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Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1880.

An American Poet Laureate.
Philadelphia Bulletin.

This country has no poet laureate; partly, perhaps, because the Fathers, in arranging the machinery of our government, insisted so much on the necessity of every thing that savored of the methods of the effete despots of Europe; and partly, also, it may be, because genuine poets were scarce during the first years of our national existence. One of the painful results of this neglect of our revolutionary sires is that we have no great national anthem. Several poets who lay around loose outside of the government offices and who had no constitutional authority for their proceedings, have tried to write national anthems, but all of them have failed to recommend their effusions to the American people, chiefly because their methods were irregular. Even Mr. Gilmore, who had a national anthem whispered into his ear by an angelic visitor, was scolded at when he produced the work; and a cold, unfeeling world has treated with scorn and derision the exultant patriotic strains which the Sweet Singer of Michigan strained herself to produce. The achievements of these two writers of the melodious lyrics indicate that the office of poet-laureate will not have to wait for an occupant if it shall be created. Patriotic poets are thicker in this country now than brigadier-generals were during the war. A brick thrown at random into a crowd will be likely to contain a new down couple, at least; and every newspaper editor can thrust his hand into an overflowing waste-basket and pull out a dozen rhythmical breathings about Spring from the pens of bards who only need a copy of the salary, and leave to print at the public expense, to grind out verse in nearly unlimited quantities.

It is beginning to be evident that the poets are not going to be kept under much longer. If they cannot fire the hearts of their countrymen through the columns of the wood notes, they will be driven to a brutal press; if ignorant book publishers refuse to illuminate the world with their poetry unless for a cash consideration, the songsters will find other ways to reach the popular heart. Gilmore bawled his angelic whippers into the ears of his countrymen with the aid of a musical instrument. The Sweet Singer of Michigan entrapped unsuspecting persons to purchase her skylark music, by offering a chromo. Downey, the wailing warbler of Wyoming, poured thirty-two columns of his wood notes into the ears of the Legislature under the pretense of making some observations upon a bill. If a disreputable House of Representatives shall henceforth refuse him access to the Record, no doubt Downey will smuggle his resounding periods into the patent office reports, or let the melodious music of his minstrel harp be heard among the discords of the internal revenue report upon the scandalous behavior of the North Carolina moon-shiners. Drive the Wyoming poet from one public document and he will turn up in another. In one respect the singers are like the truth; when crushed to earth they will rise again. Nothing can hold them down.

If Congress would create the office of poet laureate, relief could be afforded to these persons and perhaps to the country. The public printing office could be directed to put into a weekly paper, which could be suppressed as soon as it was printed, all the poetry that should be written by the laureate and by aspirants to the office. The publication, then, would operate as a kind of a common sewer in which the frenzy of the bards would be run off without hurting anybody and it would have the effect to save the Record and the patent office reports from outrage at the hands of the singers. The laureate might hold office for a year, so as to give everybody a chance; and the appointments should be made as the result of competition. In way, Gilmore and the Sweet Singer of Michigan could enter the lists to begin with; and unless Gilmore's angel turned up in time and the Sweet Singer could succeed in kindling the celestial fire in her soul upon short notice, Downey would get the place. We should arrange the salary upon a sliding scale. The greater the amount of poetry produced and buried in the cellar of the government printing office, the larger the pay. Every inducement should be offered to the laureate to wrench his brain-pan permanently out of place at the earliest practicable moment.

Tales of the Bernhardt.

Two stories—probably apocryphal—of Mlle. Bernhardt. A gentleman in the audience had one night the excellent taste to persistently hiss her. She found out his address, called at his house and had an interview all alone with him. Then and there she told him it was always her endeavor conscientiously to do her duty as a histrionic artist and to please her public; that she regretted anything like failure in that duty, and that she should feel greatly obliged if he would kindly point out her defects in order that she might correct them. This conduct won for her another passionate admirer.

Another day she read in a certain Parisian paper the statement that her hair was false, and that her teeth were far too good to be genuine. Next day the dramatic critic was amazed to behold a lady dash into his room and bid him to please her by attending to her hair and teeth. "Pull it!" she exclaimed, as she placed a luxuriant tress in one of his hands. "Is this real hair or not?" "Certainly, certainly," stammered the critic. Catching hold of his other hand, she opened her mouth—but happily not to bite—and made him finger her teeth. "Are these false?" cried the lady. No they are the most beautiful real teeth I ever beheld in my life," declared the terrible victim, who would willingly swear that black was white if it would have given him hope for any satisfaction. "I am Sara Bernhardt," proclaimed the lady, with such serenity as she could possibly put into her voice, and the wretched critic made up his mind for the worst. He, too, has since become one of her most devoted vassals.

Great Pennsylvaniaans.

The attempt to erect Judge Jeremiah Black into a favorite son is a commendable one, but we fear it will fail. Jere is a good fellow, an able fellow, too, but he had the misfortune to be born in the State of Pennsylvania will never accept a native born citizen for a favorite son. "Pennsylvania," said Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, with delicate sarcasm, "has produced two able men—Benjamin Franklin, of Boston, and Albert Gallatin, of Geneva." He might have said three, we have always thought, and added the name of "William Penn, of England." The niches where Pennsylvania is to place the statues of her two most worthy children at Washington are to be filled with the marbles that shall represent General Muhlenberg, of Virginia, and Robert Fulton, of New York; while Mad Anthony Wayne, Pennsylvania bred and born, goes unhonored. The "great Pennsylvaniaan," during our recent civil war, was Mr. Thaddeus

Stevens, of Vermont. No, no, Jere Black won't do for a favorite son of the Keystone State. In the succession of our great men we follow the old mode of imperial rule—that of adoption.

Illustrious Invalids.

Russia's Emperor, Empress and Prince The Prussian court is in regular daily receipt of news in regard to the condition of the health of the three distinguished invalids who are at present engrossing the attention of all Russia. The first of these is the Emperor, who is kept alive only by the use of oxygen and ether, and who when she is not slumbering is continually saying to those around her, "How happy must be the people who enjoy good health!" Her frame has been reduced to a mere skeleton, her limbs, and more especially the lower portion of the body, being simply skin and bone. The second illustrious invalid is Prince Gortschakoff, the first cause of whose illness was an attack of indigestion. After him, in the relative gravity of his case, comes the Empress, and it is on him that the attention of the German court is especially concentrated. Although he can move about and cannot be said to be exactly in the hands of the doctor, he is, according to the Emperor William, the sickest of the three. The following facts concerning him have been communicated to me by a friend who has access to the court circles:

It is well known, that the Emperor Alexander is in such a state of prostration that he is almost incapable of transacting any business. He is crushed by terror, and for several days after the attempt upon his life at Winter Palace he did not quit his apartments. In order, however, to keep up his habit of a daily walk after breakfast he had the upper squares of the windows of a sort of balcony in this purified atmosphere, wrapped in his cloak he walked briskly up and down for exercise. Now, escorted by eight Cossacks, preceded and surrounded by numerous vehicles in which police agents are seated, he drives to the residence of his son, the czarowit, whose garden serves him for a promenade. There he walks about attended by his faithful *chasseur* and followed by three of his favorite dogs. This *chasseur* has long been in the habit of accompanying him in his sporting expeditions but up to the present time his services have not been required in any other capacity. The czar now keeps him constantly with him, because he is suspicious of the whole of his *entourage* and he never quits his presence. Even darkness brings no relief. The czar's nights are sleepless and it is then that his feeling of disquietude is most intense. At the slightest noise he starts from bed and summons his attendants.

All this is a source of the greatest anxiety to the members of the imperial family of Prussia. The Prussians are too provident and long-sighted not to have taken the measure of the czarowitz, and the estimate which they have formed of him is anything but a flattering one. They say that he is narrow minded and indolent, although well behaved and religiously disposed—in fact, a sort of Louis XVI on a larger scale. This is not promising for the political progress of Russia as compared with that of the other European nations. The supreme executive commission does not excite much attention, and yet Gen. Loris Melnikoff, its chief, has a grand object in view, and that is to succeed Prince Gortschakoff. He knows that when a man is invested with such extensive powers as those which he (Gen. Melnikoff) now possesses, the tenure of them is never very long. He is, therefore, anticipating their withdrawal by so arranging matters that he shall not retire with empty hands. His purpose became evident from the time when it was calculated that Prince Gortschakoff had not forty-eight hours to live. If that expectation had been fulfilled General Melnikoff would have immediately proposed to emigrate in his indignation, which is already so ramified and extensive, the control of the department of foreign relations of the empire, under, of course, the pretext of hunting up the Nihilists abroad. Once in the position of the post of minister of foreign affairs, he would have anticipated by resignation the withdrawal of the supreme power, managing, however, to preserve all that he had contrived to unite with it under the cover of its prestige.

This is the view of the Russian situation taken in the German *chancelleries*, and they are generally well informed.

Fritz Emmet.

He has a Little Fun All to Himself. There was a large and greatly disappointed audience at the Pittsburgh opera house Wednesday evening to witness "Fritz in Ireland," or "Fritz," or, rather, Mr. Emmet, was not in Ireland, or, in fact, much of anywhere else to his own knowledge. Early yesterday morning he began to take in his laundry, and mixed the dose with sundry fluid distillations. Towards evening he turned in to a Turkish bath house, and, donning the light and airy costume of a bather, he entered the hot room, and soon began to sing some of his favorite ditties. The attendant put Mr. Emmet through the usual course of sprouts, and then he left the house in a right merry mood. A few more inward baths followed the outward bath, and then our merry Fritz dances around to the opera house. It was almost seven o'clock, and as he encountered some of the cleaning women he inquired, "Does Fritz Emmet play here to-night?" The assured him that he did. He then walked into the auditorium of the theatre and began to sing all to himself. The time to open the doors having arrived he was conducted to the greenroom. The crowd began to arrive and Joe got no better fast. The hour to begin the performance had arrived and passed and the boys in the gallery began to shout and whistle and cry, "Hoot the rag!" But the "rag" failed to be elevated. Harry Ellsler was busy in the box office selling tickets as fast as he could, when Mr. Wilton, Emmet's manager, rushed into the office. "Stop selling tickets, Harry," he said. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the treasurer, astonished. "Mr. Emmet refuses to appear." For a moment Mr. Ellsler was at a loss to know what to do. There was but one course, however, to pursue, and that was to dismiss the audience. The box office was closed and soon after Mr. Ellsler was before the curtain. The audience appeared to take in the situation at a glance, as already the fact that Emmet had been drinking was rumored in the house. With blanched face and quivering voice, Mr. Ellsler said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am forced to do something I never did before in my life. I am compelled to dismiss this audience to-night, as Mr. Emmet refuses to appear. He is indisposed. The admission will be refunded at the box office to-morrow." Harry then bowed his regrets and retired to find Emmet still in a humorous mood in the green room. Subsequently he was placed in a carriage and conveyed to his home. Mr. Emmet is expected here to-day and Fritz may be all right by to-night. He "swore off" after a similar experience in Buffalo some time ago, where

the breaking of his engagement cost him \$2,400, and it is stated had not drunk anything for months until his arrival here. Verily, Pittsburgh must be a bad place for a social, good natured fellow to come to. "They can worry through almost any town but Pittsburgh," said the showman last night, "but I am always on nettles when I show here if I have a man in my company who drinks."

A Law Without Exceptions.

Louisville's Extraordinary Experience with a Sunday Law. The population of Louisville has increased very fast in the last few years, and with the rapid growth the vices which rise in all metropolitan cities have come and grown to alarming proportions. Among these have been a species of Sunday theatricals as vicious and demoralizing as ever existed. These Sunday amusements have been given in the gardens, and public sentiment growing strong against them, the Legislature recently passed a Sunday law so sweeping in its nature that it is now unlawful to do any manner of work or conduct even a restaurant on the Sabbath. Beginning with midnight on Saturday, the police visited all the newspaper offices, and reported all persons found at work to the grand jury for indictment. All saloons were closed and all public hacks sent to their stables. Last Sunday the police visited the church of the Rev. Stuart Robinson, procured the name of the sexton and organist, and will report them for indictment, the law saying that all persons who receive pay for services of any kind on Sunday shall be punished. This rigid enforcement, unexpected as it was, produced a profound sensation and is due to the determination of the mayor to execute the new law in all its provisions. The Citizens' League, of which Dr. Stuart Robinson is chairman, backed by the *Courier-Journal*, advocated the passage of this law, but the *Courier-Journal* is now opposing it, probably not having understood when advocating it the sweeping character of its provisions, which will make newspapers suffer as well as other kinds of business.

They Met and Parted.

Detroit Free Press. "Now then," said tramp No. 1 to No. 2 as they turned into Montclair street from Woodward avenue the other day, "here's the game, you walk down the street and ring the bell of some house, when the lady answers you tell her that you haven't had anything to eat for three days. If she says she don't care tell her that you are desperate and ready to commit any crime. If she starts to slam the door on you hold it open with your foot and yell out, 'I'm a poor savage, I'll arrive just about then, and I'll take you by the neck, slam you around and pitch you out of the yard. I'm the lady's protector and the hero of the hour, but you see, I'll be very modest and claw off, but I'll tell her I'm a stranger and need a quarter to buy food. She'll hand it over and I'll join you around the corner and divide.'"

"Magnificent!" said No. 2. "You ought to be in the United States Senate. Well, here I go." He passed down the street and selected a house, and the programme was carefully followed out until he reached the point where he said he was desperate. At that point the hall door was pulled wide open and a six foot husband shot out with his right hand and knocked No. 2 clear off his lower step. No. 1 was just rushing in and six-footer though he might kill two birds with one stone, so he gave him one on the jaw, and when tired of walking round on their prostrate bodies he flung them over the fence. The tramps limped down to the corner, looked at each other in deep disgust and then separated forever.

F. Burrows, of the firm of Burrows & Win- stonley, Sarina and Wilkesport, writes that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs solely by the use of five bottles of Dr. Thomas' Kidney Pills, and he is recommending it to the public, as he had proved it, for many of the diseases it mentions cure through his friends. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

Statistics prove that twenty-five per cent. of the deaths in our larger cities are caused by consumption, and when we reflect that this terrible disease in its worst stage will yield to a bottle of Lecher's Renowned Cough Syrup, shall we condemn the sufferers for their negligence, or pity them for their ignorance? No 9 East King street.

When you are in pain you want prompt relief. If the pain is caused by a bruise, corn, rheumatism, burn, sore, blisters, or any other of the injuries or disorders, use Dr. Thomas' Kidney Pills. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

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