

MELBOURNE, October , 1904

Death of Mrs. Henry George.

Mrs. George died on Thursday, the 21st July. Her body was laid by the side of her husband's. She was born in Australia, October 12, 1843. Her mother, of Irish birth, was in religion a Roman Catholic; her father, an

Englishman, was a major in the British army, and in religion a Protestant. Her name was Annie Corsina Fox.

As narrated by his son and biographer, when George had learned of his sweetheart's intention to go to Los Angeles, the young man said: "if you go I'll not see you," to which the girl replied that since she could not stay with her relative in San Francisco, she saw nothing else to do. The young man drew from his pocket a single coin. "Annie," said he, solemnly, "that is all the money I have in the world. Will you marry me?" She gravely answered: "If you are willing to undertake the responsibilities of marriage I will marry you."

So they were married, he at 22 and she at 18.

Their life in the world was cast for many years among stones and brambles, but their life together was an unbroken story of marital unity. The place in which they lived was invariably their home, their children were their cherished responsibilities, fidelity to conscience was their solemn obligation, development of their intellectual powers in the service of truth as they saw the truth was their inspiration and pleasure. In all this they were one in affections and one in mind; each supplemented the work of the other in the promotion of their common purposes.

It was no unusual thing for Henry George to tell his friends that his wife was his best adviser and critic. Nor was this an empty compliment. Into all his books her best thought entered along with his, and in the weeding process her judgment was often his court of final appeal.

Not merely because she was his own wife did he exalt her judgment. While he realised that this gave it peculiar value to himself, his dominant thought sprang from a recognition of the superiority of feminine perceptions, and a belief that these perceptions are at their best when co-operating with masculine deliberation under the impulses of a happy marriage. Responding to the same thought, she received from him as he from her. Their marriage consequently grew into a type of those full rounded marital unions of which the great world seldom hears, but of which it is always full - those myriad unions of "sweet and patient souls who in narrow circles live radiant lives." - "The Public."