

Tythes from the people—a practice which Christ, the Apostles and Prophets never walked in. Therefore, surely you are the false Christs and false Prophets that are risen up in these latter days.”

Winstanley concludes this pamphlet with the following heart-stirring words, with which this first notice of him and his writings may fittingly close :

“Thus I have declared to you and to all in the world, what that Power of Life is that is in me ; and knowing that the Spirit of Righteousness does appear to many in this land, I desire all of you seriously, in love and humility, to consider of this business of Public Community, which I am carried forth in the power of love, and clear light of Universal Righteousness, to advance as much as I can. I can do no other, the Law of Love in my heart does so constrain me ; by reason whereof I am called fool and madman, and have many slanderous reports cast upon me, and meet with much fury from some covetous people ; under all of which my spirit is made patient, and is guarded with joy and peace. I hate none ; I love all ; I delight to see everyone live comfortably ; I would have none live in poverty, straits, or sorrows. Therefore if you find any selfishness in this work, or discover anything that is destructive of the whole Creation, I would that you would open your hearts as freely to me, in declaring my weakness to me, as I have been open-hearted in declaring that which I find and feel much life and strength in. But if you see Righteousness in it, and that it holds forth the strength of Universal Love to all, without respect to persons, so that our Creator is honored in the work of His hands, then own it and justify it, and let the Power of Love have his freedom and glory.”



## PROGRESS AND RESULTS OF THE SINGLE TAX MOVEMENT.

BY HAMLIN RUSSELL.

ADDRESS READ BEFORE THE WOMAN'S HENRY GEORGE CLUB, AT CIVIC HALL,  
128 EAST TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1902, AND  
THE NUTLEY, N. J., SINGLE TAX CLUB, MARCH 13, 1902.

“And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens, and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren, and he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand.”—BIBLE.

Moses was the unacknowledged son of a slave mother and of a father whose life had been made “bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field.” The slaves of the Pharaohs were increasing too fast in numbers ; their masters were alarmed ; they said in effect : our bondsmen outnumber us ; we own all the land, thanks to the statesmanship of Prime Minister Joseph, and we control them by force. On our side is the law, the power, and all the institutions of society. We are masters, they are the slaves. At present we rule by virtue of our superior intelligence. It begins to look, however, as though we ourselves have in our greed sown the seed that will eventually bring forth a crop of men who will be able by their very numbers and the sum of their united intelligence to overthrow us. For these reasons the Pharaohs sought a remedy—a means of defence. If the spirit of foreign conquest and of “world power” had been dominant in the breasts of the ministers in Pharaoh's cabinet, a mighty army of superfluous Hebrews might have been raised which would have relieved the pressure in the congested labor centres, and in the name of Egyptian sweetness and light this army could have been sent abroad to “benevolently assimilate” foreign continents and islands, and diffuse the blessings of civilization among people sitting in darkness. But political measures were simpler in the days of the Pharaohs than they are now.

To go to the expense of capturing new lands on which its slaves could be distributed and their labor further exploited for the benefit of the masters was too complex a proposition for the cabinet of the Pharaoh. And besides, it may be that the administration then in power realized that such a course would, at the best, be only putting off the evil day of reckoning, and that to go in for a world power policy only meant a bigger smash when settling day arrived. At any rate, a far more direct method of disposing of the superfluous men in the nation's population was decided on, so orders were issued for the immediate drowning of all male slaves as fast as they came into the world. Though primitive and somewhat crude, this method appears to have advantages over the reconcentration camps of a later day, in which, for another purpose, however, the undesirable and annoying superfluity of a given population is disposed of.

I will not attempt to carry the metaphor further. Pharaoh's project failed; and as the ages have gone by since his day, all down the line, in the stately procession of time, there has been constant failure, from Pharaoh to Weyler, and through the long list of the intermediate men-killers whose execrated names stain the pages of history, until we come to the Kitcheners of this day and hour, and to that unhappy miscreant whose identity and responsibility for Philippine reconcentration and murder is not yet sufficiently fixed to warrant the placing of his name on the roll of infamy. Of course they failed. For as it was written of Israel in the olden time, so now, "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

But I only mean to call your attention to the fact that Moses, the future lawgiver and leader of the people he was to rescue from slavery, began his career by "slaying an Egyptian." The record says that "it came to pass that he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of the brethren, and he slew him." We read also that "when he went out the second day, behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together, and he said to him that did the wrong, 'Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?'" Then, immediately following this well-meant and kindly admonition to his brother slaves not to strive against each other, we read that, being alone in the pasture land of Midian, and while seated by a well, he came to the rescue of the seven daughters of the priest of that country, and helped them water their flocks when they had been driven away from the well by the shepherds.

No man has ever succeeded in leading his fellows out of bondage who has not followed the successive steps here laid down.

*First.*—He must "slay his Egyptian." That is to say, like Moses the slave-born, he must be brave enough to fearlessly attack the tyrant. He must declare himself, and by act and deed stake his life upon the result. The first act of Moses put him into direct conflict with Pharaoh, who sought to kill him, and "he fled from the face of Pharaoh and dwelt in Midian."

*Second.*—He must teach those that he would help not to strive one with another, and

*Third.*—He must himself, personally and directly, go to the help of the weak against the strong.

Moses' opportunity for helping the daughters of the Midian priest grew directly out of that first act, the "slaying of the Egyptian."

From this point all that followed in the career of the greatest lawgiver and leader in history was simply a matter of going on. He began by raising his hand fearlessly against the tyrant, and God led him through all of his marvellous life until at the end, while yet his "eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated, he went up into Nebo's lonely mountain, from whose summit he was permitted to see the promised land to which he had led his people, and the Lord said unto him, 'I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.'"

You think, friend, by this time, I am sure, that you have come here to-night to listen to a preacher and to hear a sermon. You care little, you say, about this ancient Hebrew story; you are banded together for a definite purpose. You stand for a certain reform, for a principle, and you were told that you were to hear something to-night about its progress and its results.

I do not think that it is wise to consider the progress of any great movement of the age-old strivings after liberty without taking into account all that has gone before. Moses was the first lawgiver—the first “man sent from God” to show the way out of Egypt to the land of promise, according to the Scriptures of the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the Hebrew world. I am to speak to you to-night of the work of the man whom we look upon as the latest comer in the long line of *God's men*. And this man we were privileged to know, and to recognize his august position. I am fain to believe that the *All Wise* has never left his children, through all the ages, without their Moses. Oftentimes we have refused to recognize him. If we were wiser, if we knew history better, perhaps we could make up the complete roll of the prophets—of the men sent by God to lead us. We cannot do that. From the beginning the prophets have been persecuted, reviled, stoned, driven from city to city, crucified. Happy indeed is that generation, or that people, aye, or that little group of disciples or that single individual, to whom it is given to recognize the God's man of the day and hour. I speak to such a group of disciples. I speak to men and women who, having been gently led by a teacher sent from God, have seen from the mountain top the land of promise, and having seen, they have hastened to tell their fellows of the glory that has been set before them. They have no higher ambition, no deeper purpose in life; they know no sweeter labor than to preach the gospel proclaimed by Henry George.

Henry George was indeed the Moses of our day. I do not hesitate to draw the analogy between this man of the people and the Hebrew lawgiver. His life was “made bitter” by the spirit of the modern Pharaoh “with hard bondage in all manner of service.” Henry George “slew his Egyptian” when he wrote *Progress and Poverty*, thus raising his hand fearlessly against the whole tyrannous brood of task-masters and slave-drivers that have existed since man first learned to load his brother man with shackles, and doom him to unrequited toil. When that book fell from the press its author's life was staked upon its doctrine. His stand was taken; his course was marked out; the wilderness and its toilsome march lay before him. The battles with Philistines were to come; the struggles with foes innumerable began. Like Moses he raised his voice among brethren striving together, demanding of “him that did the wrong, wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?” He never ceased this questioning cry to the labor hosts, wrangling, smiting, disunited, and disorganized until the day of his death, and we who can remember across the time spanned by two decades, praise God and take courage when we note the effect of that appeal. There is still need that this question, “Why smitest thou thy fellow?” should be asked of the workers; but surely much has been gained. Never in all the history of that which we call the “labor movement” has there been greater harmony, greater forbearance, and so united a front as at the present moment.

To the weak, to the women and the children who sought to draw waters at the wells of toil, he was ever a fearless champion. Look back you who falter and are afraid. You who are impatient and footsore, murmuring because the wilderness march is long. What was the condition of labor twenty years ago? The fight for a *ten*-hour day had not even been won. Albert L. Johnson tells of working eighteen hours a day on a street car in Indianapolis. The *eight*-hour movement, as I remember it, had not fairly begun, and I have heard more than one pulpit thunder against the laziness, the indifference and incompetency of

workers who were absurdly demanding an eight-hour day. Surely there has been a great *gain* in these things. How many States had labor commissions and labor bureaus in 1880? What were the factory laws and the "Child Labor" laws in 1880? There are not ideal conditions prevailing now, but a genuine advance has been made.

Do you remember that the first and only census of the facts about farm and home mortgages was taken in 1890, and that when the results were published, proving by statistics unwillingly collected and grudgingly furnished by a hostile administration, that the whole fabric of Pecksniffian argument and all the facts of the Gradgrind school about the "honest workingman's little home all paid for, and the sturdy American farmers' broad acres free from mortgage," came tumbling down like a house of cards. Do you remember Mr. Shearman's deductions from these statistics? George never used statistics to prove his points; but Shearman, with statistics furnished under pressure by the enemies of George and his doctrine, proved beyond gainsaying all that George had claimed about the distribution of wealth, about the rich growing richer, and the poor growing poorer; and do you forget that within the last three years Shearman's amazing revelations and confirmations of Mr. George's positions—revelations that were received with incredulity then—have become commonplace facts of to-day; facts that the cult of society saviours, headed by Hewitt and Atkinson, are vainly striving to sweep away with new-fangled brooms of excuse. All their time-honored and heretofore serviceable contrivances for darkening counsel by raising a dust having failed them utterly. All of these advances, along collateral lines, these incidental but closely related facts bearing upon and influencing the propaganda of single tax doctrine, count for victory.

I have said nothing thus far about the direct advance of our cause; about New Zealand, the object-lesson among nations—the world's experiment station. We have obtained a measure of single tax administration there, as you all know, not a full measure, but enough to develop before the eyes of a doubting and cavilling world several astounding general facts. The credit of the colony is higher than any other Australian colony. There have been no strikes or lockouts in New Zealand for a matter of five years. Real wages are higher there than anywhere else in the world, save only in those places where the waste of war has given a fictitious rise in wages hereafter to be settled for in tears and misery. There are no idle men in New Zealand who are able and willing to work, and there are no smokeless factory chimneys or silent wheels of industry.

While I have been writing this paper a friend has directed my attention to the fact that in Colorado the Governor has called a special session of the Legislature, to consider among other things a reconsideration of the resolution submitting a constitutional amendment to a popular vote, which if carried would permit a fair trial in Colorado of what Senator Bucklin calls the "Australian system of taxation." The question is now being discussed throughout the State, and has gone far enough, it seems, to cause alarm in conservative circles. Well, I am glad of it. I like to see these kind of conservatives alarmed. As a single taxer, the alarm, or terror, of all conservatives who wish to conserve hoary error and injustice, gives me exquisite pleasure. I do not care either whether the Coloradian tax reformers succeed in carrying their amendment or not. It would be a satisfaction to me if they should win, but really I am in no hurry; as a matter of fact the fight was won on the day that *Progress and Poverty* was published. A real live, vigorous truth, like the truth contained in that book, once uncovered in the muck heap of error and superstition where it has lain in obscurity for a time, has nothing to fear, unless indeed another period of obscurity awaits it by a new covering of rubbish. As for these truths,—Mr. George's doctrines I mean,—I have a pretty strong faith in the proposition



that they have grown too big and lusty during the past twenty years to ever be covered up again. As well talk of covering with leaves the giant *sequoia* trees in the California forests, as of covering up or stopping the growth of our tree now. If a sufficient number of Coloradians have clearly seen these truths, the Legislature will not reconsider the proposition to submit the amendment. If it is reconsidered, and the submission is denied, what matters it? It will not be for long. I am so sure now of the impending triumph of our cause that I really am quite indifferent to such temporary symptoms as this latest development in the Colorado case. Tolstoi, in his last book, *The Resurrection*, furnishes me with an illustration here which I offer with the necessary adaptation. "Landlordism is like a wounded bird in the bag of the fowler—it still flutters among the other birds that are already dead, and occasionally it makes a pitiful sound. It annoys the fowler; he wishes that it would cease fluttering, but he is indifferent, and knowing that it is safely bagged, he does not take it out and wring its neck. It will die presently.

Mr. George himself, by his sublime faith and patience, taught me not to fret about results. It was less than a week before he left us when I heard him say: "Our triumph is assured; I would not give any man a penny to insure the victory of our cause."

We have the right; more than that, it is our bounden duty as single taxers to claim victory, full and complete. I do not mean that we have entered in and have already taken possession of the promised land. That is in God's time; but I do mean that the doctrines that we stand for have taken such a firm hold in the hearts of men that it is impossible that the time of full fruition can be long delayed. How many single taxers do you think that we gained in Chicago recently in that decisive battle waged by women? Miss Margaret Haley and Miss Catherine Goggin, school teachers, were brought face to face with the proposition of inadequate pay, because of a reduction in the school appropriation. They were single taxers, and they knew why the educational fund was inadequate. Because they were single taxers, and believed, *nay knew*, that the schools were being robbed, they decided to stop the robbery. You know the story of the campaign. It took some fighting, but like the Boers, these women knew their rights; therefore they were courageous, and likewise invincible, and when the battle was over twenty-three Chicago corporations were ordered, after an appeal to the Supreme Court, to pay taxes on a little matter of \$237,000,000 worth of property that they had been feloniously concealing. Will anyone venture to tell me that after such an object-lesson as that the American people will wait long for a fuller demonstration of single tax doctrines?

There's a man in Cleveland, too, who is making so much disturbance among the forestallers and the holders of special privilege, that in the great city of New York a concerted and persistent effort has evidently been made by the Astorized and Morgan-ized press to conceal the facts. Once and again you may read some slight account of "Our Tom's" doings in a New York paper; but my word for it you will be kept in practical ignorance of the progress of the "Single Tax Movement" in Cleveland if you rely solely on New York papers for your news of him. Think of it! In Mark Hanna's home, in a normally republican city, in an election in which the whole State of Ohio, outside of Cleveland, went republican, the people followed "Our Tom" on a platform as close to the single tax as it was possible to make a State platform, and elected about fifteen members of the Legislature and the whole city ticket. The significance of this victory may be appreciated when it is stated that with the exception of two or three democratic legislators, who were elected about 1883, Cleveland has never before in her history sent a democratic delegation to the Legislature.

I have called this Cleveland man "Our Tom" once or twice; but as this address has already been given a Hebraic flavor, I am going to propose a new

name for Tom Johnson, and call him, as the successor of our Moses, "Our Joshua." I expect to cross Jordan under the leadership of this man.

The election of Samuel Seabury as City Judge of New York—a dignified office that carries with it a salary of \$10,000 for a term of ten years—means more to our cause than might at first appear. With the personality of Mr. Seabury you are all familiar. A young man of fine presence, coming from a family distinguished for generations for its culture and learning; a family that furnished the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, and in each generation since colonial times has held with honor and distinction exalted offices in Church and State. Mr. Seabury is himself well qualified by education and training in the law to fill the post he has been called to, with honor to himself and his friends. Our cause is fortunate in having elected such a man to so high an office; but it is not of Mr. Seabury's personality alone that I would speak. His nomination and election is conceded on all hands to have been a distinct acknowledgement on the part of the politicians that the single taxers were a force to be reckoned with, and that the support of our people was necessary for the success of the reform ticket. Viewed in this light, it is gratifying to not that when the party managers looked about them for a man to fill the high office of judge of a court that is peculiarly a court of the people, having jurisdiction over matters that come perhaps nearer to the daily lives and daily affairs of the whole mass of the "plain people" of New York than any other court, that they turned naturally, and as a matter of course, to the single tax camp to find the man they wanted.

New Zealand, Chicago, Colorado, Cleveland, New York—in each of these places we have made distinct progress in a broad and general way. We have made progress in England, too. In some respects our cause is further advanced in Scotland than it is here; but I have not time to make a survey of the whole world, nor to mention at any length the advance in all parts of the United States other than those already noted. In St. Louis we are arranging for a National Conference, to be held next year at the World's Fair. In Massachusetts, the shrewd managers of the Single Tax League in that State are pressing their thought home in many directions. And this condition, as it appears to me, is true everywhere. The lines are drawn, the battle is joined, and all with a persistency and skill that shows clearly that in each community we have *men behind the thought* who have been trained to shoot effectively. Dewey's guns at Manila, or Schley's at Santiago, were not better trained or more enthusiastically manned by men who shoot to kill, than is our artillery of righteousness, blazing away with living, vital questions that demand an answer from every pulpit, from every city hall, and from every State capitol in the land.

There is something inspiring to me in the devotion, the enthusiasm, the determination, that the full acceptance of single tax doctrines rouses in the heart of a new convert. For twenty years this enthusiastic devotion of our comrades has been a source of never-failing delight to me—a perennial spring that keeps fresh all the while and gives me new strength. I wonder at it in others; and yet I am sure that the joy of the battle lives in my own heart, too. It is not much fun to "hurrah" all alone. It is not easy to volunteer to carry a forlorn hope alone, at night, and in the storm. It requires superhuman and divine courage for a man to fight and do his best if he hears no cheer, sees no waving colors, and is not helped by the enthusiasm of others. But we have had, and have yet, many men and women in our ranks who have braved death as unhesitatingly as Grace Darling, or as Cushing or Hobson." "This is the power of truth," wrote Mr. George, "that men will, if necessary, die for it." "Aye, and the honor roll of the single tax bears the names of many who have "worked for it, fought for it, died for it." I speak not of the great names of George and McGlynn, the mighty leaders of our cause, who while teaching others the duty

and privilege of living, working, fighting and dying for that which they believed in their souls would bring justice and liberty to light, did not themselves falter or hesitate when the test came, but went on to the end, serene in the consciousness of duty well done. I speak not of these great names; you know how they fought and suffered, but there are names upon our roll of many who, although their services were great, are not widely known, and yet they gave their lives and fortune freely.

Have you heard of Thomas Kline, the coachman of Bryn Mawr? Do you know that this man and his devoted wife consecrated their lives to the propaganda of the single tax. It was in the days of the old *Standard*, and nearly every issue of its later numbers contained an article signed "Uncle Tom." In these articles he sought to put into thirty or forty lines a pithy statement or illustration of one of the fundamental truths of the doctrine. They were the kind of articles that editors of other papers were glad to copy, and "Uncle Tom" obtained a wide hearing. This, in itself was a great achievement, and no man can say how many converts "Uncle Tom's" articles made when scattered all over the country by the press. He did not stop at this; but as he drove about Bryn Mawr and the suburbs of Philadelphia, and, waiting outside in the cold and rain, as is the habit of coachmen the world over, while employers dined or visited within, he distributed single tax tracts and preached single tax doctrines to his booted and caped comrades. He told me himself long afterwards that he lectured and answered questions sometimes for hours at a time in coach house or stable, or perhaps underneath the *porte cochere* of the mansion where the coachmen waited. After a little he made a convert in yellow boots and a high hat, then another, and another, and presently "Uncle Tom" was a kind of perpetual president of a perambulating single tax league. The contagion of good deeds spread among butlers, gardeners, and stable men. Perhaps, too, there was more than one pretty housemaid or nursemaid in the coachman's league, disseminating tracts with coquetries, and demanding sound opinions on economic subjects on the part of "followers" and "steady company" as the price of smiles. At any rate, something serious happened to Bryn Mawr, for when an election time came round there was an overwhelming vote in favor of free trade and equal rights, in a community that had heretofore gone stoutly for the old flag and a high protective tariff. The landlords felt a jar. So did "Uncle Tom," and he was discharged. Then came poverty—dire and awful. Three little girls and a loyal wife depended upon him for food. He sought employment, but found none. "It took me," he said simply, "a long while before I found out that I had been black-listed by the 'gentlemen' and that my coach driving days were over." Then an attempt to find work in avocations where he had no experience; then starvation and despair. At this moment relief came. Mr. N. O. Nelson, the loyal and wealthy single taxer of St. Louis, sent for him and paid the railroad fare of "Uncle Tom" and his family to that city. Brave, earnest "Tom"; he is dead, now, and I will not be doing him an injury or an injustice when I say that the measure of his ability to work with his hands at any industrial calling was small. Mr. Nelson was a great manufacturer, and he wanted to help "Tom," but the position of night watchman at \$10 per week was the highest place that "Tom" could acceptably fill. On that meagre wage he lived for several years. As in Bryn Mawr, so also in St. Louis, he continued writing short articles for publication. We had a "Saint in Caesar's household" in St. Louis, named Charles A. Deyo, a newspaper man on the editorial staff of Mr. Pulitzer's *Post-Dispatch*, and "Tom's" articles, with such trimming by Deyo as was necessary to partly conceal the dynamite they contained, appeared almost daily in the *Post-Dispatch*. I know personally of many whose attention was first directed to the single tax through these articles, and who finally joined with us in our

fight. Only the future can reveal the full scope and power of this man's influence.

His wife died. She had been a loving helpmate, always at his side in the meetings, always loyally supporting her husband. With her death the last controlling balance wheel that remained to keep Tom's stormy u in order seems to have broken. Without her, he appears to have been entirely unable to plan and work for the support of his family. Despair seized him, and one morning he was found dead in bed.

Is not this the story of a warrior who fought a good fight? I could tell you, too, of John J. McCann, who for opinions' sake went to his death, which was caused by hardships endured in the St. Louis workhouse where he was immured, because he conceived it to be his duty as a lawyer to attack and overthrow an evil law.

I could tell you of a man whose intellectuality was strong enough to change the vote of an Illinois county in the direction of free trade, but whose wage-earning ability was limited to the pittance he secured by pumping water into a tank for locomotives; and I could tell you how he, too, died of neglect, because after he carried that county for free trade he was no longer allowed the privilege of pumping water at \$1.25 per day.

There is no power of the pit that can stand against such devotion to truth.

Our Massachusetts comrade, C. B. Fillebrown, has given me a closing word. Why must we be told that this great reform cannot come in this generation, when all precedents seem to contradict such pessimistic view, and teach us to look for it now? Says Mr. Fillebrown :

"The great struggle for constitutional liberty between King and Parliament, begun in 1637, was ended in 1649 with the execution of Charles I. Twelve years. The struggle between James II. and his people, begun in 1685, ended in the final expulsion of the Stuarts in 1688. Three years. The abolition of the slave trade, begun in 1785, was ended in 1807, a period of twenty-two years. Catholic emancipation, begun by O'Connell, single-handed, in 1801, was ended in 1829. Twenty-eight years. The abolition of slavery in the British possessions, organized in 1823, was ended in 1833, a period of ten years. The repeal of the Corn laws, begun in 1839, was ended in 1846. Seven years. American independence, begun in 1765, was accomplished in 1783. Eighteen years. The abolition of American slavery, begun in 1831, was ended in 1862, the longest period of all, but only thirty-one years. The single tax movement began in 1880, and its time is nearly up."



## THE CHARACTER OF JAMES E. MILLS.

BY JOHN FILMER.

*(Expressly for the Review.)*

AN APPRECIATION.

THE general biography of James E. Mills, who died in Mexico on the 25th of July last, is well known to the many to whom his name is familiar. His scientific and single tax friends are acquainted with his history. That in early life he was a pupil and assistant of Agassiz; that he later entered the ministry of the Swedenborgian Church, for which calling his whole scientific course had been a careful preparation; that the sedentary life proving unhealthful, he left his pastorate after five years of service in it, and took up the work of examination of mines, for which his fine geological training had eminently fitted him, and that he remained in this occupation, as consulting geologist and mining expert, to the day of his death.