

DECAYED STATESMANSHIP.

From the Washington Post.

That remarkable speech of Mr. Conkling, in which he assumes, as the basis of his argument, that the various States and sections contribute to the support of the Government in proportion to the amount of their customs and internal revenue collections, is still being circulated by the half million, along with the cipher telegrams. The great State of New York ought to be ashamed of a distinguished Senator who has perpetrated such transparent folly. We suppose the late A. T. Stewart paid more important duties, for many years, than any other six men in the United States, but Mr. Stewart did not contribute heavily to the support of the General Government, because he was a prudent man and used but few costly foreign goods. Many a dashing widow, with an income of \$10,000 a year, helped the Government more than he did with all his millions.

Two citizens of Indiana, who own and operate the largest distillery in the United States—the largest on the globe, in fact—are now paying more money into the Treasury than any other hundred thousand men in that State, except distillers. But as these gentlemen are temperate and thrifty, it happens that many a day laborer who drinks and smokes actually contributes more than they to the support of the Government. Mr. Conkling knows that the consumer and not the importer or producer pays the tax, in the end. And yet he deliberately built up a so-called argument on the assumption that the locality where the tax is collected pays the tax. It was an insult to popular intelligence that has rarely been paralleled. But this argument is now being printed in immense editions, and sent all over the North, East and West, to inflame the public mind against the Southern people.

It is humiliating to think that the author of this puerile trash, the propagator of such shallow sophistry, is a leader of a party, and has been talked of as a candidate for the Presidency. For although Mr. Conkling is not so astute as to believe his own silly attempt at argument, he is weak and small enough to assume that others will believe it, and he is dishonest enough to desire to take advantage of assumed ignorance. In all seriousness and candor we ask any honest Republican—the masses of all parties are honest—what he thinks of a man in Mr. Conkling's position, the senior Senator of the Empire State, a long time leader in his party, a man who has been regarded as really a statesman, who gets down so far into the dirt of demagoguery as to construct a fallacy like the one we are considering, and, presuming on popular ignorance and the influence of his name, send it forth to the people as a campaign document?

But this presumption on popular ignorance is not confined to Mr. Conkling. It has come to be the habit of "statesmen" of the Radical faith. The history of the extra session shows this in a striking light. With possibly three exceptions, all the Radical speakers appealed to passion and prejudice. The Democracy dealt in calm reason, and addressed their appeals to the intelligence and honesty of the country. The Republicans evaded fair discussion and, instead of attempting to meet argument with argument and answer fact with facts, stirred up the embers of sectional hatred, and with the hot breath of anger tried to re-ignite the flames of passion that burned low a dozen years ago. It is the verdict of candid men, who are not hide-bound partisans, but try to see things pretty much as they are, that the country never before witnessed such degeneration of brains and such prostitution of statesmanship, as were shown by the Radical leaders in both ends of the Capitol during the entire session. From beginning to end there was no serious effort to answer the Democratic statesmen, or to show a single good reason why all that they demanded should not be done. Chandler's furious foaming and frothy tirade of last Monday is an epitome of the entire debate on his side. Blaine, Conkling, Garfield and their followers furnished every point, and the muddling Michigan mountebank arrayed their points in his hideous English, and let it loose on the country, after being duly trimmed by the reporters.

The people cannot help seeing and believing in the dreary decadence of Republican statesmanship. The people will not be dragged backward half a generation, and compelled to dig in the mouldy graveyard of dead issues. They will not admit that the hanging of John Brown furnishes a good reason for troops at the polls. They will not concede that the firing on Sumpter is ample justification for the appointment and maintenance, at the public expense, of a Radical electioneering corps. They will not admit that the suppression of an armed rebellion furnishes justification for peaceful revolution and the establishment of minority government. The masses are not the dumb, driven cattle that Conkling et al. assume them to be. They are fit for self-government; therefore they will resent such presumption on their ignorance as has marked the entire Radical programme for the past three months, and, resenting it, will throw off the leadership of men who have demonstrated their incapacity to grasp living issues.

QUININE.

From the New York Times.

Quinine, which has just been made free of duty—never again, probably, and never, let us hope, to have its cost increased by a customs tax—is in the modern practice of medicine probably the most valuable of all remedial drugs at the command of the physician. Mercury—much abused by some quacks, and much vilified by others, but a priceless specific—and opium are its chief rivals, but it may be doubted whether, as it is now used, quinine does not bear the palm, even in comparison with those great staples of the pharmacopoeia. We say as now used, for the virtues of quinine were not really known to physicians of the past generation—hardly suspected by them—and their use of it was timid as well as restricted. Readers of old novels and diaries will remember records of patients taking "bark," or "port wine and bark." This was the old way of taking quinine, which is the active principle of the bark of the cinchona, known as Peruvian bark. All our readers may not remember the story that the virtues of the bark of this tree in periodic malarial fevers were discovered by the so-called Indians of Peru, where such fevers greatly prevail in their most destructive form, and where the inhabitants found that those who drank of the waters of a certain pool were cured of the fever, or protected against it, the reason being, as was discovered, that branches of this tree fell into the pool, and lay there steeping and impregnating its waters with their febrifugal qualities. The truth of this story is doubted, and it has even been denied that the Peruvians knew of the medicinal use of this bark. The way in which our grandfathers and grandmothers availed themselves of its curative powers was by taking it in bulk, ground fine and mixed with port wine. The remedy is invaluable, but the "mess" was a somewhat repulsive one, and from its consistence, if not from its taste, it "stuck in the throat of the taker." Large and frequent doses, too, were required to get a thoroughly remedial effect from the medicine in this crude state. "H. B.," the great English caricaturist of forty or fifty years ago, represented a servant coming in with a message from his master to a fellow-lodger, begging him to quiet his dog—"Dog!" is the reply. "I've no dog. My medical man told me to drink port wine and bark. And so (sips wine) bow, wow, wow!"

The change in medicinal practice produced by the comparatively recent discovery of the active principle of the bark in certain alkaloid salts was very great, and the efficacy of the drug, as well as the convenience of taking it, was largely increased. But, as we have before remarked, the use of quinine was timid, and the range of its curative power was supposed to be restricted. Its use was confined almost entirely to cases of periodical fever, and it was given in doses of from two to three grains three times a day. It was taken, too, with apprehension of disagreeable and even very injurious consequences, because its use was sometimes followed by a sense of buzzing in the head and ringing in the ears. Its use, however, increased steadily, and it became, as it must needs have become, the one great remedy against that most widely-diffused of all endemic diseases, fever and ague, the "tertian ague" of our forefathers. Against this it is a specific, and to all intents and purposes, an unfailing remedy, the number of cases that resist a course of quinine, faithfully followed and continued for twenty-one days, being practically inconsiderable. But physicians nowadays deal with this beneficent drug with little fear. It is not uncommon to give doses of ten grains three times a day, making thirty grains in the twenty-four hours, instead of the six or nine of our fathers' days; nor is it found that disagreeable consequences manifest themselves in this treatment in a greater degree or more frequently than they did in the more timid exhibitions of the drug in past years. Indeed, some intelligent physicians have inclined to the opinion that these consequences are the result of insufficient doses, and are the signs of an incomplete cure. However this may be, quinine is now given with beneficent effect and with impunity as to consequences, in doses that would have frightened the medical men of the last generation, and cases of quinine poisoning seem to be rarer than they were formerly.

It is, however, in the range of its efficacy that the great advance has been made in the use of quinine, and that advance has been within very late years. It has come greatly into use in neuralgia and all nervous, hysterical and spasmodic diseases. It is used to break up periodicity in diseases of all sorts. It is found to be an invaluable prophylactic or preventive in influenza or cold in the head. It is used with great effect in certain cases of hypochondria, melancholia, and of late has even come into favor as a wash for what is called "external use," although for internal organs. In short, it has become a necessity of life. Some persons, even some physicians, seem to regard it in the light of a highly-concentrated, beneficent food; and it is yet possible that we may see it set upon the table like salt, to be used by those who feel the need of it. To women it has become really the staff of life; at their weakest times they lean upon it, and it carries them kindly through periods of exhaustion

and of nervous irritation which, without its aid, would rack them and almost wreck them. In fact, quinine is simply a tremendous tonic. It has no particular curative property—using cure in the sense commonly given to it. In this respect it is not like mercury. It works its wonders by giving the system a great power of resistance. That evil influence to which a patient without it would at once succumb, he is able to resist and to throw off by sufficient doses of quinine. It is thus that it operates in influenza. Taken promptly when the symptoms first begin to show themselves, it very rarely fails to hold the patient up against the attack. Of late the apothecary's price for this invaluable remedy has been two cents a grain, not three, as a large dealer is reported to have said yesterday; but this price made the use of it so expensive that it was limited to those who were in comfortable circumstances. The consequence of the removal of the duty will probably be that ere long its cost will be reduced quite one-half, to the great benefit of the whole community.

THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

From the Washington Post.

There is a quaint little phrase, which lurks for the most part between the covers of geographies. It comes in among the length of rivers and the height of mountains like selah in the psalms. It was easy to remember, because it came so often, but it was very vague of meaning, and many a child cursed with a vivid imagination has wondered what might be meant by the "level of the sea." The same fancy that pictured the wonderful tides stalking like giants sixty feet high up the Bay of Fundy, saw the sea laid out in a green blue level to the horizon, with all the mountains with unpronounceable names rising from it in terraces and cones. Half the wonder and the curiosity of childhood lingers about the ocean; the murmur of the waves in crimson-hearted shells held close to listening ears is a promise to them that some time they shall see the far-off sea. And so it happens that when they are grown up, and live in cities, and the mid-summer heats come on, and the annual vacation comes round, half the world finds itself at the level of the sea. When the continents were rent in twain, there was left this long, ragged eastern edge, with its thousand jutting points, and its thousand bays holding in their curves of warm white sand, whole summers full of sunshine and blue water. This city by the sea trails from Maine to Florida; it is all longitude and no latitude. The newspaper correspondent who takes its summer census, finds its inhabitants dwelling in many verandah hotels all a-flutter with flags and awnings. Or, less gregarious in their tastes, they seek the seclusion that a cottage grants, or they pitch their tents on the beach and are therewith content. They go down to the sea in ships. They take the surf in bathing-dresses which, the fashion letters tell us, are prettier this year than ever before. They watch the long lift of the breaker as it curves to its fall. They go out sailing on still afternoons, and get becalmed and wait for some vagrant breeze to come out of the heavens and take them home.

How the blue Atlantic is storming Mt. Desert with its incoming tide this morning! All down the coast how the surf is beating, and the sun is shining, and happy-hearted people are gaining health of body and brain. They come back year after year to the old familiar places, as birds come back to last year's nests. They gather shells at low tide, and press seaweed for herbariums. They take deep-sea soundings and learn the time of the tides; and float and swim and row and sail, and coming back in September, brown and happy, they meet the people who have spent their summer somewhere else. For the world is wide, and everybody does not go to the shore. There are pilgrims who go back, each succeeding summer to the White Sulphur Springs, like pilgrims to a shrine. There are tourists who take for their grand objective point of summer travel the zenith city of the unsalted seas, the watch the sunsets flush and fade over Lake Superior. There are people whom the mountain glory shadows like a cloud, the strength of the hills draws them like a magnet and they cannot choose but come. Every inland lake and river has its summer devotees, who firmly believe that they have found the true Arcadia. Across green pastures the long afternoon shadows fall, and on still waters floats the white wonder of the water lily. They go down the St. Lawrence, through that long, breathless rush of the Long Sault. They linger about Lake George and the Adirondacks till the leaves begin to fall.

But, after all, there is nothing like the ocean. Sooner or later we come back to that, finding a charm that no one can resist or forget. This ancient mariner has an unending story to tell; with a resistless fascination he holds each wedding guest. And that is why these summer days find the world at the level of the sea.

A HERO with a moustache kisses the forehead of his lady love, and a novelist thus records the deed: "He swept her temple with the silky adornment of his upper lip." We are glad it was silk, not bristles.—*Boston Herald.*

ROSA BONHEUR.

THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF ANIMALS—HOW SHE LOOKS, DRESSES AND TALKS.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, June 29.

It was on one of those pleasant Sunday excursions which are such noted features of Paris life that I first beheld Fontainebleau. The chief attractions of the place are its magnificent palace, the picturesque forest near by and the "Cour de la Fontaine," with its great pond. A diversion peculiar to the place consists in throwing hard rolls into the pond and watching the eager and unsuccessful attack of the carp upon them. I was looking at this sport when I noticed that several people were staring in my direction. Looking about me I saw that the person who drew the attention of the other spectators was a little stout lady of masculine appearance, her hair gray in places and parted on the side, with bright, black eyes, strongly marked features and a resolute mouth. She wore a plain black silk skirt, with vest and jacket of black velvet, white linen collar and cuffs, a plain black hat and a fob watch-chain attached to a watch which she carried in her vest pocket. Altogether the lady presented a striking appearance. I hastened to meet some friends, but I lingered long enough to give the lady a chance of getting ahead of me. I was much surprised to see the lady stop and talk to my friends, and when I came up to them I was introduced to Rosa Bonheur. I was prepared to hear the name of a celebrated personage, for, in spite of any eccentricity of dress, the true Parisian will not stare unless it is really at some one he knows to be a celebrity. Mlle. Bonheur, although past fifty-seven years of age, looks hardly more than forty-five. We received an invitation to her atelier for the next day and went there at the time appointed.

Rosane Isadore Bonheur is the oldest daughter of Raymond Bonheur, a painter who gained some fame. She has two brothers and one sister, all artists of more or less renown. The sister Juliette (Mme. Peyrolles) is almost the only female friend or companion Mlle. Bonheur allows. A plain court, somewhat neglected, leads to an entrance which at one time may have looked interesting, but is now hidden beneath dirt. On the first floor are the apartments of the great artist. You enter the hallway into the studio, into which the light streams in from two windows. The furniture is thoroughly Bohemian-like. Everything is in picturesque confusion—half-finished pictures on idle easels and broken models of animals' heads. We were shown the living apartments of Mlle. Bonheur by Mme. Peyrolles. The apartments are not remarkable for anything save the absence of pictures. Not one single oil painting has she either in her parlor or sleeping room. In 1861 she was elected Principal of the Free School of Design for Women, and she told me it had been a long desire on her part to help women in the walks of art. At this school female pupils of good repute can go through a course of drawing, painting, wood engraving, &c. It is from here that most of the female artists who make their living by painting fans, boxes, bottles and other articles for which Paris is famous, have graduated. "True," said Mlle. Bonheur, "it is not the highest kind of art, but it is one way in which the females of Paris can raise themselves above the ordinary labor of sewing and drudging which kills so many every year." "Do you not find the cares of the school very irksome?" I asked. She laughingly turned to Mme. Peyrolles and said, "My poor sister must bear it all; whenever I am very busy, or do not feel in the humor, she does the work at the school for me." I said to her, "Do you find that women as a rule like the drudgery necessary to arrive at the real art ultimately?" She answered, "It is like everything else that women undertake. Some learn just the first rudiments, then start out to earn their living the best way they can with what they have acquired. There are others who work from day to day for the real love of art. I think I can safely predict that there are two pupils who are now in the life class that will make their mark as artists."

"From what stations of society do you get your pupils?" "From all classes; most of them are the daughters of respectable clerks or small tradesmen who must earn their own livelihood some day." Mlle. Bonheur showed us a small picture of herself painted by one of her most promising pupils. "You see," she said, pointing out every merit in the portrait, "how originally this flesh tint is used and how the effect is produced." I asked her what she thought of Meissonnier, Gerome and Dore. "Divine!" said she. "I am proud to be called their confrere. I think art is appreciated in Paris as it is in no other part of the world." When I inquired what she thought of American art and artists she smiled in a most charming manner and said: "You are an American. What can I say? They are the best after my countrymen." Mlle. Bonheur is, like all cultivated Frenchwomen, a conversationalist. To strangers she speaks very little of her father. Of her brothers very little is known, except that in late years, through the name they bear and the influence which their sister used for them, some of their pieces have

brought good prices. Mlle. Bonheur exhibited pictures many years ago, and for one who has been in the profession so long it is surprising how few she has produced, but this is because she works very carefully. Her pictures bring enormous prices, ranking even higher than those of Gerome. I asked her how she became exclusively an animal painter. She answered: "I am very fond of all animals. If I had not become a painter I should have made an excellent lion queen in some menagerie. We used to play in my father's studio, and I, being the oldest, had to look out for my younger brothers and sisters so that they would not disturb him. We had four kittens. One day it suddenly entered my head to play painter. I had received many lessons in painting from my father, so that I was not without knowledge. I took the kittens and put them all in a heap while I painted them. I painted the group as well as I could that afternoon, and for three or four days we amused ourselves with them. My father did not give me the least aid, and the picture did not amount to much and was thrown aside.

About nine years after I strove to paint other subjects, but not with much success. One day I ran across my youthful effort—the group of four kittens. I liked the natural pose so much that I painted it over. When I had finished it some friends saw it and it was pronounced my masterpiece. I exhibited it with other works, and from that I date my first success." "Which of your pictures do you consider the best?" "The 'Tiger and Hyena,' which was exhibited in 1867 at the Exposition; also 'The Horse Fair.' I must tell you under what difficulties I labored to get 'The Horse Fair' done," she said. "I attended the horse fair every day in order to paint it just as it was. One day I was setting alone without paying attention to anything but the work before me when I was startled by a horse's head right over my shoulder looking, as it were, on my work. I merely looked around to see my admirer, the horse, but alas, it was too late; he had stepped into my box of colors, and I suppose taking fright at my scream of dismay, he gave one bound ahead, overturned my easel, stepped on my canvases, tearing a hole right through the centre of my cherished piece of work. I had all my work to do over again."

Miss Bonheur has painted about forty pictures, all animal subjects and all more or less famous. I asked if she was fond of the society of her fellow-artists. She answered with her significant shrug, "With some. I am an utter Bohemian, and when I find people, artists or others, who are congenial I like to associate with them, but you see I do not have a great deal of time. When I go for an excursion I generally go alone and Fontainebleau is my favorite place."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Mme. Vigne Le Brun's Correspondence.

It was in the year 1779 that our author, who, by this time, had committed the blunder of marrying M. Le Brun in order to escape living with a stepfather, took her first likeness of the Queen. The latter was then in all the brilliancy of her youth and beauty. The pen-picture here drawn of her deserves particular attention, when we consider the writer's special qualifications. Marie Antoinette, we are told, was "tall, admirably proportioned, plump, without being too much so, her arms were lovely, she had small and perfectly shaped hands and charming little feet." She walked better, continues our chronicler, than any woman in France, holding her head very upright, "with a majesty which denoted the sovereign in the midst of her court," without this majestic bearing detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her whole aspect. Her features were not all regular, her nose was thin and pretty, and her mouth was not large, although the lips were rather thick. She inherited the long, narrow, oval countenance peculiar to the Hapsburg family. Her eyes were not large, and were almost blue in color, and her expression was candid and very soft. The most remarkable thing about her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. "I never," says Mme. Le Brun, "saw anything like it, and brilliant is the only word to express what it was, for her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the effect as I wished; paints failed to depict the freshness, the delicate tints of that charming face which I never beheld in any other woman." At first the Queen's imposing air intimidated the young artist, but her Majesty spoke with so much gentleness that her kind manner soon dissipated the first impression. As for her demeanor, indeed, it would be difficult, we are told, to describe its ceaseless affability and charm. "I do not believe," writes our author, "that Queen Marie Antoinette ever allowed an occasion to pass by without saying an agreeable thing to those who approached her." Studying this happy admixture of dignity and sweetness, Mme. Le Brun thinks it was "her head being so beautifully set on her shoulders that gave her, when walking, such an imposing and majestic air, that she might have been a goddess surrounded by her nymphs. During one of her sittings the artist mentioned what an impression the sight had made on

her, and told the Queen how much the manner she had of carrying her head added to the dignity of her mien. She answered, in a laughing way: "If I were not Queen they would say I looked insolent, is it not so?" Mme. Le Brun made a number of portraits of her Majesty, but never saw Marie Antoinette after the last ball at Versailles, in 1788. On this occasion the box where she was seated was near that of the Queen, so that the artist could hear what the latter said. "I thought her," writes our author, "very agitated, inviting some of the young men about the court—such as M. de Lameth, whose family had been treated with much favor—to dance with her, but most of them refused, so that several of the quadrilles could not be arranged. The behavior of these gentlemen struck me as being most unbecoming; I do not know why, but their refusal seemed to me a kind of evil omen, a prelude to graver ills." The Revolution, indeed, was very near, and there were graver portents of catastrophe in the air than even a young courtier's impertinence.

THE HOPE OF THE BONAPARTES.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE VICTOR, HIS FATHER AND HIS AUNT.

From the London World.

Prince Jerome is enjoying his revenge. No man has been more abused; he has had it on all sides—from the Bonapartists as well as from the Legitimists and the Republicans; and now the fate of Bonapartism is in his hands. He is the lawful candidate of the party, and he is also the impossible candidate; yet he has to be induced to waive his claims in favor of the only possible one—his own son. His persistence in maintaining his personal right would wreck the party, for he could find no following in the nation or in society. The Republicans do not trust him, the Clericals hate him for his Voltairianism, the Bonapartists for his supposed foul play with the interests of the dynasty when his cousin was on the throne. This feeling found expression the other day in the meeting at M. Rouher's. The leaders were convoked to consider the situation of the party, and one gentleman could think of no more timely contribution to the discussion than to open fire on the character of Jerome. Rouher checked him in an instant: "Soft words, please. Do you know that our very existence hangs on his word?" So the new move is to speak him fair. But it was easier to decide to do than to find a speaker to do it. Most of the Bonapartists proper do not even salute him. When they go to the receptions of his sister, the Princess Mathilde, it is only on the tacit understanding that he shall be kept out of the way. The Princess meets her brother in the morning, her friends in the afternoon. She is the only link between him and the party bearing his family name. She, therefore, has naturally become the emissary between him and the party council. It is a delicate mission. He knows what they think of him, yet she has to carry him soft messages in their name. "Will he be good enough to stand out of the way?" He has only to refuse, to break them in pieces and kill Bonapartism forever. She was with him all day Saturday, but the result of the interview is not known. The Princess shares to the full one strong opinion of her party—she has no faith in her brother, but on the other hand, she has all faith in her brother's son. Prince Victor, a boy of seventeen, is in her eyes the ideal candidate, a far better one than poor Prince Louis, who she, in common with many other ladies of her age, thought a little too good to live. Victor is a true Napoleon in looks, in character and in a certain fiery impetuosity of temper, which marks all the pure-blooded of the race. Since the virtual separation of their father and mother, the aunt has looked after both boys. They live with their tutor on the other side of Paris, near the College Charlemagne, which they attend, but they pass most of their time with the Princess Mathilde. When they are not at the Rue de la Cerisaie they are at the Rue de Berri. The Princess is the more attached to Victor because she has no boy of her own. She is wont to express a delighted apprehension of his spirit, and to implore mild M. Blanchet, his tutor, to keep an eye on him day and night. Down to the beginning of the week this was no more than an aunt's care for a pet, or a nephew; now it is the concern of a princess for a possible heir to the throne. Beyond the immediate encouragement of the Princess, absolutely nothing was known of this lad, and it is still not too late in the day to tell all whom it may concern that he is rather tall, handsome, straight as a dart, dark in hair, cheek and eye, and in temper and temperament a true Corsican-Italian. He is his mother's son. He has her full lips, but the Napoleonic alliance has saved him from having the nose of the House of Savoy. His features are regular; the hair is trained over the brow and cropped, but somewhat too short to be quite in the prevailing boyish style. He has all the qualifications of a popular candidate in this woman-ruled country, including a touch of wildness. The importance of his connections gives him a decided advantage over his unhappy cousin. He is of the best blood in Europe by his mother's side.

THE drowning season is just begun.