

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE HAUNTED GRANGE.

SOMETHING more than a week had elapsed since the professional visit of my friend Mr. Pettiquirk, my landlady was abroad at some village junketting, and my fire blazed cheerfully in its ample hearth: in short I was happy, for I had at length prevailed upon Margaret to reveal to me the hitherto hidden mystery of the deserted house. It was needless to enumerate the various devices I put in practice to entrap the ci-devant soubrette; it is a vulgar error to suppose that ladies are incapable of retaining secrets, I do not know any class of persons who in general keep them better, or, indeed, have more to keep. It was not until I had declared to Margaret, in a solemn manner my serious intention of espousing her, and thereupon laid claim to that unreserved confidence, which is the privilege of a husband, that I induced her to communicate the morceau of secret history which I am about to relate.

Were I servilely to adhere to the style and form of expression used by the fair narratrix, together with the somewhat copious digression, and episodes consequent thereon, I fear that my unhappy narrative would become almost as tedious, although not so expensive as a Whig Commission of inquiry; trusting, therefore, that such of my readers as are still awake will pardon the prolixity I have already indulged in, I shall, in as few words as possible, hasten to the conclusion of this strange eventful history.

The village clock was striking ten, when Mr Desborough, alone, and on foot, arrived at the back entrance of Haverfield Grange. He had met with three signal misfortunes in the course of the day, and his temper was consequently exacerbated to an unusual degree. He had been completely thrown out in the chase; he had staked his favourite hunter to death in an ineffectual attempt to regain his place, and he had received a fall which, without inflicting any serious injury, had shaken his frame in a most uncomfortable manner.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that he was in no disposition to enjoy the boisterous festivities of the fox-hunting club, of which he was a member, and that he took the earliest opportunity of escaping from his claret-drinking companions, who seemed to have regarded the mishaps he had met with as themes of undistinguishable mirth.

Instead of knocking at the gate, as was his usual custom when he returned home on horseback; on this particular evening he made use of his master-key, and not wishing to exhibit to his servants the tattered, bemired, and altogether rueful looking condition of his habiliments, he determined to proceed at once to his chamber, and committing himself to his couch, seek that repose which his aching bones told he had stood so much in need of.

Now, it appears, that the chamber occupied by the Squire and his lady, at Haverfield, was one of those, whose windows looked out upon the garden that extended, as I have said before, to the river's side, it contained a small cabinet, or closet, with a glass door, situated between the two windows, and excavated, as it were, out of the thickness of the wall, which even for a country mansion was unusually solid.

'I do not expect you so early, Desborough?' said his lady, as she closed the door of the little cabinet. 'Who have you got in the closet, Adeline?' said the Squire, who had caught an indistinct glimpse of a dark figure in the farthest recess. 'Tis only Margaret, folding up my dresses,' rejoined the lady, with a quiet air. 'Had you an agreeable dinner at the club to-day?'

Mr. Desborough did not answer her, for at that moment the chamber door opened, and Margaret entered; it was a clap of thunder to the hitherto unsuspecting husband; he thrust his hands to the extremity of his breeches-pockets, and forgetting his bruises and his fatigues, began to pace up and down the bedroom with a hasty and uncertain step.

'Is there any thing the matter with you, Desborough?' said his wife, looking timidly at him, 'have you received any disagreeable intelligence?' The husband continued his promenade, without speaking. 'Margaret, you may leave me now,' said Mrs. Desborough to her maid, who was occupied in arranging her mistress's hair for the night.

When Margaret was out of hearing, or rather was supposed to be so, for she remained with her ear rivetted to the key-hole, Mrs. Desborough looked up, and beheld her husband standing before her; his cheeks were pale, his lips trembled, and his voice was husky with suppressed passion.

'Madam!' said he, 'there is somebody concealed in that closet.' She gazed upon him with an appearance of stupefaction, the expression of her countenance resembled that of a sleeper distorted by a perturbed dream.

Mr. Desborough had turned away with the intention of scrutinizing the fatal cabinet himself, when his further progress was arrested by the hand of his wife, laid gently upon his arm; there was something touching in her regard, and in the subdued tones of her voice, as she looked up sadly in his face.

'Desborough,' said she, 'reflect for a moment upon what you are about to do, if you enter that cabinet and find no person within, we are parted for ever.'

The Squire was moved to an unwonted degree by this appeal on the part of a wife, whom, notwithstanding his constant neglect, and occasional brutality, he still loved, and felt proud of.

'Adeline,' said he, 'I will not enter your closet; in either case you would be lost to me for ever. I do justice to the purity of your heart, and the blamelessness of your life. I am not insensible to the patience with which you have endured my irregularities, and the caprices of my temper; will you then, for my satisfaction, give me your word, that there is no person concealed in that closet?' 'I will,' said she, 'there is no person that I am aware of concealed in that closet.' 'Nay,' cried

the Squire, 'you will swear to it?' 'I will swear,' said the lady, in hurried accents, 'that there is no person concealed in that closet.' 'I am quite satisfied,' replied the husband, as he rang the bell, 'and now I shall give you an account of the misfortunes that befel me to-day.'

'Margaret,' said he, addressing himself to that soubrette, who appeared at the door, 'tell Wilkins I wish to speak to him.'

Mr. Wilkins was the head groom, valet, and occasional confidant of the Squire. 'Wilkins,' said Mr. Desborough, going to the door where the servant stood awaiting him, Wilkins, and he lowered his voice, 'go through the house, and see that all the servants retire to their sleeping rooms, with as little delay as possible, then run down to the village and bring up Joberson, the mason, with you, you can assist him in carrying his tools. You understand,' added he, slipping a couple of guineas into his agent's hands, 'there is a job to be done here to-night, and it must be done, as expeditiously, and quietly as possible.'

'Well, as I was saying,' said the Squire, returning to his wife whom he had taken care not to lose sight of, while giving directions to his servant, 'I was mounted on the sorrel mare, &c. &c. &c.'

'Joberson is waiting at the door, Sir,' said Wilkins, who had executed his master's commands with his usual celerity and exactness.

On hearing the mason announced, Mrs. Desborough coloured slightly, but made no remark.

'Joberson,' said her husband, 'I wish to have the door-way of that closet built up with as much despatch as possible. Wilkins will take you to the barn, where you will find bricks and materials for mortar, sufficient for the purpose.'

Mrs. Desborough appeared, occupied by the perusal of a volume of 'the Tatler,' which she held in her hand.

'Joberson,' said the Squire, in a low tone of voice, when the mason had returned, 'it is your intention, I understand, to set out for America shortly?' 'I should have gone there last Spring, Sir,' said the mason, 'but my money was not sufficient.' 'Well,' said the Squire, 'I think I can put you in a condition to leave the country handsomely; if you do this job cleverly, and without making a noise, you shall have a cheque upon my banker in London for two hundred pounds. You shall have five hundred more on my being apprized of your arrival at New York, and after the expiration of ten years, if I shall be satisfied that you have resided all that time in America, you shall have three hundred more.' 'A thousand pounds in all!' shouted the astonished mason, 'I'll set about it directly, Sir, if you please.'

Mr. Desborough walked to the window farthest from the fire-place, and stood with folded arms, and gazed upon the moon that floated tranquilly amongst the fleecy clouds. 'Joberson' whispered Mrs. Desborough, 'a hundred guineas if you will leave a crevice in the wall—a breathing space.'

The Squire turned hastily round, divested his wearied feet of his heavy boots, put on a pair of velvet slippers, and recommenced, with noiseless steps, his promenade up and down the chamber. The mason, who by his looks seemed to have understood the hint he had received, contrived to dislodge, with much dexterity, and little noise, the large pane of plate-glass, which occupied the centre of the closet-door; when he had done this he was enabled to perceive, not without infinite amazement and some horror, the sombre figure of a man, whose black eyes seemed to flash fire from amid the darkness that surrounded them.

The unhappy lady took the opportunity of her husband's back being turned towards her to admonish the stranger by a sign, that hope had not yet abandoned her.

It was four o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Joberson had completed his well required piece of masonry, he was dismissed by the Squire with his cheque, and a positive command to proceed directly to London, without stopping a single day either in the village, or on the road; the ill-fated couple then retired to their couch: and the chamber, lately the scene of so singular an adventure, became nearly as silent, as, afterwards, it was destined to remain for sixty years.

About nine o'clock, when the Squire had nearly concluded dressing himself, he turned suddenly to his wife, and said, 'By the bye, if you have no objection to joining me in a late breakfast, I should like to step down to Farmer Grampus's turnip field, where the sorrel mare staked herself yesterday; I should be sorry were the poor thing devoured by the dogs, or what is worse, by the carrion crows; so if Grampus will agree to have her buried.' 'Very well,' said Mrs. Desborough, 'I shall wait breakfast.' 'Margaret!' shrieked the lady, in a thrilling tone, when her husband had departed, 'come quickly, lend me your assistance—it may not yet be too late.' A brick or two of the massive structure had been loosened, and displaced by the frantic exertions of the distracted woman, assisted as they were by the vigorous arm of the faithful maid. Mrs. Desborough turned her head, as if to take breath for a renewed effort, and beheld—her husband standing behind her! She fainted.

'Put your mistress to bed,' said the Squire, coldly, to Margaret. 'Wilkins,' added he, turning to his confidential servant, 'you will carry me my meals until further orders to this apartment; your mistress has got a bad fever, and I am determined not to quit her bed-side until the crisis be over.' During thirteen days the vindictive husband continued closely to confine himself within the fatal room, which his agonized and guilty wife could not summon resolution to quit: when upon the fourth and fifth the involuntary groans of the dying man became fearfully audible in the silent chamber, and the horror-stricken lady would fain have interceded on behalf of the immured victim: her dignified, deprecatory, or despairing addresses were calmly interrupted with—'but my dear, you have sworn to me, that no person is concealed in that closet!'

FROM MONTGOMERY MARTIN'S HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

DESCRIPTION OF CANTON.

CANTON is situated on the north side of the Chooken-gang, or Pearl River, (called by Europeans the Canton River, and the river Figris.) It is in lat. 23° 7' N. and lon. 113° 15' E. of Greenwich, or 3° 31' W. of Peking. To the north of the city there is a line of hills from west to north, running to within two miles of the river. The city is surrounded by a thick wall, built partly of stone and partly of brick, and is divided into two parts by another wall, running east and west. The northern division is called the old, and the southern the new city. In the old city is the Mantchou General, with a garrison of Mantchou troops under his command. The Lieutenant Governor, or Gouyeien's office, is also in the old city; but the Governor and Hoppo reside in the new city, not far from the river.

All the foreign commerce is conducted in the southwest suburb, where the foreign factories are situated, and which, with the other suburbs, is probably not less populous than the city itself. The residence of the Europeans is confined to a very small space, on the banks of the river; which might, however, be as pleasant as a crowded mercantile place can well be, were it not for the great number of small dwelling boats which cover the face of the river. The people who occupy the larger portion of these boats are said to have come originally from the south, and being a foreign and despised race, were formerly not allowed to dwell on shore; but most of the distinctions between them and the rest of the people were removed by the Emperor Keenlung, under the influence of general principles of equity.

The population of the city and suburbs of Canton must be considerable when we know that of shoemakers there are about twenty-five thousand, of carpenters sixteen thousand, of weavers fifteen thousand, of lapidaries seven thousand. The people who live on the river in small boats are computed at fifty thousand; there are also eighteen thousand boats of various sizes trading along the river between Canton and Whampoa. In the city and suburbs of Canton there are one thousand six hundred houses of ill fame, which pay each a monthly license to the police of two hundred Spanish dollars. There are one thousand seven hundred shops in Canton, which sell only fire-wood and charcoal, and the dealers have a hall, where they meet for the regulation of their trade. It is known, by the issue of permits, that there are daily slaughtered in the city of Canton twenty-four thousand pigs! The five principal districts contain each about one thousand unpaid police; the middle sized ditto from three to four hundred, and the smallest one or two hundred; all these gain a livelihood by preventing, conniving at, or encouraging crime.

FROM THE SAME.

THE TEA LEAF.

THIS extraordinary shrub, although found wild in different parts of Asia, is only extensively cultivated in China and Japan; in the former principally between the 29° and 36° N. Lat. and between the 125° and 112° E. Long. There is only one species of the plant cultivated in China, (tea of botanists, tcha, tha, or sah of the Chinese,) it is propagated from seeds, deposited in rows, four or five feet asunder, the vegetation being so uncertain that it is necessary to put seven or eight seeds in each dibble. The first crop of leaves is not collected until between the second and third year after sowing, and when the trees are seven or eight years old they are removed to make way for fresh plants. Calyx small and persistent, Corolla six petalled white, (resembling the dog-rose,) succeeded by soft green three celled capsules, seeds single, globose, angular, and filbert sized, stem ligneous, height six feet, branches very leafy; leaves alternate smooth and short, thick cancellated petiole, having a blunt notched apex and serrated except at the base. The shrub delights most (like the vine) in a dry stony ground, on an elevated position, and its qualities vary with the soil in which it is cultivated. Three crops of leaves are yielded in April, Midsummer, and September; the two first pickings are best, the earliest gathered leaves are of the most delicate colour, with the finest aromatic flavor; the second are of a dull green color, and the last of a dark green, and of an inferior quality, the goodness of which is yet further influenced by the age of the plant; leaves from young wood most exposed being best. Pekoe is the leaf buds picked early in the Spring, before they expand, sometimes mixed with a species of olive flower to give it a vagrance, hence the term 'white blossom tea.' Congou, Souchong, Bohea, &c. take their names, like various wines, from the districts in which they are grown, or the mode in which they are prepared, their relative goodness is in proportion to the care bestowed on the cultivation and manufacture. Green tea is principally grown in the provinces of Kiagnau, Kiong-si and Che-Kiang, and differs from the black tea in being torried in iron pots or vases over