

# THE TONIC

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**My Menagerie.**

From the French of Théophile Gautier. Translated

by M. M. H.

CHAP. I.

ANCIENT TIMES.

language to me. I used to wake in the middle of the night, and cry out to return to my home.

No dainty tempted me, no plaything amused me. Drums and trumpets had not the slightest effect upon my melancholy. Among the absent objects of my affection figured a dog, named Cagnotte, whom they could not bring with us. His absence made me so sad that one morning after I had thrown out of the window one by one my leader soldiers, my German village with its painted houses and my violin of the most brilliant red, I was about to follow the same route that I might the more quickly return to Tarbes, the Gascous, and Cagnotte. They pulled me back in time, and Josephine my nurse took it in her head to tell me that Cagnotte, inconsolable at my absence, was on his way by diligence and would arrive in the course of the day. Children make no difficulty in believing improbabilities; nothing seems impossible to them; every fifteen minutes I came to ask if Cagnotte had not arrived yet. To satisfy me, Josephine went out slyly and bought, on the *Port Neuf*, a little dog not unlike my Gascou favorite. I was slow in recognizing him, but they assured

that he was once more at his ease. His appetite came back, and he made up by his virtues for the absence of beauty. In the society of this Cagnotte, who was a true Parisian, I gradually lost the recollection of my native country, and the high mountains I had been wont to see from my window; I learned French, and became, myself, a true child of the city.

Do not fancy this story fictitious, and invented for the reader's amusement. It is strictly true, and shows that the dog-merchants of those days were as apt in deceit as the horse-dealers of the present time.

After Cagnotte's death my taste inclined towards cats, as being more domestic and lovers of home. I cannot undertake their history in full. Feline dynasties, numerous as the dynasties of the Egyptian kings, succeeded one another in our abode; accident, flight, death, successively removed them. All were in turn beloved and lamented. But life is made up of forgetting, and our memory of cats grows indistinct, like our memory of men.

It is said that the existence of these humble friends, these inferior brothers, is not proportioned to that of their masters.

the garden, sitting by me at meal-times, and now and then, intercepting some morsel of food on its way from the plate to my mouth.

One day a friend of mine about to be absent from home for a few days, intrusted to me his paroquet to be cared for during his absence. The bird, feeling ill at ease in a strange place, had climbed to the top of his perch, and sat, half-scared, rolling his eyes about and wrinkling the white membranes which serve him for eye-lids. Madame Theophile had never seen a paroquet, and the bird surprised her. Motionless, as an Egyptian cat-mummy and swathed in its bandages. She looked at the new-comer with an air of profound reflection, recalling all her notions of natural history collected from roofs and yards and gardens. The shadow of her thoughts was reflected in her green eyes, and I could read there this summing up of the whole matter: 'Decidedly it is a green chicken.'

This result attained, the cat leaped from the table where she had fixed her post of observation, and went off into a corner, where she lay couchant, her elbows out, her head lowered, her muscles tense, like the black panther in Gérôme's picture who watches the gazelles drink



## THE DISPENSARY.

### A Child's Faith in Fairies.

BY MRS. CLARA BARNES MARTIN.  
CHAPTER III.

**F**OR four years she had lived this patient life, a bitter and constant struggle, for frequent illness wasted her slender earnings. The last winter had been an especial trial, for she had recovered from an attack of fever just as the observances of Lent made the sale of flowers least profitable. With what thankful heart did she receive the Easter gift of this wedding day.

As she hurried homeward her step caught something of the old lightness, and on her face came a shadow of the old smile.

She found Doré leaning on the window-bar to watch the butterflies flitting about the purple tufts of a China tree in the garden below. It was only a narrow strip of ground that ran back from a great house on the next street, house and garden both sadly neglected in the long absence of the owner. Rose branches trailed in wild tangles over orange trees and magnolias. Grape vines and fig trees ran riot, and in their thick shade the mocking birds sang all day long.

Almost the child's whole world lay in that secluded nook, for her mother's sorrowful and lonely life had bred in her a quietness and shyness that made her afraid of other children. Almost her only friend beside her doll was an old lame woman who lived in the opposite room.

'Mother Jacqueline' sat all day in her arm-chair, knitting perpetual stockings, and ever ready to welcome, with smile and story, the little girl whose golden hair had always brought the sunshine.

Not always had the old dame sat thus, poor and lame. Long years ago, in gay, beautiful Provence she had been the queen of the village revel. Lightest of heart and fleetest of foot, she had led the rustic dance, or graced the triumph of the harvest. Through all the trials of later life, she had kept unshaken the simple faiths of a simple people. Age had but added a sweeter, tenderer grace to the

But once,—oh day of days! when she went in the earliest dawn to the spring in the glen behind her mother's cottage,—lo! beside it was a radiant figure in a robe of moonlight, with a grille of stars and a wand of silver. Very still and stately it stood, and she watched it, breathless, till the first bird twittered a note, and then there was left only the young birch tree, with all its delicate leaves a-quiver in the morning breeze!

What wonder that the solitary Doré feasted on such tales and peopled her little world with the creations of her own fancy. With most undoubting faith she waited and watched in the sun-lit alleys of the garden, or in the shadows of the church, for some messenger from fairy land.

Strange gifts had made their way into the little home that very spring. A basket of strawberries was hung on the door-handle one morning. Once, when the door had been left ajar, a tiny pair of pink slippers were laid on the table, and not long after a picture book flew in at the window some time in the night.

Doré accepted them without question as gifts from the fairy who had blessed Toinette so long ago. What were time or space,—even broad ocean,—to the fairies? And though Marie reluctantly traced them as tokens of shy good-will from the gardener in the square, she would not disturb the child's innocent heart.

### Doctors and Patients.

SARAH O. JEWETT.

In the first place, doctors. And what I wish to say is that they are apt to be much abused.

One hears a great deal more in these days about the patients being abused, and I have not the slightest doubt that much of it is melancholy truth. Le Sage certainly thought so. 'Death,' says he, 'has two wings; on one are painted war, plague, famine, fire, shipwreck, with all the miseries that present him at every instant with a new prey. On the other wing you behold a crowd of young physicians about to take their degree before him. Death, with a demon smile, dubs these doctors, having first made them swear never to alter in any way the established practice of physic.'

It is hard to understand how men can deliberately attempt to carry such responsibilities, knowing as they inevitably must, from ill-success alone, their utter incapacity. There must be a wonderful self-satisfaction in the hearts of some of our fellow-creatures; and it is discouraging to see how many of them are contented with such low standards in life, show-

ing does not the most renowned medical man lose a large proportion of his patients—those who are incurable and go to him as their last hope? We cannot change the fact that every one of us must die sooner or later, in spite of the most acute perceptions and greatest learning of the individual, or unrestrained of progress in the science of medicine.

It is very common, as I have said, that a doctor is found fault with deservedly, but it is no less common that he is found fault with undeservedly. I am sure that the cases where the mal-practice is the patient's fault, are more numerous than where it is the doctor's. First, how often the patient demands impossibilities when it is out of the power of man to prolong his life, for the disease is incurable.

There are many people who have inherited ill-health, or still suffer from the effect of some former illness; it is not owing to any defect in the doctor's skill that he can never get well, and is merely made more comfortable for a time.

There are many cases where the disease is much involved and very difficult to understand, because the doctor does not see them as nature made them. Perhaps first, the man unsuccessfully tried to cure himself, and then went from one physician to another, not infrequently stopping longest at his door who promised most and knew least. If some man of real ability begins work on such a case as this, how does he know what is really the matter; what is constitutional and what may have resulted from unsuitable treatment. What could the best clock-maker in the world do, if you carried him a clock that had been worked over by dozens of people after it had been found mysteriously out of order. He looks it over and sees the works too much filed here, and badly balanced there, and would he not be likely to tell you that it will always go unevenly and unsteadily?

In many instances people only need time for recovery, where we cannot trust wholly in any remedy but rest. Who would think of keeping a tired man awake all night to give him stimulating medicines after his hard day's work? Nothing can possibly take the place of the sleep he needs. So persons whose minds and bodies have been severely strained and taxed need a rest in proportion to the fatigue, yet they wonder that they do not get well before the first prescription has been half followed out, and then grow impatient. For one who needs absolute rest, five need rest merely from certain employments and interests that are wearing them out, and require change of scene

ments of which another would be hardly conscious, are to them sources of exquisite torture. If they would only find something else to do! The mind has so much control over the body if you only allow it a fair chance of taking the upper hand; but once give yourself up to watching for the time your head begins to be dizzy, and when the time comes your power of ignoring it has vanished; that slight feeling of dizziness is the controlling power of your existence. Expect to be better, not worse, and there is a great deal more chance for your doctor. For the doctor cannot make people happy and set their minds at rest, and it is often merely this that makes invalids of us. We may take all the medicine we please; where there is some family trouble, or business entanglement, we are wretched and hopeless and sad. Is it the doctor's fault, then, that we grow no better day by day? If we can be happy and interested, and throw off the weight that holds us down, his part of the cure is very slight.

Can the doctor do much for us when, at the same time we carefully drink his medicine, we relentlessly follow the fashion of living that brought on the disease, and will still carry it on until we take leave altogether of the bad habit.

After the prescriptions are given and the management of a sick person wisely directed, the good results are often hindered by the stupid ignorance, and wilful neglect of the directions, and of the simple physical laws of life. To many people advice is uselessly given, for as Horace Walpole said: 'It is no use trying to cure some men of their follies, until you can first cure them of being fools.'

Look at the localities which people make choice of for their houses, and still how often one hears of the family's being so weak and delicate, and so sadly afflicted by the deaths which have followed each other in quick succession. Then there is a reflection, perhaps, upon the mysterious dispensations of Providence. Doubtless nobody's death has ever taken Providence by surprise, and no one has gone away from this world till he was done with it, and his place ready in the next; but, for all that, one cannot encourage houses being built in swamps. And think of men's unfathomable ignorance of the plain truths of ventilation!

And so people do just as they please with their minds and bodies, and when the inevitable results show themselves; when the minds show that they are growing useless, and things look different, and the sunshine seems to be

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With garrulous quaintness, she would talk by the hour to the never weary child of the wonders wrought by the Saints and the blessed Virgin. She would tell how, with her young companions, she was wont to go on the early Sunday mornings,—all white-robed and rose-crowned,—far out on the high road to the shrine of the Virgin, to pray for one of their playmates who lay as dead, and in the cool of the evening the dying child smiled again and was well! or, when all the land was parched with drought, they went to pray for rain, and lo! the clouds gathered, and the blessed life-giving shower fell softly on the fields.

There were glimpses in her talk of another world, all round us yet unseen,—a world of elves and fairies that come to men, sometimes on errands of love and mercy, sometimes for bane and pain; the good child found sweet cake under its pillow, while the bad one's bread turned to dust in its hand. One morning, all the broad wheat field of the wicked, unjust miller lay black and blasted! but on the door-stone of poor, lone ToINETTE, the shoemaker's widow, lay five shining gold pieces!

Nay! had not Mother Jacqueline herself seen and heard the fairies? Sitting late by the kitchen fire, when the wintry mist and rain were over all, had she not heard them sighing and wailing for the summer? Down the hedge-rows, in the starlight, she had heard them calling, calling, as she and Robert went home from gleaming. Late one night in the wood, a pale blue light gleamed before her, but just as she thought to see face to face the sprite that bore it, the light went out and a mocking laugh rang behind her.

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It is hard to understand how men can deliberately attempt to carry such responsibilities, knowing as they inevitably must, from ill-success alone, their utter incapacity. There must be a wonderful self-satisfaction in the hearts of some of our fellow-creatures; and it is discouraging to see how many of them are contented with such low standards in life, showing perfect resignation to staying where they are, and indifference to the results upon others. Not only among doctors, can one see such perverted, narrow ideas, and disregard of the claims of the world, because of the business a man has undertaken. Who has not known quack elegymen who are, perhaps, the most deplorable class of all and,—but we might continue such meditations at great length, and our minds would soon be in such a state that we could not call this publication *THE TOXIC* any more; but *The Depresser*.

Besides these guilty members of the profession, there are some who are unsuccessful, because, however learned they may be, they are not practical; like some lawyers who are capital students, and yet can never make themselves successful pleaders or ready counsellors.

But the doctors of whom I thought in the beginning, are the 'good doctors,' who study and think, and care for their patients as well as they can; the men who are willing to tell you what they cannot do, for it is only an impostor who promises you everything. These men are often blamed on unreasonable grounds, where the fault, the non-recovery, is wholly owing to the patient himself, or mis-management on the part of friends, not that I mean to say that the doctors are entirely wise or wholly bad; for the best man must make an occasional mistake, and the most unmistakable quack has his lucky hits and successes.

People seem to have a lurking conviction oftentimes, that a physician must have made some blunder, when his patient dies. Of course we must measure his ability, somewhat by this test of life or death, but not wholly, for

him a clock that had been worked over by dozens of people after it had been found mysteriously out of order. He looks it over and sees the works too much filed here, and badly balanced there, and would be not be likely to tell you that it will always go unevenly and unsteadily?

In many instances people only need time for recovery, where we cannot trust wholly in any remedy but rest. Who would think of keeping a tired man awake all night to give him stimulating medicines after his hard day's work? Nothing can possibly take the place of the sleep he needs. So persons whose minds and bodies have been severely strained and taxed need a rest in proportion to the fatigue, yet they wonder that they do not get well before the first prescription has been half followed out, and then grow impatient. For one who needs absolute rest, five need rest merely from certain employments and interests that are wearing them out, and require change of scene and thought. I read a capital story years ago of one of Dr. Abernethy's prescriptions. A gentleman came to consult him, who could neither sleep nor eat and who was very nervous and depressed. The doctor said he could recommend nothing, but there was a physician in a small town in the north of Scotland, who had been wonderfully successful in such cases, to whom he would give him a letter. So the invalid, after some persuasion, left his business and started for Scotland, travelling very leisurely as was directed, and the end was that when he got to the end of his journey there was neither any such doctor there, nor need of him if there had been. There are women who have done the same things over and over again for years, whose tiresome life of housekeeping begins to wear them out, and what medicine will cure them with one dose?

Some people will never get well until they cure themselves of worrying. Sometimes this comes from improper management of their religious nature; sometimes from useless thoughts of the past, and needless anticipations of the future. Often disappointment crushes a man and changes him for the rest of his life, mentally and physically.

There are persons whose disease originated in overwork, but it is no less true that it comes from a lack of work as well. Employment would have cured some of our friends who are really dying, and will cure many who imagine they are dying from some mysterious nervous disease, which the doctors fail to cure, and do not seem to appreciate. They are persons *qui vivent vivre*, as the French phrase has it; they watch themselves constantly, and the ill-

try to cure some men of their follies, until you can first cure them of being fools.'

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And so people do just as they please with their minds and bodies, and when the inevitable results show themselves; when the minds show that they are growing useless, and things look different, and the sunshine seems to be going out of the world; when the bodies are worn out, then the doctor is considered capable of making up all the deficiencies. But his skill cannot counteract and supplement and fill out; or give us back the health and power we started with, and have lost, through neglect of ourselves. He cannot make us start out afresh and live right on again, as if we had been careful and sensible, and all these things had not been educating us for invalids. Perhaps we begin to be very ill some day and send for the doctor to cure our disease.

But when we are ill it is not invariably like a fish-hook which an unlucky boy can have the surgeon take out of his hand, which soon recovers from the wound. It is see who are ill, and the part that is weakest gives out first. Did you ever know a farmer to try to doctor a branch of one of his apple trees that is growing yellow? When the tree is strong the leaves keep green enough.

And besides all this, there is something else that makes your doctor appear noticeably inefficient, for he cannot cure old age. People are so often unjust and unappreciative in such questions as these, where the patient has either done nothing whatever for himself, when the cure is in his own hands, and where the cure, which the doctor might make, is hindered or made impossible.

And so, finally, take the best care of yourself you possibly can. If you are ill, send for the best doctor you know and can get. Do just as he tells you, for the best doctors are not too good, and you must lift at your end of the log. And above all do not show yourself such a patient as those suggested by this witty old English rhyme:

'God and the doctor, men alike adore,  
When on the brink of danger, not before;  
The danger past, they are alike requir'd,  
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted.'

