

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

VOL. I.

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THE LOYALIST,

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THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBER.

BY BENJAMIN HAMILTON.

It was in the year 18—, that a very
lovely woman, the Countess of Walstein,
became an inhabitant of Vienna; to
which city the news of her husband's
death—a Colonel in the service of
France, and slain, as it was stated in the
letter of the Minister of War, at the great
battle of Moskwa—had brought her.

One night after having dismissed all
her female attendants, she was seated at
her writing desk, intensely absorbed in
the perusal of a manuscript, when the
window of her boudoir was burst open.
She was utterly paralysed, for the mo-
ment, with fear. She believed she was
lost forever. Three o'clock in the morn-
ing had just struck, and all around her
was silence and darkness. The servants
were all fast asleep. The sound of no
footstep on the distant street could be
heard. It was a favourable moment for
the perpetration of crime, for crime
could be committed safe from the obser-
vation of any witness. Excited by sud-
den terror, the Countess turned her eyes
toward the window that had been forced
open; but the dimmed glass through
which the wax lights shone, gave forth
but an uncertain and glimmering view,
and she could only distinguish, and that
with difficulty, the dark shade of man's
figure at the lower end of the room;
fancying for the moment that it was but
a terrific illusion, she seized a light and
turned it toward this strange object.—
What was her terror, when she was con-
vinced that there was before her a strange
man! He was very tall, his figure was
concealed by a black mantle, and his face
was covered by a mask. Her first
thought was to ring the bell; but the
masked man grasping her arm, prevented
her from carrying her project into execu-
tion.

'Have no fear,' said the unknown;
'and though appearances be at this mo-
ment against me, still do not confound
me with the common malefactors that
fill this city. Although my proceedings
are such as to give you reason to enter-
tain such an idea, yet I presume to hope,
that you will soon abandon a notion, that
would do my feelings wrong. I am an
honest man; but very extraordinary cir-
cumstances, such as I cannot and ought
not to explain to you, oblige me to act
thus. That is all I can, for the present,
say to you.'

The tone of voice in which these words
were said, and the apparent unconcern,
and calmness of demeanor in the un-
known, excited the astonishment of the
Countess, without lessening, however,
her uneasiness, nor diminishing her fear.

'How can you explain,' said she to
her singular visitor, 'your conduct, and
your presence in my house, when I am
alone?—besides there is that mask which
conceals your features.'

'That mask should not at all terrify
you. For heavens sake, be calm. I
have this false visage, but as a security
for that discretion that must guard my
conduct, and until circumstances, less
unhappy than those that now affect me,
permit me to make myself known to you.'

'Well, then, what do you require?'
asked the Countess, perfectly astonished.
'A very great service indeed, and one
upon which depends my future liberty,
my honour, and the happiness of my
life.'

'I know not, Sir, how, or in what
manner, I—'
'I am about to tell you—and now deign
to listen to me, with a kind and charita-
ble feeling.'

You have in your secretaire a sum of
sixty thousand francs. I want that from
you—as a loan. Understand me perfectly.
It is under the name of a loan, that I
shall receive it from you, but as that
sum will not accomplish the object which
compels me thus to borrow from you, I
supplicate you to add to it also your jewel
case. I shall have a faithful and accu-
rate value put upon it, by a jeweller, as

to its contents; and with that I will ask
you for your diamond studded watch;
and these, along with the 60 thousand
francs, will make the sum total of my
debt to you.'

The Countess was stupefied alike from
astonishment and fear. So much of au-
dacity surpassed her imagination of all
that impudence could think of doing.—
But then how was she to act, situated as
she was? Should she refuse to depose
herself of her gold and diamonds? It
would be to expose herself to outrage.
A man capable of having conceived and
executed so rash a project, and express-
ing himself so boldly, would not recoil from
any consideration, and would crush every
obstacle to attain his ends. The Countess
having indulged in such reflections,
would doubtless have instantly complied
with the demand made on her, if the
remembrance of her husband had not
come to her, assistance—for she recol-
lected that the richest ornaments in her
jewel case had been from him, and then,
how could she consent willingly to part
from the last tokens of his love, that re-
mained to her?

'I consent,' she said, to give to you
the sum of money you ask me; but the
jewel case is the bridal present of my de-
ceased husband, and I cannot part with
it without insulting the memory of one,
that I honour and venerate. Oh! that
I must keep, and you yourself will see
that I ought to do so.'

'I think,' he remarked, 'that I told
you, that I wanted all that I have told
you. Nothing less than what I have stated,
can free me from the embarrassment
in which I am placed. It is all that I
hope for from your goodness, and that I
exact with the greater earnestness be-
cause I am certain of discharging all I
owe you, in less than two years.'

The words 'I exact,' added to the
anxiety of the poor Countess. She stood
up opened her secretaire, gave to the
stranger the gold that it contained, and
then taking the jewel-case, she with tears
in her eyes, placed it on the table before
her, hoping that the despair which was
pictured in her countenance would be
more eloquent and more persuasive than
her prayers.

It was of no avail, however. The
strange visitor took up the bag, contain-
ing the gold, the jewel case that enclosed
the diamonds, and then recommending
her to keep as a profound secret all that
had passed between them, he repeated to
her the confidence he entertained of yet
paying the debt, and disappeared, leaving
the Countess overwhelmed with terror
and grief.

It would be difficult to describe the
various emotions, that subsequent to this
adventure agitated the Countess. The
sacrifice that she had been forced to
make, was without doubt, a doubtful one
and the loss affected her less than the
reflections induced by such a visit from
a person who was evidently nobly born,
and highly educated. The terror that
the circumstance caused to her, how-
ever, made her discreet.

Scarcely a fortnight had passed away,
from the time the nocturnal visit had been
paid, when in the middle of the night,
the Countess was awakened by the noise
of something heavy falling into her room,
which was thrown from without, and
that had penetrated thus far, after having
smashed one of the panes of glass in the
window. The noise was not succeeded by
any other, and the Countess having
recovered from her fright, or rather her
curiosity being greater than her fears,
she searched for the object that she was
sure had fallen on the floor. It was a
stone, which was enveloped by a letter
most respectfully worded, and containing
an exact account of the money enclosed
in the bag, as well as of the value of the
diamonds taken from her. This act of
honesty appeared to her to be very singu-
lar on the part of one, that after all, she
could not but regard as a robber.—As-
tonished at this new act of the mysterious
individual, she put both pieces of writing
in her secretaire, and deposited them in
the place formerly occupied by the valu-
ables of which she had been despoiled.

A year after the event which we have
described, the Countess of Walstein,
yielding to the importunities of her hus-
band's family left Vienna, and went to
take up her abode at Munich, where she
trusted that her strange visitor, of whom
she now heard no more, would cease from
troubling her repose. Her anticipations
in this respect, were not, however, fulfil-
led.

Some months after her arrival at Mun-
ich, where she led a very retired life—
where she was never seen in public, and
consequently believed she was secure from
the visits of the stranger, she was one
morning about three o'clock—astonished
to see the window of her chamber opened
—no noise was made—no bolt withdrawn
—but as if by magic power, it was open-
ed, and the mysterious man again appear-
ed, in his old costume, and his face still
concealed by the mask!

'What! you again!' exclaimed the
Countess.—'What would you now, have
I not satisfied your first demand so fully,
that I might at least hope to be freed from
a second visit?'

'Madame, your words are reproachful.
If I merit insult for a second time distur-
bing your repose, I am sure you will not of-
fer it when you learn what is the object
of my present visit.'

'Doubtless, it is to contract a second
debt; for men like you have always press-
ing wants.'

'Will the Countess of Walstein permit
me to interrupt her, knowing as I do, all
that can be said upon that point?'

'Then what is your business here?'

'I find it impossible at this moment to
pay you in full the entire sum, that you
were so good as to lend me a year since,
but I have brought you the half of it,
which you will find in this bag—and in
accepting it I beg again to express to you
my gratitude and my determination fully
to acquit myself of the obligation that I
have contracted with you.'

This said, the bag of gold was deposit-
ed on the table, and the stranger disap-
peared.

When the Countess was fully certain
that the mysterious visitor had taken his
departure, she rose from her couch, and
examined the bag that he had left behind
him; and to her astonishment, she found
that it contained precisely the half of the
sum, that she had been compelled to give
him.

In doing justice to the strange con-
duct of the unknown, she did not, how-
ever, desire to be borne down by the
weight of events, the consequences of
which she could not foresee, and therefore
she resolved to quit Germany, and to go
and live in Italy. It is easy to conceive,
that this was a resolution not adopted on
the instant. That which had occurred
both at Munich and Vienna, filled her
mind with the greatest apprehension, and
she determined to depart as privately as
she possibly could.

The Countess of Walstein travelled
over a great deal of Italy. She visited
Florence and then resolved to stop for
some time at Venice. The beauty of the
climate, the charms of the city—so calm,
and so impregnated with poetry—at once
suited her quiet habits, and her reflective
disposition. She had remained there
nearly a year, and had ceased to think of
her singular debtor, for she believed she
had forever freed herself from him, when
at the midnight hour—such a midnight as
one only can behold in Venice—she saw
him re-appear in the centre of her cham-
ber, wearing the same dress that he did
at Vienna, and at Munich; and still
masked!

'This is the last visit of this kind, that
I shall pay you,' he said. 'Now, I bring
to you, the full sum that you, in despite
of yourself, lent me two years ago. But,
without examining into the causes of your
conduct, I may content myself with say-
ing, that your money and your discretion
have saved my honour. At present per-
mit me to offer you the sincere expression
of my gratitude, and to beg also that you
will accept as a testimony of it this bril-
liant ring, which I pray you accept from
me.'

Pronouncing these words, the stranger
took from his finger a ring, and laid it, at
the same time with the purse of gold, up-
on the table, which was close to the couch
on which the countess was reclining. The
latter, that fright had nearly paralyzed,
recovered gradually from her fear, and
said:

'But who are you, sir, who attach so
much value to the service I have done? Per-
mit me to assure you that my discretion
will be the best security for any secret
you may please to confide to me.'

'I can easily believe it, Countess, espe-
cially when you find that the secret is
one in which both of us are equally inter-
ested.'

The unknown finished those words, by
tearing off his mask, and casting it from
him.

'Good Heavens!' shrieked the Countess,
as she looked in the face of the un-
known; 'it is—it is my husband!'

'Yes,' answered the Count with deep
emotion 'I am he whom thou hast long
mourned as dead, and who, without thee,
would have lost both honour and liberty.
These are my adventures, I was danger-
ously wounded at the battle of Moskwa,
and by mistake returned as among those
who had been killed. I was brought as a
prisoner into the deserts of Siberia; in a
frightful state of misery, and without a
possibility of appraising you that I was liv-
ing. I passed there the entire time of
my captivity. An ukase of the Emperor
gave me at length permission to return to
France; when, as I passed through St.
Petersburgh, an unfortunate quarrel was
put upon me, by the son of a great Rus-
sian Lord. I killed him in a duel fought
between us; and although my adversary
was altogether in the wrong, and that he
did not hesitate to declare before dying,
yet as his family were very powerful they
swore to have vengeance, and did every-
thing they could to carry that vow into ef-
fect.

'I was arrested and imprisoned.—The
prosecution against me had commenced,
when the Czar learning what had hap-
pened and the public feeling that was
generally in my favour, ordered me to be
set at liberty and taken beyond the frontier
of his empire on my way to France. Af-
ter such a decision I might well believe,
as well as those who took an interest in
my fate, that I was saved from the fury
of my enemies; but it turned out other-
wise, for my foes were numerous and
powerful. Notwithstanding the decision
of the Emperor they obtained my incar-
ceration anew, until I had made a full
payment of a sum of sixty thousand rous-
sles, equal to about two hundred thousand
francs, in which I was amerced as dam-
ages, for in Russia it seems that a price
is set upon the life of human beings.'

'I was again arrested, but, thanks to
some friend, I was able to escape, and
reached Germany, from whence I wrote
that I recognised myself a debtor to the
amount of sixty thousand roubles, and
promised to send them in the shortest pos-
sible time; and then I determined to
conceal myself with the greatest possible
care. Had I acted differently I should
have been given up to the Russian gov-
ernment.'

By means of the forced loan from your-
self, and aid of some friends, I was able
to meet the pecuniary demand of my en-
emies, and to obtain a full acquittance,
as well as an order for my perfect freedom
from arrest for the future. Once having
this order in my hands, I knew that I
could appear in public. Your secret re-
moral prevented me from seeing you be-
fore now; but once having discovered it,
I determined to play out my part of the
mysterious visitor to the end.'

It was thus that the Colonel terminated
his recital. Since then he has lived in
happiness with his wife at the chateau of
Walstein, which is but a few leagues dis-
tant from Vienna.

AFGHANISTAN AND INDIA.

From the London Times, Oct. 8.

Far from evacuating Afghanistan, it
now appears that General Nott and his
brigade have left Candahar on their road
to Ghuznee; and it is expected that when
these troops shall have reached that for-
tress, a simultaneous advance will take
place from thence and from Jellalabad
upon Cabul. It is also imagined that
Candahar is being finally relinquished.
The object of Lord Ellenborough is not
the acquisition of territory, this, we think,
is wise. It is from Cabul that we can
best hope to dictate fitting terms of peace,
and it may well be that the continued
occupation of Candahar, distant some
30 miles from its sister capital, and in
a way bearing upon its lines of commu-
nication with our own territory, might
form a mere impediment to vigorous and
united operations against the head quar-
ters of our enemies, and the prison-house
of our countrymen. It is, however, we
must confess, excessively idle to indulge
in these speculations concerning what
may be intended and what must be the
reasons of such intentions; and a percep-
tion of the same fact may now perhaps
be breaking upon the minds of those who
in the last month have been clamouring
out Lord Ellenborough's base aban-
donment of the prisoners. We may at
least form correct opinions as to the hon-
our or disgrace of certain broad lines of
policy, completely and unequivocally car-
ried into execution; and what we should
not at liberty to censure, we are, of course,
equally competent to deprecate. Lord

Ellenborough, it is said, in particular,
gives no slight offence to the political
gossips of India by the deep and most ju-
dicious secrecy with which he veils his
intentions. It should occur to the pub-
lic, that being a somewhat unwieldy con-
fident, it can scarcely expect to be let
into the State secrets of the day while
results are still pending, and that there
are such things as feints—such a man-
oeuvre as *reculer pour mieux sauter*—
delusive orders—negotiations to gain ne-
cessary time,—forced or feigned inac-
tion; all which things, if the said public,
every time they appear, take for sterling,
and insist upon as unfailing indications
of policy, it will find that it has leapt into
a good many conclusions which it had
better have left alone.

We are glad to find that the issue, as
it hitherto appears, has justified our past
caution. It seems that while Opposition
newspapers were blaming Lord Ellen-
borough for his dastardly inaction or re-
treat, he was actively and successfully
engaged in preparing the means of an
advance; and it may now be observed,
that the only authoritative evidence of an
intention to retreat at all was contained
in an order, to do what? To forward
camels and means of transport towards
the Afghan frontier. It would now ap-
pear that Lord Ellenborough only waited
for the home despatches an answer to his
announcement of General Pollock's first
success, to carry into effect that advance
for which the troops were then, with some
difficulty, prepared. Towards the end of
July, General Nott left Candahar. Sir
John Keane's army was something under
four weeks marching from that city to
Ghuznee; by the next month's mail,
therefore, we may hope to hear that Gen-
eral Pollock is also well on his way to
Cabul, destined, we hope, to regain the
credit of British arms by an honourable,
and therefore abiding, peace.

Finally, it is with unfeigned pleasure
that we hear satisfactory accounts of the
prisoners. They were said to be confined
in a fortress about five miles from
Cabul, and allowed "to move about the
mountains and to ride in small parties
into that city." It appears too that the
neighbouring Afghans are impressed
with a salutary fear of the British ad-
vance, which induces them to exact from
Akbar Khan a moderate treatment of
his prisoners, to whom they look in a
great measure (perhaps strangely enough)
for a kind of protection, and from whom
even they are said to be "begging writ-
ten notes and little bits of scribbled paper,
to serve as tokens for their preservation."

On the whole, we have every reason
to be satisfied with the news brought by
the present mail. No brilliant success
is reported—there was no room for such,
but a vigorous course is being adapted,
and we are encouraged to think that ef-
fectual opposition is melting away before
it. But we must not cry till we are out
of the wood.

CHINA.

From Bell's Messenger.

Since the first delivery of the letters and
papers by the Indian mail on Saturday
evening, the 8th, other letters and papers
have continued to pour in upon us from
the same channel, by means of which we
have been enabled to arrive at a clearer
understanding of the exact nature of our
positions in China and Afghanistan.—
There is one common feature in the
greater portion of these articles, and par-
ticularly the private letters which we
think will excite the surprise of our read-
ers in common with ourselves; we are
speaking of the singular ability, the clear-
ness, and even the force, with which the
officers of our Indian army express them-
selves both in their private letters and
public dispatches. We have only time
to observe, in passing, that this is equally
creditable to this class of public servants,
and to the mode of education which the
Directors of the Company are now in the
habit of requiring before they give their
commissions.

One of these articles contains an ad-
mirable account of the new town of Cha-
poo, which will be found given in an-
other part of our paper. It very forcibly
exhibits the importance of this capture,
the strength of the position which we
have thus successfully forced, and the
command which it gives us upon the line
on which our movements were about to
proceed. "Chapoo," says the writer,
"is the emporium of the Japan trade, and
the harbour of the six imperial ships, cor-
responding in magnitude with our largest

mercantile vessels, which the court of
Pekin send annually to Japan. The sub-
urbs are as large and as well built as
the city itself, which is surrounded with
a wall and a deep moat." "At the time
I was there," continues this military cor-
respondent, "there were at least three
thousand Chinese vessels lying at Cha-
poo and its river, the Shang Hai, some
of these vessels being of six hundred tons
burden." Of such importance is the
capture of this town; it cuts off the inter-
course of Pekin with its largest mercan-
tile establishment, and in fact commands
the entrance of the Yellow Sea, and of
that immense canal at the northern ex-
tremity of it, through which it receives
its supplies from the southern portions of
the empire. Another of these letters
makes the important statement that Sir
H. Pottinger had recently been visited by
some Chinese malcontent chiefs of dis-
tinction, and that a report prevailed in
the army that they came with a proposal
to join the English forces upon their
landing; that they were native Chinese
and that they offered to co-operate
with the English in deposing the em-
peror and restoring the native Chinese
dynasty. We should not have thought
much of a report of this kind, if we had
not learned from previous accounts that
this public feeling against the Tartars has
very long prevailed in China. It appears
also, from the same accounts, that Sir H.
Pottinger, and his admirals and generals,
are proceeding with singular unity and
harmony, and that there is a fixed pur-
pose to push on towards Pekin as soon as
the new reinforcements shall arrive from
India and England. We think also that
we can collect from these accounts, that
the apparent delay and irresolution of
Lord Ellenborough and the Calcutta gov-
ernment with respect to the forward
movements in Afghanistan, are to be
imputed to this division of his attention
and solicitude between these two objects
of equal importance—the sending of the
required reinforcements to China, and the
successful prosecution of our affairs at
Cabul. The war in Afghanistan was a
whig measure, and was in no great fa-
vour with the English cabinet when Lord
Ellenborough was sent out as Governor
General, and it hence may easily be im-
agined that the cause is also not in much
favour with himself personally. On the
other hand, it is now very generally un-
derstood that the present cabinet is very
anxious for some signal success on the
part of China, and indeed is resolved to
make no peace without accomplishing
the opening of the empire to a general
British commerce and unrestricted inter-
course, such as the permanent settle-
ment of an English embassy at Pekin,
and consular establishments in the ports
on the Yellow Sea.

DESCRIPTION OF CHAPOO, LATELY CAPTURED
BY THE BRITISH FORCES IN CHINA.

As Chapoo, or rather Shapoo, the
town which has been recently taken
by the British in China, is not to be found
in our best maps, some information re-
specting it, scanty as it may be, may not
be unacceptable at the present moment.
Shapoo is situated on the northern shore
of the gulf which receives the river
Tsiang-tang-Kiang, opposite to the Chu-
san Islands, in about latitude 30 degrees
35 minutes north. It is a flourishing
place and the emporium of a great for-
eign trade. In order, however, to give
a nearer and more lively view of Shapoo
and the neighbouring coasts, as well as
the manner of our introduction to the or-
der and ceremonious inhabitants, we ex-
tract the following description from the
notes of a journal written by an officer of
one of the opium traders which visited
the coasts of China a few years ago. On
going into Shang Hai (in latitude 31°
12' north), the forts saluted us with three
guns each. We were astonished at the
great number of junks; 200 came in to-
day (1st of December), all of the same
size, four-masted vessels, and belonging
to this port. The number of wild-fowl
also, ducks, geese, &c., along the
shore, is astonishing. Towards the town,
as we ascended the river, the junks were
so thickly crowded that I never saw any-
thing like it. There could not have been
less than 2000 in the port. The manda-
rins agreed to trade privately with us at
two per cent. commission. "The people
were very friendly; the women in fair,
small feet. They seemed to admire Eu-
ropean clothing, particularly linen shirts.
The country is fertile, and beautifully
cultivated. December, '28.—Finding the