

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

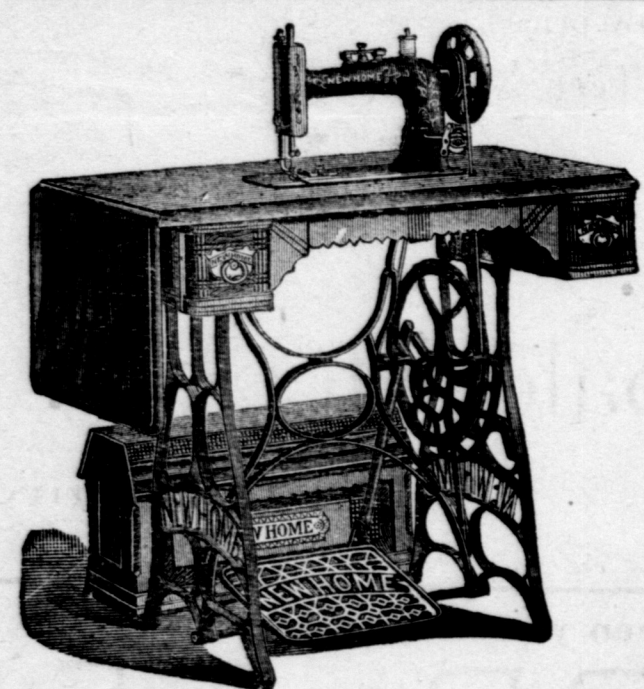
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8, 1894.

No. 13

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Hillsboro, 13th, 14th, of each month

THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8.

Whip-Poor-Will.

"Whip-poor-will—whip-poor-will!"
When twilight comes, serene and still,
With balmy scents and grateful hush,
And in the west a tender blush,
As if the peach-blossom, blowing high,
And blowing against the evening sky,
You'll hear from some dusk-shadowed hill
The soft complaint of "Whip-poor-will!"
"Whip-poor-will—whip-poor-will!"
It seems the lonely wood to fill
With echoes mournful, yet as sweet
As summer winds in ripened wheat,
Or bells that chime far away
The peaceful ringing of the day.
Or crooning of the mountain rill,
That distant call of the "Whip-poor-will!"
"Whip-poor-will—whip-poor-will!"
The gentle plaint my heart can thrill
With dreams of days that came and went,
In childhood's happy freedom spent;
When sunlight poured its golden gleam
In every lifted lily-vein,
And in the glowing, calm and still,
Arose the chant of "Whip-poor-will!"
"Whip-poor-will—whip-poor-will!"
I hear the olden music still
Of other days, and see once more
The group about the cottage door,
Gathered, when household tasks were done,
To watch the setting of the sun.
And catch from shadows on the hill
The first sweet note of "Whip-poor-will!"

The Women of Egypt.

The most ancient moralist that we
know, the Egyptian Ptahhotep, spoke
of women as bundles of mischief and
bags full of lies and wickedness. The
testimony of the wall-paintings of
Thebes, of the bas-reliefs of Louxor,
and of the antique papyri written by
the remote predecessors of Boccaccio
and Sacchetti, goes to show that the
ladies of old Egypt, with their plaited
hair and jewelled bosoms, were ardent
to attack and weak to resist. Prin-
cesses, daughters of the priestly class,
or peasants, all resembled the wife of
Potiphar, if we may believe the ingen-
ious stories, the popular tales, and the
golden legends which have for centuries
gilded the annals of the mummies in
their silent tombs, and which the mod-
ern readers of hieroglyphics are now
deciphering for the better comprehen-
sion of the most ancient and perhaps
the gayest of civilizations. The Egypt
of the Pharaohs is no longer figured in
our imagination as a land of hieratic
contemplation, but rather, like our own
country, as a place of joy and of tears,
of hopes and of fears, of illusions and
emotions, a land peopled by human
beings like ourselves, who laughed,
sang, loved and passed. Modern erudi-
tion has even succeeded in deciphering
love-lyrics that were sung four or five
thousand years ago on the banks of an
Nile-lyrics in which the ancient
Egyptians expressed the sentiments that
devoured them—sometimes with ex-
quisite sweetness, at other times with
an exuberance and a boldness of
imagination that alarm our more sober
Western minds. The Egyptian made
all nature participate in his amorous
emotions—the song of birds, the per-
fume of flowers, the murmur of the
breeze. Egyptian love is a manifesta-
tion of the joyous and splendid har-
mony of triumphant nature, but at the
same time it is tempered by a vein of
sadness and by the ever-present con-
sciousness of the fragility of things
and the brevity of life.

The Egyptian woman was almost
the equal of the man; she was free to come
and go, to tempt and to be tempted,
and she made use of her privileges.
The land of Potiphar's wife is not the
land either of the harem or of the veil.
It is in the palaces of Assyria that we
must look for the harem. It is in the
valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris,
in the cradle of civilization, that we
shall find the veil, that emblem of
modesty and submission which became
one of the arms of coquetry almost as
soon as it was invented. The first wo-
man who saw her own image reflected
in the still waters of the river, whether
Fison, Hiddekel, or Euphrates, was the
first coquette, and when she began to
arrange her hair, to smooth it, to hide it
with a veil or shawl, to conceal one
part of her face and to reveal another,
the art of coiffure was invented.

Fine Intelligence of the Elephant.
It appears from trustworthy anec-
dotes that the Asiatic elephants in a
few months of captivity acquire the
rules of conduct which it is necessary
to impose upon them. The speediness
of this intellectual subjugation may be
judged from the fact that, after a short
term of domestication, they will take
a willing and intelligent part in cap-
turing their kindred of the wilderness;
showing in this work little or no dis-
position to the wild herds. In the case
of no other animal do we find anything
like such an immediate adhesion to
the ways of civilization. We have to
account for this eminent peculiarity
of the elephant on the supposition,
which appears to be thoroughly just-
ified, that the creature has, even in its
wild state, a type of intelligence and
instincts more nearly like those of
man than is the case with any other
wild mammal, affinity with human
quality which is, perhaps, only ap-
proached by certain species of birds.
It appears from the observations of
naturalists that the family or tribe of
wild elephants is a distinct and highly
sympathetic community.

His Parting Shot.
She spurned his suit.
"Never," she insisted.
Nor yet did hope flee his breast.
"Can you not," he asked huskily,
"learn to love me?"
She shook her head.
"And still—"
He hissed through his clenched teeth
as he made for the door.
"—they say never too old to learn."
She started violently, turned pale,
and sank in a miserable heap on the
floor, crushed by his cruel words.

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To Purchase
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In general will do well to call on
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Local Agent for
VANMETER, BUTCHER & CO.,

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

The Strongest Fortress in the World
—Its Monster Ordnance and
Rock Galleries—Is It Impregnable?

Of all modern Fortresses there is
scarcely one so interesting as that of
Gibraltar, which at this moment hap-
pens to be of a peculiar interest on
account of its important role in the
event of war involving Morocco.
There is not a more picturesque spot
in Europe, nor a more delightful one
to recuperate in, and it is here so many
regiments are sent to "pick up" after
a hard time in the field. It is a place
of rest and some regiments are left
here to recruit for years. In that case
the officers are joined by their families,
and the home life in Gibraltar is one
of the happy features which has proved
a pleasant surprise to more than one
regiment sent to "pick up" for Gibraltar.
The military element domi-
nates the life of the place. With
5,000 or 6,000 troops—for Gibraltar is
never without that number—the streets
are alive with redcoats and artillery
bluecoats.

Everything goes by military rule.
The hours of the day are announced
by gun-fire. The morning gun gives
the exact minute at which the soldiers
are to turn out of their beds, and the
last evening gun the minute at which
they are to turn in. It is necessary
for the outsider to regard these signals,
as the gates of the place are opened
and shut at the firing of the guns.

If Gibraltar were merely a rock in
the ocean its solitary grandeur would
induce many a sight-seer to inspect its
rugged sides. But as it is the strongest
fortress in the world, the interest of
the greater number of visitors is to see
its defences. The natural strength of
the position has been multiplied by
all the resources of modern warfare,
in the admiration of which one is led
to a moment to forget the "greatness
thrust upon it by nature," but only
for a moment. Standing on the top of
the rock, which is 1,400 feet high, and
looking down the cliff where the waves
are dashing at its feet fill a person
with an awe that is indescribable.

The rock is nearly three miles long
and one-half to three-quarters of a mile
broad. On the eastern side the cliffs
so tremendous that there is no possi-
bility of scaling it; therefore the only
approach must be by land from the
north or from the sea on the western
side. As the latter lies along the bay
and it is the lowest level it is the most
exposed to attack. The town lies here
and could easily be approached by an
enemy if it were not for its artificial
defences. These consist mainly of
what is called the Line Wall, a tremen-
dous mass of masonry two miles
long, relieved here and there by pro-
jecting bastions, with guns turned
right and left so as to sweep the face
of the wall. The line defended is more
than two miles long.

Within the Line Wall, immediately
fronting the bay, are the casemates
and barracks for the artillery that are
to serve the guns. The casemates are
designed to be absolutely bomb-proof.
The walls are so thick as to resist the
impact shot weighing hundreds of
pounds. The enormous arches over
the arches are made to withstand the weight
and the explosion of the heaviest
shells. This Line Wall is armed with
guns of the largest calibre. Some are
mounted on the parapet above, but the
greater part in the casemates below
so as to be near the level of the sea
and thus strike ships in the most vital
parts.

Of course anyone is anxious to see
the two big guns, each of which weighs
100 tons. But they are guarded with
great care from the two close inspec-
tion of strangers. They are so enor-
mous that it is impossible to describe
them so as to convey an idea of their
immense proportions. The shot has
to be lifted to the mouth of these guns
by machinery, and a man could easily
crawl into the bore. It was feared
that the explosion would be something
terrible, but the sound was nothing in
proportion to the size. Everyone was
surprised and many disappointed.
Some of the sixty-eight pounds are
ear-splitting as the 100-ton guns. One
of these big guns is mounted within
speaking distance of the house of the
major-general, which stands on the
Line Wall. In answer to an inquiry
as to what they did at the time of
firing, one of the ladies laughingly
replied: "Oh, we don't mind it; we
take down the mirrors, lay away the
china and glass, throw open the win-
dow and let the explosion come." This
gun throws a ball weighing 2,000
pounds over eight miles.

But these are not the defences.
There are batteries in the rear of the
town as well as in the front. These can
be fired over the tops of the houses
so that if any enemy were to effect a
landing he would have to fight his way
at every step. As you climb the rock
it fairly bristles with guns. You can-
not turn to the right or the left with-
out seeing them; they are over your
head and under you, and pointing di-
rectly at you.

The most interesting feature of Gib-
ralta is the rock galleries. It is owing
to these that Gibraltar surpasses all
other fortresses in Europe. They were
begun more than a hundred years ago
during the great siege. Although the
French and Spanish had none of the
improved artillery of modern times,
they managed to reach, with the
smooth-bore cannon and mortars, every
part of the rock, and even the rock
gun, on the very pinnacle of Gibraltar,
was twice dismounted. This convinced
the English that their only shelter
would be in the bowels of the earth,
and therefore work was begun to bore
out the long galleries. There are six

on the northern side of the rock, and
as this is the side that looks towards
Spain they are intended to repel an
advance against the fortress from that
quarter.

In order to take this little jaunt
through the galleries, a two-mile walk
only, it is necessary to secure an order
from the military secretary. After
presenting this the officer in charge
details a gunner to conduct you
through the galleries. The gate is
then opened and you start in on the
lower level. This tier is perhaps a
mile long, from which you mount to
the second, which rises above the other
like the upper deck of an enormous
line-of-battle ship. The excavation is
like that of a railway tunnel with the
exception that no arches are required,
as it is hewn the whole distance
through the solid rock, which is self
supporting.

At every dozen yards there is a large
portal, and at every hole heavy guns
are mounted on carriages, by which
they can be swung around to any
quarter. The simultaneous discharge
of these cannons is terrific, as the con-
cussion against the walls of the rock is
much greater than if they were fired
in the open air. It is not often that
this noise is heard, however. But there
is one day in the year when the British
lion roars good and loud, and that is
the Queen's birthday.

The rock gun from its exalted po-
sition on the highest point of the rock,
1,400 feet in the air, gives the signal,
which is immediately caught up by
the galleries below, one after the other.
The batteries along the sea answer to
those along the mountain side, and the
mighty reverberations sweep
around the bay, across the Mediter-
ranean, and far along the African shores.
The noise is simply indescribable. It is
bad enough when the artillerymen be-
gin their practice in the spring. The
guns in the galleries are not then used,
but all the batteries along the side of
the rock are let loose upon the town.
But, as disagreeable as this is, it is
nothing in comparison with the clamor
on the Queen's birthday.

Is Gibraltar really impregnable? Is a
question that has often been asked,
and one that evoked differences of
opinion from those capable of judging.
Englishmen, who are most familiar
with its defences, say yes, and main-
tain with characteristic stubbornness
that Gibraltar could not be taken by
all the powers combined. On the other
hand, the French and German
engineers claim their is no fortress
which cannot be battered down. The
new inventions of war and the tremen-
dous force which the use of dynamite
and nitro-glycerine give to these new
projectiles make everything possible.

The object of the fortress of Gib-
ralta is to command the passage into the
Mediterranean. The arms of Gibraltar
are a castle and a key, to signify
that it holds the key of the straits,
and that no ship flying any other
flag than that of England can en-
ter or depart except by her permis-
sion.

But that power is already gone. The
100-ton gun of Gibraltar, even if
aimed directly seaward, could not de-
stroy or stop a passing fleet. To
Africa, opposite Gibraltar, it is four-
teen miles, a distance that no ordi-
nary existence can possibly reach.
A fleet of ironclads, hugging the Afri-
can coast, would be safe from English
fire if it were strong enough to en-
counter the English fleet. It is her
fleet in which England places the ut-
most reliance, not on the fortress, for
the fortress alone could not bar the
passage into the Mediterranean. It
would be a refuge in case of disaster
where the English ships could find pro-
tection under the guns of the fort.

THE SUN DANCE.

A Strange Ceremony of the Can-
adian Indians.

On Saturday last, says the Pilot
Mound Sentinel, guided by an intelli-
gent half-breed, who trades with the
Indians, a visit was made to the Swan
Lake reserve, where a great sun-dance
was in progress. The strange solemnity
has been practiced by all the Indian
tribes of the British and American
Northwest. The principal object is
that of discovering to what extent those
who desire to become braves can endure
hardship, fatigue, hunger and pain.
No doubt indifference to suffering was
a useful quality if possessed by Indian
warriors in the days when the taking
of scalps was a common employment
and then those, who at the sundance
showed to the greatest extent the
character and ability required for the
accomplishment of difficult and labori-
ous undertakings were highly honored
and distinguished. Now when war
has ceased, the ceremonies of the sun-
dance have lost their value and signifi-
cance, but the remnants of the ancient
race still cling to the old custom, al-
though now only a shadow of what ex-
isted in former days.

After a long drive amongst the
wooded hills, which partly encircled
the lake, a more level district was reach-
ed, where the trees stood in groves with
intervals of prairie between. Haw-
thorn and other flowering trees were
in bloom and numerous birds made
their presence known from the thickets
by the songs which floated on the
pleasant summer air. On approaching
the camping ground of the Indians
many horses were noticed enjoying the
excellent pasture of the prairie. A
resting in the shade of the quivering
aspens, carts, wagons and other con-
veyances stood here and there amongst
the tents, for Indians had arrived from
Portage la Prairie, Turtle Mountains
and Rosseau River. There were six

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1 Car Bell Buckeye Mowers
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