

playing the industrial demagogue and stimulating class malignity, in reckless disregard of the evils which their game will entail on the community. It is fortunate that the captains of industry are made of better stuff than the politicians, that they are generally true men, and raised to their position not by popular arts 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 earning daily bread is 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.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE LATE GENERAL HANCOCK.

WASHINGTON, February 12, 1886.

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, leonine in feature, gentle and winning in expression, dignified and even noble in bearing, and of a most sincere courtesy, whether amid the turmoil of battle or the repose of the camp—towards the little drummer equally with the Commander-in-Chief. Of his qualities as a strategist it is impossible to speak, as he never rose above the rank of a corps-commander; but, with fifteen 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 Skobelev, without the latter's noisy enthusiasm. 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 surely as one hour succeeds another in the march of time might Hancock and his men be counted upon to be wherever it was prearranged 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 movement, and steady yet flaming vigour in the moment of action, made the Second Corps the bulwark of the army during the trying campaign from the Rapidan 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-bred 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 uncongenial 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, which came to an end at last in a soldierly 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 fealty was given to an ideal party and an ideal set of principles, and he would have looked 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 1881, the public conscience was neither so sensitive nor so largely independent of partisanship as now, so that he would have had less chance than President Cleveland has of escaping a sterile term 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.

B.

A STUDY IN MONOCHROME.

THE darkey 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 shiny Ethiopian visage smilingly speeds Washington's parting guest to the utmost limits of her suburbs. He is ubiquitous, literally and figuratively, in every walk of life. Chiefly tatterdemalion, he may also be espied in ultra-fashionable attire. He blacks boots, sells newspapers, and drives the carriages of the "white trash"; but he also administers the law, cures the sick, and preaches more or less doctrinal sermons.

I watched "the old year out and the new year in" on the 31st of December in the voluble society of nine hundred negroes. The church, one of the eighteen built and used exclusively by the coloured people, was packed 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 beard clipped in the English fashion. He looked more like H. R. H. the Prince of Wales done in bronze 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 inseparably connected with that patriarch in the mind of at least one of his congregation. He said some very bright things too; but the negro peculiarities of dialect were rather more pronounced than I should have expected in a gentleman of his clothes and countenance. "De Lawd nebber spoke to Moses in no insultin' way," he remarked more than once; "but He done meant what He said, 'Moses, don't you come no nighah! You'se done come fur enuff, and the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'" His voice rose steadily then until he shouted uncontrollably: "What you think, you sinnahs? Ef Moses couldn't come no nighah, is you a-gwine to git puhmission? No, sah! De Lawd will be mighty apt to say to you, 'Stand back, sah! You'se done come fur enuff,' ef you try to git too clost to Him. Do you s'pose He lets de angels push right up an' loll on de throne aside Him? I tell you no, sah! He say to every one of 'em, 'Stand back, sah! You'se done come fur enuff!'"

He had the most inattentive audience I ever saw a minister address. One-fourth of them were asleep, the rest sat in stolid indifference or turned to stare at the new-comers. The place was insufferably hot. Negroes have no appreciation of ventilation. It will be the last idea assimilated, but its assimilation will be a boon to the inquiring 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 fashionables rustled in and exhaled, I know, an odour of gentility and Lubin. The languid belle was there, the dapper beau, the prosperous family man, the copper-coloured matron, who wore her otter furs with the air of the wife of a whole foreign legation. In the expression of their mobile 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 Fred Douglass. 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 whitewasher, black as ebony, grumblingly rising to let him in. He sat through the service, his hands clasped on his stick, an old, bent, tired, pathetic figure. When the people sang he joined in the not unmusical refrain "A-a-men!" and when the preacher's tones rose in crescendo higher than usual, his dull eye 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 inert congregation seemed to goad him to frenzy, and his rhetorical flights were astounding. Soon the effect began to be felt. A buxom housemaid in a line with me opened the ceremonies by pitching a well-directed muff directly into the mouth of an elderly brother with a poll like a billiard ball, who sat directly behind her. The preacher saw and was encouraged. He redoubled his efforts, and presently the girl was straightened rigidly out in hysterics.

"Is you red-a-a-ay, brethren?" he shouted, with an awful dying inflection. Then an inimitable negro touch. "Supposen de Lawd was to git offen His throne dis bery night, brethren, an' put on His warm clo's, an' come straight down heah to-night, is you red-a-a-ay, brethren?" The chorus that answered was beyond all description. Ancient crones arose