

## THE REVIEW

YODA  
CIRCULATION

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railway.

Trains arrive at and leave Crawfordsville daily as follows:

Express..... ARRIVE: 7:30 A. M.

Mixed..... ARRIVE: 12:40 P. M.

Mixed Express..... ARRIVE: 11:10 A. M.

5:20 P. M.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Rail Road.

GOING NORTH:

Accommodation..... 7:30 A. M.

Express..... 7:30 P. M.

Accommodation..... 5:20 A. M.

Express..... 5:40 P. M.

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

DAILY—Going North..... 7:30 A. M.

THURSDAY—By Post arrives Monday and Tuesday..... 7:30 A. M.

Departs Tuesday & Saturday..... 7:30 A. M.

ALAMO, by express arrives Monday and Saturday..... 7:30 A. M.

Departs Saturday..... 7:30 A. M.

WENNETT, by express arrives Tuesday..... 7:30 A. M.

Departs same day at..... 7:30 A. M.

ROCKVILLE, by express arrives Monday..... 7:30 A. M.

WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS..... 7:30 A. M.

Departs same day at..... 7:30 A. M.

NEWTON, by carrier arrives Tuesday..... 7:30 A. M.

Departs same day at..... 7:30 A. M.

INDIANAPOLIS, by carrier arrives Wednesday..... 7:30 A. M.

Departs same day 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 Griffiths 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 that 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 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 urged 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."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accomodate you there won't be any pay about it."

The kind hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a woman, 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 so 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 drefully." "Yes, poor thing," said Tucker, as he heard his son sob and groan. "D'ye notice what'n 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 com cabin first. You may follow me."

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 taffrail and looked over at the stern boat, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out or you'll give 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, "Hal 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 gash 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 aport. "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 woman 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 perturbed 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 hoss. You see she told me how I'd let the boom give 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 one 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 break of the hatch.

"Tis 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 fit 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 thunderclap from the lips of young Sam.

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

"I know it!" uttered Dan.

The men stood for a moment and gazed upon the coffin. There was cleared from the wharf, and the woman showed 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.

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