

## WHAT THE YOUNG MAN SAW IN BROADWAY.

SUGGESTED BY A WELL KNOWN ENGRAVING.

BY MEISTER KARL.

## I.

I STOOD on the steps of the ASTOR,  
And gazed at the living tide  
Of vehicles down the middle,  
And people up either side.

## II.

And I saw a maid who was 'pumpkins,'  
In a shawl of real Cashmere,  
Jump down from the step of a carriage,  
While her robe 'got caught' in the rear.

## III.

Oh! the robe was of *moire antique*,  
(A very expensive 'rag:')

But a skirt peeped out below it,  
And *that* was a coffee-bag.

## IV.

I knew it had once held coffee,  
Though now 't was another thing;  
For on it was 'FINE OLD JAVA,'  
Y-marked in store-black-ing.

## V.

And I thought, as she gained the side-walk,  
And the 'muslin' again was furled;  
How much those out-skirts and *in*-skirts  
Were like man's heart in the world.

## VI.

How many a Pharisee humbug  
Plays a life-long game of brag;  
His words all silk and velvet,  
And his heart but a coffee-bag!

## VII.

And I turned me in to the ASTOR,  
For my heart was beginning to sink,  
And I told the tale to my brother,  
And it rung him in for a drink.

## VIII.

It rung him in for cock-tails,  
And then to myself I confessed,  
When I thought how I came by the 'ardent,'  
That I was as bad as the rest.

## D E P A R T E D   D A Y   I N   T H E   A L P S .

THE day is gone, and in the west the glows  
Are like the smiles upon the recent dead,  
And clouds, with pallid looks, walk over-head;  
A flush of tears they here and there disclose:  
Like altars decked with wreaths of gold and rose,  
The icy mountains stand with light o'er-spread,  
Each pinnacle the lingering rays to shed,  
Seems like a taper that a glimmer throws.  
While Evening slowly, like a black-robed nun,  
In veils of mist comes up the mountain-side  
To say her masses for departed Sun,  
And tell her dewy beads, and drop them wide;  
And as she rises to the heavenly meeting,  
The saint-like stars come out to give her greeting.

## T H E   C O L   D U   G E A N T .

BY HUME GREENFIELD.

A PLEASANT little village in Courmayeur, nestling snugly amid pastures, within full view of the 'Monarch' and his satellites, all robed in 'pale blue.' Very pleasant is the rosy John Bull countenance of mine host of the Albergo del Angelo. Excellent was the table, good the wines, and hilarious (for Italian) the company among whom I descended on the thirty-first of July last past. Not quite so favored was I in point of weather. It rained as if it intended to water the land for the rest of the season. All is for the best. But for this out-pouring of the elements, not only should I have remained in ignorance of all those excellencies I have enumerated above, but I should have missed seeing the Dora Balka thundering down the valley, grinding huge boulders against each other, as a boy might a pocket-full of marbles, ever and anon sweeping past the débris of some mountain bridge, or tossing a huge pine along, that might have formed 'the mast of some tall admiral.' Moreover, I had a full view of a débacle on a small scale, descending from the Pain-au-Sucre, a conical mountain bounding the other side of the valley. On examination, it was found that a large pasture had been totally ruined, the wind also destroying the pastor's garden, and missing the parsonage by a mere hair's-breadth. No lives lost. Good! All the crop pretty well got in. Good again! My guide, Chabot, tells me that after this we may as well start, and the whole village turns out to see me off; the Italians all shrugging their shoulders at such romantic nonsense as climbing a hill for a mere view. Here follow, in my note-book, sundry reflections not very complimentary