

standard. Nor have we done so. We have formed our opinion of him by comparing him, not with politicians of stainless character, not with Chancellor D'Aguesseau, or Gen. Washington, or Mr. Wilberforce, or Earl Grey, but with his own colleagues of the mountain. That party included a considerable number of the worst men that ever lived; but we see in it nothing like Barere. Compared with him Fouché seems honest; Billaud seems humane; Herbert seems to rise into dignity. Every other chief of the party, says M. Hippolyte Carrot, has found apologists; one set of men exalts the Girondists; another justifies Danton; a third Robespierre: but Barere has remained without a defender. We venture to suggest a very simple solution of this phenomenon. All the other chiefs of parties had some good qualities, and Barere had none. The genius, courage, patriotism, and humanity of the Girondist statesmen more than atoned for what was culpable in their conduct, and should have protected them from the insult of being compared with such a thing as Barere. Danton and Robespierre were indeed bad men; but in both of them some important parts of the mind remained sound. Danton was brave and resolute, fond of pleasure, of power, and of distinction, with vehement passions, with lax principles, but with some kind and manly feelings, capable of great crimes, but capable also of friendship and compassion. He therefore, naturally finds admirers among persons of bold and sanguine dispositions. Robespierre was a vain, envious, and suspicious man, with a hard heart, weak nerves, and a gloomy temper. But we cannot with truth deny that he was in the vulgar sense of the word, disinterested, that his private life was correct, or that he was sincerely zealous for his own system of politics, and morals. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among honest but moody and bitter democrats. If no class has taken the reputation of Barere under its patronage, the reason is plain: Barere had not a single virtue, nor even the semblance of one.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE SNOW.

BY DELTA.

THE snow! the snow! 'tis a pleasant thing  
To watch it falling, falling  
Down upon earth with noiseless wing,  
As at some spirit's calling:  
Each flake seems a fairy parachute,  
From mystic cloudland blown,  
And earth is still, and air is mute,  
As frost's enchanted zone.

The shrubs bend down—behold the trees  
Their fragrant boughs stretch out,  
The blossoms of the sky to seize,  
As they duck and drive about;  
The bare hills plead for a covering,  
And ere the grey twilight  
Around their shoulders broad shall cling  
Arctic cloak of white.

With clapping hands, from drifted door  
Of lonely shieling, peeps  
The imp, to see thy mantle hoar  
O'erspread the craggy steeps  
The eagle round its eyrie screams;  
The hill-fox seeks the glade;  
And foaming downwards rush the streams,  
As mad to be delay'd.

Falling white on the lead it lies,  
And failing dark in the sea;  
The solan to its island flies,  
The crow to the thick larch-trees;  
Within the peathouse struts the cock,  
His draggled matas among;  
While black-eyed robin seems to mock  
The sadness of his song.

Released from school, 'twas ours to wage,  
How keenly! bloodless war—  
Tossing the balls in mimic rage,  
That left a gorgeous scar;  
While doublets dark were powder'd o'er,  
Till darkness none could find;  
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,  
And catfist curls behind.

Comrades, to work!—I see him yet.  
That piled-up giant grim,  
To startle horse and horseman set,  
With Titan girth of limb.  
Sneal Sir John Frost, with crystal spear,  
We hoped thou would'st have screen'd him;  
But Thaw, the traitor, lurking near,  
Soon cruelly guillotined him!

The powdery snow! Alas! to me  
It speaks of far-off days,  
When a boyish skater mingling free  
Amid the merry maze,  
Methinks I see the broad ice still;  
And my nerves all jangling feel,  
Blent with the tones of voices shrill,  
The ring of the slider's heel.

A scene of revelry! Soon night  
Drew his murky curtains round,  
The world while a star of lustre bright  
Peep'd from the blue profound.  
Yet, what cared we for darkening lea,  
Or warbling bell remote?  
With rush and cry we scudded by,  
And seized the bliss we sought.

Drift on, ye wild winds! leave no traces  
Of dim and danky earth:  
While eager faces fill their places  
Around the blazing hearth.  
Then let the stories of the glories  
Of our sires be told;  
Or tale of knight, who lady bright  
From thralldom saved of old.

Or let the song the charms prolong,  
In music's haunting tone,  
Of shores where spring's eye blossoming,  
And winter is unknown.

Where zephyrs, sick with scent of flowers,  
Along the lakelets play;  
And lovers, wand'ring through the bowers,  
Make life a holiday.

Sunset and snow! Lo, eve reveals  
Her starry'd map to the moon,  
And o'er hush'd earth a radiance steals  
More bland than that of noon:  
The fur-robed genii of the Pole  
Dance o'er our mountains white,  
Chain up the billows as they roll,  
And pearl the caves with light.

The moon above the eastern fells  
Holds on a silent way;  
The mill-wheel, sparr'd with icicles,  
Reflects her silver ray;  
The ivy-tod, beneath its load,  
Bends down with frosty curl;  
And all around seems sown the ground  
With diamond and with pearl.

The groves are black, the hills are white,  
And, glittering in the sheen,  
The lake expands—a sheet of light—  
Its willowy banks between;  
From the dark sedge that skirts its edge,  
The startled wild duck springs,  
While, echoing far up copse and scaur,  
The fowler's musket rings.

From cove to cove how sweet to rove  
Around that fairy scene,  
Companion'd, as along we move,  
By things and thoughts serene:  
Voiceless—except where, cranking, rings  
The skater's curve along,  
The demon of the ice, who sings  
His deep hoarse undersong.

In days of old, when spirits held  
The air, and the earth below,  
When o'er the green were, tripping, seen  
The fays—what wert thou, snow?  
Leave eastern Greece its fabled fleece,  
For Northland has its own—  
The witches of Norway pluck their geese,  
And thou art their plumes of down.

The snow! the snow! It brings to mind  
A thousand happy things,  
And but one sad one—'tis to find  
Too sure that Time hath wings!  
Oh, ever sweet is sight or sound  
That tells of long ago;  
And I gaze around with thoughts profound,  
Upon the falling snow!

## New Works.

Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia. By Lieutenant Colonel G. Poulet-Cameron.

SAINT PETERSBURG.

The following morning a stronger frost than usual, exhibiting symptoms of the permanent setting in of winter, I drove to Isaac's Bridge, a point on which all strangers are recommended to proceed, from their superb panoramic view afforded thence of the entire capital; nor is the traveller disappointed, for if ever he beheld a city of palaces stretched before him, that city is Saint Petersburg.

How beautiful is the Neva; its tranquil waters covered with the vessels, and bearing the flags of all the nations in Europe, anchored alongside that princely English quay. Beyond again, observe that line of magnificent and unrivalled buildings, the Offices of State, in which the Admiralty stands the most conspicuous; and from thence let the eye turn to the Imperial palaces, the lofty churches, triumphal arches and other great monuments everywhere visible, among which are two remarkable as meriting particular attention; the first of these is the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, which, uncommonly well executed, is celebrated at once for the singularity of its pedestal, and the attitude in which the horse is portrayed, the former representing a bluff rock, and the latter as rearing on its summit, having apparently on reaching the verge of the precipice, been checked by his rider.

The second is the column erected to the memory of the Emperor Alexander, which, for combination of grandeur and simplicity, cannot be surpassed by any in the world; the base is of richly-carved bronze, from whence the shaft rises, of dark red granite, composed solely of one single stone, eighty-four feet in height, the largest ever yet discovered in the world. It was found in the Imperial Mines of Finland, and at considerable expense, and after immense labour, transported to the capital.

On returning from my stroll, I found a note from Count O—, of the General Staff of the Guard, (to whom I had brought a letter from his brother, commanding one of the regiments in Georgia,) informing me that a grand parade was to take place on the following morning, of the whole of the troops of the Imperial Guard by the Emperor in person, attended by the Duke de Leuchtenberg, and that, although I had not been presented, an order would be sent to my quarters, for the purpose of conducting me to the ground, and escorting me to a situation from whence I could view the spectacle to the highest advantage.

Punctual to the appointed hour, my guide was in attendance, and we galloped off to the parade, on arriving at which, prepared as I had been to witness something in the way of military display, I had hitherto never previously beheld, the highest anticipations I could have ever formed, would have fallen immeasurably short of the—I may term it—sublime spectacle presented by the mass of magnificent soldiery before me, in which it appeared the remotest corners both of Europe and Asia must have been ransacked to bring together its noblest and choicest cavalry. The powerfully-built Cuirassier, the stalwart and sinewy Hulan, the

light and active Hussar, the gigantic Grenadier, the agile and vigilant Rifleman, each in their handsome and admirably-fitted uniform, offered a contrast at once singular and striking to the mail-clad Circassian, the demi-European attire of the several Cossack corps, and the gorgeous costumes of the various Asiatic contingents.

A burst of music from the different bands now announced the arrival of the Emperor, attended by his son in law elect, and a numerous and brilliant staff. His presentation of the former to the soldiery I was not near enough to hear, but I ascertained from my friends afterwards, that it was contained in the following simple yet expressive phrase—"My friends, I present to you my fifth son."

The assembly of this morning was merely intended as a parade, and beyond marching past, nothing in the way of any movement took place, much to my regret, as I had been informed by several foreign officers present, the Emperor handled this immense body of men with the facility that many would a single regiment. He certainly both looked and rode a fitting leader to his guard; his gigantic and martial figure, on his bright and full-blooded bay charger, rendering him by far the most conspicuous figure amid the whole of that gallant and brilliant array.

It was on this occasion I witnessed for the first time an alteration in the heavy cavalry equipment, which, if followed up, in the event of a general war, is likely to be productive of a corresponding degree of change throughout the whole system of military tactics, especially as regards the infantry. I allude to the system recently introduced into the Russian Guard, of arming the Cuirassier regiments with lances, with which the whole of those corps are now provided, the weapon being of a longer and heavier description than that carried by the Hulan or Lancer.

I was the only English officer present, but there were several Austrian, Saxon, and Prussian, strangers like myself, and in our conversation relative to this important innovation, I believe among the whole of us, there was not one dissentient voice, that, with horses well trained, and the riders possessed of the requisite nerve, infantry, as at present armed and organised, would be utterly unable to withstand them.

While to arrive at an exact statement regarding the bona fide general amount of the Russian army, is wholly impossible to ascertain; the actual numerical strength of the Imperial Guard alone, is very difficult, from the contradictory statements given by the officers themselves, in which the aggregate varies from forty to eighty thousand men! As far as I myself could judge, on this occasion, the parade mustered about 6500 regular Cavalry, of all arms, 20,000 Infantry, 2000 Sapeurs and Artillery, 3800 Cossacks, and 1000 Irregulars, making in all an average of from between thirty-three to thirty-five thousand, and in this opinion, Colonels Von L—, and De M—, of the Austrian and Prussian services, who, like myself, had served for many years on the staff, concurred.

This splendid force is, of course, an army in itself, possessing in its own Etat Major, Commissariat, &c. &c., and, in lieu of terming it the Imperial Guard, a mere showy appanage of the Crown, it might with much more propriety be termed a "Corps d'Armée Elite."

I have previously mentioned the utter impossibility of arriving at any real conclusion regarding the actual amount of the Russian forces, the division of which is made into seven Corps d'Armée, (including one of reserve) composed of four regiments of cavalry (light or heavy, according to the pleasure of the Emperor, or the Minister of War) and twelve of infantry, the latter being formed of four battalions, each 1000 strong, with an average proportion of two troops, of sixteen guns, of horse-artillery to the former, and from twelve to fifteen companies of foot to the latter. These in numerical strength, would form say, 4000 infantry, and 2000 artillery, thus rendering the full amount of the various corps at 374,002.

This is exclusive of the armies of Ourenbourg and the Caucasus, the latter of which consists of 45,000 men, but having only one regiment of regular cavalry, the Nishnei-Novogorod Dragoons, and, from what I could gather regarding the former, about half that number. To those must be added 140 regiments of Cossacks varying in number, but generally rated at between 70,000 and 80,000 men, and about fifty garrison battalions of Invalids. The grand total, therefore, of this immense establishment may be fairly supposed at between 600,000 and 620,000 men, without enumerating either the military colonies or the Cossacks of the Line and Black sea; both of whom, from being engaged in one constant scene of never-ending warfare with the mountaineers of the Caucasus, may be said to be organized as a *levy en masse*.

Cronstadt is certainly the Malta of the North and as ugly a looking place as an assailing party would wish to look at. Utterly unapproachable all round with one single exception from the shallowness of the water, the entrance formed by this channel is garnished with a double line of guns, gaunt and grim, thro' which any bold intruder would have to run the gauntlet, as the opening movement to any assault upon this formidable bulwark.

The citadel is of immense strength, as also the line of works known as the Rizenbank batteries, but both sink into insignificance beside the castle of Cronschloth, and the Mole, which seem a realization of artillery on the plan of the dense formation of an infantry square, so bristling is the array of guns which they present to view.

Cronstadt possesses three harbours; the first,

for mercantile vessels, is a remarkably fine one, and securely sheltered. It is capable of holding, with the utmost facility, from a thousand to twelve hundred vessels, and in the summer time, I am told, presents a gay and animated spectacle, as, from the short period of the trade being open, it is then literally crammed with the ships of all the nations of Europe; but owing to the daily, I may say, hourly, anticipations of the setting in of the frost, similarly to those at Saint Petersburg, all had quitted the anchorage two or three days previous, with the exception of five or six, who intended passing the winter there.

The other two harbours are exclusively confined to the use of the Imperial Navy, and bordering which are the magazines, offices of admiralty, docks, rope-walks, &c. &c. the whole of which, in cleanliness, order, and regularity, cannot be surpassed by those of any other nation in the world.

Mexico as it was and as it is. By Brantz Mayer.

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Vera Cruz lies on a low, sandy shore, extending for miles along the coast. I will not trouble you with the details of the city's history, famous as the spot where thousands have come to die of the *vomito*—or, to make their fortunes (if they survive the certain attack of that disease) and return with shattered constitutions to colder climates, to ache in memory of the heat they endured in Mammon's service. Landing at the Mole, the first thing that struck me was a gang of more than a hundred galley-slaves, chained, and at work in the broiling sun, cutting and carrying stone to repair the broken pier. The second was the roofs of the churches, which seemed to be covered with mourning, as I supposed, for some deceased prelate. The mourning turned out, however, to be nothing more than thousands of zopilotes or turkey buzzards, the chief of whom is usually perched on the peak of the cross of the loftiest church—a sentinel for prey. These two classes of folks, to wit, the galley slaves and zopilotes, constitute a large part of the most useful population of Vera Cruz—the former being the city authorities' labourers, the latter the city authorities' scavengers. It is a high crime to kill a zopilote. He is under the protection of the laws, and walks the street with as much nonchalance and as "devil may care" a look as other "gentlemen in black," who pick the sins from our souls as these creatures pick impurities from the streets. The Mole, or quay, is of good masonry, and furnished with stairs and cranes for the lading of goods, though from the great violence of the ocean during the *Northers*, and the great neglect of proper repairs, it is likely to be entirely ruined. In heavy weather the sea makes a clear breach over it; yet this, and the Castle of San Juan, on the land spit near a mile off, are the only protection for the shipping of all nations, and the commerce of more than half the republic! Passing from the Mole you enter the city by an unfinished gateway, near which Santa Anna lost his leg during the attack of the French in 1838. Beyond this portal is a large square, which will be surrounded with custom-house buildings—though there is now scarce a symptom of them, except in the granite stones, most of which have been imported from the United States. From this spot, a short walk to the left leads you to the arcade of a street, and you soon find yourself in the public square of the city, which, though small in its dimensions, is neat and substantial. On the east, north, and west, it is bounded by noble ranges of edifices, built over light arches—the one to the eastward, with its back to the sea, being the former Governor's residence, and still appropriated to the civil and military purposes of the state. On the south of the square is the parish church, with its walls blackened with sea-damps and zopilotes.

THE CARRIERS OF MEXICO.

They form a very large proportion of the population, yet by no similar class elsewhere are they exceeded in devoted honesty, punctuality, patient endurance, and skillful execution of duty. Nor is this the less remarkable when we recollect the country through which they travel—its disturbed state—and the opportunities consequently afforded for transgression. I have never been more struck with the folly of judging men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the *Arrieros*. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trousers, and well greased jerkin that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat, when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months in Mexico, on toilsome journeys among the mountains, and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with. He overcomes them all—he is never robbed and never robs—and, at the appointed day, comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, homeless and unsecured—with nothing but his fair name and unbroken word. When you ask him if you may rely on his name, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honour should be questioned, exclaim: "Foy Jose Maria, senior, por veinte años Arriero de Mexico—todo el mundo me conoce." "I am Jose Maria, sir, I have you know—an Arriero of Mexico of twenty years—all the world knows me!"

Dauguerrotype.—A woman's heart is the only true "plate" for a man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change effaces it not!