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while the buyers jostled and crowded each other good - naturedly,

"How happy everybody is!" ex-claimed a bright-faced, middle-aged woman, pausing a moment on her way past the store to look in. Then she drew her old plaid shawl closer around her and hurried on, the sawdust-filled limbs of a big doll dangling from a

she might have caught the derisive, contemptuous sneer on the face of a young man who lounged in the open doorway, his hands thrust into his pockets and his soft hat pulled down over his scowling brow. His eyes followed the woman in the plaid shawl until she disappeared in the crowd, and a short, hard laugh escaped his

"Everybody happy!" he muttered. "What fool remarks some women do

A little girl passing before him just then dropped a bundle; but he didn't stoop to pick it up for her. He wasn't in the humor to do a kindness for any one. All this Christmas excitement and hurry had filled his heart with anger and bitterness. In his pocket were his week's wages-twelve bright silver dollars; but he didn't expect to expected anything from him.

whom Nan had lived previous to her over his scowling brow. good things for their Christmas din- needed the exercise.

plain gold ring.

muffler around his neck and whipped he had always thought of her as keepit against his cheek, and Heyser flung | ing a home there, waiting for him to away from the store door with an come back. angry growl, the scowl on his face | He was stiff and chilled when at last growing darker. He turned from the he turned from the gate and went busy main street into one that was slowly up the hill, with a vague idea comparatively quiet, and in a few of walking through the village before minutes was at the door of the great, returning to L .- Not that he exbarn-like tenement house in which he pected to meet Nan-that was most un-

That was nearly nine months ago, trade of dressmaking in some larger

again until Nan apologized.

AT CHRISTMAS TIDE, So blithe this hour, when once again The Star glows steadfast in the sky; So hope attuned, when human pain

With song and harp are passing by. And the pale rose of breaking dawn, Heaven's matchless lilies wake and bloom, And far athwart the east are drawn

The pencilled sunbeams which illume All pathways men must journey on. Again the Sages and the Seers Benel low before a little child : An i o'er the long and stormful years,

The strife, the turmoil, and the tears, He looks, and smiles, the undefiled. 'Tis Christmas tide! At Mary's knee The shepherds and the princes meet!

The desert spaces vast and wild.

Love-bound in dear humility, To clasp the Infant Saviour's feet. The Star is bright o're land and sea; The Gloria song is full and sweet.

### HEYSER'S CHRISTMAS.



town of L- were drums, toy pistols and other toys dear to the heart of child hood;

too thoroughly imbued with the peace and good will of the season to mind a dig in the ribs or a bruised toe.

cumbersome parcel on her left arm.

If she had paused a moment longer

had lived ever since he and Nan had likely. In all probability she had left quarreled and parted.

and he had never seen Nan since—had place. never heard a word from her nor sent | As he reached the top of the hill he her a message of any kind. They had saw a sudden tongue of flame shoot up parted in hot anger; he had told from the roof of an old house which her she was a wretched cook, and he'd stood back from the street at some diswarrant she could spoil anything she tance from any other. It was the joyed it! turned her hand to; and when she had home of old Mrs. Wisk and her weakreplied that she wished she had never | minded daughter, and Heyser sprang married him, he had rejoined that she forward as if electrified, wondering if didn't wish it half as much as he did, any one were inside. and that he could have had Sarah As he approached the gate he saw Humes for the asking. Nan had al- the imbecile girl run out from the bought the baby a drum and a toy them on the gateway. As a still wavs been a little jealous of Sarah, front door, and at the same moment engine. and this remark had fanned her anger | the flames burst from half a dozen | to white heat. Recriminations and places in the roof. reproaches followed, and the quarrel "Is any one in there?" shouted Hey- the kitchen, Jerry." had ended in his leaving the little ser, seizing the girl by the shoulder.

The next day he had sent a mes- had dashed it open. senger for his clothes, half hoping the Before the wide, open hearth was a room.

Grows less, for faith that help is nigh;

So hallowed, when the angel train ever come from Nan.

kerosene lamp on the wooden mantel | fright and her run up the hill. gave only a sickly light.

the room, muttering something be- away a mist. tween his teeth. It was too early to "Nan!" he cried. that he had no friends in the tenement | the baby close to her heart.

Payne children laughing, and through | borrow a little | molasses, and if the | dered coffee and mastic for the party, a door that stoods little ajar saw them | baby had been burned the never would | and kept the landlord busy until I had hanging up their stockings.

about his throat as if it were choking | hill he stopped. Christmas festivity he had no share, touching the bally. And it was all Nan's fault. She had would surely tell you." like a great bee- ruined his life. How could be help Heyser shook his head. He couldn't of about the consistency of heavy hive, and the clerks were kept hating her? Why had she never sent clerks were kept hating her? Why had she never sent answer her just then.

Nan stopped at the gate of the litter breakfast everybody went on have a proportion of the litter breakfa

store in Bridge City, where he had and his precious charge.

been employed since boyhood, and The yard was full of people now Once more, between the midnight's gloom | the iron works. And not a word had direction, and as Heyser staggered pendent, forward with his burden he heard a A bitter loneliness filled his heart loud, piercing cry, and a young woas he entered his cheerless room with | man in a big shawl; and a white hood its carpetless floor and curtainless sprang through the gateway and tores

house upon whom he could drop in 'Let's get away from here, Nan," honor on the divan, says the writer, for an hour's talk. What was he to said Heyser, thickly; and he led her and soon the Arabs commerced dropdo with himself? Walk up and down through the gateway and down the ping in and squatting on the floor. Main street, he supposed, and see peo- hill, paying no attention to old Mrs. Our Copt had made so much noise that -Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar. ple stare at him because he had no Wisk who ran after them, crying and he had awakened the whole village. As he went downstairs he heard the had gone out only for a minute to morning, and I felt liberal, so I or-

have forgiven herself-never!

busy wrapping up never repented her share of their tle brown cottage and drew the key a hunting expedition. After their reof the door from her pocket; but turn they all went for their bath, a the case of a native who had been shared Reaching Main street again Heyser | just as she put it into the lock Heyser | change of clothes, then to dinner- | with fraud. The attorney came and so

for searching all the pockets for a perhaps two months of age. Heysern said Nan, laughing, though her eyes note, only to be disappointed; and 's seized it in a rough but careful graspe were full of tears. had sworn to make Nan sick of her and rushed out—just in time, for the Jerry's lips quivered, and he swal"blasted pride." old roof fell with a crash behind him, lowed a lump in his throat. Then he

He had left his place in Hinckle's sending the sparks flying over him put his arms around his little wife and lirew her close to his happy heart. "This is a Christmas, sure enough, had gone to L-, to take a place in who had come running from every Nan," het whispered, huskily. -Inde-

Christmas in Egypt, The following Christmas experience window. The fire in the rusty little the baby from his arms. She wass in Egypt is related by a writer in

stove had gone out, and the cheap weak and almost breathless from Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. He was at the house of a Greek who was Heyser looked down at her, passing apparently not a Crossus, as the entire Heyser shivered and flung out of his hands over his eyes as if to clear! furniture of his cafe consisted of a stone-and-mud fireplace in one corner, a patn-branch divan occupying the go to bed, and he had lived so entire- "Jerry!" and around his neck went; remainder of that side of the banquet-

ly to himself during the past year one round arm, while the other helds ting hail, and a lot of rush mats on the earthen floor. I took the place of wringing her hands and saying she! It was Christmas Eve, or, rather.

filled the whole lot-a feat never be-Heyser's heart swelled with self-pity, and he tugged at the muffler confused; but just at the base of the T began to feel hungry, and the landlord fished out from under the divan, him as he went stamping down the "What did she mean, Nan?" he which also served as a chicker-coop, the busy factory him as he went stamping down the what and she med, three squabs, which he killed, plucked, town of L. were bare, dark stringay. In all this asked; "and—what's this?" he asked, three squabs, which he killed, plucked, three squabs, three s ibroiled and served up on Arab bread. enger, excited There was no one to give a thought to Didn't you know?" she cried. This bread is baked of unbolted flour shoppers. Sill's him, no one of whom he must think. "Oh, Jerry! I thought some one in round cakes, seven inches in diameizer. It is hollow like a doughnut, and

# "CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."



orphan boy Mrs. Bosley was "rais- give a look at his old home-that ing," and stockings and flannel for the Widow Wisk and her imbecile daugh- Nan had lived for four short months. ter. They had also laid in a stock of He had nothing else to do-and he

Sammy had been invited, and had de- the bridge. On the other side a wo- his breast. liberated a long time whether to have man was crossing in the opposite diding would prove a success, for she ser remembered that Nan had worn a time!" where she had bought a crimson three months from that time he and him. years vork, you can save many Caleks annually, muffler and two bordered handker- Nan would have gone separate ways.

> morning, and which proved to be a and saw that it was dark and all the never, never quarrel again." blinds were closed. Heyser remembered how she had He stood at the little gate and stared kissed him and told him it was just at the cottage for a long, long time. what she had wanted, for she had al- Nan had deserted it, of course, and it ways regretted not having been had stood empty all these months. He ought to have known she wouldn't The wind caught one end of the red | stay there alone, and yet-somehow |

> > Bridge City and was following her

house which he had bought on their | She only whimpered and smiled in marriage, vowing never to enter it reply, and Heyser released her, and surprise when he found a nice supper with one bound was at the door and spread upon the table and a delicious Christmas Day?" inquired Jhones.

threw both arms arms around her and | and such a dinner! ner, to which old Mrs. Bosley and The wind blew stiffly as he crossed strained both mother and child to The bill of fare could scarcely be

plum pudding or fruit for dessert, rection. She had a shawl about her he whispered, huskily. "And to Alexandria Harbor (they were first Nan hadn't been sure the plum pud- shoulders and wore a white hood. Hey- think you've been living here all this planted there by McKillop Pasha, who

What fun it had been to buy their cheeks rosy, and given a sparkle to the warm sitting room, stirred the snipe, fresh vegetables of every depresents for each other! Nan had her black eyes. People had turned to fire, put the baby in its cradle, and scription, figs, grapes, oranges, bamade him promise not to look while look at her on the street, and he had then seating herself beside him on. nanas and the flaming English plumshe made a hasty tour to the counter felt proud of his pretty wife. He had the old sofa gave him the history of pudding. on which were men's furnishings, and not dreamed then that in less than the months she had spent apart from

"I left baby with Mrs. Wisk while it It was only a short walk from the I went to L- to leave a note for peculiarly dedicated by custom and Then they had stopped at a jewelry bridge to the heart of Bridge City, you," she said, as she nestled against tradition to the Christmas feast. The while he went in and made a mys- had bought stood on one of the steep, her rosy cheek against his rough and vivor of a long list of equally savory terious purchase, which she found ungraded streets. He felt a chill sense bearded one. "I couldn't let Christ- ones. There was the boar's head, al-

baby something for to-morrow. I can then roasted; when it was done and

And any one seeing him coming across the bridge on his way home. two hours later, would almost have imagined him Santa Claus himself, so every shape and size. Impatient as he had been to return to Nan and the baby—which as yet he

hardly realized as his own-he had taken time to go to his lodging house for Nan's note, and he read the words it contained with eyes suspiciously How gayly his heart beat as he

tramped across the bridge! How happy he felt! Christmas was a glorious time! He didn't wonder people en-And this time when he reached the cottage it was all aglow with light and warmth, and Nan met him at the door and exclaimed over the number of his

"But we can save them for him," she added; "and just come out into | leges of the mistletoe. Jerry followed her, wondering what

apology would come instead. But it wickerwork carriage, and in it, staring hadn't. He had felt angry at himself up with bright black eyes, lay a baby Bosley says I can't be beaten at it," did."

aroma from a coffee pot filling the

he was to see, and gave a little gasp of

equalled at that season of the year in "Oh, Nan, I have missed you so!" this country; the little oysters from was admiral of the Egyptian fleet unhad so little experience in cooking, and so, they had bought fruit.

What fun it had been to buy their where the subjects and land worn a white hood on Christmas Eve just a year ago. The keen air had made her where the said, and then she drew him into.

What fun it had been to buy their she said, and then she drew him into.

Was admiral of the Egyptian fleet unsary that all the subjects and landowners and government serving that the subjects and landowners and government serving the said, and then she drew him into. and that they should, as usual, be obedien

### Christmas Feasting in Old Times. There are certain dishes which are

store, and Nan had waited outside and the little brown cottage Heyser him, her arms about his neck, and plum pudding is almost the sole surunder her plate at breakfast the next of disappointment when he reached it mas go by and not-Jerry, we must ways the herald of the feast, and always seasoned with mustard. Next high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, "Never!" rejoined Heyser, fervin importance was the peacock. The the sun, the heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. The beat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. The heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. The heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. The heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. The heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. The heat at 130 degrees, 440 men, the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. Himgiron Calculation Boin and children dwelt nearly a knives, began the work, but three of them. Now, my friends, go here L .- I've got to buy you and the the plumage adhering; the bird was | was the daily ration, and only two wells near keep Christmas now as. well as other had cooled, it was served up again in the earth, and the other well the focus on its feathers, and, with gilded beak, which the artillery of the enemy played, so was sent to the table. Sometimes the that it was a choice between death by thirst whole body was covered with gold leaf, and a piece of cotton, saturated with spirits, placed in its beak and oaded down was he with bundles of lighted as it made its gorgeous entry. The noble bird was not served by common hands; that privilege was reserved for the ladies most distinguished by birth and beauty. Geese, capons, pheasants, and pies of carps' tongues also helped to set out the Christmas table in days gone by. But while Christmas, as far as its eating was concerned, always had its specialties, its liquor carte was unlimited.

# An Old Christmas Custom.

It was an old custom in Oxfordshire for the maid servants to ask the men servants to bring in ivy and other greens with which to decorate the house. If any man refused, the maids bundles, and laughed because he had stole a pair of his trousers and nailed men were debarred from the privi-

As Usual.

"Did any one remember you on "Oh, yes," responded Smith, showing a handsome collection of lately

### THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Subject: "The City of Blood."

Text: "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!"-Psalms exli., 7

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. To show you what Hindooism 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 crucity and abommation 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 wanted to hear the story 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 carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Moloe 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, knew the man per-sonally. Unfortunately there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with bim a picture of his Indian client. After awhile the mutiny in India broke out, 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 one on Indian affairs who had recently been in India.

Among others the journalists called upon this lawyer, lately returned. The only pie ture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journa's as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was nsed, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo 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 our escort, "Mr. Lee, was there any poculiarity 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 revence. 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 ension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor ellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him \$80,000 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 Cawnour massaere 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.

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 proc amation 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, Poonab, Sattara and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former 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 sublects and servants of the government to reoice 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 Cawapur has been conquered, it is neceshave 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.

to the authorities of the government and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach to the ears of the higher authority.' "Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our esment. "Here," he said, "Is the intrenchment where the Christians of Cawapur took refuge." It is the remains of a wall which by, the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand velling Hindoos outside this frail wall and 1000 suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems, and invisible army of sickness swooped down upon them. Some went rav-ing mad un ler exposure. Others droppe 1 under apolexy. A starving, mutilate! fevered, sunstruck, ghastly group waiting those mud walls and the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1000? It was because they seemed supernaturally defended. Nana Sauth resolved to celebrate an anniversary. The 23 t of June, 1857, would be 100 years since the Dattle of Plass, when, under Lord Clive. India sucreadered to England. That day the last European in Cawnour was to be slaughtered. Other an niversaries have been cale rated with wine

This was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been a formed with garlands. This with drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs. This with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay. This with the dance of death. The intentry and cavalry and artiflery of Nana Sahib made on that day one gran I assault, but the few gans of the English an I Scoten put to flight bese Hindoo tigers. The courage of the fiends broke against that mul wall as the greater punishment, the uncomplying | waves of the sea against a lighthouse. The eavalry horses returned full run without their riders. The Lord body of out from the heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to His people.

Therefore Nana Sahib must try some

native Christian woman, Jacobee by name,

holding high up in her hand a letter. It

was evidently a communication from the

Sahib would conduct them into safety. They could march out unmolested, the men, women and children. They could go down to-morrow to the Granges, where they would find boats to take them in peace to

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 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 consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers reolced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the introuchment would escape the will beasts in human form. On the morrow, tranto the promise, earts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk, "Get into the carriage," sail Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants an i nou-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Los pointed out a mountment over the burnal place which was opened for General Wheeler's intrenchment, the

well into which every night the deat had been dropped. Arount it is a curious There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden and one at the centre, from which inscription I to-lay read my text. Rilling on we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawapur. The walls are covere ! with tablets and opitaplis. I copied two or three of the inscriptions: "These are they who come out of great tribulations;" also, The dead shall be raise! 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;" also, "Come unto Me, all e that labor an I are heavy laden," re role on to the Ganges and got out at a Hindoo temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, there is the place to lown the steps to the margin of the river, banks two flags, a Hin-too and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boutmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam for the shore, and from innumerable guns the nutives on the bank fired on the oats, an i masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, an I 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 ear by were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to deces General Wheeler and his stall, who had not got well away from the shore, I said that the young and attractive wo-

nen were not allowed to get into the boats. These were marched away under the guard "Which way?" I inquired "I will show ou," 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 as-sembly rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms, sich twenty-nine by ten, and some windowess closets, and here were imprisoned 206 nelpless 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 they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken an I 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 loors closed and the sepoys standing guard the crowled women and children waited their doom for eighteen days and nights

amid sickness and flies and stench and The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors | Indian nabob into his harem and kept a were closed, but when they were again pened three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or European was left in tives who had been in the services of Euro-Cawnpur. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohamme dan assassins dragged by the halr the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw stab to death the fathers and mothers of the them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into well the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor an l wall of the slaughter house. An eyewitness | selves as conquere t. The mutiny of 1857 says that as he walked in the blood was shoe ep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, eces of muslin, broken combs, fragments f pinafores, children's straw bats, a cardease containing a curl, with the inscription, Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitle ! Preparation for Death;" a Bible on the fly eaf on which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair," both hie one who presented

parted forever. 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, or assembly rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hunton to hold the victims while they were being shin, Then 100 men were or level to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were attempt, and that they have enough cruelkilled. Then Nana Sablo was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, he blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the pilet up deadonly God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know. I said : "Mr. Lee, I have hear I that indelicate 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 bra, alities they had suffered." 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 massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindou so hates as to touch blood.

When Havelock came upon the scene, he not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were for many hours engaged in covering the dead. nany 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 has been torn down, and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. 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 foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, 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 other plan. Standing in a field not far from purity of those who from that spot ascended. the intrenchment of the English was a But of course the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the incloses this well. The wall is about twenty

inclosure and immediately above the well of the dead is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with Gluminel face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down un ler the batchets of the sepoys. They shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Stored to the perp tual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahin, and thrown, the dying with the dead, fate the well beneath on the 15th day of Jule, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words, "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon

as I came down the seven or eight steps of

that place of sepulator, and I bethought

myself: "No emperor, unless it was Napol-

leon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust and no queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander cenetaph than crowns the resting places of the martyrs of Cawapur. But nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderdess, and they were told that for awhile after the mutiny Nana Sahib ast up a fittle pamp in the jungles. Among a lew thousand Hindoosand Molacomedays he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, brella, would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason, after awhile he forsock even that small attention, and disap-"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and peared among the ravines of the Himalayan Mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him-a ruby of vast value. He worelt which General Wheeler and his people came as some wear an anulet. He wore it as under the escort of Nana Sainb." I went some wear a life preserver. He wore it on his bosom. The Hundon priest told him as Down these steps went General Wheeler and | long as he were that ruby his fortunes would the men, women and children under his be good, but both the ruby and the prince They stood on one side of the steps, who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure other side. As the women were getting into | inside the heart, is the best protection. Salethe boats Nana Sahib objected that only the | mon, who had rubles in the full of swords aged and infirm women and children should | and rubbs in the lip of the tankards, and go on board the boats. The young and at- rubles in his grown, declared that which tractive women were kept out Twenty- Nana Sahib di i not find out in time, "Wiseight boats were filled with men, women and | dom is better than rubles." When the hildren and floated out into the river. Each | forests of India are cleared by the axes of ancoat contained ten armed natives. Then other elvidization, the lost ruley of this Cawnthree boats fastened together were brought | pur monster may be picked up and be up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. | brought back again to blaze among the Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy of twelve years of age hoisted. Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask on the top of the Hindoo temple on the | the jackais! Ask the midnight Himalayas! 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 seroys fastered to the mouths of earnon, 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 are be no doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the sepays broke the back of the mutiny, The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiaties bad started. The plot was organized for the murder all the Europeans and Americans in India, Under its knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Jounson, 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. The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty 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 of twenty leet feet by twenty feet 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trimpling of one upon another, the groaning and shricking and begging an I praying of all, are matters of history. The sepoys that night held lights to the small windows and medical the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and 123 corpses were taken out. Only twenty-three people of the 146 were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the sorpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the prisoner six years. Lucknow in 1857 was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking tapeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offense, would, at the call of the mutineers, and without any compunction, household and dash out the brains of the children. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance, and they will reenact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themoccurred because the British Government was too levient and put in places of trust and in command of lorts too many of the I call upon England to stop the present at-

tempt to palliate the natives by nilowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist, but the only way these Ashatics can. be kept from another matths is to put them out of power, and I say tewere, or the Luckt and the one to whom it was presented de- | now and Cawnpur and Delhi martyriloma, over which the hemispheres mave wept, will be eclipsed by the Lucknow and Covapur and Delhi martrydoms yet 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 In lia. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule in India, Tway nothing against the right of India to rule berealf, 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 ties for the time suppressed, which, if let loose, would submer to with caracta everything from Calcutta to Bombay and from the Now my friends, go home, after what have said, to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindonism watch many think it will be well to have introduced into America, and to dwell upon want natural evolution with do where it has both its unhindered way for thousan is of years, and to think upon the wonders of martyr lom for Christ's sake, and to pray more carnest prayers for the missionaries, and to conribute more largely for the world's evangeligation, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idelatries of Nations is such a stupendous work that noth ing but an omnipotest God through the gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it,

Light Railways for Farmers.

A movement is contemplated to secure the construction of light railways in remote distriets of the United Kingdom so as to bring farmers into closer touch with the markets. Present Board of Trade regulations made it all but impossible to build a ratiroad for less had this order annulled. The well was now than \$50,000 or \$60,000 per mile, which is practically prohibitive of the employment of lines for the development of any particular industry. The Board has arranged for a conference of traders and municipal bodies to diseass how far present regulations may be relaxed and whether additional legal facilities for obtaining powers to construct tramways and light ratiways are desirable. In the west and northwest of Scotland particularly, light railways would prove serviceable in a variety of ways, but in none perhaps more than in advancing the fishing dustry. There are districts in Irelan t and England where they would be equally beneficial. The promoters of the movement are very much in earnest, since they believe that light railways would go a long way toward

removing the pressure of foreign competition in certain directions.

A Paris butcher has been sentenced to ten tays' imprisonment an 1 \$2) fine for having woman brought in. She handed him a pro-woman brought in. She handed him a pro-posed treaty. If General Wheeler and his pavement. I paced it and found it fifty-restaurant keeper. sold a magnificent Angora cat, suitably men would give up their weapons, Nana seven paces around. In the center of this restaurant keeper.

Sold a Cat for Lamb.