

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE DISCOURSES ON POMPEII AND ITS LESSONS.

An Arousing Theme for the Cities of Today
Drawn from the Tomb of the Dead
Cities of the Past—The Fate of Nineveh
—American Politics is Foisted.

At the Tabernacle.

In his sermon at the Brooklyn tabernacle Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Talmage presented an arousing theme of the living cities of to-day drawn from the tomb of a dead city of the past. The subject was "Pompeii and Its Lessons," the text, Isaiah, xxv, 2, "Thou hast made of a dead city a ruin."
A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius, giant son of an earthquake, latently mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations, a volcano burning so long and yet to keep on burning until perhaps it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It ceases in the flames of the Cotopaxi and Etna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery, funeral pyre of dead cities, Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscences of what it has done and what it may do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles, and dropped in Constantinople and in the Hellespont, Sicily and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered sledges from their mission of exploring brinks. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements. At one time, far back, its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded, and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grape vines which climbed the mountain side from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

The Dead City.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. Ah, now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took of my hat, and with a sigh I said to my neighbor, "That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp, the home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high altar, the mountain side, the very air of it still visible, encircled the city. On those walls at a distance of only 100 yards from each other towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, on only one street excepted.

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun. Eight strong gates for ingress and egress—Gate of the Seashore, Gate of Herulanum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the temple of Jupiter, flanked at its base by the massive columns of six Corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bronze, high enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Esculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting. Yonder are the theaters. Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of a millionaire, with a lawn and a fountain, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the Mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionairess. Along the streets of the city are men of might, but in the city they are men of power to bedim. Battle scenes on the walls in colors, which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounce it.

A Word Pictures.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of Aug. 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs passing up and down in tyrian purple and girdles of arabesque and necks encircled with precious stones, proud official in imposing coat meeting the slave carrying trays, a clink with golden and silver vessels, a clatter from paddock and sea, and moralist, musing over the degradation of the times, passes the profligate, doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rattle of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. Listen to the ruffling choruses, carrying carnival occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousel. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the veiled, solemn, far-reaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day, it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the day rolls on, and it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and she is still as if standing on this wall, as the sister of Phrygia said to him, the Roman essayist and navel commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar cloud on the sky, a shadow of doom that has well to it. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread as by gesture I now describe it. It rises, a great column of fiery clouds, higher and higher, and then spreads out in a broad, level, black, with midlights interwoven in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in showers, after a wailing and binding and scolding and scoffing, descend

north, south, east, and west, haying cleaner and cleaner in mammoth swirls, such as never before or since was opened—Stable, Herculean, and Pompeii—ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead. Out of the houses and temples and theaters and the streets, down to the beach, the benches full of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated by the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in houses and theaters and streets. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Phly the elder from the saltchore on which he was resting under the agitation of that which had been suddenly expired. For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted and the cursing of that Apollon of mountains subsided. For 1,700 years that city of Pompeii lay buried under the mountain, waiting for its place of doom. But after 1,700 years of obliteration a workman's spade, digging a well strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and alleys, and you see the foundations of the ruins of Basilica and temple and amphitheater.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day in November, 1889, until he left us at the gate on our departure, the scene felt, and I felt, the most of our visitation and solemnity and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, boys and girls, and old men, who are presentable and natural after 1,700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her ornaments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1,700 years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldiers' barracks are 64 skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after 1,700 years were still found standing guard. There is the form of geologic womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Fishes along, and here the deep rats to the basilica pavements, worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century.

We stand among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and staid until there was not a footprint to be heard within the city but our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again on to the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

While I walked and contemplated the city, I suddenly felt to be honored with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and blasphemy and uncleanness and infernal boast, as it was on the 24th of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flared the sky the evening before, I stood, the disintegrated Pompeii seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe with which, more than eighteen centuries ago, it submerged Pompeii, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain remained over the burial. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Morals More Important than Art.

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that while art and culture are important they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full have been transferred to the Museo Burbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries.

And yet many specimens of Pompeian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deep. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals such as to no other city now standing under the sun.

Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts? Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeii, or the winged figures of its Parthenon and the columns and arches of this house of God.

By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brac, and all pure art. But nothing, save the religion of Jesus Christ, can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city clean and pure. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their profane, except that which Christianity has wrought? Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars. Yes, see in our walk to-day through uncovered Pompeii, what sin will do for a city. We want to know what the judgments of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclone, and the epidemic, are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but that the sin is something good and kind purpose, and that the good and kind purpose is something to understand it not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii, not to improve its

future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried 1,700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitudes that even only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities.

The Cemetery Not Yet Filled.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens, let them know that God, who on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbence that staid there seventeen centuries, is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then, and has at His command all the armaments of destruction with which He will smite the iniquitous predecessors. It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people alighted into the streets, and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressing or holding in check which, easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses, could prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed.

Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord known to our American cities. It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent, and the best order, and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into us as near neighborhood as Italy island carnivals, in which the most debasing and indecent gladiatorial contests of Pompeii. What a precious crew that "Coney Island Athletic Club" is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose! Instead of calling it a athletic club they might better style it "The Ruffian Club For Smashing the Human Viscera."

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places in the Atlantic, into a place for the obscuring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers, and the pugilists, and the pickpockets, and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards in these cities. They intend to do this in the name of freedom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going too far. You may drive the loop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the State of New York until I see the rowdy rattle rolling drunk off the car at Flatbush avenue and with faces banged out and bleeding from the debating arena. A teacher of the laws of the State of New York I lift a solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that consents to such an outrage. Does any one think it cannot be stopped and that the consular would be destroyed? Let Governor Flower send down there a regiment of State militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

American Politics.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their iniquity, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send no politics to moralize and save a city, and you send smallpox to heal leprosy or a carcass to relieve the air of maledor. For what politics will do I refer you to the eight weeks of stultification enacted at Washington by our American Senate.

American politics will become a reformatory power on the day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am glad to say, benign influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the Gospel of our country, and let us pray for power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as we are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with a sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of nature, the formed, and prodigies balked, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed.

Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the "Miseries" of complaint and despond that greet the eye. Give us pictures of moral and religious victory. Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that the masses of millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. I hail the advancing morning. I mark the same delusion today that Gideon made to the shimmering covards of his army, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that God will allow and let the world run all along the line: Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country will die in town.

Shall our last walk be through streets whose sobriety and good order demonstrate or groans stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church, with some good man, and contrite heart, or when cold fumes also go through unmeaning reflexions. God save the cities! righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember pictures, of a terraced, temple, sculptured, boastful, God defying and entombed Pompeii!

The greatest example of heroism found in the woman who confesses when a gun praises the cake, that she didn't make it.

DAY OF GREAT DAYS.

CHICAGO TAKES HER TURN AT THE FAIR.

Greatest Multitude of Civilians the World Has Ever Known—Born in a Wigwag, Cradled by the Waves, and Baptized in Flame, Chicago Becomes for a Day the Queen of All the Earth.

Paid Admissions, 713,646.

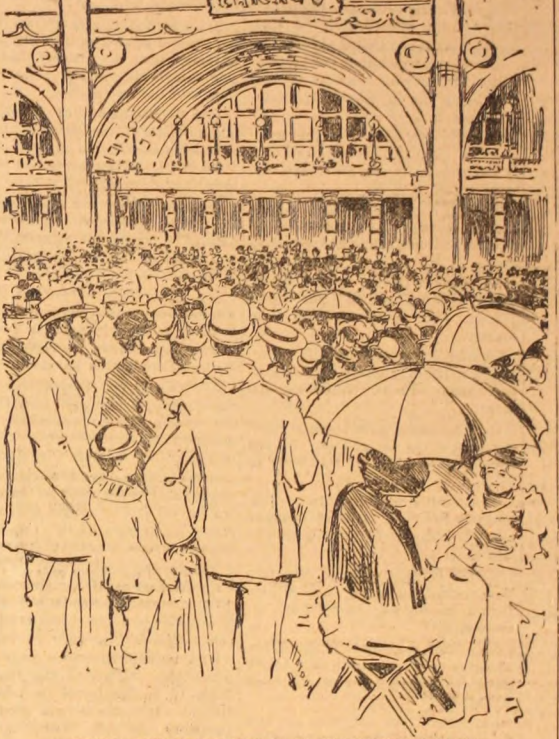
Philadelphia.....277,836
Paris.....397,150
Chicago.....713,646
Never has the World's Fair grounds presented such an appearance as they did on Chicago day. Vast crowds surged before the gates long before 6 o'clock in the morning. Every line of conveyance to the Fair was crowded to excess, every platform on the Illinois Central and on the elevated road, every street crossing downtown was black with people anxious to get to the Exposition. The Illinois Central trains were packed, and poured people into the Fair by thousands. There never was such a crush. By noon there were fully 400,000 people in the grounds and they still poured in in huge streams through nearly seventy entrances. These made their way in great black columns, interspersed with color, to the court of honor, where the gilded goddess of liberty shone doubly bright in the sun's rays. The mammoth plazas east and west of the Administration Building were soon living masses of humanity, which cheered and laughed and shouted when the cannon of Battery D began to thunder forth from

The plaza east of Administration building facing the Court of Honor, was black with spectators. The "Reunion of States" was the grand spectacle which they had assembled to witness. As the States passed in review around the Court of Honor, represented by 3,000 school children from all parts of the city, cheer after cheer attended



VIGILANT, AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER.

tested the interest and gratification of the vast audience.
The review was divided into five sections. The first was led by a chorus of 100 boys from the Diocesan choir, followed by thirty-four youths, one selected from each ward in the city, bearing a shield with the word "Welcome" inscribed upon it, representing the great metropolis of Illinois. Then came thirteen young ladies representing the thirteen original States, each bearing the shield of the particular State.
The review was followed by a chorus of 100 boys from the Diocesan choir, followed by thirty-four youths, one selected from each ward in the city, bearing a shield with the word "Welcome" inscribed upon it, representing the great metropolis of Illinois. Then came thirteen young ladies representing the thirteen original States, each bearing the shield of the particular State.



SINGING THE NATIONAL AIRS IN THE TERMINAL PLAZA.

points north, south, east and west of the Fair, its salute to the nations. This salute, at stated intervals, occupied the whole forenoon.

A silence fell on the multitude when the "heralds of peace," attired in their gay costumes, began their fanfare of peace. These were stationed on the peristyle, administration building, manufactures building, agricultural building, all turned toward the Goddess of Liberty and played on their brazen instruments the motto, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men."

Pageant at Night.

At night the most gorgeous pageant ever produced took place at the Fair, followed by the most wonderful display of fireworks it is possible to imagine. Twenty-five great floats illustrating the arts, sciences, peace, war, Chicago, and the nations.
It was like nothing. It had no dimensions to describe it, no heights to measure it, no tapes, to circulate it; it was simply incomprehensible. It was greater than Paris, greater than London, greater than Vienna, greater than all the tales of numberless hordes of marauding barbarians; greater than all the legends of ancient phalanxes, squadrons and cohorts; greater than all the romances of plagues, pilgrimages, invasions and expeditions; greater than all the stories of embattled retines of sacking princes; greater than the dim yarns of the wild mobs of pillaging armies. Seven hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and forty-six was the exact number of souls that gathered to witness the world's greatest pageant.

It was a glorious day—glorious as to the wealth, glorious as to the occasion, glorious in its program, glorious in the mighty result which attracts the attention of thinking mankind the world over. It was a day of great days. It was Chicago Day.

Dark Side of the Day.

Four killed and nearly a score injured. This is the record that Chicago day made at the Fair. The explosion of a mortar during the fireworks display blew out the life of John Dryden, cable trains crushed Charles A. Clark and Thos. Robinson to death, while James Malcolm fell from the steps of the intramural railway, breaking his neck.

FOUR HUNDRED miners who have been out on a strike for two months in Coal Creek and Breeceville (Tenn.) districts returned to work Monday on a compromise with the company.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Admits Poisoning Her Husband—Insanity Follows a Visit to the Big Fair—Fatal Fate of Two Dead States—Knocked Out the Other Eye.

THOMAS PIPPIN, for over fifty years a resident of Fayette county, died, aged 75 years.

Eighty pickpockets were thrown behind the bars at Chicago Monday in addition to thirty Sunday.

DAVID DUSSELL shot Police Ensigner at Red Bud, Ensigner with die. The trouble arose over disputed property rights.

ROGER HOGAN and Thomas Green were dismissed from the Chicago police force and later arrested for robbing a corpse.

The body of Charles Cook, a farmer living near Cairo, was found in a field close to his farm. He had wandered away six weeks ago.

GOV. ALTOELD has issued a requisition on the Governor of Kentucky for the return of James W. Bolden, wanted in Polk county for forgery.

CHARLES A. HUGHES, of Washington, D. C., arrived in Springfield to act with Dr. A. C. Clark as special pension examiner, owing to the decrease in work.

AT the Centraalia soldiers and sailors' reunion ex-Governor Chase, of Indiana; General Fordin, and Hon. Horatio Clark, and others, addressed the vast throng.

GANES P. ROBERTS was arrested at Cairo for robbing the stores of C. M. Ellis and Daniel Hartman. He has confessed to taking several hundred dollars worth.

NEAR Jacksonville, James Lorton found the body of a man partly decomposed. A knife lay near the body, but there was nothing to tell whether it was suicide or murder.

THE license of the People's Fire Insurance Company of Manurester, N. H., has been formally revoked by the Springfield insurance department, and that company can no longer legally do business in that city.

AMOS CARLIN, an aged farmer, was assaulted and robbed near Macintosh. The thieves cut his hair and stole his things struck him with clubs, and forced it out. A small amount of money was secured. The outrage caused much excitement.

THE first reunion of the Fayette County Veterans' Association was held in Vandalia. Assistant State Adjutant Spink, of the Grand Army, and Colonel Mores spoke. The exercises included a parade and an address by ex-Department Commander Harsh.

PHILIP HANN, a farmer living at Unity, died suddenly under suspicious circumstances. It was discovered that he had been poisoned. D. H. Goodman, who boarded with the family, and Mrs. Hann were arrested. The woman confessed that she and Goodman had murdered her husband.

MISS ETTA GUNN and Josephine Dresser, deaf mutes, were walking along the Wabash track near Bluffs, and a train came up behind them. Miss Dresser tried to get her friend off in time, but they were caught. Miss Gunn was injured instantly and Miss Dresser was injured, she cannot live.

LOUIS RAABE, a well-known school teacher of Quincy, was arrested in Kansas. His friends attribute Mr. Raabe's insanity to the World's Fair. He went to the Fair and since then has talked of nothing else. He brought back a sachel full of souvenirs and insists upon showing them to everybody. His mania is the building of a World's Fair palace.

MONTGOMERY WARD, of Chicago, think they have discovered the prime mover in a scheme by which they claim their credit has been injured. They had sent broadcast over the country a large amount of advertising circulars. They asked for ten people who came to the World's Fair. They also had in view a visit to their stores. At the depot, it is claimed, they were met by bogus trade visitors. When they inquired for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s place of business 106 solicitors offered to take them to their establishments, where cheap goods were sold them.

SOME thirteen hundred 800 miners went out on a strike in Springfield, owing to a dispute about wages.

CREDITORS of Banker Lazarus Silverman, of Chicago, have accepted his promise to pay his debts in eighteen months, and he will be free.