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PAINE VINDICATED.

Ingersoll's Reply to the New York Observer.

"To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason is like administering medicine to the dead.—*Tom Paine.*

PEORIA, October 8, 1877.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Observer:

SIR:—Last June, in San Francisco, I offered a thousand dollars in gold—not as a wager, but as a gift—to any one who would substantiate the absurd story that Thomas Paine died in agony and fear, frightened by the clanking chains of devils. I also offered the same amount to any minister who would prove that Voltaire did not pass away as serenely as the coming of the dawn. Afterwards I was informed that you had accepted the offer, and had called upon me to deposit the money. Acting upon this information, I sent you the following letter:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Observer:

I have been informed that you accepted, in your paper, an offer made by me to any clergyman in San Francisco. That offer was, that I would pay one thousand dollars in gold to any minister in that city who would prove that Thomas Paine died in terror because of religious opinions he had expressed, or that Voltaire did not pass away serenely as the coming of the dawn.

For many years religious journals and ministers have been circulating certain pretended accounts of the frightful agonies endured by Paine and Voltaire when dying; that these great men at the moment of death were terrified because they had given their honest opinions upon the subject of religion to their fellow-men. The imagination of the religious world has been taxed to the utmost in inventing absurd and infamous accounts of the last moments of these intellectual giants. Every Sunday school paper, thousands of idiotic tracts, and countless stupidities called sermons, have been filled with these calumnies.

Paine and Voltaire were both believers in God—both hoped for immortality—both believed in special Providence—both denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. While theologians most cheerfully admit that most murderers die without fear, they deny the possibility of any man who has expressed his disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible, dying except in an agony of terror. These stories are used in revivals and in Sunday-schools, and have long been considered of great value.

I am anxious that these slanders should cease. I am desirous of seeing justice done, even at this late day, to the dead.

For the purpose of ascertaining the evidence upon which these death-bed accounts really rest, I make you the following proposition:

First—AS TO THOMAS PAINE: I will deposit with the First National Bank of Peoria, Illinois, one thousand dollars in gold, upon the following conditions: This money shall be subject to your order when you shall, in the manner hereinafter provided, substantiate that Thomas Paine admitted the Bible to be an inspired book, or that he recanted his infidel opinions—or that he died regretting that he had disbelieved the Bible—or that he died calling upon Jesus Christ in any religious sense whatever.

In order that a tribunal may be created to try this question, you may select one man, I will select another, and the two thus chosen shall select a third, and any two of the three may decide the matter.

As there will be certain costs and expenditures on both sides, such costs and expenditures shall be paid by the defeated party.

In addition to the one thousand dollars in gold, I will deposit a bond with good and sufficient security in the sum of two thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of all costs in case I am defeated. I shall require of you a like bond.

From the date of accepting this offer you may have ninety days to collect and present your testimony, giving me notice of time and place of taking depositions. I shall have a like time to take evidence upon my side, giving you like notice, and you shall then have thirty days to take further testimony in reply to what I may offer. The case shall then be argued before the persons chosen; and their decisions shall be final as to us.

If the arbitrator chosen by me shall die, I shall have the right to choose another. You shall have the same right. If the third one, chosen by our two, shall die, the two shall choose another; and all vacancies, from whatever cause, shall be chosen upon the same principle.

The arbitrators shall sit when and where a majority shall determine, and shall have full power to pass upon all questions arising as to competency of evidence, and upon all subjects.

Second.—AS TO VOLTAIRE: I make the same proposition. If you will substantiate that Voltaire died expressing remorse or showing in any way that he was in mental agony because he had attacked Catholicism—or because he had denied the inspiration of the Bible—or because he had denied the divinity of Christ.

I make these propositions because I want your people to stop slandering the dead.

If the propositions do not suit you in any particular, please state your objections and I will modify them in any way consistent with the object in view.

If Paine and Voltaire died filled with childish and silly fear, I want to know it, and I want the world to know it. On the other hand, if the believers in superstition have made and circulated these cruel slanders concerning the mighty dead, I want the world to know that.

As soon as you notify me of the acceptance of these propositions I will send you the certificate of the bank that the money has been deposited upon the foregoing conditions, together with copies of bonds for costs. Yours truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

In your paper of September 27, 1877, you acknowledge the receipt of the foregoing letter, and after giving an outline of its contents, say: "As not one of the affirmations, in the forms stated in this letter, was contained in the offer we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them. But we are prepared to produced the evidence of the truth of our own statement, and even to go further; to show not only that Tom Paine 'died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death,' but that for many years previous, and up to that event he lived a drunken and beastly life."

In order to refresh your memory as to what you had published, I call your attention to the following, which appeared in the *New York Observer* the 19th of July 1877:

"PUT DOWN THE MONEY.

"Col. Bob Ingersoll, in a speech full of ribaldry and blasphemy, made in San Francisco recently, said:

"I will give $1,000 in gold coin to any clergyman who can substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the dawn; and of Tom Paine whom they assert died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact frightened to death by God. I will give $1,000 likewise to any one who can substantiate this 'absurd story'—a story without a word of truth in it."

"We have published the testimony, and the witnesses are on hand to prove that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death. Let the Colonel deposit the money with any honest man, and the absurd story, as he terms it, shall be shown to be an o'er true tale. But he won't do it. His talk is Infidel 'buncombe' and nothing more."

On the 31st of August I sent you my letter, and on the 27th of September you say in your paper: "As not one of the affirmations in the form stated in this letter was contained in the offer we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them."

What were the affirmations contained in the offer you made? I had offered a thousand dollars in gold to any one who would substantiate "the absurd story" that Tom Paine died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact frightened to death by God.

In response to this offer you said: "Let the Colonel deposit the money with any honest man and the 'absurd story,' as he terms it, shall be shown to be an 'o'er true tale.' But he won't do it. His talk is Infidel 'buncombe' and nothing more."

Did you not offer to prove that Paine died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils? Did you not ask me to deposit the money that you might prove the "absurd story" to be an "o'er true tale" and obtain the money? Did you not in your paper of the 27th of September in effect deny that you had offered to prove this "absurd story?" As soon as I offered to deposit the gold and give bonds besides to cover costs, did you not publish a falsehood?

You have eaten your own words, and, for my part, I would rather have dined with Ezekiel than with you.

You have not met the issue. You have knowingly avoided it. The question was not as to the personal habits of Paine. The real question was and is, whether Paine was filled with fear and horror at the time of his death on account of his religious opinions. That is the question. You avoid this. In effect, you abandon that charge and make others.

To you belongs the honor of having made the most cruel and infamous charges against Thomas Paine that have ever been made. Of what you have said you cannot prove the truth of one word.

You say that Thomas Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death.

I pronounce this charge to be a cowardly and beastly falsehood.

Have you any evidence that he was in a drunken condition when he died?

What did he say or do of a *cowardly* character just before, or at about the time of his death?

In what way was his death cowardly? You must answer these questions, and give your proof, or all honest men will hold you in abhorrence. You have made these charges. The man against whom you make them is dead. He cannot answer you. I can. He cannot compel you to produce your testimony, or admit by your silence that you have cruelly slandered the defenseless dead. I can, and I will. You say that his death was cowardly. In what respect? Was it cowardly in him to hold the Thirty-Nine Articles in contempt? Was it cowardly *not* to call on your Lord? Was it cowardly not to be afraid? You say that his death was beastly. Again I ask, in what respect? Was it beastly to submit to the inevitable with tranquility? Was it beastly to look with composure upon the approach of death? Was it beastly to die without a complaint, without a murmur—to pass from life without a fear?

DID THOMAS PAINE RECANT?

Mr. Paine had prophesied that fanatics would crawl and and cringe around him during his last moments. He believed that they would put a lie in the mouth of Death.

When the shadow of the coming dissolution was upon him, two clergymen, Messrs. Milledollar and Cunningham called to annoy the dying man. Mr. Cunningham had the politeness to say, "You have now a full view of death—you cannot live long, and whosoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will assuredly be damned." Mr. Paine replied, "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good morning."

On another occasion a Methodist minister obtruded himself when Willet Hicks was present. The minister declared to Mr. Paine "that unless he repented of his unbelief he would be damned." Paine, although at the door of death, rose in his bed, and indignantly requested the clergyman to leave his room. On another occasion, two brothers by the name of Pigott, sought to convert him. He was displeased and requested their departure. Afterwards, Thomas Nixon and Captain Daniel Pelton visited him for the express purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any manner, changed his religious opinions. They were assured by the dying man that he still held the principles he had expressed in his writings.

Afterward, these gentlemen, hearing that William Cobbett was about to write a life of Paine, sent him the following note:

NEW YORK, April 24, 1818.

SIR:—We have been informed that you have a design to write a history of the life and writings of Thomas Paine. If you have been furnished with material in respect to his religious opinions, or rather of his recantation of his former opinions before his death, all you have heard of his recanting is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death by fanatics which infested his house at the time it was expected he would die, we, the subscribers, intimate acquaintances of Mr. Paine since the year 1776, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in full vigor and use of all his mental faculties. We interrogated him upon his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or written on that subject. He answered, "Not at all," and appeared rather offended at our supposition that any change should take place in his mind. We took down in writing the questions put to him and his answers thereto before a number of persons then in his room, among whom were his doctor, Mrs. Bonneville, etc. This paper is mislaid and cannot be found at present, but the above is the substance, which can be attested by many living witnesses.

THOMAS NIXON,
DANIEL PELTON.

Mr. Jarvis, the artist, saw Mr. Paine one or two days before his death. To Mr. Jarvis he expressed his belief in his written opinions upon the subject of religion. B. F. Haskin, an attorney of the city of New York, also visited him and inquired as to his religious opinions. Paine was then upon the threshold of death, but he did not tremble. He was not a coward. He expressed his firm and unshaken belief in the religious ideas he had given to the world.

Dr. Manley was with him when he spoke his last words. Dr. Manley asked the dying man if he did not wish to believe that Jesus was the Son of God, and the dying philosopher answered: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Amassa Woodsworth sat up with Thomas Paine the night before his death. In 1838, Gilbert Vale, hearing that Mr. Woodsworth was living in or near Boston, visited him for the purpose of getting his statement. The statement was published in the *Beacon* of June 5, 1839, while thousands who had been acquainted with Thomas Paine were living.

The following is the article referred to:

"We have just returned from Boston. One object of our visit to that city was to see a Mr. Amassa Woodsworth, an engineer, now retired in a handsome cottage and garden at East Cambridge, Boston. This gentleman owned the house occupied by Paine at his death—while he lived next door. As an act of kindness Mr. Woodsworth visited Mr. Paine every day for six weeks before his death. He frequently sat up with him, and did so on the last two nights of his life. He was always there with Dr. Manley, the physician, and assisted in removing Mr. Paine while his bed was prepared. He was present when Dr. Manley asked Mr. Paine, "if he wished to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God," and he describes Mr. Paine's answer as animated. He says that lying on his back he used some action, and with much emphasis, replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." He lived some time after this, but was not known to speak, for he died tranquilly. He accounts for the insinuating style of Mr. Manley's letter, by stating that that gentleman just after its publication joined a church. He informs us that he has openly reproved the doctor for the falsity contained in the spirit of that letter, boldly declaring before Dr. Manley, who is yet living, that nothing which he saw justified the insinuation. Mr. Woodsworth assures us that he neither heard or saw anything to justify the belief of any mental change in the opinions of Mr. Paine previous to his death; but that being very ill and in pain chiefly arising from the skin being removed in some parts by long lying, he was generally too uneasy to enjoy conversation on abstract subjects. This, then, is the best evidence that can be procured on this subject, and we publish it while the contravening parties are yet alive, and with the authority of Mr. Woodsworth. GILBERT VALE."

A few weeks ago I received the following letter, which confirms the statement of Mr. Vale:

NEAR STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA,
GREENWOOD COTTAGE,
July 9, 1877.

COL. INGERSOLL:—In 1842 I talked with a gentleman in Boston. I have forgotten his name; but he was then an engineer of the Charlestown navy yards. I am thus particular, so that you can find his name on the books. He told me that he nursed Thomas Paine in his last illness, and closed his eyes when dead. I asked him if he recanted and called upon God to save him. He replied, "No. He died as he had taught. He had a sore upon his side, and when we turned him it was very painful, and he would cry out, 'O, God,' or something like that." "But," said the narrator, "that was nothing, for he believed in a God." I told him that I had often heard it asserted from the pulpit that Mr. Paine had recanted in his last moments. The gentleman said it was not true, and he appeared to be an intelligent, truthful man.

With respect, I remain, &c.,

PHILIP GRAVES, M. D.

The next witness is Willet Hicks, a Quaker preacher. He says that during the last illness of Mr. Paine he visited him almost daily, and that Paine died firmly convinced of the truth of the religious opinions he had given to his fellow men. It was to this same Willet Hicks that Paine applied for permission to be buried in the cemetery of the Quakers. Permission was refused. This refusal settles the question of recantation. If he had recanted, of course there could have been no objection to his body being buried by the side of the best hypocrites on the earth. If Paine recanted why should he be denied "a little earth for charity?" Had he recanted, it would have been regarded as a vast and splendid triumph for the Gospel. It would, with much noise and pomp and ostentation have been heralded about the world.

I received the following letter to-day. The writer is well known in this city, and is a man of high character:

PEORIA, Oct. 8th, 1877.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL—

Esteemed Friend:—My parents were Friends (Quakers). My father died when I was very young. The elderly and middle-aged Friends visited at my mother's house. We lived in the city of New York. Among the number I distinctly remember Elias Hicks, Willet Hicks, and a Mr. —— Day, who was a book-seller in Pearl street. There were many others, whose names I do not now remember. The subject of the recantation by Mr. Thomas Paine, of his views about the Bible in his last illness, or at any other time, was discussed by them in my presence at different times. I learned from them that some of them had attended upon Thomas Paine in his last sickness, and ministered to his wants up to the time of his death. And upon the question of whether he died recant there was but one expression. They all said he did not recant in any manner. I often heard them say they wished he had recanted. In fact, according to them, the nearer he approached death the more positive he appeared to be in his convictions.

These conversations were from 1820 to 1822. I was at that time from 10 to 12 years old, but these conversations impressed themselves upon me because many thoughtless people then blamed the Society of Friends for their kindness to that "arch infidel," Thomas Paine.

Truly, yours,

A. C. HANKINSON.

A few days ago I received the following letter:

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1877.

DEAR SIR:—It is over twenty years ago that professionally I made the acquaintance of John Hogeboom, a Justice of the Peace of the county of Rensselaer, New York. He was then over seventy years of age and had the reputation of being a man of candor and integrity. He was a great admirer of Paine. He told me that he was personally acquainted with him, and used to see him frequently during the last years of his life in the city of New York, where Hogeboom then resided. I asked him if there was any truth in the charge that Paine was in the habit of getting drunk. He said that it was utterly false; that he had never heard of such a thing during the life-time of Mr. Paine, and did not believe any one else did. I asked him about the recantation of his religious opinions on his death-bed, and the revolting death-bed scenes that the world had heard so much about. He said that there was no truth in them; that he had received his information from persons who attended Paine in his last illness, "and that he passed peacefully away, as we may say, in the sunshine of a great soul." Yours, truly,

W. J. HILTON.

The witnesses by whom I substantiate the fact that Thomas Paine did not recant, and that he died holding the religious opinions he had published, are—

First—Thomas Nixon, Captain Daniel Pelton, B. F. Haskin. These gentlemen visited him during his last illness for the purpose of ascertaining whether he had in any respect changed his views upon religion. He told them that he had not.

Second—James Cheetham. This man was the most malicious enemy Mr. Paine had, and yet he admits that "Thomas Paine died placidly, and almost without a struggle." (See Life of Thomas Paine, by Jas. Cheetham.)

Third—The ministers, Milledollar and Cunningham. These gentlemen told Mr. Paine that if he died without believing in the Lord Jesus Christ he would be damned, and Paine replied, "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Good morning." (See Sherwin's Life of Paine, p. 229).

Fourth—Mrs. Hedden. She told these same preachers when they attempted to obtrude themselves upon Mr. Paine again that the attempt to convert Mr. Paine was useless—"that if God did not change his mind no human power could."

Fifth—Andrew A. Dean. This man lived upon Paine's farm at New Rochelle, and corresponded with him upon religious subjects. (See Paine's Theological Works, p. 308).

Sixth—Mr. Jarvis the artist with whom Paine lived. He gives an account of an old lady coming to Paine and telling him that God Almighty had sent her to tell him that unless he repented and believed in the blessed Savior, he would be damned. Paine replied that God would not send such a foolish old woman with such an impertinent message. (See Clio Rickman's Life of Paine.)

Seventh—Wm. Carver, with whom Paine boarded. Mr. Carver said again and again that Paine did not recant. He knew him well, and had every opportunity of knowing. (See Life of Paine, by Vale.)

Eighth—Dr. Manley, who attended him in his last sickness, and to whom Paine spoke his last words. Dr. Manley asked him if he did not wish to believe in Jesus Christ, and he said, "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

Ninth—Willet Hicks and Elias Hicks, who were with him frequently during his last sickness, and both of whom tried to persuade him to recant. According to their testimony, Mr. Paine died as he had lived—a believer in God, and a friend of man. Willet Hicks was offered money to say something false against Thomas Paine. He was even offered money to remain silent and allow others to slander the dead. Mr. Hicks, speaking of Thomas Paine, said: "He was a good man—an honest man." (See Vale's Life of Paine.)

Tenth—Amassa Woodsworth, who was with him every day for some six weeks immediately preceding his death, and sat up with him the last two nights of his life. This man declares that Paine did not recant, and that he died tranquilly. The evidence of Mr. Woodsworth is conclusive.

Eleventh—Thomas Paine himself. The will of Mr. Paine, written by himself, commences as follows:

"The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other;" and closes in these words: "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator, God."

Twelfth—If Thomas Paine had recanted why do you pursue him? If he recanted he died substantially in your belief; for what reason then, do you denounce his death as cowardly? If upon his death-bed he renounced the opinions he had published, the business of defaming him should be done by Infidels, not by Christians.

I ask you if it is honest to throw away the testimony of his friends—the evidence of fair and honorable men—and take the patrid words of avowed and malignant enemies?

When Thomas Paine was dying he was infested by fanatics—by the snaky spies of bigotry. In the shadow of death there were the unclean birds of prey waiting to tear with beak and claw the corpse of him who wrote the "Rights of Man." And there, lurking and crouching in the darkness were the jackals and hyenas of superstition ready to violate his grave.

These birds of prey—these unclean beasts are the witnesses produced and relied upon by you.

One by one the instruments of torture have been wrenched from the cruel clutch of the Church, until within the armory of orthodoxy there remains but one weapon—Slander.

Against the witnesses that I have produced you can bring just two—Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. The first is referred to in the memoir of Stephen Grellet. She had once been a servant in his house. Grellet tells what happened between the girl and Paine. According to this account Paine asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read very *little* of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding that from such a one he expected a correct answer.

Let us examine this falsehood. Why would Paine expect a correct answer about his writings from one who had read very little of them? Does not such a statement devour itself? This young lady further said that the "Age of Reason" was put in her hands, and that the more she read it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and that she threw the book into the fire. Whereupon Mr. Paine remarked, "I wish all had done as you did, for if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he had it in my writing that book."

The next is Mary Hindsdale. She was a servant in the family of Willet Hicks. She like Mary Roscoe, was sent to carry some delicacy to Mr. Paine. To this young lady Paine, according to her account, said precisely the same that he did to Mary Roscoe, and she said the same thing to Mr. Paine.

My own opinion is that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale are one and the same person, or the same story has been by mistake put in the mouth of both.

It is not possible that the same conversation should have taken between Paine and Mary Roscoe, and between him and Mary Hinsdale.

Mary Hinsdale lived with Willet Hicks and he pronounced her story a pious fraud and fabrication. He said that Thomas Paine never said any such thing to Mary Hinsdale (See Vale's Life of Paine).

Another thing about this witness. A woman by the name of Mary Lockwood, a Hicksite Quaker, died. Mary Hinsdale met her brother about that time and told him that his sister had recanted, and wanted her to say so at her funeral. This turned out to be false.

It has been claimed that Mary Hinsdale made her statement to Charles Collins. Long after the alleged occurrence Gilbert Vale, one of the biographers of Paine, had a conversation with Collins concerning Mary Hinsdale. Vale asked him what he thought of her. He replied that some of the Friends believed that she used opiates, and that they did not give credit to her statements. He also said that he believed what the Friends said, but thought that when a young woman, she *might* have told the truth.

In 1818 William Cobbett came to New York. He began collecting materials for a life of Thomas Paine. In this he became acquainted with Mary Hinsdale and Charles Collins. Mr. Cobbett gave a full account of what happened in a letter addressed to the Norwich *Mercury* in 1819. From this account it seems that Charles Collins told Cobbett that Paine had recanted. Cobbett called for the testimony, and told Mr. Collins that he must give time, place, and the circumstances. He finally brought a statement that he stated had been made by Mary Hinsdale. Armed with this document Cobbett, in October of that year, called upon the said Mary Hinsdale, at No. 10 Anthony street, New York, and showed her the statement. Upon being questioned by Mr. Cobbett, she said, "That it was so long ago that she could not speak positively to any part of the matter—that she would not say that any part of the paper was true—that she had never seen the paper—and that she had never given Charles Collins authority to say anything about the matter in her name." And so in the month of October, in the year of grace 1818, in the mist and fog of forgetfulness disappeared forever one Mary Hinsdale, the last and only witness against the intellectual honesty of Thomas Paine.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Home and Social Wine Drinking.

Zion's Herald says: "It is also a well-known and dreadful fact that, while in the first generation the use of wine may be controlled, in the children of wine drinkers the appetite when awakened becomes a madness, and is absolutely uncontrollable. It probably rarely ever occurs that, in a family where wines are placed upon the table and used by parents, some of the children do not become hopeless drunkards."

—The appointment of women to keep post-offices has had one good effect. Married men do not write so many letters to the girls.

Original Contributions.

Hidden Love.

BY W. J. DAVIES.

'Tis said that there are mountains capped with snow,
Wearing eternally their shrouds of white;
Containing lakes of fire in the depths beneath,
But on the surface all is chill and cold.
'Tis said that there are men, and women too,
Just like these hills—they seem so icy cold—
That have warm hearts beneath the snowy crust,
With lakes of love and friendship underneath,
Without one spark above to warm a heart.
It may be very grand and dignified
To hide emotions, but it does no good;
It is the use we make of noble gifts,
That scatters blessings along the path we tread.
Affection smothered is like heaps of gold,
Kept from world's commerce in a miser's horde,
With labor howling for its daily bread.
Oh, give to me the demonstrative kind,
The flowing river, and the burning mount,
The warm clasp of a hand, the kiss of love,
The clinging of white arms 'round manly neck:
This is the coin that gives the world its joy.
Affection smothered is like beds of coal,
Laying for ages in the distant hills,
With all the wealth of heat in dead repose;
Doing to man or beast no earthly good.
How often has been heard a father speak
To his young child, in language harsh and cold,
That brought the tears to the bright blue eyes,
And made the little heart to pant with pain;
And yet the wife would say that he meant well,
And had affection strong within his breast.
That's just the way with those great beds of coal,
There's heat and comfort in their bosom's black,
To warm a land of poor and shivering souls,
By putting good intentions into use.

Man's Better-Half.

—A female at eighteen wants five trunks when she travels. At fifty she can get along with a bottle of cold tea.

—There are over 1,100 women telegraph clerks in London, and only one of them has been dismissed in four years.

—The Louisiana lady who put on her hat and walked over to a neighbors when she saw a rattlesnake curled beside her sleeping husband, is the heroine of the age.

—A Massachusetts girl earned $5 and the gratitude of neighboring farmers by killing potato bugs. Then she took the money and bought her lover a flute. Let us draw a veil over the scene.

—A newspaper writer says: "American women take much better care of themselves than formerly." He might have added that many of them take care of their husbands and brothers also.

—She saw the placard in front of the bookstore, "You can get 'That Husband of Mine' for a dollar," and as she passed on she muttered, "I have one I will sell for half that much."

—Marriages are not so plenty as usual. The young ladies ought to get up a strike for their altars. The strike for the fires can come in afterward, when the question of building them comes up.

—The time a woman gets on her dignity is when she has her false hair on the bureau, and her false teeth in a tumbler, and a band of music begins to play on the corner, and she cannot lean out of the window to see it.

—There is untold honor, fame and gold awaiting the man who will invent a steam hired girl that will fasten the alley gate at night, and one who can be got up in the morning without raising an alarm of fire.

—"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady of her portionless niece. "I suppose, aunt, it is because I am not a good match," meekly replied the poor neice.

—"How much are those tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a tradesman, the other morning. He stared at her a moment, as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself, and blubbly said: "Oh! them unguns? Tenpence."

—A spinster lady of fifty, remarked the other day, that she could go alone at six months. "Yes," said her hateful young half-brother, "and you've been going it 'alone' ever since, and never euchred anybody."

—A mother, in commending her daughter to a situation, was asked if she was an early riser. "An early riser?" she exclaimed. "I should think so! Why, she's up in the morning, and has breakfast ready, and makes all the beds, before any one else is up in the house!"

—"Adolphus, dear, what shall I do? Bridget has struck, and there she stands at the kitchen door with a poker in one hand and a saucepan in the other, threatening to break the head of the new help if she dares to lay her hand to a dish-rag."

—A gentleman in San Francisco, whose Chinese cook left him, was unable to retain any of the numerous "Johns" for over a day, until he induced one of them to explain that some apparently meaningless strips of red paper on the kitchen-wall contained the Chinese inscription, "Boss woman long time tongue. Muchee jaw-jaw."

—A young husband had listened all the evening to his wife's selections from Wagner, and he slept very soundly. Towards midnight cats assembled in the back yard and yowled frightfully. The sleeper did not get up and throw bootjacks at them, but turned on one elbow and whispered in his dreams: "Sing it once more, Elvira, sing it once more."

Beauty and Health.

Females should be early taught the important fact, that beauty cannot in reality exist independent of health, and that one is absolutely unattainable by any practice inconsistent with the other. In vain do they hope to improve the skin, to give a "roseate hue" to the cheeks, or to augment the grace and symmetry of their forms, unless they are cautious to preserve the whole frame in health, vigor and activity. Beauty of complexion, and to a certain extent that of shape also, is nothing more than visible health—a pure mirror of the performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effects of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance, and of exercise, uninterrupted by any unnatural constraint.

Wit and Humor.

—Notes of admiration—Love-letters.

—The difference between going in and going out of office frequently is this—they are sworn in, but go out swearing.

—Spriggins says that he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by getting on a high fence and waiting till the dog had one away.

—A French author says: "When I lost my wife, every family in the town offered me another; but when I lost my horse no one offered to make him good."

—"Don't believe there's any use in vaccination," said a Yankee. "Had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the window next day and got killed."

—General Howard says he is right on the heels of the Indians. There is nothing very cheering about this, however. We have seen a man right on the heels of a mule, but he didn't seem to be getting much the better of the mule.

—A Corning man is exasperated just because his wife at family worship, on the evening of the thirty-first anniversary of their wedding, read a chapter from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Next year he will make the selection himself.

—"You see me! Here I am!" said Sitting Bull; and the Commission "saw" him and retreated in good order. The "bull" they came after was "sitting" outside their corrall and the brand was so indistinct they were not sure it was the animal they were after.

—There is, perhaps, a no more perfect picture of perplexity than the countenance of a man who finds in his pocket a letter which his wife gave him a month ago to mail, and holds it to the light in a futile attempt to determine whether there is anything in it that would convict him if he were to carry it in his pocket the rest of the year, and mail it on the anniversary of the day on which it was written.

—Soon after the Copernican system of astronomy began to be generally understood, an old farmer went to the parson with the following inquiry: "Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell us about the earth moving around the sun?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to the Scriptures? If it's true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the parson; "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?" "Well, it stood still, did it not?" "Yes." "Very well. Did you ever hear that he set it a-going again?"

—A man in Philadelphia has invented a horse that is propelled by hot air, and he says it will carry a load of 15,000 pounds over an ordinary road a hundred miles a day. This is the most alarming invention that the ingenuity of man, inspired by the devil, has ever contrived. That man ought to be taken out and shot, and his horse knocked into kindling wood. Let this new horse be universally adopted, as it inevitably will be, and what is to become of the old one? The race will become extinct, of course. And then somebody will invent a hot-air man to ride and drive that hot-air horse, and what will become of us men? Speedily extinct, of course. Why, don't you see where it will all end if this thing is not stopped at once? It won't be long before the present style of men and horses will be abolished—wiped out completely—and their places taken by diabolical contraptions in their shape, run by hot air! A high old world this will be when we come to such a pitch as that. The horse can't help himself, but man can, and if he doesn't want to see both wiped from the face of the earth, it is about time for him to step forward and say so.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

She Met Her Match.

Some time since, on one of the Hudson river boats, a lady, who had attracted much attention for the masculine turn of her manners and conversation, was seated at the table opposite a gentleman, who, in taking some butter, in the absence of the usual knife, used his own, which the lady observing, she called aloud to the waiter:

"Wait-ta! bring another plate of butter; that man (pointing to the gentleman) had his knife in this!"

The unfortunate wight almost sank under the curious gaze of the company, but said nothing, determined to watch his opportunity to return, for the cruel mortification, change in her own coin. He waited a moment, ere a plate of dried beef was handed to the lady, who unceremoniously took some in her fingers and placed it upon her plate.

"Wait-ta!" exclaimed the gentleman in turn, "bring another plate of beef: that woman has had her fingers in this!"

A most ungallant roar from all the company fairly turned the tables against the lady, and she had the good sense to acknowledge its desert, and join heartily in the mirth it created.

A Few Proverbs.

Borrowed clothes never fit.
Better go round than fall in the ditch.
Better go alone than in bad company.
Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.
Better go to bed supperless than get in debt.
Cut your coat according to your cloth.
Catch the hare before you sell his skin.
Charity begins at home, but does not end there.
Do not rip up old sores.
Doing nothing is doing ill.
Diligence commands success.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
Dependence is a poor trade to follow.
Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.
Every couple is not a pair.
Everything is good in its season.
Everybody's business is nobody's business.
False friends are worse than open enemies.
Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.

—Some people act in this world as though they believe they can buy reserved seats in the next.