# THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

TOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1894.

NUMBER 14.

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ROUND THE WORLD SERIES.

Vivid Story of the Famous Slege at Lucknow, India - Christian Character in Time of Distress and Danger-Havelock's Devotion and Courage.

Lucknow's Martyre.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Sunday began a his series of round the world sermons through the press, the first subject selected being Lucknow, India text chosen was Deuteronomy xx., 19, "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 az against them."

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 foreing 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

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 evidenced throughout 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 Indiana wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans. There

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 hast-ened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the residency, or fort, were military and noncombatants, men, women, and children-in number about 1,602.

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, scur-vy, 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 a fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood the stench of the dead horses adding to the effluxia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shricking 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 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknew, 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 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. Amoutations were performed without chloroform. All the annesthetics were exhausted. A fracture that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy con-valescence here proved fatal.

"Yonder was Dr. Fayrer's house, who was the surgeon of the place and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper oom was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, cus 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 be said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Payrer'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 Euglish 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 look-

TALMAGE'S SERMON. ing to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying."

Our escort described the scene—unique, tender, beautiful, and overpowering—and FIRST OF THE PREACHER'S 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 shells, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

A Glery to Christendom

"As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to 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-enforcements 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 forgive-ness of all those whom he might unin-tentionally 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 the 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 di-rections for his burlal, 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

"He said, 'I would like to have a pas sage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, 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 cover from his face 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 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 with 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

I said to him, "Had you made up your minds what you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke

"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 1,600 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."

An Awful Prison. "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: "They sy upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the usbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these des-The women within the resi dency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opporunity of privacy. The death angel and 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 thost-cutting would be the

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not They encouraged the soldiery. despair. 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 in-spiration 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 be sieged 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 he was on the way-but the telling them he was on the way—but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vaciliation between hope and despair. But one day they heard the guns of relief But one day they heard the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the mightiest dead of many conturies.

Havelock and his army was contested—firing from housetops, firing from windows, firing from doorways.

Sentiment and Poetry. 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 did bear the slogan. I almost heard it myself as I stood inside the residency while my es-

cort told of the coming on 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 ex-citement about?' Then we came up and saw that Havelock was in, and Outram was in, and the regiments were pouring in. Here it is—the embrasure through which they came."

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.

The Grave of Havelock. About four miles from the residency I visited the grave of Havelock. 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 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 ngain see his native land. He has led his last army and planned the last bat-Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to Gen. 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.

Sir Henry Havelock, the son in whose arms the father died, when I came through London invited three of the heroes of Lucknow to meet me at his table, and told me concerning his father some most inspiring and Christian things. He

"My father knew not what fear was. He would say to me in the morning, as he came out of his tent, 'Harry, have you read the book?

"'Have you said your prayers?"

"'Have you had your breakfast?' " 'Yes."

"'Come, then, and let us mount and go out to be shot at and die like gentle-

The three other heroes at Lucknow at that table told of Gen. Havelock other things just as stirring. What a speech that was Havelock made to his soldiers as he started for Cawnpur, India!

"Over 200 of our race are still alive in Cawnpur. With God's help we will save them from death. I am trying you se-verely, my men, but I know what you are made of.

The enthusiasm of his men was well suggested by the soldier lying asleep, and, Havelock riding along, his horse stumbled over the soldier and awoke him, and the soldier, recognizing the General, cried out, cheerily: "Make room for the General! God bless the General!"

Havelock's Immortal Fam 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

"Here rest the mortal remains of British army and knight commander of the bath, who died at Dilkoosha, Lucknow, of dysentery, produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, He was born on the 5th day of April, 1795, at Bishops, Wermouth, county Durham, England; entered the army 1815; came to India 1823 and served there bore an honorable part in the wars of Burma, Afghanistan, the Mahratta campaign of 1843 and the Sutlej of 1845.
Is not that magnificent? But I said.

does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster Abbey make him

The Application. In all her history of wars there is no

name so magnetic, yet she has express-"Let him sleep in the region where he delicacy a day.-Evening Post. did his grandest deeds?" The same reason would have buried

Wellington in Belgium, and Von Moltke at Versailles, and Grant at Vicksburg, and Stonewall Jackson far away from his beloved Lexington. Vs. Take him home, O England! The rescuer of the men, women and children at Lucknow! His ear now dulled could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable abbey the national anthem but it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram, his fellow here in the overthrow of the Indian mutiny. Let Parliament make appropriation from the national treasury and some great war-ship under some favorite admiral sail across Mediterranean and Arabian Seas and wait at Bombay harbor for the com

THEY SLANDERED HER.

Subsequent Occasion She Will Be Heavily Prepared.

A woman whose age was not far from 50, and whose avoirdupois was close upon 200 pounds, arrived at the Detroit and Milwaukee depot the other morning with a bulky satchel in one hand and a pillow-slip stuffed full of something in the other, and the special policeman standing at the entrance no sooner caught sight of her red face than he realized what was coming.

"Look here!" she began, as she halted before him and dropped her baggage to wipe her face. 'I want about forty different people arrested."

"Yes'm. Anything wrong, ma'am?" "I should say there was. I am going out to Royal Oak to see my sister. I had scarcely left my house when a boy calls out, 'Ah, there, my fairy!' Can't he be arrested for such sass as that?"

"Hardly, ma'am, though it's very ill-

"Of course it is! I'm no fairy! Feel of that arm. Pat me on the back. Am I shadow of a fairy or a solid chunk of humanity on my way to see my sister, who weighs twenty-five pounds more'n I do?"

"You are no fairy, ma'am,' replied the officer.

"And I hadn't gone a block before a potato-peddier in a wagon sung out, "There's my daisy!" Officer, you have seen daisies?"

"Yes'm." "Do I resemble that fragile flower? There's a pair of arms which can lift a

barrel of pork." "No, ma'am, you do not resemble a daisy-not unless they've got out a new brand which I haven't seen. That peddler ought to be arrested, but I'm afraid

we couldn't find him." "And a little further on," she continued, as she wiped at her face, "a man standing in front of a saloon called out to me, 'Only a pansy blossom.' Officer,

you have seen pansies?" "Yes'm." "Do pansies wear No. 6 shoes and tip

the beam at 197 pounds?" "No, ma'am-you are no pansy. That man ought to be arrested, but now he is probably safe in Canada. Anything more?"

'Yes: somebody had something to say every few rods, and I'm mad all the way through. So I can't have nobody arrested?

"Hardly, ma'am-not under the cir cumstances.

"Well, if the law don't cover such cases, they want to look out for me! I'll be back in four days, and I shall carrying a pumpkin, a cat, a bedquilt, half a bushel of apples, a jar of pickles, two squashes, and some other things which my sister is going to give me. I shall walk home, same as I walked down here. Some one will call me his fairy, or pansy, or forget-me-not, and I'll drop them things and-"

"And what, ma'am?"

She struck her left hand with her right, doubled up her fist and placed it against the officer's nose, and hoarsely whispered: "And he won't forget-me-not, and

don't you forget it!"-Free Press.

Sawdust Bread.

Leon Lillenfeld, a young chemist and assistant of Prof. Kossel, has made a discovery which scientists here deem of great importance for the future, though in itself it is, perhaps, not of great moment. He has succeeded in preparing artificially a chemical product which possesses all the properties of soluble peptones, including those of easy digestibility. Werner von Siemens it was who, in 1886, prophesied that chemistry by and by would be able to prepare, out of waste material in Henry Havelock, Major General in the nature, food stuffs, suited to the human palate and stomach. This discovery by young Lilienfeld is looked upon here as the first step in that direction. The second one, perhaps, is the invention of "wood bread," more correctly speaking sawdust bread, which is now being baked in a Berlin establishment at the rate of 200 hundredweight a day. The with little interruption till his death. He mixture is two-thirds to three-fourths sawdust, and one-third or one-fourth rye flour. By a chemical process the sawdust loses its texture and taste, and liberates its saccharine and nutritive while standing at Havelock's grave, Why elements, which, in combination with the rye flour, are baked into biscuits and bread. The price of this bread is five marks (\$1.25) per hundredweight. Thus far it has been used solely as food for the horses of the large Berlin horse ed nothing on this man's tomb. His car company, one horse disposing of widow reared the tombstone. Do you say from twenty to thirty pounds of this

An Aluminum Boat.

An aluminum torpedo boat built by Yarrow for the French government has just had a trial on the Thames. The boat is 60 feet long, 9 feet 3 inches beam, and weighs with the water in its boilers 9 tons 8 haudredweight, the hull alone weighing just two tons. The material used was an alloy of 94 per cent. of aluminum and 0 per cent. of copper. A striking result obtained from using the lighter metal was a gain of 31/4 knots over the steel boat of the same model, the aluminum boat making 20% knots; but it was also made possible to use thicker scantling, which stiffened the boat so that the vibration was not appreciable. The boat is easier to lift and more buoyant in the water. The cost of the metal was over £1,000, or twice as much as a steel boat of the same model.—Philadelphia Ledger.