

Mr. Blackwell's devotion to the unwon cause to which he and his wife gave their lives, long prevented his seeing what Garrison saw, that the political party of his abolition days, which he had helped to organize and which began as a party of moral ideas and democratic purposes, had become, through the gross materials drawn to it by its grasp upon political power, politically a pervert and morally bankrupt. But he was beginning to see it. The principles of his youth were disclosing themselves to him in the public problems of his old age. In her biographical sketch in the *Woman's Journal* of the 11th his daughter says, "The misery in the world had impressed itself upon him more and more of late years, and he wanted to see what suggestions could be made for removing the causes."

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It seems especially fit to let William Lloyd Garrison the younger, in this week of his own death, pay tribute to Mr. Blackwell; so we quote from Mr. Garrison's words on the occasion of Mr. Blackwell's eightieth birthday four years ago:

His birthdays come and go, hardy annuals that challenge small attention, until the decade anniversary flowers out, and we find tongue to praise the vigor and beauty of the plant. Next to a reformer's supreme faith in the justice of his cause is abiding cheerfulness, that unflinching characteristic of our guest. He fits the Browning test of one who "never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." Up and down the land he has carried the word of duty and of hope, his ringing voice giving assurance of a buoyant spirit, rare in age and not too plentiful in youth. He never generated despondency, and his presence soon dispelled it. . . . It is his virtue that the conduct of his special cause does not diminish his interest in every struggle for human freedom. He breaks a lance for all down-trodden and oppressed peoples. Wherever a protest against tyranny is called for, you may be sure that Mr. Blackwell will answer "Adsum." . . . I forbear dwelling upon services rendered by this tender-hearted man to fellow beings in trouble. Where so many content themselves with sympathetic words or gifts of money, he has given himself, spending his time and vitality in procuring redress or aid. . . . Although so closely associated with a wife and daughter of distinction, he shines by no reflected light. Chivalrous and devoted to the limit of self-effacement, his individuality was never weakened. Fate granted him a happy environment, and a home which flippant sneerers at woman's rights, or dull ones, would do well to note. I know how distasteful all eulogy is to our self-depreciating friend, whose path of escape we have cut off; but those in daily contact with this unresting but not unrestful personality, will know that exaggeration of Mr. Blackwell's virtues is not a fault of this imperfect tribute. May he accept it as only an expression of love and respect, with accumulated interest which delicacy forbids us to compound!

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON THE YOUNGER.

The most distinguished descendant of the great Liberator, the son who bore his name and inherited his message, has passed out of the world. He was the very type, in mental make-up and moral stamina, of the father whose principles he projected into the economic struggle which has succeeded the anti-slavery struggle of his father's prime. Definite in his ideals, confident of their actuality, loyal to their demands, he has traveled to the end in this world the straight and narrow path which to his view led on toward their realization.

But he was fifty years old before he saw the cross in the sky.

Until then he had lived the commonplace and contented life of one of the sons of a great reformer whose cause had won—the son of a once despised champion of human freedom whose statue now marked the spot in the metropolis of our highest culture where the man himself had been mobbed and almost hanged. The world seemed to the younger Garrison to have been fully redeemed. Some things did indeed remain yet to do. Woman was to be enfranchised; universal peace was to be achieved; religion was to be divested of superstition. But freedom had been won. He did not see that the foundations of freedom were yet to be laid.

When the call from the spirit of his father's career came to him, however, he answered it in the spirit of his father.

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The labor campaign in New York politics, led by Henry George in 1886, with its startling vote of 68,000—a larger independent vote than had ever before been cast in that city,—gave the first impulse throughout the country to the particular phase of the labor movement which bears Henry George's name and is now stirring British politics to its depths.

Among the manifestations of this impulse was a little weekly meeting in an obscure hall on a side street of Boston, and by merest accident William Lloyd Garrison, walking through that street, saw the sign of the meeting. It gave promise of an explanation of the doctrines of Henry George.

To William Lloyd Garrison, who then knew of George only through the newspapers, the name stood for all that was wicked in social agitation. It was to him as his father's had been to many a man as well meaning and uninformed thirty years

before. But his curiosity was whetted, and he went into the meeting.

Here he caught the echo of a once familiar note, and learned enough to tempt him to look further. He was soon convinced of the justice of George's cause, but could not see that it was a panacea for poverty, and so he wrote to George. The reply he got was, "Nor yet do I; the panacea for poverty is freedom. What I see in the single tax is the means of securing that industrial freedom which will make possible other triumphs of freedom."\*

The right chord had been struck, and William Lloyd Garrison the younger awoke.



Always a Republican in politics, Garrison became a Democrat—but a democratic Democrat.

Precisely as his father had been, he was unyielding in his convictions at every angle of principle. As his father had stood for Negro emancipation from chattel slavery, so he stood for human emancipation from land monopoly. And as he stood for this, so he stood for all its corollaries—freedom of citizenship, regardless of race or sex or condition; freedom of immigration, regardless of race or nationality; freedom of trade, regardless of national boundary lines.

Yet he was practical. Although he would not yield one jot of principle when principle was in question, he was never obstructive to those who were going in the direction of his ideals, no matter how slightly or timidly. Had he been a dictator, he would have switched society over to the main track at once; but as a citizen he was willing, though perhaps not always patiently content, to co-operate with his fellow citizens who did not see so far as he nor have his faith—provided they were going in his direction.

So he went with Cleveland whose traditional Democracy he abhorred, because Cleveland seemed to be going in the direction of free trade. So he went with Bryan whose financial doctrines were heresies to him, because Bryan stood for freedom against imperialism.

But on questions of principle he was righteously intolerant of the slightest deviation from principle.



He did not have the gratification that came to his father, of seeing his cause triumph in his own life time. But this could not be, for it is a greater cause and against a more subtle and powerful enemy.

\*See The Public of June 1, 1907, page 206.

William Lloyd Garrison the elder fought a gigantic enemy of human freedom in its dying years. Chattel slavery struck back wicked blows, but they were death spasms. His were the battles of a war that was already nearing its end. He might fall in the conflict, but it was within the possibilities that he should live to see the victory, and he did.

Not so with William Lloyd Garrison the younger. The evil he fought is as old historically as chattel slavery, but its economic power is of later growth. As the primary cause of social maladjustment and the very essence of the slavery principle, it is only now coming to be recognized even by those who look for social causes back of social effects. The war against this form of slavery has but just begun, and many generations may pass away before its William Lloyd Garrisons will live to enjoy its ultimate victory.

But if the William Lloyd Garrison of our day could not live to hail the victory, he had nevertheless the opportunity—open to everyone of us—to do his part in the fight. He did it, and this after all is the brighter crown to wear.

To be in at the victory! Any coward, any fool, any knave, can do that. The honor that William Lloyd Garrison the elder earned was earned in the struggle, not in the triumph; and this honor belongs also to the son, who when the call came vitalized his father's principles instead of leaving them to moulder in his father's grave.



The metaphors of war seem out of place in writing of such a man as either Garrison. The younger rejected them himself, and deplored their use by others. For war was to him an abomination. But the life of such a man makes unavoidable demands upon the vocabularies of sanguinary strife. War has been so obtrusive and spectacular a fact in the progress of the race, that it alone furnishes adequate phrases for describing bloodless struggles. Even spiritual conflicts must be described in terms of war. Did not the Prince of Peace himself come into the world to bring "a sword"?

When an era of universal peace shall have been established, its developing vocabularies may furnish forth phrases more sympathetically suggestive of the lives of these men of peace—father and son. But as it is, we can see the two only as soldiers in an army of brotherly love fighting with the weapons of peace for the cause of human justice. The elder Garrison lived through his little war and listened to songs of victory. The younger has died at the beginning of his greater war, and

in the blinding smoke and distracting confusions of its preliminary skirmishes.

Though we draw upon the vocabularies of warfare, let it be understood that the connotations are those of peace. Not "the peace of the graveyard," but that peace through social equilibrium which passeth the understanding of the privileged and their cohorts.

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No uncertain prophecy, it now seems to be, that in the future the name of William Lloyd Garrison will stand in common thought, not for one apostle of freedom, but for two.

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## INCIDENTAL SUGGESTIONS

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### VISIT NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, Aug. 1.

Isn't it possible for some of your readers to take at times a tramp abroad? A long holiday comes due now and then, and where to spend it most profitably is a problem which cannot be easily solved in an age that has seen so much of the world made accessible to travellers. The writer wishes to urge the claims of New South Wales.

New South Wales is naturally one of the most favored parts of the world. By copying the follies of older countries, the inhabitants have to some extent discounted the great blank cheque given them to fill in; but they have done something to further civic ideals.

The traditional fiscal policy of the state was always free trade until that advantage was lost through joining the other states in establishing the Australian Commonwealth in 1900. But ever since 1889 the taxation of land values for revenue purposes has been an essential policy of that state.

In 1896 the principle was incorporated in the laws of the state and a tax on land values was imposed for revenue to replace revenue lost through remission of customs duties. Then in 1906 the local government act, which enabled all Shire and Municipal councils, except the city portion of the capital, to raise all their revenue from land values was passed. This has been done in a very large majority of cases.

There are therefore two reasons why New South Wales should be remembered when an American takes a tramp abroad: its real attractiveness to tourists, and the fact that it leads in practically applying the principles of Henry George.

A. G. HUIE.

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### CHARITY AND REFORM.

Chicago, Sept. 5.

I wish everybody had the privilege of reading the editorial in the Public of September 3 on "Charity Begins at Home." But the original use of this adage was more complete. It ran, "Charity begins at home, and reform goes abroad." This is putting the gospel in its inverted sense, like inverting the Golden Rule: "Do the other fellow before he does you." While

both are perversions of sound doctrine, both are largely, too largely, the doctrine of life. Rightly interpreted, the adage means that one is ever ready to excuse his own weaknesses, mistakes and evils, but exacts strength, correctness and good of his neighbor. Reform should begin at home, and charity should go abroad. In other words, one should reform himself and exercise charity for his neighbor. But, as the adage runs, one prefers that the neighbor should reform, while he himself remains lawless; or, "that charity remain at home, while reform goes abroad." It is time that this almost universal error was arrested and the true rendering given in its place.

A. B. F.

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## NEWS NARRATIVE

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To use the reference figures of this Department for obtaining continuous news narratives:

Observe the reference figures in any article; turn back to the page they indicate and find there the next preceding article, on the same subject; observe the reference figures in that article, and turn back as before; continue until you come to the earliest article on the subject; then retrace your course through the indicated pages, reading each article in chronological order, and you will have a continuous news narrative of the subject from its historical beginnings to date.

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Week ending Tuesday, September 14, 1909.

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### Journeying to the North Pole.

Commander Robert E. Peary's telegrams from Labrador on the 6th, announcing that he had reached the North Pole last April (p. 873), were followed by fuller accounts of his journey sent by wireless on the days following, while the Commander was still detained on the Labrador coast by the need of coaling and of making repairs to his ice-worn steamer the Roosevelt. The following telegrams were exchanged on the 8th:

Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 8, 1909.—William H. Taft, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.: Have honor to place North Pole at your disposal.

R. E. PEARY, United States Navy.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 8, 1909.—Commander R. E. Peary, A. S. T., Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F.: Thanks for your interesting and generous offer. I do not know exactly what I could do with it. I congratulate you sincerely on having achieved, after the greatest effort, the object of your trip, and I sincerely hope that your observations will contribute substantially to scientific knowledge. You have added luster to the name "American."

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The following message was received in Washington on the 11th:

Honorable Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.: Respectfully report hoisted Stars and Stripes on North Pole April 6 and formally took possession that entire region and adjacent for and in name of President of the United States America. Record and United States flag left in possession.

PEARY.

It was stated in Ottawa on the 12th that a ques-