



THE TONIC

JUNE 11, 1873.

'Free, Fearless, and Fair.'

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Endymion.

M. K. B.

'Hush,' she said, 'ye winds that visit Latmos—
Breathe no whisper where Endymion lies.'

That Doctor!

Such a flirt that doctor is!
Such a flirt and such a quix!
He can mount his plastic phiz
To suit the late occasion!

Fidals full of Love he'll pour,
'Bitter pills' he'll sugar o'er,
For every wound for every sore
He hath his soft—*persuasion!*

Chloroform for all diseases
He can use y' bene'er he pleases,
For a word from him, appeases
Dreadful irritation.

For all sorts of human ailing
He hath outlute availing,
This *pre-er-tion* most prevailing,
Unserpentine flirtation!

Opening veils most *sympathetic!*
Dealing out the *divys* pathetic!
Or, a powder *Homesopathic!*
He the most delights in!

Thus with most consummate art
Doth he vie! His *Empid's* dart!
All his *fee-*—bleeding heart!
Nothing else requires him!

J. W. A.

REFRESHMENT.—If you have time
only to look into the Refreshment Room
—look! Next time you will stay.

Managers in Refreshment Room.—Wednes-
day, 11.—Mrs. Caroline Richards, Chairman,
Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. Jacob McLellan, Mrs.

Chronicles.

G. D. K.
CHAPTER III.

AND when they had made an
end of speaking, they ap-
pointed certain of their num-
ber to appear before their
law-givers, in the chief city
of Augusta.

2. And these are they, which stood be-
fore the mighty counsellors, asking that
they might establish a testimony before
Joshua:

3. John which is of the house of Gil-
man; Israel which is of the house of
Dana; Hiram which is of the house of
Hill; Nahum of the house of Monroe.

4. James of the house of Weston;
William of the house of Swazey; Henry
of the house of Wiggin; Theodore of
the house of Estabrook; Thomas of the
house of Brown.

5. Then John of the house of Gilman,
stood up, upon his feet, before the law-
givers, saying, Harken unto us we pray
thee; the sufferings of the sick through-
out our province cry unto us.

6. Give to us, therefore, permission to
build for them a house of rest and of
healing.

7. And grant unto us lands with gold



Medico—Astronomical.

Oct. 2. Thought I'd have a squint at
Jupiter—observed him thro' one of Dollard's
telescopes (100 power)—discovered a large
spot in his centre.

Oct. 3. Observed Jupiter again—discovered
three fresh spots of a reddish color on his
disc.

Oct. 4. Jupiter is covered with spots, and
his face is red as a turkey-cock's. I begin to
have a suspicion of the truth.

Oct. 5. It is as I suspected—there can be
no doubt about it—I'll pledge my diploma to
the accuracy of my observations—Jupiter
has got the measles!

JOHN STONE, M. D.

The only people with whom it is a joy to sit
silent are the people with whom it is a joy to
talk.

Whether grief be real or imaginary,—and
imaginary grief is real,—employment is an
excellent specific.

Aesthetic young lady writers and sentimental
penny-a-liners have imbibed and propagated
the idea, that feebleness and fragility are wo-
manly and fascinating. The result is, a legion
of languid headaches, an interesting inability



THE DISPENSARY.

A Child's Faith in Fairies.

BY MRS. CLARA BARNES MARTIN.
CHAPTER II.

SIX years before, Marie Roussel and Nicolo Lorelli had plighted their troth before the same altar where Victor and Mathilde knelt this day,—Marie an orphan, brought up by the sister of Sainte Therese, with no dowry save the one priceless pearl of a loving heart; Nicolo, a lithe, slender Italian, whose wandering life had brought him at last to join the vendors of shells on the levee and about the steamboats.

Marie's gentle tact would have made the poorest home lovely, and she found in her husband's strength a shelter and peace till then undreamed of; while Nicolo's heart rejoiced in her with a passionate affection such as only the friendless can know.

The measure of their happiness seemed full, when the next Easter a little daughter came to them,—'Dorée, mamma's golden one,' the father proudly called her. A true child of the sun she was, for all the long, hot summer she grew strong and fair, and beamed to smile and spring for joy when her father's whistle announced his coming down the court.

When the next spring opened, Nicolo bought for himself a little stall, whereon he could temptingly display his shells and corals, and in which he could make his way in and out between the huge steamboats. Yet Marie could scarcely conceal a shudder when her husband took her to see the boat for the first time; Marie Dorée, Mary, the Golden, he had named it for both wife and child. It seemed such a little cockle-shell to dare that mighty current, so grand and so resistless, as it swept by and made no sign of the treasures lost in the depths below. It glided softly in the afternoon light, but under their very feet sounded the hollow gurgle of swirls and eddies waiting in hungry ambush. Nicolo was fain to laugh at her fears, and assured her that his ready hand and quick foot could not fail

ulous moonlight. His head struck heavily against the guard of the boat which he sought to gain. He fell, and in one instant was hurried away by the dark flood of the river of death! Long and late his friends searched for him, and after midnight went to beg the pious Father to carry the mournful message to Marie.

Then followed months of anguish and darkness. Memory and hope were alike paralyzed by the blow. But for the unflinching tenderness of the Sisters of Charity, Marie and Dorée must both have died. Nor was it till spring was well nigh lost in summer that the mother woke to find one blessing still left in her child.

Little by little she renewed the skill in embroidery and lace mending, taught her by the Sisters in her childhood. A friend of Nicolo promised her employment in selling flowers. For Dorée's sake she sought a home, and at Christmas took the child to a room in a court hard by the church of St. Louis.

'I can hear the organ,' she said, 'and the chants at evening. They and the flowers seem bits of heaven the good God sends to comfort me.'

Birds' Nests.

BY SARAH G. JEWETT.

It gives one an uncomfortable feeling to have the revered traditions of one's youth interfered with. Were not these faintly made little dwellings always a favorite illustration of the wonders of instinct? But in an article in the *The Beech* *de la Beau Monde*, which refers to a book by Mr. A. R. Wallace, the English naturalist, it appears that we have taken this thing for granted, without reasonable foundation. Mr. Wallace says birds do not build their nests by instinct any more than we do our houses, and claims that they use largely their faculty of imitiveness, and their reason, which enables them to take their surroundings into consideration; that birds do change for the better their processes of construction, under such influences as produce similar changes for the better in men's architectural ideas.

Instinct enables animals to perform, without instruction or previously acquired knowledge, acts which call for a logical train of thought in man. But when we try to test the facts usually urged as proving the power of instinct, they are by no means invariably conclusive. It is much certain that the songs of birds are not innate; so the writer tells us. The experiment has been tried of placing sev-

far into the interior on dry plains and hills, the people still prudently raise their dwellings high above the ground.

The common sparrow takes far less pains with his nest, when he can avail himself of a nook in a wall than when he has to build in the open air; and the orchard oriole builds his nest almost flat when he can fasten it to a stiff branch, but much deeper if he hangs it to a slender, swaying one, lest the eggs may be thrown out when the wind moves it.

The final and most convincing argument is, that M. Pouchet published in 1870 some curious observations on the progressive improvements of martins' nests. He kept for forty years, in the museum at Rouen, some of these nests which he had taken from the walls of old buildings in that city. One day having obtained some new nests, he was astonished, on comparing them with the old ones, to perceive considerable difference. The new nests all had come from the new quarter of the town and were all on the same plan; but on investigating churches and other old buildings, as well as certain rocks inhabited by martins, he found many nests of the old pattern together with some of the more recent model. The descriptions given by old naturalists are only of the primitive type, which is a quarter hemisphere with a very small round orifice. On the contrary the new nests have a width greater than their depth. We see here an evident progress, for these are larger and more comfortable. The wider bed gives the young birds more liberty of movement than they had in the more contracted, deeper one; the wider opening gives them more air and a better chance for looking out and seeing the world around them. 'One well proved case of this kind is enough to show that the bird architecture is susceptible of progress; and this seems to force us to abandon the hypothesis of blind instinct. Then, too, the imperfections noticed in the nests of some species, and the awkward nest, not to say blunders of some birds, cannot be reconciled with the idea of instinct being infallible.'

'We do not find innate ideas or blind and irresistible tendencies. The bird learns to build his nest, each species having its own tradition, which can be changed according to external circumstances. As regards the origin of these constructive processes, it can really be understood without supposing a special instinct, if we show that, after all, the processes are simpler than would appear at first thought,

The Oldest Bachelor Round, Rises to Explain.'

Message Editors:—

I have a vague impression that it is necessary to make some great sacrifice for the object to which your paper is devoted. Is it in order, for me to express my emotions, to make a confession and an offer, through such a medium? If it is, I will say, inasmuch as I have never done anything for the *fair*, that I stand ready now, to make a living sacrifice of myself for it, I am ready to fight all my battles at one campaign!

I am not rich, but you can take what money I have, not only out of my purse but out of my constitution, if you will! You are at liberty to cover me with button-hole bouquets, at a dollar apiece; hang me with cravats; clothe me for a Siberian winter; stuff my trousers pockets with board-nails and pin-cushions; drench me in that vile stuff fished up from your wells, with that confounded 'Old Oaken Bucket;' bind my brow with wax flowers, and pin crying-dolls to my coat-tails; pour hot mock-turtle soup into me by the quart, and then, iced-lemmonade to cool it off; or make me promenade by the hour, like a spitted fowl, with a young female, who has nothing on her head but tag-locks, and nothing in it, but eyes that spy out and want all the expensive articles; banter me about my age, and offer me soothing syrups for my children! make me pay fabulous prices for poems about my 'slighted past' and 'cheerless hearth;' set the marriageable women and widows on me, like a pack of wolves; dress me up in the gew-gaws you will force me to buy, and then, point me out to the young girls, as a scare-crow! Cause me to be ironed against the wall by the crowd, like a pancake, and then bend me double, to get me out of a corner, for a change of base! And at last, knock me down and trample on me, drag me out and put me up at auction (my constitution is excellent), or raffle me! If I die, pack me in the most expensive ice-cream, and bury me 'where the woodbine twineth;' if I survive, which is doubtful, I 'hope the Executive Committee will 'kindly consent' to allow my living remains a place in the Hospital. I shall make a new will, in which I shall leave my farm and 'critters' to any married man who will form a phalanx with me, with a determination to take the State by storm and make the bachelors surrender their all, to the glorious cause of the State Hospital, live or die!

JACOB CAUTIONS.

Green Cove, Scarborough.

grew strong and fair, and learned to smile and spring for joy when her father's whistle announced his coming down the court.

When the next spring opened, Nicolo bought for himself a little skiff, wherein he could temptingly display his shells and corals, and in which he could make his way in and out between the huge steamboats. Yet Marie could scarcely conceal a shudder when her husband took her to see the boat for the first time; Marie Dorcé, Mary, the Golden, he had named it for both wife and child. It seemed such a little cockle-shell to dare that mighty current, so grand and so resistless, as it swept by and made no sign of the treasures lost in the depths below. It glided softly in the afternoon light, but under their very feet sounded the hollow gurgle of swirls and eddies waiting in hungry ambush. Nicolo was fain to laugh at her fears, and assured her that his ready hand and quick foot could not fail him in any accident. So Marie strove for faith and trust, and as days and weeks went safely and peacefully by, she forgot her doubts and trouble.

One noon, late in September, as Nicolo was going out to his work, he stopped a moment by Dorcé's cradle, and stood smoothing the little curls that were just beginning to show the golden tinge he loved so well. Then he said, 'Come to meet me to-night, Marie. Wait for me at the gate of the Square.' So he went!

The steady sun that husheth not for good or ill went down, Marie finished the last work of the day, and calling a neighbor's child to watch Dorcé, set forth. The short twilight of the south was gone as she reached the gate, but the moon gave light enough to watch the passers-by. Concealing herself to surprise her husband, she waited. An hour passed and he came not. Still she waited till the gun-fire, and then hurried home with a vague terror at her heart. Yet she opened her door with a smile, doubting not to find Nicolo at home before her. The room was dark and quiet, and the little Ninette fast asleep on the floor beside Dorcé's cradle.

How the night passed, Marie never knew, she could only remember walking to and fro, and listening for footsteps, when the great bell of Saint Patrick's struck one! Then the door opened, and Father Ambrose stood before her!

Her worst fear had been realized. A steamboat, passing closer in shore than usual, had sent a sudden wave that, unheeded till too late, had upset the little skiff. Nicolo leaped up. The alert spring which had served him before in a like misadventure might have saved him again, had he not mistaken the distance in the trans-

fers to a book by Mr. A. R. Wallace, the English naturalist; it appears that we have taken this thing for granted, without reasonable foundation. Mr. Wallace says birds do not build their nests by instinct any more than we do our houses, and claims that they use largely their faculty of imitativeness, and their reason, which enables them to take their surroundings into consideration; that birds do change for the better their processes of construction, under such influences as produce similar changes for the better in men's architectural ideas.

Instinct enables animals to perform, without instruction or previously acquired knowledge, acts which call for a logical train of thought in man. But when we try to test the facts usually urged as proving the power of instinct, they are by no means invariably conclusive. It is made certain that the songs of birds are not innate; so the writer tells us. The experiment has been tried of placing several young finches in cages with different varieties of larks, and it was found that every one adopted completely the song of the music-master set over him. And the song of the bird being the result of its education, so it may be with nest building. It is said that a bird brought up in a cage does not construct the nest peculiar to its species; that it seems to have little skill, and sometimes no purpose of building any nest at all. This is one of the surest proofs that instead of being wholly guided by instinct, the bird, as was said in the beginning, builds its nest as we do our own dwellings.

The form and structure are more dependent than is usually supposed on external conditions. Each species takes the materials that come in their way in their search for their especial food. For instance, kingfishers use the little bones of the fish they eat; wrens living in thickets and hedges use the moss in which they hunt for insects; some large water birds merely build up hillocks of mud on the flats. It is asked why creatures like these, availing themselves of the circumstances around them for definite objects, are inferior to the Fabagunians who make a rough shelter of leaves and branches, or to some Africans who dig holes in the ground. What advance has been made in the architecture of the Arab's tent? And sometimes the fashion of building remains unchanged, when the circumstances which called for it are done away with. The former generations of Malays built their houses on piles after the manner of the ancient lake-dwellers of Europe, and now that the population has increased, and the country is settled

more and more, the houses have become more and more contracted, deeper one; the wider opening gives them more air and a better chance for looking out and seeing the world around them. 'One well proved case of this kind is enough to show that the bird architecture is susceptible of progress; and this seems to force us to abandon the hypothesis of blind instinct. Then, too, the imperfections noticed in the nests of some species, and the awkward nest, not to say blunders of some birds, cannot be reconciled with the idea of instinct being infallible.'

'We do not find innate ideas or blind and irresistible tendencies. The bird learns to build his nest, each species having its own tradition, which can be changed according to external circumstances. As regards the origin of these constructive processes, it can readily be understood without supposing a special instinct, if we show that, after all, the processes are simpler than would appear at first thought. We should not exaggerate the grade of intelligence needed by a bird in order to build a nest, which appears simply marvelous because it is so small. We are charmed with the sight of this, but the rough mud wall of a peasant's hut would appear to be fine handiwork in the eyes of a giant. It all depends upon perspective.'

This is all very plausible, and certainly very interesting; but if we give up the idea of birds acting from instinct, we must no less deny it to many other animals who possess just as exquisite powers of adaptation. There are innumerable acts which closely simulate reason, and the line can hardly be drawn between the two. To us, the robins' nests have all looked very much alike year after year, and even those sensible martins at Irouen may have changed their way of building from some other cause than that the writer suggests. They may have themselves changed in their own structure, instead of being dissatisfied with the houses their grandpapas built, and thought good enough for them; and the new architecture may have followed as a natural consequence. Our wise naturalists, with their acute observation and unwearying research, can, undoubtedly, see many wonderful capacities and adaptations in a creature which seems particularly stupid to you and me, and of which we are quite confident the creature itself is still more ignorant. So, until our own robins and swallows show a disposition analogous to our own for bay-windows and French roofs, and we have unmistakable proof before our own eyes, we will wait patiently.

woaves; dress me up in the gew-gaws you will force me to buy, and then, point me out to the young girls, as a scare-crow! Cause me to be ironed against the wall by the crowd, like a pancake, and then bend me double, to get me out of a corner, for a change of base! And at last, knock me down and trample on me, drag me out and put me up at auction (my constitution is excellent), or raffle me! If I die, pack me in the most expensive ice-cream, and bury me 'where the woodbine twineth; if I survive, which is doubtful, I 'hope the Executive Committee will 'kindly consent' to allow my living remains a place in the Hospital. I shall make a new will, in which I shall leave my farm and 'critters' to any married man who will form a phalanx with me, with a determination to take the State by storm and make the bachelors surrender their all, to the glorious cause of the State Hospital, live or die!

JACOB CAUTIONS.

Green Cove, Scarborough.

On the Portland table is a case of gems, sent to the Fair by Dr. A. C. Hamlin of Bangor, through Dr. Gilman. There are eighteen varieties of these gems, and they are intended for ring stones. They look their prettiest, sparkling in their small, white velvet nests, and to the pretty things, we must say we are attracted. In this, we are unlike a certain old lady, who came into Fluent Hall before the opening day of the Fair. There was some washing going on, and a huge bar of soap lay across a wash-tub. She looked at the fountain, at the flowers, at the lovely green trimming, and finally, fixing her eyes upon the wash-tub afore named, remarked, 'Why! what a beautiful bar of soap.'

About two o'clock preparations began for the opening of the Fair, and stationed upon the bridge, with music, instruments and buttons, all especially bright, 'the band began to play.' At a little before three Gov. Perham took his place upon the stage in the midst of the gentlemen's Executive Committee,—and at three began his address, which was well-written, short, and to the point. The interludes, before and after the address were filled with music, while people busied themselves with looking at the pretty things so plentifully displayed.

