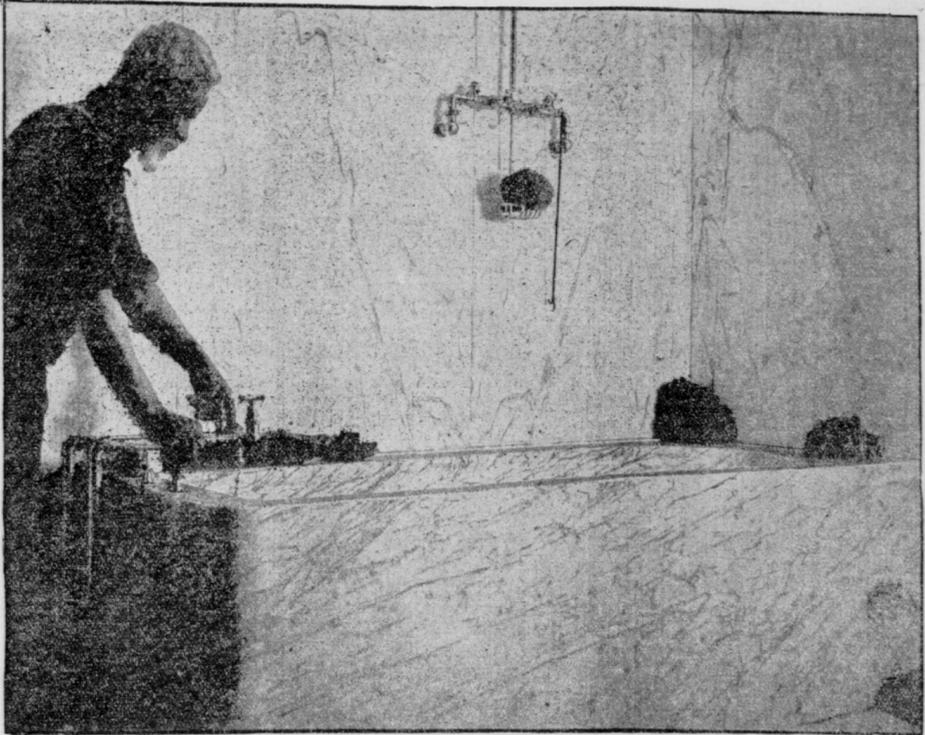


the colony would be a safeguard against popery. The story of the clash between the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians in Jamaica was told in another part of the chronology. Under the Governorship of Cornwall the Queen gave her attention to the condition of Trinity Church. The "King's Farm," before mentioned, was augmented in 1705 by the Anetje Jans estate, and formally presented by deed patent to the church. This estate had been granted to Roelof Jansen by Van Twiller in 1636, and comprised sixty-two acres of ground, beginning a little south of the present Warren-st. and extending along Broadway as far as Duane-st., thence northwesterly a mile and a half to Christopher-st., forming a sort of unequal triangle, with its base upon the North River. Jansen died a few years after the grant, leaving four children, and his widow, Anetje Jans, became the wife of Dominie Bogardus. After the dominie's death the grant was confirmed by Stuyvesant to the widow. When the province was captured by the English government the grant was again confirmed to her heirs, who sold it in 1671 to Colonel Lovelace, one of the heirs, however, failing to join in the conveyance. Every now and then the validity of the title to this estate is attacked, but the estate continues to increase in value, though at one time it was of comparatively little worth.

The ancient Trinity was enlarged in 1737, but during the fire on September 2, 1776, which destroyed the southwest part of the city, was entirely burned, and lay in ruins during the war and until 1788, when it was rebuilt. It was consecrated in 1791 by the Right Rev. Bishop Provoost. To this church two chapels were attached—St. George's, in Beekman-st., built in 1759, and St. Paul's, in Broadway, erected in 1766. A third was added in 1807—St. John's, in Varick-st., opposite the centre of Hudson Square, which at the time was the most admired, fashionable and retired part of the city. It was so large and situated so far uptown that the people wondered when the time would come that a congregation would be found to fill its pews. In Ann-st. was Christ Church, a stone edifice, built in 1794; St. Mark's, in Stuyvesant-st., built in 1795; Zion Church, in Mott-st., built in 1801, and the Eglise du Saint Esprit, in Pine-st., near Nassau, erected by the French Protestants in 1794. The story of the first church of the Huguenots was told in the early part of the chronology. The present Trinity was consecrated in 1846. St. George's was destroyed by fire on the night of January 5, 1814, but with the prompt aid of Trinity Church it was again rebuilt, and consecrated in November, 1815. Another of the Episcopal churches was St. Thomas, at the corner of Houston-st. and Broadway. A few years prior to the time it was built, 1826, the city had extended northward and a great number of the genteel families had removed to the vicinity mentioned, "so that it became necessary to erect a church that would correspond with the taste and wealth of the people." It was of stone, in pure Gothic style, and distinguishing features of the structure were two large, angular, projecting towers at the northeast and southeast corners, which rose in diminished proportions to a height of eighty feet and ended in pointed turrets of a dwarf size. The chronology: Among the interesting things that occurred in the old city in 1796 were the purchase of a lot by the corporation on the southwest corner of Broad and Wall sts. for \$800, which to-day is worth \$900 a square foot, and of Bedlow's Island by the State for the nominal sum of eight shillings, for use as a lazaretto. The school money received from the State this year was \$144, \$110 of which sum went to the Episcopal Free School, \$200 to the Presbyterian, \$250 to the Dutch, \$54 to the German-Lutheran, \$100 to the Scotch Presbyterian and \$220 to the African. Fifty-eight lots of common land above Canal-st. were sold for \$17,000 and "four bushels of wheat each for ever." On December 5 of the year written of a riot for \$35 was rendered by John Morton, proprietor of "The Daily Advertiser," for printing done for the city corporation for twelve months. The fire fiend was abroad during the month mentioned, as the old record tells of a reward of \$500 for his apprehension, as repeated attempts had been made to fire the city.

In 1797 Presbyterian churches were built in Rutgers-st. and in Pearl-st., South-st. was filled in rapidly, and in the early part of the year the laying out of Hudson-st. was begun. On October 17 John Adams, who had been elected President of the United States the preceding year, was welcomed by the corporation, and another man of distinction, fresh from the rigors of a St. Petersburg prison, arrived in the autumn of 1797, and was feted by the citizens of New-York—the accomplished Pole, Kosciuszko, and the Count Nienowicz, who had fought with him and shared his imprisonment in Russia, accompanied him. Here is a record of October 30, 1797: "A managerie of wild beasts on the corner of Pearl and State sts." On December 11 Goerck and Mangin were appointed to make a map of the city, and at the same meeting "cartmen were directed in classes, with a foreman." The law governing cartmen, porters, carts and hand barrows was strict in those days. Stations were allotted to cartmen in nearly every street in the city, but principally in the vicinity of the wharves, piers and slips. The porters' stations were in Coffee House Slip, Pearl-st. and Maiden Lane. Each cart was numbered and registered as to-day, and paid for the first license \$2, and for a renewal 12c, cent. To receive a license the applicant had to be a citizen of the United States and of the city for six months preceding his application, at least twenty-one years old and the owner of a good horse and cart. It was found driving without a license a penalty of \$15 was levied on him. The inception of the Lutheran Church denomination in the province will be told in next week's instalment.



A MARBLE BATHTUB IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Cut from a solid block of marble. The attendant in this photograph has given baths to Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Reed and other famous men.

TYPICAL DAY OF A UNITED STATES SENATOR.

AT ITS END HE WONDERS WHAT INDUCES ANY MAN TO ASSUME DUTIES OF THE OFFICE.

Washington, Jan. 23.—"Free baths, free shaves, free stationery, free medicines and other perquisites, to say nothing of a private secretary and an elegantly appointed committee room, who wouldn't be a Senator?" remarked the visitor who has "done" the national capital in two days. "Yes, with \$5,000 a year and generous mileage to Washington and home again for an average of six months' services to the people. It's a perfect snip," replies his companion. And they go back and tell the "folks at home" what a sinucure their Senator enjoys. And all that is here said of Senators is an applicable to Representatives. With popular opinion a unit on the subject it is dangerous to suggest that there is another side to the question, although those who know the situation intimately suspect there is. Of course, \$5,000 a year is a princely income for six months' work, as everybody knows. That fact alone would induce Senator Hepburn this fall. He was engaged in an important lawsuit when an extra session was called, and he exerted every-

effort to be charged against the Senator at cost. As a result of the last provision, Senators usually overrun their accounts, paying the difference in cash. Whether the goods are charged at a price that would be cost to the average merchant has always been a question, but the convenience of a stationery shop at one's office door, where there is never any question as to the trustworthiness of the wares and the price is always at least reasonable, naturally leads to unstinted trade. Every Senator pays cash for any excess over his credit of \$10 a year. Another perquisite sometimes commented on in the press is the Senate restaurant, but that is a blessing which is not denied the public, on the same terms as a Senator, with his "Waldorf" prices and "Bowery" quality, or lack of quality. The only difference is that the public, having experienced the delights of the Senate restaurant once, gives it a wide berth ever after, while the Senator has no time to go elsewhere. Just why the Capitol restaurants are not better is a mystery no man has ever explained. Ask a Senator, and he will shake his head and sigh.

Of course, Washington is one round of gayety in the season, for which the Senator pays two prices, while etiquette denies him the freedom of the private citizen. For his residence the Senator must pay a varying rental, the minimum being \$1,000 a year. He must keep a carriage, for the wife of practically every Senator and Representative, besides the wives of several hundred officials, will call on his wife formally, and those calls must be returned. There are 380 members of the House, mostly married. Then there are the receptions, dinners, musicals, etc., at the White House, and probably a hundred other formal entertainments during the season, which must be attended in a costume that precludes walking or use of the streets. Domestic service in Washington is comparatively reasonable, thanks to the colored population, but everything else is unduly expensive. Everybody goes away in the summer, and the tradesmen must make their year's profit during the season—and why should not the people's servants keep their princely incomes in circulation? To illustrate a sample day of a single Senator, take the experience of Senator Blank. He is a new Senator and has complied with the usual formalities at the beginning of the session. With the aid of his private secretary, who has had years of experience around the Capitol and who is also the clerk of his somewhat unimportant committee—every Senator is chairman of a committee, with two exceptions—Senator Blank has sent his card to every other Senator, has burned the midnight oil figuring out whether the new Senator from Idaho, who was elected on the same day as himself, was elected at an earlier or later hour, for it is an inflexible law that the Senator elected last must send his card first, and has received somewhere near a bushel of calling cards in return. He has, on this particular day, risen early, breakfasted, and at 9 o'clock finds him in the room which he has set apart for a study. His secretary is already there opening his mail. There are thirty letters asking for government positions. His secretary informs him that since the Civil Service law has been extended he will have the privilege of naming one of the charwomen who keep the Capitol clean, at a remuneration of \$6 a month, and, if he is popular and there are many bills referred to his committee, he may be fortunate enough to get another clerk before the session is over. He has several applications from widows of old soldiers. One of these must be selected as charwoman, if she will accept a menial position;

the son of an influential constituent must be encouraged to look forward to that possible clerkship and twenty-eight must be gently turned down. Then there are seven applications for the establishment of rural free delivery routes. These make necessary a call on the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. The son of one of Mr. Blank's staunchest supporters was caught lazing at Annapolis and has been suspended. That means a call at the Navy Department. Another constituent, who holds the labor vote in his vest pocket, wants a consular appointment. That means an interview with the Secretary of State. By 10 o'clock he has disposed of his mail, having promised numerous things he can never hope to get, and he calls a cab and starts for the State Department. Meanwhile his secretary has gone to the Department of Justice with a bill providing for a public building at Squedunk, to have its form approved, for that



A BARBER SHOP IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

bill is one of the Senator's most vital assets, and he can afford to have no legal technicalities in his phraseology jeopardize its enactment. At the State Department a short wait, which seems interminable, admits the Senator to the Assistant Secretary's office, to find that there are only two vacant consulships, and that both have been long ago spoken for by older Senators. The Secretary of the Navy is then seen, and turns down hard the request for reconsideration of the Annapolis case, in the absence of an order from the President. Another drive, another wait, and the Senator is face to face with the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, who informs him that in five of his applications the population is not sufficient to warrant free rural service, but that his inspectors will "look up" the two remaining cases. That means a wait of several months, during which the people at home will imagine that their Senator is neglecting them in the intoxication of Washington's gayeties and frivolities. At 11:30 o'clock the Senator finds himself in the President's ante-chamber, along with some thirty other persons, statesmen, officials and private citizens. It is almost 12 o'clock when he gains admittance along with two other older and better known Senators. He explains his errand, and the President, with a brief comment on the necessity of maintaining discipline at Annapolis, dictates a memorandum, asking the Secretary of the Navy whether any extenuating circumstances are to be found in this particular case, or any warrant for reopening it. Another hurried drive brings the Senator to the Capitol too late for prayers, which he does not much mind, and just in time to take his place on the floor during the "morning hour." He has a number of petitions for the expulsion of a Mormon Senator to introduce, petitions in which he has no heart; also the bill for the building at Squedunk, handed to him by his secretary as he enters the Senate, a number of private pension bills for old soldiers, who have served longer since the war, and now appeal for special legislation, and a petition from the most important manufacturing interests in his State protesting against any delay in the ratification of the Panama treaty. He stands for half an hour vainly trying to catch the chairman's eye, and finally succeeds. He begs leave of the Senate to introduce his various measures, and have them referred to the proper committees. "This done he slips away to the restaurant for a bite of lunch. There he meets Senator Aldrich, who asks him to remain in the Capitol during the afternoon, as the older Senators will be busy in their committee rooms and the young men will be needed in case the Democrats raise the point of no quorum. He also learns that there will be an executive session before adjournment, and his vote is needed by the administration for confirming a certain nomination. After luncheon he returns to the cloakroom, off the Senate chamber, for a cigar, but it is only half smoked when a card is handed him. It is from the correspondent of his own paper, and the Senator sees him in the lobby, to which accredited correspondents have access. The correspondent wants to know the prospects for the Squedunk building, what the Democrats are going to do on the Panama question, and whether "Bill" Smith is going to get that consular job. "Bill" having incautiously mentioned his ambition and the opposition paper having published his expectations just to make trouble. Having disposed of his newspaper friend, he returns to the cloakroom, lights a fresh cigar and sits down to think. Again a page brings him a card. This time it is an influential constituent

who wants to be shown around. The Senator orders his friend shown into the marble room, fills out a card for the members' gallery, then shows his friend about the Senate corridors, explaining the weather map in the marble room, which is corrected daily by the Weather Bureau, to enable every Senator to see just what the prospects for haying or ice cutting are at home. He points out the few distinguished Senators on the floor and then, as he dares not go beyond the sound of the bells which are liable at any time to announce a call of the Senate, he selects a guide and places his constituent in the charge of the guide to show the stranger through the House end of the Capitol, the rotunda, and Supreme Court. The guide knows that the usual fees are to be collected subsequently from the Senator.

Returning to the Senate, the Senator is brought indignantly to test by the unwarranted drastic criticism of the administration in which an opposition Senator is indulging, but a shake of the head from Senator Allison causes him to sit down and Senator Spooner disposes of the offending Democrat with his usual ability. The debate drags, and Senator Blank slips down to his committee room to dispose of several committee matters, answer one or two urgent letters and then return to seek an audience with Senator Hale regarding a report with the drafting of which he has been intrusted. Before he succeeds in seeing the leader two rings of an electric bell sounding in all parts of the Senate end of the Capitol warns him that the opposition has raised the point of "no quorum" and he must rush to the Senate chamber and return the roll call. That done, he returns to Mr. Hale's room, but before he has gained access to the inner office three rings of the bell advise him that the Senate is about "to proceed to the consideration of executive business," and his vote will be needed for the confirmation of that nomination. He hasties through the corridors, dodging the crowds pouring down from the galleries, the public being excluded from executive sessions. As he enters the chamber he finds other Senators coming from all directions. Senators who have been in the chamber when the executive motion carried are lighting cigars, and there is the general air of informality which characterizes sessions behind closed doors. The nomination which the leaders are especially interested in causes the expected debate, which, although, or perhaps because, it is informal, lasts for some time, but finally the necessary vote is secured, and "the Senate stands adjourned at 5 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m."

Senator Blank returns to his committee room, disposes of his mail, receives a telephone message from Mrs. Blank to the effect that she has pledged Senator Blank and herself to take the places at a formal dinner made vacant by illness of previously invited guests, pays a hurried visit to the barber shop, drives to the Arlington, where he holds a conference with one of the political leaders of his State, and at 8 o'clock appears with his wife at the formal dinner. On his arrival at home Senator Blank has received a telephone message from Mr. Loeb, secretary to the President, informing him that the House delegation from his State is still evenly divided regarding the appointment of the Collector of Customs for a city in their State, and the President desires the presence of Senator Blank at the White House at 10 p. m., to confer with him regarding the respective candidates. Accordingly the Senator excuses himself from the dinner a few minutes before 10, and leaving his own conveyance for Mrs. Blank, has a long brisk walk to the "little" White House. Several prominent Senators are in conference with the President, and he is compelled to wait three-quarters of an hour for the

THE KING OF CRANKS

Oddities and Eccentricities Came Near Genius in "Citizen" Train.

George Francis Train, who called himself the "most eccentric man in the world," and who boasted until within a few hours of his death of being a reformer, agitator, revolutionist, evolutionist, psychologist, financier, builder of railroads, linguist, globe trotter and the only sane man among them, finally proved the fallacy of his dearest theory. He had long predicted that he would live two hundred years. He died last Tuesday at the age of seventy-five.

So firmly did "Citizen" Train, as he sometimes referred to himself, believe that his career would extend over two centuries that for twenty-six years he had not shaken hands with any one except children. Contact with an adult he thought drained him of his "psychic force." From childhood he said he absorbed perennial youth. Each day in pleasant weather until in recent years he was wont to sit on a bench in Madison Square and dole out stories or peanuts to the crowds of boys and girls who clamored over his knees. He clasped their hands long and fondly. He told them what he believed to be the secret of life and of death. He listened to their childish questions with an illimitable patience. On his seventieth birthday the "greatest egotist of history," as he once entitled himself, gave a dinner to his friends, not alone to celebrate the event but to proclaim again his unusual destiny. The table was spread in the basement of Mills Hotel No. 1, in Blackwell-st., where he had a small corner room for his home. He was gorgeously dressed, and wore the red scarf of freedom, which was a characteristic part of his attire ever since he said he organized the French Commune. Yet when one of his guests ventured to congratulate him on his birthday he retorted:

"Birthday, sir, I never had a birthday. Every day for seventy years I have been born anew. Birthdays are only advertisements for notables. There is only one candle in my cake. I now begin life anew, wiping out the threescore years and ten."

Faith in a bicentennial existence was also the cause of his selection of the Mills Hotel No. 1 as his home. Although he claimed to be worth more than \$30,000,000, yet he spent only \$5 a week for room and board. He saved his wealth, so he once told an intimate friend, in order that he might live out the two centuries without danger of destitution. When he owned Train Villa, at Newport, in 1883, he was said to have entertained for a season at a cost of \$25,000 a week. Yet he declared a year ago or so that he had hoped to see "Mills Palace" than at Train Villa. At the table he ate only bread, nuts, milk and vegetables. Fresh whiskey and tobacco he classed together as poisons.

When sick from a mild form of smallpox last summer "Citizen" Train drank an eggnog which his physician had prescribed for him. He was confined at the time in an isolation camp just outside of Stamford, Conn., and a telegram from his daughter, Mrs. Gulinger, is situated. But no sooner had he swallowed the eggnog that he exclaimed:

"I find that my so-called medicine is a poison. It has been doctored with alcohol. Never having tasted poisonous liquor before, I decline to take any more."

Mr. Train also refrained from handling newspapers, and he said that when he was in weak health he used to take a bath of carbonic acid solution. When he discovered that his stomach was being disinfected with this germicide, he said, rememberingly:

"Each day my nurse sprinkles my floor several times with this poison, diluted. Now, I believe the poison to be absorbed by the seven million pores of the skin. She also sponges me all over with a carbolic acid solution. The result is that my stomach is stopped I shall die, and the vast amount of psychic force which I have stored up in my body will go for nothing."

Mr. Train afterward sued the town of Stamford for \$30,000 as damages for what he termed his "false arrest and imprisonment."

Throughout his hermit life which he led the last thirty years of his life "Citizen" Train was the same restless energy which characterized him when a successful merchant and a brilliant financier. With much the same dash and vim with which he promoted the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad in 1853 and the Union Pacific Railroad in 1864, the venerable "Citizen" wrote his last book, entitled, "My Life in Many States and Foreign Lands." His life in many States and foreign lands, he stated in its title, was a life of five hours. On afternoons in the months of July and August in 1902 he devoted an hour at a time to dictating his reminiscences to a stenographer. He refrained from writing a line himself, for fear of exhausting his "psychic force." The volume bears this significant dedication:

To the children and to the children's children in the land and all lands and believe in me because they know I love and believe in them.

In the preparation of this book the "Citizen" first drafted a rough outline, which he entitled "My Autobiography Balled Down. Four Hundred Pages in Two Hundred Words." His life, as condensed by himself in his own quaint language, is as follows:

Born 3-21-'23. Orphaned New-Orleans, '35 (Father, mother and three sisters—yellow fever). Came North alone, four years old, to grandmother, Waltham, Mass. Supported self since babyhood. Farmer the fourth year, then a clerk, then a clerk, then a clerk; shipping clerk, sixteen; manager, eighteen; partner, Train & Co., twenty (income, \$10,000); Boston twenty-two.

Established G. F. Train & Co., Melbourne, Australia, '31. Agent, Barings, Duncan & Sherman, White Star Line (income, \$5,000). Started party clippers to California, '45. Flying Cloud, Sovereign of the Seas, Staffordshire, built A. & G. W. R. R., connecting Erie with Ohio and Mississippi, '60 miles.

Pioneered first street railways Europe, America, Australia, New Zealand, London, England, Birmingham, London, '60. Built first Pacific Railway (U. P.), '67-'69; went through first Trust, Credit Mobilier, '69. First President of the Erie R. R. (Been in fifteen jails without a crime).

Train Villa, built at Newport, '83. Daughter's home, No. 1, built at Stamford, Conn., '83. President, Commune, Marseilles, League du Midi, October, '70. Went on an expedition to the world in eighty days. Jules Verne, '70. First fiction of my life.

First independent race for Presidency against Grant and Greeley, '71-'72.

Conferred lawyers, doctors, clericals, by quoting the Bible, to release Woodruff, Woodruff, Claflin from jail. "Now lunatic," '73. Hanged, '73.

Living at Mills Palace, '83 against \$2,000 a week at Train Villa. Daughter always room for me in country. Played Carnegie party years in country. Three revolutions, Credit Mobilier, Author dozen books out of print (vide "Who's Who," Allibone, Appleton's Cyclopedia).

Four times married. First time two years; second, eighty days; '70; third, sixty-seven and half days; '70; fourth, thirty days, shortest record. "Through my marriage, an doubling age. Seventy-four years young."

The way in which the "most eccentric man in the world" won his wife shows the daring determination of the man. He was hardly more than twenty-one at the time. In travelling toward Boston on some business errand his train stopped at Syracuse. Chancing to look out of the car window he espied a girl with "lovely brown curls" boarding a train on another track.

"Look at that girl with the curls," he exclaimed to Alfred Ward, who was travelling with him. "Do you know her?" asked Ward. "No, but I soon will, and I shall have her for my wife."

He had hardly made this reply when the train began to start. Catching up his grip, the youthful sutor jumped off the car and clambered aboard the other train. He did not know where it was going. His only thought was the girl with the beautiful curls. At last he found her seated with an elderly man, who acted toward her too deferentially to be her father. The old man tried to open the car window, and was about to give up the attempt when Train sprang to the rescue. His act of courtesy opened the way for a pleasant conversation, with the result that Train visited Niagara Falls the next day in their company. That evening in the rear of the Falls, he once expressed it, "our love was plighted and our destinies united." The girl was the daughter of Captain M. Davis, who was then serving in the army under General Taylor. They were married the next year.

The birth of the "Citizen's" first child was attended by circumstances which showed to what a ludicrous extent he sometimes carried his patriotism. Train was a merchant at Melbourne, Australia, at the time, and in order that his first child should be born on American soil he sent his wife back to the United States. Some weeks after his wife had reached her native country, a friend asked Train why Australia was not good enough for a birthplace. "America is the land of the free," was his answer. "I want my child to be born there so that he may some day run for the Presidency, as I intend to do."

The conversation was interrupted by a letter which contained the news that the child was a girl. "My chagrin was still further increased," said the father, "when I learned later that even if it had been a boy born in Australia he might still be eligible to the Presidency because his nationality would have been determined by that of his parents."

Of Train's sayings which has been widely quoted was: "People call me insane, but I am sane. What would a village of peanuts say if a cocoon rolled in among them?"



GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN SURROUNDED BY CHILDREN IN MADISON SQUARE. "I have sat here summer and winter for twenty-one years."—Citizen Train. (From "My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands," published by D. Appleton & Co.)