

private marriage or refuse to wed with Herman. But the poor girl was infected with superstitious fears, and her nerves weakened by the perpetual recurrence of these appalling sounds. By degrees, her opposition became weaker and weaker, as the thought of her being possibly accessory to the disturbance of that repose which belongs to the grave gradually possessed her mind. "I must make the sacrifice," said she, one evening, as she and Whittingham were strolling arm and arm on the battery. "The sacrifice of two living souls on the altar of superstition," cried he. "Oh, Marian, can you be so weak as to believe this wild tale?" "Have I not heard the mysterious noises?" "Yes, and so have I. I cannot deny but that there is something apparently supernatural, or, at least, unaccountable in them. But the tale of the ghost deserves only to be laughed at." "Not by me. Every thing connected with the memory of my dear father is sacred. I cannot live under the impression of his wandering about after death, and wanting the repose of a quiet grave, and all through my fault." "And you will destroy the peace of us both?" "I will: it is the command of my living mother, and perhaps of my dead father." "Then you will never see me more," said Whittingham; and they returned to the haunted house without another word. As they opened the door, they heard the rattling of chains and the roaring sounds. Marian shuddered, and even Whittingham felt his nerves somewhat shaken. "Hark! cried she, "don't you hear the warning?" "It is the death-knell of my hopes," replied the youth. A pressure of the hand and a last kiss, and they saw each other no more! It was not long before Marian was worried into a slow, unwilling consent to wed with Herman. It was expected that the marriage would be followed by the repose of the ghost, and the discontinuance of the appalling sounds; but, to the astonishment of all, and the despair of poor Marian, they continued as they did before. "I have sacrificed myself and poor Whittingham in vain," said she, a hundred times a day, as the neglect and ill-humour of Herman deprived her of the last consolation of a wife, that of believing herself beloved by her husband. Herman, who as the reader probably suspects, had concerted with the paw-wower the story of the ghost, quarrelled with him when they came to divide the spoils of the plot, and the consequence was a full exposure. But the noises still continued as great a mystery to Herman as to the rest of the world; and, on the death of the old lady, he removed into a distant part of the city. Poor Marian continued to say to herself, "I have sacrificed myself and him I love in vain." And when, at length, she learned the plot of which she had been the dupe, she pined away and died of a broken heart. I never knew what became of Whittingham. The old house remained untenanted for many years, during which the mysterious rattling of chains and roaring noises entirely ceased. The whole story was forgotten, until, on pulling down the building, it was found, that by accident, or for some cause or other, a smoke jack had been masoned up in the wall, during the period the family had abandoned it in consequence of the city being in possession of the enemy, when, as before observed, it was occupied as a prison or guard house. This discovery explained the whole mystery of the periodical rattling of the chains, and the roaring noises; but alas! could not restore the happiness of poor Marian, or wake the dead from their graves!

IMPORTANCE OF CAPITAL.—What could labour effect in a civilized country, without the assistance of capital? Send the silk weaver, or the ivory carver, the painter or the glazier, to a desert island, and what can he do there? His first business would be to procure himself food. He would spend his days in gathering wild fruits; he would seek out a cave to shelter himself in, he must hunt the beasts for skins to clothe himself with, he must, in short, do everything for himself; he has nobody to assist him. Here his labour would be endless, because it would be solitary; and he would soon become, like the savages of Aveyron, a mere brute from the meanness of his wants. Let us suppose that a vessel was wrecked upon the shore, and that our operative finds in it a saw, a hatchet, and other convenient instruments for the construction of a habitation. Already he is raised above the rank of the savage of Aveyron; he can provide himself with comfortable shelter against the winter; he has possibly found in the wreck seeds and plants, which he transfers to the soil, and thus he soon begins to be above want. But to what does he owe this amelioration of his condition? To the assistance which he has received from capital; for it was capital that purchased the instruments, the seeds and plants, which he has made use of for his own benefit. He now begins to accumulate; he has more food than he wants, and he puts some-

thing by for 'the rainy day.' He, in fact, acquires capital. If we now suppose that a ship touches at the island, and happens to be in want of some of the things which he has accumulated in the shape of capital, he will be able to exchange them for many articles which he could not make for himself, and which would tend greatly to his personal comfort and convenience. He now begins to understand the value of commerce; his new additions greatly facilitate his further labours, he accumulates more and more, again effects fresh exchanges, and, in time, supposing him to live by choice alone on his island, he finds himself a capitalist, in the full sense of the word. But the next time a ship arrives, the sailors land, and rob him of all his acquisitions, so that he again becomes a poor man, and he has nothing wherewith to make fresh exchanges. The robbery is an injustice committed against him who had accumulated the property by a course of successful labour, and an injustice to the party who would have carried on the lawful exchange with him; it strikes, therefore, at the very foundation of commerce, which cannot exist unless in countries where property is secure. Thus we arrive at two principles; first, that capital is the result of labour, and that capital of one kind cannot be exchanged for capital of another, unless the property of all be equally secure.—*Monthly Review.*

FROM FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

STORRS, ON THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

BY MISS LONDON.

I would I had a charmed bark
To sail that lovely lake,
Nor should another prow but mine
Its silver silence wake;
No oar should cleave its sunny tide,
But I would float along,
As if the breath that filled my sail
Were but a murmured song.

Then would I think all pleasant thoughts,
Live early youth anew,
When hope took tones of prophecy,
And tones of music too,
And coloured life with its own hues—
The heart's true Claude Lorraine—
The rich, the warm, the beautiful,
Pd live them once again.

Kind faces flit before my eyes,
Sweet voices fill my ear,
And friends I long have ceased to love
I'll still think loved and here.
With such fair fantasies to fill,
Sweet lake, thy summer air,
If thy banks were not Paradise,
Yet should I dream they were.

The calm and picturesque scenery of the Lake of Windermere might awake a thousand far more romantic visions than that of the return of the first warm feelings of youth. Shut out, as it were, from the world, and enshrined in delicious seclusion, here might the weary heart dream itself away, and find the freshness of the spring-time of the spirit return upon it. Here, at the mansion of Colonel John Bolton, a circumstance which gives interest to the place, did the late Mr. Canning retire from the whirl of public affairs; and, to use the words of Fisher's Illustrations of Lancashire, "here was restored, in some measure, the elasticity of a mind, whose lofty energies were ultimately, and for our country we may say prematurely, exhausted in the preservation of a nation's welfare."

We copy the following extract from a Tale in a late No. of the 'Royal Lady's Magazine,' under the title of 'BLANCHE MANTLE.' Sir Avenel d'Orval, having returned in the disguise of a minstrel, from the Holy Lands, learns that his betrothed, Rose, from a report of his death, propagated by his rival, has been induced, by the wish of her father, to assent to a union with Sir Reginald Calder. By means of his disguise Sir Avenel obtains an interview with Rose, who consents to an elopement with him. The extract opens with his friend Norman, and a small band of followers, in ambush, waiting to escort them in their flight.

The great clock of the castle struck midnight, and as each stroke came half drowned through the storm, Norman glanced eagerly into the impenetrable gloom, but no step was on the road, nor could his eye distinguish any object but the dark rails of the bridge, and the white sheet of water which roared beneath. The troopers sat under the shelter of the trees, their cloaks muffled to their faces, and their drenched horses drooping their heads to the driving rain. The tempest increased at every moment: the wind blew down the narrow glen in violent gusts, which tossed the heads of the trees in whirling eddies, and at times seemed to sweep upward from the ground. The rain fell in sheets, which

resembled the deluge of a waterspout, and at a little distance, a part of the hill-side had sunk into the valley, with all its trees and bushes, and left a wide, deep 'SCAUR,' from which burst a torrent of subterranean water.

The Divie—the preceding day a shallow gliding stream through which Norman had waded scarce wetting his chausses—was now a furious cataract, which roared at the brim of its channel in white mountainous waves. A hollow rumbling concussion, like distant thunder mixed with its roar, and seemed to roll under the water, which every moment sapped vast flakes of the bank, or brought down fragments of stone, that rebounded over the rocky bottom of the river, caused the extraordinary sound by which it was accompanied. The tallest trees shook like a bulrush in the stream; and as they fell went down unheard, almost unseen, amidst the roar of wind and water which swept over them.*

As the clock ceased, Norman glanced anxiously to the pillar of the bridge, on which the bright foam rendered faintly visible the fearful height of the river—it had now risen almost to the keystone of the arch, and the rider remained with his eyes immovably fixed upon the rushing line, which seemed almost sensibly to increase. In a few moments more the waves filled the arch, and suddenly a deep gush of water went over the whole platform, and left only the shivering handrail visible above the foam.

Again the terrific stream collapsed and sunk with a roaring suction under the cavity of the bridge, while the solid oak planks vibrated upon the conflicting waves like the leaf of a water-lily. In the next moment the bank began to sap on the opposite side, and the white trunks of trees, which shot like lightning through the arch, struck the pillars with a force that made the solid buttresses quiver like a hay-cock. "In ten minutes more it is gone!" exclaimed Norman.

The water continued at intervals, washing its angry surges over the whole footway—the esquire turned hastily to the troopers—'Let us pass,' said he, 'or they are cut off!' the horsemen made no reply, but advancing silently to the bridge, waited for the subsiding surge, and before the succeeding wave, spurred their snorting horses over the planks, and sought shelter under the opposite trees.

They had scarce taken post, when the sound of a step approached in the deep gravel, and suddenly a pale white figure appeared through the darkness. The men roused upon their horses, and immediately Norman recognised the dark shadow of his master covered only by his kirtle, and supporting a slender figure, closely muffled in his BLANCHE CAPOTE. 'Is all safe?' said the deep voice of the minstrel, as he stood before them.

'All but the storm, Sir Avenel,' answered Norman. 'But a moment more, and the bridge is gone.'

'Bring white Soldan,' said the knight; and as he spoke, one of the grooms led forward the horse, and throwing off the wide mantle by which he had been covered, the pale figure, and streaming main of the noble Arabian, appeared suddenly in the darkness.

Sir Avenel looked at the bridge. The furious water was now running like a mill stream over the vibrating planks. 'Can you venture this?' said the knight, glancing despondingly to the white veiled figure which clung to his arm.

'If you are sure of the horse, I can sit,' replied the gentle voice of Rose Bisset.

'He is my own glorious Soldan, which brought me from Palestine!' answered the knight.

Rose laid her slender hand on the shoulder of the horse, and offered her little white foot to the esquire, who always knelt beside the stirrup. The knight lifted her to the saddle, and in a moment she fixed herself in the seat, and gathered up the reins. 'I am ready,' said her soft maiden voice, almost drowned in the wind.

Sir Avenel leaped on his horse, and taking the bridal of Soldan, led him towards the bridge. The noble steed snorted, paused, and drew back, as if conscious of the previous burden which he bore: 'Soldan! ho, Soldan!' said the knight, patting his white neck—'Forward, good Soldan!'

At the deep sound of his master's voice, the horse suddenly raised his ears, and advanced cautiously on the bridge; at that moment a deeper surge of the flood swept through the hand rails a white whirling tumult of foam and wreck, and the horses rushed forward into the stream. In an instant the black figure of the knight was lost in the darkness, but the pale horse, and mantle of Rose, struggled, fluttered, dashed, thundering through the foam and tempest, like the white water-spirit of the storm.

'Soli Deo Gloria!' shouted the crusader, as he led forth the horse on the firm turf and for a moment the plash of the troopers followed after through the roaring waves.

They gathered up in quick succession on the bank till all was silent but the storm.

'Are all here?' said Sir Avenel; and as the low voices answered out of the darkness, the knight spoke a few words to Norman, and the esquire leaning forward, the horsemen followed slowly up the narrow path which led from the glen.

In a few moments they wound above the trees which hid the bottom of the valley, and saw the windows of the castle glimmering faintly through the storm; the towers were wholly lost in the darkness, but quick shifting lights appeared, and vanished in the casements, and suddenly a number of red sparks moved along the air like gliding stars.

'The trackers are on the hill!' whispered Sir Avenel to the esquire—'ride on.'

The dark line of horsemen pressed eagerly up the steep, till having gained the level down on its summit, they followed its winding edge at a rapid trot. The knight glanced back into the deep black gulf of darkness below, but the lights had disappeared, and no sounds came from the glen but the roar of the river and the trees.

As they approached the parting of the paths, Norman turned back to the side of Sir Avenel, 'There is no bridge left on the Findhorn, but the Rathad-Cuinge,' said he.

Sir Avenel stopped suddenly, 'The Rathad-Cuinge!' he repeated.

* A Lammas flood is one of the most striking features of Scottish climate, and few seasons pass without some remarkable instance of its ravages. In August, 1830, the province of Moray was visited by a tempest, causing such a deluge on all the rivers, as there is every evidence to believe could not have occurred during the three centuries before. The above sketch, which may seem exaggerated, is but a feeble outline of the scenes witnessed on the Divie and the Findhorn.