

the real cause of industrial distress. It points out that Mr. Fels does not confine himself to generous donations to the cause from his ample fortune, but gives of his time and splendid energy to active propaganda. Mr. Fels probably cares very little about it, but when the history of the movement is written his name will survive as one of the few rich men of his time who was its militant champion. Where one gave of his wealth to libraries and another to churches and universities, he gave to man.

Lord Lansdowne says the new taxes of the British Budget are going to shake the very foundations of civilized society. The lords of Britain think themselves the foundation of society. The new taxes are unquestionably calculated to make them shake—and tremble.

We are disposed too frequently to regard the average Briton as being deficient in humor. One has only to read the debates in the Commons and out of it over the provisions of the Budget to revise this opinion. Asquith, George and Churchill are not only keen logicians, but their humor is genial and alert.

The Budget Protest League publishes a weekly pamphlet of cartoons and arguments and the *Morning Leader* has issued as an antidote its Land Tax cartoons in pamphlet form with extracts from the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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#### DEATH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

(See Portrait.)

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The death of William Lloyd Garrison, at the age of seventy-one, will come as a great shock to the friends of the movement in all lands. For though he had reached the age when we must think of laying down the burdens, together with the joys of life, his activities were uninterrupted almost to the last.

The bare details of his life are easily told, for they lack chapters of thrilling incident, such as in more stormy times was the lot of his great father. And as

his life was, so was the man. An intellectual and moral serenity was the quality most to be discerned in those noble addresses which, it is not too much to say, add a new dignity and felicity to our English speech. For he excelled all public speakers of our time in the purity and stately measure of his periods. And suffusing it all was the spirit of moral exaltation and an unstrained quality of humor.

Born in 1838, Mr. Garrison spent nearly all his life in Boston. He was educated in the Brimmer and Quincy schools, and after leaving high school, at the age of eighteen he entered the banking business at Lynn. He was later cashier of a bank in Dorchester, but in 1864 forsook banking for the woolen business. Later he was a dealer in commercial bonds and paper, and in 1900 he retired from business. He married in 1864 a lady of anti-slavery ancestry, who survives him with their two daughters and three sons. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Henry Villard, of New York, and a brother, Francis J. Garrison.

Mr. Garrison was active in many movements. The *Evening Post* of this city, in an appreciative notice, says of him, that "He never set his hand to a bad cause and never turned his back upon a good one." It was inevitable that the movement begun by Henry George would ultimately secure his splendid apostleship. The tale of that conversion is interesting. Some day it shall be told in these columns more in detail. It must not be thought that Garrison was without his misgivings even when he had finally dispelled the notion that Mr. George was a sort of unnatural demagogue prepared to apply the incendiary torch to the very pillars of the house. For there was about Garrison, despite his anti-slavery connections, something of the Brahmin caste of New England. But so quickly responsive were his moral sympathies that he was drawn to George as steel travels toward the magnet even while he was yet under the then popular hallucination as to the dangerous character of the man and his teachings. Garrison's difficulties were ethical, and in an illuminating correspondence, in which is shown these two great souls, one grandly confident of the moral strength of his position, the

other pressing his inquiry with a single passionate purpose, and that the securing of the vital truth, these difficulties were finally resolved. Garrison soon hastened to announce himself a disciple of the cause to which the anti-slavery fight, which had engaged the energy of his father, necessary though that was as a prelude, was but as the capture of a redoubt to the siege of Christendom.

Garrison now resigns the great work that must be done to other hands. Let us carry it forward in his spirit.

We append three tributes to our departed leader. Mr. Hall and Mr. Holt were both personal friends of Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Leubuscher, president of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, was united to him by those bonds which link men who see the same great truth.

FROM BOLTON HALL.

Garrison is gone! Speaking after the manner of men, Garrison is dead. Not the kind manly heart, the courteous manly strength, the clear reason and the utterances of silver-steel, those things do not die; but the body is laid away from us; and it will hardly be tomorrow when we shall say from the thick of the fight, "If we only had Garrison now!" And because he is out of our bodily sight we find it hard to feel that his soul marches on with us.

We have walked behind the coffins of our leaders, Croasdale and George and Shearman and McGlynn and Altgeld and Crosby. We have seen strong men lie down; but we have scarcely noticed the hundreds who have risen up to hold the places that they won.

We count our losses, but we cannot count our gains.

The unreasoning struggle of innumerable generations simply to live has woven into our being an unreasoning terror of death. Church and State for their own reasons have fostered this terror of death.

In the natural order of life the kind hand of nature unties, one by one, the strands that bind us to our earthly lives, and courage, also born of that unreasoning struggle, enables us for ourselves to look calmly into the eyes of death.

But still, for a long time the death of

those who are dear to us, of those who are one with us in our hopes and fears and loves, continues terrible. The strong hand and brain and heart which we have found a very present help in time of trouble is suddenly stilled, and we credit ourselves with grief.

But death is not terrible: neither would such men as Garrison have us mourn for them: for death is also in the Plans of God. The soul that had something to express clothed itself in the person of William Lloyd Garrison, and we learned to love it in that form.

A good life, well spent: it came to earth and delivered its message and has gone back again to the Infinite from which it came. Ought we to weep?

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Hail! Leader in death, as thou wast Leader in Life.

FROM BYRON W. HOLT.

Quiet, gentle, refined, charitable, sympathetic and democratic, to an unusual degree, no man ever held firmer convictions on most important public, social, economic and religious questions than did William Lloyd Garrison. No man was ever more ready than was he to fight valiantly for principles of right and justice. No man ever carried in stock, and always on tap, a larger supply of righteous indignation than did he whenever the poor and humble were down trodden and oppressed by the rich and mighty.

Garrison's sympathy knew no bounds. It went out to all mankind and to all sentient beings. Every man of whatever race or creed was his brother. An injury to the least of them was an injury to all and, therefore, to him. He did not hesitate to act as his brother's keeper and defender. His fluent pen and eloquent speech were always at the service of humanity.

While always liberal and open-minded and ready to listen to arguments on any side of any question of vital importance to his fellowmen, he had, as a result of years of earnest and logical thought, reached most definite conclusions on the most of these questions. His essays and addresses