

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

BY MISS DOUGLASS.

I know man kept no promises—nor none.
At least, with woman—and yet, knowing this,
With ev'rybody's will I trusted one.
Whose word seemed so the truth that I forgot
The lesson I had learnt full oft before.
And I believed, because he said he'd come,
That he would come; and then, night after night,
I watched the clouds, and saw them pass away
From the bright moon, and leave the clear blue sky
As spotless and serene and beautiful
As if no promises were broken ere
Beneath it. Man forgets, in his busy hours,
What in his life moments he has said,
Nor thinks how often woman's happiness
Hangs on his lightest word. It is not things
Of great importance which affect the heart
Most deeply. Kisses often weave the net
Of misery, or of "bliss of human life."
There is many a deep and hidden grief
From sources which admit of no complaint—
From things of which we can not, dare not speak—
And yet we seem but trifles, till the chain,
Link after link, is fastened on each thought
And wound around the heart. They do their work
In secrecy and silence; but their power
Is far more fatal than the open shafts
Of sorrow and misfortune; and they prey
Upon the heart and spirit, till the bloom
Of hope is changed to fever's hectic flush;
They break the charm of youth's first bright dream
And thus wear out the pleasures of the world,
And sap at length the springs of life.
But this is woman's fate. It is not thus
With you, aspiring man. His mind is filled
With high and lofty thoughts; and Love and Hope
And all the warmest feelings of his heart
Are sacrificed at cold Ambition's shrine.
He feels that all the world was made for him,
Nor broken promises, nor hopes destroyed,
Are of a place in memory's palace;
It is only woman, in her loneliness,
That has no meaning, and who lives in hope,
The brightness from her eyes, who checks her peace
On the vast ocean of uncertainty.
And if it is wrecked, she turns her lot to hear,
Or she may learn to die, but not forget!
It is for her to hear her worst thoughts,
To break her broken promises, and sigh
Over disappointed hopes, till she believes
There is no misery in this world
Than in her single heart.

SKYLARKING NO. TWO.

[Mr. Stoddard, of the New Orleans Crescent, in company with several other gentlemen, went a-birding the other day. This is his description of the sport.]
We have always had a wholesome horror of high places; and although one may every day behold the spectacle of a dizzy heizer, occupied upon a most insecure footing, yet one fails to become so accustomed to it as not to regard it as one of the most fearful of predicaments, physically or otherwise.
Stimulated, however, by more than one illustrious example, and relying implicitly upon the skill and experience of M. Eugene Godard, a skill which has already acquired a world-wide celebrity, we, on the afternoon of Tuesday last, embarked with that famous gentleman on his 23dth voyage towards the celestial regions.
Most persons will readily understand that looking at a balloon from the earth is a matter somewhat different from looking at the earth from a balloon. In the latter case, one experiences the reality of translation to another sphere, and finds himself suddenly out of the world, enjoying another and much higher state of existence. This occurs, too, so suddenly, that one has hardly time to understand his own sensations, much less to analyze or define them. We did not, as we rose into the air, experience the sensation of ascending, but felt precisely, while leaving the earth, as if that fearful article were sinking away from us—down, down, to some infernal center. It appeared to us very much as if the earth had hitherto derived its support from our balloon, and now that the connection, or partnership, was dissolved, it was sliding helplessly away into fatality space. We were conscious, however, by the assurance, derived from reasons of natural philosophy, that should any thing serious happen to our balloon, in the way of a collapse or an explosion, the friendly planet with which we had been so long acquainted would return immediately to our assistance with all proper speed.
Although the wind had risen at the time of our departure, (5 o'clock,) we found the air calm a few hundred feet above, and for some time we ascended almost vertically. The square below us, with its throngs of men and women, became reduced in appearance to the dimensions of some of our bank-note exchanges, as the St. Louis Republic or the New York Courier and Enquirer; the lofty steeple of the Cathedral dwindled to an insignificant point, and Jackson Square, in front of it, looked like a Lilliputian playground attached to a Lilliputian mansion. The whole city, as if by a sudden stroke of magic, lay spread out beneath us. Its public buildings, public squares, its broadest streets and obscurest alleys, its basins, roads, swamp improvements, etc., all could be comprehended with a single glance of the eye, and all appeared to have been reduced to exceedingly minute dimensions. When we had arrived at a point directly above the head of the New Basin, we arose above the current of air which had borne us thither, and remained stationary for a short time. Looking down here upon the space between Julia and St. Joseph streets, it appeared no broader than a man's hand, and the canal seemed only calculated to float the toy-boats of very small children.
Towards the northwest the eye could trace the Mississippi River through all its windings to a distance almost incredible for human vision; to the north appeared the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, and far away in the southwest loomed up the Gulf of Mexico, covered with clouds and mist. In that direction lies Cuba, but we could not see it, although we looked luxuriously, as requested by a gentleman friend, who has lately been troubled with apprehensions for his safety. Sitting at our ease in the cushioned car, we gazed upwards at the frail globe of silk which held us suspended thousands of feet in the air, and then down upon the paved streets and the inhospitable roofs of stone—and we must confess that uncomfortable speculations upon the consequences of a fall so tremendous, should it

occur, would intrude upon our meditations. The parting of a seam, the breaking of a thread of the fairy like net-work, might afford us a practical illustration of our most horrible dreams of tumbling from high places.
Discharging a bag of ballast, we here rose to the height of about six thousand feet, and sailed away towards Carrollton; clouds began to gather around us, and the air became white with snow, but we remarked that the temperature of the atmosphere was not uncomfortably low. Our flight in this direction would soon have taken us across the Mississippi and into the interminable swamps beyond. Not caring to repeat his former experience of this sort, M. Godard pulled the valve string, and in a few moments we landed easily and safely in an open common, just above Bonigny. A crowd of all sorts of people assailed us as we descended when we reached the earth, and after discharging our gas and packing up our balloon, we accompanied Mr. Charles Mr. Chapotin and Mr. Jules Buisson to the dwelling of the former, where we were entertained in the most kind and hospitable manner.
For companions upon this most interesting excursion we had, besides M. Godard, Mr. Hopkins, of the Delta, and Mr. John McClelland, Deputy Street Commissioner, who we suppose went up mainly for the purpose of improving his acquaintance with the geography of New Orleans.

STORY OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

Frégere, an actor of one of the minor theaters of the Boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French Theater at St. Petersburg, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I. that he soon became a distinguished favorite of the monarch. An ill-timed *bon mot* one day convinced Frégere how dangerous it was to speak too freely to the eccentric autocrat. It was at the imperial dinner-table, when one of the guests lauded the present Emperor at the expense of Peter the Great.
"That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the Emperor, turning to his favorite; "is it not so, Frégere?"
"Certainly, sir," answered the latter. "To satisfy Paul we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle."
"And pray why so?" asked the Czar, quickly.
"Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has frequently commanded in the name of our Saviour, 'Go and bear the cross throughout the world, more especially in Siberia.'"
Paul showed anger in his face, and no one dared to laugh or to be pleased with the actor's reply. A few minutes afterwards the Emperor rose and dismissed the company.
It was in the middle of midnight, when Frégere was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at the door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment. The former produced a warrant from the Emperor, banishing Frégere to Siberia. We may readily imagine the terror of the Frenchman. He cried, three times upon the floor, tore his hair, and repeatedly exclaimed, "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?" He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay, to throw himself at the feet of the monarch and learn the nature of his guilt. In vain: the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarcely was the operation finished when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, where a coach was in waiting. He was then lifted into it—more dead than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. The doors of the vehicle were locked, and the officer giving the signal, the coach rolled away at full speed, surrounded by a cavalry escort. How long the first stage lasted Frégere was unable to tell, as the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. He was not on entering the coach that the soldiers had orders to shoot him on the spot the moment he opened his mouth to put any question to them. He consequently observed strict silence, and suffered a world of pain. The door of the coach was at last opened—it was broad daylight. His eyes, however, were bandaged, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed, and he entered. When the bandage was removed, he saw, by the faint glimmer of a rushlight, a dish of coarse food upon a board before him. Though he had been fasting for some time, he could hardly swallow a morsel of food, however induced him to eat, for the faces that watched his motions seemed to portend no good. Siberia! Siberia! that was the only thought that was to live in that terrible land. Frégere gave himself up to despair, when the previous officer—by-the-by, an old acquaintance—entered the room, attended by a courier. The poor prisoner felt as if he had been set free, and joyfully asked the officer, "What is the reason for this friendly face for years in the joy of his heart he was about to embrace him; but a motion with the hand, a stern look restrained him, while the finger of the officer pressed upon his lips in silence. He had flattered himself that the courier had brought an order for his release; but he was mistaken.
The officer dismissed his guide, and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner, he said, almost in a whisper, "Frégere, we must now part. I have accompanied you to the first stage, and you will have to make the inspection of your own office. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving this caution; but I am your friend. Have you any orders for me?" "Can I serve you on my return to the Czar?" Poor Frégere melted into tears. Instead of replying to the questions, he only bewailed having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime. Said the officer, "Don't you then know what you have done? Are you mad, Frégere? Have you forgotten the sarcasm just you made at the imperial table? It has offended the Emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the exile.
"Hush! be silent!" whispered the other. "Walls have ears. But don't waste time; listen, Frégere. I am the only one who can help you; henceforth, during the four journey, will find faces wholly unknown to you. The Emperor, you are aware, is immovable in his resolves, and inexorable in his wrath. You had better, therefore, be resigned to your fate; you have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you."
"Speak for me to His Majesty."
"Not a word of that," said his friend, "ask any thing but that."

"If that be the case," said poor Frégere, "I have nothing to ask."
"And your money and trinkets," rejoined the officer, "you have left them all behind. Can I lodge them safely for you some where, until your return?"
"My return?" gasped Frégere, "then I am not exiled for life?"
"Of course not—only for three years. Take courage; they will soon pass away, and then—"
"Three years for an innocent word?" whined Frégere, and began again to cry and complain. But at this moment the soldier entered, and, bandaging his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled again.
It seemed a very long stage—Frégere calculated that he had traveled a whole day, when the vehicle again stopped. As before, he was bandaged and led into a wretched hut, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pine wood. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several similar journeys, the vehicle again stopped. By Frégere's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had traveled three nights. His eyes were bandaged as before; but instead of being led, his guides seized him, and carried him for some time; until they placed him upon a wooden bench. He waited for a few moments, and wondered why the bandage was not removed. At last he heard soft whispering, and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized and tied behind his back. He tremblingly asked what it meant; but received no reply. 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