



# THE TONIC

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The First and Last.

And spicy perfume,  
Softly unfolds them.  
'Neath her leaves dim,  
And shyly peeps out  
At her lover, the sun,  
Till her fair blossoms  
Grow pink in his sight,  
And blushing hide them  
Away from his light.

When the dead summer  
Sighs in the breeze;  
Yellow and erin son  
Have gone from the trees;  
Under the pine-trees  
Long time ago  
Sweet little may flowers  
Ceased to blow;

Violets have come and gone,  
Roses are dead,  
Aster and gillie-rod  
Long ago fled  
Under the pine-trees,  
In the war-bug it,  
A phantom-like flower  
Stealth to sigh it,  
White are its petals,  
Stem and leaves white,  
The strange 'not otropa,  
Pale Indian P. pe.  
And through the brown wood,  
A voice in the blast  
In addition to the contents

### The Dismal Swamp.

'Away to the dismal swamp he speeds,  
His path was rugged and sore;  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent breeds,  
And man never trod before.'

To the imagination of the average school-boy, few places described in the geography appeal more strongly than the Dismal Swamp.

And then as he becomes familiar with Moore's account of the 'death-cold maid,' and reads how

'All night long, by a fire-fly lamp  
She paddles her white canoe,'

the interest rather increases.

Out of the forty millions inhabiting our broad domain, probably only a few thousands, perhaps hundreds, have ever visited the spot. The writer, enjoying that advantage over his fellow citizens, sympathizes with them in their deprivation and makes this effort for their enlightenment.

Leaving Norfolk on a bright morning in April, on a canal packet, with a wheezy engine of about two dog power, we slowly pass the navy-yard and enter the Pasquotank River, following its circuitous course, till at length by a lock we are fairly admitted to the Dismal Swamp Canal.

Here must ever be the great drawlack to a residence in this region, else we could hardly imagine a more promising field for northern enterprise.

About midway of the canal, a small 'feeder' conducts water to the highest level from the lake, and along this we are soon speeding our way in a wooden 'dug-out.' The ditch is about ten feet wide, three feet deep, and perfectly straight. The soil, in a wet season, is about the consistency of hasty pudding, and as our motive power, in the shape of a stout native, with towing line, runs along the tow-path, every now and then missing his footing, he plumps into a mud-hole up to his waist, flounders through, and goes on with speed unabated.

Three miles of this navigation bring us to the lock. Here vegetates a man with wife and five children, alone, save for bears and wild-cats, three miles from anywhere, surrounded by fathomless mud fifty feet from the house in any direction.

The oldest daughter, perhaps 'sweet eighteen,' comes to the door with a pipe in her mouth, and her mother follows, indulging in the same luxury, while the boys, playing about the door, seem sadly in need of a seamstress, buttons having long since been replaced by sticks.



## Leaves from an Old Journal.

1840.

IN one of my journeys to Boston I met in the stage the Rev. Mr. B—. He related an incident in the early life of the Rev. Mr. H— which seemed to have had an influence over his whole life.

The father of Mr. H— had not property sufficient to educate his son, and the young man had to struggle on in college through poverty and petty mortifications, in addition to which he suffered severely from a melancholy temperament. Often he would despond and wish for death.

One day, in particular, being destitute of funds, and not knowing to whom to apply for assistance, he took a walk over Charlestown bridge. He stood by the railing looking into the stream below, while the most despondent thoughts took possession of his mind. He was in the act of throwing himself into the river when he struck his walking stick against something, which he found to be a ring, encircling the end of his stick. Surprised, he turned and retraced his steps. He entered a goldsmith's shop, and handing the ring to him asked if it was of any value. The goldsmith examined it, and looking with great interest into the melancholy face of the young man said, 'May I ask how you obtained this ring?' Mr. H— related the circumstance, and at the same time mentioned the state of destitution and depression from which he was suffering.

'Be of good courage,' said the goldsmith. 'The ring is valuable; let us look at the device.' He rubbed the dirt from it, and the words 'God shall keep you,' appeared. 'God will keep you,' he continued. 'The manner in which you found this ring is truly remarkable. You might have passed that bridge a hundred, nay, a thousand times, and never have seen it, covered with dirt as it was. I will purchase it for its full value, and be your friend, and through me God will help you.'

It was so. Mr. H— pursued his studies, and became a distinguished minister and writer.

## Protoplasm and House-Cleaning.

SARAH O. JEWETT.



AM roused to make solemn reflections this morning on life and progress, to ask whether the advances we make, and the heights we attain, add sufficiently to our happiness and contentment. Do not discourage me in the outset by saying that mere satisfaction and pleasure are low aims, though Mr. Fronde has an eloquent and convincing passage on this subject, in his Essay on the Book of Job.

But, after all, we do look somewhat for happiness,—we do measure the success or failure of men's lives, more or less by this standard. We will not yield wholly to the idea that a man, however great his spiritual and metaphysical achievements and capabilities, is to be envied, if he gives us no outward evidence of being victorious. For we anticipate a material success and a visible happiness.

I make no effort to be scientific. I shall not try to give an accurate definition of Protoplasm. Never mind whether it is a substance with definite physical and chemical properties of the highest importance, as regards our vital organization, or only a word representing a set of ideas, or a group of radically different substances, or one of the 'words, words, words!' as Hamlet said to Polonius. I think you will not mind the non-settlement of this question, and I should not wish to blind you by leading you too suddenly from darkness to the blinding daylight. But I consider the second part of my subject a fine type of the height of progress to which we have attained, and I merely make the suggestion of Protoplasm by way of reminding you of the wide distance between the two points, of departure and attainment.

Spring cleaning is truly the reign of an idea to which every other interest and occupation must bow. What attention

some less convenient place than my desk or chair, and I fled to the highways. Those lucky gypsies! They live in wagons without springs; they are unenviable in some other particulars; but their years go smoothly round, their housekeeping is uniform, and unbroken by any such catastrophes as are ever looming up before us. There was a woman seated upon a pile of hay and dirty looking bundles, and smoking a long clay pipe; there were two dear little dogs sound asleep at her feet, and a child leaned over the side of the wagon, dragging a forlorn shaker bonnet by its only string. The lord of the wagon-hold was taking gentle exercise by the side of the lazy horse, and some older children ran ahead to a farmhouse with a pail and a basket. That woman had no cellar and no closets; her carpet of green grass sprinkled with dandelions has not needed taking up.

Is there no chance that we are in a transition stage as regards the outward requisites of our home life? The love and interest we have for each other—the sentimental and moral part of it is in a much more hopeful state, but it cannot be possible that our housekeeping is perfected when twice a year such annoyances are inevitably ours. The idea of cleanliness reigns over us, but may we not be certain that sometime all these things will cease to be associated with discomfort. It is not the ideal setting one's house in order, to have one's possessions put away in inconvenient places where they cannot be found without a loss of time and temper. But each of us has some peculiar grievance of this kind, and it would lead us, if more were said, to meditate with interest upon the ancient pastoral life.

Follow any brook far enough and it leads you to the sea; and here I am thinking of the disadvantages of our position; the general disadvantages, not those of the present state of housekeeping alone. We so much more readily accept the good old things that were established

protested that during the four or five years succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without regretting her patriotic undertaking. The clamors raised against the practice, and against her were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of taking events out of the hands of Providence. And the common people were taught to look upon her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children.' The doctors have even fought each other most bitterly; often refusing to believe in, and deriding the discoveries which afterwards come to be considered landmarks of the profession. Moliere who used to be called the terror of the Parisian apothecaries makes one of his *dramatis personae* say to another. 'Call in a doctor, and if you do not like his physic, I'll soon find you another who will condemn it.'

We suffer, no doubt, in all connections from being in an age of transition; but after all, we have the consolation of being sure that we are better off than our ancestors were, and this comparison has served to flatter the pride and increase the consequence of the generations that have preceded us. It may be humiliating to acknowledge that we in our day are capable only of originating the merely protoplasmic ideas, the first formations of the successes and improvements of the future.

But because all science and art, all culture, has not culminated in our ages; because we cannot do what we wish to do, is all we have attained and do know to pass for nothing. The Hospital is not finished, though it is long past its protoplasmic stage, when it was only a suggestion in acknowledgment of the great need in our State. Who ignores what has been done for it so far? Who forgets what its president's share of the work has been, or the trustees', the generosity of its donors, the interest shown in its wel-

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It was so. Mr. H— pursued his studies, became a distinguished minister and writer, and died at the age of seventy years.

1848.

Everything about New Zealand seems to partake of a peculiar character. We saw the green pigeon, the minister bird, with the white feathers under its chin, resembling a clergyman's bands, and the vegetable caterpillar, very like the insect, both externally and internally.

Carlyle, asking 'What thing to admire has America once done?' has been justly answered thus. 'She has produced a young girl, born deaf, dumb, and blind, who, with her own hands, did sewing enough to send a barrel of flour to some of your suffering countrymen, the victims of that government which you so much admire.'

How does a tree put on its summer dress without opening its trunk? It leaves it out.

A lady asked a gentleman for a cypher for her carriage, and he sent the following answer:

You 0 a 0, but I 0 thee;  
Then 0 0 no 0, but 0 0 me;  
Then let my 0 thy 0 be,  
And give 0 0 I 0 thee.

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for thee;  
Then oh sigh for no cypher, but oh sigh for me;  
Then let my cypher thy cypher be,  
And give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee.

Photographs of City and Fluent Halls are for sale; they are uncommonly pretty and we ought all, of course, to procure them as souvenirs of the Fair.

A word representing a set of words, or a group of radically different substances, or one of the 'words, words, words!' as Hamlet said to Polonius. I think you will not mind the non-settlement of this question, and I should not wish to blind you by leading you too suddenly from darkness to the blinding daylight. But I consider the second part of my subject a fine type of the height of progress to which we have attained, and I merely make the suggestion of Protoplasm by way of reminding you of the wide distance between the two points, of departure and attainment.

Spring cleaning is truly the reign of an idea to which every other interest and occupation must bow. What attention is paid to any demand of society on the day when the parlor carpets are to be shaken? It is reckoned almost useless to attempt writing the history of one's own age while one is sure to be influenced by some of its conflicting prejudices, and so incapacitated from seeing the whole ground. It is hard, even after centuries have gone by, to be impartial, and avoid the danger of being one-sided. And some of the best histories have been written by men who were foreigners to the country of which they wrote. And I claim to be heard with respect in this matter, for the spring cleaning of my house is over with, and I did not help.

Some one says that it is a grand triumph of mind over matter; surely it is heroic, this being willing to undergo, at stated periods, an operation which makes us uncomfortable. You may mention the martyrs of old, who were hanged and stoned and drowned; but that was only for once!

I was driving to-day, and met a cheerful company of gypsies. I had left the room where my favorite corner is, in a state of chaos that was wholly undesirable. My attention had been called to a stack of my books, and other possessions, waiting for me to carry them away to

not be certain that sometime all these things will cease to be associated with discomfort. It is not the ideal setting one's house in order, to have one's possessions put away in inconvenient places where they cannot be found without a loss of time and temper. But each of us has some peculiar grievance of this kind, and it would lead us, if more were said, to meditate with interest upon the ancient pastoral life.

Follow any brook far enough and it leads you to the sea; and here I am thinking of the disadvantages of our position; the general disadvantages, not those of the present state of house-keeping alone. We so much more readily accept the good old things that were established by our predecessors, than the new. And who can help feeling we are somewhat defrauded, when he thinks of the greater advantages which will belong to the day of those who will live after us, for which our day is the starting point. For in all times and acts there is both a beginning and an ending; there is a completion, and the germ of something afterwards to be completed. We are seeing the protoplasm that are to develop more and more through the years to come. How do we know that we are not fighting as blindly and unreasonably against progress as our ancestors did? The world learns so slowly, and men are so unwilling to follow their leaders. The advances that are no longer new things to us, to which we have been familiar from our childhood, and which unless we stop to think seem always to have existed, were by no means made easily.

Look at the history of the practice of medicine. It seems to have met with the most benighted opposition to its most important improvements. There was poor Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who introduced small-pox inoculation into England from Turkey. Lord Wharncliffe says in his life of her: 'Lady Mary

have preceded us. It may be humiliating to acknowledge that we in our day are capable only of originating the merely protoplasmic ideas, the first formations of the successes and improvements of the future.

But because all science and art, all culture, has not culminated in our ages; because we cannot do what we wish to do, is all we have attained and do know to pass for nothing. The Hospital is not finished, though it is long past its protoplasmic stage, when it was only a suggestion in acknowledgment of the great need in our State. Who ignores what has been done for it so far? Who forgets what its president's share of the work has been, or the trustees', the generosity of its donors, the interest shown in its welfare and success by rich and poor? When the Hospital is finished and doing its grand service; when the only workmen within its walls are its doctors and nurses, who will not be glad; but is not the fact of its being in progress one that gives us satisfaction now?

So do not let us quarrel with the unalterable, and even if our most cherished work and plan should prove in the ages to come merely a first hint and foreshadowing, let us be glad of the light that is shining for us. The insufficiency; the need of something better; the awkwardness of the means we use to accomplish our ends; all these tower up grandly when contrasted with the machinery of life a hundred years ago. And so, letting alone the question whether our present position will seem by and by to have been high or low in the scale of ascent, we will remember that every step is necessary, everything is worth while, and be satisfied.

A corpulent individual with a hint of things spiritual in his general carriage, took a number of raffle tickets Saturday, and made large expenditures at various tables. He also related his family history to an attentive audience of small boys.