

But all Catholic bishops are not so illogical. On the morning after Davitt made his Liverpool speech in 1882 - a speech in which, while advocating the nationalization of the land, he proposed a small compensation to landlords - I called upon an eminent Irish bishop in the European hotel, Dublin. For my part, I was delighted with Davitt's speech, for his advocacy of the principle of the land for the people at a time when for reasons of policy the parliamentary leaders were trying to ignore it; and, expecting that the bishop would feel the same way, I asked him, "Have you read Davitt's speech?"

To my surprise there was no gleam of satisfaction in his face, and, adjusting his spectacles, he said: "I have now, Mr. George, read your 'Progress and Poverty' carefully for the third time, and I want to say to you, with even more emphasis than I have said it before, that there is nothing in it, from the first page to the last, that I do not thoroughly approve. But of all the chapters in the book, that which pleases me most is that in which you demonstrate the injustice of paying to landlords one penny by way of compensation." Then he went on to say that he was sorry to read Mr. Davitt's speech. "In my opinion," he said, "in proposing any kind of compensation he throws away the strength of his position. The land question is in reality a moral question, and a moral question is not capable of compromise. There is no half way between right and wrong. Either the land of Ireland belongs to the landlords, or every child born in Ireland has an equal right to its use. There can be no middle ground. If the land belongs to the landlord, and a proposal to pay them compensation is an admission that it does, then we have no more right to say how they shall use it, than we have to put limitations on them with regard

to the use of any other property. But if the land rightfully belongs to the people, then the landlords are not entitled to any compensation, and the strength of the cause is weakened and the popular conscience is perplexed by any proposal to give them compensation."

So as regards Lord Lansdowne. The only real justification there can be for complaining of the rents he charges, or of his recourse to legal remedies for putting out tenants who will not comply with his terms, is that property in land differs essentially from other property - that, in fact, it cannot rightfully be treated as individual property at all, but of natural right belongs in usufruct to the whole people.

Mayor Hewitt, Charles A. Dana and Chauncey M. Depew aired themselves before the Brotherhood of locomotive firemen on Sunday as samples of what any American might become if he was only smart enough.

"Forty years ago," said Mayor Hewitt, "I was poor, and I said: 'I will do what I can to abolish poverty.' And what poverty did I set out to abolish? My own poverty." Just so. If any man with equal opportunities, and equal brains, and equal energy to these three successful gentlemen will concentrate everything on abolishing poverty in his own case he will, if he is fortunate, probably succeed. But what about mere ordinary men?

According to Mr. Hewitt, "the reason why poverty does not disappear is because there are a great number of tramps and bummers and lazy fellows, called in the old law beggars and vagabonds, who do not want to abolish poverty. They live by poverty. They could

abolish it quickly enough if they would go to work as you work and I work. There is no poverty in the world except the accidents of an overruling providence." I used to know a man who lived for awhile on the eastern shore of Virginia, and who, regarding the colored citizens of those parts as the most contented people in the world, would occasionally break out with the exclamation: "I wish I was a nigger." If he were to read Mr. Hewitt's speech he would doubtless prefer to be a Mr. Hewitt.

Chauncey W. Depew made some good jokes - he always does - but nothing that he said was quite equal to Mr. Hewitt's telling the firemen that if they laid by the price of a glass of beer every day they might soon buy a railroad - even the New York Central. Mr. Charles A. Dana is the smartest of the lot. He proved it by saying nothing.

Signed: Henry George.
May 21, 1887