

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

OUR OF DR. T. DEWEY TALKER'S

Subject: "The City of Blood."

TEXT "Our bones are scattered in the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto Thee, O God, the Lord!"—Psalm xciii, 7.

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut out of the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred of Cawnpur, India. Do you see what Hinduism and Mohammedanism really are, where they have full swing, and not as they represent themselves in a "parliament of religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abomination human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity may utter its triumph over death and the grave. I preach this my second sermon in the round the world series, and I shall speak of "The City of Blood," or Cawnpur, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after its occurrence Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire Regiment of foot, rode in upon the Cawnpur massacre. He was the first man I met at Cawnpur. I know the man, because from some one who had been here in 1857 and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the cartilage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, stated for the first time the story of what make fame in contrast all Modoo and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpur, Joseph Lee. The man was personally. Unfortunately there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America and familiar to us all are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to a lawyer of England who was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with fraud. The attorney came and so skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After while the picture of his Indian client, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him, and to interview some of the Indian affairs who had recently been in India.

Among other the journalists called upon this lawyer, lately returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindus dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his picture would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindu client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved amid human records. I said to the lawyer, "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was, "Nothing very peculiar. He was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing and wanted to continue on the same scale to do nothing.

From what Mr. Lee told me and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicated the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of \$400,000. When the father died, the English Government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him \$30,000 in gold ornaments, \$500,000 in jewels, \$800,000 in bonds and other resources amounting to at least \$1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpur massacre was his revenge. General Wheeler, the Englishman who had command of this city, although often warned, could not see that the sepoy were planning for his destruction, and that all his reinforcements and all the Europeans in Cawnpur.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story and thought there was no peril. But the time for the massacre had come, and the English soldiers who were in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are true to their religion, and they have all been cut down by the massacre. As by the bounty of the government, and that of all the subjects and servants of the government to reside at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the government, and that of all the subjects and servants of the government to reside at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the government, and that of all the subjects and servants of the government to reside at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease.

attempted, but failed. The boats would not allow the Hindus to look the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. These Nana Sahib was a Hindu and declared professional butchers from among the lowest of the apelles to go at the work. Five of them, with hatchets and swords and knives, began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle to shut out the blinding blood, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled up dead—only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know.

I said, "Mr. Lee, I have heard that indecise things were found written on the walls." He answered: "No, but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they had endured."

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of horror, this being the worst of the punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindu so hates as to touch blood.

When Havelock came upon the scene, he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were for many hours engaged in covering the dead. It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpur. The building in which the massacre took place had been torn down, and a garden of exquisite beauty had been laid out. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some seventy mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the roses and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled up, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me—the red typical of the carnage there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended.

There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler told him he would trust the natives, and he signed the treaty. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the summer heat were ready to transport those from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the intrenchment would escape the wild beasts in human form. On the morning, true to the promise, the boats were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was ordered by General Wheeler's intrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is an enormous memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden and one at the center, from which inscriptions I copied my text. Biding on we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawnpur. The walls are covered with tablets and epitaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions. "These are they who come out of great tribulations also. 'The dead shall be raised incorruptible,' also, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but he of good cheer I have overcome the world,' also, 'The Lord gave. The Lord hath taken away.' 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' 'Get into the carriage,' said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges and got out at a Hindu temple standing on the banks.

Now said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to which General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib. I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and the men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were going into the boats Nana Sahib objected that only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children and sent out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. The three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy of about ten years of age ran on the top of the Hindu temple on the banks two flags, a Hindu and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boatsmen and armymen jumped from the boats and swam for the shore, and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats, and the boats were destroyed and roared with destruction and below sank with their precious cargo, and all were saved three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. Those who struggled out near by were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boats. They were marched away under the guard of the sepoy.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the intrenchment and desolation. Now we are on the way to a summer house, called the assembly room, which had been built for recreation and a pleasure. It had two rooms, each with a bay window, and a view of the river, and here were imprisoned the helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these sepoy got permission of Nana Sahib to take one of these women to their own place on the promise that they should be brought back to the summer house in the morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his place. Some sepoy amused themselves by trusting a sepoy through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed and the sepoy standing guard, the women and children waited their doom for six long days and nights amid sickness and flies and stench and starvation.

The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed, but when they were again opened three women and three boys were taken out, and were so dispatched, and not a Christian or European left in Cawnpur. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter house. An eyewitness says that as he walked in the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were piled pieces of muslin, broken comb, fragments of pianoforte, children's straw hats, a card case containing a nail, with the inscription, 'I take this with me to the grave.' A few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book, a book entitled 'Preparation for Death,' a Bible, a copy of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and a copy of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' were also found.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was kept in the sepoy. He sent the women and children imprisoned in the summer house, or assembly room, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

Unwritten Books. Goldsmith often raised money on some projected work, then put it aside, and started another. He once drew up a prospectus for a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and obtained promises of help from his friends Johnson, Reynolds and Burke; but the booksellers were too wary for once, and the scheme fell through. One of his last proposals was the Survey of Experimental Philosophy, which met with the same fate.

He forbids the robbing of a foe; But what to serve our private ends, Forbids the cheating of our friends; —[Chambers' Journal.]

Bantien, Ky., boasts of a thirteen-year-old "pretty little milkmaid" who weighs 470 pounds, and who has a baby sister of seven who makes the beam tremble at 175 pounds.

A Bright Eye is a sign of good health and if the stomach is not in the best of conditions the eyes will show it. Bright Tablets cure the stomach and keep the eyes bright and clear.

Karnak is the most marvelous ruin on the Nile. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Temperature of Mine. A party of strangers was being taken through the Chollar workings. In the party was a girl, an innocent little thing, whose knowledge of mines was limited. The party was mixed, and the gentlemen, as usual, carried lanterns. As it was also large, when preparations were made to go down the incline, the gullest creature aforesaid, and a lady and gentleman were all assigned to the lower seat in the giraffe. After the giraffe started, to further the general comfort, the girl slipped down at the feet of her companions and found a seat on something, the nature of which she did not stop to investigate.

A short way down the incline she remarked that it was getting warm. Further on she repeated the observation, and her companions responded that they had not noticed it, while the miner who had the party in charge assured her that the incline was supposed to be cool. She continued to call attention to the heat, however, to the surprise of her comrades and their guide, and at the station she scrambled out of the giraffe, exclaiming: "Whew! but it was hot in there!" The miner was mystified, but casually looking at where she had sat, the light dawned upon him, and he electrified the innocent little thing and the rest of the party by dryly remarking: "It's no wonder you were warm; you were sitting on that gentleman's lantern."—[Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.]

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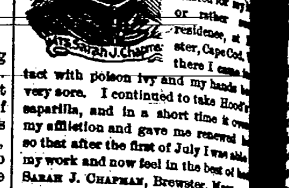
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Pos. Hood's Pills act easily, yet powerfully, on the liver and bowels.



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A ventriloquist in Lancashire, land, amused himself by beating handbag and mimicking the cry of a dog until a sympathetic man at him and struck him so hard he had erysipelas, for which he had to be confined to bed for several days. The defense claimed that the mimicry was so perfect there was nothing else to do, and court sided with him, not saying anything about the costs.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A Child Eulogy. The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a child, and if the father or mother be costive, and the most gratifying results follow; so that it is the best family remedy, and every family should have a bottle.

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Try Them All, Every Tom, Dick and Harry's Buckwheat. THEN TRY Hecker's

Farmers SEND Product. To F. I. Sage & Son, 183 Reade St.

HALMS Anti-Throat and Coughing cure. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children.

WOMAN OF FASHION. Simple Morning Robes and Afternoon Tea Gowns.

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Simple Morning Robes and Afternoon Tea Gowns. The Rotherham Debuts are so far ahead of the other Gowns—Some Crisp Ones.



THE STATELY TEA. No wonder lovely woman heaves a sigh of relief when she comes from a busy social afternoon, slips out of that heavy, jettied satin gown, and takes out the simplest and looziest of wraps. How she revels in that light, warm elder down, or cashmere, or flannel—whatever it may be, just a few minutes she lies still in the great chair, with every nerve relaxed, and eyes closed.

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