

quire, who would choose to die in a *play-house*? It is true that death may meet us in *every* situation, but a theatre is probably the *last* place where a *thoughtful* person would choose to meet his end.

HENRY BASDEN.

*To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.*

IN "Cheetham's Life of Thomas Paine," that popular but most unhappy being, we are furnished with the subjoined anecdote, which you will oblige me by inserting at some convenient opportunity. But as many of your readers may never have read any particulars of this wretched infidel, allow me just to present them the following traits in his character. It appears that Paine, in his domestic habits, was always negligent, filthy, and given to liquor: these habits grew upon him in advanced life, and rendered him universally disgusting to men of education and sober life. His writings, indeed, recommended him to the admirers of theoretic freedom; but his manners were so repulsive, (to say nothing of his want of principle in his attachments and pecuniary concerns) as almost to banish him from respectable society. It was his common practice to drink a *quart of brandy*, when he could get it, *daily*; and having at one time a black female servant, as fond of rum as he was of brandy, they have been seen lying together *dead drunk* upon the floor. On such occasions, which at last grew frequent, he used to give out that he had suffered an apoplectic fit; but his personal acquaintance well understood the nature of his disorder. Of his miserable end accounts have been already published in your Magazine for 1811, p. 825, to which is prefixed some excellent remarks by an able correspondent, signed "W. B." and to which I beg to refer your readers.

Deal, June 2, 1817.

Your's, sincerely, H. BASDEN.

### INFIDELITY SILENCED.

DURING part of the years 1806, 7, Paine boarded with a Mr. Jarvis, an ingenious portrait painter of New York. One day, sitting with a volume of his works on a table before him, containing his "Age of Reason," the servant girl took it up to read. Mr. Jarvis said she should not open it for the world, and took it from her. "Why?" said Paine, rising up angrily. "Because she is a good girl now; she has the fear of God, and will do nothing wrong. She cannot reason as you can, and if she read your Age of Reason, and divests herself of those restraints which now govern her conduct, she may cheat me; she may rob me; she may be undone." "Pshaw! pshaw!" said Paine, walking *testily* across the room, with his hands behind him, "Why should *any body* believe in Jesus Christ." "Come here (said Mr. Jarvis)

to the window ; look there ! (pointing to a congregation of people of colour coming out of church) do you see that black man ! three years ago he was a great reprobate ; he was guilty of all sorts of offences. He has since been converted. He is now a regular attendant on his church. You see that he is dressed well, and has a goodly appearance. All in his neighbourhood now shake hands with him, and are his friends ; formerly he was avoided by them all as a pestilence." Paine had no answer to make but " pish" and " pshaw," &c. He saw, to use the words of Mr. Jarvis, the fact, and it was unanswerable.

The above anecdote reminds me of another which appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* for June last, and with which I shall close this communication.

A young woman was frequently sent by a kind neighbour to visit Mr. Paine in his last illness, and carry him some little presents from his own table. One day Paine asked her if she had ever read his " Age of Reason," and what was her opinion of the book ? She replied that she was but a child when she read it, and he might not like to hear what she thought of it. Being urged, however, " she acknowledged that she thought it the most dangerous insinuating book that she had ever seen ; that the more she read, the more she wished to read, and the more she found her mind *estranged from all that is good* : and that from a conviction of its evil tendency she had burnt it, without knowing to whom it belonged." To this Paine replied, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise as she ; adding, " *If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been one.*"

H. B.

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## THE GRACE OF GOD MANIFESTED.

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### MEMOIR OF MRS. ELIZABETH PARTON,

*Of Woodchurch, Kent. By Mr. J. BICKNELL.*

ELIZABETH PARTON, daughter of John and Elizabeth Jinkings, was born in the year 1781, at Saltwood, near Hythe, in the county of Kent. Her parents were respectable, and regularly attended the service of the Established Church, and were moral in their outward conduct ; they were likewise careful to train up their children in an attention to the externals of religion, and to preserve them from those vicious practices which disgrace the moral character of so large a portion of the youth of our land. Mrs. Jinkings died while her daughter Elizabeth was yet young, and Mrs. P. has frequently observed, with great pleasure, that she had reason to believe her mother died in the enjoyment of religion, and was gone to be for ever with the Lord. She left be-