DAILY SENTINEL

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 27.

Madame Jumel—An Interesting Memory of the Past.

[From the New York Times.]

A single sentence serves to awaken many memories of the past, and revive remembrances of men and parties long since crumbled or forgotten. Thus it reads: "Died, on Sunday morning, July 16, at her residence, Washington Heights, Madam Eliza B. Jumel, in the 92d year of her age.

Madam Jumel, whose death is chronicled above, was a very singular person, about whose name twined many marvelous stories, and with whose history the greatest men of colonial and Revolutionary days were intimately connected. According to one historian, she was born of an English mother, Mrs. Capet, in the cabin of a French frigate, which, in the year of our Lord 1769, was carrying troops to the West Indies from La Brest. The mother died as the child drew the first breath of life. Somewhat embarrassed by the tender charge the Captain concluded to keep her, but afterward, when driven into Newport, R. I., harbor, he placed her in the custody of an elderly lady named Thompson, who agreed to take good care of her. Mrs. Thompson was a good woman, and many clergymen visited her comparatively humble dwelling, so that the early years of the little one were passed amid good influences.

Many of His Britannic Majesty's officers dwelt in Newport. Among them was a certain Colonel P. Croix, whose personal appearance is reported to have been most taking—whose position in society was excellent. The Colonel met Miss Capet when she was about seventeen years of age, and fell in love with her pretty face and pleasant figure. She reciprocated the tender passion, which eventuated in an elopement, the indiscreet but entirely happy pair proceeding to New York, where the lady lodged at a "handsome wooden structure," but recently standing where now rests the north wing of Stewart's marble palace.

Brought at once into contact with the best people in the city, the lady became a cultured woman of the world, fond of its pleasures, versed in its intrigues, interested in the cabals of politicians, and espousing with ardor one side or the other of the continual military emeutes with which the latter days of the eighteenth century were so cursed in New York city. She was present at the opening of the first session of Congress at Philadelphia, in September, 1774, and at the inauguration of Washington as President, she created a decided impression by her beauty and general air of *savior faire*. She was about twenty years of age then, and very elegant in person and distinguished in bearing. Mme. Jumel first met Aaron Burr when he ranked as a Captain in the army, and was greatly impressed with his power and expression. She was even then intimate with Benedict Arnold, whose wife she fancied her best friend, and with Patrick Henry, in whose breast of reserve she started a dangerous fire of love and passion; but, forgetful of those noted men, and of the scores who bent willingly before her shrine, she wrote thus of the man who, in after years, was destined to be her lord, if not her master. She says:

"Captain Aaron Burr, in the heyday of his youth, as he now was, appeared to me the perfection of manhood personified. He was beneath the common size of men—only five feet and a half high—but his figure and form had been fashioned in the models of the graces. Petite as he comparatively was, he had a martial appearance, and displayed in all his movements those accomplishments which are only acquired in the camp and embellished in the boudior of the graces. In a word, he was a combined model of Mars and Apollo. His eyes were of the deepest black, and sparkled with an incomprehensible brilliancy when he smiled, but if enraged their power was absolutely terrific. Into whatever female society he chanced, by the fortunes of war or the vicissitudes of private life, to be cast, he conquered all hearts without an effort, and, until he became deeply involved in the affairs of State, and the vexations incident to the political arena, I do not believe a female capable of the gentle emotions of love ever looked upon him without loving him. Wherever he went he was petted and caressed by our sex, and hundreds vied with each other in a continuous struggle to offer him some testimonial of their adulation. And yet, with all his popularity in the polite circles, he never took advantage of his position, and I do not believe that any female ever had cause to complain of his seductive wiles, perfidy or injustice."

The casual meeting between the two took place at the rooms of Lady Sterling, and resulted in Miss Capet's acceptance of an invitation to accompany Captain Burr that evening to the theatre. On the way to the house Burr asked permission to stop for a friend, and so doing he brought into the carriage and introduced to Miss Capet as his friend the afterwards celebrated Margaret Moncrief. A desperate flirtation followed, but beyond that nothing of any moment occurred between them, and he soon after was called away, so that for years they did not meet.

Continuing her gay career, Miss Capet met and knew intimately the great leaders of the revolutionary struggle. Thomas Jefferson was a frequent visitor at her house, and a friendship formed between them that ceased with his death, in 1826. Old Ben. Franklin called her his "Fairy Queen," and was on such intimate terms with her as permitted him to salute her lips in the presence of friends. General Knox was likewise a worshipper before her, and Lafayette was greatly charmed. That such a woman as this should have gone through escapades and adventures is but natural; that she should take pleasure and pride in bringing men of loftiest positions to her feet is quite understandable; that her reputation should materially suffer by the scandal of her rivals and the jealous tattlings of her female friends is what one would expect; but that she should finally accept the hand of, and marry, a quiet, hard-working, adventurous trader, is a vagary difficult of explanation. She did it, however. In the early days of this century, she was wooed and won by a Frenchman named Stephen Jumel, who, landing here poor, made an immense fortune in the wine trade. He became noted for his wealth, liberality and kind-hearted benevolence, and singular foresight in business matters. Of him our worthy but eccentric fellow-citizen, Grant Thornburn, said:

"Stephen Jumel, a Frenchman, was among our early merchant princes. One morning, about ten o'clock, in the year 1806, this gentleman, in company with Wm. Bayard, Harmon Le Roy, Archibald Gracie, General Clarkson, and some dozen others, was reading and discussing the news just arrived from Liverpool in the extraordinary short passage of seven weeks. The matter mostly concerned Napoleon I., and the battle of Wagram. While thus engaged, a carman's horse backed his cart into the Whitehall slip. The cart was got out, but the horse was drowned, and everyone began pitying the poor carman's ill-luck. Jumel instantly arose, and placing a ten-dollar bill between his thumb and finger, and holding it aloft while it fluttered in the breeze, and with his hat in the other hand he walked through the length and breadth of the crowd, exclaiming, 'How much do you pity the poor man? I pity him ten dollars. How much do you pity him?' By this ingenious and noble coup he collected in a few minutes about seventy dollars, which he gave over at once to the unfortunate carman. This has since been imitated often, but of its originality with him there can be no question."

Shortly after this marriage, the downfall of the great Napoleon occurred, and the pacification of Europe was secured. This seemed a favorable opportunity for the wealthy Frenchman, who had long since retired from active business, to take his beautiful and accomplished wife to the centre of continental splendor. They went to Paris, purchased a magnificent establishment, and under the social patronage of Lafayette and his cotemporaries, Madame Jumel became as noted in the *salons* of the French capital as in the parlors of the Western Metropolis. Her wit and talent placed her in the very van of the frequenters of the Court, and while she never failed to make continual conquests, we are not of those who believe the slanders of her reputation. Gaiety is not always guilt, frivolity not always the exponent of heartlessness, and despite Madame Jumel's wonderful gaiety and never ceasing frivolity, she was deep and shrewd and able enough to maintain her position against the combined attacks of those who envied her.

Her life of prodigious prodigality made sad inroads upon her husband's fortune, and he became low spirited. She rallied him, but investigation demonstrated the comparative wreck of his estate, and she failed to arouse him to the necessary exertion. Self reliant, bold, independent, and clear-sighted, she broke up her establishment in Paris and returned alone to New York in 1822. Resolved to mend what she had broken, she retired to an estate of her own on the island, and devoted herself to the recuperation of her husband's fortune with such signal success that when, in 1828, at the age of 64, he returned to this country, he found himself possessed of means at once abundant and satisfactory. They lived happily together until his death, which resulted in his 70th year, from an accidental fall.

At this time Colonel Burr was practicing law with great success in New York. His legal position was in the front rank; triumph succeeded triumph, and although old in years, he seemed but in the prime of life. There was talk of cholera in the city, and Madame Jumel, who had large interests in real estate, determined upon a carriage tour into the country. Desiring, however, to take legal advice on some matters before leaving, she determined to consult Colonel Burr, whose pre-eminence in real estate law was universally conceded. It was a long time since she had seen him. Years had changed them both; oceans and events had separated them; marriage and its consequences had turned the thoughts of each in other directions; and now, when the one was an old man and the other a well-advanced woman, they were to meet. He was perfect in all the subtleties of social life; she was the exponent, *ne plus ultra*, of fashionable life. The one could not hope to blind, mislead, or seduce the other. His office was at No. 23 Nassau street, and she drove thither to consult him. Never forgetful of eye, or feature, or figure, he recognized her in a moment, and, as Parton in his life of Aaron Burr, says:

He received her in his courtliest manner, complimented her with admirable tact, listened with soft deference to her statement. He was the ideal man of business—confidential, self-possessed, polite—giving his client the flattering impression that the faculties of his whole soul were concentrated upon the affair in hand. She was charmed, yet feared him. He took the papers, named the day when his opinion would be ready, handed her to her carriage with winning grace. At seventy-eight years of age, he was still straight, active, agile, fascinating.

On the appointed day she sent to his office a relative, a student of law, to receive his opinion. This young gentleman, timid and inexperienced, had an immense opinion of Burr's talents; had heard all good and all evil of him; supposed him to be, at least, the acutest of possible men. He went. Burr behaved to him in a manner so exquisitely pleasing, that, to this hour, he has the liveliest recollection of the scene. No topic was introduced but such as were familiar and interesting to young men. His manners were such as this age of slangy familiarity cannot so much as imagine. The young gentleman went home to Madame Jumel, only to extol and glorify him.

Madame and her party began their journey, revisiting Ballston, whither, in former times, she had been wont to go in a chariot drawn by eight horses; visiting Saratoga, then in the beginning of its celebrity, where, in exactly ten minutes after her arrival, the decisive lady bought a house and all it contained. Returning to New York to find that her mansion had been dispoiled by robbers in her absence, she lived for a while in the city. Colonel Burr called upon the young gentleman who had been Madame's messenger, and, after their acquaintance had ripened, said to him, "Come into my office; I can teach you more in one year than you can learn in ten in an ordinary way." The proposition being submitted to Madame Jumel, she, anxious for the young man's advancement, gladly and gratefully consented. He entered the office. Burr kept him close at his books. He did teach him more in a year than he could have learned in ten in an ordinary way. Burr lived then in Jersey City. His office swarmed with applicants for aid, and he seemed to have quite lost the power of refusing. In no other respects, bodily or mental, did he exhibit signs of decrepitude.

Some months passed on without his again meeting Madame Jumel. At the suggestion of the student, who felt exceedingly grateful to Burr for the solicitude with which he assisted his studies, Madame Jumel invited Col. Burr to dinner. It was a grand banquet, at which he displayed all the charms of his manner and shone to conspicuous advantage. On handing to dinner the donor of the feast, he said: "I give you my hand, Madame; my heart has long been yours." This was supposed to be merely a compliment, and was little remarked at the time. Col. Burr called upon the lady; called frequently; became ever warmer in his attentions; proposed, at length, and was refused. He still plied his suit, however, and obtained at last, not the lady's consent, but an *undecided no*. Improving his advantage on the instant, he said, in a jocular manner, that he should bring out a clergyman to Fort Washington on a certain day, and there he would once more solicit her hand.

He was as good as his word. At the time appointed, he drove out in his gig to the lady's country residence, accompanied by Dr. Bogart, the very clergyman who, just fifty years before, had married him to the mother of his Theodosia. The lady was embarrassed, and still refused. But then the scandal! And, after all, why not? Her estate needed a vigilant guardian, and the old house was lonely. After much hesitation she at length consented to be dressed and receive her visitors. And she was married. The ceremony was witnessed only by the members of Madame Jumel's family and by the eight servants of the household, who peered earnestly in at the doors and windows. The ceremony over, Mrs. Burr ordered supper. Some bins of M. Jumel's wine cellar, that had not been opened for half a century, were laid under contribution. The little party was a merry one. The parson, in particular, it is remembered, was in the highest spirits, overflowing with humor and anecdote. Except for Colonel Burr's great age, (which was not apparent) the match seemed not an unwise one. The lurking fear he had had of being a poor and homeless old man was put to rest. She had a companion who had been ever agreeable, and her estate a steward than whom no one living was supposed to be more competent.

As a remarkable circumstance connected with this marriage, it may be just mentioned that there was a woman in New York who aspired to the hand of Colonel Burr, and who, when she heard of his union with another, wrung her hands and shed tears. A feeling of that nature can seldom, since the creation of man, have been excited by the marriage of a man on the verge of fourscore.

A few days after the wedding the "happy pair" paid a visit to Connecticut, of which State a nephew of Colonel Burr's was then Governor. They were received with attention. At Hartford Burr advised his wife to sell out her shares in the bridge over the Connecticut at that place and invest the proceeds in real estate. She ordered them sold. The stock was in demand, and the shares brought several thousand dollars. The purchaser offered to pay her the money, but she said, "No; pay it to my husband." To him, accordingly, it was paid, and he had it sewed up in his pocket—an enormous bulk—and brought it to New York, and deposited it in his own bank to his own account.

Texas was then beginning to attract the tide of emigration which, a few years later, set so strongly thither. Burr had always taken a great interest in that country. Persons with whom he had been variously connected in life, had a scheme on foot for settling a large company of Germans on a tract of land in Texas. A brig had been chartered and the project was in a state of forwardness, when the possession of a sum of money enabled Burr to buy shares in the enterprise. The greater part of the money which he had brought from Hartford was invested in this way. It proved to be a total loss. The time had not yet come for emigration to Texas. The Germans became discouraged and separated, and, to complete the failure of the scheme, the title of the land, in the confusion of the times, proved defective. Meanwhile, Madame, who was a remarkable thrifty woman, with a talent for the management of property, wondered that her husband made no allusion to the subject of the investment, for the Texas speculation had not been mentioned to her. She caused him to be questioned on the subject. He begged to intimate to the lady's messenger that it was no affair of her's, and he requested him to remind the lady that she now had a husband to manage her affairs and one who would manage them.

Coolness between the husband and wife was the result of this colloquy. Then came remonstrances. Then estrangement. Burr got into the habit of remaining in his office in the city. Then, partial reconciliation. Full of schemes and speculations to the last, without retaining any of his former ability to act successfully, he lost more money, and more, and more. The patience of the lady was exhausted. She filed a complaint accusing him of infidelity, and praying that he might have no more control or authority over her affairs. The accusation is now known to have been groundless; nor, indeed, at the time was it seriously believed. It was used merely as the most convenient mode of depriving him of control over her property. At first he answered the complaint vigorously, but afterward he allowed it to go be default, and the proceedings went no further. A few short weeks of happiness, followed by a few months of alternate estrangement and reconciliation, and this union, that began not inauspiciously, was, in effect, though never in law, dissolved.

Since then Madame Jumel, who has never resumed her late husband's name, has resided in her home at Washington Heights, comparatively alone. She knew but few, and cared not to extend her list of friends. She died on Sunday, possessed of considerable property, which her grandchildren will doubtless inherit.

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Is for *Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Bed-Bugs, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.*

☞ Sold by all Druggists and retailers everywhere

☞ ! ! ! Beware ! ! ! of all worthless imitations.

☞ See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle and Flask before you buy.

HENRY R. COSTAR.

☞ Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, New York.

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1865.

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DR. SEELYE'S LIQUID

CATARRH REMEDY.

☞ CALL FOR A CIRCULAR DESCRIBING ALL SYMPTOMS. ☜

SYMPTOMS:

The symptoms of Catarrh, as they generally appear are at first very slight. Persons find they have a cold that they have frequent attacks, and are more sensitive to the changes of temperature. In this condition, the nose may be dry, or a slight discharge, thin and acrid, afterwards becoming thick and adhesive. As the disease becomes chronic, the discharges are increased in quantity and changed in quality; they are now thick and heavy, and are hawked or coughed off. The secretions are offensive, causing a bad breath; the voice is thick and nasal; the eyes are weak; the sense of the smell is lessened or destroyed; deafness frequently takes place. Another common and important symptom of Catarrh is, that the person is obliged to clear his throat in the morning of a thick or slimy mucus, which has fallen down from the head during the night. When this takes place the person may be sure that his disease is on its way to the lungs, and should lose no time in arresting it.

The above are but few of the many Catarrh symptoms.

A Single Bottle will last a Month—to be used three times a day.

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From Hon. Thomas J. Turner, Ex-Member of Congress from Illinois, late Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, and Grand Master of A. F., and A. M., of the State of Illinois.

Freeport, October 21, 1863.

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THOMAS J. TURNER.

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