

THOMAS PAINE.

The Story of the Priest Who Stood at the Infidel's Death.

THE WRETCHED APARTMENTS WHERE HE SPENT HIS LAST HOURS.

A decent-looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper) came to the door and asked whether we were the Roman Catholic priests. "For," said she, "Mr. Paine has been so much bothered of late by the other denominations calling upon him that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church." Upon assuring her that we were Roman Catholic clergymen she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him. "For," said she, "he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep; 'tis better to wait a little till he be awake." We accordingly sat down and resolved to wait a more favorable moment. "Gentlemen," said the lady, after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day because he was told if any one could do him good you might. Possibly he may think you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries when he is left alone are heartrending. 'Oh, Lord, help me!' he will exclaim in his paroxysms of distress; 'God help me! Jesus Christ help me!' repeating the same expression without the least variation in a tone of voice that would alarm the house."

"Sometimes he cries, 'Oh, God! what have I done to suffer so much?' Then shortly after, 'But there is no God!' And again, a little after, 'Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?' Thus he will scream, as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied: 'for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send me over a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.' I never saw," she concluded, "a more unhappy, a more forsaken man; it seems he cannot reconcile himself to die."

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present fringed with dirt; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better side had been one continual scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, while Kohlman, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Roman Catholic priests, and were come on his invitation to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlman proceeded thus: "I have read your book entitled 'The Age of Reason,' as well as your other writings against the Christian religion, and am at a loss to imagine how you could have employed his talents in an attempt to undermine what, to me, is nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir—'That's enough, sir, that's enough,'" said Paine, again interrupting him. "I see what you would be about; I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor."

I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a short time he would be called to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him. Seeing that F. Kohlman had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try that effect I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: "Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow there exists a God, and that this God is not indifferent to the conduct and action of His creatures." "I will allow nothing, sir," he hastily replied, "I shall make no concessions."

"Well, sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment," said I, "I will prove to you that there is such a Being, and I will demonstrate from His very nature that He cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct." "Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say. I see your object gentlemen, is to trouble me. I wish you to leave the room." This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so that he foamed at the mouth. "Mr. Paine," I continued, "I assure you our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We have been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly, because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual."

Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little. In a milder tone than he had hitherto used he replied: "You can do me no good now; it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect" (this he spoke with a sigh) "but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have, indeed, told me as much." "You have misunderstood me," said I immediately to him. "We are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty on account of your sins, and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected His word and uttered blasphemous against His Son." Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury; he gritted his teeth, turned and twisted himself several times in his bed, uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe such was the rage in which he was at the time that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us, for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature! "Begone!" said he, "and trouble me no more. I was in peace," he continued, "until you came." "We know better than that," replied F. Kohlman; "we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked; God hath said it." "Away with you, and your God, too; leave the room instantly," he exclaimed; "all that you have uttered are lies, filthy lies, and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ." "Monster!" exclaimed F. Kohlman, in a burst of zeal, "you will have no more time; your hour has arrived. Think rather of the awful account you have already to offer, and implore pardon of God. Provoke no longer His just indignation upon your head." Paine here again ordered us to retire in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. "Let us go," said I to F. Kohlman; "we have nothing more to be done here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God. Further words are lost upon him."

CANINE FIDELITY.

A very touching illustration of the fidelity of the dog to his master was furnished the other day in a village upon the banks of the Seine, not far from Paris. Some laborers working in a field saw a well-dressed man walking along the bank, followed by a black spaniel, which was evidently delighted to have such a run. Suddenly the man disappeared, and when the laborers, thinking that he had fallen into the river, came up, the dog, which had realized the situation, was barking dolefully at the point where his master had disappeared. The body did not rise to the surface, and was found two days later much lower down the stream, the dog in the meanwhile having refused to leave the spot where he had last seen his master, and being eventually taken away by one of the villagers, who had resolved to keep him. His master, it may be added, had committed suicide, for a paper was found upon him stating that he had lost his wife three months before, and that being weary of life without her he had resolved to put himself out of the way.

It was noted in Australia, in her convict days, that the ticket-of-leavers who went into trade were much more punctiliously honest than the average tradesman. They felt that they were the objects of jealous notice, and that numbers were waiting to catch them tripping and exclaim, "Didn't I tell you so?" Looking at the heavy percentage of these men who become exemplary citizens and fathers of worthy families, it is a matter for profound regret that the system had to be abandoned. The convict in England to-day, as here, is continually driven back against his better self into crime and breeds a criminal family. Australia to-day has thousands of citizens wealthy, honored and highly educated, who but for their fathers having been sent to the antipodes would have been thieves and outcasts.

J. P. McIlrath of Boston, for several years in the Government Secret Service in that city, states that he is one of a dozen heirs who will shortly come into the possession of a fortune estimated at \$100,000,000 in England.

M. Bonnat, the French painter, who went to Ville d'Avray to make a sketch of the dead Gambetta, spoke afterward with much earnestness of the inartistic and disorderly manner in which the statesman had been lodged.

LEARNED WOMEN.

Extraordinary Prejudice which Formerly Prevailed against Them.

A TENDENCY TO MAKE WIVES PRETEXTIOUS AND CONCEITED.

Do these objectors remember that every appeal for a better female education seemed in its day, equally preposterous? It is hardly three centuries since Mademoiselle Francoise de Saintonge was hooted through the streets of her native village for proposing so disreputable a plan as the establishment of schools for girls in France, and her anxious father called in four learned doctors to determine whether this mad idea was not due to her possession by devils. The doctors pronounced her in her right mind, but her pious fellow-citizens stopped the spread of immoral ideas by the conclusive argument of insults leveled at the teacher and stones addressed to the pupils. The progress of the next century and a half is recorded in Dean Swift's observation that men constantly asked each other whether it was prudent to choose a wife who had good natural parts, some sense of wit and humor, a little knowledge of history, the capacity to relish travels or moral and entertaining discourse, and to discern the more obvious beauties of poetry. The general verdict, he says, was against such attainments in women, because their tendency was to make wives pretentious and conceited, and not duly subject to their husbands.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, translating Epictetus at nineteen, and sending her work to her kind friend, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, apologizes at length for attempting a task universally pronounced unfit for a woman, and certain to draw down censure upon her (excusing herself, however, by citing the opinions of Erasmus, in the Latin). Nearly fifty years afterward, in advising her daughter concerning the education of a bright little namesake, she treats that free scope may be accorded the child's capacity, for the sake of the pure delight of learning and of her future happiness. But she adds the warning that, to insure a satisfactory marriage, the young girl's wit and acquisitions must be as carefully concealed as a deformity, from a world which suspected or despised a learned woman. So strong, almost to our own day, has been this half-conscious contempt of the feminine mentality, that even Charles Lamb, that gentle and charitable soul, could speak of L. E. L., with an unmanly sneer, and declare that a female poet, or female author of any kind, invited disrespect.

It is but ninety years since an English woman published the first serious demand for the higher education of English women. Her public found the book immodest, irreligious, anarchic. It was no scoffer but the sweet-spirited Fenelon who taught that contact with learning would be almost as fatal to womanly delicacy as contact with vice. To Voltaire's love of epigram might be pardoned his saying that, "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." But Lessing was serious when he declared that, "The woman who thinks is like the man who puts on rouge, ridiculous." And even Niebuhr, the large-minded, believed that he should not have educated a girl well, for he should have made her know too much.—[March Century.]

THE PRICE OF A BURGLAR'S KIT.

Bank burglars' tools are generally of a very superior order, gathered with care and pieced until the kit is made up. A full kit of the best order is worth \$2,000. This may all go in the event of a failure of job by disturbance, and generally does go when a successful piece of work is accomplished, as the booty is heavy enough to carry away in itself, so the tools are left behind. Mechanics of a superior class exist in larger cities who make a specialty of fashioning burglar's tools. In the absence of such a mechanic the tools are collected in parts, but as this is a risky way of obtaining them, it is avoided if possible.

Kits of the tobyman's tools are kept on hand for hire, and a good collection can be obtained in the centers of the business for from \$100 to \$200. These tool renters are generally tool-makers also, but often the fence has them on hand, and it is a part of the business of the old cracksmen to keep them. Fifty per cent. of the noted burglars are practical smiths, and thoroughly understand the temper and capacity of their own tools. Sometimes a gang, each owning implements of various kinds, pool their possessions, and thus make up a full "kit." The tool-makers have their specialties. Some are famous for chisels, others for punches and jimmies, and one maker made a national reputation for a sledge of lead and copper that entirely superseded that formerly used of steel, because of the dull, almost noiseless blow it strikes.

If each of our universities and colleges owned as attractive and convenient a gymnasium as Harvard possesses, more college Presidents could say, with President Eliot, that the average physique of the mass of students has been sensibly improved by athletic sports, and that the "ideal student has been transformed from a stooping, weak and sickly youth into a well-formed, robust and healthy man."

PERSONAL.

Great Britain expends annually \$4,466,910 on Queen Victoria and the rest of the royal family.

The time set for Moody and Sankey to return to this country is after two weeks of labor at Liverpool in April. The Emperor of Japan was born in 1852. He is unselfish and chivalrous and constantly studies the customs of other nations.

The Chicago correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says he learns from an entirely trustworthy authority that Mrs. Langtry's age is thirty-six.

The gossips who were about to start Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes off on a trip to Europe have been called to a halt by the doctor himself. He says it's no such thing.

Peter Cooper is ninety-three years old. The event was quietly celebrated by a dinner at his residence on Lexington avenue at which about thirty guests were present.

Helper, who wrote the "Impending Crisis" years ago, and at one time had \$60,000 in bank, is doing odd jobs around Washington to keep body and soul together.

William H. Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's law partner, in a recent letter says: "I knew Mr. Lincoln well for twenty-five years. He was the most continuous and severest thinker in America."

In a paper read recently before the Nineteenth Century Club, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe told of a learned Boston lawyer who said, "I can neither read nor understand Emerson, but my daughters can."

England has a matrimonial prize in the beautiful form of Lady Brooke, who has just attained her majority, entering into full possession of £30,000 a year and the immense estates of her deceased grandfather.

Susan B. Anthony is about to make a prolonged tour in Europe. It is said that she has recently been left a fortune, which will be welcome, as her own small means were long ago expended on the idea to which she has devoted her life.

Seymour M. Spencer, a Catholic clergyman of New York, has declined to accept a third part of a large estate willed to him by his grandfather, John Mildenberger, with the condition precedent that he abandon the priesthood and marry.

George C. Min, the Chicago preacher who left the pulpit for the stage, broke one of his ribs while playing Hamlet in Richmond, Ind., on Friday night. He was quitting the stage after his colloquy with Ophelia and fell through an open trap.

John G. Whittier recently received from a Chicago lady 200 engraved visiting cards with a request to write his illustrious name on each of them, as the writer was to give a reception to her friends and desired to present them with some memento of the event.

The widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson and her daughter, a young lady of nineteen, now reside at Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Jackson left the South because she was there compelled to mingle with society, and could not find the retirement and rest that her health demanded.

Jay Gould will start on his tour around the world the middle of the coming summer, and will remain away for two years. He will spend the winter in the Mediterranean, visiting Italy, Greece, Egypt and India, as well as China and Japan, and possibly Australia.

Although nearly eight years have slipped away since the summer morning on which little Charlie Ross was abducted from his Germantown home, his father, Christian K. Ross, still has hopes that he will some day see his long-lost boy. In a recently written letter to a friend Mr. Ross said: "I am still diligently making every effort to unravel the mystery connected with his continued absence. In our family the subject is often the theme of conversation. Charlie is often spoken of as living, and shall be until we know the contrary."

When Garfield was shot, an editor named Wheeler, at Quincy, Ill., rejoiced in the commission of the crime, mocked at the sufferings of the President as he lay dying, and continued to malign him after he was dead. In some places the newspaper office would have been mobbed and the editor tarred and feathered, but the people of Quincy took a more rational and effectual way of punishing Wheeler than any resort to violence could have been. They merely let him alone, and his paper has been slowly dying ever since, until it finally turned up its toes the other day. The unfeeling brute has probably had ten times the occasion to repent his folly that he would have had if the punishment had been immediate.—[Alta.]

Miss Rhody Garrett, says the London Times, was the daughter of a country clergyman of small means, and one of a large family. She broke through the restrictions of home life, which are much stronger in England than here, and determined to carve an honest independence for herself. She entered the office of an architect, and having learned the trade, so to speak, set up for herself as an "honest decorator," taking another lady into partnership. She soon rose to eminence in spite of delicate health, and found time to be the author of a little volume on "House Decoration," which has passed through six editions. Her social and professional life is a strong argument in support of the belief that women—ladies—may quietly succeed in "business," and attain not only money for their own needs, but fame of a high order.

GARFIELD.

Erroneous Statements Made in Reference to the Late President's Remains.

TRAVELERS WHO STOP AT CLEVELAND TO VISIT GARFIELD'S TOMB.

"It has been stated by newspapers in Cincinnati and Chicago that the casket is opened every day by the guard, who looks at the remains before making his report," said the reporter.

"Yes, I have also seen statements to that effect," said the Lieutenant, "but there is no truth whatever in it. Here is an order from the Secretary of War, which says: 'Until otherwise ordered by competent authority no one save Mrs. Garfield will be permitted to view the remains.' That order is rigidly enforced, and no one but Mrs. Garfield is permitted to go inside the vault. The officer in charge is required to make a report every month of all property in his charge, and he very naturally desires to know that in mentioning the remains of the President in that report there is no possibility whatever of there being a mistake, and feeling so, sometimes looks to satisfy himself, but aside from that no one, as I have said, is permitted to enter the vault."

"Has anything been said about discontinuing the guard?" was asked.

"No, I think not. The guard will probably be kept on duty until the monument is built. At least I suppose that is the calculation. The officers would be glad enough if it was discontinued, for it is not the most agreeable duty I have performed. The men are on duty every second day and the non-commissioned officers every other day, but the officer in charge must remain here night and day for a month, when he is relieved. This is my third month on duty here. The men are not released at any stated time. Some of them have been on duty for a year. I don't think the guard is necessary now, as two or three policemen could do the duty by having two on nights and one on days."

"Do you have many visitors this winter?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, yes; we have a good many, notwithstanding the cold weather," replied the Lieutenant. "People from all parts of the country come here. Last week parties from New Hampshire and others from Nebraska came to look at the casket. Visitors now are mostly people from other places who stop over in this city for the purpose of visiting the tomb. A good many from the city also drive out now while sleighing is good. I think there was a great mistake made," continued the Lieutenant, "in not having a contribution box placed near the vault for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the monument fund. Persons who cannot afford to give more than twenty-five or fifty cents, and would not put their names on a list for that amount, would gladly place it in a box. There are very few people who come out here who would not give something, and it would amount to a surprisingly large amount."

THE PRINCESS' BAGGAGE.

A Bermuda letter in the New York Times says: Now, then, ladies, I saw the Princess' luggage and counted the pieces. Mr. Hurd, the publisher, and Mr. Key, of Scribner & Co., both of whom are wintering here, and myself started up the main street to see the sights. We were immediately stopped by a ferocious-looking policeman, but my reputation as a news paper man carried the whole party through. We met a number of Bermudians to whom we had previously been introduced, and they took us into the club house of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, where half the great magnats of the island were gathered. At the pier directly across the street two sailors were just beginning the work of unloading a steam launch. The launch's cargo was all trunks, satchels and boxes, and we soon learned that it was the luggage belonging to the Princess and her party. So, being privileged persons, we crossed the street and watched the unloading. The first thing brought ashore was a mocking bird in a cage. The next thing was a big bear skin robe, which was spread over the bird's cage, though it was a hot day. Then followed two or three shabby-looking little trunks. Then the big trunks came out. Most of them were marked in big white letters, "P. L." One was marked "J. B." which led us to conclude that the Princess had borrowed one of Coachman Joan Brown's trunks. There were fifteen of these big trunks, some of them as big, nearly as a Bermuda cottage. On a large brass plate on the top of one was cut, "Princess Louise, Dress Trunk." On another was "P. L. State Dress." There were besides six large packing-cases and a box containing pictures. The baggage consisted of forty-three pieces, including trunks, satchels and boxes, but not including nine cases of wine, which were handled very carefully. A Bermuda cartman had the contract for carrying the luggage to the Princess' residence, and it was the proudest day of his life. He looked as if he had the cares of half a dozen nations on his shoulders.

A man took his seat in the barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used two days before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient said: "Then give me chloroform."

ACTRESSES AND FLOWERS.

I was impelled to the consideration of this subject, says a contributor to the New York Mirror, by several occurrences during the week, one of them an immense floral display at a certain theatre. Now, howsoever an actress may counterfeit the varied passions of her role, she fails signally to express delighted astonishment before the curtain when the usher and the leader hoist up floral tributes. She may have depicted rage, jealousy, love and consternation during the evening to the approbation of the house; but when she strikes the surprise party business before an advancing column of flowers, she goes all to pieces. And yet they will do it. The devoted Ichabod (they all have a devoted Ichabod) tells her in the afternoon what he has ordered. She knows to a blighted rosebud just what she's going to get, and yet she simulates a little start of surprise. She makes round eyes of astonishment at its approach. She makes her mouth go, as if in doubt. "For me!" and then she wiggles a little to express "How good!" and smiles a little timid "How kind!" and buries her nose in the biggest rose, as who would say "You overpower me!"

Now, who is caught by that nonsense? Why, Adelaide Neilson used to order her own flowers by the \$100 worth. She has stopped at the florist's at seven o'clock, en route to the theatre, had two up and two down with the exorbitant gardener about an immense ship of flowers, made him stick in a dozen more camellias and light the whole thing with his best cornelia coaks; and two hours thereafter, she sank back against the proscenium, perfectly thunderstruck at its appearance as it sailed over the footlights—"so unexpected," you know. Henry Abbey is a staunch believer in flowers. His stars can go to the box office and see 'em before he sends 'em in, and so regulate their display of astonishment. It is best to be acquainted with the resources of the establishment, lest one shows too much delight over the horseshoe when there's an omnibus and a Cunard steamer coming down the aisle behind it.

DISTINGUISHED VIEWS ON THE SUICIDE OF A PLUMBER.

A plumber has recently committed suicide in Chicago. Such an event has never before happened in the history of the nation. Given below are the views of a number of distinguished individuals on the occurrence:

"Suicide is rather a risky operation in 'futures.' I have never yet tried it myself. Many wish I would."—Jay Gould.

"Me too."—Cyrus W. Field.

"It must have been due to overwork—and overcharges."—Herbert Spencer.

"I will put my name down for \$—to any subscription gotten up here to induce and encourage a score of New York plumbers to go and do likewise."—Stephen B. French.

"When rents are free, property in land abolished, landlords obsolete, and every foot of the earth's surface is covered with a teeming population, we shall discern—but how and where this self-sacrificed man did his part in ushering in my new order of things I reserve until my next chapter."—Henry George.

"I hold it as a striking and profitable evidence of development of the improved and progressive condition of morality and conscience in the West."—William Evarts.

"He must have heard of my recent nominations."—Mayor Edson.

"It heralds the opening of a new political and social era in our civilization."—Benjamin F. Butler.

"So full one by one the oppressors of the people."—Herr Most.

"I wonder if he left a bill behind him."—U. S. Attorney-General Brewster.

"What is a plumber?"—Mrs. Langtry.

"I must have a dead plumber in my next play."—John T. Raymond.

"I am glad. I have long thought of killing one myself."—Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

"I, too."—Ulysses S. Grant.

"I have views on this subject, also, as well as the sun, moon, stars and comet, but shall reserve them for the Herald a little before my next lecture."—Richard Proctor.

"It is to me a new evidence of evolution and revolution."—Henry Ward Beecher.—[Graphic.]

TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reasons and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy. Idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over and endeavor to understand how it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day which has been gathering for long years.

Anthony Trollope, just before he laid down his pen never to take it up again, wrote these words, which will appear in his last novel: "Amusement is good, truth is still better, and love best of all. Love gives itself and is not bought; but all true love is founded on esteem."