THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1857.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.
If paid in advance, or within 3 months...$2 00
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1 square.....$5 00 | ½ column.....$50 00
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G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
9:13:73 Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:13 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. 7:p4

ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.
oct. 9, '78-tf.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House. oct9, '78-tf.

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [3:11,'67

HENRY BRETH,
(OSTEND P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y*

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
e26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Opera House. ap 25,'77-1y

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.
June 26, '78tf.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

Frank Fielding.. W. D. Bigler....S. V. Wilson.
FIELDING, BIGLER & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House. [mch6-79.

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also dealer in
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:29:74

JOSEPH B. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan:1:76

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'76.

J. P. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office opposite Court House, in Masonic Building, second floor. aug14,'78-1y.

DR. B. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on First st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
DUBOIS CITY, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug1'79

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
july31,'78-tf.

A. M. HILLS,
OPERATIVE DENTIST,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Office in residence, opposite Shaw House.
jy9,1879-tf

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIRST AND PINE STREETS.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'68-tf

Cards.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES—We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address. my28

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 23jy'72

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:19'73 Clearfield, Pa.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr1,'67

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate. March 19,'75.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [jan9, '78-tf.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township.
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, '76.

JAMES H. TURNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Wallaceton, Pa.
He has prepared himself with all the necessary blank forms under the Pension and Bounty laws, as well as blank Deeds, etc. All legal matters entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. May 7th, 1879-tf.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of overtwenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'63tf.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price. [March 19, 1879.

G. H. HALL,
RACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my28:1ypd

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased this commodious Hotel, in the village of Glen Hope, is now prepared to accommodate all who may call. My table and bar shall be supplied with the best the market affords.
GEORGE W. DOTTS, Jr.
Glen Hope, Pa., March 26, 1879-tf.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [*jy18'72

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8:372 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep20-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

MEAT MARKET.
F. M. CARDON & BRO.,
On Market St., one door west of Mansion House,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Our arrangements are of the most complete character for furnishing the public with Fresh Meats of all kind, and of the very best quality. We also deal in all kinds of Agricultural Implements, which we keep on exhibition for the benefit of the public. Call around when in town, and take a look at things, or address us
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
Clearfield, Pa., July 14, 1875-tf.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
JAMES KERR. CARGILL L. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents.
Represent the following and other first-class Co's

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,591,89
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan.....	5,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn.....	2,624,063
Insurance Co. of North America.....	6,423,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,193,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch.....	679,148
Waterdown.....	764,815
Travelers (Life & Accident).....	4,599,454

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Editor & Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 53—WHOLE NO. 2,647. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1879. NEW SERIES—VOL. 20, NO. 45.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

THE FAMOUS CAREER OF MARGARET O'NEILL EATON.

HER EARLY LIFE IN WASHINGTON—HOW SHE DISREPUTED AN ADMINISTRATION, MADE A PRESIDENT AND OBTAINED SOCIAL RECOGNITION FOR HERSELF—THE EATON MARRIAGE—INCIDENTS.

[From the Washington Post, Nov. 14th.]

Mrs. Gen. Eaton died last Saturday at her residence, on Ninth street, after a brief illness. Though she had been failing in health for some months, it was only within a few days that alarming symptoms were developed, and it became evident that she could not live long. Friday evening Dr. Townsend was called, and pronounced her dangerously ill. For months past she has been a great sufferer, but until a short time before her death she was not deemed in immediate danger. She knew that the end was approaching and was not afraid to die. "It is a beautiful world to leave," she said the day before her death, looking out into the sunshine; "I am not afraid to die, but it is such a beautiful world." It had been a beautiful world to her, and she clung to its last sights and sounds with the strong tenacity of an organization endowed with intense vitality, which has preserved in her strength and vivacity unusual at her age. The complication of disorders from which she suffered had made it impossible for her to sleep, except in a sitting posture, and when at last she lay down on her bed, it was evident that the final surrender had begun. At the last all the vital forces gave way at once, and there was no prolonged struggle. Up to within ten minutes of her death she retained full consciousness, neither sight nor hearing were impaired, and she would respond to the question, "Do you know me?" with a slight impatience in the affirmative, as though wondering why her recognition should be questioned. The minister, who was summoned, read and prayed with her, and she expressed her faith in Christ, and her willingness to depart. She repented in a clear, firm voice the hymn "I would not live alway." During the last night she grew very restless, and said often, "The night is so long! If morning would only come!" She was fully conscious of the near approach of death. In answer to a suggestion of something that should be done on the morrow, she answered, "Not to-morrow; I shall be here only a little while to-morrow." The morning she longed to see came, and by noon all was over. At ten minutes past 12, with her hand clasped in those of her grandchildren, Mrs. Eaton passed calmly and peacefully away. The funeral will be attended from the house, 512 Ninth street northwest, to-morrow, and the remains will be interred besides those of her husband, Gen. Eaton, at Oak Hill cemetery. On the family lot there lie buried also her mother, her daughter, Mrs. Randolph, an infant child of the latter, and the late Col. Fred Aiken. Mrs. Eaton is the last member of her own immediate family. She leaves one daughter, living in Paris, the Duchess de Sampayo. Her only other child was the daughter, Margaret, who married Dr. Randolph, of Virginia, and who died years ago. The only immediate relatives in this city are her grandchild, John Randolph, and Mrs. Beaumont, who have cared for Mrs. Eaton through the latter years of her life, and with whom she was living at the time of her death.

Margaret O'Neill Eaton was born on Twentieth street northwest, nearly opposite what is now the French Minister's residence. While she was still a child her father, William O'Neill, a native of New Jersey, and a descendant of that noblest of all Irish families, the O'Neills of Ulster, opened a tavern or boarding-house on the corner of Twentieth and I streets. His hotel was patronized by a gay and reckless class of guests, members of Congress, gentlemen of wealth visiting Washington, particularly young Southerners, officers of the army and navy, and the upper grade of departmental clerks. Henry Clay, in his faster days, was a continuous guest, and he was a fair type of the occupants. In such society grew up the child Margaret. Her marvelous beauty of face and form, and her lissom grace of manner could not fail to be noticed by the gay, wild revellers who made her father's house their home, and they flattered her without thought and without stint. Surrounded from childhood with such unconventional associations it was impossible that she should not herself become markedly unconventional. A fairer bud never ripened into a more perfect blossom. She was as brilliant in intellect as she was graceful in movement, and as sparkling in conversational charms as she was beautiful in person. She was ambitious, and her childish associations stimulated in the young maiden the determination to enter and reign, as one born in the purple, in the magic circle of that society upon whose threshold only she had hitherto stood, gazing at the glories she now burned to make wholly her own. The task before her was a difficult one. Society in those old days in Washington drew its lines more strictly than it does now, and the daughter of a tavern-keeper was not deemed the equal of those stately dames and aristocratic maidens of the families of those gay, free-spoken gallants that had flattered the precocious child into unconventional daring. It may well be believed that her daring was ahead of her common sense. Brilliant as she was in intellect, she was neither profound nor comprehensive, and hence could neither understand why the fathers and brothers were so friendly, while the mothers and sisters passed coldly by with stony stares, nor wisely plan the policy that should lead to such social recognition from the women as was gladly accorded by the men. Society in those days, in many parts of the country, and especially in Washington, was a conglomerated problem, requiring for its solution the consideration of factors drawn from the previous century. As the race among which it existed was British, so its manners and its morals were those of Anne and the first George, transplanted to America. Here the prevailing tone had become more manly but not less unrefined. The grossness had been dissipated in a drier climate and a freer air, but the coarseness still remained. The vices of a monarchy struggled for existence amid the institutions of a Republic, and, while losing their distinctive character, had not failed in stamping an impress deep on the new order of things. Added to this, the asceticism and fanaticism of the Puritan—diluted, it is true, but still strong, sinewy and subtle—had percolated through society its prudery devoid of its purity, and without abating its arrogance had well nigh lost its amiability. Caste ruled with an iron hand, none the less hard and cold and unbending because affecting to hide its rigid defining of social lines in the velvet glove of a professed democratic equality. To sum up, the men were coarse, the women conventional; and freedom of social action, except within certain restricted limits, was as absolutely unknown to the masters as was liberty of movement to the slaves of that day. And it was in this society at its hardest, because at its commencing disintegration that Margaret O'Neill was born, and with whose upmost and holiest circle she waged so long, so bitter and so stubborn a conflict. The odds were all against her. She was handicapped from the start. Her father was a man of ordinary intelligence, of narrow intellect, and cursed with inclinations that led downward instead of up. Her mother, indeed, was cast in a larger and finer mould, a woman of good judgment, of pure instincts, of well-balanced intellect, but whose early death deprived the high spirited and wayward Margaret of all the benefits such a mother would assuredly have conferred on such a daughter. That Mrs. O'Neill was not qualified by education for the conflict goes without saying. In this latitude, three-quarters of a century ago, the education of women, at its best, was a misnomer, and Margaret O'Neill was not fortunate enough even to have attained that best. Naturally reckless, courageous, wayward, accustomed from infancy to the intoxicating atmosphere of admiration, gifted with a personal magnetism that fascinated everything in subjection to her own sweet will, save only the envy of her sister women at her surpassing personal charms, brilliant but superficial, vain yet vacillating, too quick-tempered not to wound and offend, but too loving and tender hearted to crush or destroy, this child went out into the fiercest of life's struggles as much qualified to withstand their buffetings as a lamb to long preserve life when thrown out to Norland wolves. Born to a splendid misery whose magnificence only the more manifested its malignancy, she yet bore herself with such calmness and fortitude as to rob Fate of half its terrors.

In an age when scandal was the breath of life, and gossip supplied the stead of culture, she did not escape smirching whisper and disparaging censure. It would have been a miracle if she had, on such a stage, amid such scenes and before such actors. By her beauty and fascinations alone had she reached the giddy heights on which the wife of the Secretary of War sat, and rivals, both social and political, sought to pull her down by stabbing her with sneers, sharper than stilettos; by impaling her on imputations which could withstand in those days, and which are as easy to institute as they are hard to disprove. Whatever her sins, there can be little doubt that her social success was the immediate cause of the attack upon her. Caste wrung its iron knuckles in dismay at the spectacle. The daughter of a tavern keeper essaying to play the equal of a Senator's wife or a Dutch diplomat's lady. The tampler upon conventionalities seeking to dispense social patronage to the great grand-daughter of a Puritan brewer, whose affectation of morals was as stiff as her stays; and presuming to dispute the precedence of the niece, four degrees removed, of a cavalier cut-throat who was sold as a convict to the James River colony. An heiress downward only with beauty, and whose sole title deeds were a gracious manner and an angle's face, placing herself higher than the mistress of a thousand slaves, or the fair legatee of a New England rum mill manager. This was the unpardonable sin for which there was no forgiveness here nor atonement hereafter. They did not forgive her. But pluck and persistency won at last. They always do. All things finally come to her who waits. The young girl, afterwards Mrs. Eaton, conquered; broke down the iron barriers which those twin jailors of the daring mind, low birth and iron fortune are always erecting to tire out genius and courage; and to her credit, be it said, were her laurels as gracefully, as courteously, as kindly as if, indeed, she had been born in the purple, and they came to her by the law of descent.

The beauty, which the friends and enemies of the departed lady alike united in praising, was truly beyond praise. It justified rhapsody. It was the perfection of form and color and grace, with the superadded charm of soul. It was of the kind which the old poets called "*la beauté de diable*," the ever-charming freshness of youth and apparent innocence, the dewy fragrance of the morning, the child-like bloom and blush of radiant and trustful hope. There are men to-day in Washington who have about as much poetry or gush about them as a sweet potato vine has of the attar of rose, who nevertheless rave of her beauty, of her "angelic" face, of her "seraphic" smile, in those long gone days, in terms as gushing and rhapsodical as ever young lovers use. She was a blonde. The soft gray eye, the light chestnut hair, the perfect contour of face and chiseling of feature, the complexion exquisitely clear and soft, a form of faultless proportions, where the external characteristics of that beauty over which artists raved, to which poets dedicated their loveliest verses, which dictated a President to the United States, which triumphed over sages as passionless as their own abstractions, over warriors cold and hard as their own swords. She inspired the first of American lyrical poets to write, perhaps, the most beautiful of all his poems. Some time after Margaret O'Neill became Mrs. Timberlake, she was in Baltimore, and there Edward Coate Pinkney saw and admired. Going home he wrote his "Health," and dedicated it to the most beautiful woman in America:

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that like the air,
'Tis less of earth than Heaven.

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice, in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain:
A memory such as vains of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's but hers.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy
The freshness of young flowers.
And lovely passions changing oft
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! And would on earth there were
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry
And weariness a name!"

Few American women have had a more eventful career. Living to an advanced age, she was a woman of four generations, and to listen to her reminiscences was to recall the events and the characters of a long chapter of American history. There is a certain resemblance between some phases of her career and that of another remarkable woman who died not many months ago—Madame Bonaparte.—Both women lived abroad, and carried there the prestige of American womanly beauty. Both were women of strong personal influence, and scored many social triumphs. Both had during a portion of their lives fortune and brilliant position, and both ended their days in comparative obscurity. But there the parallel ends. They wore their rue with a difference. Madame Bonaparte, bitter, cynical and grasping, preserved her reputation untarnished. But she lived also a life barren of love, and of all sweet and tender emotions. In strong contrast was the life of the woman who, though worsted by adverse fortune, had no special quarrel with fate, and lived her life out to the end with a certain sweet and brave courage which no disaster could crush. Her faults were those of a general nature, and her many lovable qualities endeared her to all who knew her. She died in the city where she was born, and where the greater portion of her long life was passed. Better known to a past than to the present generation, still many are familiar with the slender and still graceful figure of a woman whose face retained to the last traces of great beauty. Her beauty as a girl and matron is a matter of tradition. Those who have seen her lately will recall a face, lined and tremulous with age, but still retaining its spirited, clear cut outline, and softened and shadowed by clustering masses of grey hair. With all she kept the vivacity and the charm of manner which must have been a strong attraction in her days of conquest. For she had her conquests. Perhaps no woman ever more completely had her own way. The personal reminiscences given below are from Mrs. Eaton's own lips, during the last year of her life, when she recalled vividly, and apparently without effort, the events and the people of her past life. A name of yesterday might escape her, but her life in Spain and the Washington of fifty years ago were very present realities. Of the exact date of her birth there is no written record. She herself always insisted that she was two weeks old on the day that Gen. Washington died.

Mrs. O'Neill was a woman of more than usual strength of character, and remarkably efficient in the practical affairs of life. Daniel Webster said he had never seen a woman so well preserved and so beautiful at her age. Gen. Jackson entertained a great esteem for her, and during his Presidency, when etiquette forbade that he should call on anyone, a favorite relaxation with him from the cares of office was to stroll across the "old fields" near Washington to the cottage where Mrs. O'Neill lived in retirement and chat with her son. Mrs. Jackson also, during her residence in Washington in 1825, became much attached to Mrs. O'Neill and her daughter, and to this fact was doubtless due something of the zeal with which in later years Gen. Jackson espoused Mrs. Eaton's cause. A portrait of her mother, which Mrs. Eaton has treasured, shows the grave, sedate face of an elderly woman in cap and neckchief, with a quiet brow and mouth, indicative of more repose and poise, and less animation than her more brilliant daughter.

Margaret O'Neill was the first child. There were two sons, both of whom died away from home, and two other daughters. Mary married Philip Grimes Randolph, who was appointed Consul to France under Gen. Jackson, and Georgiana married the Rev. French S. Evans, now of this city.

One of Mrs. Eaton's early recollections, as related by herself, is of the capture of Washington and the battle of Bladensburg. The family were at that time living in Georgetown, two doors from the house of Mr. Monroe, who had promised to give them warning in event of danger, in time to make their escape good. For days Mr. O'Neill kept carriage and horses in ready for flight. It was necessary to keep them hidden, as all horses were pressed into the service.

"When the battle of Bladensburg came," relates Mrs. Eaton, "Mr. Monroe sent us word, as he had promised that he would do. We fled, leaving dinner on the table. Some forty families went in procession to Montgomery, mostly women and children, with just men enough for escort. I remember how the dust blew, and how we cried, and with the tears streaming down our grimy faces what a sorry set of people we were by the time we reached Montgomery. Gen. Daniel Parker, Attorney-General, was our guide and escort. We took with us what we could well carry, and when we reached Montgomery took refuge in a double log house, the two houses communicating by a hallway. From there we watched the fires in Washington—the public buildings and the rope-walk burning down. The people were very much excited. All sorts of absurdities were committed. The woman of the house was frantic, continually moving the furniture from one end of the establishment to the other, and back again. My mother said, 'My dear woman, what in the world are you doing; cannot I help you?' 'O,' she said, 'the British are coming, and I must get this furniture moved.' We stood there watching the flames, and wondering what might be the fate of our own houses. My mother said if all our property was gone she did not want to see my father again; she could not bear to see him a ruined man. We went back to Washington and found our own home unmolested. Gen. Ross was the most human of British officers. After the White House was burned and the pictures destroyed, he declared there should be no further destruction of property; that they had been kindly received, and so they should behave kindly in return. We were not disturbed, except by strollers; but the terror of war was upon us; spies in women's clothes had haunted the town while we were away, and we still shuddered at the sight of a red-coat."

Gen. Cockburn seems to have merited and received the principal share of blame and dislike. Mrs. Eaton remembered how the British officers, in a party, stopped at Suter's hotel, and how Mrs. Suter prepared a dinner for them. She expressed herself very freely in regard to the wanton destruction of property. "Gen. Ross is not so bad," she said, "but as for Cockburn, if I could I would put a spider in his coffee. Indeed, I am not sure but I would poison him if he sat at my table."

"Madam," said Cockburn, passing up his cup of coffee, "will you oblige me by tasting this coffee before I drink it. I am Gen. Cockburn."

As Margaret O'Neill grew to womanhood, she was educated at Mrs. Hayward's seminary, in Georgetown, and afterwards finished at Mr. Kirke's school, in Washington. She went to dancing school at the old Union hotel in Georgetown, and one of the little triumphs of her girlhood was her being crowned by Mrs. Madison, the President's wife, at one of the dancing parties, as the prettiest girl and best dancer in the room. When she came home from school she was not quite fifteen, and it was not long before the first lover appeared, in the person of a Capt. Root, who was an aid to Gen. McComb. There was also a Capt. Belton, from Baltimore. Much rivalry seems to have ensued, and a duel was imminent, but was prevented. She would have eloped with Capt. Root, and, indeed, with the traditional bundle in her hand and her foot on the window-sill was about leaving her room, when she accidentally knocked a flower-pot out of the window, and the noise brought her father into the room. Mrs. Eaton has related how she took a sweet, girlish revenge the next day in crushing with her dainty foot the offending flower-pot; how her father took her to New York and put her under the care of Gov. De Witt Clinton, in Madam Nau's school, where Julia Dickinson, the daughter of Gov. Dickinson, of New Jersey, was her dearest school friend; of how severe Gov. Clinton was, and how afraid of him and unhappy she was. She so won on the heart of the teacher, however, that she was permitted, in the presence of others, to see her lover, who had followed her. The pretty exiled girl was very home-sick, and finally wrote her father that if he would let her come home, neither "Root" nor branch should take her away from him again; which pretty punning on the name of her lover, and no doubt also a longing to have his favorite daughter at home, had the desired effect. "My father came and took me home. Gov. Clinton told him he might as well; that I was in love, and it was of no use for me to stay, especially since Madam Nau had allowed me to receive visits." So she came home, and those who remember her girlhood describe her as being a bright, vivacious girl of rare beauty, and, as she has said of herself, "the wildest girl that ever wore out a mother's patience. But not wilfully bad—only thoughtless."

Leaning out of the parlor window one day, she saw Mr. Timberlake, who was a Purser in the navy, riding by. He saw her also, and it seems to have been a case of love at first sight, for he asked her of her father, and they speedily became engaged and were married within a few weeks from the time of their first meeting. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Balch, of Georgetown, and not least among those made happy by the wedding was the mother, who frankly confessed that she felt rid of a great responsibility when she gave her daughter to the keeping of the young husband. The newly-married couple went immediately to a furnished house in the first Ward, where they continued to reside, though they still spent much time at the O'Neill's. Mr. Timberlake was a very handsome man, an affectionate husband, and the five years of their married life were happy ones. Three children were born to them: William, who died in infancy, and two daughters, Virginia and Margaret. At one time Purser Timberlake was ordered on the United States vessel Shock to Havana, his wife and children during his absence remaining with her parents. It was during this time that Major Eaton first became an inmate of the house. The O'Neill tavern was still headquarters for Congressmen, and when Major Eaton came to the Senate from Tennessee in 1818 he went there, and continued to board with them every winter for ten years. It was during this time that first connected his name with Mrs. Timberlake's. When, later, her husband was ordered to the Mediterranean on the United States ship Constitution, she still remained at her father's. She was, however, about to go to her husband, and had made all preparations, when there came the sudden news of his death. One of the last acts of his life was to write his wife a long letter inclosing money and bearing the inscription *noli me tangere*. Mrs. Timberlake and her father went to Boston to receive certain relics which were sent home, and would have gone to bring home his remains if it had been possible at the time for them to do so. Mr. Timberlake died on board the Constitution, at Port Mahone, of asthma. It was currently reported at the time that in a fit of melancholy he committed suicide. He died in 1828. Soon after, Major Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake, whose names had already been coupled by the gossip of the hour, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Ryland, in 1829. General Jackson advised the marriage, when Major Eaton consulted him in regard to it. Of Major Eaton's early life little is known, and perhaps little would have been known of himself but for his union with a woman who seems to have been pursued by detraction. He had a natural genius for politics, and became one of the most adroit political managers of the day. He was a man of fine presence and ready repartee, with a manner that won him the admiration of the Queen of Spain, and a scholarship that commanded the respect of his compeers. A recent biographer has said that he was lacking in moral elements. Be that as it may, he was an attractive man, and by the often reiterated testimony of his wife, "the kindest man and the best husband that ever lived." His appointment to the Cabinet from the Senate was a matter of personal friendship. General Jackson had made up his mind to have a Cabinet officer from Tennessee, and Major Eaton was the man selected. Mrs. Eaton's father and mother were much pleased with her second marriage, which was a brilliant one. With only her wit and her beauty, with no special advantage of birth or position, she had attained the position of a Senator's wife, and a few weeks later, by the appointment of Major Eaton as Secretary of War, she found herself placed among the ladies of the Cabinet. Placed, but not recognized. Slander, like death, loves a shining mark, and all the rumors which had slumbered and slept, and which General Jackson had hoped were utterly silenced by the marriage which he advised, broke forth anew, so soon as the parties were elevated to one of the highest positions under the Government. As the wife of Senator Eaton, Mrs. Calhoun, the wife of the Vice President, and the wives of the Cabinet Ministers had called upon her. But to her admission into the highest social circle of the Capital there was a decided demurrer. The ladies refused to call upon her. During the first months of Jackson's Administration the uncompromising President thought of little else than ways and means by which he might silence the calumniators of Mrs. Eaton. He demanded and obtained from every man to whom could be traced any insinuation against her a strict apology. The question of her character was discussed in Cabinet councils, and before one meeting appeared the pastor of his own church, their difference of opinion in this matter resulting in the future non-attendance of the General. Mrs. Eaton became a disturbing element in politics. Probably no other American woman has ever had so much influence over political events. Her future biographer, at this period of her career, will find himself compelled to write American history. She is part and parcel of the record of two Administrations; actively present during one, and a strong primary cause of the other. Mr. Van Buren owed his nomination to General Jackson, and there is little doubt that his strongest claim to the friendship of General Jackson was his cordial recognition of and marked attention to Mrs. Eaton. General Jackson was in a position to name his successor, and a letter written by Daniel Webster in 1830, to a personal friend, says: "Mr. Van Buren has evidently, at this moment, quite the lead in influence and importance. He controls all the pages on the back stairs, and flatters what seems to be at present the Aaron's serpent among the President's desires—a settled purpose of making out the lady, of whom so much has been said, a person of reputation. It is odd enough, but too evident to be doubted, that the consequence of this dispute in the social and fashionable world is producing great political effects, and may very probably determine who shall be successor to the present Chief Magistrate." The Cabinet had become divided into two opposing factions, and the line of division stretched down through both Houses of Congress, and extended through the entire country. On Mrs. Eaton's side were the President, Secretary of State, Secretary of War and the Postmaster General; opposing her were the Vice President, the Secretary of the Navy and Attorney General. The bitter feeling engendered ran so high that General Jackson threatened to dissolve his Cabinet unless harmony could be secured. A temporary peace ensued, but a year later the Cabinet was dissolved, and the President appointed Major Eaton Governor of Florida. General Jackson's championship of Mrs. Eaton, the letters he wrote in her behalf, the test of executive favor which he made her recognition or non-recognition, are matters of history. There is still in existence a voluminous correspondence between the President and the Rev. Dr. Ely, of Philadelphia, on this subject. General Jackson might have controlled public opinion, so far as the men were concerned. It was the ladies who were merciless and utterly unmanageable. After Mr. Van Buren, the smoothest and most polite of men, came to Washington, he seems to have fallen at once into the role of stage manager of this social drama. More than once he set the scenes for success, only to have his plans frustrated by the determined opposition. Prime Minister of the Nation and accomplished diplomat though he was, he was unable to control the decisions of society. The annals of that day gave graphic descriptions of balls in which Mrs. Eaton's presence in a cotillion was sufficient to break it up, and of suppers at which the honor of being conducted to the head of the table by a foreign Minister did prevent her from being icilly ignored by the ladies present. It is an old story that is told of Mrs. Huygens, the wife of the Minister of Holland, whom Mr. Van Buren had personally entreated to consent to be introduced to the "accomplished and lovely Mrs. Eaton." At a ball and supper, given by the Russian Minister, both ladies were present, and Madame Huygens evaded all advances from the side until supper was announced. She was then "informed by Baron Krudener, the Russian Minister, that Mr. Eaton would conduct her to the table. She declined and remonstrated, but in the meantime Mr. Eaton had advanced and offered his arm. She at first objected, but to relieve him from his embarrassment walked with him to the table, where she found Mrs. Eaton seated at the table, beside an empty chair for herself. Mrs. Huygens had no alternative but to become an instrument of the intrigue or decline taking supper. She chose the latter, and, taking her husband's arm, withdrew from the room." It is said that while the company were appalled at so crushing an insult, Mrs. Eaton, lifting her glass to her eye, sent after the retreating form of the Minister's wife the exclamation. "What an elegant carriage she has!" The remark was so thoroughly in keeping with the aplomb and high-spirited audacity which characterized Mrs. Eaton that it is no doubt authentic. She would not down at one's bidding, and through all the stormy scenes of that period of her career, the one thing she believed in was her own splendid right of way, and she had, as fascinating women always have, always a following of people who believed in her. At another time a grand dinner was given in the East room of the White House, on which occasion Mrs. Eaton was conducted to the table by Mr. Vaughan, the British Minister, and placed beside the President, who paid her marked attentions. But to no avail. These were the social conditions which Mr. Van Buren found when he came to the National Capitol, and out of these warring elements he wrought his own political fortunes and his Presidential future. As the discordant Cabinet virtually went to pieces, he became the principal and confidential advisor of the President. Mrs. Eaton enjoyed her life in Florida; it was a quiet, peaceful episode; and on the expiration of his office General Eaton was appointed Minister to Spain, an office which he filled for thirteen years. Of all the periods of her eventful career, probably Mrs. Eaton's life abroad was most brilliant. All her life she looked back to it and of it with pride and pleasure, and in memory still lived in her "Chateaux en Espagne." She was greatly admired, and her social conquests are among the brilliant traditions of Madrid. Her memory in later life, while vivid in regard to persons and events, often confused dates.

"The Infanta of Spain, the Princess Christina, is dead," said a friend to her when the sister of Mercedes died last Spring.

"Ah, yes; I remember," replied Mrs. Eaton, "she was a beautiful child. Everybody loved the Infanta. But Isabella was very disagreeable."

Her attention being called to the fact that the deceased Princess was only eighteen years old, while he sojourn in Spain dated back some forty years, she proceeded to reminiscences of the Sp