

## Jacqueline Smith Pendleton

(1814 – 17 Apr 1859)

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**Pendleton.** In this city on Sunday the 17th inst. at 6 a.m. of typhoid fever, Mrs. Jacqueline S. Pendleton, second daughter of Eliza B. and of the late Robert Mills of South Carolina. The funeral will take place from her mother's residence, Capitol Hill, New Jersey avenue, No. 553 on Tuesday the 19th inst. at 2 o'clock p.m. The friends of the family are without further notice respectfully invited to attend.

*National Intelligencer, April 19, 1859*

### **Obituary**

Died in this city, at the residence of her mother, on the morning of Sunday, April 17, 1859, Mrs. Jacqueline S. Pendleton.

When the aged die, when those who for long years have been stricken by disease and worn out by infirmities, who have fulfilled the seeming end of their earthly existence, and have outlived even the hopes of their own hearts; when such die we bow in resigned submission to the appointment of an all-wise Creator. When the infant dies, when the chill signet is set on the delicate lip of the being just budding into existence, we can almost rejoice that it hath seemed good to its heavenly father to take it back to his bosom from the evil to come, even at the threshold of this sinning and sorrowing world. When the sick and the wary hearted die, those whom lingering disease have worn and wasted, and in whom the life fountain hath for years been well-nigh dried up, whom bereaved affection and blighted hopes have caused to long for the grave as a quite resting place; when such die we can feel that, if prepared for a happier world, we may not grieve much that they have been called from this; but when the young, and the fair, and the happy die, when those who love all and are by all beloved, pass away to "the silent land of the sleepers"; those to whom the glad sun and the green earth and the waving trees, and the gushing waters, all the creations of their God, are bright and beautiful; who love life itself, because life offers to them nothing that is not lovely; who are the center of anticipation and the embodiment of hope and whose smile is the sunlight of a happy home; when such, in the very bloom of life, in the very midst of a widespread usefulness, are suddenly snatched from the earth, the event falls upon us like a peal of thunder from a sunlit sky. We pause; we ponder. How strange that such should be taken, and that the aged, and the infirm, and the diseased, the sick of soul and the sick of life, should be forced to linger out an undesired and almost undesirable existence.

Jacqueline Pendleton sleeps with the dead. For brilliancy of intellect, for extent and variety of accomplishment, and for all those charms of social and personal intercourse which win attachment and admiration, she was one of the most remarkable women of her day; but yet more remarkable was she for that kindness of spirit, that benevolence of disposition, that clarity of heart and life which never wearies; that zeal to comfort the destitute, to console the wretched, to reclaim the abandoned, to relieve the oppressed, which never rests; remarkable for that same noble spirit which sent Howard into every prison of Europe "to take the gage of misery and distress," and which throughout this district has made her name a household word at many an humble hearth, in many an humble heart. Many such hearts will be darkened by her loss; many such which her smile hath lighted will long be lonely and desolate.

The close of her life was calm. Softly her pure spirit passed away to its far home; so softly that the exact instant of its flight could hardly be named. As quietly as the melting of a wave on the shore of a twilight lake, as noiselessly as the fading of a summer cloud or the sinking of a sunset zephyr was her gentle being yielded up on that morning of the hallowed Sabbath. And when the summer cloud henceforth comes over us, or the breath of evening sighs its melancholy song around, when we look on

the flower withered, or the leaf faded, our departed friend, of whose fate they are the sad but fitting emblem, will be recalled to our thoughts; and the memory of her many virtues and her noble character will carry our aspirations upward to that better world where the cloud fades not and the leaf and the flower wither no more forever.

*The Evening Star, April 20, 1859*

### **The Funeral of Mrs. Pendleton**

The funeral ceremonies of the late Mrs. Pendleton took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Mills, Rev. Dr. Sunderland officiating. A large number of friends in the city, and from Baltimore, Alexandria, Georgetown, and Virginia were in attendance, among whom we noticed President Buchanan, Attorney General Black, Dr. Blake, Commissioner of Public Buildings, and Mayor Berrett. The Columbia Fire Company, of which Mrs. Pendleton was a liberal patron was present and joined in the procession which was one of the largest that has lately been witnessed in the city. The Columbia fire bell was tolled during the movement of the solemn cortege.

*The Evening Star, April 21, 1859*

### **The Late Mrs. Pendleton**

Hall of the Columbia Engine House

Capitol Hill, April 21, 1851

At a special meeting of the Columbia Engine Company, No. 1, held on the 18th inst., the following preamble and resolutions offered by Phillip J. Ennis, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas the angel of death has again visited us and torn from our midst the esteemed Patroness of the Columbia Fire Company, Mrs. J.S. Pendleton; and whereas our deceased benefactress was no less endeared to us by her shining virtues than by her generous donations--possessing, as she did, in an eminent degree those queenly graces of mind and of heart which beautify and elevate the character of woman; and whereas it is meet and proper that we, who have been so often cheered by her smiles of encouragement, and so frequently the recipients of her liberal patronage, should lay an humble garland of affection upon her early tomb: therefore,

Resolved, That we have heard with feelings of deep and heartfelt sorrow, of the death of Mrs. J.S. Pendleton, who, living, was beloved by the members of the Company, and, dead, will still live in their grateful memories.

Resolved, That we tender to the surviving members of the family our sincere condolence in this afflicting dispensation.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the memory of our deceased patroness, the hall of the Company be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that, as a further mark of respect, we attend the funeral in a body, in citizens dress; and that a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published in the daily papers of this city.

James McDermott, Secretary of Columbus Engine Co., No. 1

[Clipping from unidentified Washington newspaper, found among the Mills family documents and now in the possession of Robert Mills Evans.]

Jacqueline, second child of Robert Mills, frequently spoken of in correspondence as lovely though extremely delicate, grew to be a beautiful woman, admired for the qualities enumerated below. She was mistress of several languages, and was at one time a confidential emissary between our

government and France. President Buchanan stood, hat in hand, at the foot of her bed as she died. Her husband, Edward H. Pendleton, son of Senator George H. Pendleton, had died some time before.]