BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

Vol. 7. No. 3. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1877. Whole No., 315.

The Avant Courier.

Wm. W. Alderson, Matt. W. Alderson.
ALDERSON & SON, Publishers.

ADVERTISING RATES

	1 Inch.	2 Inches.	3 Inches.	Quar Col.	Half Col.	One Col.
1 Time	$3	5	6	9	15	20
2 Times	4	7	8	12	18	26
3 Times	5	9	10	15	21	32
1 Month	6	10	12	18	24	36
3 Months	8	14	18	24	36	66
6 Months	10	18	24	36	66	110
1 Year	16	24	36	66	110	200

Local notices 15 cents per line first insertion and 10 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion.
Regular advertisements payable monthly or quarterly as due.
Job work payable on delivery.
Marriage and death notices inserted free of charge; Obituary notices 5 cents per line.

Terms of Subscription

One year .... $5 00.
Six months .... 3 00.
For a shorter period, 50 cents per month.
Delivered by carrier, 50 cents per month, payable at expiration of each month.

THIS PAPER
Is on file at the office of
L. T. BOOTH, General Eastern Agent
Chicago and Northwestern Railway,
415 Broadway, New York; and
our friends in Montana are
invited to call there.

I. O. O. F.
Western Star Lodge, No. 4.
N. G.—J. Basinski. Tr.—J. F. Smith.
V. G.—L. Sperling. W.—F. A. Major.
R. S.—A. D. McPherson. C.—Ben. F. Bisel.
G.—Louis Accola.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend. [6-18tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. Edwards,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to COURIER office, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

J. J. Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black St., Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

FRANCIS GEISDORFF, M. D.,

Upper Yellowstone,

OPPOSITE HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

G. W. Monroe,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FORT ELLIS. MONTANA.

Bozeman office at S. W. Langhorne's Drug Store daily from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

Geo. A. Baker,
Commission
AND
Brokerage,
819, Olive St.,
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Goods bought and sold on commission, advances also made. With a large acquaintance with dealers and manufacturers, can make it to the interest of Montana merchants in filling their orders.

Henry Hitchins,
MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,
House, Sign, Carriage
—AND—
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance. [6-13-tf

Watches & Jewelry.

LEA. F. MARSTON

Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay down American Watches at 10 to 15 per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertising firms. If you doubt this, bring along your price lists and compare terms before Sending East.
WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

GILMORE & CO., Successors to Chipman, Hosmer & Co., Solicitors. Patents procured in all countries. No Fees in advance. No charge unless the patent is granted. No Fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional Fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. By a recent decision of the Commissioner all rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to infringement cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress. Infringement suits in different States, and all litigations appertaining to Inventions or Patents.
Land Cases, Arrears of Pay and Bounty and Pension business promptly attended to. We desire to win success by deserving it. Send stamp for pamphlet of sixty pages.
GILMORE & CO.,
627, F Street Washington, D. C.

First National Bank
OF HELENA.

Designated Depository of the United States.

S. T. HAUSER .... President.
D. C. CORBIN .... Vice President.
E. W. KNIGHT .... Cashier.
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT .... Assistant Cashier.

Authorized Capital $500,000
Paid up Capital 100,000
Permanent surplus fund 50,000

We transact a general Banking business and buy at the highest rates.

GOLD DUST, COIN,
Gold and Silver Bullion
SILVER and COPPER ORES.

And Local Securities; and sell
Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers

Poetry.

"Allow for the Crawl."

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

You have often, no doubt, had occasion to note,
Though the garment, at first, seemed certain to please,
That, after some wearing, the sleeve of your coat
Toward the shoulder was crawling, by easy degrees;
And that's what the clothier, of course, had in mind,
When he said to his customer, "Long?—not at all!
The sleeves are all right—as you'll presently find—
In cutting a coat we allow for the crawl!"

The expression was one wholly new to me then;
But it sets me a thinking how well it applies
Not merely to coats, but to women and men,
In matters of life as they daily arise;
Consider the shrinkage of human affairs—
The promise how great; the performance how small!
And lest disappointment should come unawares,
Remember the sleeve—and "allow for the crawl!"

The statesman who asks for your ballot to save
Your country, so rashly imperiled to-day,
May covet an office and not be a knave,
Whatever the fierce opposition may say.
But the "platform" to which he so valiantly clings,
By which he proposes to stand or to fall—
"Resolutions," remember are slippery things,
And in politics always "allow for the crawl!"

You are deeply in love with the sweetest of girls,
An angel in hoops—only wanting the wings!
(If angels could purchase such beautiful curls)
Like a seraph she smiles; like a siren she sings!
Ah! splendid and vast are the fancies of youth;
But down to plain facts they finally fall;
And happy the couple who, finding the truth,
In conjugal kindness, "allow for the crawl."

In brief, recollect that in human affairs;
In social connections; in travel and trade;
In courtship and marriage, in sermons and prayers,
Some gains of concession must always be made.
In fine, be a prudent, though a generous man;
Unfriendly with none, veracious with all;
Believe in your neighbors as much as you can;
And always be sure to "allow for the crawl!"

TOM PAINE AGAIN.

[N. Y. Observer November 1, 1877.]

In the *Observer* of September 27th, in response to numerous calls from different parts of the country for information and in fulfillment of a promise, we presented a mass of testimony, chiefly from persons with whom we had been personally acquainted, establishing the truth of our assertions in regard to the dissolute life and miserable end of Paine. It was not a pleasing subject for discussion, and an apology or at least an explanation is due to our readers for resuming it and for occupying so much space, or any space, in exhibiting the truth and the proofs in regard to the character of a man who had become so debased by his intemperance, and so vile in his habits, as to be excluded, for many years before and up to the time of his death, from all decent society.

Our reasons for taking up the subject at all, and for presenting at this time so much additional testimony in regard to the facts of the case, are these: At different periods for the last fifty years, efforts have been made by infidels to revive and honor the memory of one whose friends would honor him most by suffering his name to sink into oblivion, if that were possible. About two years since, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, came to their aid, and undertook a sort of championship of Paine, making in a public discourse this statement: "No private character has been more foully calumniated in the name of God than that of Thomas Paine." (Mr. Frothingham, it will be remembered, is the one who recently, in a public discourse, announced the downfall of Christianity, although he very kindly made the allowance that "it may be a thousand years before its decay will be visible to all eyes." (It is our private opinion that it will be at least a thousand and one.) Rev. John W. Chadwick, a minister of the same order of unbelief, who signs himself, "Minister of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn," has devoted two discourses to the same end, eulogizing Paine. In one of these, which we have before us in a handsomely printed pamphlet, "Method and Value of his (Paine's) Religious Teachings," he says? "Christian usage has determined that an infidel means one who does not believe in Christianity as a supernatural religion; in the Bible as a supernatural book; in Jesus as a supernatural person. And in this sense Paine was an infidel, and so, thank God, am I." It is proper to add that Unitarians generally decline all responsibility for the utterances of both of these men, and that they compose a denomination, or rather two denominations, of their own.

There is also a certain class of infidels who are not quite prepared to meet the odium that attaches to the name; they call themselves Christians, but their sympathies are all with the enemies of Christianity, and they are not always able to conceal it. They have not the courage to their opinions, like Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Chadwick, and they work only sideways toward the same end. We have been no little amused since our last article on this subject appeared, to read some of the articles that have been written on the other, though professedly on no side, and to observe how sincerely these men deprecate the discussion of the character of Paine, as an unprofitable topic. It never appeared to them unprofitable when the discussion was on the other side.

Then, too, we have for months past been receiving letters from different parts of the country, asking authentic information on the subject and stating that the followers of Paine are making extraordinary efforts to circulate his writings against the Christian religion, and in order to give currency to these writings they are endeavoring to rescue his name from the disgrace into which it sank during the latter years of his life. Paine spent several of his last years in furnishing a commentary upon his infidel principles. This commentary was contained in his besotted, degraded life and miserable end, but his friends do not wish the commentary to go out in connection with his writings. They prefer to have them read without the comments by their author. Hence this anxiety to free the great apostle of infidelity from the obloquy which his life brought upon his name; to represent him as a pure, noble, virtuous man, and to make it appear that he died a peaceful, happy death, just like a philosopher.

But what makes the publication of the facts in the case still more imperative at this time is the wholesale accusation brought against the Christian public by the friends and admirers of Paine. Christian ministers as a class, and Christian journals, are expressly accused of falsifying history, of defaming "the mighty dead!" (meaning Paine), &c., &c. In the face of all these accusations it cannot be out of place to state the facts and to fortify the statement by satisfactory evidence, as we are abundantly able to do.

The two points on which we proposed to produce the testimony are, the character of Paine's life, (referring of course to his last residence in this country, for no one has intimated that he had sunk into such besotted drunkenness until about the time of his return to the United States in 1802), and the real character of his death as consistent with such a life, and as marked further by the cowardliness which has been often exhibited by infidels in the same circumstances.

It is nothing at all to the purpose to show, as his friends are fond of doing, that Paine rendered important service to the cause of American Independence. This is not the point under discussion and is not denied. No one ever called in question the valuable service that Benedict Arnold rendered to the country in the early part of the Revolutionary War; but this, with true Americans, does not suffice to cast a shade of loveliness or even to spread a mantle of charity over his subsequent career. Whatever share Paine had in the personal friendship of the fathers of the Revolution he forfeited by his subsequent life of beastly drunkenness and degradation; and on this account as well as on account of his blasphemy he was shunned by all decent people.

We wish to make one or two corrections of misstatements by Paine's advocates, on which a vast amount of argument has been simply wasted. We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed, that Paine actually renounced his infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming infidel, and his horrible death we regard as one of the fruits. We have never seen anything that encouraged the hope that he was not abandoned of God in his last hours. But we have no doubt, on the other hand, that having become a wreck in body and mind through his intemperance, abandoned of God, deserted by his infidel companions, and dependent upon Christian charity for the attentions he received, miserable beyond description in his condition, and seeing nothing to hope for in the future, he was afraid to die, and was ready to call upon God and Christ for mercy, and ready perhaps in the next minute to blaspheme. This is what we referred to in speaking of Paine's death as cowardly. It is shown in the testimony we have produced, and still more fully in that which we now present. The most wicked men are ready to call upon God in seasons of great peril, and sometimes ask for Christian ministrations when in extreme illness; but they are often ready on any alleviation of distress to turn to their wickedness again, in the expressive language of Scripture, "as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." This calling on God in the hour of danger, after a life of ungodliness and blasphemy, with no sincere repentance, is mere cowardice, and this is the spirit which Paine manifested.

We have never stated or intimated, nor, so far as we are aware, has any one of our correspondent stated, that Paine died in poverty. It has been frequently and truthfully stated that Paine was dependent on Christian charity for the attentions he received in his last days, and so he was. His infidel companions forsook him and Christian hearts and hands ministered to his wants, notwithstanding the blasphemies of his death-bed.

Nor has one of our correspondents stated, as alleged, that Paine died at New Rochelle. The Rev. Dr. Wickam, who was a resident of that place nearly fifty years ago, and who was perfectly familiar with the facts of his life, wrote that Paine spent "his latter days" on the farm presented to him by the State of New York, which was strictly true, but made no reference to it as the place of his death. Such misrepresentations serve to show how much the advocates of Paine admire "truth."

In regard to Paine's "personal habits," even before his return to this country, and particularly his aversion to soap and water, Elkanah Watson, a gentleman of the highest social position, who resided in France during a part of the Revolutionary war, and who was the personal friend of Washington, Franklin, and other patriots of the period, makes some incidental statements in his "Men and Times of the Revolution." Though eulogizing Paine's efforts in behalf of American Independence, he describes him as "coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist." On Paine's arrival at Nantes, the Mayor and other distinguished citizens called upon him to pay their respects to the American patriot. Mr. Watson says: "He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust." Mr. W., after much entreaty, and only by promising him a bundle of newspapers to read while undergoing the operation, succeeded in prevailing on Paine, "to stew, for an hour, in a hot bath." Mr. W. accompanied Paine to the bath, and "instructed the keeper, in French (which Paine did not understand) gradually to increase the heat of the water until '*le Monsieur serait bien bouille*' (until the gentleman shall be well boiled);" and adds that "he became so much absorbed in his reading that he was nearly par-boiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and satisfaction."

William Carver has been cited as a witness in behalf of Paine, and particularly as to his "personal habits." In a letter to Paine, dated December 2, 1776, he bears the following testimony:

"A respectable gentleman from New Rochelle called to see me a few days back, and said that everybody was tired of you there, and no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case, as I found you at the tavern in a most miserable situation. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight, and as to a shirt, it could not be said that you had one on. It was only the remains of one, and this, likewise, appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight, and was nearly the color of tanned leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell possible: just like that of our poor beggars in England. Do you remember the pains I took to clean you? That I got a tub of warm water and soap and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean." (And then followed more disgusting details.)

"You say, also, that you found your own liquors during the time you boarded with me; but you should have said, 'I found only a small part of the liquor I drank during my stay with you; this part I purchased of John Fellows, which was a demijohn of brandy containing four gallons, and this did not serve me three weeks.' This can be proved and I mean not to say anything that I cannot prove, for I hold the truth as a precious jewel. It is a well known fact, that you drank one quart of brandy per day, at my expense, during the different times that you have boarded with me, the demijohn above mentioned excepted, and the last fourteen weeks you were sick. Is not this a supply of liquor for dinner and supper?"

The chosen witness in behalf of Paine, closes his letter, which is full of loathsome descriptions of Paine's manner of life, as follows:

"Now, sir, I think I have drawn a complete portrait of your character; yet to enter upon every minutia would be to give a history of your life, and to develop the fallacious mask of hypocrisy and deception under which you have acted in your political as well as moral capacity of life.

(Signed) WILLIAM CARVER.

Carver had the same opinion of Paine to his dying day. When an old man, and an infidel of the Paine type and habits, he was visited by the Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D. D., of this city, who writes under date of Sept. 27, 1877:

"I conversed with him nearly an hour. I took special pains to learn from him all that I could about Paine, whose landlord he had been for eighteen months. He spoke of him as a base and shameless drunkard, utterly destitute of moral principle. His denunciations of the man were perfectly fearful, and fully confirmed, in my apprehension, all that had been written of Paine's immorality and repulsiveness."

Cheetham's Life of Paine, which was published the year that he died, and which has passed through several editions, (we have three of them now before us) describes a man lost to all moral sensibility and to all sense of decency, a habitual drunkard, and it is simply incredible that a book should have appeared so soon after the death of its subject and should have been so frequently republished without being at once refuted, if the testimony were not substantially true. Many years later, when it was found necessary to bolster up the reputation of Paine, Cheetham's Memoirs were called a pack of lies. If only one-tenth part of what he publishes circumstantially in his volume, as facts in regard to Paine, were true, all that has been written against him in later years does not begin to set forth the degraded character of the man's life. And with all that has been written on the subject we see no good reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Cheetham's portrait of the man whom he knew so well.

Dr. J. W. Francis, well-known as an eminent physician, of this city, in his Reminiscences of New York, says of Paine:

"He who in his early days, had been associated with, and had received counsel from Franklin, was, in his old age, deserted by the humblest menial; he, whose pen has proved a very sword among nations, has shaken empires, and made kings tremble, now yielded up the mastery to the most treacherous of tyrants, King Alcohol."

The physician who attended Paine during his last illness was Dr. James R. Manley, a gentleman of the highest character. A letter of his, written in October of the year that Paine died, fully corroborates the account of his state as recorded by Stephen Grellet in his Memoirs, which we have already printed. He writes:

"New York, October 2, 1809.—I was by accident called upon to visit Mr. Paine, on the 25th of February last, and found him indisposed with fever, and very apprehensive of an attack of apoplexy, as he stated that he had had that disease before, and at this time felt a great degree of vertigo, and was unable to help himself as he had hitherto done, on account of an intense pain above the eyes. On inquiry of the attendants I was told that three or four days previously he had concluded to dispense with his usual quantity of accustomed stimulus, and that he had on that day resumed it. To the want of his usual drink they attributed his illness; and it is highly probable that the usual quantity operating upon a state of system more easily excited from the above privations, was the cause of the symptoms of which he then complained. * * * And here let me be permitted to observe (lest blame might attach to those whose business it was to pay any particular attention to his cleanliness of person) that it was absolutely impossible to effect that purpose. Cleanliness appeared to make no part of his comfort; he seemed to have a singular aversion to soap and water; he would never ask to be washed, and when he was he would always make objections; and it was not unusual to wash and dress him clean very much against his inclinations. In this deplorable state, with confirmed dropsy, attended with frequent coughing, vomiting and hiccough, he continued growing from bad to worse till the morning of the 8th of June, when he died. Though I may remark that during the last three weeks of his life, his situation was such that his decease was confidently expected every day, his ulcers having assumed a gangrenous appearance, being excessively fetid, and discolored blisters having taken place on the soles of his feet without any ostensible cause, which baffled the usual attempts to arrest their progress; and when we consider his former habits, his advanced age, the feebleness of his constitution, his constant habit of using ardent spirits ad libitum till the commencement of his last illness, so, far from wondering that he died so soon, we are constrained to ask, How did he live so long? Concerning his conduct during his disease I have not much to remark, tho' the little I have may be somewhat interesting. Mr. Paine professed to be above the fear of death, and a great part of his conversation was principally directed to give the impression that he was perfectly willing to leave this world, and yet some parts of his conduct were with difficulty reconcilable with this belief. In the first stages of his illness he was satisfied to be left alone during the day, but he required some person to be with him at night, urging as his reason that he was afraid that he should die when unattended, and at this period his deportment and his principle seemed to be consistent; so much so that a stranger would judge from some of the remarks he would make that he was an infidel. I recollect being with him at night, watching; he was very apprehensive of a speedy dissolution, and suffered great distress of body, and perhaps of mind (for he was awaiting the event of an application to the Society of Friends for permission that his corpse might be deposited in their grave ground, and had reason to believe that his request might be refused), when he remarked in these words, 'I think I can say what *they* made Jesus Christ to say—my God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' He went on to observe on the want of that respect which he concieved he merited, when I observed to him that I thought that his corpse should be a matter of least concern to him; that those whom he would leave behind him would see that he was properly interred; and further, that it would be of little consequence to *me* where I was deposited, provided I was buried; upon which he answered that he had no- [illegible] that he was not so indifferent about his corpse as I appeared to be.

"During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular; he could not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable about his conduct about this period (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death), particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was the author of the 'Age of Reason,' He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, 'Oh, Lord help me! God help me! Jesus Christ help me! Oh, Lord help me!' etc., repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions, and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious, and, I believe, pious woman), that he would occasionally inquire, when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and, being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented and would appear to give particular attention.

"I took occasion during the night of the 5th and 6th of June to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit; it was a time which seemed to suit exactly with my errand; it was midnight, he was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above mentioned, when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present: 'Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference; you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation profane words of course; you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing; you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that He can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come, now, answer me honestly. I want an answer from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.' I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him: 'Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask again, do you believe? or let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' After a pause of some minutes, he answered: 'I have no wish to believe on that subject.' I then left him, and knew not whether he afterward spoke to any person on any subject, though he lived, as I before observed, till the morning of the 8th. Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I conceive absolutely unaccountable, though, with diffidence, I would remark, not so much so in the present instance; for, though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a sincere wish to atone for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of able consideration whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity, and inordinate self-love might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence. For my own part, I believe that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished infidel he would have left less equivocal evidences of a change of opinion. Concerning the persons who visited Mr. Paine in his distress as his personal friends, I heard very little, though I may observe that their number was small, and of that number there were not wanting those who endeavored to support him in his deistical opinions, and to encourage him to 'die like a man,' to 'hold fast his integrity,' lest Christians, or, as they were pleased to term them, hypocrites, might take advantage of his weakness, and furnish themselves with a weapon by which they might hope to destroy their glorious system of morals. Numbers visited him from motives of benevolence and Christian charity, endeavoring to effect a change of mind in respect to his religious sentiments. The labor of such was apparently lost, and they pretty generally received such treatment from him as none but good men would risk a second time, though some of those persons called frequently."

The following testimony will be new to most of our readers. It is from a letter written by Bishop Fenwick (Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston), containing a full account of a visit which he paid to Paine in his last illness. It was printed in the *United States Catholic Magazine* for 1846; in the *Catholic Herald* of Philadelphia, October 15, 1846; in a supplement to the *Hartford Courant*, October 23, 1847, and in *Littell's Living Age* for January 22, 1848, from which we copy. Bishop Fenwick writes:

"A short time before Paine died I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him, among other things, that in his wretched condition if anybody could do him any good it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress), whom I had received into the Church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of this message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann, at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the [illegible] after set out for the house at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed on a mode of proceeding with him.

"We arrived at the house; a decent-looking elderly woman, (probably his housekeeper), came to the door and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests, for said she 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by other denominations calling upon him that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church.' Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then 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. It is better we wait a little till he be awake.' We accordingly sat down and resolved to await 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 that 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 heart-rending. 'O Lord help me,' he will exclaim during his paroxisms of distress. 'God help me—Jesus Christ help me,' repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say, 'O 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 would become of me hereafter.' Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden 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 in the house. 'Then,' said he 'send even 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 beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth; 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 days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk-punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken, undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also followed in the track and left its mark on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it."

Immediately upon their making known the object of their visit, Paine interrupted the speaker by saying: "That's enough, sir; that's enough," and 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 imposter." He drove them out of the room, exclaiming: "Away with you and your God, too; leave the room instantly; 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 imposter, Jesus Christ."

This, we think, will suffice. We have a mass of letters containing statements confirmatory of what we have published in regard to the life and death of Paine, but nothing more can be required.

Odds and Ends.

—The Pope's lower limbs have become paralyzed and he therefore cannot move without assistance.

—The English channel tunnel has been fairly commenced in France, where several pits are sunk to the depth of 110 yards.

—About half a million dollars worth of property was destroyed by fire in San Francisco last week. It is believed to have been the work of the Communists.

—On a suit growing out of gold transactions, a verdict was rendered last week against Jay Gould, in a New York court, for the sum of $400,000.

—Representative Scales, Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, has introduced a bill to transfer the Indian Bureau from the custody of the Interior Department to the War Department.

—A farmer was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

NEW YORK, November 19.—The *World* says: The safe in the Fifth National Bank, at the corner of Third Avenue and 23d street, was blown open at high noon on Sunday by burglars, who got away with $5,000.

[illegible] the weight of years, and as he has enough worldly goods, he is now glad to leave the lecture field to young people. He will lecture this winter only in places whence he can get back to Boston the same night.

—The United States Marshal at Salt Lake has attached all the property that could be reached of John W. Young, to satisfy a judgment entered by default for the sum of $10,000 alleged to be due the First National Bank of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, for money borrowed by Young on mortgage bonds of the Utah Western Railroad. Among other personal effects seized were a span of blooded stallions, a half dozen Jersey cows, carriages, harness, household goods, etc. The *Tribune* says the claims held by all parties against Young amount to $180,000.

We are to have a bridge across the Missouri river at Yankton. The company who have contract of building the bridge are already sending forward material for its construction. They expect to have the bridge completed and ready for crossing within the next six weeks, and from what we know of the ability of the company, Messrs. Frost, Wind, Snow & Co., we are convinced that their expectations will be fully realized. Major Jack Frost, the senior member of the firm, has had extensive experience in bridge building. *Press and Dakotian.*

—There is a remarkable German Communist Society in Iowa, called the Amana, which has adopted co-operative housekeeping. The families live in separate houses, but take their meals in one common boarding-house. They have one common kitchen and laundry to a village, so that no cooking or washing is done in the separate houses. The society is very prosperous and wealthy, and the members are happy and healthy. It is all because they don't have to worry over house-keeping.

—He called at the police office and stated that he was in trouble. "A fine young fellow, shust so nice as anybody, came up to me on the street and said, 'How you does? Long time since I saw you in Shasta Gounty.' I say: 'I never vas is Shasta Gounty.' He says: 'Why, I dinks I saw you dere.' I says: 'No; I lives near Auburn.' He goes away; and bimeby I meets a chap, and he says: 'How you vas since I left you at Auburn?' Then we has a talk und some drinks, und I lend him ein hundred dollars until the pank opens; und I don't see him some more. Vat you dinks?"

A Short Temperance Story.

In a large city a laboring man, leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair of horses standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer.

"Whose establishment is that?"

"It is mine," replied the dealer complacently. "It cost $5,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad; then, with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by a startling flash, said, "I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and that gold-mounted harness, for the silk and laces and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and family shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and a cure for it."

Wit and Humor.

—The home club—The potatoe masher.

—The warmest kind of a hat—one that's got stove in.

—A worrying kind of occupation to be engaged in—Fretwork.

—The latest thing out is usually a young man with a latch-key.

—Fat men should not skate, although they make a good impression on ice.

—"A baby," says a French writer, "is an angel, whose wings decrease as its legs increase."

—When the enterprising butcher's assistant "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat?

—House flies are becoming weak in the knees and do not seem to care whether school keeps or not.

—Three are a mob, according to law. This is what a young fellow thinks when he and another chap are courting the same girl.

—"I thought you told me that B——'s fever was gone off," said a gentleman.

"I did so," was the answer, "but forgot to mention that he went off along with it."

—A farmer in the neighborhood of Doncaster was thus accosted by his landlord:—

"John, I'm going to raise your rent."

John replied: "Sir, I am obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

—The editor of a St. Louis paper recently insisted that poets must be brief. The next day he received the following, entitled, "The Ballad of the Merchant:" "Trust—Bust."

—Few young men can be frightened now-a-days by their paternals threatening to disinherit them. The young rascals only laugh at the idea of how little they will have to lose.

—Two lawyers having a dispute, one said to the other, who was a dwarf:

"If you are not more civil I will put you in my pocket."

"Then," replied the little fellow, "you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

—Josh Billings says: "I am willing to rock the baby while wimmen folks are boiling soap; I am ready to cut rags to rants; or I will even dip candles, or core apples for sass, but I won't *churn.*

Young beginner (sol.)—"This is getting deuced absurd! I've squeezed her hand, and all that sort of thing, and talked about man's lonliness and drifting down the stream of life together, and that sort of thing. I wonder what on earth a fellow is expected to do next!" And it never occurred to him that perhaps he had been scarcely sufficiently explicit.

—It is seldom easy to see the hidden benefaction in that which is an apparent affliction. A boy who was "confounding" the mosquito, was told by his pastor "that doubtless the insects are made with a good end in view," when the young scamp replied, "I can't see it, whether it is in view or not. At any rate, I don't like the end I feel."

—Uncle Jesse Lyon married a second wife the third day after the funeral of his first wife, whereat the neighbors serenaded him with tin pans, horse-fiddles and yells, to signify their indignation. Uncle Jesse stood it as long as he could, and then went forth and spoke thus: "Boys, if you care nothing for the joys of a bridegroom, I think you ought to respect the feelings of a widower, the late partner of whose bosom is yet hardly cold in her grave!" The boys were stunned, and silently departed.

—Joe Jefferson is about to retire from the stage, and here's an anecdote not hitherto published: When Jefferson was playing "Rip" in New York once, a very large, showily dressed man came in late and took a seat in the parquette. During the first act he was much affected, and attracted a good deal of attention by profusely wiping his eyes. When at length Rip was driven from his home, the fat chap put his handkerchief to his face and bellowed out, "Poor old cuss!"

Putting Children to Bed.

Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bedtime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing and sobbing in its sleep you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come all too soon when they will lay their heads upon the pillow lacking both. Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have met the man or woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast you may have seen one in whose childhood home dignity and severity stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

Manners.

Before you bow to a lady in the street, permit her to decide whether you may do so or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology, for the gloves should not be drawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady, you should also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, bow to him in return.

A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that her or his object is beneath your notice.

A smiling countenance is pleasant, but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is any one to suppose himself derided by it.

A visit must be returned in a like manner, even though no intimacy is intended.