John Joseph Henry.

John Joseph Henry, the second of the President Judges of this district, was born in the city of Lancaster on November 4th, 1758. His father was William Henry, a gunmaker, hardware merchant and inventor, and one of the most prominent citizens of the borough. He was an ardent patriot, early espoused the cause of the Colonies against the mother country, and was employed by the Executive Council as armorer for the patriot forces. He was appointed a Justice of the Peace under the new State Constitution in 1777, and was president of the County Court from 1781 until 1786. His home was a resort for many eminent men who visited Lancaster during the trying times of the Revolution. Among these were David Rittenhouse, the astronomer and philosopher; Thomas Paine, who wrote some of his political pamphlets under Henry's hospitable roof, and he was also the first one to recognize the artistic genius of Benjamin West, who in after years became President of the Royal Academy of Great Britain. William Henry was an Assistant Burgess of Lancaster continuously from 1765 to 1775. He was County Treasurer at the time of his death, in 1786. He was Chairman of the Committee on the Supply and Regulation of the Flour Market in 1779, and held still other important offices under the Government, in all of which he acquitted himself with credit as a true patriot and as honest man.

With such a father and in such a home young John Joseph Henry could not help imbibing the patriotic ardor and enthusiasm which pervaded the very atmosphere of his birthplace. In

addition, he appears to have been of a venturesome and roaming disposition. At the early age of fourteen he was sent to an uncle in Detroit, to learn the gunmaking trade—they seem to have been a family of gunsmiths. Dissatisfied, however, with his surroundings, he started on foot to return to Lancaster, the one man who accompanied him dying on the road.

What he saw and heard going on all around him upon his return kindled in him a desire for military glory, which nothing but the the physical disabilities of later years could quench. His father was anxious that he should become an armorer, like himself, but young Henry was entertaining other ambitions. In the summer of 1775 a regiment was raised in the county of Lancaster, mainly, and sent to join the Continental forces before Boston. Young Henry was anxious to join this force, which was commanded by his fellow-citizen, Lieut. Colonel Hand, but his youth, he was only seventeen years old, was against him and his father refused his request. But a soldier John Joseph resolved to be, and he left his home clandestinely and made his way to Boston and joined his friends there.

When General Arnold's expedition against Canada was resolved upon in the fall of 1775, Henry left the regiment without leave and joined the forces destined for Quebec. Arnold selected Lieutenant Steele to move ahead of the main body with seven men to find out and mark the paths used by the Indians in going to and from Canada. The men were chosen, but Henry was the intimate friend and mess-mate of Steele, who persuaded the latter to join his little party of pioneers, and he did so without having authority for the act. Lieut. Col. Hand, in a letter written to his wife in Lancaster, on October 3, 1775, said: "Mr. Henry, junior, has followed the troops to Canada without

leave. Nothing but a perfect loose to his feelings will tame his rambling desire."

Henry wrote a history of that expedition and modestly told of his share in it. I have recently read it, and am free to say that it appears eminently truthful and is certainly accurate, so far as the circumstances and events fell under his own observation. It was written many years after the events narrated had transpired, and was published the year following his death. It gives us an excellent opportunity of studying the character of the man, and the reader cannot fail to be impressed by his nobliity and splendid patriotism. But I am anticipating.

The full title of the book is as follows: "An Accurate and Interesting Account of the Hardships and Sufferings of that Band of Heroes, who Traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign Against Quebec in 1775. By John Joseph Henry, Esq., Late President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania, Lancaster: Printed by William Greer, 1812." He tells us it was written for his children.

Arnold's little army marched from near Cambridge, Mass., on the 11th of September, 1775, and consisted of 1,100 men. It sailed on transports to the mouth of the Kennebec river,up which stream much of its future course lay. At Fort Western, the arrangement was made by Arnold whereby Lieutenant Archibald Steele and seven men were sent forward in advance towards the head of the river, marking the paths used by the Indians at the numerous falls, and also to ascertain the course of the Chaudiere river, which runs northward towards Quebec. It would be a long story to tell all that befel this small partv of pioneers. Although in a country full of game, such as moose and deer, they did not dare to fire their guns, lest they should alarm any stray Indians that might be

roving about. The result was they ran short of provisions. The many portages they were required to make around falls and other obstructions, their frequent plunges into the icy waters, their marches through swamps and morasses, their camping in rains, snow storms and all kinds of weather, these and other hardships tried their endurance and courage to the utmost. To meet the rigors of the climate and the winter which was fast approaching, he took an account of his wardrobe on October 8, when the weather, as he says, was "piercingly cold." "My wardrobe was scanty and light; it consisted of a roundabout jacket, of woolen, a pair of half-worn buckskin breeches, two pair of woolen stockings, a hat with a feather, a hunting shirt, leggins, a pair of moccasins, and a pair of tolerably good shoes, which had been closely hoarded"—a very scanty outfit for a winter campaign in a high latitude.

These scouts accomplished the purpose for which they had set out, and then started to return. The want of food became unbearable. Once a small duck was shot, and on that the hungry men made their breakfast. Then they killed several moose, and reveled in plenty. But they had nothing else. They had no bread nor salt, nor anything but fresh meat, and that alone enervated instead of strengthening them. Even though they ate continually of it, four, five and six times daily, the appetite remained unsatiated. On the 17th they were back with the army once more, and then the entire force began its march northward. Overeating was even more disastrous to Henry than total abstinence had been. He got sick, and finally became so unwell that he sat down on a log while the army tramped by. He says, "In the rear came Arnold. He knew my name and character, and good-naturedly inquired after my

health. Being informed,he dismounted, ran down to the river side, and hailed the owner of the house which stood opposite across the water. The good Canadian, in his canoe, quickly arrived. Arnold put two silver dollars into my hand, and the Frenchman carried me to his house."

Three days he remained there, and got well on the wholesome fare and tender nursing he received. Then he started after the army, but not until he had offered his two dollars to his kind host, who refused to take them, and on the following day rejoined his company. It is impossible to enter into the further details of his campaign except to relate the results. As all know, through a series of blunders, some preventable and others not, the expedition failed under the walls of Quebec. He was taken prisoner along with a considerable portion of the force, and remained in captivity for nine months.

The horrors of that winter are graphically told. Under all these circumstances he preserved his cheerful spirits, and tried to make the best of the situation. He appears to have impressed favorably all with whom he came in contact. Governor Carleton showed him kindness while a prisoner. A Colonel M'Dougal, whom he had seen in his uncle's house at Detroit three years before, and to whom he ventured to make himself known, befriended him, secured him better quarters and gave him some good advice. A Captain Prentiss was his especial friend, and, by his direction, no irons were put on Henry, as upon the others, after an attempt to escape had been frustrated. One day a Major Maibaum, just from Europe, visited the prison with other British officers. Henry ventured to address him in German, much to his surprise and pleasure. The result was that he offered Henry, through his friend, Captain Prentiss,

the office of interpreter to Baron (General) Knyphausen, who needed one, and used many arguments to induce him to accept the position, which,however, was declined. Three years later he again saw Major Maibaum at Lancaster, but this time the Major was the prisoner. Captain Prentiss, of the British army, also took a liking for the lad, and favored him in many ways, and tried all he could to ease the hardships of his imprisonment. Henry writes: "He often pressed upon me to accept from him money to purchase a suit of clothes, and he would trust to the honor and integrity of my father for payment,whose character he knew. Adhering to my first determination, this polite and generous proposal of my amiable and deserving friend was as often, yet most thankfully, declined. He, however, forced on me a half Johannes ($8). With this money he bought some needed articles, and the balance expended for cheese, sugar,tea, tobacco and coffee, for his companion prisoners."

I should have mentioned earlier that in the month of April the scurvy broke out among the Quebec prisoners, and so severely that the doctors could not control it. Along with it came several other maladies. His pictures of the sufferings of the men are almost too horrible to relate.

In August it was decided to send the Quebec prisoners to New York on parole, and for exchange. They were embarked on the 10th of that month, and reached New York on the 11th of September. The battle of Long Island had been fought only fifteen days before, and the British held so many prisoners that they hardly knew how to handle them. The Quebec men remained on shipboard. About the beginning of October they were landed and set free near Elizabethtown. Without money or friends he walked

through the streets of that town until he espied a Conestoga wagon unloading stores. The wagoner saw him and recognized him, for he was from Lancaster. Henry writes of the occurrence as follows: "The owner seeing me, grasping my hand with fervor, told me every one believed me dead. Telling him our story, the good old man, without solicitation,presented me with two silver dollars, to be repaid in Lancaster. They were gladly received." He adds in a note: "Who do you think this was? Why, Stephen Lutz, of Lancaster—poor, but industrious. I have thanked him a thousand times since, and have had the pleasure of obliging him."

By hook and by crook, now walking and then getting a lift in vehicles of all sorts, he reached Philadelphia at two o'clock one morning. The closing paragraph of his interesting diary must be given in his own words: "Here (in Philadelphia) we had friends and funds. A gentleman advanced me a sufficient sum to enable me to exchange my leggins and moccasins for a pair of stockings and shoes, and to bear my expenses home. A day and a half brought me to the arms of my beloved parents. At Philadelphia I waited upon a cousin of my mother, Mr. Owen Biddle, then a member of the 'Council of Safety,' who informed me that while in captivity he had procured me a lieutenancy. My heart was otherwise engaged. Morgan (of Morgan's Riflemen, who was a fellow-captive), the hero! had promised and obtained for me a captaincy in the Virginia line. Following the fortunes of that bold and judicious commander, my name might have been emblazoned in the rolls of patriotic fame. But alas! in the course of eight weeks after my return from captivity,a slight cold, caught when skating on the ice

on the Susquehanna, or in pursuing the wild turkey among the Kittatiny hills, put an end to all my visionary schemes of ambition. This cause renewed that abominable disorder, the scurvy (which I had supposed was expelled from my system), accompanied by every morbid symptom, which had been so often observed at Quebec, attendant upon others. The medical men of all classes, being engaged in the army, that species of assistance was unattainable in the degree requisite. Lameness, as you now observe it, was the consequence. Would to God! my extreme sufferings had then ended a life which since has been a tissue of labor, pain and misery."

Henry's aspirations after martial honor and renown having been effectually blasted by disease, he was forced by the circumstances of his situation to seek a livelihood in some other direction. He bound himself as a clerk for a period of four years in the office of John Hubley, Esq., the Prothonotary of Lancaster county, and fulfilled all the duties and requirements of his position to the complete satisfaction of his employer. But that was not all. He looked to his present employment as merely a stepping stone to something better, and with that end in view spent the time when not engaged in his master's work in arduous study, and in a measure also to secure the education which his military career had interrupted, but the penalty for his mental overexertion was paid in still further drains upon his health.

At the close of his clerkship, he began the study of law in the office of Stephen Chambers, one of the leaders of the Lancaster Bar at that time and whose untimely death in a duel with Dr. Rieger is still remembered in our annals. He completed his studies in 1785 and was admitted to the Bar the same year, beginning the practice of

his profession, which he steadily pursued until 1793, when, at the early age of thirty-five, he received from Governor Mifflin the appointment of President Judge of the Second Judicial District of the State.

At this period his prospects in life appear to have been at their brightest. He had just married the sister of his legal preceptor, and the world held out flattering prospects. But the hardships of the march to Canada were telling on his health. Gout and other disorders attacked his not over-vigorous body and made life almost a burden. It is to this period that he referred in the closing paragraphs of his narrative which I have quoted. So severe were his ailments that he was rendered incapable of fulfilling the requirements of his position as Judge. The natural result of all this was that from some of the counties in the district petitions were sent in to the Legislature asking for his removal. Against his conduct as a Judge and his abilities to properly discharge the duties of his office there was no complaint. Absence, through illness, only was alleged. The Legislature investigated the matter, and acquitted him in the most honorable manner of any improper conduct in his office. He continued to hold his commission two years longer, when he resigned it, in 1810, having been on the bench for a period of seventeen years. Four months after his resignation his end came. He died in this city on April 15, 1811, in his fifty-second year. He did not live to see his "History of the Quebec Expedition" in print, but it was published the year after his death.

I have found nothing anywhere which enables me to form an estimate of Judge Henry's legal attainments. As a young man he was bright and apt. His reading must have been considerable, for his narrative contains many

references to the classic authors. Homer and the Iliad, Xenophon, Socrates, Alcibiades, Cicero and Demosthenes are sometimes referred to by him. He appears to have been familiar with some of the writings of Priestly, Locke and Hobbes. Voltaire, Rosseau and Diderot are also named. In short, he appears to have read most of the prominent authors who were such favorites with the best informed men of that day. That he was not learned in any sense, unless it was in his profession, seems clearly evident. I am satisfied Judge Henry's opportunities for reading and study were mainly, if not almost exclusively, confined to the books in the Juliana Library, of which his father, William Henry, was the librarian, and which was kept in his house. It is probable that his commission as President Judge over many older men at the Bar, and no doubt far abler lawyers, was in some measure due to family and friendly influences, his mother being related to the Biddles. Something, perhaps, was also owing to his brief but patriotic military career and the misfortunes that attended it, all of which were well-known. The long and eminent services of his father in his country's cause, and the small fortune left at the latter's death may not have been without their influence. Something there must have been apart from Henry's legal abilities to have secured him this high and honorable distinction with only eight years of practice at the Bar as his record. Judge Henry was the second and last of our President Judges who had taken an active, personal part in the war for Independence.

Thomas Paine in Lancaster.

It is very generally known that Thomas Paine, the author of "Common Sense," "The Crisis," and many other political pamphlets, for a time resided

in Lancaster, and that some of his best-known publications were written here. Many other things concerning that person, his habits and ways of life are current among us to-day, but not one person in a thousand knows where that knowledge originally came from. I never saw it in print until I read Judge Henry's diary, and I question greatly whether it can be traced to any other original source. It is interesting to know that these stories, which in these later days have taken a traditional form, almost semi-mythical, I may say, are actual occurrences put on record by one who lived under the same roof with him, who met him at the table and in daily intercourse, who, in addition, heard the man and his ways discussed by that man's associates, whether willing or unwilling, and that they are, therefore, entirely deserving of credit. I will, therefore, quote from some of the notes referring to Tom Paine, which Judge Henry has appended to his history.

Judge Henry at one place devotes several pages to the defense of Christianity, and quotes the great names of Huss, Jerome of Prague, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Cranmer, Sir Thomas Moore, Bishop Spangenberg, Mosheim, Addison, Steele and others as believers, and then remarks that such men as Paine and Allen—the latter was a companion in the Quebec expedition and wrote a most violent attack on the Bible—"are paltry wretches, mere scribblers, if classed with the men already named.....The maniac, Paine, when confined in the prison Conciergerie, at Paris, seems to boast 'that he kept no Bible.' This may be true. But the expression shows that his proper place, instead of a common jail, should have been a mad house.

"It shows, however, a variety of mind beyond the bearing of men of understanding. Indeed, he was infected by a supercilious pride and an imaginary

importance which made his society undesirable. He was one of that class of men who, with a small spice of learning, in company domineered as if he had been a Johnson. He was almost unbearable to many men, who patronized him because of the good effect of his works during the Revolution. To give you a few instances: The late David Rittenhouse, Esq., one of the most amiable, most ingenious, and best of men, Treasurer of the State; George Bryan, Esq., the Vice President of the Council, a man of great reading and much good sense; Jonathan Sergeant, the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, whose oratorical powers could scarcely be surpassed, and your grandfather (William Henry, Esq.), and many other gentlemen of character, during the course of the years '77, '78 and '79, were in habits of intimacy with him, but his dogmatic disposition and obstinacy of mind frequently caused great disgust.

"Again, Colonel Samuel John Atlee, an excellent patriot, and a man of note among us, both in the military and civil capacities of a citizen, gave this anecdote to me a few months after the occurrence happened. Though all the gentlemen present approved of the writings of Paine, as they concerned our political state, for they were all of them to a man good Whigs, yet they abhorred him, because of his personal aberrations from virtue and the decencies of social life. A Mr. Meese, of Philadelphia, who was clothier-general, had invited a number of gentlemen of the army, then in the city, to dine with him, among whom were Colonel Atlee, Colonel Francis Johnson, General Nichols, and many members of the Legislature, of whom there was Matthias Slough, of Lancaster. You may readily suppose that the excellent wine of Mr. Meese exhilarated the company. When returning to their lodgings, Colonel Atlee observed

Paine coming towards them down Market street. 'There comes "Common Sense,"' says Atlee to the company. 'Damn him,' says Slough, 'I shall common sense him.' As he approached the party they took the wall. Mr. Slough tripped him and threw him on his back into a gutter, which, at that time, was very offensive and filthy.

"This is told to communicate a trait to you, (it must be remembered Judge Henry was writing all this for the information of his children) in the character of Thomas Paine, who did some good, but a vast deal of harm to mankind, 'that the very people who were most benefited by his literary labors hated him.' The company I have spoken of were all men of eminence in the State; men who staked their all on the issue of the Revolution. The writings of Paine, as concerns us, are, many of them, handsomely worded, have pith, and much strength of argument, and are generally correct, yet his domestic life and manners were so very incorrect that a disgust, which was perhaps right, destroyed every favorable personal feeling towards him. His numbers of 'Common Sense,' the 'Crisis,' and some other of his fugitive pieces, every American who recollects those 'trying times' must acknowledge to have been extremely beneficial to our cause. This has often been admitted by our Generals, Washington, Gates, Green and others, but he was compensated, and had the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. Like all men of bad principles, he betrayed his trust, and a virtuous Congress displaced him, yet the different States more than remunerated him for all his writings.

"So it is, that that man, who was without virtue, a disturber of the peace, an ill husband, an unworthy citizen, cloaked by every vice, would now, by his 'Age of Reason,' which he

stole from the ignorant Ethan Allen, who was as iniquitous as himself, destroy the peace of mind and all the hope of happiness in futurity of those who rely on the redemption of their souls by the blood of Christ; and that without substituting or even suggesting any other manner of faith, tending to quiet the minds of sinners. I knew Paine well, and that personally, for he lodged in the house of my father during the time that Generals Howe and Clinton were in Philadelphia. His host often regretted the entertainment he gave him. His manners were in opposition and hostile to the observances of the proprieties and due ordinances of social life. Many who approved of his political writings abominated his detestable mode of living and acting.

"Such is the man, who, upon his slight intercourse with the American people, pluming himself with the well-earned celebrity of his political pieces, that now presumes to become a reformer of our morals, our religious opinions and thinkings on Divine subjects; he himself a reprobate, cloaked by every vice, would dictate to a great and independent Christian people their formulary of belief. Such insolence and presumption was never before witnessed, unless it was in the instance of Mahomet, or in those of the impostures (such as Sabatti Sevi), who frequently, as Messias, appeared to deceive the remnant of the Jewish people. Paine, wth all his other vices had a foible injurious to our country. To keep up the spirits of the people it was requisite that there should be a series of patriotic publications. Paine was the most indolent of men; if he was inspired by a muse, the goddess most certainly made him but few visits. The office of 'Secretary of Foreign Affairs' was conferred upon him because of the merit of his 'Common Sense,' or what are called the 'Crisis.'

under the signature of 'Common Sense.' It was to him personally a sinecure. He never went to York (Penn.), where Congress then sat, but occasionally, and staid but a day or two. His true employment was that of a political writer. In the summer and winter of 1777 and 1778 he was an inmate of my father's house, as were the late David Rittenhouse, the State Treasurer, and John Hart, a member of the then 'Executive Council.'

"Paine would walk of a morning until 12 o'clock; come in and make an inordinate dinner. The rising from the table was between two and three o'clock. He would then retire to his bed chamber, wrap a blanket around him, and, in a large arm-chair, take a nap of two or three hours—rise and walk. These walks and his indolence surprised my parents; they knew him as the author of 'Common Sense,' who had written patriotically, and in those writings promulgated some moral and religious ideas, which induced them to believe he was an orthodox Christian. Indeed Paine, during the Revolution, was careful to emit no irreligious dogmas, or any of his late diabolic ideas; if he had, the good sense of the American people, their virtue and unfeigned worship of the Deity, would have, in those days, banished him from the country. Your grandfather's feelings a few months before his death (which occurred on the 15th of December, 1786), when speaking of the unbeliever (Paine), were truly poignant; for now the wretch's true character had begun to open on the world. He lamented, with tears, that he had ever admitted him into his house or had a personal acquaintance and intercourse with him. He was from conviction a sincere Christian, converted by the Scriptures; of a strong mind, and of a most tender conscience.

"Do not permit anything now said to induce you to undervalue the sagacity of my father, for he was wise; but of so benevolent a mind that in the common affairs of life, he held a principle in morality as true, which is by no means generally received; that is, 'That we should consider every one as possessing probity, until we discover him to be otherwise.' Other gentlemen think differently. However, it may well be maintained that the side my father took on this topic, which I have often heard argued, accords with the true spirit of the gospel; the other side is stoicism. From these last observations, you will readily perceive how easy it was to impose upon my father. This is the reason for his entertaining Paine. I have said that Paine was indolent. Take this as an instance: 'The Crisis,' No. 5, is but a short political essay, to be sure, of great skill in the composition, of much eloquent invective, strong reasoning, some historic anecdote, and a fund of ridicule which fitted the passions of the times. But recollect that this piece, to Paine, was a labor of three months in the editing. It was written in my father's house. Mr. D. Rittenhouse inhabited the front room, in the upper story, where was the library. (This reference is undoubtedly to the Juliana Library, of which William Henry was at that time the librarian, and in whose house it was also located for many years; in fact, until its removal to its last resting place prior to its disposal, the Heitshu building, on North Queen street, now occupied by the Fulton Bank.)* There he kept the

*The library alluded to by Henry was the Juliana Library, founded in 1759 as "The Lancaster Library Company." Where the library was domiciled prior to 1761 is unknown. In that year, as appears from the minutes of the meeting held on May 9, 1761, a room was rented from Benjamin Price, on North Queen street, for the term of three or five years, at a

office of the Treasury of Pennsylvania. The room of Messrs. Hart and Paine was to the left hand as you came up to the stair-head, entering the library.

"When my wound in 1778 was so far mended that hobbling on crutches, or by creeping up stairs (as you may have seen me of late years do), my greatest recreation in my distressed state of mind was to get into the chamber of Mr. Rittenhouse, where the books were. There, his conversation (for he was most affable) enlivened my mind, and the books would so amuse it, that it became calm, and some desperate resolutions were dissolved. While that excellent man was employing his hours in the duties of his office, for the benefit of the people, Paine would be snoring away his precious time in his easy chair, regardless of those injunctions imposed upon him by Congress in relation to his political compositions. His remissness, indolence or vacuity of thought, caused great heart-burning among many primary characters in those days. I have heard the late George Bryan, Esq., then Vice President of the Council, speak of his gross neglect with remarkable harshness. I would sometimes go into Paine's room and sit with him. His 'Crisis No. 5' lay on his table, dusted; to-day three or four lines would be added; in the course of a week a dozen more, and so

rental of £10 per annum. In 1766 it was moved to the house of William Henry, on East King street, now No. 8, who was also the Librarian. His accounts with the library show that he drew rent from November 1, 1766, until November 1, 1768, at the rate of £6 per annum, and the same sum for his services as Librarian. How much longer it was kept there is unknown. From John Joseph Henry's narrative it was evidently still there in 1778. It was moved from thence to what is now No. 1 East King street, where it remained for a number of years. Its final removal was to what is now No. 21 North Queen street. This was prior to 1800. It remained there until 1843, when it was sold at auction. The last Librarian was Mr. George Weitzel, who owned the property and acted as Librarian.

on. No. 5 is dated 21st of March, 1778, but it was not published until some months after that date, and it was generally thought by good Whigs that it had been too long delayed. For my part, I was so passionately engaged at heart in the principles of our cause that Paine's manner of living and acting gave me a high disgust towards him. No idea could enter my mind that any one in that noble struggle could be idle or disengaged. As to myself, my sensations were such that the example of a Decius might have been renewed."

It may be thought that Judge Henry deals harshly with Thomas Paine in the remarks I have laid before you, but there are reasons which must be taken into consideration. He was an Orthodox believer. He was reared in a pious home. His mother was a most exemplary woman in every walk of life. He describes her as a person of strong understanding, and of an unfeigned and rigid belief in the truth of Christianity, yet a placid dispassionate and mild religionist, with a heart so free from thinking evil of any one that it might with truth be said of her, "she knew no guile." He relates that one day he bought a pamphlet written by the noted Dr. Joseph Priestly. He was reading the book one evening when his mother came into the room to sit with the family. She asked him to read it aloud. He began, but after reading two or three pages, she rapped the book from his hands and threw it into the fire. He asked her why she destroyed his book. The reply came with an observable degree of anger: "Because your book would destroy my happiness in this world and that to come. I know I have a Saviour who redeemed me, whose blood was shed upon the cross for me; of this I am convinced. Your book goes to make me doubt the merits and sufferings of that Saviour. The book

would deprive me of the only staff upon which my hope of salvation rests, and gives me none other upon which I can lean."

Is it to be wondered at that having learned his code of morality from the lips of such a mother, that he should detest and despise the doctrines so brazenly advocated by Paine? There is no room to doubt Henry's sincerity in all he has written about Paine. But this is not all. He leaves it very clear that his views of the notorious infidel were the views very generally, if not universally, entertained of him.

The fact is, the qualities of Paine were not such as retain friends after he had won them. He gave offense to the entire American people for his abuse of General Washington in a personal letter. Among other things he said to Washington that his character was "a sort of non-describable, chameleon-colored thing called prudence, so nearly allied to hypocrisy that it easily slid into it. Once in the Presidential office the natural ingratitude of his character appeared. He assumed the merit of everything to himself; swallowed the grossest adulation, and had supported monopolies (trusts?) of every kind from the moment his administration began." The gist of his whole letter to Washington was thus summed up: "And, as for you, sir, treacherous in private friendship (for so you have been to me, and that in the day of danger), and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

Men associated with him because of the undenied service he had been or was to the cause of the Colonies. For the man himself they had no liking or admiration. There was a good deal of free thinking in those days, but it did not flaunt itself in the public gaze con-

tinually, nor was it accompanied by the many other social vices that marked it in the life of Thomas Paine. Henry was at this time just twenty years of age. His character was in its formative period. He caught on to what was going on around him; to the good and not the evil, and the passages we have quoted no doubt reflect the sentiments of Paine's contemporaries fairly and accurately.

F. R. DIFFENDERFFER.

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