

San Francisco, April 7  
1898.

Henry George Jr.,  
My dear Mr George:

Since your father's death I have written to your mother, and feel as though I must say a word or two to you, particularly as to the feeling your father and I had about the probable success of the book by which he became world famous wide celebrity.

When 'Progress and Poverty' was in process, as on its completion, it occurred to me that here was one of those books that every day now and again spring forth to show men what man can do when his noblest emotions combined with his highest mentality to produce something for the permanent betterment of our common humanity; that here was a burning message that would call the attention of men to the land question as it had never been called before; and that whether the message was embodied in an argument of absolute irrefragability or not, it was yet one that would stir the hearts of millions. I substantially announced these views to friends that were common to your father and me and predicted that the book would have a reading and a success such as no book treating of political-economic subjects had ever enjoyed.

And similarly, the author of the book never doubted that his travail had resulted in a great deliverance; and he firmly believed (this faith never once faltering up to the moment of his death) that he had pointed out the one true road for burdened humanity to follow.

This sublime faith of his was founded on a heart and mind such as I have never seen combined in the same nobility of harmonious proportion as in him. To him every human being, no matter how high or how low, was an immortal soul with whom his own immortal soul could come into sympathetic contact. It was as easy for him to converse with a hod-carrier as with a philosopher. With him there was no difference in the size of human hearts; and it was a firm tenet of his that there was nothing like the difference between mind and mind as is popularly supposed.

May I be pardoned if I here speak of the beautifully intimate relation subsisting without even a flaw, much less a break, between your father and mother. Surely never were man and woman closer to each other in affection and sympathy than were they - companions ever till death stepped between them; companions too, of the nobler sort that breast together not only their own individual sufferings, but the sufferings of the world around them.

As I wrote to your mother, your father, lived nobly, he died grandly, and those who knew him best loved him the most; what more could be said of any man?

Ever yours,  
Edward R. Taylor.