THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WHATCOM AND SAN JUAN COUNTIES AND THE WHOLE NORTHWEST.

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THOMAS PAINE.

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

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 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 besmeared 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 days 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, F. 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 a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say 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 cited 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 what effect I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: "Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow there exists a God, and that this God can not be 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 blasphemies 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 imposter, 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.

Upon this we both withdrew from the room and left the unfortunate man to his thoughts.

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 exhorbitant gardener about an immense ship of flowers, made him stick in a dozen more camellias and light the whole thing with his best cornelia cocks; 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 stanch believer in flowers. His stars can go to the boxoffice 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.

At present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on women, is something to do which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—[James Garfield.

LEARNED WOMEN.

Extraordinary Prejudice which Formerly Prevailed against Them.

A TENDENCY TO MAKE WIVES "PRETENTIOUS 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 [illegible] tive village for proposing [illegible] able a plan as the [illegible] schools for girls in [illegible] father called in [illegible] ors to determine whether [illegible] had 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 entreats 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 acquir[illegible] be as carefully conceal[illegible] from a world which [illegible] despised a learned woman. [illegible] 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.

TALMAGE ON SNORERS.

I wish to put myself right on this subject. I have no objection to snoring, if it is the right sort. Indeed, there are species of snoring that are positively impressive and suggestive. I have had interviews of this kind with gentlemen whom I shall never forget. I have arisen sometimes and lit the gas to look upon the face of such gentlemen occupyin[illegible] same apartments in crow[illegible] I have taken upon [illegible] casions the res[illegible] such a one over to [illegible] what variety he would enter[illegible]. I have returned to my pillow astounded at his capacity, and wondered whether it was a natural or an acquired taste. To satisfy my curiosity, I have projected my pillow in the direction of the nasal performer and have been amply rewarded with new varieties of notes. I have heard one person assuming many varieties in the course of an hour. First, beginning with a soft breathing like that of a bashful novice, it rises up into a steady, strong breathing, as if every inspiration were a hard pull. Then, enlarging into a rattle like the rattle of a chain cable in a steamboat cabin when the pilot gives a turn to the wheel, it goes off into a puff like that of an engine. Deepening into a groan and passing from thence to a gurgling of the throat, as though strangulation were going on. It rises into a long and monotonous succession of roars. Then, breaking out into terrific ebullitions of sound, as if an orang-outang, a lion and a dozen wild animals were engaged in a mortal combat, it suddenly ceases, and the performer awakens and wonders that you can't sleep.

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.

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 fall 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."—Richar Proctor.

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

DOLOROUS LITERATURE.

Most of the poetry manufactured in the present day is written by women. A marked feature of almost all of it is gloom and low-spirited woe. There is nothing cheerful about it. Women never pen a joyous carol or a merry lay. They confine themselves to raking up the cold ashes of a dismal past, and harrowing our feelings with dolorous prophecies regarding a joyless and insolvent future. This would lead one to believe that the average poetess is bilious, but such is not the case. We have known some women who were the light of their respective households, the life of the social circle; women who would darn socks with hilarity, and construct a rag carpet with exultant glee; women whose buoyant spirits were as sunshine in their homes—and yet these same women, when they sat down with pen in hand, and when the poetry began to boil up inside there, would become unhappy and filled with gnawing sorrow, bitter grief, and a brand of misery that would register away up above proof.

There is too much of this unshedtear style of poetry going around. We know that the world is hollow, and that it is a fleeting show, and that women are fickle, and that all men are liars, and that life is but a weary interlude, and that death will be a relief (especially from this class of poetry) but Job and David and Solomon told us all that long ago, and we protest against these time-worn and dismal truisms being repeated every hour and thrust on us with all their defective rhyme, halting rhyme, and no reason at all.

Let there be a revolution in this matter, and the world will be all the better for it. Let us have something cheerful, some poetry with hope, and joy, and gladness in it. Although the rose has thorns, don't grieve over that, but rather remember that it has beauty and a sweet odor. Banish the clouds, sweep out the dead autumn leaves, and give us sunshine and budding flowers.

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.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, according to the London *Truth*, is writing a romantic drama for Miss Mary Anderson, in which the lady is a duchess and a murderess.

It has been remarked as singular that, although the war was ended eighteen years ago, the number of inmates in the homes for disabled soldiers is steadily increasing.

VALENTINES.

Powerful Poetic Genius not Required in the Art.

A GROWING FANCY FOR HAND-PAINTED VALENTINES.

"A Poetess" has been advertising to write valentine poetry to order. "She is behind time," said one of the principal manufacturers of valentines, "for this season, and a little early for next. There are not many valentine writers, and I don't think that if you hunted them over you would find one distinguished name among them, or even one that you had ever heard before. Most of my original ones are written by a lady in Bangor, Me. She writes also for another house. Some of her relatives were in the business, and she possessed natural talents for it; so in that way she got into it, and, once in, keeps right along. The late A. J. Fisher, who was the leading publisher of valentines, used to write his own mostly. I don't know exactly what his best hold was, whether it was the purely comic, the vengefully satirical, or the gushingly sentimental. The lady in Bangor is the best in the line. It doesn't require a really very powerful poetic genius to grind out valentine poetry. When you get an idea fit for a verse you can sort of model it over a few times. For instance:

"As on the gold the diamond bright doth shine,
So thou upon my heart doth glow, my Valentine.

"And then again, by a slight twist of the wrist you get:

"As in the gold the ruby's gleam doth shine,
So in my heart thy image sits, my Valentine.

"Or, by a slight wrench to the crank:

"Like the sparkling glow in the juice of the vine,
Are thy eyes in my heart, my sweet Valentine.

"Same idea, you see; reels off just as easy as yarn off a ball. Lots of our Valentine poetry we sort of pick up. Newspapers sometimes have poetical fancies in them that we happen to drop on, and occasionally we can chop out a good chunk of heart throb and burning love where you'd hardly notice it, and where the poet who originally wrote it would himself be sort of surprised at the discovery. Of course we might doctor it up a little—make it trump in a little better for our uses, you know—but we would keep the original idea fairly, nevertheless."

Another dealer in the most expensive sort of imported and hand-made valentines said: "There is hardly any novelty in the imported lace-paper valentines. The same things that were good enough for us when we were young and spooney, if made over fresh, are good enough for those who are young and spooney now, and will be for their grandchildren when they begin to get soft about the heart fifty years from now. But for a few years past there has been a growing fancy for hand-painted valentines, some of which are very expensive, and for them there is a demand for original poetry. That is probably the trade that 'the poetess' is striking for. Acrostics are popular in them. They are poorly paid for as a rule, for they are not much in demand—the verses, I mean. The hand-painted valentines are well-paid for, you may be sure, and their manufacture is conducted in quite a private way. But the people who order them, as a general thing, grind out their own love-sick doggerel, and no matter how bad it is the girl who gets it will think it divine if a diamond ring is part of the valentine, as it sometimes is. That poetess won't go to Europe next summer on the profits of her valentine writing, I'll bet.—[N. Y. Sun.

THE PRICE OF A BURGLAR'S KIT.

Bank burglars's tools are generally of a very superior order, gathered with care and piecemeal 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 crackmen 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.

PERSONAL.

Great Britian 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.

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."

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.

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."

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.

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.

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.

George C. Miln, 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.

Although nearly eight years have slipped away since the summer morning on which little Charlie Ross was abducted from his Germantown home, his father, Christain 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 punishmsnt had been immediate.—[Alta.

Miss Rhody Garett, 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.

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.

Conscience is a magic lantern that throws distorted figures on any white blank wall.