

# The Carleton Journal.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 52

## Select Tale.

### RAFFAELLE SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

A RICH STORY.

The down train from London had just entered the Great Cokelhampton station; the hour was 9:30 a. m., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since. At Cokelhampton, the railway traveller is allowed to leave his carriage for a few minutes, in order to snatch a hasty cup of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows the custom at Cokelhampton, to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the repast is usually performed under considerable difficulties. Among the rest of those whose steps were directed by appetite towards the refreshment saloon was a straight, long-limbed, handsome young fellow, with a brown shooting jacket, brown moustache, and a wide-awake that had seen service. This young man, Raffaele Smith, of Clifton-street, London, landscape painter, journeying in the search of "bits" of nature, as he termed them for his next year's pictures. As this may be a little too technical for the general readers, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to custom, the young artist was going to the West country to sketch from nature.

Now, it happened on that particular occasion that although Raffaele Smith had been out of his bed since dawn he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvasses, colors, and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether he should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his breakfast. Breakfast, as the least important, was sacrificed. According to his friend found himself at Cokelhampton, some 60 miles from London, with a most acute sense of emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, "Train starts in ten minutes' time."

To a man in my friend's unbracketed condition such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which a traveller usually greets the Cokelhampton refreshment saloon. A very sharp appetite, and the exigencies of the railway time table, gave promptness to Raffaele Smith's movements, and caused that young luminary of art to be among the first of those who sought refreshment at Cokelhampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly the pressing injunction of the guard had scarcely been uttered when my friend found himself at the most plentifully garnished portion of the table. The Cokelhampton waitresses are no less neat handed than my friend's artist's appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following question interrupted his perfunctory call for "Soup?"

"Is there a gentleman here named Smith?" The artist scrutinized the face of his fellow travellers, in order to ascertain whether the question was addressed to any of them; and as no one replied, he himself went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here, do you want me?"

"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by the train from London."

"I'm! but I am unknown to a single inhabitant in this town."

"I know that, sir," answered the groom readily.

"That is the reason I am sent to you, sir."

"The reason why you are sent to me," repeated Smith in great astonishment, "is by whom?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to follow me," continued the groom, "I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in private."

A sudden misgiving took possession of Raffaele Smith. "Come, gentlemen," he said addressing his fellow travellers, "is it a practical joke? If any gentleman present is the author of this piece of mystification, I charge him, in the name of the stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to atone it at once, and allow me to utilize, without interruption, the few minutes that yet remain."

In answer to this novel summons, every one protested complete ignorance of what was passing—Smith was resolved to pluck out the heart of the mystery. Curiously imposed delay of several minutes, and the artist followed the groom out of the refreshment room. He, however, internal his travelling companions that he would return in the course of a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom who had heard the latter remark, put on a broad grin, and when they were in the street, said:

"Bog pardon, sir, but wasn't you having laugh at them gents? They'll be precious mistaken if they think you are going back to lunch there."

"I tell you what young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once—if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my expense—I shall not leave you without a sound thrashing (the groom bowed respectfully)."

"For causing me to lose my lunch and miss my train," said the groom, "I see you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the impetuous groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very well that you will not leave Cokelhampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for you up at the villa."

The last phrase though not more comprehensible than the other portion of the groom's conversation somewhat calmed the artist's ire.

"Then I am expected to dine by your master?"

"You'll be good enough to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the messenger.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery! Well!" cried Raffaele, flicking off the dust from his boot with his handkerchief—that is not very alarming. The adventure is taking a rather interesting turn. Once more, he added to the domestic, "are you quite certain it is to me, Raffaele Smith, Clifton-street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this cordial invitation?"

"You're the very gent, sir," answered the groom readily; "and here's the note she sent to you."

Raffaele hastily snatched a little note which the groom held towards him. The address was plain enough, "Mr. Smith," although the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end of the epistle; but to even the mystery,

the note was anonymous, and contained only these words:

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed upon his alacrity and discretion."

Now this was an adventure that commenced in too alarming a fashion not to follow it up. Raffaele at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokelhampton and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to go on.

"It is not two minutes' walk," answered the servant, leading the way.

"All the better," thought the artist; "for I am literally dying with hunger and curiosity."

But on suddenly turning a corner out of the High Street, Raffaele saw an elegant brougham, into which the groom invited him to enter. The artist took his seat therein, and the driver instantly whipped his horses into a fast pace. Raffaele had learnt nothing from his interrogation of the groom. He threw himself back on the seat, and designed himself to await the denouement of his travelling adventure. "Ah, ah!" he said to himself, as the brougham dashed along the gravelly road, "the whole thing resembles an incident in the play, and I am at this moment performing the part of a fashionable lover flying to a secret rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate it will be a good story to tell my friends—that is, provided the play does not terminate in a lugubrious fashion. One thing is certain," he continued, "which is, that I don't know a single individual in Cokelhampton. Can any of my friends have come down here without my knowledge? No, that hypothesis will not stand, for I left London without telling a single soul where I was going. None of my friends know where I am, and I only intended to bid them good bye by letter, after I had put about fifty miles of railway between us."

The horses still maintained their fast pace, and Raffaele threw himself back in the carriage, giving free rein to his imagination. "I have it!" he cried, suddenly slapping his knee, "I have found the key of the enigma! I'll wager that it is the work of Thomson of Meghill. I don't know which, but I have a faint recollection of one of them telling me he had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Cokelhampton. That's it! Either Thomson or Meghill is rusticated down here—has seen me get out at the railway station—and (sublime idea) has sent me an unprovoked invitation. A clever and discreet groom—a mysterious note—I am carried off at night at the avuncular door—delightful surprise—introduction—good dinner—capital little party—choice wine—lights—conversation. Ah! a good joke!"

Raffaele had no sooner brought his soliloquy to this satisfactory termination, than he thrust his head out of the window. He was resolved to put his idea at once upon an authentic basis by extracting a few confirmatory replies from the groom.

"Hi, coachman! just pull up a moment, young man," he continued, addressing the groom, "I want you to answer a question."

The coachman pulled up his horses; the groom was at the door in an instant.

"Your master's name is Thompson?" inquired Raffaele.

"The groom touched his hat. 'No, sir,'

"Then you are in the service of Mr. Meghill?"

"Don't know no person of that name, sir," responded the taciturn groom.

Raffaele fell back in his seat thoroughly routed.

In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the vehicle was whirling rapidly along the road. Raffaele pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed his arms, and felt like a general whose elite corps, sent forward to turn the tide of battle, had just been repulsed—annihilated.

At the end of ten minutes the brougham stopped before a little green gate, which was immediately opened. The artist descended and mechanically followed a servant, who led him across the garden.

After proceeding along a trimly kept gravel walk, he reached the back entrance of a country mansion.

"Bog pardon, sir," said the domestic, "but mistress thought you would not mind coming into the house through the kitchen as you might not like to be seen by the company till you had changed your dress."

"Don't mention it," replied Raffaele, casting a glance at the great fire, the spit, and the bright stewpans. They crossed the kitchen, and the servant, opening the door, led the way up the narrow staircase.

"Hush! Be silent as you can, sir, we are on the private stairs of the house leading to your apartment. Pray take care; hold on by the rail; follow me!" Raffaele ascended on tip-toe. "This is your room, sir, will you take a seat while I go and in form my mistress?"

Raffaele Smith dropped into a chair, once more entranced in an inextricable maze of supposition.

"There's evidently some mistake here. It is quite clear that I am taken for some one else."

When the lady of the house discovers that I am a total stranger—well, I shall be politely shown to the door, amidst the laughter of the company—that's all! Come, the affair is now taking a tragic turn. That splendid repast, on which my imagination dwelt, is being whisked from under my nose like Sancho Panza's dinner. But if it turns out as I anticipated the enraged artist between his teeth, "if I am ejected from this house, my unappetized appetite will drive me to half kill that villainous flunkey who has brought me into this scrape. Hark! I hear footsteps! They approach! The catastrophe is at hand!"

The servant entered and said in a whisper to Raffaele—

"Here is my mistress!"

At the same instant a lady entered the apartment. She appeared about fifty years of age—Grave, self-possessed, and perfectly lady-like, her deportment reassured the bewildered painter. The lady requested the servant to step outside, advanced, and held out her hand with a smile, in which there was a shade of well bred familiarity. Raffaele responded to this polite reception by making several bows of an aristocratic character.

"What on earth is she going to say to me?" thought the young painter. "The lady appears to look upon me in the light of a friend. I wonder that reason she will assign for my abduction?"

"Ah, sir!" began the lady, "we have been awaiting your arrival with the greatest anxiety. It appears that Charles has not accompanied you, as we requested him to do. At any rate we have received you." (Another smile on the part of the lady—giving her, in Raffaele's eyes, the most sphinx-like attributes.) "I am sure you'll agree with me when I say that that is the essential point. How many thanks and apologies do we not owe you?"

"Owe me, madame! I am sure—yes—ah!" replied the young painter, judging that in such a reply there was nothing to compromise him.

"Yes, sir. But Charles has made you acquainted with the imperious motives which have caused us to act in this abrupt manner; and these strange and exceptional circumstances will, I trust, completely excuse us in your eyes. Only an intimate friend to my son—a friend whom he has known since boyhood; a gentleman in whom we could confide as him—such a person only could we admit to a complicity in our plot."

The eulogium which Charles passed upon you in his letter of yesterday, informing us of your immediate departure from London, has fully satisfied us. My dear sir, I am certain we shall never have to regret having reposed our entire confidence in you—of having confided to you, will never have cause to regret having placed implicit reliance on the honor of Charles and of ourselves."

"I am certain of it, madame," answered Raffaele, whose curiosity was now excited to the highest pitch.

"But the time draws near. You are somewhat late," continued the lady; "all the company are assembled in the drawing room. Charles wrote to inform us that he had arranged everything with you. I assure you nothing is neglected. Ah! I see you in your travelling dress, and in haste, have forgotten your luggage at Cokelhampton. You will find in that wardrobe some of Charles' things. He wrote to us that you were both of the same stature. I see you are a little taller. However that is not material. Pray attire yourself as quickly as you can. In a quarter of an hour my brother the major, will come here for you. He will introduce you to the family and to our friends. Altea, for the present, then, my dear sir—I may almost say my dear Smith," said the lady, holding out her hand with another elegant but most inexplicable smile. And she went out, leaving my friend in a condition bordering on complete stupefaction.

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## General News.

### BURIAL OF THE REMAINS OF MCMAUS IN IRELAND.

—When the ship that bore the body home in sight, the people, labourers chiefly from adjacent country districts, flocked by thousands to the landing place, to receive and give a mournful welcome to their departed patriot. Into the city of Cork, and far beyond on the road to Dublin, the bier was followed or met by like attendant crowds. Arrived at Dublin, the remains of the Irish martyr were laid in state in the lecture-hall of the Mechanics' Institute, the priesthood look coldly on—all churches are closed. For now a difficulty arises, most unexpected and most embarrassing. A rumour is spread about that Archbishop Cullen has placed a ban upon the obsequies of the martyr. A conviction of its truth gains ground, carrying rage and despair into the hearts of the people, who are now in the midst of the very obsequies of the martyr, and the rest. How, indeed, was it possible for them to anticipate such an ending for their splendidly got-up funeral obsequies? Could it have been supposed that even a Catholic Bishop, a Haek Bishop, would dare to refuse the last religious offices, to close the doors of the church to the patriotic martyr, to his grave on the shoulders of an admiring nation? To be abandoned, too, by one's priesthood on an occasion of such solemnity! No words will adequately describe the storm of indignation that arose when this unlooked for bar was placed before the accomplishment of their wishes. The Rev. Patrick Lavelle gives voice to the general sentiment, in a strain of the very choicest of Irish eloquence. We should like to transfer his burning words entire to our columns, but must for the present confine ourselves to his invocation of all the saints in the Irish Calendar—premising that if those Saints whom he especially names are to be taken as his representatives, there must be rather a queer lot of them. "Oh, sainted Malachy, shall not the bones of your McManus rest beside you? Oh! blessed St. Lawrence O'Toole, were you to-day alive, would you deny Terence Bellew a night's rest before the altar of your country? Oh, Ireland! Ireland! my country! my country! how art thou fallen! When shalt thou rise? Is this thy cry? If not, speak out; dare to speak it, Ireland!"

No power on earth could prevent the secular celebration and solemn entombment of the martyr, and the obsequies were shortly afterwards performed in a highly successful manner. What copious floods of eloquence were shed over the grave at Glasnevin may well be imagined. Patrick Lavelle, P. P., said: "It was a glorious day, symbolic of the resurrection of the Irish nation." With such similar funeral orations, the body of McManus was at length put safely underground.—*Eng. Paper*

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Secretary of War in his report, says of Washington as follows:—

The geographical position of the metropolis of the nation, menaced by the rebels, and required to be defended by thousands of our troops, induces us to suggest the propriety, and expediency of a reconstruction of the boundaries of the States of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. Wisdom and statecraft would dictate that the seat of the National Government, for all time to come, should be placed in a more reasonable danger than the present situation, and as the capital is now situated, it is exposed to the attacks of the rebels, and the States named, such as was effected, for similar purposes, by Michigan and Ohio, and by Missouri and Iowa, their boundaries could be so changed as to render the capital more remote than at present from the line of view of state governments which have arrayed themselves in rebellion against the Federal authority. To this end, the limits of Virginia might be so altered as to make her boundaries consist of the Blue Ridge on the east, and Pennsylvania on the north, leaving those on south and west as at present. By this arrangement, two counties of Maryland (Allegany and Washington,) would be transferred to the jurisdiction of Virginia, and that portion of Virginia which lies between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay, could then be added to Maryland, and that portion of the peninsula between the water of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, now joined to the States of Delaware and Maryland, could be added to the State of Virginia. A reference to the map will show that these are great natural boundaries, which, for all time to come, would serve to mark the limits of these States.

To make the protection of the Capital complete, in case of the large collection of territory which Maryland would receive under the arrangement proposed, it would be necessary that the State should consent so to modify her constitution as to limit the basis of her representation to her white population.

In any such arrangement, it would be the part of wisdom to annex to the District of Columbia, that portion of its original limits which by act of Congress was retroceded to the State of Virginia.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The following mysterious paragraph we copy from the Times of the 16th:

"An order has been received at Portsmouth to be in readiness for active service, at an hour's notice, all the gun-boats in the first-class reserve at the port. To enable this to be carried out in the most efficient manner, the officers and crew for each vessel have been told off to their ships from the harbor—the officers, seamen, and marines from Her Majesty's ships Victory, St. Vincent, and Excellent; the warrant officers and stokers from H. M. S. Asia, and the reserve gun-boats, and the engineers from Halifax. On the signal being made to the fleet ship, 'Man gunboats,' each one told off, will collect together his sea kit, and whatever may be the duty upon which at the moment he may be engaged, will at once proceed in the ship's boat to the gun-boats, and be ready to receive the order to be in readiness to serve. The two first named will then immediately take in a month's provisions, which will be in readiness for them, and when complete will then be succeeded by the remainder. As soon as the provisioning is completed, the whole fleet will be in readiness to receive the order to be in readiness to serve. Each boat carries a 40-pounder Armstrong gun, and a 100-pounder Armstrong art, with shot and all the necessary stores, except powder, which will be sent to them on the signal to man the boats being made."

PARLIAMENTS ABOUT LORD LYONS.—The sensation paragraph in a New York journal to the effect that Lord Lyons and the British Consul agents in the South had been engaged in forwarding rebel dispatches abroad, is a fiction of the most flagrant character. No such papers are there alluded to, were received by the Government, and no such dramatic scene as is described transpired. In justice to Lord Lyons, it is due to say that he has scrupulously conformed to the rules established by the Government, in relation to intercourse with the rebel States, and none discredit the mischievous statement more than the heads of the Government.

THE POTATO CROP IN CANADA.—It is stated on good authority that not more than half of this year's potato crop in Canada will be available for human food; that the other half has rotted either in the field or in the pit. In the Toronto Market potatoes are now selling at 70 to 75 cents, while six weeks ago they could have been purchased at about 25 cents. This failure occurred in both Eastern and Western Canada.—*Niles*

According to a New York paper, I saw the old troublesome matter, as well as revenge, had something to do with the Mison and Sidel affair. Sidel and Wilkes, when young, courted the same girl, and she set her heart on Wilkes, but her cross father made her marry Sidel. Wilkes unwillingly gave her up, and did not meet Sidel until he met him on board the Trent.—*Morning News*

## Telegraphic

### Highly Important from England

HALIFAX, Dec. 15.—*Europa* sailed from South-amp-ton 8:30 Saturday morning, but was detained 12 hours at Queenstown, had 57 passengers and 243,000 specie for Boston and £45,000 for Halifax. London Observer asserts that demand for apology from Federal Government will be made; also that Lord Lyons is instructed to insist upon restitution to a section of British flag, those who were violent and illegally torn from that sacred asylum. Also adds there is no reason why Mason and Shiel should not be restored to the quarter deck of British Admiral, in face of 12 British men-at-war.

Nearly all London weekly papers treat the question of "San Jacinto" in some light.

"Europa" was detained at Queenstown by order of Government. Has a Queen's messenger on board with despatches for Lord Lyons. The "Observer" says that the Government demands from President Lincoln and his Cabinet the restoration of the persons of Southern Envoys to the British Government.

Yesterday after 5 p. m., her Majesty held a Privy Council at Windsor Castle, three of the Ministers, including the first Lord of Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War travelled from London to Windsor by special train to be present. Previous to leaving town the three Ministers had attended a cabinet council at Lord Palmerston's official residence. A special messenger of the Foreign Office has been ordered to carry our demand to Lord Lyons, and will proceed by steamer from Queenstown. The public will be satisfied to know that these demands for apology insist on the restitution to protection of the British of those who were violently and illegally torn from that sacred asylum.

The "Observer" adds that there is no reason why they should not be restored to the quarter deck of the British Admiral at New York or Washington itself, in the face of some 10 or 12 British men-of-war, whose presence in the Potomac would render the Southern Cabinet at Washington as helpless as the "Trent" was before the gutters and culbasses of the "San Jacinto." It is no fault of ours if it should come even to this.

The arrangement for increasing the forces in Canada are not complete, but in a very few hours every ship of the "Melbourne" has been taken up and is now being loaded at Woolwich with Armstrong guns, some 80,000 Enfield rifles.

It is not impossible that this vessel will be escorted by one or two ships of war, the rifles are intended for the Canadian militia. A strong force of field artillery will be dispatched forthwith.

The Queen's advocate Sir John Harding, Attorney General, Sir Wm. Atherstone and the Solicitor General Mr. Rowdell Palmer have been in frequent personal communication with the Government during the last few days. The Queen has appointed Lord Canning Ranger of Greenwich Park as a residence in the rooms of the late Earl of Alford.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 2.—The Times city article of the 30th Nov. shows that the fall of 2 per cent. on consols and 4 to 5 per cent. is altogether undecided, and is not justified by the nature of the things.

Between January and March 1854, when war was declared against Russia, consols went from 9