.

The following table shows growths made by various fruit trees, shade trees, grape vines, etc., the past summer:

Name of Grower.	P. O. Address.	Tree or Vine.	Growth in Feet, Inches.
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Raisin grape	16
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Apple	9
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Pear	9
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Plum	5
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Cherry	4
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Currant	6
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Crabapple	1
Witt Bros.	Eddy, N. M.	Mulberry	1
F. G. Campbell	Eddy, N. M.	Black locust	11
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Apple	8
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Apricot	5
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Peach	5
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Peach, nice	6
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Mulberry	5
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Lombardy poplar	5
G. W. Blankenship	Eddy, N. M.	Castor bean	5
James Hogg	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Peach	16
James Hogg	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Cottonwood	14
R. M. Gilbert	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Sauge orange	16
R. M. Gilbert	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Pecan, willow	14
R. M. Gilbert	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Black walnut	11
R. M. Gilbert	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Plum	7
R. M. Gilbert	Seven Rivers, N. M.	Mulberry	4

Witt Brothers have several cottonwoods, nine years old, that are 62 to 64 inches in circumference and over 60 feet high. Mr. Hogg has a peach tree three years old from the seed that is three and a half inches in diameter and 17 feet five inches high. He has a cottonwood four years old that is 28 inches in circumference. Mr. Gilbert has a pecan tree six years old that is 24 inches in circumference and 22 feet high. He has a black walnut tree three years old from the seed that is 12 inches in circumference, 11 feet 10 inches high, and that bore several walnuts this year. Maynard Sharpe, of Eddy, has two peach trees two years old from the seed that bore and matured seven peaches this year. He has one apple tree two years old from the seed that bore three apples the past season. I could, as already suggested, give you a great many more such facts as these, but hope these will suffice to convince the reader that our farmers and fruit-growers are making money much more rapidly than those of any Northern or Eastern State.

Any one who doubts any of these statements, may verify them by corresponding with the parties whose names and addresses are given above.

We are having delightful weather. Have not had a flake of snow; no rain since August, and not a cloud has been seen since the end of September. The lowest temperature reached has been 16 degrees above; the thickest ice formed has been less than a half inch thick, the sun shines day in and day out, doors stand wide open every day, and children are playing out-doors without wraps, hats or bonnets. Our farmers are now through with this year's crops, and are busy plowing, fencing, and seeding for next year. They can work out of doors all Winter, without coats or mittens, and are not compelled to sit in the house and wait for two feet of snow to go off, or two feet of frost to thaw out, before they can begin their Spring work. They burn little or no fuel, except for cooking. Compare these facts, and the past season's realizations, with the experience of farmers in the Northern and Eastern States, and you will find that there is a large balance in favor of the Pecos Valley farmer. There is still plenty of Government land under the irrigating canals in this Valley, subject to entry under the homestead and desert land laws, but it is being rapidly taken up, and those who wish to get any of it must be here very soon.—G. O. SHIELDS, Eddy, N. M.

The Mansfield Tree Tomato Given Away.

This tomato grows from 4 to 9 feet high, according to the care which it receives, and is completely covered with bright red fruit, weighing from one to two pounds each. People who have not the time to make the necessary trellis will find the "Finch Tree Tomato" the most desirable. This tomato grows from 3 to 4 feet high, standing up like a little tree, without support of any kind, and will even stand a moderate tornado without breaking down, while other kinds by its side would be completely destroyed. This variety is extremely early. Its fruit is very uniform in size and very smooth; the quality is simply delicious. Frank Finch, the Reliable Seedsman of Clyde, N. Y., has seed of this variety for sale, and also a large quantity of the Mansfield seed to give away to all who wish to test it. For full particulars read carefully his advertisement in this paper.

LOTTERIES.

The Now Questionable System Once in High Favor.

THE Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, read a valuable paper at a recent meeting in Washington of the American Historical Society. The paper was listened to with close attention and marked interest. The essay was entitled "Lotteries in American History," and a synopsis is here given.

The manners and customs of a people being a never-failing subject of interest to their posterity, this leaf out of the social history of America may perhaps be found not unworthy of notice. The genesis of the English settlement of Virginia presents the first record found of the lottery in connection with American history. In King James's charter of 1612 to the Virginia Company of London, license was granted to that company to establish a lottery, to raise money for outfit and supplies to the infant colony in Virginia. The lottery thus sanctioned was largely subscribed to, the Grocers' Company of London and other guilds taking shares, and we even find two London churches adventuring several pounds in Virginia lottery tickets. The amount realized in drawings spread over six years, was £29,000, but upon the House of Commons protesting against the Virginia lotteries as an illegal raising of money without parliamentary sanction, they were terminated in 1621 by an order in council.

The earliest notice of an American lottery found advertised (although not the first) was in *Bradford's American Mercury*, Philadelphia, 1720. It advertised "a new brick house, corner Third and Arch streets," for which 350 tickets, at 20 shillings each, were to be drawn. Soon after lotteries appear to have become common. It is curious to find the early defense of the Colonies against foreign invasion helped on by the aid of the lottery. In 1748 leading citizens of Philadelphia (Benjamin Franklin, Edward Shippen, and others), having defeated the Quaker policy of non-resistance, organized a lottery to raise £3,000 needed for the erection of a battery on the Delaware. In the same year a lottery was organized at Philadelphia, to raise 9,375 "pieces of eight" (the piece of eight being of the value of $1) for public use. In 1756 a like sum was raised by lottery for a college and academy in Philadelphia. Many instances are found in early colonial history of lotteries organized for public objects. This practice was for many years regarded as a beneficial method of raising money, by way of saving the imposition of taxes or a general subscription, and it was by no means viewed as a species of gambling. The most reputable citizens were engaged in these lotteries, either as selected managers or as liberal subscribers. It was a kind of voluntary tax for paving streets, erecting public buildings, etc., with a contingent profitable return for such subscribers as held the lucky numbers.

As early as 1744 the Massachusetts province granted authority to raise £7,500 to meet the expenses of Government. In 1772, Harvard College, its funds running low, received legislative permission for a lottery scheme to erect Stoughton Hall. This lottery prolonged its drawings over 10 years, producing $18,400 net. The college invested $2,000 in tickets and was lucky enough to draw the principal prize of $10,000. In 1758, the citizens of Charlestown, in Town meeting assembled, voted to ask the general court for authority to organize a lottery to raise funds for paving Main street. In 1779 the repairs of Long Wharf, Boston, were provided for by a $250,000 lottery. In 1812 a lottery was authorized to raise $16,000 to repair the beach at Plymouth. This lottery issued schemes in the space of nine years, to the prodigious amount of $286,439 yet the entire sum realized to the town of Plymouth was only $9,876. In Connecticut, in 1750, a lottery was authorized to raise a fund for building a new edifice for Yale College. Among public buildings erected by the aid of lotteries in America Faneuil Hall, in Boston, was one of the most conspicuous.

Already, as early as 1719, the General Court of Massachusetts enacted that "all private lotteries are common and public nuisances." In 1733 and 1753 more stringent acts for their suppression were passed. Still these laws were often violated, and the Legislature itself, in plain frustration of their spirit and intent, passed many special acts permitting these "common and public nuisances." At length, in 1821, a committee of the Legislature made a remarkable report upon the mischiefs of the sale of lottery tickets in Massachusetts. The abuses of the system were laid bare, and it was shown that in a single scheme nearly $500,000 had been collected from tickets out of the hard-earned savings of the people. In 1833 an act was passed which put an end to the sale of tickets in the State.

It is not surprising to find George Washington participating in the lotteries of his time—for in what object of public improvement was he not interested? Tickets are preserved of "the Mountain Road Lottery," dated in the year 1768, and signed by Washington, one of which is in the Toner Collection, deposited in the Library of Congress. In his manuscript account books in the Department of State is this entry, May 4, 1769: 'By cash paid Peyton Randolph, esq., for my 10th of 100 tickets taken in partnership with himself and others in Col. Byrd's lottery, £50." In December, 1769, in his personal diary, we read: "Dined at the attorney's, and went in ye evening to draw Col. Moore's lottery." The same business engaged him for three successive evenings. The first entry above records Washington's share of 10 tickets, at £5 each, in the lottery organized for the sale of the famous estate of Col. William Byrd, called Westover, comprising a large domain on James River. This was authorized in 1756, and enabled payment to be made of the debts of a heavily involved estate. This way of disposing of real estate was not uncommon in Virginia more than a century ago. It was unrestricted by law until 1769, when the Legislature, moved by the wide growth of the speculative mania, enacted that no lottery should be drawn without authority of a special act. These acts were sufficiently numerous, as appears from a partial list of 70 legally permitted lotteries, in the 38 years between 1782 and 1820. The purpose for which these lottery schemes were organized were quite various. Five of them were for clearing rivers and building bridges, including one to raise $50,000 for the Dismal Swamp improvement; 19 were for educational objects, chiefly academies, with two lotteries for William and Mary College; 10 for improving public roads; 10 to enable Counties or Towns to pay for streets or other improvements; two for public charities; eight to erect or complete churches in Virginia towns, and six for private individuals "to erect a paper-mill for sufferers by fire in Lexington," "to raise £4,000 for William Tatham to enable him to complete his geographical work," etc.

A singular historical error occurs in the Encyclopædia Britannica, where it is gravely asserted that "before 1820 at least 70 acts were passed by Congress authorizing lotteries for various public purposes, such as schools, roads," etc. The facts are that Congress has never passed any act authorizing lotteries for schools or roads, and the careless encyclopedist has confounded the list of 70 lotteries authorized by Virginia laws with the legislation of the United States Congress. After a rapid survey of lottery schemes in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, etc., the address proceeded:

Strange as it may appear in modern eyes, the larger number of lotteries at this period were for ecclesiastical objects. Thus we read of lotteries to gather in £1,350 for St. James Church, Lancaster; £500 to enlarge Trinity Church, Oxford; £450 for the Presbyterian Church, Middletown; 3,000 pieces of eight to finish the Episcopal Church on Third street; £3,000 for a new Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, and 3,000 pieces of eight to finish the steeple of the Second Presbyterian Church, at Third and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

When Thomas Jefferson returned from Washington in 1809 to a long-neglected estate at Monticello, it was to struggle for years with adverse fortune, failing crops, wasteful slave labor, low prices, and a constantly-growing debt and interest account. More than any man in America, he was frequented in his retirement by a throng of friends, admirers, and lion hunters, who found bed and board at the hotel Jefferson, until its proprietor was almost literally eaten out of house and home. At length, early in 1826, Jefferson, then in his 83d year, "an old man broken with the storms of State," turned as a last resource to the device of selling his lands by lottery, for which legislative sanction was sought at Richmond. The act passed, but before it was put into effect public sympathy was so roused in behalf of the venerable statesman that it was resolved to save his estate from alienation. Some $18,000 was raised in leading cities, and served to cheer his last days (for the pride which had refused aid from the Virginia Treasury was subdued by adversity), but these subscriptions tended to defeat the success of the lottery, which was abandoned when the death of the illustrious beneficiary, the same year, caused the interest in saving to him his patrimony to subside. The estate at last had to be sold at great sacrifice, and Jefferson's debts exceeding the proceeds were honorably discharged by his executor, Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

The State of Louisiana, which appears to have become the last refuge of the lottery system, is now engaged in an earnest struggle of opposing forces over its renewal or its abolition. Congress, having prohibited by an act in 1842, still in force, all sales of lottery tickets in the District of Columbia, endeavored by a law of the last Congress (the constitutionality of which is now before the Supreme Court) to break up all use of the public mails for lottery purposes, under stringent penalties.

While the lottery for private gain is mainly of recent growth, the lottery for Government revenues, ecclesiastical purposes, educational objects, improved transportation, and public charities, was the earliest, and survived the longest. To sum up this necessarily brief historical view, it appears to be established that in the earlier ages of the Republic lotteries were regarded with general favor, or at least with toleration; that schemes or drawings by chance for public objects were common throughout the country; that they generally produced small pecuniary results to the objects aided, while drawing from the people heavy sums with no return, save to a very few individuals; that the evils and abuses developed by the system, even when administered under the shield and sanction of the law, led gradually to discredit it profoundly in the public mind; that the change in popular opinion was evinced first by prohibitory laws, with fines and penalties, in all the States, and next by making the prohibition of lotteries a part of the constitution in all States except nine, in which, however, lotteries are forbidden by law, save for a limited term in Louisiana; and that the experience of the past appears to have crystalized into a general public conviction that lotteries are to be regarded, in direct proportion to their extension, as among the most dangerous and prolific sources of human misery.

WITCHCRAFT.

A Majority of the Citizens of the United States Believe in It.

[*Century.*]

Witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States. The larger number of immigrants from the Continent of Europe are more or less in fear of such powers. To these must be added no inconsiderable proportion of persons of English and Scotch descent; for a strong vein of superstition is discernible in many Irish, Scotch, and some English, whose "folk-lore," diffused in nursery tales and neighborhood gossip, has entwined itself strongly about the fibers of spontaneous subconscious mental imagery. Among the more ignorant members of the Catholic Church of every nationality the belief produces a mysterious dread, against which men and women cross themselves, and resort to various rites supposed to be efficacious.

Where colonies of immigrants have remained isolated, retaining the use of their own language, the influence of witchcraft is more easily traced. The interior of Pennsylvania affords better illustrations of this, and on a larger scale, than any other State. It has been but two or three years since suit was brought by a man against his mother, in one of the Counties of Pennsylvania, to recover damages for a dog which he charged her with having killed by witchcraft; and he not only brought suit, but obtained judgment from a Justice of the Peace. Various witnesses testified as to their experiences in witchcraft, and only one said that he had never had a friend or relative who was bewitched.

In divers villages in Pennsylvania, some of them in the Dunkard settlement, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are shrewd enough not to apply their arts for strangers, but to those whom they know, as stated in an article in the *New York Sun* some years ago, they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells of the enemies of applicants, force cows to give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family, destroy beauty, separate man and wife, and reunite estranged lovers.

In the interior parts of the Southern States, where a large proportion of the white population cannot read, and there is little admixture of society, there are "witch-doctors," who, assuming that all disease is caused by witches, secure thriving practice in counteracting their influence. The *Philadelphia Times*, on the authority of a reputable correspondent, who gives many facts to sustain his representations, says: "For generations the poor whites have believed in witches, and the belief is deep-seated and incurable."

The African population brought this belief from the Dark Continent, and it persists among them to this day, though the progress of religion and education is doing something to check it.

I have recently noted in various parts of the United States more than fifty suits instituted by persons against those who they claimed had bewitched them; but under existing laws the accused could not be prosecuted except where money had been obtained under false pretenses, or overt acts of crime had been suggested or committed.

During pedestrian tours in New England, in various parts of the West, and in every Southern State, I have frequently stayed for the night at the houses of poor farmers, laborers, fishermen, and trappers. In such journeys I have invariably listened to the tales of the neighborhood, stimulating them by suggestion, and have found the belief in witchcraft cropping out in the oldest towns in New England, sometimes within the very shadow of the buildings where a learned ministry has existed from the settlement of the country, and public schools have furnished means of education to all classes. The horseshoes seen in nearly every County, and often in every Township, upon the houses of persons suggested the old horseshoe beneath which Lord Nelson, who had long kept it nailed to the mast of the *Victory*, received his deathwound at Trafalgar.

A Suggestion.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I should like to attend the National Encampment to be held at Washington, and what I should like to suggest is this: That all the old boys who ride the wheel (and there must be quite a good number) should bring their wheels with them, as they would come in quite handy to take in excursions over the Long Bridge into Virginia, and possibly will have a Cycle Brigade in the grand parade, etc. Think it up, comrades! From an old vet and wheelman.—W. H. CURRIE, Plainville, Conn.

3d N. Y. Cav.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Was the 3d N. Y. Cav. consolidated with the 7th N. Y. M't'd Rifles? If so, when and where? An early reply will oblige an old subscriber.—WM. P. WENDELL, Milton, Pa.

[In July, 1865, the men who remained in service of the 3d N. Y. Cav. were consolidated into five companies (A, B, C, F, and L), and these were then consolidated at Norfolk, Va., July 21, with the 1st N. Y. M't'd Rifles, and formed Cos. F, B, I, H, and L of the new organization, which, on the 6th of September, 1865, was designated the 1st Provisional Reg't, N.Y. Vol. Cav.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

The Way It Looks to Him.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I send herewith $2; one of which is to extend my subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and the other is for the *American Agriculturist* for 1892. This offer I consider a remarkable opportunity, fully on a par with the excellent opportunity of our fine Democratic Congress to distinguish themselves by the passage of a service or other pension measures, and so put the Harrison Administration on record.—PHILIP C. HELDER, Manhattan, Kan.

The Best in the Country.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have examined all the prominent G.A.R. and S. of V. journals, and I find that your paper gives much more for the subscription price than any other paper that I have seen.—WILSON B. STRONG, 47 Leonard street, New York.

Short Breath, palpitation, pain in chest, weak or faint spells, smothering cured by Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. Sold at druggists. Free treatise by mail. MILES MED. CO., ELKHART, IND.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's Weekly for Jan. 6 contains a valuable and exhaustive article on the United States Revenue Marine, accompanied by numerous illustrations. It will also contain accurate views, from the accepted plans and designs, of the new Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, soon to be built in New York City.

William Black's new story, The Magic Ink, will be published serially in *Harper's Bazar*. The first instalment will appear in the issue of Jan. 9, and it will run through about four numbers.

Harper's Young People for Jan. 5, being the first in 1892, is called the Columbus number. It consists of 24 pages and a specially-designed cover, and contains the story of Christopher Columbus in brief, told by Thomas A. Janvier; The First Christmas in the New World, by Kirk Munroe; the ninth instalment of the Columbus serial, Diego Pinzon; the second part of The Fate of Belfield; New Year's in Russia, by the Countess Norraikow, and other stories, articles, poems, and pictures.

The January number of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science contains two valuable papers on municipal government which should be read by every one interested in the great questions of municipal politics. They are the article on The Study of Municipal Government, by Frank P. Prichard, and the article on The Political Organization of a Modern Municipality, by Wm. Draper Lewis. This number also contains a copy of the By-Laws of the Philadelphia Municipal League, an organization whose purpose is the divorce of municipal from national politics.

The present condition of excellence of the volunteer militia is said to be the result of barely more than a dozen years of well-directed effort. The February *Century* will contain a fully illustrated article on The New National Guard, written by Capt. Francis V. Greene, late of the Regular Army, and now a Major of Militia, describing the origin and present condition of the force, its object and extent.

President Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, has written her first article. It treats of "The Training of Children," and will be printed in the February issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. A unique experiment will be tried in the February issue. The entire number has been contributed in prose, fiction and verse by the daughters of famous parentage, as a proof that genius is often hereditary. The work of 30 of these "daughters" will be represented.

The January number of *The Illustrated World's Fair* contains a special article with portrait of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota; a similar page with portrait of the Rev. Dr. Meloy; an ingenious sketch by Laroy Armstrong, and a touching story by Anna Oldfield Wiggs. The front page is occupied with a portrait of Dion Geraldine, Chief of Construction. The pictures of the fair buildings exceed in variety and interest anything heretofore accomplished by this enterprising journal. Views of work on the Art Palace, the Fisheries, the Government and the Agricultural Buildings are novelties. Nothing so extensive has before been done pictorially. J. N. Halligan, General Manager, McVicker's Building, Chicago. Price $2 a year; 25 cents a number.

The last poem written by James Russell L