

LITERATURE, &c.

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THE HAUNTED GRANGE.

'Now, Sir,' said the attorney, as he mixed himself a fresh glass of grog, 'you will judge, if I had not some reason for requesting you to discontinue your walks in the Haverfield grounds.' 'I assure you,' said I, when I had paid the talkative little lawyer a few compliments upon the felicity of his descriptive powers, that I almost fancy I behold the unfortunate lady with her large black eyes, and her pallid face before me; I am certain I shall dream of nothing else. But have you never, Mr. Pettiquirk, formed any conjecture as to the motive for these singular directions?

'Sir,' said the attorney, 'I never presume to judge of the conduct of those who honour me with their bequests.' It will be a comfortable thing, when it falls into possession, said I, 'with your experience, (you will not be more than a hundred years old,) you may make a snug box of it.' Pettiquirk smiled. 'But the ease you have mentioned,' added I, 'is by no means a solitary one, there are two houses in Bethnal Green and one in the Mineries, similarly circumstanced.' This, by the bye, was an invention of my own, but I wanted to pique the lawyer into a little more communicativeness.

I related a few other anecdotes, the coinage of my own brain, connected with the subject, and by degrees the attorney resumed a portion of his former loquacity; he enumerated in detail, the numerous legends that were current in the village, embellished as they were with the incrustations of twenty years, but all these were so contradictory, and so absurd, that I despairing more than ever of obtaining a solution of the mystery, what took place afterwards between Mr. Pettiquirk and myself I cannot distinctly call to mind; I have a dim recollection of pulling his wig off, and throwing it into the fire, but cannot depose with certainty to the fact; in truth, the rum in some sort had gotten into my head, and on such occasions I am sometimes affected with a species of unconsciousness, which obfuscates, as it were, my intellectual faculties.

While I was sitting over a late breakfast the next day, my landlady, a good humoured elderly woman, with a face, figure, and dress, worthy the pencil of Teniers, entered with a smothering number of the 'Morning Herald.' 'Good morning to yee, Mr. Poplar; how do you find yourself this morning, Sir?'

'Cursed headache,' said I. 'Ah! Sir, that's a terrible thing—a cup of strong tea will do you good, Sir. And so Mr. Pettiquirk was with you last night, Sir?' 'He was,' said I, 'and a very jolly fellow he seems to be.' 'He's a nice gentleman, Mr. Pettiquirk. Did he tell you any thing about the old Grange, the haunted house on the river side?' 'He did,' said I, fancying I might secure some clue to the attainment of my object—a melancholy story—and I related to her the particulars of the death of Mrs. Desborough. At each pause in my narrative my landlady stretched forth her neck, regarding me with an expression which is, I believe, peculiar to innkeepers, and custom-house officers.

'My dear Mrs. Scoremup,' said I, 'you look as if you knew a great deal more about the matter, do not be so good as to sit down and tell me the whole story.' The whole story!—well now, was there ever such a gentleman? 'What kind of a man was Mr. Desborough?' 'Mr. Desborough, Sir, Oh! a fine gentleman, Sir; he had the best horses and the finest pack of hounds in the county. When he married Miss Haverfield, the rich heiress, they were the handsomest couple I ever set eyes on. Such an equipage, Sir!—four such horses!'

'Did they live happily together?' 'Happily! yes, to be sure, Sir; the lady always had her own way—did just as she pleased—the squire never interfered;—sometimes when he came home from hunting (he was always out with the horses or the dogs, Sir,) he would be a little fractious in his liquor, and I have heard Margaret say; but, Lord love you, Sir, they lived very comfortably.'

I allowed the worthy lady to run on in this manner for some time, in the hope that she would at length come to something more german to the matter; I was rewarded for my patience by a repetition of the stale romances, to which, in Mr. Pettiquirk's company, I had inclined so attentive an ear; the hostess concluded her rignarole with a morceau well worthy the attention of the married reader.

A woman in the neighbouring town of Dunderton murdered her husband, salted the body like a pig, and deposited it in her cellar. Every morning she cut a portion from the carcass, and flung it into the river. She told her neighbours that her husband had gone to sea, and it is probable that the greater part of him actually did go there.—At length the whole body, with the exception of the head, was disposed of in this manner. By some accident the murder was discovered; the murderess was apprehended, tried, found guilty, and executed. When the magistrate, who committed her, demanded why she had not disposed of the head in the same manner as the rest of the body—she answered, simply, that she had several times made the attempt, but that the head was too heavy!

Reduced to despair by the pertinency of this last sally, I was devising some means of putting a stop to the current of a flow of words that seemed to have no limit, when happening to cast my eyes upon a neck-kerchief which decorously concealed my hostess's bosom, I there beheld an ornament that I little expected to find in such a place. It was a miniature, a portrait, and an admirably executed one of the figure which I had so strangely discovered the preceding evening at the window of Haverfield Grange; there was the same beautiful countenance, somewhat less pallid, the same profusion of brown ringlets, and even the very dress which had already so deeply excited my interest.

'My dear Mrs. Scoremup,' said I, breaking in upon the gossip, which she was pouring into an unconscious ear. 'I never

saw so pretty a portrait: is it a correct likeness of the late Mr. S—? The late Mr. S—! marry come up! cried the offended landlady, my poor dear man that's gone, would have made three of this little whipper-snapper. Why, I don't think he stood more than five feet five, or six at the very most without his shoes.—but s my husband's picture, Sir, that stands over the mantel-piece in my small parlour,—the one in the regimentals of the Boreham Fencibles, with an orange in his hand; the limner wanted to paint a nosegay, Sir, but poor dear Mr. Scoremup had a mortal objection to nosegays, ever since he saw a highwayman go up to Holborn Hill to be hanged, with one in his hand.'

'Then who is the person that portrait is intended to represent?' said I, pointing to the miniature. 'Why this,' said Mrs. Scoremup, 'is the likeness of a young gentleman who came to this house about twenty years ago, a real gentleman I thought he was—it was quite ridiculous the way he used to wheedle me, Sir, when he wanted to get an additional bottle of claret; I was a young woman then, Sir;—he had such a winning way with him, with his pale baby face.' 'What was his name?' said I. 'We used to call him Number Three, Sir, because you see, he used to sleep in No. 3, your own room, Sir; well he stayed here a matter of six weeks or more; he was uncommon fond of fishing, sometimes he'd ramble out after breakfast with his rod, and never show his face until eleven, and twelve at night, and what was most curious he never brought home any fish—he was the oddest gentleman—I used to jeer him about it. Well, one morning he went out as usual, telling me not to trouble myself about his dinner, for he might not be home until late; so when eleven o'clock came, and my gentleman wasn't returned, I told Sally Chambermaid to wait up for him, and went to my bed. Well, Sir, when I got up next morning, the first person I met in the passage, was Dick Ostler with the gentleman's fishing rod in his hand. I'm afraid, ma'am, said Dick, that saumat's gone wrong with the young squire. Dick always called him squire. Why mercy on me! Dick, said I, what can be the matter?' 'Matter, ma'am, says Dick, the matter's this, as I was watering brown Dobbin down at the river this morning, I found this here fishing-rod, that belongs to the strange gentleman, a-sticking amongst the long rushes; and Sally Chambermaid says, ma'am that he was out all night, and hasn't come back by no means.'

'Well, Sir, I was in a quandary!—we first thought he was drowned, and poor Mr. Scoremup had the river dragged nearly as far down as Dunderton, but we never got any tidings of him. Mr. Scoremup said he was a swindler, but I often thought that if the poor gentleman had been alive, he'd have come back to settle his account; he owed me a matter of fifteen pounds, Sir; he didn't care what he ordered—I thought he was a rare customer—when we came to search his portmanteau, there were only a few shirts and stockings in it; poor Mr. Scoremup wore them himself afterwards; there was no mark upon his linen; I found this picture in the table-drawer in his room.'

'Did you not advertise?' said I. 'Advertise! bless your heart, Sir, twenty years ago; we never saw a paper here from year's end to year's end.'

Mrs. Scoremup and I had some further conversation upon the same subject; I wanted to purchase the portrait of her, but she refused to part with it. 'I sometimes suspect,' said she, as she was leaving the room, 'that Margaret Chambermaid knows more about the matter than she would have us to think; she can't abide to look at this picture, and the first time she saw me wearing it, I thought she would have dropped; she's a strange girl sometimes, Sir.'

When my landlady had departed, I was altogether at a loss what to do with myself; my visits to the ruined house had been interdicted by Mr. Pettiquirk, no other part of the neighbourhood possessed the slightest interest in my eyes; I had nothing for it, but to sit down quietly by the fireside, and ruminate in silence upon the strange histories I had so recently been listening to.

Haverfield Grange, with its neglected grounds, its closed-up gates, and its shattered casements, seemed faintly shadowed forth on the billowy clouds of Varinas vapour that rolled heavily from my lips. As I sat in my solitary sitting room, I seemed again to behold the spectral form of the mysterious stranger gazing from the dilapidated window, and reflecting upon the story I had heard from Mrs. Scoremup, felt convinced that the circumstances of his mysterious disappearance had some connexion with the fortunes of the late proprietors of the deserted dwelling. The fact, that Margaret had been the waiting-maid of Mrs. Desborough, coupled with the concuding expressions of my loquacious landlady, was sufficient to induce me to cross-examine that interesting chambermaid when at five o'clock, she came to lay the cloth, and make other preparations for my dinner. She was an elegant looking virgin of about forty, with a sharp nose, and a blooming but shrivelled countenance.

'Margaret,' said I, 'it strikes me as a very unaccountable circumstance, that you should still be unmarried.' 'As for the matter of that,' said she, 'it's not for the want of offers, if one was inclined to make a fool of one's self.' 'Were you not lady's maid at Haverfield Grange at the time the young man was drowned, who lodged at this inn about twenty years ago?'

The poor creature's countenance became excessively pale, the decanter, she was about to place upon the table, dropped upon the floor, and was shattered in a thousand fragments.

'I am afraid you are unwell,' said I. 'Oh dear no, Sir; I'm quite well now, Sir. Yes, Sir; I was lady's maid at the Grange, when'

I never saw grief and horror more vividly depicted upon a countenance, than upon that of the trembling rustic figure before me. [To be Concluded in our next.]

SUPPOSED MALIGNITY OF A WHALE.

AMONG the accidents that have occurred in the prosecution of this business, the loss of the ship Essex, Captain George Pollard, junr. of Nantucket, is one of the most remarkable. It was thus described in an authentic narrative of the event, published by the mate of the ship, Mr. Owen Chase.—'I observed a very large sperm whale, as well as I could judge about eighty-five (?) feet in length. He broke water about twenty rods off our weather bow, and lying quietly with his head in a direction for the ship. He spouted two or three times, and then disappeared. In less than three seconds he came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots. The ship was then going with about the same velocity. His appearance and attitude gave us, at first, no alarm; but, while I stood watching his movements, and observing him, but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I involuntarily ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down on us at full speed, and struck the ship with his head just forward of the forechains. He gave us such an appalling and tremendous jar as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few minutes like a leaf. We looked at each other in perfect amazement, deprived almost of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water, apparently stunned with the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute. He then suddenly started off in a direction to leeward. After a few minutes reflection, and recovering in some measure from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I, of course, concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than one minute, before I perceived the head of the ship gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, (at that time in pursuit of whales,) which I had scarcely despatched, before I again discovered the whale, apparently in convulsions, on the top of the water, about one hundred rods to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam that his continued and violent threshing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him smite his jaws together as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great velocity across the bows of the ship to windward. By this time the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up as lost. I, however, ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and endeavoured to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship; with an intention of clearing them away, and getting all things ready to embark in them if there should be no other resource left. While my attention was thus engaged for a moment, I was roused by the cry of the man at the hatchway, 'Here he is,—he is making for us again.' I turned round, and saw him about one hundred rods directly ahead of us, coming down with apparently twice his ordinary speed, and to me it appeared with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The surf flew in all directions, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam of a rod in width, which he made with a continual violent threshing of his tail. His head was about half out of water, and in that way he came upon us, and again struck the ship. I was in hopes, when I descried him making for us, that, by putting the ship away immediately, I should be able to cross the line of his approach, before he could get up to us, and thus avoid, what I knew, if he should strike us again, would be our inevitable destruction. I called out to the helmsman, 'Hard up!' but she had not fallen off more than a point before we took the second shock. I should judge the speed of the ship, at this time, to have been about three knots, and that of the whale about six. He struck her to windward, directly under the cat-head, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him.' This disastrous encounter occurred near the equator, at a thousand miles distance from land. Provisioned and equipped with whatever they could save from the wreck, twenty men embarked in three slender whale boats, one of which was already crazy and leaky. One boat was never heard of afterwards. The crews of the others suffered every misery that can be conceived, from famine and exposure. In the captain's boat they drew lots for the privilege of being shot, to satisfy the rabid hunger of the rest. After nearly three months, the captain's boat, with two survivors, and the mate's boat, with three, were picked up at sea, two thousand miles from the scene of the disaster, by different ships.—*North American Review.*

VELOCITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.

The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave, but in fact the *form* only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum.—A wave of water, in this respect is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because, then, as it cannot