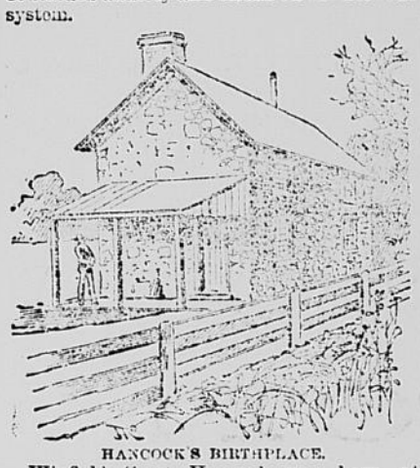
A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF GEN. W. S. HANCOCK.

House Where He Was Born—The White Horseman of Gettysburg—The Fighting General—His Last Headquarters—Mrs. Hancock.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The early age at which so many of the generals on both sides in the late war have died is an impressive fact. Within six months of one another Grant, McClellan and Hancock have all departed from among the living. Grant was 63. McClellan was the youngest of all, being not yet 59 years old. Hancock would have been 62 if he had lived till Valentine's day. All three were men of deep chest and strong physique. In the ordinary course men of their build, having reached 55, should have continued to live till they were 70 or more. Yet they are gone. It shows how the fierce excitements and wasting anxieties of the war years told on them and undermined constitutions that, in Gen. Hancock's case at least, seemed of iron. He was six feet two inches in height, and weighed at the time he was candidate for president, in 1880, 240 pounds. When a boy he was a large, strong-framed, good-tempered lad. He kept all three characteristics as long as he lived. Two, at least, of the three generals mentioned—Grant and Hancock—died of diseases that are apt to be engendered by long-continued anxiety and strain on the nervous system.



HANCOCK'S BIRTHPLACE.

Winfield Scott Hancock was born at Montgomery Square, Pa., in 1824, in the simple but picturesque house that appears in the illustration. He had a twin brother, Hilary. Soldier of his country though he was, Pennsylvania was always dearer to him than any other state of the Union. When the war of the rebellion broke out he—then Capt. Hancock—was stationed at Los Angeles, Cal. He immediately applied for a command in the Pennsylvania volunteers. It is in Pennsylvania soil that his remains rest, after his funeral in New York was ended.

Some years ago the general and his twin brother, Hilary, built a costly burial vault at Norristown.

Most of the Hancock family are buried there. The general's body was laid beside that of his father. The Hancocks do not seem to be a long-lived race. The general himself has no living children. His beautiful daughter Ada, who died nine years ago, 18 years old, is buried at Norristown. The grave of his only son, Russell, who died two years ago, aged 33, is at St. Louis. There are living three grandchildren, two daughters and one son, of Russell Hancock. The son Gwynne, the general's favorite grandchild, was with him when he died. The "Allie" and "Myra," whose names were the last words the dying man pronounced, were his niece, wife of Lieut. Eugene Griffin, and his wife, Almira Russell Hancock.

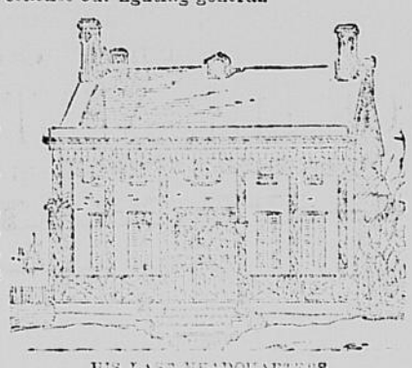
THE GETTYSBURG RIDE.

Gen. Hancock at Gettysburg is one of the historic figures of the late war, except at the storming of Petersburg in the last days of the war. The Gettysburg fight was probably the hottest fight of the rebellion. When shall we have a great American battle painter? When we do, Gen. Hancock will adorn his creations prominently. Since Washington, there has not been so superb and picturesque a figure in our military history. When American battle scenes are painted, too, Hancock's famous ride at Gettysburg will be one of them. The story is a marvellous one. That battle was the turning point of victory against the south in Confederacy. Those were bloody days, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863. The second day the fighting was terrific. "Streams of shot and shell hissed everywhere," says a writer. The oldest soldier had never seen anything like that cannonading. Thousands were stricken down, the shrieks of animals and screams of wounded men were appalling. Still the awful rushing sound of flying missiles went on, and apparently never would cease. The Union officers began to feel uneasy about the result.

Suddenly a band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner." At that moment Gen. Hancock and his staff appeared on the right of the line, uncovered their heads and deliberately rode down the front of the line to the left through the storm of the battle. But that was not all. As they reached the left of the line Longstreet's Confederate infantry, [illegible] Pickett's famous charge, [illegible] this seemed almost certain death to the general. But he escaped unharmed. He rode from end to end of the line amid the blue bullets, holding his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling to his soldiers as they lay upon the ground. It was an act of splendid courage.

The daring deed of their general inspired the soldiers with some of his dash and fearlessness. They fought like tigers from that moment and turned the tide of battle to victory. Hancock was mounted upon a white horse when he rode down the line that fateful day. Ever, while during the hot afternoon he was seen riding hither and thither upon his white steed, like the twin horsemen Castor and Pollux in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

He was a great field soldier, literally the hero of almost a hundred battles. Late in the last day at Gettysburg, after having led his men to victory, he himself was dangerously wounded. It was months before he recovered sufficiently to take the field again. He had been badly wounded once before at Fredericksburg, in 1862. His horse was shot under him at Chancellorsville and again at Ream's station in 1864. He was par excellence our fighting general.



HIS LAST HEADQUARTERS.

The element of the picturesque has always entered into his life. His very surroundings partook of it. Since 1872 he has commanded the military division of the Atlantic, with his headquarters at Governor's Island. There is scarcely a lovelier spot on the coast than this. Far enough from shore to be out of hearing of the roar and rush of the city Governor's Island nestles like a gem in the heart of New York bay. It is a favorite resort for visitors. The whole island is used by the government for military purposes. Gen. Hancock improved and beautified the green island till it looked like the lawn of a wealthy private residence. The low wooden building in which the general lived, and where he died, is shown in the illustration. It was furnished in the simplest way.

This perfect mannered man was courteous to every human creature. He was said to be the handsomest man in America, but he never seemed to know it. Rather strangely, he was finer looking at 55 than he had been at 35.

MRS. HANCOCK.

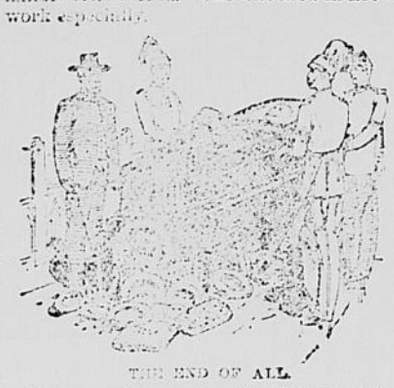
His wife, too, was a beautiful woman, and is to this day granddaughter-mother though she is. When the couple were married in 1850 they were feted for being a fine looking bride and groom. Mrs. Hancock was Almira Russell, daughter of Samuel Russell, a St. Louis merchant. She, too, has an warm-hearted, unaffected way which makes a stranger feel at once that he is not a stranger.

A newspaper friend of mine had occasion to visit Gen. and Mrs. Hancock some time ago at their home on Governor's Island. The visit showed both in the most charming light, the light in which citizens of a republic, no matter how distinguished, should always appear.

It was some sort of a ceremonial day, and the general was in uniform and was busy with visitors.

"I'm sorry I'm in my fuss and feathers," he said to the newspaper man, "or I should have time to show you some things which might interest you."

Gentle Mrs. Hancock took him into the house and showed him the portrait of her lost daughter, sweet Ada Russell Hancock, who died just as she stood on the fair threshold of womanhood. Near the portrait hung a beautiful piece of tapestry, the handiwork of Ada. She excelled in needlework especially.



THE END OF ALL.

The same democratic simplicity and lack of ostentation characterized the funeral, at old Trinity church, Feb. 13. He died on the 9th. No tickets of admission were required to the church. The military ceremonial of the funeral was very simple. A few of his personal friends among officers and generals, a band and an escort of artillery gave a military air to the sad rite. At his grave the major general's salute of thirteen guns and three salvos of artillery was fired. He was buried in a steel casket, covered with cloth, on the lid of which rested, while in church, the general's sword and hat.

Gen. Hancock's twin brother lives in Minneapolis. Another brother, John, is living.

A. J. FORTWELL.

Senators on Exhibition.

It is astonishing the curiosity to which the senators present in the galleries. There is one senator from [illegible] who appears to make this almost the sole object of his attendance on the floor of the chamber. [illegible]

THE MOST EXTENSIVE PRIVATE GAME PRESERVES ON THIS CONTINENT.

A Scheme of Pierre Lorillard's—Why He Leaves the Turf—His Feeling for the Workingman—Picturesque Sketches by a Special Artist.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Many recent incidents have served to bring the name of Pierre Lorillard before the public. He has endeavored to live a quiet, unassuming life, only his intimate friends and the thousands in his employ being aware of the kindliness of his nature and his zeal to ameliorate the condition of those whom fortune has not favored as it has himself. The announcement of his retirement from the turf, to the development of which he devoted $250,000 a year, was promoted solely by his self-respect. He has been for years opposing the tendency which reduced the American turf from honest contests of horse breeding and training to gambling hells. Failing in his almost single handed efforts he has determined to withdraw, taking with him much of the old time respectability of the race track. Mr. Lorillard's letter to a workingman, who took occasion to warn him of the impending struggle between labor and capital is a remarkable one in its way and throws a little light on the character of the man. The following are a few extracts:

PIERRE LORILLARD.

ENTRANCE GATE AND LODGE.

DEAR SIR: You have with others received, I do not usually answer letters personally, as I have so much to attend to but being at rest and upon the point of an accident which injured my leg I thought I would answer your letter. * * * For a long time I have taken a personal interest in the welfare and happiness of the operatives of Europe, and also have been interested in the working classes of America, so many of whom are to-day.

But the field is broader than my own affairs. I know the uneasiness over the masses and sympathize with them in their general struggle for existence. I feel for them, well knowing their only efforts to keep the wolf from the door. Many times have I thought if some plan could be devised to give them a more equitable share in the good things of this life. How to ameliorate their condition is the question. Could not their leaders advise them to look upon the ballot as the most efficient instrumentality to produce for them a more satisfactory state of affairs. Communism is and always has been a failure. Co-operative works look well in theory, but they have generally failed; and yet I think we must look to them in the near future as the most practicable method of benefiting the laboring classes.

A GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE.

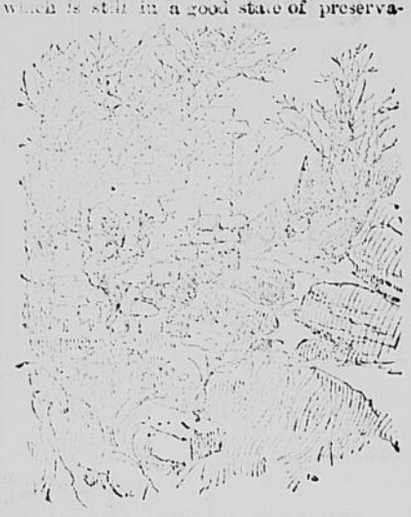
The danger to the people by the accumulation of the enormous fortunes of the present day, and the fact of their being owned by persons who seem to have no respect, love or common feeling for the people, seems to me a great and important problem. In Europe princes, kings and persons of great wealth use their means in a thousand ways for the gratification, happiness and refinement of the people around them, whereas, in this country, they act selfishly and they are, or appear to be, utterly indifferent to the suffering at their doors. As to your hint of an impending rising among the people, personally I have nothing to fear. Almost all my means are in my factories, and I will always be in the front rank of those who love the people and shall do all in my power to check them in any madness that bad or ambitious leaders may advocate.

An inquiry among the hands of his tenement factories corroborates his assertion of endeavors to elevate his working people, as far as it is consistent with good discipline. Mr. Lorillard lives very plainly; it would be safe to wager that no $15-a-week dry goods clerk in New York city dines more frugally.

But it is to the development of Tuxedo park, of which so much has been said lately, that Mr. Lorillard's name is now most frequently mentioned. Tuxedo park is situated [illegible] miles northwest of New York city. It comprises 6,000 acres of the most charming and picturesque scenery imaginable, diversified by streams which scramble down among the rough boulders of the Ramapo mountains to form the Ramapo river in a beautiful lake. Mr. Lorillard's father long ago stocked this lake with fish, and it has become the most celebrated in this section. It is Mr. Lorillard's plan to stock the other ponds and woods with fish and game of every kind, after the style of the great game preserves of Europe. A landscape gardener is engaged to direct the whole work of laying out roads and bridle paths with a view of retaining all the wild luxuriousness of nature.

Buildings and cottages are being constructed like that of the lodge at the entrance. Some direct from the hillsides, without the slightest dressing is used, care being taken that all the clinging moss is retained, giving them in appearance all the mellowness and richness of centuries, though they are the creations of to-day. Besides the old revolutionary fort, by the Continental army, which is still in a good state of preservation, there is another relic that will be carefully preserved; it is the ruins of the old forge in which the immense iron chain was forged that was drawn across the Hudson in revolutionary times to prevent English ships from proceeding further. The cottages of Mr. Lorillard is a good type of those being built throughout the park by resident members of the Tuxedo club. This club, of which Mr. Lorillard is president and principal shareholder, sells to its members building sites, and for those who do not care to reside in a club house is about completed, with 150 bedrooms and every comfort of a first-class hotel. As the chief purpose of this association is the preservation of the health of its members, every possible variety of outdoor game and sport is provided both for summer and winter. To retain the game within the park the whole is surrounded by a [illegible] fence eight feet high, four feet of which from the ground up is cut and doubled. In the experience of this colony at Tuxedo park should prove successful it will likely be the pioneer of many similar efforts of wealthy families to live in communities where they can protect themselves from disagreeable surroundings.

S. H. HORGAN.



THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY FORGE.

The New American Cardinal.

The second citizen of the United States who has been raised to the ecclesiastical dignity of a membership in the college of cardinals is Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore. The college of cardinals corresponds to our electoral college, as its chief purpose is to elect the pope or president of its church. The cardinals, who number about sixty, are chosen by the living pope in order that they may elect his successor. Archbishop Gibbons is 52 years of age and a native of Baltimore. He began life as a clerk in New Orleans. His vocation appearing to be toward the ministry he began a long series of studies and was ordained a priest. He was connected for many years with several Baltimore churches; took an important part in the deliberations of the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866, and presided at the following councils held in 1869 and 1885 in the same city. He was sent to labor in North Carolina in 1868 and was soon afterward consecrated bishop. In 1872 he was transferred to the see of Richmond, Va. In 1877 he was consecrated coadjutor archbishop to Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, and upon the death of the latter succeeded him. His has been a democratic promotion by unquestionable merit, and by hard work he has stepped slowly from the place of a humble priest to the next to the highest honor in his church. Among Baltimore citizens of every creed he is distinguished for his humility, piety and broad Christian views.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS.

Susan B. Anthony in Washington.

Susan B. Anthony is here at the Riggs house, carrying on her woman's rights campaign. She is looking well, and tells me she expects to have considerable agitation this year in congress on the subject. "Twenty-five senators," said she, "have already told me that they are not opposed to us, and I do not believe the old talk of the [illegible] of public men in regard to woman suffrage. The cause [illegible]

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