SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Siege of Lucknow."

TEXT: "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them."—Deuteronomy xx., 19.

The awfulest thing in war is besiegement, for to the work of deadly weapons it adds hunger and starvation and plague. Besiegement is sometimes necessary, but my text commands mercy even in that. The fruit trees must be spared because they afford food for man. "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them." But in my recent journey round the world I found at Lucknow, India, the remains of the most merciless besiegement of the ages, and I proceed to tell you that story for four great reasons—to show you what a horrid thing war is and to make you all advocates for peace, to show you what genuine Christian character is under bombardment, to put a coronation on Christian courage, and to show you how splendidly good people die.

As our train glided into the dimly lighted station I asked the guard, "Is this Lucknow?" and he answered, "Lucknow," at the pronunciation of which proper name strong emotions rushed through body, mind and soul.

The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for thirty-five years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put in with others inside the residency, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English Government lived and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which poetry and painting and history and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict. Our escort not only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to rehearse the tragedy.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English Government.

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evinced throughout India. The most of these causes were mere pretexts. Greased cartridges were no doubt an exasperation. The grease ordered by the English Government to be used on these cartridges was taken from cows or pigs, and grease to the Hindoos is unclean, and to bite these cartridges at the loading of the guns would be an offense to the Hindoo religion. The leaders of the Hindoos said that these greased cartridges was only part of an attempt by the English Government to make the natives give up their religion; hence, unbounded indignation was aroused.

Another cause of the mutiny was that another large province of India had been annexed to the British empire, and thousands of officials in the employ of the King of that province were thrown out of position, and they were all ready for trouble making.

Another cause was said to be the bad government exercised by some English officials in India.

The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the British scepter had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans. There is none now.

Before the time of the great mutiny the English Government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in the Governmental employ. And now the time had come for a wide outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English Government flying, and to accomplish it dagger and sword and firearms and mutilation and slaughter must do their worst.

It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans: they could lay their hands on, and into the residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the residency, or fort, were—military and non-combatants, men, women and children—in number about 1692.

I suggest in one sentence some of the chief woes to which they were subjected when I say that these people were in the residency five months without a single change of clothing; some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies and all a-squirm with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night; the hospital crowded with the dying; smallpox, scurvy, cholera, adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want, crowded and sacrificed in a cellar where nine children were born; less and less food; no water except that which was brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the effluvia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shrieking Hindoo devils should break in upon the garrison of the residency, now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

"Call me early," I said, "to-morrow morning, and let us be at the residency before the sun becomes too hot." At 7 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the residency. Battered and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signature of shot and punctuation of cannon ball all up and down and everywhere.

"Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banqueting hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood. They all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anaesthetics were exhausted. A disease that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy convalescence here proved fatal. Yonder was Dr. Fayrer's house, who was surgeon of the place and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper room was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, was wounded. While he sat there a shell struck the room, and some one suggested that he had better leave the room, but he smiled and said, 'Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' Hardly had he said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Fayrer's house on the other side of the road. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the mutiny. He had been in the Indian service for years, and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay the English Government requested him to remain at least awhile, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow, and foreseeing the siege of this residency had filled many of the rooms with grain, without which the residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this residency rice and sugar and charcoal and fodder for the oxen and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying."

Our escort describes the scene, unique, tender, beautiful and overpowering, and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged and lacerated and broken hearted met the whiz of bullets, and the demoniac hiss of bursting shell, and the roar of batteries my escort gave me the particulars.

"As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours no live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the residency, who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the residency, their breaking in only a matter of time unless re-enforcement should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!' He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give directions for the care of his favorite horse. He charged his officers, saying: 'By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperadoes. Die fighting.' He took charge of the asylum he had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying: 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.' He said: 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." Isn't it from Daniel?' So as brave a man as England or India ever saw expired. The soldiers lifted the corpse from his cot and kissed him before they carried him out. The chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero amid the rattling hail of the guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time." All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under seven. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

"There," said our escort, "Bob the Nailer did the work." "Who was Bob the Nailer?" "Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when any one of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up, Bob the Nailer went with it." I said to him, "Had you made up your minds what you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?" "Oh, yes!" said my escort. "We had it all planned, for the probability was every hour for nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1600 against 60,000, and for the latter part of the time it was 900 against 60,000, and the residency and the earthworks around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the besiegement. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of those desperadoes. You must remember that we and all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpur, and we knew what defeat meant. If unable to hold out any longer we would have blown ourselves up and all gone out of life together."

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months." Then we crossed over and went down into the cellar of the residency. With a shudder of horror indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women she said, "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death angel and the birth angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of which club and sword and torch and throat cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiery. They waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grapeshot. They solaced each other when their children died. When a husband or father fell, such prayers of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspired for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

Our escort told us that again and again news had come that Havelock and Outram were on the way to fetch these besieged ones out of their wretchedness. They had received a letter from Havelock rolled up in a quill and carried in the mouth of a disguised messenger, a letter telling them that he was on the way, but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vacillation between hope and despair. But one day they heard the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the houses of Lucknow were fortresses filled with armed miscreants, and every step of Havelock and his army was contested—firing from housetops, firing from windows, firing from doorways.

I asked our friend if he thought that the world famous story of a Scotch lass in her delirium hearing the Scotch bagpipes advancing with the Scotch regiment was a true story. He said he did not know but that it was true. Without this man's telling me I knew from my own observation that delirium sometimes quickens some of the faculties, and I rather think the Scotch lass in her delirium was the first to hear the bagpipes. I decline to believe that class of people who would like to kill all the poetry of the world and banish all the fine sentiment. They tell us that Whittier's poem about Barbara Frietchie was founded on a delusion, and that Longfellow's poems immortalized things that never occurred. The Scotch lass did hear the slogan. I almost heard it myself as I stood inside the residency while my escort told of the coming of the Seventy-eighth Highland Regiment.

"Were you present when Havelock came in?" I asked, for I could suppress the question no longer. His answer came:

"I was not at the moment present, but with some other young fellows I saw soldiers dancing while two highland pipers played, and I said, 'What is all this excitement?' Then we came up and saw that Havelock was in, and Outram was in, and the regiments were pouring in."

"Show us where they came in," I exclaimed, for I knew that they did not enter through the gate of the residency, that being banked up inside to keep the murderers out. "Here it is," answered my escort. "Here it is—the embrasure through which they came."

We walked up to the spot. It is now a broken down pile of bricks a dozen yards from the gate. Long grass now, but then a blood spattered, bullet scattered opening in the wall.

As we stood there, although the scene was thirty-seven years ago, I saw them come in—Havelock pale and sick, but triumphant, and Outram, whom all the equestrian statues in Calcutta and Europe cannot too grandly present.

"What then happened?" I said to my escort. "Oh," he said, "that is impossible to tell. The earth was removed from the gate, and soon all the army of relief entered, and some of us laughed, and some cried, and some prayed, and some danced. Highlanders so dust covered and enough blood and wounds on their faces to make them unrecognizable snatched the babes out of their mothers' arms and kissed them and passed the babies along for other soldiers to kiss, and the wounded men crawled out of the hospital to join in the cheering, and it was wild jubilee until the first excitement passed, the story of how many of the advancing army had been slain on the way began to have tearful effect, and the story of suffering that had been endured inside the fort, and the announcement to children that they were fatherless, and to wives that they were widows, submerged the shouts of joy with wailing of agony.

"But were you not embarrassed by the arrival of Havelock and 1400 men who brought no food with them?" He answered: "Of course we were put on smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of his re-enforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this first relief arrived as it did in a day or two at most and perhaps in any hour the besiegers would have broken in, and our end would have come. The Sepoys had dug six mines under the residency and would soon have exploded all.

After we had obtained a few bullets that had been picked out of the wall, and a piece of the bombshell, we walked around the eloquent ruins and put our hands into the scars of the shattered masonry and explored the cemetery inside the fort, where hundreds of the dead soldiers await the coming of the Lord of Hosts at the last day, and we could endure no more. My nerves were all a-tremble, and my emotions were wrung out, and I said, "Let us go." I had seen the residency at Lucknow the day before with a beloved missionary, and he told me many interesting facts concerning the besiegement of that place, but this morning I had seen it in company with one who in that awful 1857 of the Indian mutiny with his own fire had fought the besiegers, and with his own ear had heard the yell of the miscreants as they tried to storm the walls, and with his own eyes had witnessed a scene of pang and sacrifice and endurance and bereavement and prowess and rescue which has made all this Lucknow fortress and its surroundings the Mount Calvary of the nineteenth century.

On the following day, about four miles from the residency, I visited the grave of Havelock. The scenes of hardship and self sacrifice through which he had passed were too much for mortal endurance, and a few days after Havelock left the residency which he had relieved he lay in a tent a-dying, while his son, whom I saw in London on my way here, was reading to the old hero the consolatory Scriptures. The telegraph wires had told all Nations that Havelock was sick unto death. He had received the message of congratulation from Queen Victoria over his triumphs and had been knighted, and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has led his last army and planned the last battle. Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to General Outram "I die happy and contented. I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. To die is gain." Indeed this was no new sentimentality with him. He once stated that in boyhood with four companions he was accustomed to seek the "seclusion of one of the dormitories for purposes of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded as Methodists and canting hypocrites." He had in early life been immersed in a Baptist church. He acknowledged God in every victory and says in one of his dispatches that he owes it "to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands, to British pluck and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause." He was accustomed to spend two hours every morning in prayer and Bible reading, and if the army was to march at 8 o'clock he arose for purposes of religious devotion at 5 o'clock, and if the army was to march at 60 o'clock he arose at 4.

A plain monument marks Havelock's grave, but the epitaph is as beautiful and comprehensive as anything I have ever seen, and I copied it then and there, and it is as follows: "Here rest the mortal remains of Henry Havelock, major general in the British army and Knight Commander of the Bath, who died at Dilkoosha Lucknow of dysentry produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857. He was born on the 5th of April, 1795, at Bishops, Wermouth County, Durham, England. Entered the army 1815. Came to India 1823 and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the wars of Burma, Afghanistan, the Mahratta campaign of 1843 and the Sutlij of 1845. Retained by adverse circumstances in subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to show that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier. He commanded a division in the Persian expedition of 1857. In the terrible convulsion of that year his genius and character were at length fully developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Ceylon coast by the Providence which designed him for greater things, he was nominated to the command of the column destined to relieve the brave garrison of Lucknow."

Archbishop Chapelle Dying.

Santa Fé, N. M., Nov. 23.—Archbishop Chapelle is lying dangerously ill from a sudden attack of pneumonia. His physician expresses grave doubts for his recovery.

A Dollar Apiece for Apples.

"When I first engaged in the fruit business in Montana, some thirty years ago," said Robert Wells of Butte, "prices were a notch higher than they are to-day. When I opened up I rented a little stall in front of a store, for which I paid $50 a month rent. Nearly all of my stock had to be brought several hundred miles by stage, and as that was pretty expensive, I had to charge pretty stiff prices in order to come out ahead. One of my best customers was a young man who was courting a girl in the neighborhood. Three times every week he would come to my stand and buy five apples, the price of which was $1 apiece, and carry them to his sweetheart. I always picked out the best ones for him, wrapped them up carefully in tissue paper and placed them in a neat little box. After a while he got married, and then he bought no more apples. Other fruit was just as high in proportion. I sold many pineapples for $7. Oranges were $2 apiece and grapes $8 a pound. —[Globe Democrat. U48

Wales Pushing to the Front.

Little Wales is becoming very much in evidence. She is not only cutting something of a figure politically in the affairs of the United Kingdom, but is branching out commercially and educationally. Cardiff, one of her most enterprising towns, is now demanding substantial recognition from the government. It wants a building grant of $500,000 for its university college. The request has caused some expressions of astonishment, but the ministry are anxious to turn every trick in these days of elusive majorities and a liberal grant will doubtless be forthcoming.—[Chicago Herald.

Ripans Tabules.

Slip a vial into your vest pocket and *your life is insured* against the tortures of Dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. *One gives relief.*

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Mr. James H. Ashton

I Am Well

Thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured me of rheumatism and ulcers on my leg, which I had for years and could not cure. I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills standard medicines. J. H. ASHTON, night watchman on Islington bridge, West Rochester, N. H.

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Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved, and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called "celery" compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting *cure* with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

MRS. HOOVER.

MRS. WILLIAM HOOVER, of *Bellville, Richland Co., Ohio*, writes: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness;' I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles, I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

A FESTIVAL THAT DATES TO COLONIAL TIMES.

Intermittant for Many Years. How the President Issues His Proclamation. The Seal of State.

Every year the President of the United States issues a proclamation fixing "Thanksgiving Day," as it has come to be known. Every year the proclamation of the President is transmitted to the Governors of the States, and the day named by the President is set aside as a general holiday. Originally it was intended as a day of fasting and prayer. Now it is a day of feasting and frolic and foot ball games. Every good American is thankful that he is an American 365 days in the year—and one day extra in leap years. He does not need a special day set aside for rejoicing.

The making of the Thanksgiving day proclamation is a serious duty for the President, for it is customary for him to write the proclamation with his own hand and to put into it as much of the spirit of the day as possible. President Harrison used to take a pencil and a little pad of paper and write out the proclamation in full. Then he would turn it over to one of his executive clerks to be copied. Mr. Harrison preferred to use his pencil rather than to dictate. President Cleveland also writes some things with his own hand, but he uses a stenographer, too, a great deal.

The first draft of the proclamation is copied, and the copy is sent to the State Department. There are two or three clerks in the State Department who make a specialty of penmanship. One of these engrosses the proclamation on parchment artistically. The parchment is sent back to the White House to receive the President's signature. When "Grover Cleveland" has been written at the bottom of it, it is taken back to the State Department, where Walter Q. Gresham's signature attests that of the President. Then the great seal of the State Department is affixed. It is a very ornate seal. It ought to be, for it cost $1,000. It is kept in a rosewood case in the Bureau of Commissions and Pardons, and its custodian is George Bartle, who has been in the department service for forty-eight years. Bartle was appointed to a clerkship by Daniel Webster. He is one of the oldest employees of the government at Washington.

It takes an order from the President of the United States to procure an impression of the great seal of state. Collectors of seals and autographs frequently write to the Secretary of State for copies of the seal of state. The same formal reply is sent to all of them—that under the law no impression of the seal can go out of the department unless they are affixed to official papers. The President of the United States could give authority to a collector to obtain an impression of the seal. But no President has ever done so. The law of 1789 says that the seal shall not be affixed to any instrument except a commission "without the special warrant of the President therefor." The President, therefore when he sends a Thanksgiving proclamation to the State Deparment for the seal, sends with it a copy of the following printed form, duly filled out and signed:

"I hereby authorize and direct the Secretary of State to cause the seal of the United States, to be affixed to ——, dated this day and signed by me, and for doing so, this shall be his warrant."

When Mr. Bartle receives this order he unlocks the rosewood case, puts a scalloped circle of paper in the press, and with a light turn of the heavy steel ball above brings the seal down on the paper and leaves its impress there. Then the stamped piece of paper is fastened to the proclamation and it is ready to go to the world.

When the proclamation has been completed by the addition of the seal clerks of the State Department are set to work making copies for transmissions to the governors of the states and territories. These copies are not made on typewriters or with manifolding paper or by any other process of duplication. The State Department uses the typewriter for some purposes, but not for official correspondence. All of the copies of the proclamation are written out on the long sheets of blue paper which are used for official correspondence. Each governor who receives a copy of the President's proclamation will make a proclamation of his own. But in the meantime the proclamation of the President has been made public, and the people all over the country know what day has been chosen for "Thanksgiving."

There is no law providing a day for general thanksgiving. "Thanksgiving Day" is a product of custom. The President could omit his "Thanksgiving" proclamation in any year, or he could fix the 7th of May or the 21st of December as the day for giving thanks. But it has come to be the custom for the President to issue a proclamation each year, naming, usually, the