

playing the industrial demagogue and stimulating class enmity, in machine 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 stand 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 forms of the social regime 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.

GEORGE W. BARNES.

THE LATE GENERAL HANCOCK.

Wassonville, February 12, 1886.

This 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, leanlike in feature, gentle and winning in expression, dignified and even noble in bearing, and of a most serene 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 ran along the rank of a company-commander; 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 skeleton, 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 to one hour succumb another in the march of time might 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 inviolable certainty in propriety movement, and steady yet flashing vigour in the moment of action, made the Second Corps the bulwark 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 collision towards him on the part of the Republican Administration at Washington, which, commencing itself along the line of military convention, 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 unrequited occupation.

During the stormy period of Reconstruction, and amid the fiercest 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 suddenly 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 laboured 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 1880, the public conscience was neither so sensitive nor so largely independent of partyism 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.

R.

A STUDY IN MONOCHROME.

This dusky study has 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 abode Ethiopian: stage smilingly greets Washington's parting guest to the nearest limits of her suburbs. He is ubiquitous, literally and figuratively, in every walk of life. Chiefly intemperate, he may also be copied in ultra-fashionable attire. His black boots, with newspapers, and drives the carriage of the "white trash"; but he also admires the law, serves 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 vale of the city of stars. The church, one of the eighteen built and used exclusively by the coloured people, was pulled 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 done in brown than anybody I could think of.

His sermon, 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 inaccurately 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 slaves was rather more pronounced than I should have expected in a gentleman of his clothes and countenance. "De Lawd anther spoke to Moses in no loudish way," he remarked more than once; "but He done want what He said." "Moses, don't you come no nigh!" You're done come for me, and the place where you stand is holy ground!" His voice rose steadily till, until he shouted uncontrollably. "What you think, you think! If Moses couldn't come no nigh, is you a-wise to get piousness! No, no! De Lawd will be nighly apt to say to you, 'Stand back, sah!' You're done come for me, if you try to get too close to Him. De you durn He lets de angels push right up an' tell us 'Stand back, sah!' I tell you so, sah! He say in every one of us, 'Stand back, sah!' You're done come for me!"

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 place was insufficiently hot. Negroes have no appreciation of ventilation. It will be the last idea suggested, but its assimilation 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 resulted in and relaxed, I know, an air of gentility and laziness. The laziest fellow was there, the deper, lean, the prosperous 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 assembled 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 hair was not with him, and nobody seemed to know him of his own black kindred. He pushed his way into an empty seat, a bulky whitehead, 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 unmelancholy refrain "A-men!" and when the preacher's tones rose in exultant hymns 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 goad him to frenzy, and his chorused flights were astonishing. When the effect began to be felt. A broken brownhead in a line with no opened the ceremony by plucking a well-directed snuff directly into the mouth of an elderly brother with a pull like a billiard ball, who sat directly behind her. The preacher rose and was encouraged. He reminded his efforts, and presently the girl was straightened right out in hysteria.

"Is you red-aw-ay, brother?" he shouted, with an awful dying intonation. Then an inevitable negro touch. "Suppose de Lawd was to get off His throne dis very night, brother, an' put on His mass cloth, an' come straight down back to-night, is you red-aw-ay, brother!" The chorus that answered was beyond all description. Ancient women arose