THOMAS PAINE.

BY COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"A great man's memory may outlive his life half a year,
But, by'r lady, he must build churches then."

Eighty-three years ago Thomas Paine ceased to defend himself. The moment he became dumb all his enemies found a tongue. He was attacked on every hand. The Tories of England had been waiting for their revenge. The believers in kings, in hereditary government, the nobility of every land, execrated his memory. Their greatest enemy was dead. The believers in human slavery, and all who clamored for the rights of the States as against the sovereignty of a Nation, joined in the chorus of denunciation. In addition to this, the believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the occupants of orthodox pulpits, the professors in Christian colleges, and the religious historians, were his sworn and implacable foes.

This man had gratified no ambition at the expense of his fellow men; he had desolated no country with the flame and sword of war; he had not wrung millions from the poor and unfortunate; he had betrayed no trust, and yet he was almost universally despised. He gave his life for the benefit of mankind. Day and night for many, many weary years, he labored for the good of others, and gave himself body and soul to the great cause of human liberty. And yet he won the hatred of the people for whose benefit, for whose emancipation, for whose civilization, for whose exaltation he gave his life.

Against him every slander that malignity could coin and hypocrisy pass was gladly and joyously taken as genuine, and every truth with regard to his career was believed to be counterfeit. He was attacked by thousands where he was defended by one, and the one who defended him was instantly attacked, silenced, or destroyed.

At last his life has been written by Moncure D. Conway, and
the real history of Thomas Paine, of what he attempted and accomplished, of what he taught and suffered, has been intelligently, truthfully and candidly given to the world. Henceforth the slanderer will be without excuse.

He who reads Mr. Conway's pages will find that Thomas Paine was more than a patriot—that he was a philanthropist—a lover not only of his country, but of all mankind. He will find that his sympathies were with those who suffered, without regard to religion or race, country or complexion. He will find that this great man did not hesitate to attack the governing class of his native land—to commit what was called treason against the king, that he might do battle for the rights of men; that in spite of the prejudices of birth, he took the side of the American Colonies; that he gladly attacked the political abuses and absurdities that had been fostered by altars and thrones for many centuries; that he was for the people against nobles and kings, and that he put his life in pawn for the good of others.

In the winter of 1774 Thomas Paine came to America. After a time he was employed as one of the writers on "The Pennsylvania Magazine."

Let us see what he did, calculated to excite the hatred of his fellow men.

The first article he ever wrote in America, and the first ever published by him anywhere, appeared in that magazine on the 8th of March, 1775. It was an attack on American slavery—a plea for the rights of the negro. In that article will be found substantially all the arguments that can be urged against that most infamous of all institutions. Every line is full of humanity, pity, tenderness, and love of justice. Five days after this article appeared the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Certainly this should not excite our hatred. To-day the civilized world agrees with the essay written by Thomas Paine in 1775.

At that time great interests were against him. The owners of slaves became his enemies, and the pulpits, supported by slave labor, denounced this abolitionist.

The next article published by Thomas Paine, in the same magazine, and for the next month, was an attack on the practice of duelling, showing that it was barbarous, that it did not even tend to settle the right or wrong of a dispute, that it could not be defended on any just grounds, and that its influence was degrad-
ing and cruel. The civilized world now agrees with the opinions of Thomas Paine upon that barbarous practice.

In May, 1775, appeared in the same magazine another article written by Thomas Paine, a Protest Against Cruelty to Animals. He began the work that was so successfully and gloriously carried out by Henry Bergh, one of the noblest, one of the grandest, men that this continent has produced.

The good people of this world agree with Thomas Paine.

In August of the same year he wrote a plea for the Rights of Woman, the first ever published in the New World. Certainly he should not be hated for that.

He was the first to suggest a union of the Colonies. Before the Declaration of Independence was issued, Paine had written of and about the Free and Independent States of America. He had also spoken of the United Colonies as the "Glorious Union," and he was the first to write these words: "The United States of America."

In May, 1775, Washington said: "If you ever hear of me joining in any such measure (as separation from Great Britain) you have my leave to set me down for everything wicked." He had also said: "It is not the wish or interest of the government (meaning Massachusetts), or of any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence." And in the same year Benjamin Franklin assured Chatham that no one in America was in favor of separation. As a matter of fact, the people of the Colonies wanted a redress of their grievances—they were not dreaming of separation, of independence.

In 1775 Paine wrote the pamphlet known as "Common Sense." This was published on the 10th of January, 1776. It was the first appeal for independence, the first cry for national life, for absolute separation. No pamphlet, no book, ever kindled such a sudden conflagration,—a purifying flame, in which the prejudices and fears of millions were consumed. To read it now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, hastens the blood. It is but the meagre truth to say that Thomas Paine did more for the cause of separation, to sow the seeds of independence, than any other man of his time. Certainly we should not despise him for this. The Declaration of Independence followed, and in that declaration will be found not only the thoughts, but some of the expressions, of Thomas Paine.
During the war, and in the very darkest hours, Paine wrote what is called "The Crisis," a series of pamphlets giving from time to time his opinion of events, and his prophecies. These marvellous publications produced an effect nearly as great as the pamphlet "Common Sense." These strophes, written by the bivouac fires, had in them the soul of battle.

In all he wrote, Paine was direct and natural. He touched the very heart of the subject. He was not awed by names or titles, by place or power. He never lost his regard for truth, for principle—never wavered in his allegiance to reason, to what he believed to be right. His arguments were so lucid, so unanswerable, his comparisons and analogies so apt, so unexpected, that they excited the passionate admiration of friends and the unquenchable hatred of enemies. So great were these appeals to patriotism, to the love of liberty, the pride of independence, the glory of success, that it was said by some of the best and greatest of that time that the American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington.

On the 2d day of November, 1779, there was introduced into the Assembly of Pennsylvania an act for the abolition of slavery. The preamble was written by Thomas Paine. To him belongs the honor and glory of having written the first Proclamation of Emancipation in America—Paine the first, Lincoln the last.

Paine, of all others, succeeded in getting aid for the struggling colonies from France. "According to Lamartine, the king, Louis XVI., loaded Paine with favors, and a gift of six millions was confided into the hands of Franklin and Paine. On the 25th of August, 1781, Paine reached Boston bringing 2,500,000 livres in silver, and in convoy a ship laden with clothing and military stores."

"In November, 1779, Paine was elected Clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. In 1780, the Assembly received a letter from General Washington in the field, saying that he feared the distresses in the army would lead to mutiny in the ranks. This letter was read by Paine to the Assembly. He immediately wrote to Blair McClenaghan, a Philadelphia merchant, explaining the urgency, and inclosing $500, the amount of salary due him as Clerk, as his contribution towards a relief fund. The merchant called a meeting the next day, and read Paine's letter. A subscription list was immediately circulated, and in a short..."
time about $1,500,000 was raised. With this capital the Pennsylvania Bank—afterwards the Bank of North America—was established for the relief of the army."

In 1783 "Paine wrote a memorial to Chancellor Livingston, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Robert Morris, Minister of Finance, and his assistant, urging the necessity of adding a Continental Legislature to Congress, to be elected by the several States. Robert Morris invited the Chancellor and a number of eminent men to meet Paine at dinner, where his plea for a stronger Union was discussed and approved. This was probably the earliest of a series of consultations preliminary to the Constitutional Convention."

"On the 19th of April, 1783, it being the eighth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Paine printed a little pamphlet entitled 'Thoughts on Peace and the Probable Advantages Thereof.'" In this pamphlet he pleads for "a supreme Nationality absorbing all cherished sovereignties." Mr. Conway calls this pamphlet Paine's "Farewell Address," and gives the following extract:

"It was the cause of America that made me an author. The force with which it struck my mind, and the dangerous condition in which the country was in, by courting an impossible and an unnatural reconciliation with those who were determined to reduce her, instead of striking out into the only line that could save her,—a Declaration of Independence,—made it impossible for me, feeling as I did, to be silent; and if, in the course of more than seven years, I have rendered her any service, I have likewise added something to the reputation of literature, by freely and disinterestedly employing it in the great cause of mankind. . . . But as the scenes of war are closed, and every man preparing for home and happier times, I therefore take leave of the subject. I have most sincerely followed it from beginning to end, and through all its turns and windings; and whatever country I may hereafter be in, I shall always feel an honest pride at the part I have taken and acted, and a gratitude to nature and providence for putting it in my power to be of some use to mankind."

Paine had made some enemies, first, by attacking African slavery, and, second, by insisting upon the sovereignty of the Nation.

During the Revolution our forefathers, in order to justify making war on Great Britain, were compelled to take the ground that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In no other way could they justify their action. After the war, the meager instincts began to take possession of the mind, and those who had fought for their own liberty were perfectly willing to enslave others. We must also remember that the Revolution was begun and carried on by a noble minority—that
the majority were really in favor of Great Britain and did what they dared to prevent the success of the American cause. The minority, however, had control of affairs. They were active, energetic, enthusiastic, and courageous, and the majority were overawed, shamed, and suppressed. But when peace came, the majority asserted themselves and the interests of trade and commerce were consulted. Enthusiasm slowly died, and patriotism was mingled with the selfishness of traffic.

But, after all, the enemies of Paine were few, the friends were many. He had the respect and admiration of the greatest and the best, and was enjoying the fruits of his labor.

The Revolution was ended, the colonies were free. They had been united, they formed a Nation, and the United States of America had a place on the map of the world.

Paine was not a politician. He had not labored for seven years to get an office. His services were no longer needed in America. He concluded to educate the English people, to inform them of their rights, to expose the pretences, follies and fallacies, the crimes and cruelties of nobles, kings, and parliaments. In the brain and heart of this man were the dream and hope of the universal republic. He had confidence in the people. He hated tyranny and war, despised the senseless pomp and vain show of crowned robbers, laughed at titles, and the "honorable" badges worn by the obsequious and servile, by fawners and followers; loved liberty with all his heart, and bravely fought against those who could give the rewards of place and gold, and for those who could pay only with thanks.

Hoping to hasten the day of freedom, he wrote the "Rights of Man"—a book that laid the foundation for all the real liberty that the English now enjoy—a book that made known to Englishmen the Declaration of Nature, and convinced millions that all are children of the same mother, entitled to share equally in her gifts. Every Englishman who has outgrown the ideas of 1688 should remember Paine with love and reverence. Every Englishman who has sought to destroy abuses, to lessen or limit the prerogatives of the crown, to extend the suffrage, to do away with "rotten boroughs," to take taxes from knowledge, to increase and protect the freedom of speech and the press, to do away with bribes under the name of pensions, and to make England a government of principles rather than of persons, has been
compelled to adopt the creed and use the arguments of Thomas Paine. In England every step towards freedom has been a triumph of Paine over Burke and Pitt. No man ever rendered a greater service to his native land.

The book called the "Rights of Man" was the greatest contribution that literature had given to liberty. It rests on the bedrock. No attention is paid to precedents except to show that they are wrong. Paine was not misled by the proverbs that wolves had written for sheep. He had the intelligence to examine for himself, and the courage to publish his conclusions. As soon as the "Rights of Man" was published the government was alarmed. Every effort was made to suppress it. The author was indicted; those who published, and those who sold, were arrested and imprisoned. But the new gospel had been preached—a great man had shed light—a new force had been born, and it was beyond the power of nobles and kings to undo what the author-hero had done.

To avoid arrest and probable death, Paine left England. He had sown with brave hand the seeds of thought, and he knew that he had lighted a fire that nothing could extinguish until England should be free.

The fame of Thomas Paine had reached France in many ways—principally through Lafayette. His services in America were well known. The pamphlet "Common Sense" had been published in French, and its effect had been immense. "The Rights of Man" that had created, and was then creating, such a stir in England, was also known to the French. The lovers of liberty everywhere were the friends and admirers of Thomas Paine. In America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and France he was known as the defender of popular rights. He had preached a new gospel. He had given a new Magna Charta to the people.

So popular was Paine in France that he was elected by three constituencies to the National Convention. He chose to represent Calais. From the moment he entered French territory he was received with almost royal honors. He at once stood with the foremost, and was welcomed by all enlightened patriots. As in America, so in France, he knew no idleness—he was an organizer and worker. The first thing he did was to found the first Republican Society, and the next to write its Manifesto, in which the ground was taken that France did not need a king; that the
people should govern themselves. In this Manifesto was this argument:

"What kind of office must that be in a government which requires neither experience nor ability to execute; that may be abandoned to the desperate chance of birth; that may be filled with an idiot, a madman, a tyrant, with equal effect as with the good, the virtuous, the wise? An office of this nature is a mere nonentity; it is a place of show, not of use."

He said:

"I am not the personal enemy of kings. Quite the contrary. No man wishes more heartily than myself to see them all in the happy and honorable state of private individuals; but I am the avowed, open and intrepid enemy of what is called monarchy; and I am such by principles which nothing can either alter or corrupt, by my attachment to humanity, by the anxiety which I feel within myself for the dignity and honor of the human race."

One of the grandest things done by Thomas Paine was his effort to save the life of Louis XVI. The Convention was in favor of death. Paine was a foreigner. His career had caused some jealousies. He knew the danger he was in—that the tiger was already crouching for a spring—but he was true to his principles. He was opposed to the death penalty. He remembered that Louis XVI. had been the friend of America, and he very cheerfully risked his life, not only for the good of France, not only to save the king, but to pay a debt of gratitude. He asked the Convention to exile the king to the United States. He asked this as a member of the Convention and as a citizen of the United States. As an American he felt grateful not only to the king, but to every Frenchman. He, the adversary of all kings, asked the Convention to remember that kings were men, and subject to human frailties. He took still another step, and said: "As France has been the first of European nations to abolish royalty, let us also be the first to abolish the punishment of death."

Even after the death of Louis had been voted, Paine made another appeal. With a courage born of the highest possible sense of duty he said:

"France has but one ally—the United States of America. That is the only Nation that can furnish France with naval provisions, for the kingdoms of Northern Europe are, or soon will be, at war with her. It happens that the person now under discussion is regarded in America as a deliverer of her country. I can assure you that his execution will there spread universal sorrow, and it is in your power not thus to wound the feelings of your ally. Could I speak the French language I would descend to your bar, and in their name become your petitioner to respite the execution of your sentence on Louis." "Ah, citizens, give not the tyrant of England the triumph of seeing
the man perish on the scaffold who helped my dear brothers of America to break his chains.”

This was worthy of the man who had said: “Where Liberty is not, there is my country.”

Paine was second on the committee to prepare the draft of a Constitution for France to be submitted to the Convention. He was the real author, not only of the draft of the Constitution, but of the Declaration of Rights.

In France, as in America, he took the lead. His first thoughts seemed to be first principles. He was clear because he was profound. People without ideas experience great difficulty in finding words to express them.

From the moment that Paine cast his vote in favor of mercy—in favor of life—the shadow of the guillotine was upon him. He knew that when he voted for the king’s life, he voted for his own death. Paine remembered that the king had been the friend of America, and to him ingratitude seemed the worst of crimes. He worked to destroy the monarch, not the man; the king, not the friend. He discharged his duty and accepted death. This was the heroism of goodness—the sublimity of devotion.

Believing that his life was near its close, he made up his mind to give to the world his thoughts concerning “revealed religion.” This he had for some time intended to do, but other matters had claimed his attention. Feeling that there was no time to be lost, he wrote the first part of the “Age of Reason,” and gave the manuscript to Joel Barlow. Six hours after, he was arrested. The second part was written in prison while he was waiting for death.

Paine clearly saw that men could not be really free, or defend the freedom they had, unless they were free to think and speak. He knew that the Church was the enemy of liberty, that the altar and throne were in partnership, that they helped each other and divided the spoils.

He felt that, being a man, he had the right to examine the creeds and the Scriptures for himself, and that, being an honest man, it was his duty and his privilege to tell his fellow men the conclusions at which he arrived.

He found that the creeds of all orthodox churches were absurd and cruel, and that the Bible was no better. Of course he found that there were some good things in the creeds and in the
Bible. These he defended, but the infamous, the inhuman, he attacked.

In matters of religion he pursued the same course that he had in things political. He depended upon experience, and above all on reason. He refused to extinguish the light in his own soul. He was true to himself, and gave to others his honest thoughts. He did not seek wealth, or place, or fame. He sought the truth.

He had felt it to be his duty to attack the institution of slavery in America, to raise his voice against duelling, to plead for the rights of woman, to excite pity for the sufferings of domestic animals, the speechless friends of man; to plead the cause of separation, of independence, of American nationality, to attack the abuses and crimes of monarchs, to do what he could to give freedom to the world.

He thought it his duty to take another step. Kings asserted that they derived their power, their right to govern, from God. To this assertion Paine replied with the "Rights of Man." Priests pretended that they were the authorized agents of God. Paine replied with the "Age of Reason."

This book is still a power, and will be as long as the absurdities and cruelties of the creeds and the Bible have defenders. The "Age of Reason" affected the priests just as the "Rights of Man" affected nobles and kings. The kings answered the arguments of Paine with laws, the priests with lies. Kings appealed to force, priests to fraud. Mr. Conway has written in regard to the "Age of Reason" the most impressive and the most interesting chapter in his book. Paine contended for the rights of the individual, for the jurisdiction of the soul. Above all religions he placed Reason, above all kings, Men, and above all men, Law.

The first part of the "Age of Reason" was written in the shadow of a prison, the second part in the gloom of death. From that shadow, from that gloom, came a flood of light. This testament, by which the wealth of a marvellous brain, the love of a great and heroic heart were given to the world, was written in the presence of the scaffold, when the writer believed he was giving his last message to his fellow men.

The "Age of Reason" was his crime.

Franklin, Jefferson, Sumner and Lincoln, the four greatest statesmen that America has produced, were believers in the creed of Thomas Paine.
The Universalists and Unitarians have found their best weapons, their best arguments, in the "Age of Reason."

Slowly, but surely, the churches are adopting not only the arguments, but the opinions, of the great Reformer. Theodore Parker attacked the Old Testament and Calvinistic theology with the same weapons and with a bitterness excelled by no man who has expressed his thoughts in our language.

Paine was a century in advance of his time. If he were living now his sympathy would be with Savage, Chadwick, Professor Briggs and the "advanced theologians." He, too, would talk about the "higher criticism" and the latest definition of "inspiration." These advanced thinkers substantially are repeating the "Age of Reason." They still wear the old uniform—clinging to the toggery of theology—but inside of their religious rags they agree with Thomas Paine.

Not one argument that Paine urged against the inspiration of the Bible, against the truth of miracles, against the barbarities and infamies of the Old Testament, against the pretensions of priests and the claims of kings, has ever been answered.

His arguments in favor of the existence of what he was pleased to call the God of Nature were as weak as those of all theists have been. But in all the affairs of this world, his clearness of vision, lucidity of expression, cogency of argument, aptness of comparison, power of statement and comprehension of the subject in hand, with all its bearings and consequences, have rarely, if ever, been excelled.

He had no reverence for mistakes because they were old. He did not admire the castles of Feudalism even when they were covered with ivy. He not only said that the Bible was not inspired, but he demonstrated that it could not all be true. This was "brutal." He presented arguments so strong, so clear, so convincing, that they could not be answered. This was "vulgar."

He stood for liberty against kings, for humanity against creeds and gods. This was "cowardly and low." He gave his life to free and civilize his fellow men. This was "infamous."

Paine was arrested and imprisoned in December, 1793. He was, to say the least, neglected by Gouverneur Morris and Washington. He was released through the efforts of James Monroe, in November, 1794. He was called back to the Convention, but too late to be of use. As most of the actors had suffered death,
the tragedy was about over and the curtain was falling. Paine remained in Paris until the "reign of terror" was ended and that of the Corsican tyrant had commenced.

Paine came back to America hoping to spend the remainder of his life surrounded by those for whose happiness and freedom he had labored so many years. He expected to be rewarded with the love and reverence of the American people.

In 1794 James Monroe had written to Paine these words:

"It is unnecessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen, I speak of the great mass of the people, are interested in your welfare. They have not forgot the history of their own Revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I hope never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution, but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human rights and a distinguished and able advocate of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine we are not and cannot be indifferent."

In the same year Mr. Monroe wrote a letter to the Committee of General Safety, asking for the release of Mr. Paine, in which, among other things, he said:

"The services Thomas Paine rendered to his country in its struggle for freedom have implanted in the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude never to be effaced as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people."

On reaching America, Paine found that the sense of gratitude had been effaced. He found that the Federalists hated him with all their hearts because he believed in the rights of the people and was still true to the splendid principles advocated during the darkest days of the Revolution. In almost every pulpit he found a malignant and implacable foe, and the pews were filled with his enemies. The slaveholders hated him. He was held responsible even for the crimes of the French Revolution. He was regarded as a blasphemer, an atheist, an enemy of God and man. The ignorant citizens of Bordentown, as cowardly as orthodox, longed to mob the author of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." They thought he had sold himself to the devil because he had defended God against the slanderous charges that he had inspired the writers of the Bible—because he had said that a being of infinite goodness and purity did not establish slavery and polygamy.

Paine had insisted that men had the right to think for them-
selves. This so enraged the average American citizen that he longed for revenge.

In 1802 the people of the United States had exceedingly crude ideas about the liberty of thought and expression. Neither had they any conception of religious freedom. Their highest thought on that subject was expressed by the word "toleration," and even this toleration extended only to the various Christian sects. Even the vaunted religious liberty of colonial Maryland was only to the effect that one kind of Christian should not fine, imprison and kill another kind of Christian, but all kinds of Christians had the right, and it was their duty, to brand, imprison and kill infidels of every kind.

Paine had been guilty of thinking for himself and giving his conclusions to the world without having asked the consent of a priest—just as he had published his political opinions without leave of the king. He had published his thoughts on religion and had appealed to reason—to the light in every mind, to the humanity, the pity, the goodness which he believed to be in every heart. He denied the right of kings to make laws and of priests to make creeds. He insisted that the people should make laws, and that every human being should think for himself. While some believed in the freedom of religion, he believed in the religion of freedom.

If Paine had been a hypocrite, if he had concealed his opinions, if he had defended slavery with quotations from the "sacred scriptures"—if he had cared nothing for the liberties of men in other lands—if he had said that the state could not live without the church—if he had sought for place instead of truth, he would have won wealth and power, and his brow would have been crowned with the laurel of fame.

He made what the pious call the "mistake" of being true to himself—of living with an unstained soul. He had lived and labored for the people. The people were untrue to him. They returned evil for good, hatred for benefits received, and yet this great chivalric soul remembered their ignorance and loved them with all his heart, and fought their oppressors with all his strength.

We must remember what the churches and creeds were in that day, what the theologians really taught, and what the people believed. To save a few in spite of their vices, and to damn the many without regard to their virtues, and all for the glory of the Damner:—this was Calvinism. "He that hath ears to hear, let
him hear," but he that hath a brain to think must not think. He that believeth without evidence is good, and he that believeth in spite of evidence is a saint. Only the wicked doubt, only the blasphemer denies. _This was orthodox Christianity._

Thomas Paine had the courage, the sense, the heart, to denounce these horrors, these absurdities, these infinite infamies. He did what he could to drive these theological vipers, these Calvinistic cobras, these fanged and hissing serpents of superstition from the heart of man.

A few civilized men agreed with him then, and the world has progressed since 1809. Intellectual wealth has accumulated; vast mental estates have been left to the world. Geologists have forced secrets from the rocks, astronomers from the stars, historians from old records and lost languages. In every direction the thinker and the investigator have ventured and explored, and even the pews have begun to ask questions of the pulpits. Humboldt has lived, and Darwin and Haeckel and Huxley, and the armies led by them, have changed the thought of the world.

The churches of 1809 could not be the friends of Thomas Paine. No church asserting that belief is necessary to salvation ever was, or ever will be, the champion of true liberty. A church founded on slavery—that is to say, on blind obedience, worshipping irresponsible and arbitrary power, must of necessity be the enemy of human freedom.

The orthodox churches are now anxious to save the little that Paine left of their creed. If one now believes in God, and lends a little financial aid, he is considered a good and desirable member. He need not define God after the manner of the catechism. He may talk about a "Power that works for righteousness"; or the tortoise Truth that beats the rabbit Lie in the long run; or the "Unknowable"; or the "Unconditioned"; or the "Cosmic Force"; or the "Ultimate Atom"; or "Protoplasm," or the "What"—provided he begins this word with a capital.

We must also remember that there is a difference between independence and liberty. Millions have fought for independence—to throw off some foreign yoke—and yet were at heart the enemies of true liberty. A man in jail, sighing to be free, may be said to be in favor of liberty, but not from principle; but a man who, being free, risks or gives his life to free the enslaved, is a true soldier of liberty.
Thomas Paine had passed the legendary limit of life. One by
one most of his old friends and acquaintances had deserted him.
Maligned on every side, execrated, shunned and abhorred—his
virtues denounced as vices—his services forgotten—his character
blackened, he preserved the poise and balance of his soul. He was a victim of the people, but his convictions remained un-
shaken. He was still a soldier in the army of freedom, and still tried to enlighten and civilize those who were impatiently waiting
for his death. Even those who loved their enemies hated him,
their friend—the friend of the whole world—with all their hearts.

On the 8th of June, 1809, death came—Death, almost his only friend.

At his funeral no pomp, no pageantry, no civic procession, no
military display. In a carriage, a woman and her son who had lived on the bounty of the dead—on horseback, a Quaker, the hu-
manity of whose heart dominated the creed of his head—and, follow-
ing on foot, two negroes, filled with gratitude—constituted the funeral cortege of Thomas Paine.

He who had received the gratitude of many millions, the
thanks of generals and statesmen—he who had been the friend and companion of the wisest and best—he who had taught a people
to be free, and whose words had inspired armies and enlightened
tations, was thus given back to Nature, the mother of us all.

If the people of the great Republic knew the life of this gen-
erous, this chivalric man, the real story of his services, his suffer-
ings and his triumphs—of what he did to compel the robed and
crowned, the priests and kings, to give back to the people liberty,
the jewel of the soul; if they knew that he was the first to write,
"The Religion of Humanity"; if they knew that he, above all others, planted and watered the seeds of independence, of union,
of nationality, in the hearts of our forefathers—that his words were gladly repeated by the best and bravest in many lands; if
they knew that he attempted, by the purest means, to attain the
noblest and loftiest ends—that he was original, sincere, intrepid,
and that he could truthfully say: "The world is my country,
to do good my religion"—if the people only knew all this—the truth—they would repeat the words of Andrew Jackson:
"Thomas Paine needs no monument made with hands; he has
erected a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty."

Robert G. Ingersoll.