

The Cry of Intemperance.

I am dying, Temperance, dying,
I can feel my life-blood flow;
Thou hast caused the dart to enter,
Thou hast dealt the fatal blow.

Kings and queens have bowed before me,
Potentates have been my slaves,
Wealth and honor stooped to worship,
And accept a drunkard's grave.

All the world has seen my glory,
All have felt my fatal power,
Men to beasts have turned before me,
In a weak, unguarded hour.

I have caused the widow's mourning,
And the orphan's bitter tears,
Child and mother hopeless sorrow,
As they watched the drunkard's bier.

I have made the rich to tremble,
And the poor be poorer still;
Made the monarch wield his scepter
At the bidding of my will.

I have brought the living sorrow,
But when came the funeral knell,
Joy and gladness reigned supremely
Through the lowest depths of hell.

Now I'm dying, Temperance, dying,
Thou hast done thy work too well.
Farewell, friends and foes, forever,
Bacchus, too, a long farewell.

Sights on the Pacific Coast.

It is easier by far to tell of the wonderful and interesting sights which one sees in San Francisco, or Frisco as it is called by its inhabitants, than to describe the city itself. It is hilly, and some of the streets are seemingly inaccessible, for you look upward until it seems as though the roofs of the houses reached the clouds. Some of the street cars are run by steam up streets which horses can not travel. The houses are built entirely of wood; such a thing as a brownstone, or marble front is unknown. But with all the irregularity of the streets, (and they are very irregular,) it is almost impossible to lose one's self, for, turn which way you will, the building of the Court of Records faces you.

The rainy season is at last over, and the streets are full of people and—dust. As it is said (and truly too) that people are in a better humor after having eaten a hearty meal, I will first take my friends to the grand California Market, which is perhaps the largest establishment of the kind in the United States. Starting down Kearney St., we gaze with wonder at the great number of ladies who are promenading the street, and though there are many gentlemen, they seem comparatively few. This is emphatically the ladies' street, and every lady who can dress in the latest and most extravagant fashion is expected to be there on all bright days. A poorly dressed person is rarely seen in the city. As we pass down the street the taste for the beautiful is fully satisfied in the fine display of paintings and statuary, with which the store windows are filled. Fortunately for sight-seers, this is a Cosmopolitan city, and one may stand for hours, gazing through the great windows without attracting any attention. As we turn from Kearney St. to California St. we fairly stand still at the sight of the moving mass of black broadcloth and silk hats. The noon Stock Board is in session and the crowd is so densely packed that it is almost impossible to pass it. Proceeding a short distance we ascend a few steps, and are in the Market. At our right is an elegantly dressed lady ordering the most costly vegetables for her dinner, and at the next stall is one less favored with wealth buying a dime's worth of sausage for the hungry little ones at home. Farther on is a young lady selecting birds

with which to make her home lively. Just beyond is a gentleman, on whose upper lip is the down which betrays his youth, touching daintily with his foppish cane a bouquet of hot-house flowers intended for the fair one who has lately captivated his heart. Just opposite the flower stand, the odor of cheese arises, and turning, we see everything coming under this head, from the foreign Limberger to the home-made Schmirkase. Next, a stand for embroideries and fancy work, and while we are wondering what will come next our escort quickly steps ahead and out of the labyrinth and opens a door. Of course we pass through the door and find ourselves in the daintiest and tiniest of restaurants. As soon as we have seated ourselves at one of the tiny tables and given our orders for one of their famous "stews," the gentlemanly proprietor brings us (fortunately for this occasion we are ladies) a bouquet of sweet spring violets, and during the meal we regale ourselves with the odor of flowers instead of the customary ale or beer. Next is placed before us a plate covered with an immaculate napkin, and raising this you start as you see a plateful of the most horrible, and to the uninitiated the most frightful of eatables. These are the shrimps which every Frisco lady says she loves and every gentleman declares are the best eating in the world. Then comes the fun of teaching the stranger the process of breaking the shells. This is fun indeed, and if the stranger be a lady, she involuntarily does all that is expected of her sex in the way of screams and starts, and at last she drops the ugly looking things in great disgust. By the time this fun is over your order is filled, and the oysters are placed before you. Was anything ever more delicious? We sit and eat and chat as long as we feel inclined, and when we have finished we pay the small price for our dinner, and again go out into the Market, and through this to Montgomery St. Up this street we elbow our way as well as we can.

Montgomery St. is as emphatically the gents' street as Kearney St. is the ladies'. On we go, staring in country style at the buildings, the show windows and the crowd. After a few blocks of this slow journey we find ourselves being steadily drawn from the crowd, and begin to realize that in spite of our fears to the contrary, we have escaped with a little breath, and stop before the Diamond Palace, of which gorgeous establishment J. H. Andrews is the wealthy proprietor. The window is fairly ablaze with diamonds. Mirrors are placed at the back of the window, by which means it is made to appear square instead of triangular. In each corner is a slowly revolving globe, on which are placed in graceful positions the diamonds most noted for size, brilliancy or setting. In the center of the window is the largest diamond in California; it is about the size of a nickel. All around this magnificent centerpiece are jeweled watches and necklaces with prices most fabulous. After gazing long at the window, if you wish to purchase jewels, or have a letter of introduction to the firm, you step inside and become lost in the beauties that surround you. The room is lined with mirrors and when at last we come to our senses we are puzzled to tell which of the many reflections of ourself is the real one. Our good escort comes to our assistance, and we regretfully leave the beautiful place and firmly resolve to visit it often. From this Palace we go to

another which is quite as noted as this, and about which I shall tell you in the future. SAUCY.

THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—She asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a Spring rose, and the brute said it was, even to the minor attraction of still having a little due on it.—*Ex.*

—Fresh: "I wonder why my mustache doesn't grow under my nose as well as at the corners of my mouth."

Soph: "Too much shade." (Cries of more.)—*Ex.*

—"Talk about extravagance in dress of women!" cries Martha Jane, exultingly. "What do you say to Tweed's six million suit, I'd like to know! He isn't a woman, I guess."—*Ex.*

—"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century, woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century. We can't guess her but we'll never give her up—no never!"—*Ex.*

—A long discussion between a young lady and gentleman of the town of S—, as to which had the larger mouth, was brought to a close by the gentleman, saying: "Let's measure."—*Ex.*

—A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the Falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she was striking an Indian.—*Ex.*

—The skeptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him will only sink him the deeper in the abyss.—*Ex.*

—As a Fresh and his girl were walking down town the other day, they saw a horse slip and fall down in the street. The young lady threw up her hands and uttered the following "little, tender, dolorous cry:" "O, murder, that horse has fainted!"—*Ex.*

—An attorney read a petition in court from a man up country who stated that he had ordered a certain grade of whisky and had received an inferior article, whereby he had been damaged. Judge Pershing remarked that it was more likely the petitioner's customers had been damaged by the bad whisky.—*Ex.*

—When a young man calls on a girl for the first time, and when the conversation lags, and the subject of the weather has been torn all to pieces, then it is that the photograph albums step in and fill up the gap that nothing else in the world could bridge.—*Ex.*

—"What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It can not both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open; it can't be both shut and open." Tutor—"Give us another illustration." Student—"Well, take the case of another door."—*Ex.*

—Gentleman on corner of St. Paul and Main streets last night. Two Freshmen swearing at each other as though they were Phil Sheridan in danger of getting whipped. "Now, now," says gentleman, kindly, "you mustn't use such dreadful language. It's horrible to hear it" (slips upon pavement and comes down with a crash and an oath), "though I suppose it is excusable on some occasions, condemn it."—*Ex.*

—We commend the following to two or three of our Sophs. Better even than the best salve! Try the plan for raising a mustache recommended to one of our Seniors by a lady friend: "Salt well the upper lip, then holding a cup of water underneath, catch the little fellows as they come out to drink."—*Ex.*

—"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE?"—In broken China:

How? Sic belly small chin-chin sting bug
Im-im implove ebly slixty minnit all a
time.

Go, pickee up sting-bug juice all a day,
All kin' places 'loun' flowels jest got
busted.—*Ex.*

—"There, Philip, the baby's awake," remarked Mrs. Sheridan, the other night, "wont you get up and walk with her awhile?" The hero of Five Forks and the Shenandoah singing "Rock a bye baby," and pacing the bedroom floor at two A. M. with regula, twenty-eight inch step, and ten pounds of infant in his soldierly embrace, is a spectacle calculated to give a tone to the service, and to send Susan B. Anthony into hysterics of delight.—*Ex.*

The following description of Washington's personal appearance, written in 1778, says an English newspaper, "by a native of America," contains some points not generally known:

"Gen. Washington is now in the 47th year of his age. He is a tall, well-made man, rather large, and has a tolerably genteel address. His features are manly and bold; his eyes of a bluish cast and lively; his hair a deep brown; his face rather long, and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburned and without much color, and his countenance sensible, composed, and thoughtful. There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness; he has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier, a gentleman in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices which have so often excited Christians of one denomination to cut the throats of those of another, in his morals irreproachable; he was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperance."—*Ex.*

—Prof.—In this life when one man does wrong we all suffer for it. If a student should do wrong and an account of it get in the papers we should all suffer. That will not be so in the future life.

Student—Because the newspaper man wont be there.—*Targum.*

—The following is said to be a copy of Prof. Tyndall's proposal to the daughter of Lord Hamilton:

Sacharine conglomeration of protoplasm! Adorable combination of matter and force! Rarest product of infinite ages of evolution! the luminiferous ether is not more responsive to the rays of light than are my nerve centres to the mystic influence which emanates from the photosphere of thy countenance. As the heliocentric system was evolved from primordial chaos by the workings of inexorable law, so is that rarification of matter which men call my soul lifted from profound despair by the luminance issuing from thy visual organs. Deign, O, admirable creature, to respect that attraction which draws me toward thee with a force inversely proportional to the squares of the distance. Grant that we shall be made double sums, describing concentric orbits, which shall touch each other at all points of their peripheries. YOUR OWN, TYNDALL.