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WILLIAM T. CROASDALE

## MR. CROASDALE'S FUNERAL.

Simple, but thus the more worthy of the strong soul that is gone, was the funeral of William T. Croasdale. The services on Wednesday last at the Manhattan Single Tax Club, 73 Lexington avenue, were followed by incineration of the body at Mt. Hope Crematory, Fresh Pond, Long Island.

When the friends gathered at the club house, the coffined body lay in the rear parlor. A mass of flowers rested upon the coffin lid, and at the foot of the coffin was a floral pillow from the Delaware Society, "in memory of its first president." Old friends that looked upon the dead recognized marked traits of his earlier manhood, when the massive frame of later years was slender and wiry, and the ample, intellectual brow loomed in full value above a thin, nervous face.

The Rev. Father James O.S. Huntington, clad in the robe of his order, read a psalm, and then Henry George, standing at the foot of the coffin, spoke with singular power and simplicity to an audience that listened in absolute silence and with intense sympathy. Mr. George spoke thus:

"To us who knew him, who were close to him, the death of him whose frame lies in that coffin brings with sudden and peculiar solemnity the awe that on every hand bounds life. A strong man, a brave man, in mind and body the personation of vigorous vitality, looking forward with the anticipation that belongs to life to the task that was before, it comes with a shock to us to feel that what our senses knew of him is stark

and still, that the light of his smile, the greeting of his voice, remain now but in our memories.

"What shall we say of him, our friend, our comrade, our greathearted soldier of the good cause, ere we bear him away, as others in our turn must bear us? That he had tasted the joys and gained the prizes of life? - that he had got wealth, honor, wisdom? No, it is not on such things that the heart dwells as we stand by the coffin; as we come face to face with that unanswering silence that is the background of all life's hopes and fears. How this room, this gathering of friends, suggests to us the political struggle that he made less than a year ago; the brave and honorable hopes that nerved him against hopeless odds, the noble ambition that was kindled only to meet rebuff! How important, how absorbing it seemed then. What does it matter now? You who knew him knew something of his struggles, his successes, his disappointments @ how confidently he still looked forward to the future, how much he yet hoped to do! But now, success or failure, the momentary gleam of pleasure, the passing sting of pain, the few years more or less - what does it matter now?

"But this does matter; this remains; it is of this that our hearts speak in the hush that as fire separates dross from gold - the kindly thought, the helpful hand, the scorn of the false, the love of the true; that he stood for justice, that he fought for freedom! For ourselves we may mourn. We have lost a friend, a comrade, a man who was strong to battle for

the right, and whose absence we shall feel as we close up our ranks and move forward. But for him, we may say gladly, proudly with the solemn joy that casts out regret, that he did strive for the good, that he did labor for others, that when justice called he stood by her side; that his highest hopes were the hopes, and his strongest efforts were the efforts to bring about conditions that should make mankind better and happier after he should cease to be.

"Cease to be? No; I do not believe it! Cease to be? No; only to our senses, yet encompassed in the flesh that he has shed. For our hearts bear witness to our reason that that which stands for good does not cease to be. We who hold the faith he held, we who strive for the aim that was his aim - we of all men may say farewell to the outward semblance of our friend in the confident belief that that which animated it, that which we loved, that which we honor, though it has passed from our view, has not ceased to be.

"For what is the core, the essence of our belief - we, who for want of a better word, call ourselves Single Tax men? It is that there is in social relations as in physical relations a law, an order; a law which everywhere coincides with the moral law; an order which shows Intelligence and Beneficence. The simple, yet far-reaching reform that we urge is to us no ingenious scheme devised by human wit; no deftly invented panacea to cure human ills. It is something far simpler, yet transcendently grander - it is the conformation of human law to the supreme law of justice; the obedience in our legislation to God's will. The

injustice, the want, the suffering growing out of bitter poverty on the one side and monstrous wealth on the other, that so threaten and perplex the world to-day; raise no doubt in our minds of the existence and beneficence of a Supreme Intelligence, for we see that they spring not from His neglect, not from His niggardliness, but from man's violation of His order and rejection of His blessings. We see in the material provision that He has made for men room for all, work for all, abundance for all, and opportunities of leisure and the fullest development for all, conditioned only on men's obedience to the moral law that teaches us to give each his right; to do to others as we would have others do to us. We see that in the most highly developed civilization there is no difficulty in securing to all an equal share in their Creator's bounty, but that in the Divine Forethought a provision has been made by virtue of which the very growth of society by increasing land values, provides a fund adequate for all the increasing needs of society, and that to apply this to its intended purpose would be to make the growth of civilization an advance toward greater, and greater equality. And thus we see that the evils which afflict the world, and which to so many shut out the idea of a beneficent Creator and the moral government of the universe, spring really from the wrong that disinherits the masses of all share in their birthrights, and turns into the reward of greed and the incentive to forestalling the provision designed to supply the wants of society and promote equality.

"Thus we realize that what is to be done to purify the State,

to solve the labor question, to do away with undeserved poverty, to give to all sons of men equal opportunity to live their lives and develop their powers, is not to construct any elaborate machinery, but simply to do the will of God; simply to obey the moral law; simply to give to men that opportunity that is their birthright, that freedom that He intended. And out of this perception of the justice and wisdom and beneficence of that power that is before and beyond us grows a faith that trusts where it cannot see.

"The changing matter, the passing energy that gave to this body its form are even now on their way to other forms; in a few hours there will remain to our sight but a handful of ashes. But that which we instinctively feel as more than matter and more than energy; that which in thinking of our friend to-day we cherish as best and highest - that cannot be lost. If there be in the world order and purpose, that still lives.

"Our comrade was not a man who speculated much on things beyond. With firm belief in a Power that ruled for good, his feeling had something of the feeling of the Stoic, "It is the business of Jupiter, not mine." But the faith of standing for the truth, of working for the right, of fighting against wrong, injustice and oppression; of struggling for the betterment of social conditions and the advance of mankind; the faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil - that faith was his:

"We take leave of him to-day - leave for a time - without sorrow and without repining. We may say of him, what let us hope may when our time comes be said of us - that he did his

work as light and strength were given him, without flinching, without faltering, without turning to the right hand or the left. He did what it was his to do while life was his. He has been called away. The rest - that is for the Master!

"Swiftly following our friend has gone the poet Lowell. Here are two verses of his which Mr. Croasdale took great pleasure. Let me read them by his coffin:

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with false hood, for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each with bloom  
or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that  
light.

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Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record  
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the  
Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne -  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

At the close of Mr. George's address, Father Huntington read the Episcopal service for the dead, and after the friends had taken a last look at the confined face, the procession moved toward the crematory.

There was no service of any sort at Fresh Pond. Fifty or sixty

friends of the deceased gathered in the little chamber in front of the furnace, and saw the body, cradled in wrought iron, committed to the flames. Twenty minutes later, when the little company emerged into the open air a cloud of smoke was floating placidly from the chimney of the crematory. The coffin was broken up in the presence of a few friends and some of those present carried away fragments of the wood as memorials. The cremation was in accordance with the wish of Mr. Croasdale, vaguely expressed some weeks since, without reference to a possible early death. He was singularly indifferent to the fate of his body after death, and it was his favorite declaration that he should never concern himself, on that score, since, if necessary, the State must, as a sanitary measure, see that the remains of the dead are properly hidden away. His friends, however, knowing the sensitiveness of the man, eagerly seized upon his expression touching cremation as furnishing the best clue to his real wishes.

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