

he has shown magnanimity and generosity in making a manly and moderate use of his victories, and in his defeats recognizing the skill and bravery of his opponents. No Northern soldier has yet been heard to cry for vengeance against the South, nor has any Southern refused a graceful submission to the fate of war, and they are again brothers.'

"The language of this resolution was somewhat modified, the parts in brackets being stricken out, but the sentiment of the resolution was generally accepted and the resolution itself elicited little discussion. It was included in the series to be reported.

"The General Committee re-assembled at five o'clock, and the Sub-Committee made its report. I read the address, which gave rise to very little discussion or remark, and was adopted. The resolutions were also read, and, after canvassing them as they came up in succession, they were adopted without any alteration in sentiment, and with very few and unimportant changes in phraseology. The preamble from the series of resolutions said to have been prepared by W. B. Reed, was called for and adopted, as a proper preamble to those which had been adopted by the Committee.

"Just as the Committee was closing its labors, Senator Hendricks, of Indiana, said to me: 'I don't quite like that resolution about the soldiers'—"the American soldier." *What soldier does it mean?* I said I supposed it meant the Union soldier. He said it did not seem clear, and it ought not to be left ambiguous. I replied that we would test it. I then stated to the Committee the point that had been raised, and said I supposed the *Union soldier* was referred to, and appealed to Judge Harger and Mr. Graham, both of whom assented. I then said that no doubt should rest on that point, and suggested that it be made to read '*Union soldier*,'—to which both Judge Harger and Governor Graham at once objected. This led to considerable conversation, and Senator Cowan, on being appealed to, said he intended it to include the soldiers of *both armies*. Thereupon, several Northern delegates said they could not consent to that,—the people never would endorse encomiums passed upon men in arms against the Government,—and they insisted on a change. The Southern delegates, on the other hand, said they could never be sustained in consenting to an approval of Northern soldiers, which was not equally extended to their own. The debate waxed quite warm. Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, said he had sacrificed his political position at home by consulting the *sensitive-*

ness of the South. He should do so no longer. It was that which had prepared the way for the rebellion, and he did not mean to repeat the mistakes of former years. He would do justice and nothing more. He thought it incumbent on us to applaud the soldiers who fought for the Union and saved the Government, though he did not know that we could fairly call on the South to do likewise. But he could never consent to extend equal applause to the men who had been in arms *against* the Government. These remarks were received in silence by the Southern delegates, but created considerable feeling in the Committee. It was finally suggested that the resolution be omitted altogether, and this was acquiesced in, as the only mode of preserving harmony of feeling and of action. It was after twelve o'clock, and the Committee, fatigued and impatient, voted to adjourn. They had risen and taken their hats, when I begged their attention for a moment before the motion was put. I said that it seemed a pity that *any* difference should arise where everything had been so harmonious. If I understand this matter, I added, the difference here is purely one of *feeling*. You of the South are unwilling that anything should be bestowed upon *Northern* troops for soldierly qualities, which is not also bestowed upon Southern, as being equally good *soldiers*. The Southern delegates assented to this. Well, I said, I can understand and respect that feeling; I don't think it generous or right in us to disregard it. But let us set aside *feeling* and go to *business*. You cannot doubt that it is the duty of the National Government to recognize and reward the services of *its* soldiers by paying their claims and pensioning their widows and orphans, can you? They acquiesced. Very well, I said, let us pass a resolution; asserting that duty, going no further. They assented. I hastily drew the resolution in pencil—read it, and it passed with but one negative vote, and the Committee adjourned. The resolution read:

"It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.'

"The Convention met the next day, and the resolutions and address were adopted unanimously, and with the greatest enthusiasm."

WATCHING THE COW

"COME, look at her, and you will love her.

Go, lead her now through pleasant places,
And teach her that our new world's clover
Is sweet as Jersey-island daisies.

"Yes, you may do a little playing
Close to the gate, my pretty warder,
But, meanwhile, keep your cow from straying
Across the elfin-people's border."

* * * What of the boy? By hill and hollow,
Through bloom and briar, till twilight ended,
His book had charmed him on to follow
The cow—the one that Cadmus tended!

So to the boy his mother jested
About his light task, lightly heeding;
While in the flowering grass he rested
The magic book that he was reading.

At sundown, for the cow's returning,
The milkmaid waited long, I'm thinking;
Hours later, by the moonlight's burning,
Did fairy-folk have cream for drinking?

LIFE IN FLORENCE.

I HAVE so often expressed an indifference to art, or to the antique, that friends incessantly ask me (with a touch of indignation in their tone) why I chose to live for fifteen years in Florence—a place of which the chief attractions were these very things. I have always replied, "Because I loved it." "But why love it, if you are blind to its charms?" The question is a natural one, and my answer a womanly one. I loved it because I loved it. I felt an affection for every dirty old broken-down house, merely because it was in Florence; I loved the pigeons that walked about the streets; I loved the air I breathed there, I loved the stones, I loved the streets, the old macaroni stores, and, in fact, everything that was connected with it. And yet there was no particular virtue in these separate items, nor did I love them as being superior to those of other countries. Certainly, if questioned closely, I should condemn the broken-down houses as most unsightly, the pigeons as being like other pigeons (only a shade dirtier, perhaps), the air as being decidedly raw the greater part of the winter, and the streets as too crowded with one's fellow-creatures—bumping and hustling each other with no sort of ceremony; and yet all these are a part of Florence, and help to make it what it is, one of the most fascinating, lovable cities in the world. Once caught there, but very few are able to extricate themselves from the web of its allurements. The foreign society is always shifting and changing, but faces seen there once are sure to be seen twice, and those who go there for a few weeks' visit, are rarely satisfied with less than as many months; and often a stay of a few years is apt to end in a permanent residence, for after close acquaintance no place on earth can give one such entire satisfaction. Visitors to Florence always remind me of the spinster aunt, who went to pay her relatives a week's visit and staid thirty years.

Now, why is this? I could name a score of disagreeable traits characteristic of Florentines, and the most prominent are to be found amongst the lower class, who are lazy, ignorant, and totally innocent of truth. Lying is a real pleasure to them, and they do not half enjoy the attainment of an object unless by some roundabout means, probably entirely unnecessary. They sweep

truth off the face of the earth as a superfluous commodity too tame and commonplace to be endured. However, reaching the point it does with them, falsehood becomes a virtue by reason of its consistency. One of their marked peculiarities is dislike to water, either for washing or drinking. In fact, I scarcely understand why nature should have provided it in that region at all, they avoid it so studiously. The American and English residents, according to their ancient rites, insist upon the use of it once a week for the washing of their linen. Florentines of the higher class employ it for the same purpose twice a year! I do not by this mean to imply that they wear the same garments for six months, and so must explain that when married the bride is provided with an unconscionably large trousseau, which enables her to avoid the weekly washes prevalent in most other countries. Being a most economical race, their idea, probably, is that too much washing wears out and tears, and also, being lazy, that it gives trouble. As to the drinking of water, they look upon that as downright insanity. The water in Florence is not as pure and wholesome as in America, but it is not so bad as to make it dangerous. Their home-made red wine is so cheap as to bring it within the means of all, even the poorest beggar, who will manage to scrape together a few centimes to buy his "daily" wine. They even think it a risk to give children water alone, and, from the time they are weaned, mix with it a goodly portion of red wine. It is strange to see children scarcely three years old seated at dinner each with his tumbler of wine. And yet, probably, there is no more temperate race in the world,—a drunken man being a very rare sight in Florence. Lately, however, drunkenness has begun to show itself. Some years ago the grape crop failed, and for that year the people, of course not being able to drink water, were obliged to have recourse to rum punch. This was too strong for their unaccustomed heads, and, worse than all, gave them a taste for liquor, which they had not previously had, making them unwilling to return to their comparatively insipid *vino nostrale* (domestic wine).

Florentines are very fond of gambling, but in the smallest kind of a way. They become as much excited over a two-sous