



Dictator
FOR PRESIDENT,
1872, 3

GEO. F. FRANCIS TRAIN.

JUSTICE TO ALL.

*The only Aristocracy that I acknowledge
Is the Aristocracy of Honest Labor,
Intellect, and Morality.—G. F. T.*

We, the People,
Not I, the King.

For E. W. Lobbey

My Corner on Xtianity
Is Sing Sing, Assylum or Victory
White City for each illegal day
A thousand Dollars will have to pay,

The Funds
Call 50.
Muders Row

March 20. 73

G. F. Train
The Coming Dictator

Dec 94

E MORNING ADVE

SPOKE NOT OF HADES,

But Train Talked of Nearly Everything Else.

AN ODD "PRAYER MEETING"

Some History and Much Profanity in the So-Called Sermon.

MURDERERS' ROW RECALLED.

George F. Told Stories of His Old Tombs Associates—Scannell, Croker and Stokes.

"This is the most important assemblage that the world has ever seen," said George Francis Train yesterday morning at the first of his "Sunday prayer meetings" in Union Square Hall. There were not more than thirty people in the hall, but Citizen Train accounted for this by saying that enemies had given out the wrong time for the meeting. The Citizen had been advertised to speak on "Hell." In this respect the sermon resembled Artemus Ward's lecture on "The Babes in the Woods." He said little about the place of eternal unrest, but made frequent reference to some man who was a "h—l of a scoundrel." The sermon consisted in short selections from the story of his life, with anecdotes and other matter. The Citizen was attired in his soldier's costume, the one familiar to all the children who congregate in Madison Square.

"You'll notice," he said in beginning, "that I call myself the Reverend George Francis Train. The reason I do it is because I am so d—d irreverent." This statement was greeted with roars of laughter.

"When I ran for President against Grant and Greeley I was presented with this watch. It was given me because I had the most wonderful nomination that was ever given a candidate. There were no deadheads in the convention that nominated me. I went to Tilden and told him that if Greeley were to retire from the fight I would go in and win. But Greeley didn't retire and I didn't win.

"Both Greeley and Grant are dead—died from disease—and I am here. Why? Because I am a true reformer.

"Greeley was not. At one time he was a red hot abolitionist, and he then turned around and whimpered for the South. Then he was a protectionist, and afterward became the friend of the Cobden Club. He was a vegetarian, and he died of eating canvas back duck. I haven't eaten animal food for twenty years—and that's why I am here.

"Well, I ran for the presidency, and they put me in the Tombs. I had the cell that Stephenson has now. On the same row were Scannell, Croker and Stokes. It was there I organized the Murderers' Club. I was elected president. I am still the president. Croker is not a member any longer. When I organized that club I told Croker and the others that they would not be convicted. How did I know? Why, all I had to do to save them was to give them some of my psychic power, and that made them jury-proof. I was there six months.

"The District Attorney came to me and said: 'Mr. Train, there is no need of you staying here. We will let you out on your own recognizance.' I said to him, 'What do I want to go out for? I'm going to live at somebody else's expense for once in my life,' and so I stayed.

"Then they sent Dr. Hammond to examine me. He was paid to say that I was crazy. He looked at me and said that I was a 'harmless lunatic.' When I got out, I wrote to him that since he had given me a certificate of lunacy I would expect a jury to acquit me of homicide if I sent a bullet crashing through his brain. He didn't like this.

"I say 'damn' very often, but I don't mean to swear. When I was in the South Sea Islands I said damn once, and immediately a native went and brought me a banana. In this language 'dam' means banana, so, when I say it, I am not swearing.

"My people were good old time Methodists, and when I was a boy they did nothing but talk hell to me. So I think that I am but showing what a good Methodist training I had when I say hell every other word."

Next Sunday the Citizen will deliver another sermon, and will keep it up until he has exposed "all the shams and frauds."

CRAZED BY HUNGER