



turned to London, his wife set out with him; but her subsequent fate is not well known. Some say that she perished on the road, by ill-usage and a premature birth: others, believe her to be still alive.' Now, who that reads this, does not feel a desire to kick the scoundrel of a staymaker, for exclaiming against aristocracy, because as he pretends its laws and customs are cruel and unnatural? "With what kind of parental reflexions," says the hypocrite in his Rights of Man, "can the father and mother contemplate their tender offspring? To restore parents to their children, and children to their parents, relations to each other, and man to society, the French constitution has destroyed the law of primogenitureship." Is not this fine cant to entrap the unsuspecting vulgar? Who would not imagine that the soul which pours itself forth in joy for the restoration of all these dear relatives to each other, was made up of constancy and tenderness? Who would suspect the man whose benevolence is thus extended to foreigners whom he never saw, of being a brutal and savage husband, and an unnatural father? Do you ask, "with what kind of parental reflexions the father and mother can contemplate their tender offspring?" Hypocritical monster! with what kind of reflexions did you contemplate the last agonies of a poor, weak, credulous woman, who had braved the scoffs of the world, who had abandoned every thing for your sake, had put her all in your possession, and who looked up to you, and you alone, for support? Paine's humanity, like that of all the reforming philosophers of the present enlightened day, is of the speculative kind. It never breaks out into action. Hear these people, and you would think them overflowing with the milk of human kindness. They stretch their benevolence to the extremities of the globe: it embraces every living creature—except those who have the misfortune to come in contact with them. They are all citizens of the world: country and friends and relations are unworthy the attention of men who are occupied in rendering all mankind happy and free. I ever suspect the sincerity of a man whose discourse abounds in expressions of universal philanthropy.

In July, 1761, Thomas returned, without his wife, to his father's house. Having been unsuccessful in the business of a staymaker, he was now willing to leave it for the Excise. In the excise, he was established in 1762, at the age of 25. The kindness of Mr. Cocksedge, recorder of Thetford, procured for him this appointment. He was sent, as a supernumerary, first to Grantham; and on the 8th of August 1764, to Alford. Being detected in some misconduct, he was, on the 27th of August 1765, dismissed from his office. In this state of wretchedness and disgrace, he repaired to London a third time. Here charity supplied him with clothes, money and

lodging; till he was, on the 11th of July 1766, restored to
 the excise, although not to immediate employment. For
 support, in the mean time, he engaged himself for a salary of
 25*l.* a year, in the service of Mr. Noble, who kept an academy
 in Lemon-strect, Goodman's-fields. At Christmas he
 left the service of Mr. Noble for that of Mr. Gardner, who
 then taught a reputable school at Kensington. With Mr.
 Gardner he continued only three months. He would now
 willingly have taken orders; but being only an English
 scholar, he could not obtain the certificate of his qualifications
 previously necessary. Being violently moved, however, with
 the spirit of preaching, he wandered about for a while as an
 itinerant Methodist. In March, 1768, he again obtained em-
 ployment as an excise-officer; and was sent in this capacity
 to Lewes in Sussex. He was now at the age of 31, ambitious
 of shining as a jolly fellow among his companions, yet with-
 out restraining his sullen overbearing temper, although to
 the neglect of his duty as an exciseman. By his intrepidity
 in water and on ice, he gained the appellation of Commodore.
 He had gone to live with Mr. Samuel Ollive, a tobacconist;
 and in his house he continued till that worthy man's death.
 Mr. Ollive died in bad circumstances: leaving a widow, one
 daughter, and several sons. For some dishonest intermeddling
 with the effects of his deceased landlord, Paine was turned
 out of the house by Mr. Attersol, the executor. But, being
 more favourably regarded by the widow and daughter, he was
 received again by them in 1770. He soon after commenced
 grocer; opening Ollive's shop in his own name. He, at the
 same time worked the tobacco mill on his own behalf; and,
 regardless of his duty as an excise officer, for several years
 continued this trade, engaging without scruple in smuggling
 practices. In 1771, at the age of 34, he again ventured on
 matrimony. Elizabeth Ollive, the daughter of his late land-
 lord, whom he now married, was a handsome and worthy
 woman, eleven years younger than himself. Upon the occa-
 sion of this second marriage, Paine thought proper to represent
 himself as a bachelor, although he must have known that he
 was either a widower—or if his former wife was then alive, a
 married man; and although the Marriage act has declared it
 to be felony, without benefit of clergy, for a person thus wil-
 fully to make a false entry on the register. In the same year;
 Paine first commenced author. Rumbold, candidate for New-
 Shoreham, required a song to celebrate the patriotism and the
 conviviality of the occasion. Paine produced one, which was
 rewarded with three guineas. The excisemen began about
 this time to be dissatisfied that their salaries were not
 augmented. Paine undertook to write their Case, and in
 1772, produced a pamphlet called, *The State of the Salary of*

the Officers of Excise. Of this pamphlet 4000 copies were printed. A contribution was made by the excisemen to supply the expenses attending the solicitation of their case. Paine bustled about, as their agent in London, in the winter of 1773: But nothing was done; and although liberally paid by his employers, he forgot to pay his printer. In his attention to the common cause of the excisemen, he had neglected his own private affairs. His credit failed: he sunk into difficulties: and in this situation, made a bill of sale of his effects to Mr. Whitfield, a grocer at Lewes. The other creditors thinking themselves outwitted by Whitfield, and cheated by Paine, had recourse to the rigours of law. Paine sought concealment for a time in the cock-loft of the Whitehorse-inn. About the same time, he was again dismissed from the excise. His carelessness of the duties of his office—dealing as a grocer in exciseable articles—buying smuggled tobacco, as a grinder of snuff—and conniving at others for the concealment of it himself—could no longer be overlooked. His dismissal took place on the 8th of April 1774. He petitioned to be restored, but without success.

Reader! how often have I observed, that disappointment, and refusal of favours asked from government, are *the great sources* of what is now-a-days called *patriotism*? Here we are arrived at the cause of Paine's mortal enmity to the British government. Had his petition been granted; had he been restored to his office, he undoubtedly would have stigmatized the Americans as rebels and traitors: he would have probably been among the supplest tools of lord North, instead of being the champion of American independence. Who, after reading this, will believe that he was actuated by laudable motives, when he wrote against taxation; when he called the excise a "hell-born monster?" What, Thomas petition to be one of the under-devils of a "hell-born monster!" He tells the poor people of Great Britain, that their "hard-earned pence are wrung from them by the king and his ministers;" yet, we see, that he wished a little more to be wrung from them, when he expected a share. Disinterested and compassionate soul! The English Clergy, too, and the tythes they receive, have been considerable objects of Thomas's outcry. Those battering rams, called the Rights of Man, have been directed against these with their full force. But what would the hypocrite have said, had he been able to slip within the walls of the church? Tom looks upon tythes as oppressive, merely because he is not a rector. How little his attempt to obtain holy orders (sacrilegious monster!) and his Methodist preaching, agree with the opinions expressed in his "Age of Reason" I shall notice, when I come to that epoch in his life, when he threw aside the mask, and became *an open blasphemer*.

'Amid this knavery and mismanagement, Paine had not distinguished himself by conjugal tenderness to his second wife. He had now lived with her three years and a half, and, besides cruelly beating, had otherwise treated her in a manner which would excite the indignation of every virtuous woman; and which must ensure to him the detestation of every honourable man. From respect to the known delicacy and modesty of our fair country-women, we forbear to state the particulars. The consequence of all this was, a separation between him and his wife, upon the conditions of her paying her husband 35*l.* sterling, and his agreeing to claim no part of whatever property she might thereafter acquire. Paine now retired to London; but would not leave his wife in peace till they had mutually entered into new articles of separation.'

This is the kind and philanthropic Tom Paine, who sets up such a piteous howl about the cruelty of kings! "I have known many of those bold champions for liberty in my time," says the good old Vicar of Wakefield, "yet do I not remember one who was not *in his heart and in his family a tyrant.*" What Dr. Johnson observes of Milton may with justice be applied to every individual of the king-killing crew; "he looked upon woman as made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion." I would request the reader to look round among his acquaintance and see if this observation does not every where hold good; see if there be one among the yelping kennel of modern patriots, who is not a bad husband, father, brother, or son. The same pride and turbulence of spirit that lead them to withhold every mark of respect and obedience from their superiors, lead them also to tyrannize over those who are subjected to their will. The laws of nature will seldom be respected by the man who has set those of his country and of decorum at defiance; and from this degree of perversity, there is but one step to the defiance of heaven itself. The good citizen or subject, the good husband, parent and child, and the good Christian exist together, or they exist not at all. From the circumstances attending Tom's separation from his last wife, we may make a pretty correct calculation of his value as a husband. The poor woman was obliged to pay him 35*l.* to get rid of him; so that, a democratic spouse, even supposing him to come up to his great leader in worth, is just 35*l.* worse than nothing. Oh, base democracy! Why, it is absolutely worse than street sweepings, or the filth of common sewers! Tom has lately set to writing down the credit of *English Bank-notes*, a task that *the dregs of his old brain* are quite unequal to. Instead of useless labours of this kind, instead of attempting to *write down the Bible and Bank notes*, I would recommend to him to oblige the people with a statement of the sums necessary to pay off all the democratic husbands, at the price his own wife fixed on himself. Their

wives, I dare say, would have no objection to imitate Mrs. Paine, as far as their last farthing would go.

Paine now finding that his notoriously bad character rendered it adviseable for him to leave the country, procured a recommendation to Dr. Franklin in America. He accordingly sailed for America in September 1774. He arrived at Philadelphia in the winter of 1774, a few months before the battle of Lexington. He was first engaged as shopman by Mr. Aitkin, a bookseller in Philadelphia, at the wages of 20*l.* a year. In November 1775, he was employed in a laboratory. He took great pains in experiments for the purpose of discovering some cheap and expeditious method of making saltpetre. He was also the proposer of a plan for the voluntary supplying of the public magazines with gunpowder. On the 10th of January 1776, was published his "Common Sense." This pamphlet was eagerly read. On the 19th of December 1776, he published, in the Pennsylvania Journal, the first number of the "Crisis," intended to encourage the Americans in their opposition to the British government. The Crisis, he continued to publish till a cessation of hostilities between America and Britain was proclaimed on the 19th of April 1783.

Thus, we see, that he was hardly arrived in America, when he set about digging up saltpetre for the destruction of his countrymen, the servants of that king whom he himself had served, and whom he would still have served, had he not been dismissed in disgrace. And can any one have the folly to believe that this man was actuated by a love of liberty and America? The unprincipled, or silly admirers of Paine, never fail to stigmatize his enemies as enemies of the American cause; but what has the justice or injustice of that cause to do with an inquiry into the actions and motives of Paine? Is a man to be looked upon as regretting that America obtained its independence, merely because he detests a *cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian* who once wrote in favour of it? Are the merits of the revolution itself to be linked to *all that is base and infamous*? A man like Paine, just landed in the country, could have no oppression to complain of, and therefore his hostility against his country admits of no defence. He was a traitor; and (to use one of Tom's own expressions) "a traitor is the foulest fiend on earth."

In 1777, Paine was appointed by the congress, secretary to their committee for foreign affairs. When Silas Deane, commercial agent for the Congress in Europe, was recalled, to make room for William Lee, a contention ensued between Deane and the family of the Lees; and Paine took part in the controversy, by attacking Deane. He took occasion to involve in the dispute the famous Robert Morris, financier of the United States. Morris interfered against him; and

' Paine was provoked to retail, through the channel of the
 ' newspapers, information which had been communicated to
 ' him in his office of secretary. This information betraying
 ' intrigues of the French court, their ambassador complained to
 ' Congress. Paine being interrogated, confessed himself the
 ' author of the newspaper correspondence in question, and was
 ' in consequence dismissed from his office.'—As I have heard this
 matter often spoken of, I will just repeat what I have heard;
 without pledging myself for the truth of it. While Silas Deane
 was agent under the plenipotentiary administration of Dr.
 Franklin, at the court of Versailles, these intriguing patriots
 had the address to procure a present of 200,000 stand of con-
 demned arms from the king of France to the American con-
 gress: but, as this was done at a time when the French court
 had solemnly, though treacherously, engaged not to interfere in
 the dispute, the present was to be kept a secret among the im-
 mediate agents. The *condemned* arms, given as a present, were;
 by the faithful agents, charged as good ones, and paid for by
 the United States. Who pocketed the money, was then and is
 still a question, but there seems to have been but little doubt
 of its having undergone a division and a subdivision, as the
 secret had extended far and wide, before poor Tom was silenced.
 After having heard these accounts of this dismissal, which both
 agree, let us hear what Thomas says about it himself, in the
 Second Part of his *Rights of Man*. "After the declaration of
 independence, congress unanimously appointed me *secretary in
 the foreign department*. But a misunderstanding arising between
 congress and me respecting one of their commissioners then in
 Europe Mr. Silas Deane, *I resigned the office*." Was there ever a
 more pitiful attempt at acquiring reputation than this! He calls
 himself secretary in the foreign department, thereby giving us
 to understand, that he was a secretary of state in America, as
 lord Grenville or the duke of Portland is in England, and as
 Mr. Jefferson then was in the United States. *Secretary to the
 Committee* for foreign affairs, would have sounded small; it
 would have made a jingle like that of halfpence; whereas, *Se-
 cretary of State* rang in the ears of his empty-headed disciples,
 like guineas upon a hollow counter. "But a misunderstanding
 "arising *between Congress and me*." Here is another fetch at
 importance. "Between Congress and me!" How the affiliated
 mobs stared at this, I dare say: A complaint was lodged against
 him, and Congress dismissed him. How does he twist this
 into a misunderstanding between Congress and him? As well
 may the criminal say, he has had a misunderstanding with the
 judge who condemns him. "And so *I resigned the office*."
 Every one in America knows, that he was "*dismissed for a scan-
 dalous breach of trust*;" but, in the courtier's vocabulary, *re-
 signed* has long been synonymous with *dismissed*, *discarded*, and

turned out; and we see that Thomas, though he rails against courts and courtiers, did not scruple to employ it in the same way.

In August 1782, Paine published a Letter to the Abbé Raynal, in consequence of the latter author's publication of his History of the Revolution of America. His next production was a Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, on the effects likely to arise to Great Britain from the independence of America. His labours had not yet received any substantial reward. He, in the mean time, suffered all the miseries of penury. He now solicited the American assemblies to grant some recompence for the services by which he had contributed to the establishment of their independence. New York bestowed on him lands of little value at New Rochelle! Pennsylvania granted him 500*l.*—In 1786, he departed for France, after having, at New York, seduced a young woman of a reputable family. In the beginning of 1787, he arrived in Paris, and exhibited, before the French academy of sciences, the model of a bridge of peculiar construction. On the 3rd of September, in this same year, Paine arrived at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, London. In 1787, he published a pamphlet, intituled, Prospects on the Rubicon. In 1788, he was busy at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, about the casting of an Iron arch for the bridge, of which he had presented a model to the French academy. This bridge proved merely an expensive project, by which the contriver was impoverished, and the community not benefited. At Rotherham, his familiarities became disagreeable to the women. Through various circumstances, Paine became indebted to Whiteside, the American merchant, in the sum of 620*l.* Upon the bankruptcy of Whiteside, Paine was arrested by order of the assignees, at the White Bear, Piccadilly, on the 29th of October, 1789. He remained, for three weeks, confined in a spunging-house, till he was at length relieved by the kind interference of two eminent American merchants, Messrs. Clagget and Murdock. Meanwhile, Paine had, during his involuntary retirement, listened eagerly to the news of the rising commotions in France. Soon after he was ~~set~~ at liberty, therefore, he crossed the Channel, in order to be a nearer spectator of events in which he rejoiced. He returned to England about the time of the publication of Mr. Burke's pamphlet on the French Revolution. His next work was an Answer to Mr. Burke, in the First Part of his Rights of Man. This work was published on the 13th of March, 1791, by Mr. Jordan, in Fleet-street. Conscious of the seditious falsehoods which he had advanced in it; Paine dreaded even then the inquiries of the king's messengers, and sought concealment in the house of his friend, Mr. Brand Hollis; while it was industriously given out, by those in his secret, that he had hastil

departed for Paris. In May, Paine returned to Paris. While sojourning there, he entered into a controversy with Emanuel Syeyes, who had been chiefly active in framing the new constitution of France; Syeyes, in defence of that limited monarchy which the new constitution had established; Paine, "*against the whole hell of monarchy*,"—to use his own words. On the 13th of July, 1791, Paine again arrived at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, just in time to assist in the celebration of the anniversary of the French Revolution. On the 4th of November, he assisted at the accustomed commemoration of the 5th of November, by the Revolution Society. He was thanked for his Rights of Man; and gave for his toast, "The Revolution of the World." Immediately after this, preparing to bring forth the Second Part of his Rights of Man, he hid himself in Fetter-lane. Mr. Chapman was employed to print his book. At Mr. Chapman's table he occasionally spent a pleasant evening, after the solitary labours of the day. After this commodious intercourse had subsisted for several months, Paine was somehow moved to insult Mr. Chapman's wife; in consequence of which, the printer turned him out of doors with indignation; exclaiming, that he had "*no more principle than a post, and no more religion than a ruffian*." Paine has ascribed a different origin to this quarrel with his printer; but it is proper that, even in so small a matter, the truth should be known. This Second Part was at length published; being recommended by the same qualities as the First, it met with a similar reception. Its author, finding that he had now excited against himself the strongest abhorrence of all the worthier part of the nation, thought it prudent to retire to France. His actions and writings, however little credit they may have done him in Britain, recommended him to a seat in the French convention.

Here ends the account of Paine's life, as I find it in print, and which was published in 1793. I shall now attempt a continuation of it.—Paine took his seat among that gang of blood-thirsty tyrants, usually called the *Convention*, just time enough to assist in proscribing that constitution which he had written two whole books in defence of. The first job that Tom was set about, after the destruction of the constitution, was, making another. Thomas and his fellow journeymen, Brissot, Claviere, and about half a dozen others, fell to work, and, in a very few days, hammered out the clumsy, ill-proportioned devil of a thing, commonly called the *Constitution of 1793*. Of this ridiculous instrument I shall only observe, that it was rejected with every mark of contempt, even by the French themselves. About the time that this constitution-work was going on, the unfortunate king was brought to trial by his ten-times perjured and rebellious subjects. Paine did not vote for his death; a cir-

cumstance that his friends produce as a proof of his justice and humanity, forgetting, at the same time, that they thereby brand all those who did vote for it, with injustice and barbarity. However, upon closer inquiry, we shall find little reason for distinctions between Tom and his colleagues. He voted for the king's *banishment*, the banishment of a man perfectly innocent; and it was owing merely to his being embarked with the faction of Brissot, instead of that of Danton, that he did not vote for his death. Brissot afterwards published, in the name of his whole party, the reasons why they looked on it as *good policy* not to put the king to death; on these reasons was the vote of Paine founded, and not on his humanity or his justice. The whole process of the trial of the king of France, was the most flagrant act of injustice that ever stained the annals of the world. It was well known to every one, that he was innocent of every crime laid to his charge. Had Paine been a just and humane man, he would have stood up boldly in the defence of innocence, in place of sheltering himself under a vote for *banishment*. Banishment! Great God! Banishment on the head of the towering family of Bourbon, pronounced by a discarded English exciseman! What must have been the feelings of this forsaken prince, when he heard the word *banishment*! come from the lips of a wretch, raised to notice by the success of a revolution, of which he himself had been a principal support! I hope no such thought came athwart the mind of the unfortunate Louis; if it did, certain I am, it must have been ten million times more poignant than the pangs of death!— However Paine might find it convenient to vote upon this occasion, it is certain he did not feel much horror at the murder of the king, or he would not have remained in the service of his murderers. He was told this by his quondam friend Mr. _____ letter sent him from England soon _____ their king, it will be a si _____ ch san

“ and wrote your opinions on them in free terms. What then
 “ means this sudden attachment to Kings? This fondness of
 “ the English government, and hatred of the French? If you
 “ mean to curry favour by aiding your government, you are
 “ mistaken; *they never recompence those who serve it; they buy*
 “ *off those who can annoy it, and let the good that is rendered*
 “ *it, be its own reward.* Believe me, King, *more is to be ob-*
 “ *tained by cherishing the rising spirit of the people, than by sub-*
 “ *duing it. Follow my fortunes, and I will be answerable, that*
 “ *you shall make your own.*

“ Paris, January 3, 1793.

THEO. PAINE.”

This letter ought to be stuck upon every wall and every post in every country where the voice of the people is of any consequence. It is the creed, the *multum in parvo*, of all the pretended patriots that ever infested the earth. It is all in all; it is conclusive, and requires neither colouring nor commentary. After the death of the king of France, there was a long struggle between the faction of Brissot, to which Tom had attached himself, and that of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat. The last named murderer was dispatched by a murderess of Brissot's faction; after which, her abettors were all guillotined, imprisoned, or proscribed. Thomas saved his life by countenancing the degradation of the Christian religion, in his “*Age of Reason*.” When Danton was solicited to spare him, on account of his talents as a writer in the cause of liberty, “*Tu ne vois pas donc, f— bête,*” replied he to the solicitor, “*que nous n'avons plus besoin de pareils fanatiques.*” — Cut-throat Danton was right enough. He made a calculation of Tom's head and talents, just as a farmer makes a calculation of the labour, carcase, hide, and offal of a bullock; and he found that he would fetch more living than dead. By writing against religion, he might have done some service, and there was little or no danger

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