

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.  
**THE UNIVERSAL.**

BY W. STEDMAN.

Is there an eye that looks around,  
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and ocean,  
And sees no gentle things abound,  
To stir the soul to sweet commotion?  
No voiceless song of harmonies?  
No music sounded through the eyes?

Is there a soul that dwells within  
An eye of hazel, brown, or blue,  
That sees not 'mid the clash and din  
Of changing worlds, a beauty too?  
Serenest sunbeams resting lightly  
O'er the volcano, burning brightly.

In every ray that falls on earth,  
And from that earth reflected rises,  
There is a joy, a gentle mirth,  
That soon the captive soul surprises;  
Sweet glimpses of the lost ideal,  
Flashing about the transient real.

The pretty flower that decks the leaf,  
Each day its bosom opening wider,  
Fields choicest honey to the bee,  
But poison to the bloated spider.  
And are there hearts and eyes that see  
This difference of philosophy?

As with the part, so with it all;  
As with the dower, so with creation,  
And there's for hate, as bitter gall,  
As honey sweet for adoration.  
Ah! honey sweet, a busy bee,  
Let's work in thy philosophy.

From Godley's Lady's Book.

**THE TWO DOCTORS OF OLDBURY.**

By Ann E. Porter.

CHAPTER II.

DR. CARTER'S frequent visit to Greenwood, Mrs. Lee's residence, notwithstanding her slight illness, began to awaken the gossip of the neighbourhood. It was not possible that even he, world-hardened as he was, might be charmed by the fascinations of the young widow? And was it not possible, too, that her gratitude might ripen to a warmer feeling?

To be sure, Dr. Carter was a different man from her first husband; but such was almost the case in second marriages.

Summer had succeeded to spring. From our school-room window we had watched Mr Pearson gathering the fruit of his labors with his thin, trembling hands. From the first crisp lettuce of the hotbed to the little sugar pears, which he gathered so slowly in a little basket, we had caught daily glimpses of him. The roses in the poet's yard were gone, and the dahlias, in their rich autumn dress, had taken their vacant places. Apples hung ripening in the sun, and the pumpkins added a deeper shade of yellow each day.

The merchants and wise men of Oldbury still gathered in the Reading-room, yet their faces had now grown mellow with all ease in nature, but new wrinkles were added; on some of the old West India and Liverpool merchants, as they were called, who owned vessels sailing thereto, it would seem as if old Father Time had been trying subsoil ploughing, so deep were the furrows his ploughshare had made. Tap, Tap, went the hammer of the shoemaker on one side of us, and silently whitened the old jawbone of the whale in the summer suns and autumn rains. Smiling and bright as ever was the rosy face of Lizzie; oh yes, brighter, far brighter, for her cheeks seemed to have caught a deeper hue from the glowing flowers. Willie, was running about playful and full of fun as ever.

'There goes Dr. Carter with a new coat!' exclaimed one of the girls at recess, as the learned doctor's gaunt form passed through the Street. 'It is the strangest event that has occurred in Oldbury this fall.'

'He has worn his old one' from the time to which memory runneth not to the contrary,' as my father once remarked,' said lawyer Masters's daughter.

'It's a sign something is going to happen,' said Lucy Hill, glancing at Lizzie Lee and then at the other girls.

All understood the remark but Lizzie herself, who innocently asked—

'What is going to happen?'

'Did you ever see a jewel in a pig's ear?' said Anna Gillett. 'You know Solomon tells about one.'

'Oh no,' said Lizzie; 'you don't quote it right. He don't say anything about a pig's ear.'

'Well, never mind where it ought not to be; I heard they were going to try the experiment here in Oldbury. For my part, I think the jewel better remain in the casket.'

It was all mystery to poor Lizzie; but she guessed the riddle not many days afterwards, when Dr. Carter, in his new coat, called to

drive her mother out in his new chase. He had never done the like before. She went up to her little room and cried; but thinking this would do no good, she put on her bonnet and went down to the 'Ruins' in search of Willie. He was there picking over some plums, and placing the choicest in a little basket, which he designed as a present to Lizzie.

'Hollo, coz! glad to see you in my cave.'—And he brushed the dust from a large flat stone, and spreading his handkerchief, asked her to take a seat.

'Oh, Willie!' said Lizzie, while tears came afresh, 'I never can call Dr. Carter my father!'

Willie started with surprise, and, in his forgetfulness, let his plums roll upon the bricks and rubbish. 'Who says you must, Lizzie?'

'Why, didn't you know that he's got a new coat, and now he has taken my mother to the island?'

'Why, as to the new coat, Lizzie, he was sadly in need of it; but about his taken Aunt Alice out to ride, this does look suspicious.'—And Willie took his cap off, rubbed his forehead, and ran his fingers through his brown hair, as was his custom when perplexed.

Lizzie's tears came faster.

'Why, I thought you liked Dr. Carter,' said Willie.

'I used to before you were sick; but now

'Oh yes, I know,' said Willie, his bright eyes dancing with joy. 'You like Dr Parker a great deal better. So do I. Hurrah for Dr Parker, I say!' And he threw his cap into the air, catching it as it descended. 'If I was a woman, I would rather marry Dr Parker with his great big heart and little purse, than Dr Carter with all his dry bones and money. I suppose, Lizzie, if I was a man, Dr Parker's partner, say—for when I am old enough, I mean to study medicine with him—and Henry Johnson should come home from West Point, with his blue coat and gait buttons, and his great estate that he inherits when of age, you'd marry him rather than a poor little doctor like me? And now it was Willie's turn to look serious, for he had conjured up a great sorrow for the future.

'Why Willie!' was all poor Lizzie could say; but her soft eyes were full of reproachful sorrow.

'There now,' said Willie, taking her pocket-handkerchief, and wiping Lizzie's eyes, 'don't you be troubled; I don't believe Dr Carter will ever marry Aunt Alice. My father said the other day that he must have a serious talk with his sister Alice,' and I guess it is about this very matter. I prophesy the marriage will never take place. You know what black Betsy used to say, when she believed some unusual event was going to take place, 'I believe it in my bones!'

'I'm so glad you think so, Willie, for I can't bear to think of calling that old dried-up, mummy-looking man 'father.' I suppose he is a very learned man, and has cured mamma when nobody else could give her help. I feel very grateful to him; but—'

'You don't want him for your father; and he shan't be your father!' said Willie. 'So let us have a game at 'hide and seek,' and then go home.'

Lizzie dried her tears, and was so engaged in her play that she forgot her troubles, till, in trying to escape pursuit, she suddenly found herself prostrate in a large puddle of water which had accumulated in one of the cellars. Willie led her home as soon as possible, and the housekeeper changed her clothes, and made her sit a while by the fire, where she and Willie passed the evening reading 'Robinson Crusoe.'

CHAPTER III.

DR. CARTER returned from his ride, and, as usual, threw the reins to the little orphan boy who swept his office, washed the bottles, and acted the groom.

'Water the horse and then wash the carriage wheels thoroughly,' he said; 'and here is a ninepence for your extra trouble.'

The boy was stupid with astonishment; such a ratiuity was as welcome as it were rare. The doctor proceeded to his study, and, after depositing his new coat carefully on two hooks in a clothes-press—a careful man was Dr. Carter—and arraying himself in a threadbare, old-fashioned gown, that had served him for many years while compounding his drugs or poring over his well-studied volumes, he sat down in his arm-chair. Those thin lips of his actually wreathed themselves into a smile, and the dull eyes were unusually bright.

'A blessed thing is gratitude,' he said to himself. 'That supporter was a happy hit of mine; but well for me there was really no serious disease in the spine, for I have no faith in such so-called remedies. But it was well invested for me. Let me see; Lee must have been worth \$50,000 at least, estate encumbered, most of it invested in the United States Bank Stock. Lucky dog am I! I almost wonder that she said yes so quick. But gratitude, gratitude! I shall begin to believe that women have souls. At least,

I shall fancy her endowed with one.' The doctor's soliloquy is interrupted by the house-keeper's bell for supper.

A short distance from Dr Carter's Office, but in another street, sits young Dr. Parker, alone in his little hired apartment. He is carefully looking over a thin ledger-book, with but few entries, and thus he muses with himself:—

'Ten, twenty, thirty; no more. Have been here six months, and this is the sum total of my receipts. Board bill, washing, and rents will take twice that sum.' (Examine a small pocket-book.) I shall have five dollars left when all my expenses are paid the coming day, which will be 31st October. Well, well, if it were not for my widowed mother and invalid sister, I would be content. Here follows a sigh, and almost a tear; but the doctor rose and took his flute, and the passer-by might have recognized the air set to those cheerful words of merry Burns—

'Contented with little and catty wi' more.'

A little, ragged, barefooted boy enters the office.

'Mammy has her bad spells coming on, and wants you to come right down to Sodom, and bring along a bottle of nervous drops.'

'Has your mother taken all that I left with her?'

'Yes, long ago; she c'enamost lives on 'em. She says they've done her a heap of good, and she's grown powerful weak for the want on 'em.'

The doctor hesitated; the summons came from a family in the outskirts of the town, a district noted for its intemperance, and profanity. It was two miles from his office; he had no horse, and moreover, he had repeatedly visited this family, furnished them with medicine, and, in their extreme poverty, had taken from his own slender purse to supply their necessities. No fee was expected, none charged. This evening he particularly wished for quiet and solitude. The boy remained in the same position, looking wistfully at the doctor and half conscious of his unwillingness. A bright thought seemed to enter the child's mind, for his black eyes grew brighter, and shone from out the tangled hair, and dirty face like a couple of stars in a murky night.

'Daddy hain't drank no rum for a week, not since you told him how it burnt up the in'ards; and now we have tea instead of rum for breakfast.'

The doctor was now decided, and, taking his hat, prepared to accompany the child, recalling to mind the text often quoted by his mother: 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' Having nothing else to invest, he thought he might as well put his own good works out at interest.

Weary, and somewhat desponding, he returned to his lodgings and sought repose and forgetfulness in bed.

About midnight his bell rang, and he was summoned in great haste to Mrs Lee's. He rubbed his eyes; thought he must have been dreaming. But no, there was no mistake; he was wished immediately at Mrs Alice Lee's; her little daughter, they feared, was dying with the croup. Ay, the young doctor understood it now; his little friend wished for him in her distress. He lost no time in hastening to her, congratulating himself that he had paid particular attention to this disease, and had met with great success in treating it. So deep was his interest in the case that he did not recollect that he had never met with Mrs Lee. This lady had a somewhat contemptible opinion of his abilities in comparison with Dr Carter, and had not thought it worth her while to seek his acquaintance. It was only at the urgent request of Lizzie that he was now summoned.

All ceremony was, of course waived, for our darling Lizzie was in great danger. But Dr Parker, in common with other physicians who like their profession, rejoiced that the enemy was well known to him, and that his skill could conquer. With great calmness he ordered his remedies, remaining himself by the little sufferer till she was completely out of danger, and had sunk into a quiet sleep—then, and not till then, did he pause and take notice of the beautiful young widow; for beautiful still was Mrs Lee in her young widowhood. She invited him into her sitting room, where a cup of tea and other refreshments awaited them.

Mrs Lee, in her neat wrapper, with her dark glossy hair plainly parted, and gathered in a massive braid, was quite as interesting as the same lady in her most studied attire and richest ornaments. She now thought nothing of her personal appearance; but her delight at the recovery of her child filled her whole soul, and, as her face was but the mirror of her thoughts, she looked joyous and happy, and was in wondrous good humor with the new doctor as they seated themselves at the little table, redolent with the fragrant beverage. The clock struck two just as Mrs Lee passed the Doctor's cup to him; their eyes met. The noble intellectual face of the one was not unbecomed by the widow, and as for the doctor he came near spilling his tea at such an apparition of delight as beamed that moment on his sight. There

was something in the time, place, and hour that seemed to strike them rather comically, and they both smiled. There was an awkward pause for a moment, which the lady was the first to break.

'Rather a singular time, Dr Parker, for me to invite you to take a cup of tea with us, but Lizzie's unfortunate bath yesterday must be an apology for such an unusual hour.'

'A most fortunate bath!' was the doctor's mental exclamation; but he was prudent enough not to speak it audibly. The ice was, however, broken; and, refreshed by the tea, and cheered by the quiet, regular breathing of Lizzie in the adjoining room, the two plunged at once into a most agreeable *à-tête*, which was prolonged till the hands upon the dial-plate had traversed another circle.

Again their eyes met. Oh, the wondrous magnetic power of such momentary glances! It was the doctor's turn to speak this time; and, rising, he apologized for detaining her so long from repose, saying that tea was a favorite beverage, and very exhilarating after such a fatiguing day as the last had proved. He then bade her good evening, and had passed into the hall, when, stepping lightly after him, Mrs Lee said—

'Call again to-morrow, if you please, doctor; Lizzie may need advice.'

Fully convinced that Lizzie would need no such advice, the doctor, nevertheless, said—

'I will do so. In the mean time, keep her quiet and warm.'

The door closed, the servants removed the tea tray, and retired again to their beds. The house was still. Mrs Lee sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and leaned her head upon her hand in deep thought.

The sorrowful, brown face of Dr Carter, with its cold, passionless expression, was before her. Look which way she would, it was there in the glowing coals, in the shining brass of the andirons, in the very snuff that had collected on the untrimmed lamps.—Weary of it, she turned with relief to the portrait of her husband, which hung upon the wall; she started for a strange resemblance to Dr Parker in the outline of the face and in the shape of the forehead, attracted, riveted her gaze. Another long reverie, as now, with hands folded in her lap, she sat and contemplated the picture. Rising at last, she said with emphasis, 'this will not do. I am now Doctor's affianced wife, and I am no weak coquette to trifle with my own promises. I am bound to him by the ties of gratitude, if not of—'

She could not speak the word; love and Dr. Carter never yet came so near together, and even now they could not meet. Unbraiding the long tresses of her hair, she bound them in a knot, and put a neat little cap with its tasteful edge, and changing her morning robe for her long, white night-dress, she knelt and prayed for wisdom from above, and strength to perform life's duties. Then glided she softly to the couch of her sleeping child, and lay down to rest. Little Lizzie was dreaming, and now and then a word escaped her.

'Oh Willie!' was all Mrs Lee at first distinguished. Soon it was repeated more distinctly, Oh, Willie! I can't call Dr Carter—. The sentence was left unfinished; but the mother's heart knew its close. She drew her daughter's head towards her, and rested it upon her own bosom, and again ascended a prayer for strength to do her duty.

Oh, how brightly shone the stars as Dr. Parker traversed the deserted streets of Oldbury that night! He felt an unusual elasticity of spirits; it must be the tea, he thought, genuine old Hyson, so different from what he usually drank at his boarding-house. Ah, doctor, it was the nectar of the gods you had imbibed; but you knew it not. At any rate tea, old Hyson though it was did not deprive you of a sleep almost as deep as that which fell upon Adam when he lost a rib; and it may be, as you waked the next morning, but not until the sun rode high in heaven, you missed a far more important organ of the human system than that of which your ancient progenitor was deprived.

Mrs Lee rose from a sleepless bed; strange thoughts and undefined fears troubled her.

When the letters were brought from the post-office, she opened them listlessly, dreading the thoughts of business. But one, though brief, aroused a new train of ideas.—It was as follows:—

'MY DEAR SISTER: Not receiving any answer to my letter of last week, which I think now must have miscarried, I have ventured to act in your affairs without any direction from yourself.'

'I have transferred all your funds from the United States Bank (so called,) and invested them in what I consider much safer property. I fear a crash, and have prepared for the worst; others laugh at my fears as groundless. Let me hear from you soon.'

Yours, &c.'

To this letter, Mrs Lee wrote the following reply:

'I confide, my dear brother, wholly in your judgment and knowledge of business, and