

All spoke, seriously but not sadly. Markham read a tender poem. It was just such a Memorial Meeting as I think he approved of. The splendid faces and the earnestness must have done his spirit good.

In his life there is nothing to apologize for or explain. A man who was of independent means but was independent of his means, who showed that he could support himself with his hands as well as with his brain—a singularly happy and satisfactory life.

Happiness seems to me to consist in the consciousness of achievement; and in harmony with one's surroundings and the highest achievement and the most perfect harmony is in love and the expression of love, and these he had. One had only to look at Crosby's face, one has only to look even at his picture to see that he had these. There is no note of sadness in his poems, nor was there any in him.

I have been with him in his work and in his play and talked with him many a long evening; he brought out and then accepted that which was best in every one; to arouse antagonism in him seemed to be impossible, and he had his natural reward in a host of friends, with one or two intimates, in a devoted wife, and in children who adored him and who give promise of walking in his ways.

And yet strangely, he died alone; in Baltimore where he went to comfort his wife, who was under the care of a specialist, he fell ill at the hotel; it was not regarded as serious till the third evening, when his children were telegraphed for and arrived too late.

But it was a good death; such as a man would wish to die; with no struggle, nor harrowing, lingering disease, he sank quietly till,

“The pretty, red cheeked maiden, Death, kissed him on the forehead.”

Seeing Crosby, the Word made flesh, the darkest Agnostic might feel the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of such a fair body, and the life everlasting of that Soul.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW HIM.

(For the Review.)

By LEWIS F. POST.

Upon returning from a Single Tax lecture trip in the early '90's I was asked by some members of the Manhattan Single Tax Club if I knew Ernest Crosby. Explanations followed from which it appeared that Mr. Crosby had written to the club for Single Tax literature. This was the first step, as it afterwards transpired, in Mr. Crosby's effort to follow Tolstoy's advice and get acquainted with Henry George. I did know Ernest Crosby, though not with any intimacy until long afterwards. In 1864 I had met him and his brother for a passing moment in their father's company at a time when at fourteen I was big enough and felt old enough to patronize little fellows of seven or thereabouts even if they were the “kids” of my venerated pastor. Some years later I had heard of him occasionally while he made his record in the New York Legislature, and occasionally afterwards while he was upon the bench in Egypt. I told these circumstances to the group at the club, but gave Mr. Crosby no further thought, supposing him to be only one more aristocratic “investigator” of social problems out hunting for something new in the way of intellectual diversion. It was a long time before the contrary distinctly appeared. But it did distinctly appear, as we all know; and nowhere in the list of Single Tax leaders is there ever likely to be found the name of a better-balanced, clearer-minded, more devoted or stronger-hearted man.