

Poetry.

Home is where there is One to Love Us.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

Home's not merely four square walls
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing, 'neath the heaven above—
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endure it;
Home is where the heart can bloom:
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
Where there's one we love to meet us!

From Putnam's Monthly.

Summer and Autumn.

The hot midsummer, the bright midsummer,
Reigns in its glory now;
The earth is scorched with a golden fire,
There are berries, dead-ripe on every briar.
And fruits on every bough!

But the Autumn days, so sober and calm,
Steeped in a dreamy haze;
When the uplands all with harvests shine,
And we drink the wind like a fine cool wine—
Ah, those are the best of days!

Sweet Bell.

(From Dickin's Household Words for August.)

DOCTOR DUBOIS.

Doctor Dubois had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial.— He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Rhenish. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed, and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers, presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand, adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee.— The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall of the funds might have taken place. The worthy doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalise himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone colored strips that held the journal in a cross and bore his name and address before he liberated it, and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the Rue de Sevres, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimneypots, the clashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of rain.

"Whew! pesto!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder; "what a night!"— How fortunate it is that I am not called out! This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till to-morrow. Nothing but a desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are not, although I told him you are from home twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Dr. Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee; tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying, really dying, I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man who, without waiting to be summoned, had entered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne with his eyebrows to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly."

Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth, who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age, walked impatiently up and down the room whilst Dr. Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, had strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a friend," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Dr. Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne; and take a little tisane—that cough of yours must be cured for—hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door; and an old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him—buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most significant of all, stopping him in the passage to turn up his trousers nearly to the knees lest they might be spattered by the mud—no one of the doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone down stairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinary energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavoring to make his drenched hussar step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts.—What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had left the Rue de Sevres, and was treading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varennes.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half inquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out the doctor recognised the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The porte cochere was opened by an elderly serving man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet," exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes, in one particular; in one particular only. I will explain all; but it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the doctor, sententiously.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there there is any immediate danger. I think, yes, I am sure, that if we can prolong her life but just a little, health will return, and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Dr. Dubois ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler, and coat and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely finished hall and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, besides the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-luster eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practised eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow; and then sank back into his chair almost exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance; at least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching, as it were, from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the

mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and, after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man near the fire place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands and cast up a rapid glance to heaven; the servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she inquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride.—"Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be, or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont and the dowager of Montsorrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way, what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the story of Valerie, who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair and a table covered with books. Other books and a variety of papers were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see." Dr. Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante." "Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. It thought you had quitted Paris, and never dreamed that after that disaster!"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed, I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since, living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed; that she is still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the Doctor; "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make honor and respect you."

The story which the young man, in the fullness of his heart, now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Dr. Dubois had seen in the other room was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French Revolution. He had gone to America where he married the daughter of a Virginia planter quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country.—After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris, where although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty, news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the West in or-

der to spend his superabundant activity in travel.

An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was, that some time after their arrival in America they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the Doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore Cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way—and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time madame Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had given up; and instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor, in which benevolent occupation she was much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and, although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fullness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune and established the legality of his marriage and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that had happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor, in which benevolent occupation she was much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and, although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fullness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a confused look, to ask Victor to stand godfather to a son and heir which Bobonne—we beg pardon—which Madame Dubois had presented him with.

Vaccination.

The learned world is all alive. A physician, a man of the world, published about a fortnight ago a book upon a subject which in former times agitated all Europe. The book is entitled, "Moral and physical degeneration of the human race in consequence of vaccination," and in it Jenner is accused of having helped to thin off the European family. You may well suppose that such a work will scarcely go unnoticed. Official science has preserved a great dose of admiration of the English doctor who found upon a cow's dug the specific which now-a-days is administered to every child that is born. On the other hand a certain school of medicine has lately grown up, whose object is to rid the world of vaccination. According to these men all modern diseases result from inoculation with the cow virus—cholera, gastritis, scrofula, more frequent cases of consumption, and above all typhoid fever. Thus you see the question may bring on every species of discussion, a war of words, and pamphlets in abundance. Our Imperial Academy of Medicine, consisting of the elite of the doctors, has made the subject an order of the day. Experimental Germany and England, so interested in the quarrel, will both doubtless take parts in these polemics. Heaven grant the victory may be some great achievement of science and some new good to humanity.—Paris Cor. Independence Belge,

A MEAN MAN.—We have heard of mean men in our day but a correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille mentions one to whom must be yielded the palm:—Talk about mean men! why there's that Bill Johnston he's the meanest man I ever heard tell on. "Bill was constable there. Why don't you think he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levied at my old woman's duck, and wanted me to drive 'em up and ketch 'em for him, and I told him to ketch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd ketch a duck, he'd set down and wring its head off and charge mileage."

OUR NEW BURYING GROUND.—First old woman—"What does the minister say to our new burying ground?" Second old woman—"He don't like it all, he says he never will be buried there, as long as he lives." First old woman—"Well, if the Lord spares me, I will."