

before his death. In it he made use of the following words, with which I may fittingly conclude:

"I am not discouraged; things will right themselves. A pendulum swings one way and then another, but the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure. So it is with nations. Wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated; but the gravitation is upward to the throne of God. Any political institution, if it is to endure, must be plumb with the line of justice."

Following are a few of the communications received and read. They are from those who have become eminent in the movement and are all of them sufficiently characteristic of the abilities and personal traits of the writers to hold the interest of our readers.

From William Lloyd Garrison.

To my regret, I cannot be with you September 2nd, to celebrate the 65th birthday of Henry George. As this year also marks the 25th anniversary of the publication of "Progress and Poverty," the occasion is most suggestive. It was an event whose magnitude the world is slowly recognizing.

I wish it were possible to express my personal indebtedness to the great reformer and his regenerating gospel. To me a new life was opened, faith in ultimate triumph of the moral law was strengthened, my intelligence was informed, my spirit exalted by contact with the author and his inspiring works.

Although born into the historic struggle for the abolition of American slavery, witnessing its trials and rejoicing in its accomplishment, I shall ever be grateful for the instrumentality that summoned me from the contemplation of past deeds and heroes to the recognition of a still wider conflict for human rights. Negro emancipation was but a step in the world-wide advance of individual freedom.

The Single Tax movement was the natural sequence of the overthrow of chattel slavery, an evolution necessarily delayed until the grosser form of bondage was destroyed.

I recall Henry George's expressed recognition of the fact and his gratitude to the abolitionists who had cleared the way and made his own propaganda a possibility. While the buying and selling of human beings was a legalized custom of the nation it was impossible to attract attention to that subtler form of slavery resulting from land monopoly.

I recall also an evidence of Henry George's breadth of vision in his modest disclaimer of belief that the Single Tax was the final work for humanity. I had quoted Wendell Phillips' remark deprecating ridicule of so-called spiritual manifestations. "They may be," said Mr. Phillips, "the refraction of some great truth yet below the horizon." Impressed by the spirit of the utterance, Mr. George, after a moments' reflection reverently said:—"I wonder what next great truth will appear above the horizon when the Single Tax has reached success!" The thought was parallel with his oft-quoted declaration; "I do not claim that the Single Tax is a panacea for social evils, but freedom is, and the Single Tax is in the line of freedom."

It is an inexpressible satisfaction to me that Tolstoy, who more than any living man speaks to the conscience of the world, has linked in his regard the memory of my father and of Henry George. They are the pre-eminent names spoken with veneration by the great Russian. The likeness of the two in moral vision was recognized by Tolstoy in his recent remark to Michael Davitt: "Henry George was right. Compensation to landlords is morally wrong. It is rewarding a class for the successful robbery of the public," precisely Garrison's view regarding the compensation of slaveholders.

The recent death of Mrs. George makes this double anniversary still more notable. No worker in the cause to which her husband gave his life, should fail to recognize her invaluable though obscure service. But for her devotion to his interests, her wifely and motherly care, her intelligent appreciation and encouragement, her unfailing moral support in days of trial, how different might have been the issue of the career we commemorate.

From Henry George, Jr.

Permit me to rejoice with you in your celebration of the twenty-fifth birthday of "Progress and Poverty." To all of our faith it must be a mile stone in the progress of real civilization, and the number that we can say are of our faith is quietly but steadily increasing, not alone in this country, but in every country where men realize that there is a social problem to solve. It has been well said that one man with an idea can make a revolution. As truly it may be said that one man with social justice in his heart can remake the world.

The event you celebrate awakens memories relative to the writing and publishing of "Progress and Poverty."

None but a very few among my father's friends, less than could be counted on the fingers of one hand, realized the importance of the book that he was at work on while he was in the act of writing. But his very intimate friend, Edward R. Taylor, the lawyer and poet, knew it, and his partner on the *Evening Post* up to a short time before, William M. Hinton, knew it. Professor William Swinton, holding the history chair in the University of California, also knew it. My father read what he wrote to these friends, and he tested his own conclusions and manner of presentation by their criticism. Later as the writing advanced he read parts of his manuscript to other friends in respect to special points, and thus before the book went into the printer's hands it had become strong as a fortress in all that its pages contained. So thoroughly had the subject been thought out, so fully had every contention been tested and buttressed that up to the day of his death my father would have been willing to lay down a copy of the book itself as his answer to the world of controversial literature "Progress and Poverty" had called forth.

Hinton knew that the book was to be of great importance to the world and he offered to set the type and make the plates for it, and to take his pay when some time in the indefinite future my father should have it to give.

Taylor very early realized the deep significance of the work, and indeed he was of the few men who early in the seventies, when my father published his pamphlet on "Our Land and Land Policy," urged the author to rewrite it into a larger, fuller and more ambitious work. Taylor had constant words of praise and encouragement for the author, and was ever ready with his purse to lend his friend money, but for which the work at critical moments must have stopped. Taylor had the warmest and deepest admiration for his friend's character, sympathies and genius, and later when the book was born my father testified to his appreciation of Taylor's companionship by presenting to him an autograph copy inscribed, in the blue ink used in writing "Progress and Poverty," with words of affectionate gratitude that to Taylor's posterity in times to come should be richer in worth than treasuries of gold and precious stones.

I have a vivid recollection of standing with my father out on the front door step of our residence at twilight just after the "Author's Edition" of "Progress and Poverty" had been printed and was being read with exclamations of astonishment and admiration by his larger circle of personal friends. As was his wont, my father gazed at the brightening stars and talked of their wonder