

Satisfactory -
With all
seasonable
greetings +
good wishes,

Yours sincerely,
Walter

12/98 - Interesting in part
ACC. 976
8, GERALD ROAD,
EATON SQUARE.

Dec^r 14 98

Dear George,

Thanks for your

letter just rec^d (Dec^r 4) I have
to had one or two welcome lines
from you recently not as yet
acknowledged.

Yes, thanks, I am getting on capitally,
quite convalescent, but it will
be some weeks before I shall be
able to use my ankle with any
force or freedom. Your note
to Mr. Campbell Williams, I gave

him a week ago, & you will no
doubt have rec^d his reply before
this. Some delay was caused
by sending it to Eva first & then to

3) As to Canada + the U.S.
it has always seemed to me
TAUOE NOTAE
that the only dignified position
for the Canadian Govt to assume
was that of entire commercial
separation. To say in effect to the
Washington authorities, "If as you
have made abundantly clear you
don't intend to play fair, or treat
us as equals, - very well, then we
prefer not to play at all." It look-
ed at first as if the Laurier Govt
intended to take this line, but
they won't give it time. The differ-
ential tariff hasn't been in
operation yet for 6 mos. + already
they are way off after this new
will of the wraps - of course now
that the Spanish business is
settled the U.S. will quietly let the

whole thing drops, unless as you
think they can squeeze out some-
thing to their advantage in exchange
for promises & fair words -
yet ^{seems to me} ~~of course~~ the Canadian Gov^t &
the Canadian people are much to
blame too (I can speak freely as one
of them) There are no manifestly just
the two solutions of union with the
U.S. (as Scotland with England), or
non union. If the first, let it be
gradual & if possible peaceful; if the
2^d there must be some resisting power
of a common sense practical kind.

Instead of abt 40 cts per head spent on
military prepⁿ, let us spend \$4 or 5.
Instead of 6 Bat^s of Art^y. we need 60, &
so on all through - we could then talk
with some effect. Look at Spain! All
the logic & moral right on her side,
but what good is it. Personally, I
see no 3rd course at all likely to prove

27 Gls - for some unknown
reason - I am glad to say
that Gls - is better, more comfortable
& free from pain, but she will
have to keep quiet for some
time to come - Baby continues
to flourish amazingly in spite
of short days & bad weather -
She pays us each a visit in the
afternoon - as being the only sound
member of the family - Three fourths
of her time is still of course
occupied in sleeping & absorbing
milk. The latter accomplishment
she has developed in a high
degree. Fortunately we have a good
Scotch nurse, quiet, methodical &
conscientious - Quite absurdly
fond of the child & yet with
sense enough not to spoil her.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.

We quote the following particulars regarding the lamented death of the Countess of Shaftesbury (mother of the Countess of Mar and Kellie), which was briefly recorded in our last issue, from the *Belfast News-Letter*:

It is with feelings of sincere regret—a regret which will be shared by all sections of the community in Belfast—that we have to chronicle to-day the death of the Countess of Shaftesbury. The sad event took place at Rome on Thursday night, and when the tidings became known in this city there were many expressions of sorrow and of sympathy for the bereaved family. To all save the few who knew of her Ladyship's illness the intelligence came as a painful surprise, for it is only a few months since the esteemed lady was in our midst, and at that time she was in the enjoyment of her accustomed health. She left Belfast in December last, intending to return for her usual sojourn in the spring. On the 10th February she departed from London for a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, and on the 12th she joined her yacht *Tighnamara* at Marseilles. One object of her journey was to meet her son, the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was returning from Australia, where he has been dwelling for the last two years as aide-de-camp to the Governor of Victoria, Lord Brassey. She met his Lordship at Naples on the 18th February, and in his company went for a cruise to Sicily. Unhappily, she was seized with an attack of that distressing malady influenza, and this affected her heart, which had been previously weak, and naturally led to the abandonment of the cruise. She returned to Naples, where she lay for some days in a critical condition; but under the skilful care of her medical adviser, Dr Rankine Dawson, she so far recovered that on the 9th March she was able to journey to Rome, where she took up her abode at the Hotel Bristol. Hopes of her Ladyship's recovery were entertained until the 7th inst., when congestion of the lungs set in, and despite the unremitting and loving attention of those who waited upon her she became gradually worse, and passed peacefully away on Thursday night. Her second daughter, Lady Magheramorne, arrived in Rome on Tuesday, and with her brother was present at the time of her mother's death. Early intimation of the fatal termination of the illness was received in Belfast by her Ladyship's agent, Mr Thomas H. Torrens, J.P., who on Friday morning was the recipient of a telegram briefly conveying the painful intelligence. Mr Torrens had, of course, been informed of the serious nature of the illness, and the messages which had come to hand earlier in the week had prepared him somewhat for the sad news of her Ladyship's death.

Lady Harriet Augusta Anne Seymourina, Countess of Shaftesbury, was the only daughter of the third Marquis of Donegal, by his marriage with Harriet Anne, daughter of the first Earl of Glengall. She was thus a member of a distinguished family, which has for centuries been connected with Belfast, as the nomenclature of some of our leading thoroughfares and squares constantly reminds one. One of her ancestors, Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland in his day, has been called the founder of our city. To him in 1604 was made a grant of "the town, manor, and castle of Belfast," with much of the adjacent territory, and at that time Belfast was a mere village, consisting of a few scattered huts on the margin of the lough, and having a population of about 500. Sir Arthur, who proved himself an able statesman and military leader, was created in 1612 Baron Chichester of Belfast, and upon his advice Belfast was constituted a Corporation by Charter of King James I., to consist of a sovereign, or chief magistrate, and twelve burgesses and commonalty, with the right of sending two members to Parliament. This charter was annulled and a new one granted in 1688, but the original one was restored in 1690. Sir Arthur Chichester died in 1625, and was succeeded by his brother, Lord Edward, afterwards Viscount Chichester, whose eldest son was created Earl of Donegal in 1647, and subsequently a descendant, Arthur, the fifth earl, was raised in 1791 to the dignity of Marquis of Donegal and Earl of Belfast. It would be difficult to enumerate the benefits which members of the Chichester family have been the means of conferring on the city, with the history and development of which they have been so closely associated; but it can safely be said that the career of the late countess was in that respect as in others worthy of the traditions of the house of which she was so noble a representative. She was born in 1836, and when twenty years of age was married to Lord Anthony Ashley, who became the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury on the death of his father, the famous philanthropist and benefactor of the poor. Her husband died in 1886, and was succeeded in the title by her only son, the present earl, who was born in 1869. On the death of her father in 1883, the late countess came into possession of the greater part of the extensive estates of the Donegal family in the Counties of Antrim and Down, including valuable property in Belfast, and this materially strengthened the ties which bound her Ladyship to this city and which appeared to become stronger with the advance of years. Her father's title reverted to his brother, Lord Edward Chichester, formerly Dean of Raphoe, Lord Edward died in 1889, and was succeeded by the present Marquis, George Augustus Hamilton Chichester, who resides in London. There are not wanting proofs of the late countess's deep attachment to Belfast and her sincere affection for its citizens, and her lamented death will doubtless revive pleasing recollections of many instances in which she manifested in an unmistakable manner her joy at the marvellous prosperity of the commercial metropolis of Ireland and her wish to do all in her power to ensure its continued progress. It is no more than the truth to say that by her demise Belfast has suffered a severe loss. She spent a considerable portion of every year at the handsome castle which occupies so conspicuous a position on the southern slope of Cave Hill, almost in the shadow of M'Art's Fort, and her frequent residence here gave the citizens repeated opportunities of learning to know and esteem her. She was very fond of her Belfast home, and was always willing to admit that the happiest months in the year for her were those of her sojourn here. She did much to improve this splendid residence, which was erected by her father, and the demesne surrounding it, and she paid particular attention to the beautifying of the private chapel, known as the Chapel of the Resurrection—a really handsome structure, built by the third Marquis of Donegal and his wife in memory of their son, Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast, who died at Naples in 1853 at the early age of 23 years, and whose remains are deposited within the chapel. A bronze statue of this nobleman, subscribed for by the townspeople, stands in the Free Public Library, Royal Avenue. The various important works in the decoration and fittings of the chapel, the altar with its reredos, the lectern, the organ and its case, the decorations of the walls and roof, and the stained glass windows were all erected by the deceased countess in memory of her father and her mother, of her brother (the young nobleman just mentioned), and of her husband. The picturesquely-situated chapel was frequently inspected by visitors through the kindness of her Ladyship. The countess was not, however, only concerned with her charming Belfast residence. She manifested a keen and practical interest in the affairs of the city generally, and her kindly heart and generous disposition prompted her to take an active part in connection with nearly all our charitable institutions. She often consented to preside at the meetings of local benevolent organizations, and in numerous other ways she lent her powerful influence to aid the suffering and the needy. As might be expected from one who bore the honoured name of Shaftesbury—a name which must always be associated with memories of the "good earl," whose noble life of self sacrifice and devotion in the cause of the oppressed and the destitute won for him that most rare of tributes, the affection of the poor—she was not forgetful of the claims of the poverty-stricken. By her generous assistance she lightened many a burden and brought joy into many an afflicted household. She took a special interest in the Society for Providing Nurses for the Sick Poor, for, with the discrimination and judgment which were characteristic of her, she realised that that useful association did a work of great importance, which could not but have the most beneficial results, and the Ladies' Industrial School in Frederick Street, which has for such a large number of years carried on an excellent work among the poor, also enjoyed a large measure of her support and encouragement. But her help was not confined to any one or two institutions, for well nigh every organisation of a charitable kind in Belfast will be the poorer for the loss of the womanly sympathy and the generous aid of the late countess. A recent instance of her munificence was the gift, with the consent of her son, the Earl of Shaftesbury of the site of the Royal Hospital—a gift equivalent to about £10,000. The ground on which the hospital stands was held on a terminable lease, which was reaching the time of expiration when her Ladyship took this praiseworthy step. When it was decided to erect a new City Hall, she readily entered into negotiations which resulted in the securing of the Linen Hall site for the purpose of the building, and here the imposing structure which is to be the centre of our municipal government in the future is about to be erected. Lady Shaftesbury was a devoted member of the Church of Ireland, and was ever ready to prove her affection for it by her liberality. She was greatly interested in the scheme for the erection of a cathedral in Belfast, and her donation of £1,000 was one of the earliest promised to Rev. Canon O'Hara, and must have encouraged him greatly in the promotoin of the project. She was highly esteemed by her tenants, and the poorer among them were the recipients of much kindness at her hands. The genuineness of her affection for Belfast is pathetically attested by a private letter which she had entrusted to Mr Torrens, to be opened at her death. It was opened on Friday, and was found to contain the following words:—"If I die in Ireland, I should like the first part of the service to be said in the chapel in the park. I think all will know how much I loved this place and people, and how much I cared for their welfare, materially, morally, and spiritually. The countess has died far away from Ireland, beneath Italian skies, but none will mourn for her more sincerely than those to whom she refers in this letter—those who reaped the benefit of her kindness and her sympathy in life, and who will have tender recollections of her now that she has passed beyond their sight. It is understood that her remains will be interred at St Giles', Cranborne, Dorsetshire, where the late Lord Shaftesbury was buried. The Countess is survived, in addition to her son, by five daughters—Lady Margaret Emily, wife of Mr Theophilus Basil Percy-Levett; Lady Evelyn Harriet, Baroness Magheramorne; Lady Mildred Georgina, wife of the Honourable George H. Allsopp, M.P.; Lady Susan Violet, Countess of Mar and Kellie; and Lady Ethel Maud, wife of Commander G. J. S. Warrender, R.N., son of Sir George Warrender, Bart. With all the members of the family much sympathy will be felt in their bereavement.

On Sunday, in several of the churches in Belfast and district, special reference was made to the deceased Countess. It was the deceased's request that she should be buried beside her late husband in St. Giles', Cranbourne, Dorsetshire. The body will be conveyed by rail to Civita Vecchia, whence it will be removed on the family steam yacht to England, which, it is expected, will be reached in the end of next week. A memorial service will probably be held in the mortuary chapel of Belfast Castle.

Another twelve months have passed since last we saw Edgar Lintern taking his farewell of the Sioux Indians. Again the scene has changed with him. If the reader wishes to follow that roving young man's fortune, he must accompany us in spirit to the far-famed Golden City, or, as it is styled, the Queen City of the Pacific—San Francisco.

The hour is five o'clock; the scene is Market Street, the principal thoroughfare of this city, which runs athwart nearly the whole of its length from north-east to south-west. In one of the most handsome office buildings in the street a clerk, about twenty-five years of age, was looking out of the window of the second floor on the motley throng below. The wide but badly-paved street was indeed a sight worthy of a stranger's attention. It was laid with four lines of tramways; over sixteen cars could be counted from the spot where he stood gazing that minute. Private carriages and omnibuses of all descriptions drove rapidly by. A bustling crowd composed of Englishmen, Californians, Chinese, Frenchmen and Spaniards hustled and jostled one another on the pavement, the majority of whom had the anxious look and hurried gait of business men who were making haste to be rich; and if keen shrewdness and unerring industry are the best means of doubling one's present fortune, it was evidently not their fault if they failed in accomplishing that questionable desirable end. But Edgar was no stranger to the wondrous excitement that pervades the leading streets of San Francisco. He had been a clerk in that office for one year. His friend, Newton Armstrong, had faithfully kept his promise to the Anglo-Indian chief, and on reaching his home at Oakland, where his father, a wealthy San Franciscan merchant, resided, he had procured for Edgar a good situation in the office; and to the credit of the latter he it stated, he had filled it with a modest grace, unwearying industry and commendable ability that had won the notice and esteem of his master. The fact was, Edgar had some keen distrust of himself when he found himself surrounded with the gaming bells, the reckless extravagances of the *nouveaux riches*, the mania for speculation that pervaded all classes of society, and all the numerous temptations that beset young strangers on their entrance to the Golden City. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, says the proverb, which was certainly a sagacious prediction in his case, for at the end of the first month spent in San Francisco he provided against the temptations besetting a surplus of cash in one's pockets by placing his pin-money in the bank where his capital of five hundred dollars was invested. To be short of cash, his normal condition, was by no means such an unenviable one as it seems to some people. It kept him from gambling, his most bitter foe; also from some most undesirable acquaintances, who flocked round him when first he entered on his mercantile life.

He was looking out of the window, gazing on the busy scenes with an abstracted glance, which may have partly accounted for the alteration in his countenance. It had a much older, graver expression than when Horace and Gertrude had last looked on it, but there were the same deep-blue eyes, fair skin and golden hair that had charmed the ladies in the Bloomsbury circle; the same regular and well-cut features and good-tempered expression; and there was nothing in the high-bred accent and polished manner of the Englishman to betray his twelvemonth's exile among the Sioux Indians. Indeed, his sojourn with the red-skinned tribe had improved him in many respects. He had learnt something of self-control, manly courage and patient endurance from his friend Rising Sun; and though he necessarily shrank with all the revulsion of civilised culture from some of the cruel customs of the fierce Sioux, he left their camp a better man than he had entered it. Since then he had reformed—so he acknowledged to himself. He had become a steady-going, honourable, industrious fellow, and he was rapidly regaining his self-respect, which he had forfeited in London. He looked forward to the day when he should make full restitution to his creditors; but it necessarily was a very distant one. He must make his own fortune first, and when he could well spare a thousand or two thousand dollars he would make a tour to Europe and confront his foes, when the time had expired in which the law could lay its heavy hand on him. Five years at least must elapse before he could venture to shew himself again in London. He had not written home once since the night—now over two years ago—when he had made that stealthy midnight visit to his brother at Weston. It was not sheer indifference that kept his pen silent. Nay, his thoughts, especially in the quiet evening time, when he sailed on the beautiful Bay of San Francisco beneath the pale pink sunset and short twilight of the West, would stray to a quiet country village in the Fen country, where he had once had a home. But there was one reason why he did not write. He feared Horace and Gertrude would have been justly angered and ashamed when they knew of the crime of which he had been guilty; how indignant would they have felt when they heard to what an extent he had become bankrupt! He shrank from encountering their displeasure. They were so fearfully conscientious about such matters. They had lived so much in the country, poor things, and were so sweetly innocent of the world's ways in large cities like London.

Bankruptcy, if it were well and deftly managed, was no positive disgrace in the commercial world; besides, he had failed for such a small amount—a mere one thousand two hundred! Not even a sufficient sum to raise him to the dignity of a hero amongst the unfortunate speculators on 'Change. And then, as for the forgery—well, that was a *faux pas*, looked at in any light; but he had not meant to play the rascal and defraud his friend Luke in a mean, ungentlemanly way; on the contrary, he intended returning the hundred pounds before the end of a month, when his just debts of honour were paid in full to him. His motives were based on as sound principles as even his saintly brother Horace could have wished, and he deemed it a part of life's troubles that events should have turned out in such a manner as to lay an ugly construction on his actions.

Still, it was not to be expected that Horace and Gertrude would reason out the subject in the same cool, business-like way that he did. There would be more of the heart brought to bear on it in their case, and less of the head. But even this disagreeable reflection he looked to remove. He remembered that he had a warm corner in their hearts, and he hoped that when the months rolled on and no tidings came of the absent one—when the months had passed into years and still no letter arrived in his handwriting—their anger would melt into anxiety, and anxiety into pity for the erring, and pity into yearning love. When he had made a competent fortune, in the far, far West, he would surprise them some summer evening, and all that was humiliating and disagreeable would be forgotten. He would be heartily welcome as one who was dead and was alive again; one who was lost and was found. But the selfishness that lay at the root of this theory, that regarded lightly the sufferings of anxiety that might be borne on his account by those that loved him at home, he overlooked. He contemplated his long silence in writing from his point of view, not theirs. Some people have an especial gift in reflecting only on that part of the world that lies within the narrow compass of their range of vision, and ignoring the rest of creation, with its fears and expectations.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a stout man of middle age, who swung open the door of the apartment and bustled in.

"Well, Herbert, who are you watchin' for in the street below—your sweetheart?"

"Good evening, sir," replied Edgar with a grave smile, handing a chair to Mr. Armstrong.

"I don't want to be seated, young man; I've only come in for a few seconds on my way home. Herbert, I told you I expected to meet Sloggett on 'Change. He had fifty of those shares in the Saville Silver Mines to dispose of for a moderate sum. Bradwell declared that the price of silver was going down, owing to the market being glutted with those Nevada discoveries, so I refused to have anything to do with the whole lot of 'em. And this afternoon I took up an evening paper and saw that Benson's company has smashed, so here's a fine chance for making something on those Saville shares. Watson said I was a fool not to have them at twenty per cent. more than what Sloggett asked for 'em this morning. Do you comprehend the situation, Herbert?"

"I perfectly understand that you wish to close with Sloggett for the whole of these shares at once; but what have I to do in the matter?"

"Now, this is your part to play in the concern. Sloggett left for Sacramento by the noonday car. He 'fixes' there for the night, and starts early on the morrow for Salt Lake City. Now, if you could catch the night mail and find him out before he

far west thirty two two

journeys east, you could buy all the shares he has left, do me a good turn, and serve your own interest too, for I will give you a fair commission on the transaction. Are you willing to start at once?"

Edgar replied readily in the affirmative. So, after arranging with the merchant as to how high a price he should give for those desirable shares, he accompanied him on board the steamer for Oakland, and reached the railway depôt just in time to catch the night car for Sacramento.

On reaching the capital of California he inquired his way to one of the principal hotels, and decided on having a few hours' sleep, as it would have been useless to have sought Sloggett in the small hours of the morning, not knowing the hotel at which he had "fixed." But his dream of repose was doomed to remain but a dream, for the mosquitoes, who, as well as the Californians, make their State capital at Sacramento, seemed to unite in one desperate attack in slaughtering him. Like Thomas Hood on a parallel occasion, Edgar afterwards remarked to Mr. Armstrong that he believed he owed his life "to their want of unanimity." "Had they all set on me at once, I should have been annihilated!"

Rising very early to escape these pestilential creatures, he made his way to the bar, and inquired if a Mr. Sloggett was staying there; and being answered in the negative, paid for his night's rest—or, more correctly speaking, unrest—and sought the other hotels, asking for the man he wanted. At eight o'clock he found him. He was breakfasting, and invited Armstrong's clerk, as he called him, to join him in his somewhat heavy meal. Edgar accepted the offer, and when