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-THE-
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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TELLS OF THE HORRORS OF HINDOO MASSACRES.

Hindooism and Mohammedism as They Really Exist—The Hardening Process of Sin—Graphic Story of the Massacre at Cawnpur, India.

Tale of the City of Blood.
Dr. Talmage on Sunday delivered through the press the second of his round world series of sermons, the subject being, "The City of Blood," and the text selected being Psalms cxlii, 7: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto thee, O God, the Lord."

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by chisel into the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred at 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 wanted to hear the story from some one who had been here in 1857, and could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated within, started for the scene.

The Story of the Massacre.
It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impregnated by one man, and he Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpur, knew the man personally. I said: "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 alienated 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, 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 sepoys were planning for his destruction and that of all his regiments and all the Europeans in Cawnpur.

A Remarkable Document.
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 proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had seen the light of day. I give only an extract.

"As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara and other places, and even those 5,000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the fortress city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present government and as no trace of them is left in these places it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy destroying fortune of the emperor the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpur has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners and government servants should be as obedient to the present government as they have been to the former one; that it is the incumbent duty of all the peasants and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the government and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted by an embankment. "Here," he said, "is the intrenchment where the Christians of Cawnpur took refuge. It is the remains of a wall which at the time of the mutiny was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 130 degrees, 440 men and 590 women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and split peas was the daily ration and only two wells near by, the one in which they buried their dead in the earth and the other well the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand yelling Hindoos outside this frail wall and 1,000 suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems an invisible army of sicknesses swooped upon them. Some were raving mad under exposure. Others dropped under apoplexy. A starving, mutilated, fevered, sunstruck, ghastly group, waiting to die. Why did not the heathen dash down those mad walls and the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1,000? It was because they seemed supernaturally defended. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib and made on that day one grand assault, but the few guns of the English and Scotch put to flight these Hindoo tigers. Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the intrenchment of the English by native Christian woman, Janshee by name, holding high up in her hand a letter, it was evidently a communication from the enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the woman brought in. She handed him a proposed treaty. If General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety. There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him he could trust the natives, and so he signed the intrenchment that night. Without mole-

station they went out and got plenty of water to drink and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the consuming sun, with the thermometer 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, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

Inscriptions.
"Get in 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." And we rode on to the Ganges and got out at a Hindoo 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." As the women were getting 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 floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then 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 12 years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple on the banks two flags—a Hindoo and a Mohammedan flag—at which signal the boatmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam to the shore, and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save 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.

The Climax of Diabolism.
I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boats. These were marched away under the guard of the sepoys.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the climax of desperation and diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer house, called the assembly room. It had two rooms, each 29 by 10, and some windowless closets, and here were imprisoned 206 helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place on the promise that they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed, and the sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children waited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness and flies and stench and starvation.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the summer house should be liberated 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. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies 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 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 still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or a European was 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 the 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 tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a card case containing a curl with the inscription, "Ned's hair, with love," a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitled "Preparation for Death," a Bible on the fly leaf of which was written, "For the dying mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair," both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented departed forever.

A Ghastly Well.
When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neil had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing a Hindoo 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.

Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell because of the exterminating work they did with these sepoys. Indeed it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee, has told me that he saw the sepoys fastened to the mouths of cannon, and then the guns would fire, and for a few seconds there would be nothing but smoke, and as the smoke began to lift fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. You may do your own criticism. I here express no opinion. There can be no

doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the sepoys broke the back of the mutiny. The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans and Americans in India. Under its knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious mission-aries. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The work of slaughter had been begun in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way to stop it. A mild and gentle war with the sepoys was an impossibility. The natives of India ever and anon have demonstrated their cruelty. I stood on the very spot in Calcutta where the natives of India in 1756 enacted that scene which no other people on earth could have enacted. The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement 20 feet by 20 indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows and was intended for two or three prisoners. These natives of India crowded into that one room 20 feet by 20 feet 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the groaning and shrieking and begging and praying of all are matters of history. The sepoys that night held lights to the small windows and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and 123 corpses were taken out. Only 23 people of the 146 were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the Indian nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner six years. Lucknow in 1857 was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking natives who had been in the service of Europeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offense, would at the call of the mutineers and without any compunction, stab to death the fathers and mothers of the household and dash out the brains of the children.

Christianity or Hindooism.
These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance, and they will re-enact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British Government was too lenient and put in places of trust and in command of forts too many of the natives. I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust.

I am no alarmist, but the only way that these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and I say beware, or the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms over which the hemispheres have wept will be eclipsed by the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms to be enacted. I speak of what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman and Scotchman and Irishman and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself. But I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelty, for the time suppressed, which if let loose would submerge with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay, and from the Himalayas to Coromandel.

Now, my friends, go home after what I have said to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindooism which many think it will be well to have introduced into America, and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years, and to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake, and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries, and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idolatries of nations is such a stupendous work that nothing but an omnipotent God through the gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen!

EXCUSABLE THEN IF EVER.

Swearing over the Telephone Declared to Be Not a Crime in Georgia.

The conclusion of Banker F. M. Coker's case before Judge Andy Calhoun yesterday afternoon developed several interesting points of law, says the Atlanta Constitution. Can a man be held amenable for using profane language over a telephone when speaking to a lady? Is the use of the expression, "damn it," according to the latest legal authorities, profane language in the technical sense? After the recorder decided that Mr. Coker could not be held responsible for any disorder according to the city code, the case hinged on these two questions. Both were decided in the negative, and no fine was imposed. The case was called in regular session of court yesterday. Miss Bridges and the other young ladies employed at the telephone exchange were not present, and no private hearing was asked for.

In rendering his decision Judge Calhoun gave a brief review of the whole case. He did not think that any public disorder had been created. "A man might curse all day," he said, "through the telephone, and then be guilty of no disorder."

He stated that the law was defective regarding the use of profane language through the telephone. A person was guilty if he used profane or opprobrious language in the presence of a female. It said nothing about a man cursing through a phone.

"Taking everything into consideration," he said, "I do not think that Mr. Coker is guilty of creating any public disorder, and I will dismiss the case."

Beliefs of the Romans.
In the museum at Mayence, Germany, there are several iron-tipped piles which were used by the Romans 2,000 years ago in the construction of a bridge near that place.

ANIMALS AND SPEECH.

A Cat and Dog that Understood What Was Said.

A lady in Thomastown, Ga., has a cat named Fannie, of whom she is very fond. Fannie had three little kittens, and the other day her mistress said to the servant: "I can't keep all those kittens; I must have them drowned." Fannie was in the kitchen and she trotted right away to her family. The next day she and the three kittens were missing. Several days after Fannie appeared without her kittens. Her mistress caught her up and stroked her fur. "Fannie," she said, "go right and get your kittens; they will be starved." Within half an hour the cat was back with her kittens, and nothing more has been said about drowning them.

Your editor, too, knew a fine old dog, a great, shaggy, shepherd dog, whose name was Diogenes. He lived on a farm in the western part of the State, and for years was a very useful member of the household, driving the sheep and cows to pasture, and going after them, looking after the babies when they were out of doors, and watching the house at night. But, as the years went on, Diogenes grew old and feeble. He lost his teeth, became almost blind, and coughed a wheezy cough that was not pleasant to listen to. He would not stay out of doors, either, but wanted to lie by the fire constantly, and one winter's night, as he was stretched out on the rug, as usual, blinking in the blaze, his master, sitting by, said to his wife: "We'll have to dispose of Diogenes."

Blind, toothless, full of fleas and rheumatism, and now with asthma hopelessly fastened upon him, he is no comfort to himself and is a nuisance to the rest of us. To-morrow I'll take him up to the hill lot and give him a dose of chloroform."

Diogenes lay still a few minutes after that; then he got up, shook his shaggy fur, and turned about. He went to his master and rubbed his knee, and then walked over to his mistress and laid his head on her lap. She patted him, and he went on to the baby of the family, now almost grown, who had been his playmate for years. He reached out "Poor old Di, good Di!" and Di surveyed the longest with him, rubbing against his knee, and looking up into his face again and again. But at last he pulled himself away and walked to the door, opening it with a toss of his nose, as he could, and walked out. He was never seen again. His tracks were traced in the snow the next day down to the road, where they were lost among many others. He was well known all about the neighborhood, and many inquiries were made for him for miles around, but Di was never heard from again.

Necessary Precaution.

A few summers ago a crowded coach started for one of those excursions which take place daily during the season in the English lake district. Just as a very steep descent was being approached the passengers heard the guard suggest to the driver the advisability of putting the drag on and applying the brake.

"I'll try it to-day without," said the dauntless Jehu. "Hold hard, ladies and gentlemen!" and forthwith, gathering up his ribbons with the utmost care, he started down the declivity at a pace which was not a little terrifying to a majority of the passengers.

"Have you a bit of chalk?" said one solicitously to a pompous but nervous old gentleman.

"Chalk!" was the irritable reply. "Chalk, indeed! What can you want with chalk at such a moment as this?"

"Oh," was the mischievous answer; given in tones of sad concern, "I was just thinking that some of our legs and arms are likely to be flying about before we reach the bottom of the hill, and that it would be desirable for every man to mark his own for the purpose of identification."

Big Salaries of Opera Singers.

The fabulous sums paid opera singers is one of the curious phases of the artful life. It is reported this season that Tamagno, Jean de Reszke and Mme. Melba, the Italian will receive \$1,600, the Pole \$1,500 and the Australian \$1,200 a night. With these enormous sums to the principals the management could not afford to pay extravagant remuneration to the lesser singers. Madame Eames, whose last season was somewhat dimmed by the brilliant art of Melba and the magnetic personality of Calve, will have no increase on the salary of \$600 paid to her during the operatic year of 1893-'94. Sibyl Sanderson and Zelle de Lussan will, it is hinted, receive \$250 and \$200. Mme. Nordica is said to have been offered \$20,000 for the season, or at the rate of \$400 a night.

Thunder and Milk.

Science has disproved the belief that thunder sours milk. It is now known that the souring results from a fungus growth, and that this fungus is peculiarly fatal to nursing children. The old-time rural belief was that the concussion from thunder acted mechanically upon the milk, and first soured and then solidified it. It happens that milk sours during or just after thunder storms because the atmospheric conditions then prevailing are usually of a kind favorable to the rapid development of the fungus growth that sours milk.