

THE REVIEW.

CIRCULATION 1,500

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railway.

Trains arrive at and leave Crawfordsville daily as follows:

Express LEAVE: 7:30 A. M. ARRIVE: 12:30 P. M.
Mixed LEAVE: 11:30 A. M. ARRIVE: 5:30 P. M.
Express LEAVE: 5:30 P. M. ARRIVE: 11:30 P. M.

GOING NORTH:
 Accommodation: 7:30 A. M.
 Express: 7:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH:
 Express: 5:30 P. M.
 Accommodation: 5:30 P. M.

Arrival and Departure of Mail at the Post Office in Crawfordsville.

Daily—Going South: 7:30 A. M.
 Daily—Going North: 11:30 A. M.
 Monday, by back arrives Monday at 7:30 A. M.
 Tuesday, by back arrives Tuesday at 7:30 A. M.
 Wednesday, by back arrives Wednesday at 7:30 A. M.
 Thursday, by back arrives Thursday at 7:30 A. M.
 Friday, by back arrives Friday at 7:30 A. M.
 Saturday, by back arrives Saturday at 7:30 A. M.
 Sunday, by back arrives Sunday at 7:30 A. M.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1814, the British not only laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith and Sir John Sherbrook, the latter then being the Governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession, and occupy the town of Castine, which place commands the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up Castine, he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks the enemy had received from them too many proofs. On the morning of the 18th of August, a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and that also Sir John Sherbrook had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence his vessel was lying at one of the low wharfs, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide to set him off, but he hastened to have every thing prepared to get her off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel had just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon drawn by one horse came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf and then assisted a middle aged woman out of the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We will sail right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then I know that you will be kind to me," the lady argued in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wicasset, where he belongs, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wicasset."

"If you will only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there that will take me up."

"Where is the body," asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Tat, tat, woman; if I accommodate you there won't be any pay about it."

The kind hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse. When he told her that he would do as she had requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it there appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been but prejudice once in a while when we consider the stern realities they have to encounter. "Hush, my good men," said the Commodore as he heard their murmured remonstrances. "Suppose you were to die away from home,

would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your parents? Come hurry."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he would be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she would like to see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one of them lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old seaman, who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on dre'fully."

"Yes, poor thing," said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'yee notice what n'y eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only it 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, when she stood there looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments and then went off. There was something in her appearance that puzzled Carter. He was one of those who objected to the coffin being brought on board, and hence he was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her sharply. Soon she went to the aft rail and looked over at the stern boat, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out or you'll gibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started and found that the main sail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of strokes apart, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Thanks, ma'am," said Dan, "Ha! hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here, I'll—ugh!"

This last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the uth above mentioned.

Shortly afterwards the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the southward of your course."

"Blow me, so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly about. "But say, didn't ye notice any thing peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem deeply interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too." Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you are as scared as a child in a graveyard."

"Not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore, I can swear to it. I pertended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde if it wasn't as rough and bearded as a holystone. You see she told me how I'd let the boom gibe if I didn't look out. I knew there wasn't no 'oman there, and so I tried her. You call somebody to the wheel, and let us go and look at the coffin."

The Commodore was thunderstruck at what he had heard, but with that calm presence of mind that made him what he was, sat coolly to thinking, and in a few moments called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look at the passengers. The latter had turned in and appeared to be sleeping. Tucker returned and took Carter on side.

No noise now, Carter; follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the after-break of the hatch.

"This a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below.

He descended to the hold, and there he found the ball of twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He

worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid was very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunderbolt from the lips of young Sam.

"God bless you, Dan," said the Commodore.

"I know'd it!" uttered Dan.

The men stood for a moment and gazed upon the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in the place thereof, there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood. Upon a light frame work in the center were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought, he dashed three or four buckets full into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold, "No, no, men. Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, dragged it wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away, the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remains of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot was discovered, and at length owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night, and get hold of the twine, which he had left in a convenient place. He intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the strings as he went along, then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I should not have been noticed in the fuss—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. And all I can say is, that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with great difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told to remain until the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," said Carter.

"Yes he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been robbing and burnin' the poor folk's houses on the coast," said one of them.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about the mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke the air, and with clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he's jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then turned away and muttered to himself.

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to death, he has only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far, it be him, than that my noble crew were now all in the ocean's cold grave."

Brick Pomeroy's Tribute to Edwin M. Stanton.
 [From the New York Democrat, Jan. 25.]
 DEATH OF STANTON.

God is just! Edwin M. Stanton committed suicide, and died by his own hand rather than longer endure the torture which was his to bear from the execution of Mary E. Surratt till the time of his wretched death.

The once robust man went to his own death, and though the particulars of his demise are as yet not fully public, enough is known to prove that in a fit of terror, when he trembled like a leaf shaken by the storm at the ghost of the murdered women, who stood before his vision, he cut his throat, and died to escape his great dread.

For years he has lived the life of a conscience-stricken wretch. We personally know that he has told a gentleman in this city—a gentleman high in judicial position, with whom he formerly affiliated politically, and who is known as the soul of truth and honor, that since the murder of Mrs. Surratt, he Stanton, had not known one hour of peace.

Said he, when speaking of the matter: "Judge, it is terrible! That woman was murdered to appease the wrath of a party! And I was the coward who struck the blow for those who demanded this wrong. But I have suffered—

O God! how I have suffered—how I do suffer. Every hour of the day I see her and her innocent face. Every night I see her on the scaffold. Swinging in the air—bound—struggling—dying!

Every night of my life I stand face to face with her—I hear her daughter's prayers for justice—I see her in her coffin—I see the Court which sentenced her dancing like devils in hell and saying to me:

"You! You! You did it! You, Edwin M. Stanton—Edwin Murderer Stanton, compelled us to murder your victim, and we know him from the murder of Mrs. Surratt till the day of his death know how he suffered. He would waken from his sleep and cry out like a child for some one to—

"Take her—O! take her away!"

He would sit upright in bed—his very hair on end—his face pale as death itself, and would tremble till the great vivid drops of sweat would trickle down his cheeks. Then he would moan and call for drink—walk the floor, and at last find relief under influence of opiates, only to start in horror again. His brilliant talents died out. His ambition weakened. His nerves seemed to rot. His soul cried for relief even in hell. At last, by his own hand, to escape the horrid vision of a woman murdered by a tyrant, he cut his own throat, and so passed from earth to the bar of God, the cowardly soul of the tyrant and the traitor to tyrants, Edwin Murderer Stanton!

Who says God is not just? Look at the record of those Republicans who have died raving maniacs, by suicide or violent death, and tell us if you dare that the power which has protected us in denouncing tyranny has not punished many, and will not punish more of those who in the name of liberty, loyalty, and justice, have murdered, destroyed and outraged laws, States, people, and even common humanity.

And vengeance is not yet satisfied. Let the ones who have met violent death as a reward for their crimes against a country and a people, as they are ushered to their blood stained doom, say:

"Coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Morrill Ideas.
 Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, said in the senate at Washington, a few days ago:

"I have nearly as much confidence in the rebels of the south in relation to our financial policy as I have in the democratic party. I believe that they will support the honor of the country as faithfully, perhaps, as will the democratic party; and when it comes to the question of the emancipation of the colored race at the south, I believe that the southern rebels will be as true if not truer to the cause of freedom than the northern democracy."

Mr. Morrill is one of those little great men brought to the surface and elevated to a responsible station in times of great excitement, and when partisan passions are bitter and unrelenting.

He talks about the honor of the government and a financial policy, and is one of the most zealous advocates of the tariff system which taxes the whole country for the benefit of New England Manufacturers. It is a system which proclaims that those manufacturers are paupers, and cannot live unless money be wrunged by the taxpayer from other classes for their support, while at the same time it claims that the manufacturers are public benefactors, and are contributing greatly to the growth and prosperity of the country. It is a system which the best men of the republican party have denounced as an outrage.

Morrill is one who thinks the honor of the country demands that the bondholders of New England shall be paid twice as much as is due them, and that the plain letter and spirit of the contract made with them shall be violated. He thinks the honor of the country demands that bondholders shall be exempt from taxation, while workingmen and poor men are heavily oppressed with taxation.

He thinks the honor of the country demands that two millions of people in New England shall have \$96,000,000 of bank circulation, and that two millions of people in Indiana shall have but one tenth of that amount.

He thinks the honor of the country demands that while the manufacturers of New England are permitted to rob the people through an iniquitous tariff, those same manufacturers shall be exempted from taxation under our internal revenue laws.

That same republican senate in which Morrill was talking about the honor of the country has been repeatedly arraigned by the press of this party for venality and corrupt legislation which should make infamous forever. On the day he was speaking, the president of the United States stood convicted by testimony and facts which are conclusive of having been connected with a conspiracy to depress the credit of the government, that he might thereby fill his pockets.

He is the only president we have ever had to whom a suspicion of this kind could attach.

MR. GRANT'S speculative brother-in-law, Corbin, swears that his representations to Fisk and Gould as to Grant's complicity in the September gold speculation were made "to fool them." It is difficult to decide which is the more probably, that Corbin is the greatest liar or the greatest knave in America. One or the other he certainly is, upon his own oath.

If there has ever been a man in the presidential office whose family included a greater number of scamps, scallaws, drunkards, rascals, villains, confidence men, liars, loafers, and scoundrels of various degrees, than that of "Our Ulysses," history has been sadly negligent in making up the records.

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THE MAGIC MOUNT will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent black or brown. It contains no poison. Anyone can use it. One sent by mail for \$1.
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 A full and nice line of Pocket Cutlery & Pocket Books.

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 Having lost our entire stock of Wall and Window Papers, we have received since an entire new stock in that line, and ask your attention the best, prettiest and cheapest assortment ever offered in this city.

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L. A. FOOTE.
 SALOON.

SALOON RESTAURANT!

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Where he will keep constantly on hand the purest brands of

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Sole Agent for the celebrated Bottled Ale, for family use.
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MRS. L. M. WILLIAMS
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 COMPRISING a complete fall and winter stock. The attention of the ladies of Crawfordsville and vicinity is invited to this opportunity for securing cheap millinery goods.

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 Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Glass & Queensware

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Groceries & Provisions,
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