

SPANISH ATROCITY.

A SURVIVOR'S STORY OF THE CAPTURE OF THE VIRGINIUS.

"You are sentenced to be hung to-morrow morning at daylight, to the yard arm of this man-of-war."

Thus spoke the interpreter of the Spanish fiscal, or court-martial, to the tied and shackled prisoners taken on the American steamer Virginus, who were huddled together upon the deck of the Spanish gunboat Borgia in November, 1873, waiting their doom. It was a sorry sight. For days and even weeks these men had been manacled, half-clad, ill-fed, and subjected to the vindictive caprice of cowardly men, whose valor was present only when danger had fled.

A great historian once said that the Spanish people were heroes in peace, cowards in war, thieves always. This stinging estimate of the Latin race has been kept as an apt epitome of the character of the people whose representatives on this November night crouch from the responsibility of shooting these prisoners. They had all several days before been condemned to face the muzzle of a gun on the very day when the new trial was ordered and the sentence above quoted was pronounced.

"Why this change in the manner of execution?" "Because the English man-of-war Niobe had steamed up and anchored in the bay under the very guns of the Spanish frigates which held the surviving prisoners taken from the Virginus. Its commander had done more than anchor his formidable ship betwixt the Spanish vessels. He was within easy range of the town, and knowing well the power of the nation behind him and his jealous care of every British subject, had threatened to bombard the towns if another man was shot. With power enough at hand to have annihilated this courageous Englishman and the immediate force at his command, the Spaniards stopped their deeds of blood and in a few hours changed the sentence of death from shooting to hanging."

II.

HIS MOTHER'S FACE TO HIM WAS GIVEN.

Among the group of prisoners on the Borgia who heard this second sentence of death was a handsome young American boy, not yet out of his teens. He was slight of frame, and his face was as small and delicately chiseled as that of a girl just crossing the threshold from girlhood to womanhood. His complexion was of a hue more fitting to woman than man. His mild blue eyes did not show spirit, yet there was something in them that told of strength and courage. He looked strange enough in contrast with the strong men who sat about him. He had, however, long before this occurrence which introduces this narrative, shown that a man's heart and a spirit of iron filled the slender frame.

"My name is Ed D. Scott," said he, as the officer approached him who was making a record of the names of the men who were sentenced to die the next morning at daybreak. "My home is in Salem, New Jersey, just below Philadelphia." The boy gave this information in a voice without the quiver of fear. He seemed ready to brave death without emotion. It was, however, ordained that neither he nor his fellow prisoners were to suffer the penalty thus pronounced. But they ran the gantlet of death by a slender thread.

This boy has now grown to man's estate, and every day can be seen walking up Twenty-second street toward the gas meter works at the corner of Twenty-second and Arch. He is now a finisher in that establishment, and is noted as an industrious and skillful workman. He has not materially changed in appearance since the day when he was a cabin boy upon the Virginus and sat upon the Spanish frigate Borgia and received the sentence of death. He has grown a slight mustache and thickened up a little in size since then, but the same clear, woman-like complexion and expression is noticeable in his eyes and features. The American officers of the ship upon which he came home from Cuba after the disastrous filibustering expedition, the story of which he now tells, spoke of him as the handsomest delicate boy. He is still handsome but no longer delicate.

I met him by chance, a day or two since, at the establishment where he is employed, and the conversation about the Virginus was begun by the accidental mention of General Ryan's name. "Ryan was a brave fellow, almost cruel to his men," said he. "He never talked much about operations in Cuba while on the voyage but occasionally he did. He seemed to have his heart in the cause. When he gave a direction to the men it had to be obeyed, and he feared nothing."

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

"Where did you join the expedition?" "Myself and another young man ran away from home and went to New York. It was too quiet at Salem, and I wanted to see more of life than I could see there. I saw more than I cared to or was healthy. I did not intend to go to sea, when I left my home, but when I got to New York I found that the bright dreams of freedom from parental restraint I had painted to myself were not realized. I was too proud to return home so soon, so I shipped on board the steamer Atlas as a lamp-trimmer. On the way to Jamaica I first became acquainted with General Ryan and the other Cuban officers, who had shipped on the Atlas as passengers. I occasionally heard them talk over the details of the expedition and their expectations as to the future of the Cuban insurrection; but I had never thought of joining it, because I was very young and very small for my age. When we reached Kingston I tired of the Atlas and left her. I knocked about the city for some time, was taken quite sick and went to the hospital for a few days. When I got out I met the mate of the Virginus and asked him to give me a place on board of her. He took me down to the ship, introduced me to the steward, and I was employed as pantry or cabin boy. We lay in the harbor for some days getting ready to sail, and finally, one Friday evening, we set sail. The crew were superstitious about sailing on Friday, as they regarded it an unlucky day, but Captain Fry, who commanded the vessel, insisted upon going to sea, and we put out. I shall never forget the sight as we weighed anchor in the harbor at Kingston. It was a per-

III.

THE CHASE AND CAPTURE.

"The day the Virginus was captured I shall never forget; for it was a day of great excitement. I was awakened in my berth about eight o'clock in the morning by the report of a cannon and the hissing sound of shot. I rushed on deck as quick as possible and there saw a vessel bearing down upon and occasionally firing at us. I knew, of course, that it was a Spanish man-of-war. Captain Fry put on all steam possible and soon left her out of sight, and we all supposed that we had got away from her. Captain Fry was exceedingly anxious to make the Cuban coast and land the arms that day, and after we left the Spanish gunboat behind we began standing in toward the Cuban coast. Everything went smoothly for awhile, and all of us thought we were going to land safely, when all at once we spied the Spanish ship again bearing down upon us. This time she had us between her and the mainland, which, of course, put us at a great disadvantage. Captain Fry at once put on all steam, and the final chase began. You can imagine that it was very exciting, for every one realized the peril of being captured. Soon after we began to put on steam the seams in the bow of the vessel opened and she began to fill with water. There was at one time eight feet of water in the forward hold, and of course this prevented her making headway. At first we all thought we were going to outrun her again, but finally she began to gain on us. Our hope then was that we could continue the chase until after dark and that it would be a stormy night and we could then elude her in the darkness. But it was a beautiful evening. I don't think I ever saw the heavens more radiant in the night time. Thus our only hope of escape was gone, and minute by minute and hour by hour the war vessel gained on us."

GIVING UP THE SHIP.

"When capture was inevitable the Cuban generals gave orders to throw the arms overboard. The boxes containing them were hurriedly brought on deck, broken open and the arms, one by one, thrown into the sea, and the boxes thrown in after them. This manner of disposing of the arms proved a serious mistake. If the arms had been thrown overboard in the boxes all would have gone to the bottom, but by throwing the arms over and then the boxes, the Spanish vessels could send men out in small boats and pick up the floating boxes, which, of course, was evidence that the vessel was a filibuster. I think it was about eight o'clock in the evening when the Tornado bore down on us so closely that further efforts to escape were useless. When the Spanish commander finally demanded a surrender, Captain Fry ordered the vessel to stop, and signified to the Spaniard his compliance with the request. One of the Spanish officers, with a few men, boarded the Virginus. Nearly all the passengers and the crew were on deck, as witnesses of the thrilling scene. The officer, who came to take possession of the ship, was an arrant coward, and proceeded with as much caution as if he was coming alone among a gang of cutthroats, armed to the teeth, instead of receiving the surrender of a lot of noncombatants who were powerless to defend themselves. "Who is the commander of this ship?" he inquired. "I am," replied Captain Fry. "What are you loaded with, and whence bound?" retorted the Spanish officer. "We carry passengers, coal and provisions, and are bound for Port Limon," answered Captain Fry. "There was some further parley, and then quite a number of us were removed to the Spanish gunboat Tornado, that had captured us. We were all tied together very securely. I was tied within one man of General Ryan. After we had been securely bound, we were lashed to the side of the ship, and I can never forget the sufferings of that man tied to Ryan and me. The poor Englishman suffered the most horrible agony. He was tied so tight around the arms, above the elbow, that the veins in his hands burst, and the blood ran all over Ryan and myself. We both thought he was going to bleed to death. Ryan did his best to cheer him up, and every opportunity we could get we would beg the Spanish officials to loosen the cords on his arms, but they refused, and he suffered untold agonies all night. The next morning he was a terrible sight."

IV.

SUFFERING AND DEATH.

"The next morning after capture they came around and interrogated each one of us as to who we were. Ryan had a handkerchief tied around his head and his long hair tucked inside of it. When they asked him who he was and where he was going, he said he was an English traveler knocking around for his health. One of the Spanish officers snatched the handkerchief off his head, and as his long black hair fell over his shoulders they laughed, and pointing at him said: "That is Ryan. That is Ryan." "When we reached the port of Santiago Ryan and some of the others were loosed from the gang in which I was chained, and taken ashore. I, with several others, was removed to the Spanish man-of-war Alarma, then lying in the bay. There we were shackled and manacled and half clad, and worse than half fed, were chained together to the side of the vessel, exposed to the tropical climate and elements. We were kept there some time, and one day they came and took three of the men next to me away,

and when they brought them back they said they had had their trial. "The day of the execution of the four Generals they woke us up just before sunrise in the morning, and told us that the men were to be shot. We were lying within full sight of the slaughter-house, and just about sunrise we could see the people coming towards the place of execution, and the soldiers, with bands of music, preceding them. We could distinctly see the preparations for the execution. They stood Caspades, Verona, Ryan and Del Sol in a row, and forced them to kneel down, back to the soldiers. Just before the fatal word "fire!" Ryan got up and turned his face toward them. We could distinctly recognize his long hair. They forced him down again upon his knees, but he would not let them shoot him in the back. "I had been taken out for my trial just before Ryan was executed, and they treated me with great severity. They offered to set me free if I would swear that there were arms and ammunition aboard the boat. I declared that I had seen neither arms nor ammunition. Then one of the Spanish officers turned to me and said: "You have been well taught, but what you have said is a lie, and we are going to shoot you like a dog."

A MIGHTY MURDER.

A short time after the execution of Ryan and the other officers, three of the men shackled with me were unlocked from the chain. Reid, the colored man, who had stood next to me, said: "Scott, you are going to be shot, but I think you will be saved." "Hassel, next to me, inquired, 'What is to be my fate?'" "Oh, there's no hope for you; you will be shot, too," replied the colored man. And so he was.

"At the second execution there were nearly forty shots, and that morning they again awoke us that we might witness the frightful murder. Their whole scheme, from first to last, seemed to be to force some of us to turn against our comrades. I was in no way connected with the Cuban enterprise, but I could not be forced to tell what occurred on the ship. "I was sentenced to be shot with the thirty-mae who were to have been executed the day the English man-of-war Niobe steamed into the harbor and stopped a further massacre. The day she came in we were taken from the Alarma to the Franconia de Borgia and given a second trial, as it was called and sentenced to be hanged to the yardarm of the vessel. I was then, with some others, taken back to the Alarma, the hanging having been stopped by the commander of the Niobe. "Our suffering on the Alarma was terrible, but one of the officers of the ship seemed to be kinder to me than to the other prisoners, and would occasionally bring me a little something to eat that the rest did not have. One day a lady, whom I afterward learned was his sister, came aboard, and coming over to look at the prisoners, saw and spoke to me. The shackles around my legs had worn into the flesh, and my ankles had festered and were sore and bleeding. She seemed to take an interest in me, and went and got some lin and cloth and wound it around the iron, and gave me some other little attentions which alleviated my sufferings. She also brought me a hat and some other clothing to protect me from the sun and elements."

V.

HUNTING FOR A PLACE TO DIE.

"The American vessels, Wyoming and Junata, came in. We were then removed from the Alarma to the jail in the town, and there nearly 100 of us were crowded in one dungeon. We were wedged in so thick that we could not lie down or even stand up with any comfort. Our sufferings here were terrible. We were swarming with vermin; had fare enough to keep life in the body, and treated with a cruelty indescribable. The Spanish officer seemed to have been doubly angered by the interference of the English commander of the Niobe, and vented his spite on us. "While in the city jail Commander Braine, of the Junata, and Lieutenant De Long, now commanding the Jeanette on the Arctic expedition, came down and had all the Americans brought before them. They assured us that we were not to be harmed, and supplied each one with a little pocket money and some tobacco. About two o'clock on the morning of that very night we were taken from the dungeon, tied together, and marched at a rapid pace to the castle, the fort at the entrance of the harbor. Most of us were barefooted, and the distance is several miles. Here we were thrust into a room smaller than the one we had occupied in the city jail, and notified that we were to be executed next morning. A little after midnight, however, we were aroused, taken out, securely bound and marched down to the water's edge and taken on board the Spanish gunboat Bazan. When out to sea we were notified that we would be taken to Havana, and given to the volunteers who would make short work of us. We were constantly taunted with the fact that we had but a few hours to live. We put in at Cienfuegos and remained there a day, when he headed back for Santiago. The next day, while sailing in that direction, we ran aground, and they killed the pilot for his negligence or incapacity. "We remained aground for two days, when a Cuban mail vessel came alongside and took us aboard. - We were thrust into the hold of this vessel—a dark, dismal, filthy place, unfit for brutes. Already half starved and choking for the want of water, we were subjected to all the cruelty that a cowardly mind could conceive. Several of our comrades grew sick, and the scene in the hold of the vessel when we arrived at Santiago would have made the stoutest heart sick. We reached there on the 11th, having spent eight days of horrible uncertainty as to our fate, and been dragged to different points on the island for the cowardly to find some place where they dared to execute us. "We spent from the 12th to the 15th of December in jail, and were then taken back to the castle, from which we were taken on the morning of the seventeenth of December aboard the gunboat Junata and brought home. "From the moment the English man-of-war interfered in our behalf up to the time we reached the Junata, we were treated with great cruelty. Especially

was this so when they failed to get us to Havana, and were obliged to return with us to Santiago. They were not only cruel in treatment, but insulted the Americans with taunts of the lack of courage of their government, and a constant threat of execution. The officers of the Junata were very kind to me; had a fresh suit of clothes given me, and I was the only passenger on the steamer who had a wardrobe passage with the officers of the vessel. "I arrived in New York little less than three months from the day I sailed from that port on board the Atlas. They were three months of adventure and suffering such as few men ever see and live."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

If you want to sit down and wait, young man, at least one-half of the good things of life will at sum time eddy around near you, while the more you chase them the more they will break into a run. All of nature's works are a part of a perfectshun or a plan. She makes no mistakes, creates no vacancies, and guesses at nothing. Ideas are what wins, but if a man hain't got but one he is very apt to run that one into the ground, and take himself along with it. Laffer proves nothing. Wise men laff and ideats grin all the time. Cunning is a weak imitashun of wisdom, and is liable at enny time to merge into fraud. Happiness haz no abiding place, but often iz very near at hand, like the old woman's spectacles. After hunting for them hi and lo she found them at last safe on her noze. Gravity iz bekuming to a phool at all times, but only to a wise man on state oekashuns. Very menny seek knowledge, not so much for the truth az for the speculashun there iz in it. Heroizim iz simple, and yet it iz rare. Everyone who duz the best they kin iz a hero. Buty iz a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires, and the base flattery it attracts, its possessors are not to be envied. Good breeding iz the only thing that kan make a phool enduring. Servitude iz so unnatural that an honest man iz the rarest of all things. There iz great art in knowing how to give without creating an obligation. As selfish and as ill-bred as the mass of mankind ar, I prefer to live with them rather than to go into solitude and try to live by myself. Gratitude iz a word that you will find in the dictionaries, but you will not find much of it anywhere else. If a man haz got the right kind of religion he kan pick up a kreed anywhere that will fit it. A true friend iz one that you can chide for his faults, without giving offence, and who, without giving offence, can chide you. Nature haz never made ennything perfect, and the luva variety so well that she never haz made enny two things just alike. Indolence iz a quiet malady, but it haz eat up more foundashuns and tipt over more superstructures than wild ambition ever haz. Absence should be the excepshun, and temperance the rule.

A Southern Gambler's Traits.

Colonel Starr, who was arrested a few days ago for taking part in a confidential game at St. Louis, was the friend, companion and confidant of Charles Miller, known in the South as Kid Miller, who was shot and killed by a saloon keeper in New York last November. Though there was a great disparity in their ages, the Colonel and the Kid were for many years always together. The Colonel had a habit of flourishing his hand, bowing low, smiling blandly, and introducing himself and the Kid as "Colonel Stah, sh, from Mobile, sh, and my son, sh!" "The Colonel and the Kid had at one time the reputation of being the most expert men in their line of business in the South. But the Kid was the most acute and daring of the two. In New Orleans, about five years ago, his attention was called to a wealthy planter for whose money many a plan had been laid, but who had thus far escaped the clutches of the smartest of Miller's colleagues. "Watch me," said Miller. He walked behind the planter, and suddenly raising his long right leg, gave him a kick that sent his glasses and hat flying in one direction, his cane in another, and himself sprawling in the mud within sight of hundreds of person congregated about the St. Charles Hotel and vicinity to witness the Madri Gras festivities. Having kicked the planter, Miller hastened to pick him up. "I beg ten thousand pardons, sir," he said, as he assumed an air of humility. "I mistook you for my brother."

Self-Control.

A gentleman attending one of our churches with his wife, the other evening, placed his silk hat on the seat the courteous usher had led them to. The lady, not noticing the hat, sat down upon it with such effect as left no doubt about her weight. The circumstances was the occasion of considerable merriment to the observing persons near by, and especially did the husband enjoy the crushing effects of his wife's movement towards the seat. A lady telling of the circumstances at breakfast table, said: "I really did not think the couple were married, the gentleman took the matter in such good humor." "What," said her neighbor, "did you expect to see the husband drive his wife out of church with a frown, or knock her down, for the mishap?" "Oh, no; but husbands are so inconsiderate!" was the reply.

Dr. Whittier has lately grown exceedingly deaf. He is at present far from strong.

Two Odd Duels.

A singular and fatal duel was fought some years ago in New York by the late Stephen Price, well known in England as a former lessee of Drury Lane Theater. Benjamin Price was considered the handsomest of his family, though his brother Stephen was not to be despised, either as regards good looks or abilities. Benjamin one evening had escorted a very pretty woman to the Park Theater, when during the performance a British officer in an adjoining room took the liberty of staring her full in the face. She complained of it to Ben Price, who, on its repetition, seized the offender by the nose with "his finger and thumb, and wrung it most effectually." The officer left his box and went to Ben Price's. Ben in answer to a knock opened the door, when the officer, whose name was Green, asked Ben what he meant, remarking at the same time that he meant no insult to the lady. "Oh! very well," replied Ben, "neither did I mean to insult you by what I did." Upon this they shook hands as sworn brothers and some time after Mr. Green went to Canada to join his regiment. The facts of the affair, however, had reached Canada before Mr. Green did, and of course got noised about. An officer of his regiment brought a pique against him was particularly active in airing the scandal and brought the matter so strongly before his brother officers that one of them, Captain Wilson, insisted upon Green being ostracised unless he went back to New York immediately and challenged Price. Being no shot, however, Green was allowed time to get up his pistol practice to a favorable standard, and having practiced for five hours daily, until he could hit a dollar at ten paces nine times out of ten, then he went to New York and challenged Ben Price. They fought at Hoboken, Price being killed at first fire. The seconds at once decamped, while Green who had obtained leave to go to England on urgent private affairs, took a small boat, crossed the river, and got on board a vessel in the bay ready to sail for the old country. Price's body was found where he had fallen, with a piece of paper attached to his breast, on which was written the following words: "This is Benjamin Price, he boarded in Vesey street, New York; take care of him." The body was brought to the city quietly, and he was buried in New York. The death of Ben Price was, however, but one-half of the tragic transaction that resulted from the pulling of Mr. Green's nose. Some years later Captain Wilson, who has been already referred to, arrived in New York from England on his way to Canada, and put up at the Washington Hotel. There one day at dinner the conversation turned on the death of Ben Price and the manner thereof, when Captain Wilson, who had joined in the conversation, took credit for having been mainly instrumental in bringing about the duel, detailing all the particulars connected therewith. This statement was carried immediately to Stephen Price, who was lying ill of gout at home. His friends said that he at once implicitly obeyed the instructions of the physician, and obtaining thereby a cessation of the gout was enabled to hobble out of doors, his lower extremities being swathed in flannel. His first course was to seek the Washington Hotel, where his inquiry was—"Is Captain Wilson within?" "He is," said the waiter. "Show me up to his room," said Stephen, and he was shown up accordingly. Hobbling up stairs with much difficulty, cursing alternately as he went with the gout which caused the pain, and the captain who was the cause of his having to hobble with equal vehemence, he at last reached Captain Wilson's room, his feet encased in moccasins and his hand grasping a stick. Captain Wilson rose to receive him, wondering all the time who his lame visitor could be, but his mind on that point was soon relieved. "Are you Captain Wilson?" said the stranger. "That is my name," replied the captain. "Then, sir, my name is Stephen Price. You see, sir, I can scarcely put one foot before the other; I am afflicted with the gout. My object in coming here is to insult you. Shall I knock you down, or will you consider what I have said sufficient insult and act accordingly?" "No, sir," replied the captain, smiling; "I shall consider what you have said quite sufficient, and shall act accordingly. You shall hear from me." In due time there came a message from Captain Wilson to Stephen Price: "Time, place and weapons were arranged; and early one morning a boat left New York in which were seated face to face Stephen Price, all the captain and two friends. They all landed on Bedlee's Island, the principals took their positions, and Captain Wilson fell dead at the first shot. The captain's body was interred in the vault there, and Price and the two seconds returned to New York. Captain Wilson's friends in America thought he had departed suddenly to Canada, and his friends in England thought he had either died suddenly or been killed in a duel on his way to join his regiment.—United Service Magazine.

A Drummer's Brilliant Idea.

Some people seem born with a faculty of raising the ancient masculine juvenile. They get folks who are minding their own business and merely want peace and quiet into all sorts of scrapes. This faculty is peculiarly developed in the commercial tourist, usually referred to as a drummer. He's the man who makes love to all the pretty servant girls in the hotels, and gets their notions so high that they won't notice the porters, and it makes the latter want to "laug" to the drummer. One of this class of gentlemen was at an up country railway station some days ago, and discovered, while waiting for the train, a wasp's nest. An idea at once struck him. How he achieved the feat without getting hurt we don't know. Probably the wasps were dormant and cold. But at any rate he got that nest down and tied it to the tail of a large yellow dog, that was fooling around the depot. The dog started to run and that stirred up the wasps that they sent a courier out to investigate, and as he did so in a manner disagreeable to the dog, he only ran the harder and made three wild circuits of the depot. The train, meanwhile, came in, and as the train don't stop long at country stations, it was just starting as the dog came around the third time. Wild with pain, the dog leaped aboard the train and plunged into the crowded door. The poor brute

Daniel Webster's Creed.

A letter has recently come into the hands of a writer in the Congregationalist, in which Daniel Webster has set down a few propositions in the shape of articles, which are intended "to exhibit a short summary of the doctrines of the Christian religion," as they impressed his mind. The document is dated Bosca-wen, N. H., August 8, 1807. It is thought that this is the statement which he read to the Congregational church in Franklin upon his being admitted to the membership of that church. This is not unlikely as the date of his admission was September 12, 1807. The recent centennial anniversary of his birth has, to a great extent, revived the interest in Mr. Webster, and this "confession of faith" will undoubtedly be read by many people with interest.

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of Nature and the words of revelation. I believe that God exists in three persons; that I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, not what I can comprehend, or account for, but what my Master teaches me. I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word and will of God. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which He wrought establish in my mind His personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe what He asserts. I believe, therefore, all His declarations, as well when He declares Himself to be the Son of God, as when He declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of His atonement. I believe that things past, present and to come are all equally present in the mind of Deity; that with him there is no succession of time, nor of ideas; that, therefore, the relative terms past, present and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to Deity. I believe in the doctrines of foreknowledge and predestination as thus expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as impairing any necessity on men's actions, or in any way infringing free agency. I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aid of the Spirit of all graces. I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion, a resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment. I believe in the universal providence of God; and leave to Epicurus and his more unreasonnable followers in modern times the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does not take the trouble of governing.—[Dr. Sherlock.

Although I have great respect for other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode, on the whole, preferable to any other. I believe religion to be a matter not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which he reveals, not because we can prove them, but because He declares them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth and practice them with a pure heart. I believe the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages; since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in any such mystery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it. I believe the refinements and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than enlighten the revealed will of God; and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who hath been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the college of fishermen. I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and in the affections, and that therefore all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety. Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all His disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a small part, of his duty; that he is bound to do good and to communicate; to love his neighbor, and to give food and drink to his enemy, and to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to promote peace, truth, piety and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world; believing that in the great day which is to come there will be no other standard of merit, no other criterion of character, than that which is already established,—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

A prize of about \$1000 is offered by the Real Instituto Veneto for the best history of the "experimental method in the physical sciences is chiefly to be expounded. Memoirs must be sent in before the end of February, 1885.