

# The SINGLE TAX

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF TAXING LAND VALUES.

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## HENRY GEORGE.—1839-1897.

For such as he can lend—they borrow  
not  
Glory from those who made the  
world their prey;  
And he is gathered to the kings of  
thought,  
Who waged contention with their  
times' decay;  
And of the past are all that cannot  
pass away.

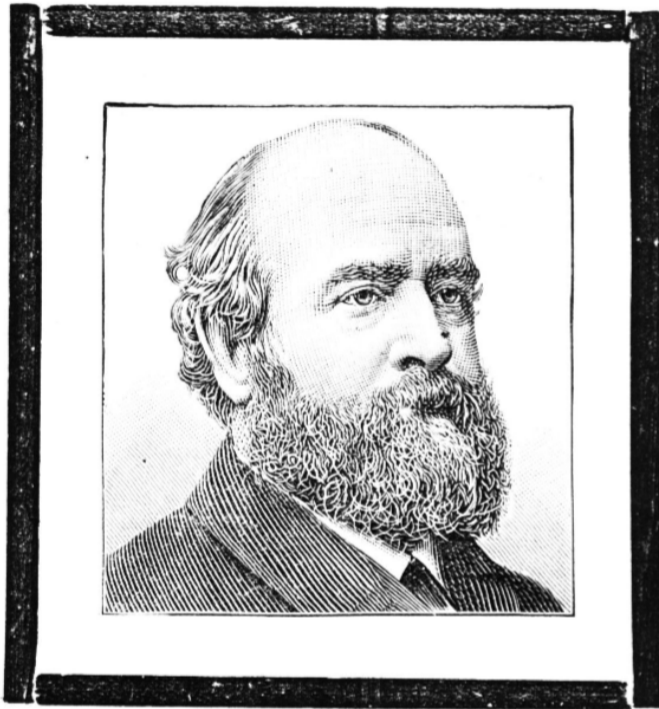
Shelley.

George is dead!

One of the cleverest and most observant of our local Town Councillors has said that there are not more than twelve or thirteen genuine Single Tax men in Glasgow, all told. I have sometimes confuted this. Yet, not until the last three weeks have I had any idea of how many people there were walking our streets who had a warm recollection of, and a high esteem for Henry George. Here and there throughout the city, everywhere I have gone, I have met men who, after a word or two of salutation, have paused and then said to me, "George is dead!" and then paused again. Somehow or other it always seemed to me as if they were speaking of the death of some mutual close relation.

Our editor has asked me to write him an article on George. But, as he intends in this number to make large extracts from the opinions of the press on George, to reprint several lengthy articles from various sources, along with a full life from the pen of a close personal friend of the dead man, nothing seems to be left for me but to say some words for myself and for Glasgow.

On his mother's side, George was descended from a Glasgow family—though once in a speech in the City Hall he said that he was not proud of his connection with a city in which so much poverty existed side by side with so much wealth. It was also in the City Hall of Glasgow, on the 17th March, 1882, that he delivered, under Irish auspices, his first lecture in Great Britain. On the evening following, he was one of the speakers at another meeting, under the auspices of the then "Democratic Association." That was when he was over 40 years of age, after he had passed through all his early struggles, after the publication of "Progress and Poverty," and after he had been arrested under "Buck-shot Forster's" regime as a suspect in Ireland while acting as special Irish correspondent for Patrick Ford's New York paper. But it was while he was still quite an unknown man to the world at large. Within a very short time, however, he had shot into wonderful prominence on both sides of the Atlantic as the founder of an entirely new school of political economy, and as a brilliant writer and orator, and an uncompromising and untiring land agitator. His subsequent visits to Scotland resembled triumphal marches through the country, great crowds flocking to hear him in all the towns in which he spoke—marches which were made all the more triumphal by the derisive howls of the press, and the violent anathemas of nearly all who were in place and power. For "Henry Georgeism"



—it was some years before the term "Single Tax" became generally adopted—was, in the opinion of most politicians, and other respectable people, only another name for robbery and plunder, and reckless folly and wrong. Even the ordinary land agitators fought shy of him or openly denounced him—eternally explaining that they had no sympathy with his absurd and wicked schemes. I can dimly remember attending a great Highland Crofter meeting in the City Hall in 1884, at which George's name was hissed. Although when, a few months later, he made his tour through the Highlands and met the Highland people themselves face to face, he was everywhere received by them as a very prophet.

His second visit to Scotland took place in 1884, in the early months of which year he addressed a meeting in the City Hall of Glasgow, which was packed to the door, and at the close of which the Scottish Land Restoration League was formed. The lecture then delivered has, under the name of "Scotland and Scotsmen," been printed and reprinted in pamphlet form, and sold by the million. Immediately afterwards he addressed large audiences in various other halls of the city and in all the towns of Scotland; and in the winter of 1884-85 he made another similar lecturing tour. It was on a Sunday evening in the early part of the latter year that he delivered his lecture on "Moses," in the St. Andrew's Hall, under the auspices of the then "Sunday Society."

In 1886 George fought as candidate for the mayoralty of New York, and in 1888 flung himself into the presidential struggle on the side of Cleveland and Free Trade. All that time his Scotch friends were kept closely in touch with his thoughts and actions, not only by one or two works as they were published, but also through the medium of his then weekly paper,

*The Standard*, which used to come in considerable parcels to Glasgow. Towards the end of 1888 he was back in this country, bringing with him his wife and his daughters. On this occasion he made a very lengthy tour through both England and Scotland. Among his numerous other engagements were two special visits to Bridgeton—the one to deliver a public lecture, and the other on Saturday, 27th April, 1889—to be present at a complimentary dinner given in his honour in the Bridgeton Cross Public Hall, when an illuminated address was presented to him. After the dinner, as will be remembered, he paid a visit to the Bridgeton Workingmen's Club, and to the rooms of the Bridgeton Liberal Association in Duncan Street. To the library of the Club George presented volumes of his three principal works—"Progress and Poverty," "Social Problems," and "Protection or Free Trade," with these words:—

"I have a sincere admiration for this institution, and I would like to see similar clubs established everywhere. I give you a little testimonial of my appreciation in the shape of three volumes, which cost me a great deal of hard work, and which, I believe, are well worthy of a place in your library, and well worthy of your reading. They treat, not of questions of party politics, but of these great fundamental questions which concern every one of us—questions of work, questions of wages, questions of why it is—that most important of all questions—that all over the world the labouring class seems to be the poor class, whereas we all know that labour is the producer of all wealth."

On the evening following, Sunday, 28th April, 1889, George delivered a sermon in the City Hall, under the auspices of the "Henry George Institute," his text being taken from Matthew vi. 10—"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth." This sermon has also been printed and reprinted, and sold by the million, in this country, in the United States, and in the British Colonies.

In the summer of 1889 George paid a visit to Paris to attend an International Convention of Land Reformers in connection with the Paris Exhibition of that year, when, among many continental reformers of all schools, he met several aged representatives of the "new physiocrats" of '48. This was, I believe, the only occasion on which he took any active part in any meetings or convocations outside the English-speaking world, as he knew no language but English. A few months later he set out on a lengthy tour through the Australasian colonies, going by way of San Francisco and the Pacific, and returning via the Suez Canal. On this trip round the world he was also accompanied by his wife and daughters. It was on his passing through this country on his way home—in August, 1890—that he paid his last visit to Glasgow and to Scotland, when he delivered

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one lecture in the City Hall, at which the present Scottish Land Restoration Union was founded.

The next time I saw George was in the year 1894, when I was on a visit to America. Since his death a great deal has been written of the fascinating personality of Henry George, and I shall ever cherish with the fondest recollections the privilege I had of making the short acquaintance of that personality in his own house. He was then living with his wife and daughters on East 19th Street, New York. It did not seem to me to be a very desirable place of residence for a man who was not obliged to keep to any special locality, as it lies almost on the boundary of the business part of the city. Yet George liked to live there, as it was in a central position and kept him closely in touch with the great city and with the centres of Single Tax agitation. Afterwards he removed to Fort Hamilton, far on the other side of Brooklyn—in many respects a much more desirable place of residence.

Even at that time George had been working for a year or two on his latest book.

"It was some of you Scotchmen," he told me, "that wanted me to write a Primer on Political Economy—say for use in schools and colleges. But as soon as I started I saw that I would have to make it something more—a fully argued treatise. And later on I found that it would have to be something even more than that," he said slowly and looking at the ceiling—"a full statement of our whole philosophy."

He explained that he was every now and then being disturbed at the work, on account of pressing invitations to speak in various towns of the Union, and of newspaper and magazine controversies in which he was compelled to take part; but he expected to finish it in the spring of 1895. And he said:—

"As soon as I see it into the publisher's hands I am going to take a trip over to your country for a rest and a change."

"But, he is not to speak at all. It is for a rest he is going," said Mrs. George, with her wifely affection.

"Oh! but," I said, "he will surely speak at least once in each of five or six principal towns. At any rate," I said, "if you cross the ocean at all, you will have to come to Scotland; and if you come to Scotland, you will have to come to Glasgow."

"I will certainly come to Glasgow," he said wartyly—even passionately.

But the spring of 1895 has passed, and the summer, and the autumn, and 1896, and the greater part of 1897, and so much care has been taken with the book that it is not finished yet, and—George is dead! It is understood, however, that the first parts are already in the printer's hands, and that the latter parts are in such a condition that they can easily be put in order and seen through the press by his son.

The question has been asked whether it was not foolish of George to go into the recent mayoralty contest at all, looking to the advice his medical adviser and many of his friends gave him. I hardly think that we in this country are in a position to give a satisfactory opinion on this. It is, in all conscience, difficult enough for us to closely follow the trend of thought at home, even with all the information our newspapers and journals give us. With the meagre and generally one-sided information they give us of popular movements in the United States, or any other foreign country, it is absolutely impossible for us to appreciate, at any moment, the exact position of public affairs there. The observant and enquiring man who goes abroad is always startled to find how absolutely little he knows, with all his reading, of the politics or public feelings of the country he visits. That George himself thought that the contest presented an opportunity for progress that should under no consideration be lost, is certain—doubly certain when we know that he himself was dubious of his surviving it. And few men have studied more closely, or have known better than he, the secrets of "agitation." He understood clearly how a propaganda could be carried on for years, even in an organised and regular way, with little or no seeming progress, for, in general circumstances, the enormous masses of people are quite apathetic towards great causes. But he, too, understood how, every now and then, events

are liable to happen that stir the people to earnest enquiry, or affairs to turn in such a way as to impel these masses to direct their attention eagerly for a time in certain directions; and how, at such times, with vigorous action, blows can be struck within a few months, or even weeks, that tell more than the patient hammering of a decade. The patient hammering is necessary to keep the cause before the listless eyes of the people; but the vigorous blows at such times are also necessary to enable it to bear its due fruit. And George evidently regarded this contest as such an event and such a time. It might kill him; but the telling blows he could deal were worth his death.

These were no doubt some of his feelings in entering on the fight. He knew perfectly well that the great attention he excited in this country in 1884 and 1885 was largely due to the then prominence of the Irish and Highland land questions which were at that time directing the earnest attention of our people to one principal phase of the problem he wished to solve. And when he went to Australia it was with the special object of taking advantage of the prominence of the tariff question there, which was then turning the attention of the Australasian peoples to another phase of the very same problem. But probably George also felt that for some years back he had become too much of a closet philosopher, and had longed for more of that close and direct contact with the people which the platform gives. He knew that men before him had written books, on somewhat similar lines to his, that had dropped almost dead from the press, and had been speedily forgotten. Certainly they were not books comparable to his either in completeness of doctrine and argument, or in direct and simple style of treatment. And, doubtless, his books would in time have brought his doctrines to the front, even although he had never appeared on a platform to explain or defend them. But it would probably have been years and years before his ideas had filtered down to the common people. Hence George took every opportunity of adding the agitator and the orator to the thinker and the writer. Someone has said of Rousseau that he never penned a line or entertained an idea without thinking of the great masses of men; and certainly in this respect Henry George resembled the Genevan vagabond. Unlike some of the other candidates in the late contest, who trusted merely to the strength of organisation and the power of money, and hardly ever addressed a meeting, George spoke three or four times a day. His success at the polling booth would have been a great victory; but the most valuable privilege of the contest was his being permitted to have so many talks to the people. The strong presentiments he apparently had when entering on the fight, and especially the startling words he used when accepting nomination, seem almost to show that he knew that the sands of his life were running out, and felt that his most fitting end was to die on the platform, before the eyes of the masses whom he loved.

Probably the most potent and striking of all George's attributes was his absolute simplicity. He possessed to a very high degree the rare attribute of looking *straight* at things. If you asked him a question, he answered exactly the question you asked. If a compound problem was put before him, he immediately cut it up into its simple parts. If he came to the conclusion that something was right, he would have that done, consequence or no consequence.

This is not the place to discuss George's contributions to Political Economy. That would require a series of articles to itself. But, even if he has done nothing else, he has certainly simplified this whole science. Before George wrote, Political Economy was an abstract, intricate, "dry" subject, that could only be adequately studied by one who had previously undergone some special mental training. Even if George is wrong in every one of his special doctrines, he has at least cut up this intricate science into its simple and easily understood parts. That was no doubt the reason why Professor Beesly took "Progress and Poverty" as a text book for his classes in the early '80's; though he had to drop it when its author became known as a "dangerous demagogue." Of course, the work requires some serious and fixed thought; but that thought is such as any fairly intelligent person can readily apply. I

myself first read it as a hazy-minded youth, lying on the steerage-deck of a West Highland steamer; and it was absolutely my first introduction, not only to Political Economy, but to any similar science. I keenly remember scratching my head at times, and closing the book to look at the sea and think. But I made the necessary effort, and, before ending the thirty-six hours' voyage, the mysteries of a new world of thought had been gradually unfolded to my raw mind. Immediately afterwards I read some of the most abstruse works on the subject, but none of them gave me the slightest difficulty—George had cut the whole thing up into pieces for me.

But besides simplifying the science, he also made it complete and consistent. The total wealth produced is divided into three parts—Rent, Wages, and Interest. Now, all the old economists treat of the distribution of wealth between these three as depending on three distinct and separate laws—one ruling the rise and fall of each of the factors. Hence they were led into hosts of intricacies. But when George turned his simple, straight glance on the matter, he saw that, as they were all per-centages of the one thing—the total wealth produced—what affects the per-centage of the one must affect the per-centage of one or both of the others. If the per-centage of one rises, the per-centage of one or both of the others must fall; and if the per-centage of one falls, the per-centage of one or both of the others must rise. Hence he found that the proportions of all must depend on the one thing,

#### THE "MARGIN OF CULTIVATION."

How this discovery in economic science helped him to solve the great problem he set out to solve—why poverty keeps pace with the numerous improvements of progress—we all know. The importance he attaches to land tenure in man's social and industrial arrangements is largely derived from this conclusion, and from his keen recognition of the simple, axiomatic truth that land—in its economic sense—is the ultimate and absolute source of all wealth and the sole workshop of the world.

It has been said that George will be remembered as essentially a one-book author. If this is so, it is just because he unfolded his whole philosophy in "Progress and Poverty." His other works—so far as we yet have them—are just exemplifications and illustrations of the doctrines there adduced. It is therefore wrong to say, as has been said in several quarters, that he exhausted himself in his first great work. It was simply because he found that he had exhausted neither himself nor his subject that he issued the others. "Social Problems" is a more popular and minute examination of several matters at which he could only hastily glance in such a work as "Progress and Poverty." No doubt many will think "Protection or Free Trade" the best ordered and most convincing of his works. In it he carefully cuts up the Tariff question into little bits, takes it all to pieces, and so simplifies it, just as he does with the science of Political Economy and the Social Problem in "Progress and Poverty." "The Condition of Labour," and "A Perplexed Philosopher," are controversial works. His fine English style, always clear and simple, often sensuous and passionate, and especially his amazing wealth of analogy and illustration, and the absolute simplicity of his analogies and illustrations, greatly adds to the readableness of his books.

George is dead! and it has been said that, like Moses, he died without entering the promised land. But I cannot conceive that he ever supposed he would live to see his principles put fully into practice. Yet he has lived to see many things. His influence on economic science has not always been acknowledged, yet it has already been great. It would not be difficult to compile a nice little list of once famous doctrines, besides the celebrated one of the "Wages Fund," which, 20 years ago, were always being thrown like wet blankets over every discussion that took place between capitalists and labourers for instance, or the landed and the landless, which have gradually been dropped since he wrote, and which are scarcely heard of now, or for which, at least, no reputed scientific economist would now contend.

And he did live long enough to live down many a personal slander, many an opprobrious epithet. During his early visits to this country

**Ask all Candidates for Municipal and Parliamentary Honours this Question—**



a few of the terms freely used about his philosophy and himself in the daily and weekly press, and in magazine articles and reviews alike were:—"immoral doctrines;" "the incredible absurdity of his reasoning;" "the gigantic fraud recommended by Mr. George;" "It is not so much the dishonesty or violence of such teaching that strikes us most, but its unutterable meanness;" "a dangerous demagogue;" "the apostle of plunder;" "a man utterly conscienceless;" "a man who is not the least shocked by consequences which abolish the decalogue and deny the primary obligations both of public and private morality;" "the world has never seen such a preacher of unrighteousness as Mr. Henry George." Later on he was charged over the world with plagiarism on the most tremendous scale. It was even said that "Progress and Poverty" had been copied almost word for word from previously published books. Now, he is ead. And, since his death, I have carefully gone over all the press notices of him, both in British and American journals, that I can possibly lay my hands on. Many take occasion to say that they disagree with him; but in doing so they are perfectly fair. The old personal opprobrium has disappeared. I pick the following from some of the journals which declare themselves most opposed to his principles:—"an able man;" "a fair man;" "an honest man;" "a straight man;" "a good man;" "an acute and far-seeing economist;" "a pure and high-minded reformer;" "one of the greatest and most upright figures of our century;" "the grasp and power of his intellect was only surpassed by the fairness of his methods, the single-mindedness of his motives, and the loftiness of his purpose." Only in one or two corners have I been able to find anything else. In its leader of 30th October last, the *Glasgow Herald*, for instance, tentatively referred to him as an "adventurer."

Nor is this all. It is not even most. For he has also lived to see, in the spread of the agitation for the Taxation of Land Values, some part, more or less, of his "policy of plunder" adopted into the programmes of one of the great political parties in every one, at least, of the English-speaking countries and Colonies of the world. The *Glasgow Herald* may still speak of him as an "adventurer," but his shadow has for some years back been haunting the Glasgow Municipal Buildings. And in the laws of New Zealand and of New South Wales, the thin end of the "Single Tax" wedge has already actually been inserted, and the people there have been so satisfied with this that they are even now crying loudly for more of the wedge. The latest act passed in New Zealand for the Taxation of Land Values has come so close up to George's principles that George himself could hardly have bettered the wording of it except to make it take all land values.

In a word, if Henry George has not lived long enough to eat of the ripened fruit, he has at least seen that fruit fast forming on the tree. As a reformer he has, in many ways, fully realised the promise of Whittier:—

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And if denied the victor's meed  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

But what effect will his death have on the cause with which he was identified, and for which he lived—and died? Mr. Stead, answering this question in the "Review of Reviews," says:—

"His sudden death, occurring in such circumstances, will probably give a fillip to the propaganda which is associated with his name. But a living dog, says the proverb, is better than a dead lion, and the Single Taxmen in every English-speaking world realise only too keenly the blow which has been dealt the cause by the removal of its leader."

With all respect, I think that Mr. Stead should have been one of the last men to have dragged in this worldly proverb on such an occasion. For surely he should know that the history of the progress of mankind is filled with instances which belie the proverb. How many great causes have only begun to conquer when assailed by martyrdom? How many great movements have only been consecrated by the death of their founders? Christianity itself, as Henry George was fond of pointing out, was only so consecrated.

Yet again. A would-be tyrant of France tried to filch from the people the liberties of France. For days a band of devoted orators

went around the capital and the provinces, explaining, urging, exhorting the people to resist. But the people were quite apathetic; they did not seem to care for their liberties. One evening, however, a poor unknown man, who had attended one of the little resisting meetings in Paris, was, in a scuffle, shot dead by the soldiery; and that night his body was carried by torch-light round the city. A few hours later the workmen of Paris had poured in thousands from their homes in the faubourgs, had captured several stands of arms, had thrown down cabs, carts, and omnibuses, and torn up the paving stones to throw barricades across the streets, and were eagerly preparing to capture the Hotel de Ville, and to drive the soldiers from the city, and the treacherous dynasty from the land. In this case a dead dog proved better than many living lions.

And John Brown of Harper's Ferry—living—could shelter a few fugitive slaves, and defend them for a time against their pursuers. But John Brown of Harper's Ferry—dead—marched, as the battle-song says, at the head of every regiment that was formed shortly afterwards in the North, and his name was shouted as a battle-cry by tens of thousands of stalwart men who had sworn to put an end to the curse of negro slavery in the United States:—

"We have read this fateful sentence writ in rows of burnished steel,  
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal."

Let the hero born of woman crush this serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."

And to die for truth has as often been the ideal as to live for truth. It was so with the anti-slavery men:—

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a halo in His bosom to transfigure you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, so we die to make men free,

As we go marching on."

I do not wish to make odious comparisons between movemens of different kinds, nor between other men who have died for truth, and Henry George. I only wish to point out how narrow is the proverb which Mr. Stead cites. For every case has its own circumstances, and, looking to all the circumstances of this, I do not think that George's death will have much effect on the movement at all. Certainly George himself was no fatalist. He did not think that the triumph of his principles was absolutely bound to come. Again and again he said that it would only come if men willed it and worked for its coming; for it was an essential part of his creed that man, though an effect, was also a cause, though a creature was also a creator. In George the cause has certainly lost a valuable worker. But perhaps the fillip of which Mr. Stead speaks may counterbalance this loss. As the founder of the movement, we have not lost him. George was only temporarily a political leader; permanently and essentially he was a great thinker. He was not even director of the Single Tax propaganda, although he was its spiritual head. This was his body; that was his soul—and it is only his body that we have lost. His thoughts and his spirit are still left to us in his books and in his memory, and will be left to those after us. It is no doubt owing to this feeling that there has been so little grief among the Single Tax men—only a little emotion when they thought of him as a man.

"A living dog is better than a dead lion." Faugh! What does Shelley say?—

The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
And death is a low mist that cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

NORMAN M'LENNAN.

### The Bradford Conference.

We direct the attention of our readers to the Conference on the Taxation of Land Values, to be held at Bradford, on 4th January, 1898. Those intending to be present might communicate with the various secretaries, as per advertisement in another column.

## Tributes to George.

BISHOP POTTER DECLARES GEORGE LOVED AND STROVE TO SERVE HIS FELLOW MEN.

Mrs. Henry George.—May I offer you my sincere sympathy in view of the great sorrow that has come to you. Your husband and I were both pupils of the late Dr. George Emlon Hare, in Philadelphia, and I remember very well, as a boy, his father's book store, in which he first developed his love for reading. But he did more than read; he thought, and he loved and strove to serve his fellow men. There were many questions concerning which we did not see alike, but there was none in connection with which he did not reveal himself as a faultless and upright man in every best personal characteristic, an example to his fellow men. May God comfort you and yours in your great bereavement prays  
HENRY C. POTTER.

FATHER M'GLYNN SAYS GEORGE DIED BATTLING FOR PRINCIPLES HE LOVED.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Henry George died a martyr. He fell on the battlefield, just as he would have chosen to die had it been left to him to decide. He went down with his face to the enemy, battling for principles that were dearer to him than life.

I have known him long and intimately, and have enjoyed the opportunity of studying the man, his high motives and his splendid character. He had earned from me a close friendship and a profound admiration. I officiated at the marriage of his daughter Jemale, and performed the last sad rites when she was laid to rest. I was bound to Henry George by the deepest ties, and now, when my heart is bursting, I can give but feeble expression to the tribute I would pay his memory.

He was unquestionably one of the greatest and most remarkable men that America has produced, and death came to him as it did to Abraham Lincoln, at a time when his ability was recognised universally, and when he was about to accomplish the crowning effort of his life. After the first shock of it is over, we may be able to see that there was a higher Providence in his death than we can now understand. His loveable personality, his rare genius for political philosophy and economy, his indefatigable and successful study and search for political and economic truth, set him quite apart from all other men of his time.

I do not think that it is merely the enthusiastic language of a devoted friend to say that as the providence of God raised up a Washington to be the father of his country, and endowed him with such gifts, and gave him such experiences that we might well believe that without them the Republic would not have been achieved, as in a similar crisis the rare gifts and character of a Lincoln were so plainly Providential, that none but men with little faith in God could doubt that he had been prepared for and sent upon a mission by the Father in heaven, and I have no hesitation in saying that Henry George, by his extraordinary gifts and career, showed that he was marked out by the Providence of God to be a foremost leader and teacher in the work of emancipation of the masses of men everywhere, from an industrial slavery, to often worse and more galling than mere chattel slavery, and to hasten the coming and to perpetuate the duration, not merely of a larger and more perfect American Union of States, but of the commonwealth or United States of the World.

If the wondrously beautiful philosophy of Henry George shall not be accepted in practice, later generations of Americans, if not our own generation, will surely be doomed to see the oppression of the masses, brutalised by their poverty and enthrallment, rise up to a vengeance, and perhaps one unwise, and abhorrent measures for the righting of their wrongs, that on a larger scale, amid much greater numbers of men, might more than repeat the horrors of the French Revolution.

I myself am not a politician; I am a clergyman, and, I hope, not lacking in humanity and patriotism, and what I have said, and my attitude towards Mr. George, so far from being inconsistent with my religion, are largely dictated by my religion itself, namely, the religion of "Him who felt compassion for the multitude, and who taught us to labour and to

"Are you in favour of Taxing Land Values?"