

chased a property on Dock street and erected a large granite structure upon the site, which, being immediately on a line with the Chestnut street store, was used, in connection with the upper portion of the other, for a Mechanics' Institute exhibition, a bridge being thrown across an intermediate street to connect the two. In 1856, the doctor erected a large granite-fronted building on Chestnut street, below Seventh, designed for public meetings, lectures, concerts, balls, etc., which was called "Jayne's Hall." At a later period he caused to be put up a marble-fronted block of stores on the site of the Arcade, called "Jayne's Marble Stores," and about the same time altered a building in the same neighborhood for an insurance office—a concern of which he was the Alpha and Omega. This was not the only speculation that the doctor engaged in which did not pay. After an experiment of a few years he gave the insurance business up, and closed the place. The doctor did not trouble himself further with speculations in real estate until he conceived the idea of building himself a palace in the "West End," among the nabobs of the town. Up to this time he seemed to be content with a plain yet handsome residence on Third street, above Spruce. There with his young wife he appeared to be enjoying himself, but he was not entirely happy, as his aspirations for a larger, handsomer, and more attractive residence abundantly show. He purchased a large lot of ground at Chestnut and Nineteenth streets, and commissioned John McArthur, the architect, to prepare plans for the erection of a marble-fronted building, to adorn and beautify which no expense was to be spared. As an evidence of his liberality and taste, he directed the "counterfeit presentment" of his daughters to be chiselled upon the ornamental part of the parlor mantels; the doors to be made of solid walnut, the knobs and fastenings to be plated with silver, the window glass to be of the best French manufacture; in short, everything to be first-class. And he could well afford to be liberal. His fortune was counted by millions, and his income itself was so large that he had to conjure up ways and means to dispose of it. When the place was nearly ready for occupancy, when he had seen it through all the stages of its erection, from the laying of the foundations to the frescoing of the walls, and was anticipating, no doubt, many happy days in it, that terrible old apparition, with scythe and hour-glass, came along and laid his icy fingers upon him. In vain the doctor struggled, and in vain he invoked the aid of the best medical talent. The time had come for him to leave his earthly possessions and seek those of a sublimer and holier kind. Finding his last hour to be come, he yielded as gracefully as possible, and died in the belief of a blessed immortality. Dr. Jayne's record was good from first to last, and there was but one calumny he had to encounter. He was charged with an attempt to buy his way into the Senate of the United States. That he did really desire to go there, and was willing to expend money liberally to reach that elevated position, was not doubted, but it was not to be used in bribing members of the Legislature. The doctor had no such thought, and he came out of the contest unharmed. In some respects Dr. Jayne was a wonderful man. He had energy and force of character in an eminent degree; and his faith was never for a moment shaken in the efficacy and certain return of newspaper advertising. Peace to his ashes.