

the symptoms of an approaching attack, and that strange presentiment which so often comes before death, he roused his household, and sent off a messenger on horseback, not for a surgeon, but for a lawyer. He wanted his will made instantly. The messenger could not be expected back for at least two hours, and long before that the spasmodic attack had come on, but still in the intervals of his paroxysms, that determined man wrote as though against time. When the lawyer did arrive, all that was left of the living will which had been so active and energetic a few hours before was that last piece of writing. It expressed the deceased's intention, in the strongest terms, utterly to disinherit his rebellious child, and to give his property to some charitable institutions. It was complete, even to the signature; only the flourish usually added to the name was wanting, as though there the hand had failed. But that writing was not a will; it was not in proper form, nor attested. In the eye of the law it was but an invalid piece of paper, and the daughter took that which her birthright entitled her to.

Wills generally afford a frightful temptation to the worse part of our nature. I believe that more cunning, more falsehood, more worldly anxiety, and more moral wrong are blended with the subject of "wills" than with the whole mass of law parchments extant. A will should not only be properly made, but properly *placed*, and more than one should be cognizant of its whereabouts. I have known many cases of gross turpitude in the shape of destroying wills, and can record one rather curious anecdote, affording a vivid illustration of unprincipled greed defeating itself. Two gentlemen in the city, close friends from their school-days, were in the decline of life. Mr. Edmonds had a large family, with comparatively small means, while Mr. Raymond was worth two hundred thousand pounds, with no living relative but a nephew of the most profligate and hopeless character. This nephew had been expensively educated, and had spent unlimited money for the worst of purposes, and the uncle at length became wearied and disgusted with the young man's utter depravity. "Edmonds," said Raymond, one day to his friend, as he handed him a roll of paper, "here is my will. I have left my nephew ten thousand pounds, and the rest of my property to you, who, I know, will make good use of it." Edmonds remonstrated, and implored, but was eventually compelled to take the will, and lock it up in his private desk. Within a few months, however, by dint of constant entreaty, Edmonds prevailed upon his friend to make another will, and just reverse the bequests, leaving the nephew the bulk of the property, and Edmonds the ten thousand pounds. This will Edmonds read, and saw safely deposited in Raymond's iron chest at his private residence. Within the following year Raymond died. The nephew found the will, and, as it afterward appeared, such was his baseness, that, to secure in addition to the rest

the ten thousand pounds left to Edmonds, he immediately burnt the document, knowing that, if his uncle died intestate, he himself was heir-at-law. On this villainous announcement, Edmonds, sinking his conscientious scruples, produced the first will made by Raymond, and claimed the chief of the property; and the unprincipled nephew, after making full confession during a fit of *delirium tremens*, killed himself.

#### AUTUMN LOVE.

IN an early season of life I saw Rachael: when my eyes first fell upon her countenance, its beauty seemed a daylight dream. She was as a Grace in her father's home. In my memory she is still pictured: slight, delicate, fair, but flushed with flitting tints of carnation. Her figure was moulded to realize the soft dignity of her demeanor; her head, classical in shape, wore, with its dawn-bright tresses in Grecian braids, an air of gentle pride; and in her eyes—mild as the eyes of a young saint wishing for heaven—all her maidenly emotions were expressed.

I loved Rachael soon: it was to me the best joy of life to be with her—sweeter to hear her voice than to listen to the saddest music, for it came to my ear charged with holier melody. In her there was not alone the beauty of the sculptured Eve. The painter's glory was truly on her face—the faith of Guido's *Mary*, the meekness of Salvi's nun. I would have Titian's golden pencil to fix her fleeting smile, and Carlo Dolci to immortalize her tears. But, studious and thoughtful, she had searched the wisdom of many days: she knew books, and gathered their worth in her mind: she was no light, fanciful beauty, blown like a May blossom along the banks of time, but a possessor of that second providence of thought, which is docile to the greater providence of Nature.

When I knew that I loved Rachael, I was candid to myself. I looked through a long future, and confided in my own faith. Hope laid many seeds in the ground, and I expected them all to flower. But I long hid these thoughts. Alone I counted over my visionary joys. Without willing it, I was more apparently indifferent to Rachael than to most other friends. I seldom spoke, except on common topics, to her: she, however, conversed much with me, and we were often together. I knew she was kindly disposed toward me, for her manners were friendly, and for a time she rather sought than avoided my society. Gradually, however, as I began to find expression for my affection, I saw that at first it was misunderstood, then it was doubted, then it was thought an illusion, and then it was repelled. When she discovered my fondness, her first feeling was one of anger; but anger softened into perplexed pity, and that saddened into sorrow. What I never with plain words desired, she could not in words deny; but as my love was known without being told, so her rejection of it was kindly but unequivocally clear.

Still, buoyant as I was in heart, free in spirit,

with an imagination coloring all things brilliantly, I was not beggared in hope. I sorrowed, but desponded never. I vainly, indeed, repined over the past, but I vaguely counted on the future. At last, without a confession in form, I expressed the sentiments which ruled me. Rachael, whose thoughts all moved on the high level of virtue, desired to spare me more grief, but scarcely knew how. No one knew of my love for her. The intercourse of our families was so constant that they almost seemed combined into one. She could not go from me, and I would not stay from her. When she spoke of parting as the best, I begged her so sorrowfully to let me remain among her common friends, that she consented. She even believed that this would be my cure; for such a youthful fervency, so impetuous and so sudden, would undoubtedly waste itself away. Time, variety, the interests of the world, would, she confidently thought—as she sincerely desired—wear out an affection which was never tempted by her, never beckoned to be forbidden, but wandered ever in a desert, shelterless, without a place to lay its head.

Yet I loved her with an increasing love. Many I saw with beauty, and youth, and brightness of demeanor, and many with innocence and gentle wisdom—but none like Rachael, who was alone in her shrine, and sacred still. I was unhappy. I secluded myself in the darkness of my own thoughts. I made a desolation, and dwelt in it. Unreasoning and bitter were the complaints of my despair. The flowers of many summers, the plunder of many springs, lay at my feet; but one snowdrop, one violet, one valley-lily, was all I wanted; and that one I could not have.

What was the use of laying out gardens of hope if Rachael was not to be the sweetest blossom there? What was the glory of a whole Corinth of palaces if Rachael would not be their queen? What was the delight of prosperity if it rose like a harvest in an unpeopled isle? What was the promise of fame if its prophecies sounded hollow to a desolate heart? Rachael knew this now. With her kindness and gracious sisterly affection, sweetly offered, but refused by my famished love, she again asked me earnestly to leave her. I wished, for a moment, that she would then peremptorily forbid me to see her, but I would not, could not, go uncompeled. I might then have bent my head upon my hands, and gone blind from her sight. But her entreaty was not a command; and as it was, she said, for my sake, not for hers, that she desired it, I felt no power to obey. From that time she was studiously guarded in her manners. Sometimes an impulse of grateful fondness rose in her heart; but she checked it, lest she might mistake an evanescent tenderness for the kindling of the true lamp, which alone, she knew, ought to burn and mingle its light with mine. When I spoke to her in words half-uttered and enigmatic phrases, she besought me not to indulge in hopes that would make me wretched. She said I should change;

but then I replied, that she might change too, which grieved her, for she saw that I would fondle my hopes, careless of the sorrow they might bring. A mortal melancholy came over me, and I thought life would refuse me all its joys.

And the days passed, and the months and years. And still I loved, and Rachael owned no love for me. When in society, she was to me, as to others, frank and friendly; but when alone, she was serious and cold. But I saw that she was not unmoved by my devout affection. I troubled her repose. I saw her sometimes looking at me with an earnest, wondering look, as though her own heart were questioning itself, and I felt, with exulting delight, that after these moments she was more freely affectionate. Her manners softened, though whenever I expressed any thought of this change, the gravity of her face returned, and her beauty seemed to retire from my love. Still I was more reconciled to hope deferred, and still the time went on.

At last she was parted from her home for awhile. She went to a distance. I yearned for her return. But as her absence was prolonged, it was less painful. I felt a more patient passion. She came back. By her first inquiring look I knew she sought to discover what influence our separation had produced on me. And when I looked back love into her eyes, I saw she smiled. Soon after, we seriously conversed. I wrote her a letter; she replied, and once more begged me, besought me, once more to consider whether it would not be better to leave her, for my own sake; she did not say for hers. Had she said for hers, I would have gone; but she said for mine. I answered, life might be happy or miserable, but her presence was like that Arabian amulet, which made all wounds harmless while it was worn. Once taken away, the heart would bleed mortally, and I should perish. I waited a little time, and then went to seek her.

I saw her in her father's garden; she was alone. A purple autumn evening hushed all the world. It was a scene of poetry, perfumed with the last sweets of the flowering season. Long alleys and Italian slopes were shaded by bosquets and groves from the cherry-red deepening light which poured, warm and mellow, from the west. A soft wind, moist with dew, wandered among the murmurous leaves, still fragrant with the farewell breath of the summer. I met Rachael on a lawn, such as fancy might picture, bright with Boccaccio's vigils—of virgins fair as moonlight, dancing amid the lilies and the dew, floating their blond locks in the clear air, and wavering in a fairy line to the music of golden flutes. In Rachael's soft smile there was a welcome. She gave me her hand, but spoke nothing. I looked into her conscious face. I said, "I have come to you, Rachael." "Then you *will* stay with me," she replied, in a very low tone. I answered, "I must stay with you, if I live. Rachael, I will stay with you forever." I gazed again into her countenance.

A light—deeper, richer, more rosy than a

July sunset—glowed through delicate flushes on her cheek; it played in a golden smile on her lip; it passed like an angelic dream over her brow; it came like morning into the blue orbs that now were suffused with no sorrowful tears. Her face, till then colorless as a snow-drop, flushed as a snowdrop might flush in the red evening, still pale, but with paleness seen through rosy air I saw that her bosom rose and fell, and I looked once more into her eyes, and through their deep violet serenity, I saw the young love born like a new star just trembling into heaven; and she fell upon my neck; I embraced her to my bosom, and without a spoken word the bond of betrothal was between us. We looked toward the western sky; little vermilion clouds were still glowing like islands in the liquid blue, and the sighing breath of the evening passed over my heart, and all the blossoms of its hope expanded in a moment into flowers. Like morning melting into day—like two stars blending their light—like the Rhone in Lemman Lake, we *should* have been from the unspoken pledges of that hour.

For that was the hour to which my expectations had been turned. Tears had watered my heart in desire for it; sorrow had borne me down in despair of it; all the prayers of my affection, all my prophecies of hope, all my fancy's pictures were realized now, and Rachael, whom I so treasured, was mine; she was mine in undiminished beauty; she was mine in surrendered love. The increase of her youth's wisdom, and knowledge, and virtue—the garner of many years—was the dowry of her ripened tenderness to me. She gave me all in placing her hand in mine. As the nightingale, wounding its breast against a thorn, sorrows while it drinks sweetness from the flower, to sing it forth again in the night, so my heart, wounded by loving unloved, had pained itself by eternally repeating its musical *miserere* to Rachael.

As a young, unripened rose—  
A rose unripened yet, but red,  
Blushes from its damasked bed,  
And with odorous petal glows,  
While the light, reflected through,  
Purples in its purple hue,  
So thy beauty blushed to me,  
And my bosom glowed to thee.

Strange wantonings of human nature! Surprise and fear started in my feelings when I found that, clasping Rachael to my breast, I was not stirred by those stormy emotions which moved me when, in days past, she sat far from my side. I was conscious of a cold mood; I tried to think I was happy; I assured myself of my own delight. But, doubt as I might—wonder as I might—sorrow as I might—I could not but confess to myself that I had won this maiden's love when my own had begun to wane. It was all gone—all the passionate affection which grew with each hour, and increased with every look; all the abounding and burning love which had been my moving impulse for years was gone. It was gone—the

devoted faith which counted a day too long to be absent from Rachael, and a life too short to offer its sacrifice of tender ministries for her.

For during her absence I had, at first as a mere refuge and then as a pleasure, sought the society of the golden-locked lily, whose curls had fluttered against my cheek at a ball. She was no more like Rachael than a firefly is like a star which melts its liquid silver into the night, throwing off ripples of lustre to glance and flash along the mellow blue. She was only a graceful, fairy-footed creature, innocent, simple, glad in her own trustfulness, who mistook fancies for thoughts, and would live on love like a bee clinging to the honeyed bosom of a rose. No one had taught her any thing, and if they had it would have fixed in her mind only two ideas—that the good were lovable, and the bad hateful; and that people ought to be kind to each other, and think more of morals than money. Her talk was tender prattle; she seldom expressed even these thoughts, but they were her own, and when I sometimes spoke with her, and met her in her own pathetic mood, and chatted in a low tone about the sufferings of the heart, and seemed passionately to urge the virtue and the power of love, all those expressions which then were meant for my absent Rachael sounded to Lily as an interpretation of my feelings for her. While I thought of Rachael, Lily thought of me; gradually, however, her entire reliance on my words, her frank utterance of her gladness in seeing me, her soft, winsome way, her sweet voice, her exquisite sensitiveness, her purity of sentiment, and the child-like beauty of her aspirations, influenced me; all that was dear in her was higher and dearer in Rachael, yet when I pressed Rachael to my heart my thoughts wandered back to Lily. I was startled by the consciousness. I refused to believe it. Surely I was unchanged; I would not admit the thought; yet my emotions would move in their own sphere; I pleased myself with the memory of the golden-locked one, while I forbade myself to dwell on the idea of her. I *resolved* to be faithful to Rachael, but I knew my heart was already false because it needed a resolve.

This for awhile went on. I saw Rachael often, I knew more of her goodness; I measured more proudly the worth of her noble mind; I saw more than ever that she was created to be loved, and yet I loved her less. I said, indeed, not a word of my change, and I was sincere in my determination *not* to change. I *would* love Rachael. But I delighted to meet Lily, persuading myself, by the casuistry of self-justification, that she was no more than a Platonic friend—most fatal term, which covers a multitude of sins! I dared to be jealous of her. I claimed privileges with her; and gradually all her acquaintance conceded them to me. And yet, even to myself, I pretended not to know that I was doing wrong. Lily belonged to entirely another circle to that which Rachael formed the grace; and thus my folly was favored. I was

loving Lily without intending to win her. I had won Rachael without continuing to love her

Whispers, however, came to the Golden-Locked One, as I called her; and in her simplicity she asked me, without reserve, whether I was affianced. Sad Lily! Her namesake flower, bruised and trodden, never hung on its stem and wept away its beauty in pearls of dew more mournfully than she bowed her head and let fall her humble tears. Her countenance, which had shone as the young moon, now paled as the moon pales when triumphant sunlight flushes the sky all around. But that light was darkness to her; and I saw that I had injured a good heart. I had done a double wrong; for I had loved her, and, loving her, would not accept the love she gave to me. Rachael I had wooed while I loved her, and won when I loved her no more.

As the sole atonement I could make, I told this to Rachael. She listened, and I knew from her face—at first surprised into anguish, but then shaded by a proud, indignant calm—that a sickness had fallen on her heart. The paleness spread even into her eyes; dejection drooped in her lashes, quivering with tears too piteous to fall. No reproach passed through her cold lips; but in their pallor—in one upward look—in her countenance, in her form—what a winter of reproaches came rigorous and chill about me! The whole current of my former love poured out afresh. I implored, and spared no plea, that Rachael would forgive me, and forget the past. She owed it to me, she said, to pardon me, but she owed it to me also, as to herself, to remember my broken faith. I was forbidden to think of her more. Never, she vowed, would her heart desert its own; never should another hand clasp hers as mine had done. But from the unerring testimony of actions by which I had deceived her and duped myself, I could not now trust myself any more than she could trust me. It was better, then, that we should part.

So we parted. Rachael had few words to say, for she *could* not soothe, and *would* not upbraid me. And I lost Rachael, and did not gain Lily. Worse than all other reflection was the consciousness, that I had invoked this treble sorrow into the world. A virtuous will has almost the power of a fate; but they who would be happy in the enjoyment of an intense, exalted, supreme desire, must never for a moment fail in truth. One false act made a desert for me, and I am condemned to live in it alone. I hear that Rachael is still the one whom I loved; and if my memory is ever revived to her, kindly I know will she think of me. Lily is blithe again; for her heart, free from its regrets, wakes always with the spring, and all the leaves of autumn are swept away when June flowers again in the valleys.

But I sit in the shade of a willow—and perhaps it is not only in dreams that I imagine myself once more restored to happiness in the redeemed love of Rachael. In autumn she gave

it to me: in autumn I lost it. Perhaps on some coming autumn eve it may be restored to me.

#### HOW STEEL-PENS ARE MADE.

IT is but a few minutes' walk to Mr. Gillott's pen manufactory. The substantial and handsome building in which the business is carried on gives token of the order and cleanliness we shall find within. We are given at once in charge of an intelligent guide, who, having pointed out the manner in which the metal—a fine steel—is rolled to the required thinness in a rolling-mill, conducts us up-stairs, where we are introduced to a long gallery, clean, lofty, and airy, furnished with long rows of presses, each one in charge of young persons, as pleasing looking, healthy, and happy as we could wish them to be. They are all making pens, and we must see what they are about. The first to whom we are introduced has a long ribbon of the rolled metal in her left hand, from which she is cutting blanks, each of which is to become a pen, at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand a day. The ribbon of metal is something less than three inches in width. Having cut as many pens from one side of it as the whole length—about six feet—will furnish, she turns it over and cuts her way back again, so managing it that the points of the pens cut in going down the second side shall fall in the interstices between the points cut in traversing the first side. By this means nearly the whole of the metal is cut into pens, and but a very insignificant remnant is left. The next operator receives these flat blanks, and subjecting each one separately to a similar press, armed with a different cutting implement, pierces the central hole and cuts the two side slits. Our attention is now drawn to a beautiful machine, which, under the management of a young man, performs at once both the operations above described, cutting the pen from the metal, and piercing the hole, and giving the side slits all at one pressure, with astonishing rapidity and regularity—though not producing pens equal in quality to those made by separate processes.

The pens are as yet but flat pieces of metal, and that of a very hard and unmanageable temper; they have to be bent into cylinders and semi-cylinders, and to induce them to submit to that, they are now heated and considerably softened in an oven. On emerging from the oven, they are stamped with the maker's name on the back; this is accomplished very rapidly by means of a die, which the operator works with his foot. Now comes the most important transformation they undergo; a young girl pops them consecutively into another of the omni-performing presses, from which they come forth as semi-cylinders, or if being *magnum bonums*, or of a kind perfectly cylindrical, an additional pressure in another press finishes the barrel. We have now to follow the pens down stairs to the mouth of a small furnace, or oven, where a man is piling them together in small iron-boxes with loose covers, and arranging them in the