



Progress and Poverty

HENRY GEORGE

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First published: 1879

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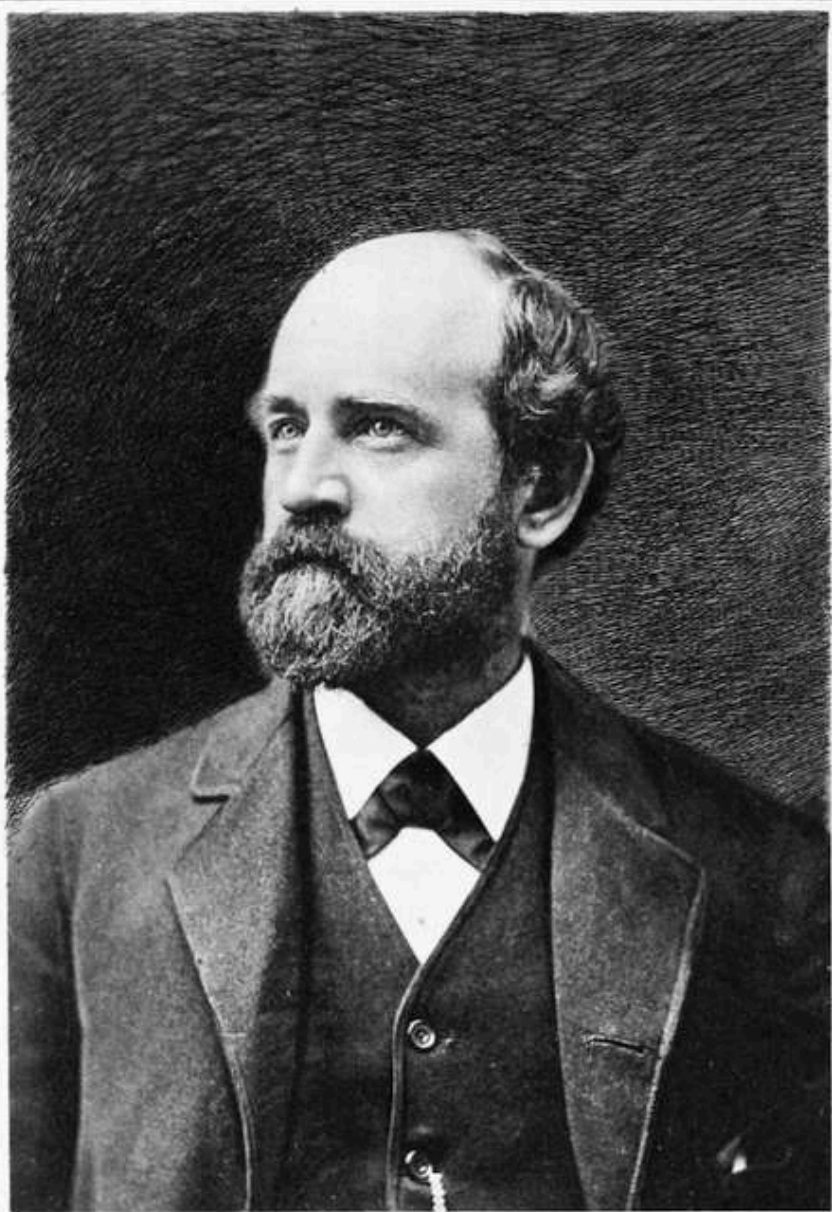
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No. 4

MEMORIAL EDITION
OF THE WRITINGS
OF HENRY GEORGE

VOL. I.

Make for thyself a definition or description of the thing which is presented to thee, so as to see distinctly what kind of a thing it is, in its substance, in its nudity, in its complete entirety, and tell thyself its proper name, and the names of the things of which it has been compounded, and into which it will be resolved. For nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object which is presented to thee in life, and always to look at things so as to see at the same time what kind of universe this is, and what kind of use everything performs in it, and what value everything has with reference to the whole, and what with reference to man, who is a citizen of the highest city, of which all other cities are like families; what each thing is, and of what it is composed, and how long it is the nature of this thing to endure.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*



*Henry George
when writing "Progress and Poverty"
San Francisco, 1879*

Henry George when writing "Progress and Poverty" San Francisco, 1879

THE WRITINGS OF
HENRY GEORGE

PROGRESS AND
POVERTY

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE OF INDUS-
TRIAL DEPRESSIONS AND OF INCREASE
OF WANT WITH INCREASE OF WEALTH

THE REMEDY

I



NEW YORK : DOUBLEDAY
AND McCLURE COMPANY

1898

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THE DE VINNE PRESS.

TO THOSE WHO,
SEEING THE VICE AND MISERY THAT SPRING FROM
THE UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION
OF WEALTH AND PRIVILEGE,
FEEL THE POSSIBILITY OF A HIGHER SOCIAL STATE
AND WOULD STRIVE FOR ITS ATTAINMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter winds till one smote fire
From flint stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun;
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?

Edwin Arnold.

Never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands, from hill and mead,
Reap the harvests yellow.

Whittier.
