

## FRANCIS G. SHAW.

New Brighton will always be associated in my mind with a man to whom, of all others, I would have wished that a few more years of life might have been given that he could have seen this day - Francis G. Shaw of West New Brighton. Mr. Shaw was a man whom to know was to respect and admire, and to know well was to love. The son of a wealthy Boston merchant, he inherited a competency, and belonged all his life to that class who are most disposed to accept with equanimity "things as they are." He was a man of pure life, high culture, large reading, much travel and fine literary taste. Most of all, he was a man whose heart and conscience were always prompting him to do what he could for the benefit of his fellows. He was an earnest abolitionist in the days when to be an abolitionist meant to confront ostracism, abuse, and sometimes violence; and his means enabled the underground railway to carry many a slave from bondage to freedom. The war which saved the union and destroyed negro slavery cost him his only son, that Colonel Shaw who was "buried with his niggers," and his son-in-law, the brave General Lowell, whose widow, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, has long been so active and useful in philanthropic work in New York. Fully aware that the destruction of negro slavery had only ended one form of oppression, and deeply conscious of the social injustice, which exists in the so-called free countries of the civilized world to-day, Mr. Shaw was unable to see any remedy until, in 1881, he read a copy of "Progress and Poverty." From that time on, to the day of his death, a space of something over a year, his whole heart was in the work of what has now become the great anti-poverty movement. He spent some thousands of dollars in distributing copies of "Progress and Poverty" to individuals and associations where

he thought they might do good; it was his money that enabled me to get out in England the sixpenny edition of the book, of which over 150,000 copies were circulated, and his generous aid enabled me to do various other things that I could not have done without him. He had full faith that the day would come when men would assert their natural rights to the land, but at the time of his death, in 1882, he did not foresee how quickly the movement to this end would take shape in the United States, and urged me to remain in Great Britain, as some of my English friends wanted me to do, as he thought the first battle would be fought there. The death of a good man is not to be regretted - at least it ought not to be by those of us who believe it only the calling to a higher post - yet I cannot help but wish that he might have lived a few years longer, to have seen how widely and vigorously the seed that he helped to sow is springing up.

Signed: Henry George,  
Oct. 15, 1887.