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THE CORRUPT JUDGE.

"I have seen the walls of Balutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people in heard no more."—OSIAN.

By the side of the road between Fermo and the beautiful scenery of Lismore, is still to be seen, battling against the all-destructive tooth of Time, the ruins of an antiquated house, once the dwelling of the corrupt Judge P.

Its moss-covered walls, and grass-grown chambers, are evident symptoms of its being for many years untenanted; yet there is an attraction, in the lone loveliness of its picturesque situation, which would well suit the gloomy mind of one disgusted with the selfish cares of the world.

At the time to which this story refers, there lived a gentleman, whom I shall call "Nagle," in rather reduced circumstances, and who was engaged in a lawsuit for the recovery of some property—the final determination of which, if given against him would considerably involve his already limited means.

The trial was expected to take place in a few days before the notorious Judge P. and Mr. Nagle's opponent had given the Judge a present of fifty bullocks, to secure his good will, which was thought would weigh heavy in his charge to the Jury.

Mr. Nagle was very much afraid, that as he could do nothing equal to his opponent, that his case was hopeless; it therefore had an effect on his mind and spirits, which did not long escape the shrewd eye of Paddy Malowny, his groom, butler steward, or, in one word—his right hand man.

Paddy was the neatest bye in the world, had the handiest cabin, the best tilled garden, the most thriving pig, and on a Sunday, mounted on the master's old white mare, that was blind, but as Paddy expressed it—"barrin she was lame on three legs, and could stand on the fourth, would do very well for a racer."

"Why, no one was equal to Paddy; at least, so the girls thought—and no one can deny but they are the best judges in such cases, and many's the one was cocking her cap at being Mrs. Malowny; but fair Paddy was no fool, so he let them carry—"Oh! but he's a perlet buye;"—to some other market. Well, when he saw his master looking as if something ail'd him, he made bold, an ax'd his Honour—"was it the sickness; the Lord be one us and all harm—that was on him?"

"No Paddy, my fine fellow," said he, "but 'tis sick at heart I am; those fifty fat bullocks that Mr. Nagle gave the Judge that's to try the law-suit will be ruination to me."

"Eh, then, masher," said Paddy, "make your mind asy for call me an omadhoun (fool) iv I don't settle that to your satisfaction—or why? shure ins't there six score iv elegant bullocks grazin ablow on the big inch, an tho' there's none of 'em our own, we may barrow a hunder on the best of 'em, to go a few miles wid a decent bye, to see and honest man righted; for though I may pretend to give 'em to him, sorra a one but will be back agin here to-morrow mornin, plaze God; so put a bould face on you, and go to Cork; and if the Judge wont use you well; my name ins't Paddy Malowny."

The Gentleman comprehended the plan in a twinklin, and having shaken hands with Paddy on the strength of the proceeding, gave him a drop for luck, which was accepted with cordiality, wished him success, and prepared to go to Cork to know whether his hopes would be blighted or brightened.

It was a warm day in July, and Paddy had traversed a long and dusty road, from near Mallow, passing by Castle-Hyde, and that sweet country where—the best perfume the fields wud music,—through the nate town of Fermo, that's all alone side (at least 'twas then,) and just a-near the wood of Macollop, Paddy spied, enveloped in a cloud of dust, a coach an six thundering down the hill.

Mr. Malowny had just finished the 1st bar of Barney Brallaham's

most pathetic address to Miss Judy O'Callahan, when a thought struck him he was the man he wanted on his way to Cork 'sides, so he allowed the cattle to move in the centre of the road, 'jist to let the ginteels see the bastes."

"Holloo! my lad," said a jontleman wid a wig upon him, peepin out ov the windy o' the coach—"whose fine bastes are these?"

"Why thin, Sir," said Pad, taking off his caubogue or a hat, an makin a low bow, "Please your Honour, they're present from my masher, Mr. Nagle, of the West, to a great jontleman ov these parts called Judge P."

"I'm the Judge," said he, rubbin his hands wid joy, "an tell Mr. Nagle that I'll befriend him; for 'pon my honor," said he, 'tis a handsome present; and puttin his hand in his pocket by an unusual exertion of generosity, pullin out a fivepenny bit, said he, "the road is long, my fine fellow, here is something to pay for your supper."

"God bless your Lordship's Honour," said Pad, "but my master knowed your Lordship's kindness would be pressin money on me, so he gave me lashins." Paddy knew well that he would be glad to keep it.

"Take the bullocks on to my steward, and he will put 'em up safe."

I will wid a book, thought Pad, as the coach drove rapidly off. When a little further on, at the foot of a hill, a turf of straw, over the door of a house, with half a broken sign, on which was once the figure of Ireland's patronsaint, and our hero's namesake, but now nought remained save the top of what was meant for a crozier, and a portion of a mildred head, in the face of which jolly red was the most predominant colour; however, Paddy was not quite so devoid of comprehension, as not to know that within its unpromising walls there was "entertainment for man and baste." He marched into the house, an called for a drop, drove his cattle into a shed from the heat and rested himself.

The approach of night had just commenced to throw a darkened shade over the face of this sublimary sphere, when Patrick Malowny, rejoicing in the success of his undertaking, prepared to retrace his steps, accompanied by the manifold good wishes of the inmates of the slyeben house he had so liberally patronized; resuming his tune, grasping his shilelah, and driving his cattle out before him set out for his residence, which he reached before run-rise, without any interruption.

When arrived in Cork, the Judge showed how much he prized his gift; and his charge to the Jury so completely proved the equity of his (Mr. N's) claims, notwithstanding the nods and winks of the giver of the fifty bullocks, that the Jury, without retiring, gave a verdict, without appeal, in favour of Mr. Nagle!

The scene on the Judge's return, must have been amusing. He called his steward—

"Where have you put the bullocks?"

"They're where you left them, my Lord."

"Where I left them; what do you mean, Sir?"

"Where have you put Mr. Nagle's bullocks?"

"Mr. Nagle sent no bullocks here, my Lord."

The Judge was frantic; he perceived he had been "taken in;" and what was still worse, the other gentleman made him give back his fifty, on the plea that he was broken faith with; so that for his own sake he was obliged to keep the affair as secret as possible.

It became a standing jest at Mr. Nagle's table, where Paddy used to be called in to tell the story; he was comfortably settled in a farm, rent free, where he lived; for "many a day," until, full of years, he was called to receive, in another and a better world, the reward of his honesty and fidelity in this.

The annexed particulars of the attempted insurrection at the Connecticut State Prison (Wethersfield) Connecticut, are copied from the Hartford Weekly Review of 4th inst.

Murder at the State Prison.—On the night of Tuesday last, a Mr. Hoskins, one of the Prison guards at Wethersfield, was murdered by four convicts, under the most appalling circumstances. It may be well to state, that the cells are in one solid block, entirely covered by an outer building, between which and the cells is a large area, where "the sentry walks his lonely round" in the night season, the prisoners being locked in about sundown.

Very soon after the guard had been relieved and somewhat before midnight, a convict whose name is Teller, and whose cell is near the South East corner of the block, commenced boring on the inside of his door directly against the lock with a bit which he had contrived to convey to his cell and secreted at dinner time or during the afternoon. Having made a hole about two inches in diameter, he succeeded in pushing back the bolt with a wire; and as soon as Hoskins had passed on his round, Teller went to a cell occupied by Cesar Reynolds, a black, who handed out through the small grated opening near the top of his door, a skeleton key, with which Teller unlocked Cesar's door. They then followed Hoskins silently and at a distance, until they came to another accomplice, whose cell they unlocked, and with whom they continued to follow directly on after the guard, till they came to a fourth. They immediately released him, and the four then noiselessly traversed the entire circuit of the area, keeping the same distance behind Mr. H. and so managing their infernal plot as to be unsuspected by him, till they came to a fifth, whose cell they opened, and whom they threatened with violence unless he would instantly join them. Fearing the consequences, he refused, and they left him, as the guard had walked more than half way round again.

Two of the villains, armed with a steel bar 18 inches long and one thick, then proceeded on at a quicker pace after Mr. Hoskins, while the other two, taking the same direction, repaired to Cesar's cell, near the North-west corner of the block, where they waited till Mr. Hoskins had approached to within 10 or 12 feet—they then stepped out in front of him. Alarmed at their sudden and unexpected appearance, he halted and enquired what they were about, when one of the two in his rear struck him with great violence on the top of his head and broke his skull. As he fell, he exclaimed, "don't kill me," and a stifled cry of murder was heard—

one of the monsters having sprung upon him and covered his mouth with his hand. The unfortunate guard probably survived but a few moments, and after the monsters had deliberately felt his pulse and ascertained his death, they advanced to a small iron door, through which the provisions of the prisoners are passed to them from the kitchen, and with another skeleton key attempted to open it. Fortunately one of the wards of the key was broken off in the attempt, and as they found it impossible to turn the bolt with the remaining portion, they endeavored to pry the door open or break it with the steel bar. This they could not do. The female apartment is separated from the male by a thick stone wall, and the entrance from the latter is secured by a massive iron clad door. During the attack upon Hoskins, and the efforts to escape which immediately followed, the noise was heard by a female convict, who in a most praiseworthy manner, called out to the matron, that the prisoners were loose and attempting to effect an entrance into the female apartment. She succeeded in awakening the matron, who instantly repaired to the door, and drawing the slide, perceived four convicts at liberty in the area and working at the small door leading into the cook room. Without loss of time she reached the yard wall, and went round on that to the guard room. Teller meantime had put on Hoskins' great coat and hat, and was promenading the area, imitating the deceased in his walk and cries. The deception was complete. As soon as the warden and guards were notified of passing events, they rushed into the area and hastened to the scene. The liberated convicts, however, soon got wind of this movement, and instantly made for their cells. One of them, a black, by the name of Johnson, was locked in by Teller, and Cesar required the same favor, but Teller told him to take care of himself. They awaited the approach of the guard without emotion—confessed the whole, except the wilful murder, and declared that it was not their intention to have killed Hoskins, but only to have disabled him. It seems by their confession, that they have been devising this scheme to escape for the past two years, and had a long time since prepared the false keys for that purpose. How or when they were made is mysterious, for the prisoners while at work are all closely watched by their overseers. The four murderers are now in irons in their cells.

Cesar was sentenced some three or four years ago for life—Johnson for four years only, and his sentence would have expired in one year—the third, a white man by the name of Reynolds, for fourteen years and Teller for fifteen.

Teller is the same individual who came from N. York to this city in August, 1830, and very adroitly passed off a large number of Bills on the Union Bank, altered from one to tens. Carrying his speculation a little too far he was arrested and convicted. While in this city he called himself John Scott, and after his release from Sing Sing in the latter part of 1829, he went in New York by the name of William T. Evans. His real name is Wm. Teller. Very soon after his commitment to our State Prison, he attempted to cut off

his right hand in order to free himself from future labor, but did not succeed. He was considered one of the most daring and finished scoundrels, who infested New York.

An inquest was held over the body on Wednesday, and the deceased was declared by the jury to have been wilfully murdered. As the next term of our Superior Court will not arrive till the last of September, we would respectfully suggest to the Hon. Chief Justice the expediency of calling an immediate and special term of the Court for the purpose of trying the perpetrators of the murder. All of our Supreme Court Judges are at leisure this month, and probably would prefer trying the matter soon. Besides, the investigation will doubtless be a long one, and would occupy too much of our Supreme Court Terms.

How many blows were inflicted on Mr. Hoskins' head we cannot tell, but the Physicians who were called, were of opinion from the appearance of the fracture, that the first blow finished him. We have the above facts from one of the directors, to whom they were in part communicated by Teller, in part by other convicts who were also present at the examination of the murderers.

Mr. Hoskins was formerly from Simsbury—was about 67 years of age, and somewhat deaf.

A Western Adventure.—Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander McConnell, of Lexington Ky., went into the woods, on foot, to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of Indians, on one of their usual skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return. McConnell, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered and borne off as prisoner. His captors however, seemed to be a merry, good-natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound, and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with partiality. Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night although not very securely; but on that evening, he had remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapt the Buffalo tug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very compositely went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not.

McConnell determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult. He therefore lay quietly until near midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the foot of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This however he attempted. With much difficulty, he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded in bringing it within the reach of his hands. To cut his cord was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done; that if he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably be overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even though unarmed & asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest. Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless, and if he failed with a single one, he must instantly be overpowered by the survivors. The knife therefore, was out of the question. After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were staked

near the fire, their knives and tomahawks were in the sheaths by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate which was preparing for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzles upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one and the heart of another he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns the others sprung to their feet and stared wildly around them. McConnell, who had run instantly to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth, and only one that remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. McConnell not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days.

THE CAPTIVE EX-MINISTERS OF FRANCE. Visit to the Castle of Ham.

L'advocate published an account of his journey to Ham Castle to thank Peyronnet for his contributions to his work, "Le Livre des Centeniers." The details which he gives of this unfortunate state prisoner, as well as of his brother captives, render his contribution one of particular interest at the present juncture. We extract the following:—

"Count Peyronnet received us with kindness and urbanity, I found him in the midst of his labours, tête-à-tête with his clever friend, Mr. Jules de Resseguier. The study or working-room in which I found the captive Count, is fitted up with four small book-cases, whose shelves contain all the French historians, together with various works on jurisprudence, and other grave matters. This study is furnished with great simplicity. A large table with a green cover and arm chair, a la Voltaire, are the principal things it contains. A clock, and a looking glass, adorn the mantel piece, over which is the following motto in the Count's hand writing—a motto singularly characteristic of his situation:—"Maît me tarde." The windows are enlivened with flowers planted in boxes—placed there, no doubt, to conceal the iron bars. Four portraits—those of his children—are suspended within view of the solitary occupant of this dreary abode. I had seen the Count on Sunday the 25th of July, 1830, as he went to St. Cloud, and I found him less altered in appearance than I had anticipated, after so cruel a reverse of fortune. His habits are very regular. He is always dressed with extreme neatness, and generally wears round his waist a sash which his son Jules brought from Algiers. The Count seems to have imposed upon himself the obligation of not asking for anything. He had, last year, an attack of sciatic gout, which lasted four months and a half, and he could go from his arm-chair to his bed only by means of a line of chairs, which he had himself formed. He would not even claim medical assistance.

Messrs. De Chantelauze and De Guernon Ranville inhabit the ground floor; Prince Polignac and Count Peyronnet, the first story. The arrangement of each prisoner's apartment is the same. Parallel to each other, and consisting of a study and bed room, they are separated by a passage or corridor, the door of which, open during the day, communicates with the common dining room, and the platform of the castle. At night the door is closed, and all communication with every other part of the fortress cut off till next morning. The four captive Ministers differ much in their personal habits. M. de Chantelauze seems the most affected. It must, however, be stated, that he is the worst off, for he is quite alone during nine months of the year. During the other three, he enjoys the society of a generous brother, who sacrifices his interest, and the happiness of domestic affection, to bring consolation to his afflicted relative. In the long interval between his brother's visits, M. de Chantelauze leads a life of intellectual abstraction. He seems to have got rid of all earthly thoughts, and to be plunged in so profound a meditation as to forget even the necessity of clothing himself. M. de Guernon, of a firmer temperament, and whom the collections of former studies have better qualified for the rigour of a life of solitude and captivity, in which the man of science can always find occupation, divides his time between natural philosophy and mathematics. He spends near his air pump all the hours which he does not employ in the solution of algebraical questions; but he is

most frequently to be found standing before a large black board with strange lines and figures chalked upon it—his clothes in disorder, and his face half covered with a thick beard, which the razor has not touched since his captivity—where, from his costume and occupation, he might be taken for Gaffico seeking the solution of his problem.

"Prince Polignac is changed in nothing. He is here, as at Paris, the man of elegant manners and fashionable life. He is calm, resigned, nay almost indifferent, either from philosophy or from piety, or perhaps from both, appearing to suffer just the same degree of ennui as he would in the stage box at the opera—well bred, affable, amiable, and, above all, of courtly bearing. But he, at least, can see his wife and children, for whom he is not dead, as he is to society. He has formed a new nation out of his family, and out of his prison a palace. His occupations are confined to drawing and music. He is always dressed with extreme elegance; and when he takes his walk upon the platform, which is from sixty to eighty feet long, and scarcely more than five wide, he might be taken for a London exquisite visiting a prison. He goes out every morning at seven, rain or sunshine; and either for his health or to mortify the attendant janitors who accompany him, he runs along the platform so fast, that not one of them follows him—an innocent pleasure, if he means it as such, which recalls that of Henry IV. at Mayence. The Prince, whom a former captivity of eleven years, after the execution of a sentence which condemned him to two years' imprisonment, had accustomed to the life of a prison, resumed its habits without any effort. From humility of inclination, he suffers his cook (the same who served him when minister) to remain idle; and he lives as prisoner in the Castle of Ham.

"M. de Guernon takes his walk at a late hour; M. de Chantelauze takes no walk; and Count Peyronnet never goes out. For twenty-two months the Count has not left his apartments. He has no objection, he says, to take a walk, but does not choose to be walked. He maintains, that in his case the law passed last year has been violated.—It assigns, he says, to certain state prisoners a fortress for their prison; but it imposes upon the captive bearing the weight of his punishment, the continual presence of a troublesome witness, and it takes no more from his privilege of locomotion, than that specified in his sentence. The Count asserts, that a jailor has no more right to accompany the prisoner in his walk; than to sit with him in his room and occupy one side of his chimney corner, or to sleep with him in the same bed. He alleges, moreover, that it is absurd to tie him to particular hours, and to say to him, "Go but now, notwithstanding it rains and you are busy. Another hour, when the weather is fine and you have nothing to do, you shall not go out."

"The prisoners breakfast in their own apartments; but they dine together; with the exception, however, of Count Peyronnet, who dines alone, and whose dinner is brought to him from the Rue Toumayerie. Count Peyronnet's table is neither more nor less sumptuous than that of his fellow-captives; the only difference is its absolute solitude. "The dining room of the captive Ministers is transformed every Sunday into a Chapel, where they hear mass, to which only the Commandant Delpire, and the boy who serves the Priest at the altar, are admitted.

"The garrison in the Castle is composed of two picked companies, and a company of artillery, forming altogether about 400 men. The draw bridges are raised at eight o'clock in the evening. In all respects, the Castle is upon the same footing as all other fortresses."

Story from the Mishka of the Rabbins.—During the absence of the Rabbi Meir from his house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened by the law. His wife bore them in her chamber, laid them upon the bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. When Rabbi Meir returned, his first enquiry was for his sons. His wife reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they may too drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she replied, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it then, my love," replied he. "A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back to him?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber; and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

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"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber; and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

most frequently to be found standing before a large black board with strange lines and figures chalked upon it—his clothes in disorder, and his face half covered with a thick beard, which the razor has not touched since his captivity—where, from his costume and occupation, he might be taken for Gaffico seeking the solution of his problem.

"Prince Polignac is changed in nothing. He is here, as at Paris, the man of elegant manners and fashionable life. He is calm, resigned, nay almost indifferent, either from philosophy or from piety, or perhaps from both, appearing to suffer just the same degree of ennui as he would in the stage box at the opera—well bred, affable, amiable, and, above all, of courtly bearing. But he, at least, can see his wife and children, for whom he is not dead, as he is to society. He has formed a new nation out of his family, and out of his prison a palace. His occupations are confined to drawing and music. He is always dressed with extreme elegance; and when he takes his walk upon the platform, which is from sixty to eighty feet long, and scarcely more than five wide, he might be taken for a London exquisite visiting a prison. He goes out every morning at seven, rain or sunshine; and either for his health or to mortify the attendant janitors who accompany him, he runs along the platform so fast, that not one of them follows him—an innocent pleasure, if he means it as such, which recalls that of Henry IV. at Mayence. The Prince, whom a former captivity of eleven years, after the execution of a sentence which condemned him to two years' imprisonment, had accustomed to the life of a prison, resumed its habits without any effort. From humility of inclination, he suffers his cook (the same who served him when minister) to remain idle; and he lives as prisoner in the Castle of Ham.

"M. de Guernon takes his walk at a late hour; M. de Chantelauze takes no walk; and Count Peyronnet never goes out. For twenty-two months the Count has not left his apartments. He has no objection, he says, to take a walk, but does not choose to be walked. He maintains, that in his case the law passed last year has been violated.—It assigns, he says, to certain state prisoners a fortress for their prison; but it imposes upon the captive bearing the weight of his punishment, the continual presence of a troublesome witness, and it takes no more from his privilege of locomotion, than that specified in his sentence. The Count asserts, that a jailor has no more right to accompany the prisoner in his walk; than to sit with him in his room and occupy one side of his chimney corner, or to sleep with him in the same bed. He alleges, moreover, that it is absurd to tie him to particular hours, and to say to him, "Go but now, notwithstanding it rains and you are busy. Another hour, when the weather is fine and you have nothing to do, you shall not go out."

"The prisoners breakfast in their own apartments; but they dine together; with the exception, however, of Count Peyronnet, who dines alone, and whose dinner is brought to him from the Rue Toumayerie. Count Peyronnet's table is neither more nor less sumptuous than that of his fellow-captives; the only difference is its absolute solitude. "The dining room of the captive Ministers is transformed every Sunday into a Chapel, where they hear mass, to which only the Commandant Delpire, and the boy who serves the Priest at the altar, are admitted.

"The garrison in the Castle is composed of two picked companies, and a company of artillery, forming altogether about 400 men. The draw bridges are raised at eight o'clock in the evening. In all respects, the Castle is upon the same footing as all other fortresses."