

his dress consisting of a tattered pair of breeches and stockings, a pair of slippers, and a great-coat thirty years old, which damp had reduced to rottenness. He was penniless, too; "but," says he, "I was regardless of all these circumstances; it was enough that I was again free!"

With some money, which he borrowed from a person who knew his family, Latude procured decent clothing. He called on M. Le Noir, who received him not unfavorably, and desired him to depart without delay for Montagnac. Unfortunately, he did not follow this advice. He lingered in Paris to draw up a memorial to the king, soliciting a recompence for his plans; and he had an interview with the Prince de Beauvarre, to whom he related his woe-story. In his memorial, he mentioned M. de Sartine; and though he intimates that he said nothing offensive, we may doubt whether he manifested much forbearance. The minister now gave him peremptory orders to quit Paris; it is obvious that they were acquainted with his memorial, and were irritated by it beyond measure. He had proceeded forty-three leagues on his journey to the south of France, when he was overtaken by an officer of the police, who carried him back a prisoner to the capitol.

Latude was now taught that hitherto he had not reached the lowest depth of misery; he was doomed to experience a "bitter change, severer for severe." Till this time his companions in suffering had been men with whom it was no disgrace to associate; but in this instance, he was tossed among a horde of the most abandoned ruffians on earth; he was immured in the Bicetre, in the part of the goal which was appropriated to swindlers, thieves, murderers, and other atrocious criminals, the scum and offscouring of France. On his arrival there, he was stripped, clad in the coarse and degrading prison attire, thrust into a dungeon and supplied with a scanty portion of bread and water. Eight-and-thirty months were spent in this infernal abode.

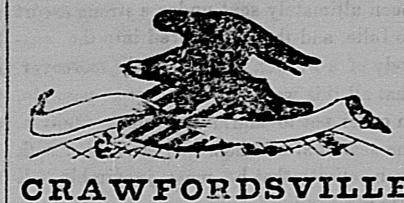
Gloomy as appearances were the dawn of a brighter day was at hand. A providential occurrence which seemed calculated to destroy his last hope, was the cause of his redemption. In 1781 the Preside Gourgue visited the Bicetre, heard the story of Latude, desired that the captive would draw up a memorial, and promised to exert himself in his behalf. Latude wrote the memorial, and intrusted it to a careless messenger, who dropped it in the street. The packet was found by a young female, Madame Legros, who carried on in an humble way the business of a mercer, and whose husband was a private teacher. The envelope being torn by laying in the wet, and the seal broken, she looked at the contents, which were signed "Masers de Latude, a prisoner during thirty-two years at the Bastille, at Vincennes, and at the Bicetre, where he is confined on bread and water, in a dungeon ten feet underground."

The gentle heart of Madame Legros was shocked at the idea of the protracted agony which the prisoner must have suffered. After she had taken a copy of the memorial, her husband, who participated in her feelings, carried it to the president, and it is delightful to know that her noble labors were crowned with success. Her toils, and the result of them, are thus summed up by Latude, who has also narrated them at great length. "Being thoroughly convinced of my innocence, she resolved to attempt my liberation; she succeeded, after occupying three years in unparalleled efforts, and unweary perseverance. Every feeling heart will be deeply moved at the recital of the means she employed, and the difficulties she surmounted. Without relations, friends, fortune, assistance, she undertook everything, and shrank from no danger and no fatigue. She penetrated to the leves of ministers, and forced her way to the presence of the great; she spoke with the natural eloquence of truth, and falsehood fled before her words. They extinguished them, received her with kindness and repulsed her rudely; she reiterated her petitions, and returned a hundred times to the attack, emboldened by defeat itself. The friends her virtues had created trembled for her liberty, even for her life. She resisted all their entreaties, disregarded their remonstrances, and continued to plead the cause of humanity. She went on foot to Versailles, in the midst of winter; she returned home exhausted with fatigue and worn out with disappointment; she worked more than half the night to obtain subsistence for the following day, and then repaired again to Versailles. At the expiration of eighteen months, she visited me in my dungeon, and communicated her efforts and her hopes. For the first time I saw my generous protectress; I became acquainted with her exertions, and I poured forth my gratitude in her presence. She redoubled her anxiety, and resolved to brave every thing. Often, on the same day, she has gone to Montmartre to visit her infant, which was placed there at nurse, and then came to the Bicetre to console me and inform me of her progress. At last, after three years, she triumphed, and procured my liberty."

It was on the 24th of March, 1784, that Latude emerged into the world, from which he had for five-and-thirty years been sealed. He and his noble-minded benefactress, were for a considerable time, objects of general curiosity. Happily, that curiosity did not end in barren pity and wonder, but proved beneficial to those who excited it. A subscription was raised, by which two annuities, each 300 livres, were purchased, one for Latude, the other for

his deliverer. Two other pensions, of 600 livres and 100 crowns, were soon after granted by individuals to Madame Legros, and the Monyon gold medal, annually given as the prize of virtue, was unanimously adjudged to her by the French Academy. The income of Latude also obtained some increase; but it was not till 1793 that it received any addition of importance; in that year he brought an action against the heirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, and heavy damages were awarded to him. Notwithstanding the severe shocks his frame had undergone, the existence of Latude was protracted till 1805 when he died at the age of eighty.

## THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE

Saturday Morning, Sept. 26, 1857.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

15¢ The Crawfordville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2, if not paid within the year.

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ALL kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

15¢ We wish it distinctly understood that we are not responsible for any loss or damage to any person or property brought to this office. We assist on those wishing work done to call up, and will show them our assortment of types, etc. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice and on reasonable terms.

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E. W. GAGE, U. S. News Paper Advertising Agent, Evans Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. S. H. Parry, 50th and East corner Columbia and Main Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent to receive advertisements.

V. B. PALMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

## ATTENTION!!!



We want every subscriber to pay up for the present volume.

15¢ Subscribers who know themselves indebted to us for subscription and job work, must pay up. We have waited long enough.

## THE LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

The imagination may not conjure up a more overwhelming picture than the foundering of a ship at sea. As a ship breasting the ocean in safety is one of the noblest objects for human contemplation, the ship in a storm is most appalling, and the ship a wreck the most heartrending. If there is one place where men agree, where the thoughts of hundreds are unanimously harmonized by the isolation in which they are linked, and the one hope that sustains every heart, it is on board a ship.

In a wreck, every man falls back upon his self-preserving individuality, and no more madly disintegrated mass of creatures may be imagined than those who there hope against hope. It is truly selfishly appalling.

Then to know that there is not a living soul upon the shattered hull who is not, probably, the hope, strength, and aid of some one who is anxiously awaiting his arrival—awaiting the arrival of some son, who has hardened his young features toiling to build up a calm, in the shadow of which his aged parents may go down peacefully to the resting-place of humanity—some young husband, who, in the bitter agony of absence, has faced every thing, save disgrace and dishonor in a far-off land, struggling to weave that chapter for the brow of the dear one “at home,” beneath the radiance of which life may be warmed into its meridian by an equally bounteous light—some father, who, in the proud ambition to see his children give his name to history and the world, is returning with the means by which the culture of the centuries can be placed at their disposal, and the treasures of art and science opened like a map before them—to think that every human atom clinging to that deck, or lashed to the spar, has living branches living on it, afar over the sounding sea, who derive sap, sustenance, and bloom from it, and without whom life is a morbid imposture; to think that no mother, wife, or daughter, no son, husband, or father, can contemplate without almost losing confidence in that wondrous Providence from which, at last, the exhausted being can only find comfort.

The news of the terrible disaster which has befallen the Central America has sent a chaste thrill through the community. Out of nearly seven hundred people, but sixty are said to have escaped. The dreadful sacrifice of human life, and the happiness that depended on it, to say nothing of the still further social disasters which may spring from pecuniary panic the loss of much treasure seems to portend, suggests the most touching and bewildering contemplation. It is a contention, too, which is without avail, as the sea cannot yield up its dead. Who can comfort the hundreds of families, the thousands of men, women, and children who are widowed and orphaned this day? Who can restore the human axle in which all these families were entered, and around which they revolved?

A SOURCE OF ELOQUENCE.—Daniel Webster, on being committed for his eloquence on a memorable occasion, is said to have replied:

“Sir, I am far from thinking that my poor effort the other day has the remotest claim to the panegyric you have been pleased to bestow upon it; but if anything I have said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow-countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, solely indebted, to the daily and attentive perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and of all comfort.”

## THE SAILOR BOYS PRAYER.

Lay me beneath the briny wave,  
In a shroud of ocean's foam,  
Where the sea-gull screams at evening's hour,  
As she lights on her billowy home.

Make me a bed near the mermaid's cave,  
Where she chants her psalms at night,  
As she counts her beads near the sailor's grave,  
By the coral's ruddy light.

Yes, make me a bed 'neath the sparkling deep,  
Which oft I've wander'd over,  
And dreamt, eye, happy dreams, in sleep,  
Of loved ones on the shore.

Oh, make me a bed 'neath the ocean's foam,  
My dreams have ceased to be;  
No loved ones live to greet me home;  
I would die upon the sea.

Then lay me 'neath the rolling surge,  
Where the sea-gull screams at eve;  
Let old Ocean chant my funeral dirge,  
With my tomb by his billows lave.

And let the sailor orphan's head  
On its pebbly pillow rest,  
Till the angel summons the sleeping dead  
To the mansions of the blest.

SENATOR DOUGLAS BY AN OPPOSITION PAPER.

The following Sketch of Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, by the editor of a Republican paper, the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald is graphic and amusing. It appears that he was a passenger with Judge Douglas on a trip in the cars from St. Louis to Chicago, at the close of the celebration of the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad in June last.

That little man, with a big, round head, a brow almost as broad as Webster's, and a quick, active eye, that rolls under the heavy projecting brow, watching every other man, and not allowing a motion to escape him—with arms too short for his body, which is full and round as though it never lacked the juices that supply life; and with small duck-legs, which had they grown as thick as his back-bone, (and they would probably, if Providence had not forced that he would want back-bone more than legs in his battle of life,) would have made him of respectable stature. That little man is no less than the great politician of the West, who has attracted more attention in the last four years than any other man of the nation, and done more to give direction to public affairs than even the President, with a million and a half voters to his back, and the army, navy, and treasury of North America at his command. It is the “Little Giant,” Stephen A. Douglas, with whom we parted company at Vincennes, and who has slowly come along, feeling the public pulse to learn the politic health of the “suckers” up to Springfield the capital of the State.

The means of success in Senator Douglas are very apparent. First he is really and intellectually a great man. Eastern people who view him only as a low politician, should disabuse their minds in relation to one who is to exercise a wide influence in the affairs of the country, and very probably—for he is yet young—to be the head of the Republic. He is master in his conceptions, abroad and comprehensive in his views, and in a good measure is endowed with all those powers of mind that make a statesman.

But he is greater still in energy of character. There are those who think that a defeat of him next year would be his death in politics; but the man who sprung from a cabinet-maker's shop in Vermont, and without father or friend worked his way to an honorable place in the bench of Judges, who entered Illinois with less than fifty cents in money and not one cent in credit, and has acquired great wealth, and the highest station and influence, is not easily to be whipped out. But if he is great in mind, and greater in energy, he is greatest in those winning manners from which the world calls him a demagogue—Scarcely a man, woman or child in the cities escaped his attention, or was passed by unspoken to. At one moment the talk with the old, stern-visaged politician, who has been soured by a thousand defeats and disappointments, in the next to a well-formed and gentle Kentuckian, who has just sought a free State; now he sits down with a little girl approaching her teens, and asks of her school studies, and he puts the of his fond mother and proud father, (what father is not proud to see his boy noticed?) says a word of his mild eyes or glossy locks. Again the lady is approached with a fair word and a bland smile, and goes home pleased to tell her husband or father how he looks and what he says, and then half dozen are about him, all standing together. He can talk religion with the priest as well as politics with the statesman; he can congratulate the newly appointed Buchanan office-holder, who has supplanted his friend, tell the displaced friend on his arrival “Hold on a spell give me a horn! Come, Hamlet take a drink!” At this original mode of rendering Shakespeare, the audience were in perfect convulsions of laughter, while the enraged Hamlet left the theatre and the city, declaring that no amount of money could ever induce him to appear there again.—N. Y. Clipper.

## BROKEN BANKS

### COMPLETE LIST OF BANKS BROKEN AND DISCREDITED.—Bank of New Jersey, New Brunswick, N. J.; Hollister Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.; Reciprocity Sackett's Harbor Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ontario Bank, N. Y.; Port Plain Bank, N. Y.; Farmers' Bank Saratoga, N. Y.; Rhode Island Central Bank, R. I.; Farmers' Bank, Wickford, R. I.; Merton Bank, R. I.; Tiverton Bank, R. I.; Wooster Bank, Danbury, Conn.; Arcade Bank, Providence, R. I.; Bergen County Bank, N. J.; Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Bank of Hallowell, Me.; Hancock Bank, Ellsworth, Me.; Warren County Bank, Pen.; Honesdale Bank, Pen.; Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, Waynesburg, Pen.; Bank of Middletown, Middletown, Pen.; North American Bank, Seymour, Conn.; Bank of Canawha, Va.; South Royalton Bank, Vt.; Exchange Bank, Exeter, N. H.; City Bank, Cincinnati; Bank of Orleans, N. Y.; Niagara County Bank, N. Y.; Oliver Lee & Co.'s Bank, N. Y.; Merchants' Banking Association, N. Y.; Cheuning Canal Bank, N. Y.; Union Bank, Stanton Falls, Vt.; Franklin County Bank, Vt.; St. Albans Bank, Vt.; Danby Bank, Vt.; and all R. I. Banks, and the Capitol and the Savings Bank, Indianapolis.

## GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SEEDS.

Having selected our Stock from the largest and most popular Houses in the Union, and arranged it in the most convenient and shortest way, we cannot fail to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. Having at present a large trade, and daily adding new and responsible customers, we feel encouraged to select the best Stock and offer the most liberal inducements to extend our Trade.

Pay Special Attention to Ordering any Kind of Machinery or Goods not Kept in this Market, or give information in relation to such.

All Orders shall receive prompt attention, and shall give the same satisfaction as though they were present.—CHRISTMAN & GREGG, Crawfordville, Sept. 26. '57.

## F. LANGGUTH,

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Music arranged for any Instrument.

## PIANOS & MELODEONS

Tuned & Repaired at

Mr. T. Newman's

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Sept. 26, '57.

## NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

### FOR OCTOBER 1857.

NOTICE is hereby given, that for the purpose of receiving Taxes, will be received at the following depots in the several Townships, as follows:

Cool Creek Township, Monday, Oct. 15, 1857. Waynesville do. Tuesday, do. 22. " Ripley do. Wednesday, do. 21. " Brown do. Thursday, do. 22. " Clark do. Friday, do. 23. " Union do. Saturday, do. 24. " Madison do. Monday, do. 25. " Sugar Creek do. Tuesday, do. 26. " Franklin do. Wednesday, do. 27. " Walnut do. Thursday, do. 28. " Clark do. Friday, do. 29.

## RATES OF TAX FOR 1857.

As for County Tax, 25 cents on each one hundred dollars, and 50cts. per dollar School Tax, 10cts on each one hundred dollars and 50cts. per dollar. Sinking Fund Tax, 2cts on each one hundred dollars in all the Townships. Tax, 5cts on each one hundred dollars, and 50cts. per dollar. Town Tax, 2cts on each one hundred dollars, and 50cts. per dollar Coal Creek, Ripley, Union, and Franklin, and 3cts in Walnut Township. School Building Tax, 25cts on each one hundred dollars, and 50cts. per dollar. Franklin, Ripley, Union, and Walnut, and 25cts on the hundred and 50cts. per dollar in Union Township, and 25cts on the hundred and 50cts. per dollar in the corporation of the town of Crawfordville.

JOHN LEE,  
Treasurer M. C.

Sept. 26, '57.

## LUXURY AT DELHI.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated News, writing from Delhi, gives the following account of the luxurious mode of life prevalent in that city:

Luxury, even now, can go no farther in the East than it is to be found at Delhi—Even now all the best dancing women, the bunti tamers, the snake charmers, the Persian musicians, the jugglers, congregate from every part, not only of India, but of Asia at Delhi. Hundreds of romances might be written of the lives of men and women who, from this degraded class, became Court favorites, and by ready personal beauty, and dark intrigue ruled where they were sent to serve; and, even now, under absolute English rule, dissipation endures wild revelry at Delhi—Young men both in civil and military services, were too soon influenced by the conflagrations and enervating influences of Delhi and its Oriental pleasures. Many a noble fortune, a fine intellect, and the material for high moral character, have yielded before the Circassian temptations of this great Moslem capital, and the song and the dance have followed too quickly the decisions of Courts and the cries of those demanding justice at our hands.

To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into the parlor.

6 DOZ. Mowing Scythes and Scythes, for sale by

July 11.

Campbell & Co.

May 2, '57.

FRANK HEATON,

No. 1, Empire block.

## Terrible Disaster!

### Loss of the Central America!

### 500 LIVES LOST!!!

### Two Millions in Gold Lost!!!!

### CALIFORNIA MAILS LOST.

The following is a statement by Mr. Henry H. Childs, one of the surviving passengers of the