

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 23 1895.

ONE THOUSAND LASHES.

THESE WERE AT ONE TIME INFLICTED IN HALIFAX.

Authenticated Cases Where Even More than that Number Were Given—A Small Brass Mortar With a History—The Nova Scotians Who Ascended Mont Blanc.

HALIFAX, March 21.—Hon. Senator Almon's grandfather, who served through the American war of the revolution, was surgeon to the artillery at Halifax during the time that the Duke of Kent was here. What he says of the treatment of British soldiers in those days is interesting in view of the little breeze in the King's regiment under the more vigorous regime of Colonel Stone compared with that of his predecessor. The senator remembers his grandfather telling him that, in his day, one-third of the entire admissions to the military hospital was on account of injuries received from flogging. He recollects one soldier in particular who was brought to the hospital with the marks of 1,300 lashes on his back. The surgeon was in a position to know whereof he spoke in this matter, for he was closely identified with the management of the hospital. The records of the garrison show even greater severity than 1,000 lashes. Authenticated cases exist of 1,300 lashes inflicted on soldiers in Halifax in its early days. And yet those were the men who, with the Duke of Wellington, won the battle of Waterloo and annihilated the power of Napoleon. The men who endured this treatment were the heroes who figured in the triumphs of British arms, and made the union jack supreme on sea and land.

Because wrong existed in the past is no reason it should continue, but at the same time soldiers in this garrison who grumble because regulations are strictly carried out, and whose friends talk of desertion, if they do not do so themselves, might learn a useful lesson from the conditions that prevailed in this very garrison in by-gone times.

In the entrance to Hon. Senator Almon's house at the Northwest Arm is a small brass mortar with a brief history. This implement of war was captured at the Rodan, in the Crimea. The soldiers who obtained possession of the mortar retained it and subsequently gave it to Captain Mellish. That officer, after the war, was stationed at Halifax and it was from him that Senator Almon received the interesting relic. The mortar bears an unpronounceable Russian name.

The ascent of the summit of Mont Blanc is a matter of common occurrence now-a-days, even ladies making it, but one hundred years ago it was as rare to accomplish it as it is today to make a successful jump from Brooklyn bridge into the East River. The first ascent, so far as known, was made in 1786. What makes this matter of some interest to Halifax people is that the first Nova Scotian who accomplished the feat was Dr. Martin Barry, of Halifax, who climbed the famous 15,666 feet in September, 1834. Only nineteen, exclusive of guides, had ever done it before. Dr. Barry wrote a 100-page narrative of his experience in climbing Mont Blanc, which was published by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, in 1836, and a copy of which is now in the possession of Hon. Senator Almon.

Dr. Martin Barry is a nephew of John A. Barry, who carried on a dry goods business at what is now Kenny's corner on Granville street. This John A. Barry represented Shelburne in the N. S. legislature in pre-responsible government times. Martin Barry in his boyhood days, was a clerk in the establishment of his uncle John by, he tired of dry goods and that sort of thing and studied medicine. At the time when he made the ascent of Mont Blanc he was as the title page of the "Narrative" shows, "M. D., F. R. S. E., president of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, member of the Wernerian Natural History Society, etc." Dr. Barry was a second cousin to Dr. J. F. Black, now practicing medicine in this city.

Dr. Barry writes an exceedingly interesting story of his toilsome and memorable journey up the mountain. He claims that Mont Blanc is the most considerable mountain known, not as regards its height above the level of the sea, but as rising directly from the vale of Chamouni at its base. Its summit is 12,300 feet above that valley; Chimborazo is not more than 11,600 feet above Toppa, and the loftiest Himalayan peak is only 10,800 feet above the level of the lowest plain of Tibet.

On the morning of September 16th, 1834, Dr. Barry, accompanied by six guides, set out on his perilous trip upwards, and next day about noon the summit was reached. Dr. Barry's ascent, up to that time, had been made at the latest season of the year. Previous to Dr. Barry, one ascent only in each year had been made in 1786, in 1787, 1788, 1802, 1812, 1813, 1819, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1827, 1830, 1834.

It is interesting to know that the first Halifax man who made the ascent of Mont

Blanc in later days carried on business at the same location where Dr. Barry set out to learn the dry goods business. Edward Kenny, brother of T. E. Kenny, M. P. and a member of the firm of T. and E. Kenny, made the ascent some three or four years before the loss of the City of Boston. He was one of the passengers on that ill-fated steamer which carried to a watery grave so many of the most prominent merchants of Halifax.

Monkeys who Make Wine.

Prof. Garner's recent discoveries in monkey talk have been discounted by a story from China, vouched for by the famous traveller Dr. Macgowan. The doctor avers that there is a race of monkeys inhabiting the mountain region of the Great Wall of China that have made extraordinary progress in the art of making wine. A recent edition of the official history of Yungping states that lately a large body migrating monkeys passed a certain village in crossing from one mountain to another. The boys of the village clapped their hands and shouted at the spectacle, and the monkeys being frightened, fled, taking their young in their arms, but dropping in their fright a number of earthen vessels, some of which would hold a quart. On opening these the villagers found they contained two kinds of wine, a pink and a green, that had been made from mountain berries. It is affirmed that the monkeys store this liquor for use in the winter when water is frozen. Dr. Macgowan cited other independent testimonies to similar facts, including an account of monkeys in Cheiang, who pound fruit in stone mortars to make wine; and he asks: "Is it likely that all these statements are pure invention?"

His Part of the Schooner.

Some time since, the schooner Sally Ann, under command of a certain Captain Smith, was beating up an American river. Mr. Brooks, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notions of navigation, the schooner was getting rather too near certain flats which lay along the starboard shore. Full of zeal, he walked aft to the captain, with his hat jauntily tilted, and said—

"Captain Smith, you are getting rather close to them 'ere flats; hadn't you better go on another tack?"

"Mr. Brooks," replied the old sea-dog, "do you go forward and attend to your part of the schooner—I'll attend to mine."

Mr. Brooks returned to the forward regions of the craft in high dudgeon.

"Boys," said he, "see that 'ere mud-bank? Is it all clear for letting go the anchor?"

"Ay, ay, sir—all clear!"

"Let go!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chain, and like a flash, the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then to a standstill, with all sail standing.

Mr. Brooks then went aft, respectfully touched his cap and said—

"Captain Smith, my part of the schooner is at anchor."

Loyalty Among Bees.

It has hitherto been looked upon as an established fact, which could not be called in question by the most sceptical, that each community of bees was distinguished by its ultra-monarchical principles and its loyalty to one queen. The members of the hive would never hear of a pretender, still less of a "dumvirate" or "triumvirate," and any attempt to bring about such a change in their political system would have produced a revolution. The moment a rival presented herself, the lawful queen would, speaking figuratively, attack her tooth and nail, and the duel would end only in the death of one or both. An Austrian authority on agriculture, Dr. Dzierzen, however, has a hive in which two queens get along together in perfect accord. They approach each other from time to time, he says without the slightest antipathy, and on two or three occasions actually caressed each other most tenderly, separating quietly and peacefully, followed by their devoted suite.

Two Football Teams.

Here is a really funny story which will amuse all who are interested in football. On the occasion of a great match in one of the English counties, between a number of military officers and a team of barristers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentleman going in strong for the indigestibles, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking towards the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, just finishing his last mouthful, "that's our playing team; we are only the lunching team, you know."

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14.

"Teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord: For all men shall know me, from the least to the greatest." Heb. 8:11.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves." James 1:22.

"Quench not the spirit." Thessalonians 5:19.

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." Colossians 4:2.

"Notwithstanding, every way, whether in picture, or in truth, Christ is preached." Philippians 1:18.

"Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Mark 4:40.

...Letters from... NANNARY

No. 10.

There was a suggestion of the old savage gleam in his eyes and something repulsive in his face, and so we wandered out again into the bright sunlight among the light and highly colored people, who made the sidewalks and the streets of the Chinese quarter almost as lively as the Bowery on a Saturday afternoon. The native women are again in evidence in different stages of graceful indolence or nearly so, stretched at full length seated or on their knees weaving the tiny colored flowers into "Leis," as they are called, to sell to their friends, who twine them around their hats to add life and color to their Sunday apparel. There was quite a dash of Oriental life in it all—more vivid pictures than one can see in Mott street in New York or even in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. It is Saturday night and the pretty little opera house is crowded from pit to dome. In the upper portion of the house the native element is in the ascendancy, happy and hilarious. The carriages have been flying with their flaming lamps through the quiet streets like veritable will-o'-the-wisps to the doors of the play-house, where handsome ladies in light and pretty dresses sit with bare heads, and diamonds flashing in their hair, from their ears and from their fingers. Gentlemen in full evening dress sit by their side and whisper soft nothings in their ears. From the stage it is really a pretty and inspiring sight, and as well an audience as one can gaze upon in any land. The poor player who has come twenty-one hundred miles over the ocean's foam to entertain these kind and hospitable people is rewarded and encouraged by the smiles and plaudits of as cultured and refined a gathering as any you have ever seen within the four walls of any theatre in larger and more pretentious places. The poor player has fretted and strutted his brief hour upon the stage and feels perhaps that he has earned his salary as the curtain goes down on the final scene when these "curled darlings" of an infant republic file out of the building, where a myriad of pretty carriages are waiting for them; and in a little while they have all disappeared, flying here and there through the quiet streets of the town like a crazy flight of flaming lights halting beneath the shadows of some stately luxurious tropical home in that lazy living sensuous atmosphere of grace and beauty.

It is indeed a land of novelty and wonder. The silvery moon seems larger and brighter and the stars appear to shine with more lustrous splendor than in other lands. They have among the eight islands which are grouped together in these sulky waters a mountain peak as high as Pike's famous heaven-kissing hill in wondrous Colorado. They have a volcano compared with which Vesuvius "pales its unfeeling fires," they have a leper settlement which in itself is in many ways the saddest and most dismal spot on earth. No minerals of any kind slumber beneath the sure and firm soil; it is as free of snakes and toads and other venomous reptiles as poor unhappy Ireland. I was told by one gentleman and contradicted by another but as far as I know no thunder rolls from out the clouds, no lightning flashes its electrical fears from out the skies. The ordinary everyday house-rat climbs the coconut tree, and the owls glide around in broad day-light, the horses plunge their heads into the water where creeks and marshes are to be found and graze themselves with the succulent grass beneath the surface, and as Mark Twain said of them, breathe through their ears. The trees are ever green and the flowers bloom all the year round, vines twine themselves with a clinging and loving tenderness around the trunks of soaring trees and burst forth in gorgeous joyous bloom when they have reached the top. It is indeed a strange and wonderful land, full of striking contrasts to other places that I have visited. The inhabitants wear the lightest kind of clothing, for it is always warm, always beautiful. No fuel of any kind is necessary, except for cooking or manufacturing purposes.

The architecture of the town is a mixture of European Mexicans and natives with a dash of Dixie's Land thrown in. The ladies ride astride their horses in divided skirts and sip ice cream soda from their saddles in front of some ice cream parlor or drug store. If you have no shoes you may go barefooted as many of the natives do—ladies also go shopping and never leave their carriages; they run their steeds up to the curb-stone and the clerk comes out on the sidewalk to wait on them. The streets are well kept and run riot or crooked in many instances just as it some Boston man had bossed the job and spoiled it as he had some of his own serpentine windings at the Hub of the Universe. However, there are many that are straight and pretty; they are unpaved but macadamized, clean, well taken care of and flinty enough without it. The street car, the electric light and the Salvation Army, and the fellow who knows it all are all in it now just as they are in other places—more proud perhaps but not any happier. There are quite a number of churches, hospitals, schools and seminaries and other blessings quite enough to go round among the eighteen or twenty thousand people living there. Cigars and sharp drinks are two bits or twenty-five cents apiece, and the smallest coin is five cents. In her isolated beauty and loveliness and the mosquito we found the only drawbacks. No cable flashes the news of the world to her doors; the ocean steamship that is going or coming from America, Australia, China, Japan and other lands are as yet the only link in the chain that binds this paradise of the Pacific to other countries.

Here is what Mark Twain once said of these islands: "No alien land in all the world has any deep strong charm for me but that one, no other land could so longingly and so ceaselessly haunt me sleeping and waking through half a lifetime as that has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud racks. I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude, I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago." This is a true and beautiful tribute from the pen of one of the most gifted writers of our age and time, all of which we sincerely and cordially endorse, but circumstances and the nature of our pursuits and the knowledge we have learned from a page in Holy Writ that the angels who rebelled, and who were unhappy even in heaven, made us feel that beckoning fortune was wooing us over the waves and that there was a world elsewhere all of which sounded the alarm of discontent and restlessness in our weak and perverse natures only to make us sigh and long for the bright and busy world away from the charm and the beauty of the Hawaiian isle.

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ever, there are many that are straight and pretty; they are unpaved but macadamized, clean, well taken care of and flinty enough without it. The street car, the electric light and the Salvation Army, and the fellow who knows it all are all in it now just as they are in other places—more proud perhaps but not any happier. There are quite a number of churches, hospitals, schools and seminaries and other blessings quite enough to go round among the eighteen or twenty thousand people living there. Cigars and sharp drinks are two bits or twenty-five cents apiece, and the smallest coin is five cents. In her isolated beauty and loveliness and the mosquito we found the only drawbacks. No cable flashes the news of the world to her doors; the ocean steamship that is going or coming from America, Australia, China, Japan and other lands are as yet the only link in the chain that binds this paradise of the Pacific to other countries.

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One goes into Honolulu with or without money or price, and you are as heartily welcomed by as kind and hospitable people as any people that I ever met. They seem, indeed, loth to part with you and are desirous that you should remain, turn black and lazy and grow up with the country. If you owe anybody anything you are likely to have some little trouble in getting away. You cannot catch any midnight or early morning trains and leave your creditors in the lurch, as is done sometimes in other places, and so you must watch and wait in any case for some sailing vessel or ocean steamer to take you off. A passport duly signed and sealed is one of the necessary adjuncts of your leave taking, and enough coin of the realm to carry you through is also required. "One dollar, please," is the courteous demand of the perspiring man in the Custom house when you ask him "How much," and quite a number more of dollars are wanted to make a pleasant acquaintance with the purser on board the "Mariposa." As Macbeth says, "Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day," and the good old steamer "Mariposa" has just put in an appearance from her long trip to the land of the kangaroo and Robert Louis Stevenson's Samoan island home in the flashing beauties of more southern seas. Honolulu dresses itself in lovely attire and dons its brightest colors on steamer day, but November 15th was unusually wet and disagreeable and as if nature itself was compelled to weep at the departure of some of our fellow-travellers. A fierce, driving rain storm, however, did not seem

to dampen the ardent affection and enthusiasm of a crowd of well dressed people who braved the disturbed state of the elements to follow us to the steamer's dock, where a small army of lightly clad and in most cases tan-footed brawny natives were filling deck and hold with huge bunches of bananas from the great plantations in and around Honolulu. The government band was there also in their white suits beneath the shelter of the roofed warehouse on the pier. The band played, the rain came down in torrents upon the vessel's deck, the crowds cheered, and as the plank was pushed on shore a veritable battle of flowers commenced. The "Lees," twining wreaths and garlands of flowers, as is the custom there, with which kind and loving friends had decorated and honored their parting friends, were thrown back to them again in loving kindness and in the hope of remembrance, and amid fond farewells, fluttering handkerchiefs and the strains of Auld Lang Syne, we swung from our moorings, meeting the storm in the teeth as the troubled waves dashed over the coral reefs and along the sandy wharf in a winding sheet of white spray, that was dashing its pearly beauty to the rain charged inky clouds above our heads. Diamond Head and the Punch Bowl and the eternal summer joys of Waikiki were all enveloped in mist and gloom as we sped on to where Cocoa Head rose out of the sea in rugged beauty in the gathering twilight, seemingly bidding us adieu as the darkness closed over the scene, shrouding Molokai and hushing the wail of the poor lepers there in their living tombs far away to the right of in the murky hazy distance. Good-bye, dear old Honolulu, you are lost to sight, once more our wandering eye may never look upon your bold headlands and green hills again, but you will ever live in fond affection and grateful memory and the lonely ocean trip of seven days to the Golden Gate is made perhaps more lonely with the thought of what a Paradise we are leaving behind and the big-hearted, noble, generous, hospitable people we had learned to know and love in the seven short fleeting weeks we remained in that glorious Eden slumbering amid the sunlit waves of the great Pacific Ocean.

How We Go to Sleep.

"Order is Heaven's first law," and the truth is manifested even in the process of going to sleep. When a man drops off to sleep his body does not do it all at once, so to speak. Some senses become dormant before others, and always in the same order. As he becomes drowsy the eyes close and the sense of seeing is at rest. It is quickly followed by the disappearance of the sense of taste. He next loses the sense of smell, and then, after a short interval, the tympanum becomes insensible to sound, or rather the nerves which run to the brain from it fail to arouse any sense of hearing. The last sense to leave is that of touch, and in some hypersensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. Even in their case, however, there is no discriminating power or sense of what touched them. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit, after that taste, and then the eye becomes able to flash impressions back to the brain. The sense of smell, oddly enough, though it is by no means the first to go, is the last to come back. The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews as well as in the senses. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete and the whole body is at rest. This is why sleep is impossible when the feet are cold.

When the Deaf Hear.

It is often said that persons afflicted with certain forms of deafness can hear perfectly in the midst of a tumult. A locomotive engineer, upon examination by a medical expert, was found to be very deaf, and, although he protested that he could hear perfectly well while on his engine, he was suspended from duty. Some time afterwards, having vainly tried to get cured, he applied for reinstatement, again urging the fact of his perfect hearing while on duty. Finally, in order to satisfy him, the physician rode with him upon a locomotive for a long distance and put him to every possible test. To the doctor's surprise he found the man able not only to

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hear ordinary sounds without difficulty, but also to distinguish whispers and faint movements that were inaudible to his companion.

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So speaks Maxwell Johnson, 112 Ann St., Toronto: My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears and on her face; her head was on fire with painful, burning itching, which was made worse by constant scratching and tearing it with her hands. We spent money without stint in constant endeavor to afford the little sufferer relief, every advertised remedy was tried; innumerable treatments with soaps and medicines and specific treatment by physicians having high endorsements in curing such diseases were of no relief in her case. A short time ago I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, the first application of which showed the curative effect of the ointment; only one half of the box has been used, with the marked change of an entire disappearance of the eruptions, and I can confidently say my child is permanently cured. Any enquiry cheerfully answered with enclosed stamp.