VOL. VII.

Cambridge Chronicle.

NO. 42.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1834.

WHOLE NO. 506.

TERMS:

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued in the paper and charged at the above rates, until direction to omit them is received

THE SKELETON HAND.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

And he must have this creature of perfection!
It shall not be, whatever else may be!—
As there is blood and manhood in this body,
It shall not be.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The shadows of night had gathered over the village of Hazlewood—the wind howled along the mountains—and the snow, which had been some time falling, already covered the ground. The weather was cold and cheerless; and, the inhabitants keeping within doors, and closing their casements to prevent the driving snow from insinuating itself within, the village wore rather a gloomy aspect. There was one exception, however, to the sombre appearance of the little community of Hazlewood. That exception was the ancient stone mansion of 'Squire Hazleton, situated in the skirts of the village, just beneath a wild and woody spur of the highlands of the Hudson. The old halls were brilliantly lighted—the fires blazed brightly upon the broad hearths—and a happy company was collecting, buoyant with anticipated pleasure and delight. It was the bridal night of Susan Hazleton, the pride of the village. She had been betrothed for two or three years to Henry Rosencrantz, a promising young man, son of one of the richest and most respectable landholders on the borders of the Hudson. In the early part of their courtship, the possession of her hand had been disputed by Roswell Thornton, a young man of suitable age and prospects for Susan: but there were indications of a passionate and revengeful disposition; doubts as to his moral principles; and some distrust as to his habits; which would have deterred the gentle girl from accepting his proposals, even had she not been affianced to one whom she loved with the deepest and purest affection, and who was every way worthy of her regard. But we must do Thornton the justice to admit, that he sincerely and deeply, nay, madly, loved her. And it was not until every effort had been exerted in vain, and several direct repulses encountered, that he ceased pressing his suit. He then became moody and reserved; and, after lingering in the neighborhood of the object of his affections for several months, suddenly left that part of the country, vowing never more to return. Meantime, Henry, his more happy rival, was assiduous in every attention to his future bride which could minister to her happiness, and ingratiate him more deeply in her affections. She was worthy of his love, little short as it came of adoration. She possessed a good understanding, which had been well cultivated. Her spirits were lively and buoyant; her light form was all symmetry and grace; and her countenance beautiful. With all these attractions she united the gentlest and sweetest disposition, and the utmost artlessness and simplicity of manners:

Her face so fayre as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait, and bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without e'en blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion's due;
And in her cheek the vermil red did show,
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odors from them threw,
And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, or to revive the dead.

Unaffectedly pious, with a heart keenly alive to the calls of distress and suffering, with a hand "open as day to melting charity," and a life adorned with every feminine virtue, Susan Hazleton was the general favorite of the village. And, as Henry was deservedly esteemed for his exalted moral worth, and the general excellence of his character and disposition, their marriage had been a subject of pleasurable contemplation to the whole of their little community. Of a delicate constitution, yielding as a fragile willow, and as susceptible as the sensitive plant, to complete her happiness the lovely Susan would require all those little nameless and endearing attentions which sweeten and render the cup of life delightful. And these attentions it would be the pride, the happiness and the ambition of Henry to bestow. Such were the interesting pair whose nuptials the joyous group in Hazleton Hall had assembled to celebrate.

It was now time for the bride to appear, and the eyes of the company began to turn wistfully towards the door through which she must enter from the long corridor into which the stairway from her apartment descended. There seemed, indeed, to be some delay. Even the bridegroom, awaiting her to join him in an ante-room, began to cast earnest, if not impatient, glances towards the door. Still she did not come! The little pleasantries usually indulged in at the expense of the principal figures on such occasions were suspended in the drawing-room. The appointed moment for the ceremony had passed—and yet the bride was not there! The mother was just rising to investigate the cause of the unexpected delay, when the bridemaids entered, trembling with affright, their lips and cheeks white as their wedding garments! The guests were upon their feet in an instant, and the cause of the alarm eagerly inquired by every voice at once. The agitation of the damsels was so excessive that a coherent story could not be extracted for several moments. To the unutterable consternation of the company, however, it appeared from the statement of her attendants that, after the toilet of the bride had been completed, and her bridal ornaments arranged, she desired to be left to the communion of her own thoughts for a short space, requesting her fair attendants to descend and linger in an ante-room below stairs, where she would join them with the doating bridegroom, in a very short time, and present herself to the expectant company. Marvelling at her delay, and growing somewhat alarmed withal, they at length ascended to her apartment. It was empty! And the recollection instantly flashed upon the mind of one of the young ladies, that, while sitting below, she had heard, or fancied she heard, a faint scream as of one in distress. But it was too feeble and transient to make an impression at the moment, though it now rung in her memory with fearful distinctness.—The conclusion of this statement, full of terror and alarm to the whole company, fell like a thunder stroke upon the ear of the lover, and sounded to the already half-distracted mother like the death-knell of her daughter. Search was instantly made through the house and over the whole premises. The alarm quickly spread through the village, every part of which was examined, and every well fathomed. But the search was fruitless. No sign or trace of the bride could be discovered, and the mystery of her disappearance was apparently impenetrable. The affectionate mother was frantic; the doating father unmanned; the bridegroom left in a state of suspense and agony easier imagined than described; while the whole village was agitated and alarmed.

At an early moment of the alarm the strange intelligence was communicated to the village inn, kept by the worthy Mr. Christian Vebber, where several of the young gallants of the neighborhood, not in attendance upon the wedding, were enjoying a social evening around a blazing and comfortable nut-wood fire. The cheerful faces of the party were at once clouded with gloom; for, as we before remarked, the lovers were general favorites, and the subject of the happy wedding had been discussed only a few minutes before.

"Poor Susan!" exclaimed one of the circle, Gilbert Dawson, a young man of about twenty-five: "I hope nothing can have happened to her."

"Perhaps," said Charles Stanley, "she has just dodged out for a frolic, to startle the bridegroom; and she may have stepped in at old Mrs. Williamson's, or perhaps tripped across the green to widow Godfrey's. Surely nothing serious can have happened to the sweet creature!"—and he would have gone on to name twenty other places, where she might have fled for a little frolic, had he not been interrupted.

"All these places have been visited," replied Montgomery, the young gentleman who brought the unwelcome news, and who was to have stood up with the happy pair as one of the groomsmen, along with his sweet cousin, Catharine Livingston—"all these places have been visited, and she cannot be discovered." And a silent look told more of his fears than his lips. Concealing his emotion, however, as well as he could, and desiring Gilbert Dawson to come along with him and assist in the search, he told the others not now to be alarmed, as she might yet, perhaps, be found unharmed. Before proceeding a dozen rods from the inn, Gilbert stopped short, and struck his hand upon his forehead for an instant, as if some horrid thought, some dreadful conceit, had entered his brain.

"It's two hours or more, since I saw him pass," said Gilbert, heaving a deep sigh, and continuing his soliloquy. "It *was* he; I could not be mistaken; though it was rather dusky. He has visited no one—can he have fulfilled his horrid vow?"

"Who?--Roswell Thornton? Heaven forbid!" exclaimed his companion. "But I tremble lest it may be so. How was he dressed?"

"Muffled in a large great coat, and riding as if the devil was at his heels," replied Gilbert.

"Do you know," asked Montgomery, "whether any body ever heard him declare he would injure Susan Hazleton if she should marry Rosencrantz?"

"I heard him," said Gilbert, "not fifty yards from this very spot, swear that if Susan should agree to marry Henry, blood should be shed. When I met him, he was in a state of dreadful agitation from passion. His face was as white as the snow beneath us, his lips quivered, and all his features were distorted with suppressed rage. I spoke to him, but could get no other answer than broken sentences, vowing vengeance. 'He touch her! Never, while there is blood in these veins! Blood!--blood!—oh! Mark me, Gilbert,' he said, staring wildly in my face—'they shall know what it is to rouse a devil!' I was horror-struck, and begged him to be reasonable, but he broke from me, muttering he would have his revenge, cost what it would. From that day I have never seen him until the thick twilight of this evening, when he passed me as I have already said. It was supposed he had settled in New Orleans; but him, or his ghost, I certainly saw this very evening, and you may suppose I dread the worst."

"I am afraid there is too much cause," said Montgomery: "and what is more, I have not liked seeing that croaking old raven, Elsie Hallenbake, hovering around the village so closely of late. But let us hope for the best. The mystery may be solved, and the sweet creature restored to the aching bosoms of her friends."

"Ah," said Gilbert, "it may be so; but it is an awful thing to be left to one's own passions. Good servants, but bad masters, as old Roach used to say of fire and water."

The colloquy ended here for the present, and the friends continued the search with the rest of the villagers through the night. But no tidings of the lost one were obtained. Nor was any information received of her, or any light thrown upon her mysterious disappearance, for many years afterwards. The deep gloom that settled over the village, when further search was abandoned, and all rational hope extinguished, gradually wore away, save in the family thus bereft of its idol. The heart-broken parents were carried to the grave in rapid succession, and a deep and settled melancholy rested upon the disappointed Rosencrantz, who from that day forward was scarcely known to smile. The grief with which he was at first overwhelmed sunk into his [illegible] upon his bosom. And, if the soothing [illegible] of time had allayed in some measure the bitter poignancy of his affliction, it was only that the partially cicatrized wound might be torn open afresh.

Such was the fact: and the circumstances were in this wise:—While the surveyors were engaged in the exploration of a route for a turnpike-road through a rocky region not many miles from the Hudson, some time after the close of the revolutionary war, being a period of ten or twelve years subsequent to the painful occurrence which I have described, the skeleton of a female was discovered at the bottom of one of those deep rocky glens of which there are many in that wild section of country, near the old Albany post road. The skull had been fractured, as if by striking against the pointed fragment of a rock near which it lay; and, on a close examination, a cut was found remaining upon one of the ribs near the region of the heart, as of some sharp instrument. This discovery was soon noised abroad—the recollection of the long-lost Susan Hazleton was revived—further investigations were made by those who had been her friends, including her lover—and, strange as it may appear, upon a finger of the skeleton hand, the joints of which seemed not to have been disturbed but lay together in the spot where the hand must have originally fallen, was found the diamond ring of the bride, sparkling as when presented by Rosencrantz, on the morning of the happy day appointed for the wedding! The gush of feeling which succeeded this discovery must be pictured by the imagination of the reader. One feature of the dark mystery was now solved. No doubts could longer remain, that the loved object so long wept by him to whom she was betrothed, and over whose sweet remembrance there was an odor of sanctity, rich as the dews of Araby, had been cut off, in the moment of her highest and brightest hopes, by the foulest murder! Still with the exception of a single circumstance, which will appear presently, there seemed no possible clue by which the homicide could be detected, although her virtues pleaded "like angels trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of her taking-off." The man who had at first been suspected, in consequence of Gilbert Dawson's communication to Charles Montgomery, had never since been seen or heard of, even by his own relations! and it had long been supposed that Gilbert, who had perished in the Jersey prisonship, might have been mistaken in the identity of the muffled stranger.

There was however, a strange and unaccountable resident in a lone hut among the mountain crags, over whom a slight shade of suspicion had ever been cast, and which was now transiently revived. Her rude dwelling was not quite half a mile from the glen in which the skeleton had been discovered. Elsie Hallenbake, the beldame of whom it is now necessary to speak, was an old woman at the time our tale commences. Her whole life and character had ever been shrouded in a dark cloud of mystery. She had been resident in that vicinity for many, many years, and simple-minded people did not scruple to declare her little better than a sorceress, who practised devilish incantations, and held familiar converse with spirits of darkness. Her form and figure were tall and masculine; her features sharp, sallow, and wrinkled; her nose high and hooked, like the beak of an eagle; while her sunken, coal-black eyes, whenever crossed in her purposes, or otherwise angered, flashed with the piercing and terrible glances of the basilisk. For more than fifty years she had lived within a few miles of Hazlewood, in the midst of the wild region already mentioned, which was too rugged for cultivation. Sometimes she was in the village, or prowling about the adjacent settlements, practising as a fortune-teller, by way of paying for supplies of food, which from fear would never have been denied her; but for the most part, her time was occupied in wandering about the woods and among the hills, climbing from crag to crag, over the rocks, and traversing the glens and ravines of the neighboring highlands. Many were the wild and startling tales told of Elsie in the neighborhood, which it would not be edifying to repeat. Had she been mistress of the whirlwind, she could not have been more delighted with storms. She had been seen, her tall form erect, and with extended arm, standing upon the verge of fearsome precipices, in the midst of the most awful tempests, conversing as it were with unseen spirits, her long, matted hair streaming in the wind, while the thunder was riving the rocks beneath her feet, and the red lightning encircling her as with a winding-sheet of flame. A projecting rock hanging over the chasm in which the bones were discovered had formerly been a favorite seat of hers when watching the black and angry clouds as they rolled up from the west; but this haunt had long been forsaken, and all her narrow footpaths wound off in different directions. More than once in the village of Hazlewood, soon after the occurrence, when the sad tale of Susan was the theme of conversation, had she let fall some dark expressions intimating that she knew more than she would tell; but if questioned would evade the subject by mystical language, or else [illegible] with [illegible] as the ravings of a maniac. All these things had been forgotten, until the surveyors mentioned the fact that, when engaged in that neighbourhood, she hovered round, watching their steps, and glancing her keen eyes sharply upon them from the distance. As they approached the glen, she became uneasy, restless, and agitated. And when finally the discovery was made, she uttered a piercing, unearthly scream, more frightful than the yell of the hyena, and ran swiftly to her hut, where she shut herself up for several days. Not one word would she afterwards utter upon that subject.

The skeleton remains were gathered up, and entombed in the family vault of Rosencrantz, who was unshaken in his purpose, that although they had been so violently torn asunder in life, yet in death their ashes should be intermingled. The superstition that in cases of concealed murder and doubtful guilt Heaven will interpose a species of miracle through the ordeal of compelling the suspected to touch the body, or any part of the relics of the deceased, was nowhere more religiously believed than among the good people of Hazlewood. Nor did their ideas of this sort of appeal to the divine decision stop here. Some of them held, that Heaven in its vengeance would designate the guilty by causing blood to ooze even from the dry bones of the victim, should the murderer come into their presence. It is true that there was no suspicion of any individual in particular, save the slight shade of doubt that had sometimes rested upon the mysterious Elsie Hallenbake, and the long absent and almost forgotten Thornton; but it occurred to honest Christain Vebber, whose faith in the ordeal was strong, that as he kept an inn, the villain who had been guilty of divorcing the gentle spirit of Susan Hazleton from its beautiful earthly tenement might some day make one of the numerous guests seeking entertainment at his house. Under this belief, in which he was invincible, after much importunity, he was permitted to take the joints of the hand which had sustained the ring, to be suspended close against the ceiling, over the stanch oaken dining table in the ancient hall.—Should the murderer ever pass that way, and sit down at his table, Christian Vebber was morally certain of his detection.

[*To be concluded.*]

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous *visitations* they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit, solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

From Mr. Sprague's Address before the Massachusetts Society for suppressing intemperance.

The common calamities of life may be endured. Poverty, sickness, and even death may be met; but there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband and father forgets the duties he once delighted to fulfil, and by slow degrees becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his home the sorrow that rends the spirit—that cannot be alleviated; that will not be comforted.

It is here, above all, where she, who has ventured every thing feels that every thing is lost. Woman, suffering woman! here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of her woe is in truth, full, whose husband is a drunkard. Who shall protect her when he is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of his face, and trembles at the sound of his voice? —The heart is indeed dark that he has made desolate. There, in the dull hour of midnight, her griefs are known only to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret.—There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that will only wring from her, by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those shed over his transgression. To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back, and broods upon the past. Like the recollection to the sun-stricken pilgrim, other days come over her as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover whose graces won her from the home of her infancy—the enraptured father who bent with such delight over his new born children—and asks if this can be really him? this sunken being who has nothing for her but the sot's disgusting brutality —nothing for these abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example! Can we wonder that amidst these agonising moments, the tender cords of violated affection should burst asunder? that the scorned and deserted wife should confess, 'there is no killing like that which kills the heart?' that though it would have been hard for her to kiss for the last time the cold lips of her dust, it is harder to behold him so debasing in life, that even his death would be greeted in mercy? Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritence of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb—though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not also have been the tears of shame. But to behold him fallen away from the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy—at home turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery—abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded out-law—this is the woe that the wife feels and is more painful than death —that she mourns over as worse than widowhood!

From the Philadelphia Intelligencer.

LORENZO DOW.

This eccentric and far-famed preacher is no more. He has gone to receive the rewards of an erratic, but perhaps useful life. He died at Georgetown, D. C.

Few men, of the same humble origin and attainments, have made more noise in both hemispheres, than Lorenzo. Gifted with a liberal share of plain "mother wit," he made it subservient in his sermons, addresses and printed books; and seldom in the course of any one, has that quality been more potent; sometimes against its author and his cause, but as often perhaps in favor of both.

The history of Dow is every way curious and useful. It was his lot to find a wife of like character with himself; and they plodded the journey of life long together, with congenial hopes and feelings. It seems to have been the opinion of both, that the world was all going awry, and that they were born to set it right, and restore to integrity the disjointed times. The marriage was singular. Lorenzo saw his future spouse in a room, at a meeting; he stepped up to her and asked if she could fancy him enough to take him for a husband? She replied yes, very promptly, and the knot was tied. After this, they traversed the wilds of the West, preaching glad tidings, sleeping by night at the way side, and in the fields and forests, *a la belle etoile*. Their own hands invariably ministered to their necessities, and to those that were with them. Finally, Lorenzo fancied that the Lord called him across the Atlantic—and thither he went. His ministrations in Ireland were attended by crowds, insomuch that the edifices where he preached were guarded by a door-keeper, and admittance-money demanded. In this tour, if we mistake not, his wife—who rejoiced in the beautiful name of *Peggy*—accompanied him. They encountered numerous trials and privations, with christian fortitude and patience. Shortly after their return to this country, we believe Peggy died—not, however, before she had written a book, containing much that is valuable and curious, in a plain, homely style. She was in many respects, in courage, devotion, and perseverance under hardships, an extraordinary woman.

Lorenzo Dow was an *oddity* of the oddest kind. His sayings, for a time, like those of the celebrated Rowland Hill, filled the newspapers, and pleased the public from Maine to Louisiana. Dow was known in all parts of the Union; and it is probable that not a town or city of any note in the boundary of the States, was left unvisited by him. The story of his raising the devil, and the way he did it, is well known. The best anecdote of him is, that being one evening at a hotel kept by one *Bush* in Delhi, N. Y., the residence of the celebrated General *Root*—he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe *Heaven*. "You say a great deal of that place," said the General—"tell us how it looks." Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long waving beard, towards Messrs. Bush and Root, and replied with imperturbable gravity: "Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory; there is not a *root* nor a *bush* in it, and there never will be."

Take Dow for all in all, the country will not soon look upon his like again. He was a politician as well as a clergyman, and his statesmanlike maxims have done some good. He was an author of *renown*, in various ways. One of his works was entitled, "The Chain of Reason; consisting of five links, three hooks, and a swivel." But he has gone, and his works will be likely soon to follow him. Yet his memory, we think, is destined to be kept green. Few who have seen him, will forget his outlandish exterior, his ourang features, the beard that "swept his aged breast," or the pining, treble voice, in which he was wont to preach what he called the Gospel of the kingdom. *Requiescat in pace.*

SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

A gentleman from [illegible] just before he left that place. A person had been taken up and committed to prison for passing counterfeit bills. Shortly after a negro was taken up and confined in the same room, but was taken sick and died. The next day a coffin was provided, and the body was put into it. As people of color are generally interred in the evening by those of their own color, the coffin was suffered to remain until night in the room with the money maker. After the jailor and those who accompanied him, had left the room, he bethought himself the present would be a favorable opportunity to make his escape, and thereby avoid the punishment that awaited him.

When all was still, he took the corpse out of the coffin and placed it in his own hammock, got into it himself and turned the lid down. In the evening the coffin was taken from the prison by four lusty negroes, and conveyed to the burying ground. When they arrived at the grave, the coffin was let down with care, and one of them was about making a speech upon the death of their companion. Scarcely had he time to utter one word before the lid of the coffin flew open, and the money maker jumped out and made his escape—whilst the poor negroes ran with great violence in all directions, screaming, "De debil! de dibil!! de dibil!!!" The mistake was not discovered till the next day, and the person has not been heard of since. —*N. Y. Star.*

An English writer suggests a plan of naturalizing the fire-fly, which abounds not only in America but in the Vaudois of Piedmont. The people of Vaudois, he suggests, would deliver any number of these insects in Paris, at ten shillings a dozen in boxes properly contrived, in every stage of their existence, and even in the egg, should that be desired; and that if twenty dozen were turned out in different parts of England, there could not remain a doubt that, in a few years, they would be common through the country, to the great embellishment of English summer evenings.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

This is truly a brilliant project—and shows how far the English carry their ideas of *comfort*, a word which, they say, has no equivalent in any other language, and expresses a state of things to be found among no other people. For the more effectual execution of this plan, it might be expedient to obtain the co-operation of the Ministry, and procure the passage of an Act of Parliament. But the common fire-fly of this country, or the south of Europe, would be hardly worth the trouble! In the West Indies there is a much finer species of the insect, which emits a light so beautiful, and so much resembling the lustre of the diamond, that the creole ladies decorate their hair with them when going to balls. It might be impossible, however, to naturalize these in the climate of England.—*Balt. Gaz.*