

'taste after taste' rather holds out an encouragement to second courses.

When this unmatched trio had finished their repast, which, let it be observed, before they tasted, Adam acknowledged that

These bounties from our Nourisher are given
From whom all perfect good descends.

Milton with great liberality to that sex, against which he is accused of so much severity, obligingly permitted Eve to sit much longer after dinner than most modern husbands would allow. She had attentively listened to all the historical and moral subjects so divinely discussed between the first Angel and the first Man; and perhaps there can scarcely be found a more beautiful trait of a delicately attentive wife, than she exhibits by withdrawing at the exact point of propriety. She does not retire in consequence of any look or gesture, any broad sign of impatience, much less any command or intimation of her husband; but with the ever watchful eye of vigilant affection and deep humility:

When by his countenance he seemed
Entering on thoughts abstruse,

instructed only by her own quick intuition of what was right and delicate, she withdrew. And here again how admirably does the poet sustain her intellectual dignity, softened by a most tender stroke of conjugal affection.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high—such pleasures she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress—

On perusing, however, the *tele-a-tele*, which her absence occasioned, methinks I hear some sprightly lady, fresh from the Royal Institution, express her wonder why Eve should be banished by her husband from Raphael's fine lecture on astronomy, which follows: was not she as capable as Adam of understanding all he said, of

Cyclo and Epicyclo, Orb on Orb!

If, however, the imaginary fair objector will take the trouble to read to the end of the eighth book of this immortal work, it will raise in her estimation both the poet and the heroine, when she contemplates the just propriety of her being absent before Adam enters on the account of the formation, beauty, and attractions of his wife, and of his own love and admiration. She will farther observe, in her progress through this divine poem, that the author is so far from making Eve a mere domestic drudge, an unpolished housewife, that he pays an invariable attention even to external elegance in his whole delineation, ascribing grace to her steps, and dignity to her gesture. He uniformly keeps up the same combination of intellectual worth and polished manners:

For softness she and sweet attractive grace

And her husband, so far from a churlish insensibility to her perfections, politely calls her

Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve.

I will not, however, affirm that Adam, or even Milton, annexed to the term *accomplished* precisely the idea with which it is associated in the mind of a true modern-bred lady,

If it be objected to the poet's gallantry, that he remarks,

How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair;

let it be remembered, that the observation proceeds from the lips of Eve herself, and thus adds to her other graces, the crowning grace of humility.—*Hannah More's Cælebs*.

Chalmers and the English Aristocracy

I was present eight or nine years ago in the Hanover Square Rooms, at crowded meetings, among which were the flower of the English aristocracy, the leaders of the Tory party; and where, on sofas placed at the foot of the platform, were seated

princes of the Royal family, ministers of state, and bishops. The speaker who electrified these large meetings was Chalmers that prince of British orators. Sometimes energetic words in favor of political liberty, and of the independence of the church, fell from his burning lips; for he was then bearing witness in London, in the Queen's Concert Room, to the same truths which, five years after, he maintained in the rustic hall of the Cannon Mills at Edinburgh. He alluded to the saying, so famous in England, that every Englishman's house is his castle; he repeated those well-known words, that no man has a right to enter it: "The king cannot—the king dare not." And then, returning suddenly to the church, he declared that the political power could not meddle with her doctrine and her spiritual administration; and thus, taking his stand, as it were at the door of the church, he hurled forth those words, which resounded like thunder through the assembly: "The king cannot—the king dare not." When Chalmers had thus spoken in the honor of true liberty before this English aristocracy, think not that murmurs were heard around; no, there was unbounded applause. Loud acclamations arose from this multitude of noblemen and Tories; and when this cheering had finished, it began again, and was thus three times renewed. I then saw the fine and venerable head of the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's uncle, nodding with an expression of the most cordial acquiescence. I was confounded. "How magical," thought I, "is eloquence!"—

D'AUBIGNÉ.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

A NUMBER of prisoners passed by while we remained in the little hamlet. Ninety-six men and women, chained in couples, clothed in coarse gray coats, some with and some without shoes, and with heavy weights fastened to their limbs, marched painfully and slowly along, guarded by a few soldiers. Three carts, containing several women and children and a dying man, followed after; the whole procession closed with a troop of noisy Cossacks, with their long-pikes resting on the right stirrup, guns slung upon the back, and heavy whips hanging from the left wrist. The peasantry throw the prisoners pieces of copper coin. The common people evince their commiseration for the exile or the subject of the *knout* by giving them the means of purchasing gentle treatment. There were several among the prisoners in whose appearance we discovered something that assured us of their decided superiority to the wretches with whom they were associated. One of these, a tall and commanding figure, and a noble but emaciated countenance, gazed earnestly, as if he would have said, 'Oh! that I might tell you the secret of my being here.' Another, who looked at us imploringly, and said in French, 'Do you go to Moscow?' was struck in the face by a soldier, and ordered to be quiet. Alas! was there no rescue, no help, no hope at hand? Excited almost beyond control for those exiles in whose expression innocence was written, we watched the miserable band upon its dreary journey until the rattling of their irons no longer grated upon the heart.

"The exiles, upon their arrival in Siberia, practice the trade they understand. The nobles, and those who have learned no trade, are obliged to work in the mines. There are many people now in Siberia who have never ascertained for what cause they have been sent there. M. Michelovsky, an advocate of Warsaw, was involved in the Polish insurrection, and an order was given for his arrest and exile. The police, however, seized by mistake another Michelovsky, a notary of Wilna, who was expedited to Siberia, and, notwithstanding his protestations, was obliged to remain there until the error was rectified, a process of two years. The Emperor Paul commanded an offender to be taken and punished; but his minister, not being able to find the individual, seized in his stead a poor German who had recently arrived, tore out his nostrils, sent him to Siberia, and reported to Paul that his orders had been obeyed. The German remained in exile until the accession of Alexander, who brought him back to St. Petersburg, and gave him the sole right of importing lemons.

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