

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for July.

## THE FUTURE IS HIDDEN FROM OUR SIGHT.

It was good, it was kind in the wise One above

To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,  
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,

And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland  
Will forego the fond word and the whispering tone;Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand  
Will be joyfully forward in casting the stone;Did we know the affection engrossing our breast  
Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain;That the passionate heart will but hazard its rest,  
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain;Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,  
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom;

All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,

And the prayer-lips infant would ask for the tomb

For if hope be a star that may lead us astray  
And 'deceiveth the heart,' as the aged ones preach,Yet 'twas mercy that gave it to beacon our way,  
Though its halo illumines where we never can reach.Though friendship but flit like a meteor gleam,  
Though it burst like a moon-lighted bubble of dew,Though it passes away like a leaf on the stream,  
Yet 'tis bliss while we fancy the vision is true.Oh! 'tis well that the future is hid from our sight,  
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud,That we cherish a flower, and think not of blight  
That we danced on the loom that may weave us a shroud.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

## THE TWO DOCTORS OF OLDBURY.

By Ann E. Porter.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a warm afternoon in May; the sun was shining brightly out of doors, and struggled, with partial success, to enter the dusty panes of the school-room windows. Some robins were busy building a nest upon a solitary tree that stood near, and bordered the travelled street. Old Mr. Pearson was spading some beds in his garden that lay on the opposite side of the street; and as he was new soon weary from age, he stopped frequently, leaning upon his spade, and looking with much apparent interest upon the rows of early peas that were doing their best to repay his early and careful culture. There was little else to be seen from the front windows of the school-room; but those who sat upon the north side, the 'first class,' had a view of the Merchants' Bank, a large brick building, one department of which was the Reading Room. The windows were raised, and a row of very sedate citizens were standing by the long table, looking very silent and very wise. Upon the outside, between two windows on the rear of the building, leaned the huge jawbone of a whale. It was often a subject of speculation with the girls, who came to the conclusion that the mouth from whence it was taken might easily have swallowed Jonah, but would find it rather difficult to make room for a horse and chaise, as one of our school-books averred a whale's mouth was capable of doing. But 'Cousin Lizzie' insisted upon the propriety of believing the school-book, notwithstanding the ocular demonstration to the contrary; for she ingeniously reasoned, 'what would our books be good for, if they didn't tell the truth?' But then she was one of the little girls, and sat upon the west end of the room, near the window which looked upon the quiet home of a sweet and popular poetess. The neatly kept and carefully trained flowers in the garden, the shrubbery in the front yard, and the wood-bine that grew so luxuriantly as to cover the whole of one side of the house, and in which the birds nestled so cozily and sung so sweetly, almost unconsciously drew the attention of the passer-by, for there were no other houses in the street that bore similar marks of taste and refinement. Lizzie's little, warm, loving heart delighted in it, and she said she was never tired looking at it, or at the little shoemaker's shop opposite. She liked to hear the tap, tap of the little hammer, and see the boots and shoes with nice new patches upon them, hanging round, ready when called for.

The afternoon to which I refer was memorable to myself, as being the time when I was first conscious of that rather disagreeable sen-

sation, the tooth-ache. Now there was some thing dignified, I fancied, in suffering what people, older than myself, complained of so frequently; so I tied up my face, and very heroically tried to study. But it wouldn't do; the tears would come, though I tried hard to keep them back and *choke down* the bad feelings. So, after making a great many mistakes in my ciphering, and getting an ugly blot in my manuscript book, I placed all my things in the blue book appropriated to my use, and, going to the teacher, asked if I might be excused for the afternoon. The request was readily granted, and, turning my steps to my father's place of business, I sought his sympathy.

'No help for you, my daughter, but to have the tooth extracted.'

'Oh, I can't have that done!' I exclaimed; 'it will kill me!'

'Oh no, it is one of your first teeth; the pain will last but a moment; let me take the troublesome thing out, and a new one will come in its place.'

'Oh no, no,' I said; and holding with both hands my flushed face, I sat down upon a low seat.

Just then Dr. Carter called. He was a tall gaunt, stern-looking man—such a personage as a child shrinks from, and women greet without a smile.

'There, now,' said my mother, 'the doctor has come just in time; he will draw your tooth before you can say Jack Robinson.'

I dropped my hand in my lap, sat erect, and said 'it doesn't ache so hard now: I'll wait till another time.'

'Let me see your tooth,' said the Doctor; 'I'll not pull it; I will only look to see what's the matter.'

With all the confidence of childhood in his word and his skill, I drew near and raised my little face for his inspection. Before I knew what he was about, his long, bony, and medicine-tasting fingers were in my mouth, and grasping firmly the offending tooth. One strong arm was thrown around me so firmly that I could not struggle—one sharp, fierce pang, and the suffering member was upon the floor.

'There, now!' he said, exultingly, 'you see it's just nothing at all to have a tooth out!'

I gave him one look, which, if it expressed half the indignation and contempt in my little heart, would have made him, hardened as he was, change countenance a little; and then I walked silently out of the store towards home.

'Dr. Carter is a very wicked man; he told a falsehood,' I said, as I entered the room where my mother sat sewing.

She looked up in surprise, and when I had related my story, she, who had taught me a strict and unswerving regard for truth, could not acquit him, though she tried to palliate his offence.

I thought that night more kindly of the man when I lay down to sleep, for I fancied his conscience must trouble him, and that it would be in vain for him to sleep after committing so great a sin. My childish sympathy was all in vain, for, Dr. Carter never having found the conscience in his dissections of the human frame—having looked in vain for it from the pia mater and dura mater of the brain, through the thorax, spinal marrow, midriff, spleen, &c. to the curious and complicated bones of the human foot—he therefore denied its existence. What he could see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and touch with his hands, he believed. He knew professionally at least—for when I first remembered him he was an old bachelor—that man was born of woman; lived but a brief existence, and dropped into the grave. Then the human frame slowly crumbled, mingling its elements with the dust of the earth. All this he could see, and therefore believed, and could even tell you the proportions of phosphate of lime in the bones, the constituent elements of blood in the veins, or the comparative weight of muscle and fat. But, mathematically, he could not prove that One 'strong to deliver and mighty to save' had proclaimed himself the 'resurrection and the life'; therefore the bible was to him an idle tale, or rather a very curious and antiquated book. The raptures of the dying saint, the stoical philosophy of his inflexible patients, and the awful remorse of the conscience-stricken debauchee were, in his view, but so many manifestations of variable temperaments—the effect produced by disease upon the brain. Dr. Carter was a good surgeon; why should he not be? The human body was to him merely a curious machine, wonderfully adapted to its uses; but then it was but the highest development in a long chain of being. Slowly, but surely, we had advanced from the scarcely organized animalcules to tadpoles, lizards, fishes &c., till we could now claim the ape and monkey for ancestors. Having, therefore, no 'immortal lodgings,' no theological speculations, no moral pabulum to provide for that inmost hidden self, the true man, he devoted all his energies to his profession. And so he came to love the scalpel, and the dissecting-knife, and the companionship of dead bodies, better than social converse with the living. His

scientific attainments were highly appreciated by the inhabitants of Oldbury, and the aristocracy of the place thought it quite beneath their dignity to be healed by other skill than his. It was rather strange, too, for he had little refinement or taste himself, was generally perfumed with his own drugs, careless in dress, extremely parsimonious in all his dealings, and stiff and awkward in manner. He had small, cold blue eyes, and looked as if tears would be chilled at the fountain-head; you never could imagine them limpid enough to flow from such a source. His lips were thin, his nose regular, and not above medium size—a fine prominent nasal organ would have redeemed his face from the sordid, pinched up expression which it always wore. It was his belief that much fat in the human system was productive of disease, and he had some way of putting his theory into practice, for he was lean as an Arab, and about as muscular. I now think he must have produced this healthy state of the system by never allowing himself to laugh: a good, hearty, side-shaking titillation was never known to proceed from his corporosity. He was almost passionless; incapable of deep hatred or warm love; a man without a soul; a second Cavendish, endowed with a clear, cool, investigating intellect, but it was intellect unmarred by feeling. One passion alone, a thirst for gold, linked him to his fellow men. He hoarded his gains, or carefully invested them where they brought good interest. His housekeeper, a thin, pale, sad-looking woman, retained her place by her economy and silence. Dr. Carter had little interest in listening to the conversation of women. There was only one lady in town to whom he would listen patiently, and to whom he tried to make himself agreeable. This famed person was Mrs. Lee, mother of little Lizzie. She was a widow but young, beautiful, and wealthy. Her husband was twenty years her senior, but she had been a devoted wife, and worthy of the worshipping love of her fatherly spouse. Before he died he said to her:—

'Alice, you will mourn for me, but time will heal the wound, and then you must marry again; it is not my wish that you should spend the best of your life clad in widows' weeds.'

Mrs. Lee felt then that she would never wish to marry again, and entreated him not to mention it; she was sure his place would never be filled. Her cheeks were yet moist with the tears which this conversation drew forth, when the Doctor made his daily call, and, from some remarks of Mr. Lee, he learned their cause. He manifested no interest or sensibility on the subject. Why should he? What was marriage, in his eyes, but the most healthy and respectable way of perpetrating the human species? As for love, it was as fabulous as the child's tale of 'Jack's Bean.' He would as soon expect to mount the upper skies on such a frail ladder as that, as to ascend to felicity by wedded love.

Alas! poor Doctor Carter, you did not know that there were glorious romancers on earth who believed this very love to be vastly, in some respects, like Jack's bean:—

'It sprang not by the calendar:—

—You look for it and see it not,

And love's en while you look:

The peerless flower is up, consummate in the birth.'

## CHAPTER II.

The next morning after the incident of the tooth-pulling I called, as usual, on my way to school, for Lizzie. We went around by State Street, as it lengthened our walk, and the air was so mild, and the sun so bright, we were in no haste for the confinement of the school-room. As we turned the corner, we observed a new sign above the door of a building which for some weeks had been 'To Let.'

'Another new doctor,' said Lizzie, as she stopped to read 'Dr. H. Parker.' Mother says the young doctors come here and hang up their signs just long enough for Dr. Carter to look them into a paralytic fit, and then both owner and sign drop silently out of sight. Dr. Carter is a very learned man, I suppose; mother says he is the greatest surgeon in the State. I wonder if he will ever die!

The question started a new train of ideas. Who knows but Dr. Carter will live always? He understands so much about diseases, and the mechanism of the human frame, that perhaps he will be able to keep himself alive as long as the world lasts. This was quite a relief; for, having been nurtured in the strictest puritanical tenets, even as regards the material nature of future punishments, I shuddered when I remembered the curse pronounced upon the liar.

'Lizzie,' said I, in a very confidential voice, 'I will tell you something if you will promise never to tell.'

'No, I never will as long as I live,' was the prompt reply. I then told her of the falsehood of Dr. Carter.

Lizzie was shocked; the truthful little heart could find no apology for him.

'And then to think he should put his long arms round me so tight, and his fingers in my mouth! Bah! I would rather take castor-oil

and rhubarb to. I wish there was another doctor. Perhaps this one will stay.'

'It will do us no good if he does,' said Lizzie; our parents would have Dr. Carter if there were a dozen more in town; and then you know how long he attended upon my father, and how wonderful he cured mama! I wish I could love him better; but I fancy he does not love little girls.'

We had now arrived in the school, forgetting all the doctors in the world in our ambition to mount to the head of the spelling class. On the afternoon of that day the sky was obscured by clouds, and a heavy shower seemed impending. The girls looked anxiously in the darkened west, and then at their new gingham bonnets, just prepared for the season. Lizzie, with her new kid shoes and linen sack, was not much troubled, for she made signs with her fingers to tell me that she guessed Willie would come.

And who was Willie? Dear reader, in the cherished pictures of your memory, do you not often see the playmates of your youth, just as they looked in their fresh young childhood? And do you not delight to linger upon the picture, and forget that time, sickness, and sorrow have marred that beauty, dimmed the brightness of these eyes, and brushed the bloom from the cheek? Dear brother Willie! if ever a cherub in heaven assumed a childish form, then wert thou that spirit. I cannot now, in all the familiar intercourse of childhood, remember one selfish act, or one burst of ill-temper. Everybody lived Willie. The neighbors petted him, the children sought him in their play and their vexations, and old people asked favors of him, for he was ready to listen to their wants. But Willie was not a quiet child, as one might suppose; on the contrary, he was 'never still,' and did not like Sunday because he must be so careful of his clothes, and try to be so very quiet. He liked to play so well that he would forget the time of school, or the hour of meals. But then he always felt so sorry if he had incommoded others, or given pain to his parents, that it must have been a hard heart that could have inflicted punishment upon so penitent an offender.

One morning, I remember, the housekeeper asked my father what he wished for breakfast.

'I will send some fresh mackerel from the market,' was his reply. 'Willie, come with me and bring it home.'

The child left his play and hastened to accompany his father. Nothing more was seen of him; however, till the breakfast-bell rung, when, flushed with exercise, he took his usual place at table. The housekeeper, supposing there had been a mistake as to being the regular market-day for fish, had prepared another dish. In the course of the meal, however, my father says—

'Why didn't you cook the mackerel?'

'I have not seen any,' was her reply.

'Willie, where are they?' said my father; 'did I not hand you a couple in the market?'

The little boy dropped his knife and fork and such a look of bewilderment as he seemed made us all laugh.

'Speak, child,' said my father; 'didn't I give you some?'

'Yes sir,' said Willie, 'and that is all I remember about it. I cannot tell what has become of them,' and the child rubbed his forehead, and seemed trying to connect a broken chain of thought. My father was never severe with his children; and Willie seldom incurred his anger. Many days passed, and Willie could remember nothing save that he took the fish from his father in the market. But, playing one day with some children in the 'ruins,' as the collection of cellars and rubbish remaining after a large fire was called, he saw the mackerel lying on the remnant of a cellar wall, just where he had laid them when asked to stop one minute and play ball. But he did not mean to be careless or disobedient, and literally obeyed to the letter all commands.

'Willie, you must never wear these shirts to bed,' said my mother, when, to his great delight, she put some little bosoms and collars on a new set of shirts; 'always remember your night dress.'

'Yes, mother, I certainly will,' said Willie, with emphasis, as he admiringly surveyed the shirts which so pleased his fancy. Not many weeks after, cousin Edward, who was studying medicine with Dr. Carter, and who was Willie's bedmate, on retiring one cold night, found his little companion in a state of perfect nudity.

Now though the fair and beautiful formed child might be a study of an artist (and cousin Edward had an eye and taste for the beautiful), yet a cold room in a December night was hardly the place and time: besides he wondered at the child.

'Willie, where is your night dress?'

'I couldn't find it!—the washerwoman could have told the reason.' And, you know, mother says I mustn't wear my new shirts to bed on any account.'

But one thing Willie never forgot or neglected, and that was his cousin Lizzie. If a cloud rose when she was at school, he ran for umbrella and overshoes, least she should