

tholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness; and who told him among other things, that in his wretched condition if any one could do him good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quaker) whom I had received into the Church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of a message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlman 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 at the time I was so 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 most impious as well as infamous of men.

We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed upon 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 ministers of other different 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 humour when roused out of his sleep—it is better to wait a little till he be awake." We accordingly sat down to await the more favourable moment. "Gentlemen," said the lady, after having taken her seat also, "I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine; for he is labouring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he can not possibly live, and must die shortly. He has sent for you to-day, because he was told that if any one could do him any good, you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy, which his physicians were ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when alone, are heart-rending. *O Lord help me! he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, God help me! Jesus Christ help me!* repeating the same expressions without any 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 a God what will 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 to 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 can not 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 some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room, across the passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room had awoken. We 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 in 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 presented very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also flowed in the track, and left its mark on the pillow. His face to a certain extent had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. F. Kohlmann having entered first, took a seat on the side, near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, F. Kohlmann, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Catholic priests, and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that as Paine had been in France, he was probably acquainted with that language, (which was not the fact) and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility, and could express his thoughts better in it than in the English.

"Mons. Paine, j'ai lu votre livre intitulé, *L'Age*