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No. 1.

ELEGY

On the Death of the Rev. J. Graham, M. A., late of Magilligan Glebe.

"He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn;
He whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refined."

The bard, the pastor, and historian sage,
Whose varied talents forth resplendent shone,
Alas, is gone, from this terrestrial stage.
Where long he faithful stood for Church and Throne.
Apollo, with thy lyre to earth descend,
And o'er his grave in sorrow bow thy head;
To grief a voice let deep-toned music lend,
And loudly mourn the aged Minstrel dead.

Ye Bards of Erin pour the plaintive lay,
Record his worth and spread abroad his fame;
Few mortals have from earth been snatched away,
Who left behind a more deserving name.
In him the Muses weep a favourite son,
Who sweetly swept the lyre with skilful hand;
But while the seasons shall their courses run,
His name shall live, and still respect command.

Ye Orangemen of Green Ierne's Isle,
To Queen and Constitution ever true,
To him erect the Monumental pile—
A meed to his distinguished merit due.
A Leader, fearless, at his post he stood,
Nor ever to expediency would yield;
And from the slander of the rebel brood,
His pen was found your safe protecting shield.

Ye 'Prentice Boys, of Londonderry old,
His name revere through each succeeding age:
Your City, and her tried defenders bold,
He caused to rise, renowned on deathless page.
The heroic deeds he viewed with pure delight
Of those brave men inspir'd with valour true,
Who bravely rushed undaunted to the fight,
Nor plague, nor famine, could their hearts subdue.

Their actions great, he did not leave unsung,
Nor let their names in dark oblivion rest;
His Derry Lyrics charm both old and young,
And find an echo in each loyal breast.
These scenes no longer shall his mind employ—
His ransomed spirit, freed from earthly chains,
Has wing'd its way to realms of bliss and joy,
Where Angels tune their harps to Heavenly strains.

While health and vigour cheer'd his manly breast,
His generous bosom for the wretched grieved:
None e'er to him applied, when want oppress'd,
But quickly were with liberal hand relieved.
In him the husband, parent, pastor, friend,
Of fond affection—zealous and sincere—
In harmony did all their virtues blend,
And made him to the social circle dear.

The rhyming wight, although unknown to fame,
Unnoticed past his dwelling would not roam;
Such found him prompt to fan th' poetic flame,
And give a welcome to his friendly home:
And then he would unlock his mental store—
With cheerful converse animate his guest—
Forth from the treasures of his varied lore,
Instruction pour, and sorrow soothe to rest.

Farewell my honoured friend—thy race is o'er,
Thou hadst thy trials in this vale of tears;
But sin, or grief, shall not disturb thee more—
Thy dust will rest till judgment day appears.
Then an immortal body will it rise,
To meet the great Redeemer who o'ercame
The King of terrors, that above the skies
His saints should live, and ever praise his name.

Londonderry, March 28, 1844.

ROBERT YOUNG.

From Simmonds's Colonial Magazine

RECOLLECTIONS OF ALGERIA IN 1843.

Sine studio et ira

Much has been written on Algeria, since 1830, in England and in France; and, as was to have been expected, contradictions have abounded. Our warlike neighbours have fallen into ecstasies before their feats of arms, their martial ardour to engage new foes, their perseverance in pursuit of victory. All this is very natural, no doubt, and it is not our part to condemn them for applauding their own valour and celebrating their own triumphs. On the other hand, our countrymen have often appeared little disposed to re-echo the songs of victory which have been borne to them across the Channel—not that they entertained any doubt of the military prowess of the French nation (this was not to be questioned for a moment); but because of all harvests that of laurels is the least profitable, when the land on which they are gathered remains uncultivated and desolate. In other words, we are of opinion, that the French did not see about colonizing Algeria in the right way, that there are many better methods of becoming definitively masters of a country than by strewing it with the bones of eighty thousand soldiers—"Jealousy of our dawning success!" indignantly exclaim

our Gallic allies—"Experience of the past!" is our reply. Meanwhile the French continue to prosecute their African war, and we to shake our heads incredulously. Such has been the state of things for thirteen years and a half.

Not to give the lie to our motto, we shall abstain from attempting to decide on a question which is in the hand of the future, and shall consider Algeria in its present state, just as the occupants who have made a kind of peregrination over the African soil, without however venturing too far among the Bedouin hordes who shrink as yet from beneath the ægis of European civilisation. We shall endeavour to watch the movements of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, in his Semala, remaining prudently within the French possessions beneath the protection of a friendly flag: we may, however, amuse our readers by a likeness of this brave and noble, but subdued and hunted chieftain of the Desert.



ABD-EL-KADER.

The territory of the Regency is divided into four governments:—Al-Jezira, or Algiers; Titteri, to the south; Constantini, to the east; and Mascara, or Tlemcen, to the west. The total superficies is calculated at about twenty-two thousand square leagues, only one-fifth less than that of France; but whilst in this particular the two countries are so nearly equal, how different is the amount of population, how small the proportion to the vast space occupied!

According to M. Juchereau de St. Denis, who supposes that the whole Regency, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, did not contain more than two millions of inhabitants, the population of most of the towns had, up to 1830, decreased considerably. This writer believes that in stating the number of inhabitants at eight hundred thousand we are very near the mark; but he does not include in this calculation those who dwell between the Little Atlas and the Sahara, who were never subject to the Dey of Algiers, and estimated at two hundred and thirty thousand souls. Thus, still relying on the same writer's authority, it would appear that the twenty-two thousand leagues support one million and thirty thousand individuals; that is to say, scarcely forty-seven inhabitants to every square league (5760 acres). What reflections must not be excited by the consideration of so vast a decrease brought about in less than a century and a half!

The comparative tables of the European population of Algeria, published quarterly by the French Government, establish satisfactorily the progress of the colony, especially within the last few months.

On the 1st Jan. 1843, the total European population amounted to 47,150
On the 31st March, there were but 47,038
The return of the 1st of May shows a considerable gain; since Algeria then contained 47,543
Finally, on the 30th of June of the same year, the increase is still more sensibly felt, for the sum total reaches as high as 55,122

It may be desirable to point out that at the same period (June 30) the numerical proportion between the colonists of the various nations of Europe was as follows:—

French	21,495
Spaniards	20,376
Italians	5,711
English	5,648
Germans	1,983
Russians, Greeks, & Swiss	9

Total 55,122

At the end of June 1842, there was in Algeria only 40,000 Europeans. It is superfluous to observe, that we now refer merely to the civil portion of the population, which is vastly inferior to the military force, amounting at present to nearly 80,000 men.

Of the 55,122 inhabitants, there are—Men, 24,945; women, 16,023; children, 14,154. Total—55,122.

It is manifest by this account of the movement of the European

population in Algeria, that immigration is much on the increase. It is impossible not to be struck by the fact, that it has more than doubled in the space of eight years; at the end of 1836, there were only 14,561 individuals of the class to which we refer. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that no expectations can be based on a population which possesses not the character of perfect stability. We have seen that in the quarter ending Oct. 1st, 1839, 2,817 colonists arrived, and that in the same space of time 2,472 departed.

The population of Algiers has been considerably exaggerated by those who, following Shaw, have calculated it at 100,000—some have even rated it as high as 200,000. It possesses, according to the most probable computation made since the French occupation, no more than 30,000 native inhabitants. New to these we must add 30,684 souls. If we consider, on the one hand, that the Moors, having no registries of births and deaths, could not afford any practical information,—and, on the other, that their religion and their own national feelings forbid them to allow Europeans to penetrate into their houses, especially into the apartments of their women,—it will be understood what difficulties lie in the way of a complete census.

It has generally been agreed upon to divide into seven classes or varieties of the human species the inhabitants of Algeria. This classification, which includes the Moors, the Berbers, the Arabs, the Turks, the Kooloolis, the Jews, and the Negroes, appears at first sight to be satisfactory; especially as, in the eyes of the indifferent observer, this division of the Algerian population has an air of truth, each group or variety of which it is composed bearing its own character, manners, customs, and language.

But it is not superfluous to call to mind that the aggregation of numerous fragments must necessarily produce different races, or unite in the same division elements which were before distinctly separated. However this may be, we shall be satisfied with stating that the existence of four different races in the Regency may be positively affirmed.

1. The *Berber race*, which derives its origin from the most ancient inhabitants, and other elements now destroyed or unperceived.

2. The *Arab race*, with its three division or families, of which one, the Israelite, has preserved the Hebrew worship.

3. The *European race*, which numbers likewise three families. That of the Kabyles, derived from the Vandals, the Goths, the Suevi, &c., and still recognisable from their fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes;

That of the Turks, which also includes the Kooloolis and their descendants;

And that formed by the union of colonists lately arrived from all parts of Europe.

4. Finally, there is the *Negro race*, brought from the interior of Africa into Algiers and the other States of Barbary.

These races are now found assembled, but distinct, in the city of Algiers, to the number of 30,000, omitting the colonists; and their numerical proportion may be estimated as follows:—

Turks	4,000
Jews	5,000
Negroes	2,000
Berbers and Arabs	1,000
Kooloolis and Moors	18,000

These last, the most numerous of the indigenous inhabitants of the capital of the Regency, present to the observer an interesting object of study, whether we consider their character, manners, or the vicissitudes of their history.

The Moors are the descendants of the conquerors of Spain, who were themselves of Arab origin. They inhabit the cities and the cultivated plains; their complexion is less dark than that of the wild Arabs. They have black hair, rounded forms, and large eyes; they are generally much inclined to *embarras*. They are accused of being avaricious, vindictive, dissolute, servile, and lazy. Without absolutely adopting this opinion, we still believe that the distinguishing feature, the most prominent characteristic of these people, is falsehood and dissimulation. They will make an appointment, accept an invitation, utter promise upon promise, with the appearance of the greatest sincerity, having no scruple, and experiencing not the least shame at breaking even their most solemn oaths. In all the political or mercantile relations a Moor has with a stranger, he never fails to endeavour to get the better of him, by fair means or foul, looking upon every christian with an eye of hatred and contempt.

The desire of vengeance, moreover, is one of his favourite passions. A Moor never forgets an injury, and brings into play all his cunning and perseverance to compass the ruin of his enemy, and satisfy his fierce and vindictive mind. Sometimes he will push his dissimulation so far as to exhibit all the exterior signs of true friendship in order to inflict with greater certainty and secrecy the meditated blow. In one word, the Punic faith, in the whole extent of the term, seems to have taken refuge with the Moors.

Their mein is grave and proud; They look with contempt on the hurried gait—the hasty, awkward, and rather ridiculous movements of some of the French, whose pinched, stiff and affected costume excites moreover their most lively astonishment. As they behold those foreigners giving utterance to noisy bursts of laughter, accompanied by gestures and contortions, each more