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## SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

REV. DR. TALMAGE RELATES THRILLING DEEDS OF HEROISM.

Accompanied by a Soldier Who Survived That Awful Ordeal, the Eminent Divine Recalls the Terrible Sepoy Rebellion—A Great General and Devout Christian.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today began his series of round the world sermons through the press, the first subject selected being Lucknow, India. The 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 ax against them."

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

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

An eyewitness of the world's cruellest, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as I suggested by hardly any other word. We have for 35 years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place.

We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was not with others in the residence, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English government lived and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which poetry and painting and history and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict. Our escort not only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to rehearse the tragedy.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English government. A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evidenced throughout India. The most of these causes were mere pretexts. Greased cartridges were no doubt an expensive error. The great order by the English government to be used on these cartridges was taken from the cows or pigs, and grease to the Hindus is unclean, and to hit these cartridges at the loading of the guns would be an offense to the Hindus' religion. The leaders of the Hindus said that these greased cartridges were only part of an attempt by the English government to make the natives give up their religion; hence unbounded indignation was aroused.

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

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

The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the British scepter had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans.

There is none now.  
Before the time of the great mutiny the English government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in garrisons. Too many of them were in the employ of the English government. And now the time had come for a war outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English government flying, and to accomplish it dagger and sword and fire and mutilation and slaughter must do their worst.

Horror of the Siege.  
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 residence the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the residence, or fort, were—military and non-combatants, men, women and children—in number about 1,692.

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

"Call me early," I said, "tomorrow morning, and let us be at the residence before the sun becomes too hot." At 7 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take

us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the residence." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the residence. Battened and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signatures of shot and punctuations of cannon ball up and down and everywhere.

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

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

Tried to Do His Duty.  
"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 residence, who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the residence, and he begged in only a matter of time unless reinforcements should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch: 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!' He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give directions for the care of his favorite horse. He charged 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 directions for his burial, saying: 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. What the Lord have mercy on his soul!'

He said: 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as, 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him.' Let it be 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 7. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

Water at a Life's Risk.  
"There," said our escort, "Bob the Nailer did the work. 'Who was Bob the Nailer?' 'Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when any one of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up Bob the Nailer went with it." I said to him, "Had you made up your mind what you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?" "Oh, yes!" said my escort. "We had it all planned for the probability was every hour for nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1,600 against 60,000, and for the latter part of the time it was 600 against 60,000, and the residence 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 off to heaven together."

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months." Then we crossed the river and went down into the cellar of the residence. With a shudder of horror indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded into the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women she said, "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from

their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the residence were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death angel and the birth angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of which club and sword and torch and throat cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiers. They waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grape-shot. They soothed 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 inspiration for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

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

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

"Show us where they came in," I exclaimed, for I knew that they did not enter through the gate of the residence, that being banked up inside to keep the murderers out. "Here it is," answered my escort. "Here it is—the embrasure through which they came. We walked up to the spot. It is now a broken-down pile of bricks a dozen yards from the gate. Long grass grew, but then a blood spattered, bull scoured opening in the wall. As we stood there, although the scene was 37 years ago, I saw them come in—Havelock pale and sick, but triumphant, and Outram, whom all the equestrian states in Calcutta and Europe cannot too grandly praise.

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

"But were you not embarrassed by the arrival of Havelock and 1,400 men who brought no food with them?" He answered: "Of course we were put on smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of this reinforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this relief arrived as it did in a day or two at most and perhaps in any hour the besiegers would have broken in, and our end would have come. The sepoys had dug six mines under the residence and would soon have exploded all."

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

Honors For the Hero.  
On the following day, about four miles from the residence, I visited the grave of Havelock. The scenes of hardship and self sacrifice through which he had passed were too much for mortal endurance, and a few days after Havelock left the residence which he had relieved he lay in a tent a-dying, while his son, whom I saw in London on my way here, was reading to the old hero the consolatory Scriptures. The telegraph wires had told all nations that Havelock was sick unto death. He had received the message of congratulation from Queen Victoria over his triumphs and had been knighted, and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has led his last army and planned the last battle. Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to General Outram: "I die happy and contented. I have for 40 years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. My deity is gain. Indeed this was no sentimentalism with him. He once stated that in boyhood with four companions he was accustomed to seek the 'seclusion' of one of the dormitories for purposes of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded as Methodists and counting hypocrites." He had in early life been immersed in a Baptist church. He acknowledged God's victory and says in one of his dispatches that he owes it to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands, to British pluck and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause." He was accustomed to spend two hours every morning in prayer and Bible reading, and if the army was to march at 8 o'clock he arose for purposes of religious devotion at 6 o'clock, and if the army was to march at 6 o'clock he arose at 4.

Sir Henry Havelock, the son in whose arms the father died, was carried through London, invited three of the members of Lucknow to meet me at his table and told me concerning his father some most inspiring and Christian things. He said: "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?' 'Yes.' 'Have you said your prayers?' 'Yes.' 'Have you had your breakfast?' 'Yes.' 'Come, then, and let us mount and go out to be shot at and die like gentlemen.'" The three other heroes of Lucknow at that table told of Sir Henry 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 severely, 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, looking along his horse stumbled over the soldier and woke him, and the soldier recognizing the general cried out cheerily: "Make room for the general! God bless the general!"

Havelock's Grave.  
A plain monument marks Havelock's grave, but the epitaph is as beautiful and comprehensive as anything I have ever seen, and I copied it then and there, and it is as follows: "Here rest the mortal remains of Henry Havelock, major general in the British Army, and Commander of the Bath, who died at Dilkosha Lucknow of dysentery produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857. He was born on the 5th of April, 1795, at Bishops, Weymouth county, Durham, England. Entered the army 1815. Came to India 1823 and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the wars of Burma, Afghanistan, and the Crimea. Retained by adverse circumstances in subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to show that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier. He commanded a division in the Persian expedition of 1857. In the terrible convulsion of that year his genius and character were at length fully developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Crimea coast by that providence which designed him for greater things, he was nominated to the command of the column destined to relieve the brave garrison of Lucknow. This object, after almost superhuman exertion, he, by the blessing of God, accomplished. But he was not spared to receive on earth the reward he so dearly earned. The Divine Master whom he served saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labor in the moment of his greatest triumph. He departed to his rest in humble but confident expectation of far greater rewards and honors which a grateful God will bestow. In him the courage and devotion of a soldier, the learning of a scholar, the grace of a highly bred gentleman and all the social and domestic virtues of a husband, father and friend were blended together, and strengthened, harmonized and adorned by the spirit of a true Christian, the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and of an humble reliance on the merits of a crucified Saviour. II Timothy iv, 7, 8: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' This monument is erected by his sorrowing widow and family."

England Careless.  
Is not that magnificent? But I said while standing at Havelock's grave, why does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster abbey make him a pillow? In all her history of wars there is no name so magnetic, yet she has expressed nothing on this man's tomb. His widow reared the tombstone. Do you say, "Let him sleep in the region where he had 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, Va. Take him home, O England! The rescuer of the men, women and children at Lucknow! His ear now called could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable abbeys the national anthem. But it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram, his fellow hero in the over- [Continued on fourth page]