

playing the industrial despoilers and stimulating class enmity, in machine disregard of the evils which their game will visit on the community. It is fortunate that the captains of industry are made of better stuff than the politicians, that they are generally less men, and related to their position not by popular vote but by solid qualities; and that so long as the law supports them they are likely, as a body, to meet their difficulties with wisdom and firmness. It is fortunate also that the conservative forces of the social organism are pretty strong, and that the necessity of carrying itself head in a powerful restraint on industrial anarchy. Yet there are heavy clouds on the commercial as well as on the political horizon, and they will hardly pass away without a storm.

GALVANA HARRIS.

THE LATE GENERAL HANCOCK.

Wassonville, February 12, 1895.

The late General Hancock was a man of striking personality, and used to make a greater impression upon the numerous foreign officers visiting the Army of the Potomac than any other of the divisional commanders with whom they were brought into contact. He was tall, robust, straight as an arrow, limber in feature, gentle and winning in expression, dignified and even noble in bearing, and of a most serene countenance, whether amid the turmoil of battle or the repose of the camp—towards the latter direction equally with the Commander-in-Chief. Of his opinion as a strategist it is impossible to speak, as he never ran along the rank of a commander-in-chief; but, with three or twenty thousand men at his back, there seemed nothing within the range of warlike achievement that he was incapable of doing. In the assault of an enemy or a position he was a veritable Achilles, without the latter's noisy outcries. He never meddled with the details of business within his command, and yet his troops were always prepared, always equipped, always in good form and spirit, always in full touch and sympathy with him; and just as ready as one hour afterwards another in the march of this night Hancock and his men be counted upon to be wherever it was pronounced that they should be, and to do in the prescribed order and with the calculated effect the work that had been entrusted to their hands. This invariable certainty in preparatory movements, and steady yet fleeting vigour in the moment of action, made the Second Corps the backbone of the army during the trying campaigns from the Rappahannock to Petersburg, and threw upon it an excessive proportion of the labours and losses of the campaign.

General Hancock took a livelier interest in constitutional politics than is usual with professional soldiers, and, being what might be styled an hereditary Democrat, the fall of General McClellan turned towards him, in considerable measure, the politicians of the Democratic party, who sought to strengthen their hold upon the public by an alliance with military prestige and camp-follower popularity. This produced a coldness towards him on the part of the Republican Administration at Washington, which, communicating itself along the line of military connection, resulted in his retiring from the field some six months before the collapse of the Confederacy. The Administration at once sought to make use of his influence with sections of the people that could not otherwise be reached by engaging him in a great scheme of recruiting for the army, which he cheerfully took up, and prosecuted with considerable success, till the end of the war relieved him from the patriotic but ungrateful occupation.

During the stormy period of Reconstruction, and amid the fierce conflict between President Johnson and the Congress, General Hancock was more than once placed in situations of difficulty and injustice, but he came out with honour and without loss of public esteem or confidence. For several years after the close of the war an estrangement existed between General Grant and himself, the two coming to an end at last in a friendly and honourable fashion by the two coming together with mutual explanations and regrets.

General Hancock's unsuccessful candidature for the Presidency is still recent enough to be remembered of all. Perhaps, on public and private grounds, it is well that he failed of election. As seems to be the case with Mr. Cleveland, his political faculty was given to an ideal party and an ideal set of principles, and he would have failed in vain for either among the men with whom circumstances would have compelled him to share the powers and responsibilities of Government. With his high sense of honour, and his inexperience in practical politics, he would have become either the victim or the slave of the leaders of a party that apparently has not a single bond or sentiment in common beyond the possession and expectancy of office. In 1892, the public conscience was neither as sensitive nor as largely independent of politicians' law of engaging a sterile form of office and an ignominious exit. Now, his memory, at least, is safe, which is all that could have been said had his career been, however much wider and more varied.

R.

A STUDY IN MONOCHROME.

The dusky finds a peculiar development in Washington. He forms quite one-third of the population and is a unique feature of the Capital. One makes his acquaintance immediately upon one's arrival, and his oblique Ethiopian visage smilingly greets Washington's parting guest to the utmost limits of her salute. He is ubiquitous, literally and figuratively, in every walk of life. Chiefly unobtrusive, he may also be caught in ultra-fashionable attire. He fronts banks, sells newspapers, and drives the carriages of the "white trash"; but he also administers the law, serves the sick, and preaches more or less doctrinaire sermons.

I watched "the old year out and the new year in" on the 31st of December in the vestibule of a nice hundred negroes. The church, one of the eighteen built and used exclusively by the coloured people, was peopled to the doors. It was perfectly plain and bare; they have no taste for decorative architecture. It was about ten o'clock when we arrived, and the preacher was thoroughly warmed up, but had not succeeded in producing any visible effect upon his hearers. He was a short, stout man, with gold eye-glasses, and a lined complexion in the English fashion. He looked more like R. R. H. the Prince of Wales than in brown than anybody I could think of.

His theme, so far as I was able to gather, was Moses and the burning bush—Moses, anyway, for he certainly related a number of incidents that were conspicuously connected with that patriarch in the mind of at least one of his congregations. He said some very bright things too; but the negro predilection of Moses was rather more pronounced than I should have expected in a gentleman of his clerical and conscientiousness. "De Lawd anther spoke to Moses in an unusual way," he remarked more than once; "but He done meant what He said, 'Moses, don't you come no nigher! You're done come for coal, and the place where this student is holy ground.'" His voice rose steadily then, and he shouted uncontrollably. "What you think, you think! If Moses wouldn't come no nigher, is you a-gwine to git poliothisis? No, uh! De Lawd will be nigher up to me to you, 'Stand back, uh! You're done come for coal,' if you try to git too close to Him. De you d'pose He lets de angels push right up to de feet on 'De three sides Him? I tell you so, uh! He say in every one of 'em, 'Stand back, uh! You're done come for coal!'"

He had the most instructive audience I ever saw at a ministerial address. One-fourth of them were asleep, the rest sat in stolid indifference or turned to stare at the new-comer. The pulpit was inconspicuously bare. Negroes have no appreciation of ventilation. It will be the last idea entertained, but its ventilation will be a boon to the inspiring mind with a white environment. I watched the people attentively and was amply repaid. They are perfect reproductions of their fellow citizens of a paler hue. The fashionable received in and excluded, I know, an air of gentility and Latin. The laugher bells was there, the deeper tone, the progress family man, the copper-coloured matron, who was her other face with the air of the wife of a white foreign legionnaire. In the expression of their noble faces, in the poise of their heads, their attitudes, their gestures, the imitation was perfect. And caste was rather more observable than among a similar number of white people convened for a similar purpose. Caste was rampant. About eleven, a tall figure came slowly and wearily up the aisle, a man of rather light colour, old, with masses of gray hair. I at once recognized Paul Douglas. His white wife was not with him, and nobody seemed to know him of his own black kindred. He pushed his way into an empty seat, a burly whitehead, black as ebony, grumbling in rage to let him in. He sat through the service, his hands clasped in his stick, an old, bent, tired, pathetic figure. When the people sang he joined in the not unmelodious refrain "A-men!" and when the preacher's tones rose to exorcism higher than usual, his dull eyes brightened and he seemed to listen. But he slept most of the time.

As for the preacher his vocal achievements were the most remarkable. I am convinced, on pulpit record. His heart congregation seemed to feed him to honey, and his rhetorical flights were astonishing. Soon the effort began to be felt. A hush descended in a line with no opened the ceremony by plinking a well-directed staff directly into the mouth of an elderly brother with a full line a billiard ball, who sat directly behind her. The preacher saw and was encouraged. He reminded his efforts, and presently the girl was straightened rigidly out in hysteria.

"Is you red-aw-ay, brethren?" he shouted, with an awful dying intonation. Then an inevitable negro touch. "Suppose de Lawd was to git offer His throne dis here night, brethren, an' put on His robes white, an' come straight down, back to-night, is you red-aw-ay, brethren?" The chorus that answered was beyond all description. Ancient groans arose