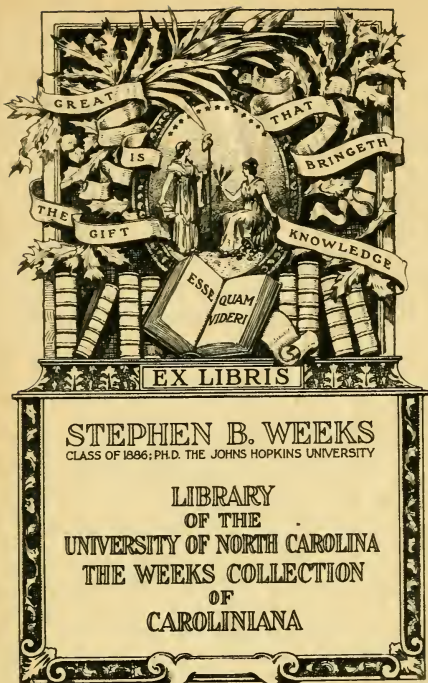


MEMOIR OF
JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN
DAUGHTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON

M. A. JACKSON

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C55j



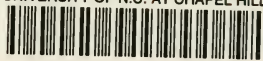
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Cordially yours,

Julia Jackson Christian Presto

May 19th, 1916 — Charlotte, N.C.

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



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FOR USE ONLY IN

THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLECTION



JULIA JOHNSON

COMPILED BY J. JOHNSON

"THE LADY OF THE LANE"

JULIA JACKSON
CHRISTIAN

(1762-1837)

By her Mother

MARY ANNA JACKSON



PUBLISHERS
STONE & BARRINGER COMPANY
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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M. A. JACKSON

May 11

My dear Dr. Weeks:

Mr. Preston told
some time ago that you had
written him about the
Memorial to my mother
written by my Grandmother
Mrs. Jackson.

Of course to me the
little volume is priceless
it gives the life of a man

I cannot remember, and
story is written by one who
~~was~~ in every sense took
that mother's place. You
must pardon these personal
at I really have so much
entirely about the book
that it gives me much plea
that you should want one
of them. With kindest regards
from us both, I am,
Most cordially,
Mrs E. R. Preston. Julia J. C. Preston

Dedication

To the children, who missed by their young mother's early death the joy of her companionship and the blessing of her daily care, this brief memorial is dedicated

May they follow her Guide, animated by her courage and faith and love, into the Land of the Living

80472

Foreword

This little memorial is published simply for the sake of my grandchildren, who, having grown to maturity, can appreciate the rich heritage that is left to them in the life and character of their sainted mother.

The granddaughter is happily married to a young lawyer, Edmund Randolph Preston, a native of Virginia, but now an adopted son of North Carolina, and the old grandmother (now a great-granddame), has a lovely home with them, and the little Anna Jackson Preston is the light and joy of the household.

The grandson is following the profession of his grandfather, expecting to graduate at West Point next year, and it goes without saying that the brightest hopes are entertained for him by his family and friends.

M. A. J.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., October, 1910.

Julia Jackson Christian

THE only child of General "Stonewall" Jackson that survived infancy was born on the 23rd of November, 1862, in Charlotte, North Carolina, at the residence of her maternal aunt, Mrs. James P. Irwin. As her birth occurred during the war when her father was engaged in the service of his country, the home of her parents in Lexington, Virginia, was closed, while her mother spent those eventful years among her kindred in North Carolina. From her very birth, she was so extremely like her father, that when she was placed in my arms for my first look at her, my heart was thrilled with delight and thankfulness at seeing every feature of his reproduced in her tiny face. This likeness grew with her growth, and was often remarked upon by his old soldiers—sometimes causing tears to spring into their eyes as they saw the resemblance in his child to their beloved commander.

General Jackson's own letters have testified to the joyous welcome he gave his child into the world, and the bright hopes which her advent awakened in his parental heart. It gladdened him more than all his victories, and filled him with devout gratitude to the Giver of all good.

To a man of his extreme domesticity and love of chil-

dren, this was a crowning happiness; and yet with his great modesty and shrinking from publicity, he kept the arrival of the little lady all to himself, leaving his staff and those around him in camp to hear it through others. To him this was a "joy with which a stranger could not intermeddle," and from which his own hand could not lift the veil of sanctity. The first intimation of his new happiness was a letter from his little daughter herself! The amanuensis was her aunt, Mrs. Irwin, at whose house she first saw the light, and this was the letter:

"My own dear Father:

As my mother's letter has been cut short by my arrival, I think it but justice that I should continue it. I know that you are rejoiced to hear of my coming, and I hope that God has sent me to radiate your pathway through life. I am a very tiny little thing. I weigh only eight and a half pounds, and Aunt Harriet says I am the express image of my darling papa, and so does our kind friend, Mrs. Osborne, and this greatly delights my mother. My aunts both say I am a little beauty. My hair is dark and long, my eyes are blue, my nose straight, just like my papa's, and my complexion not all red like most young ladies of my age, but a beautiful blending of the lily and the rose. Now, all this would sound very vain if I were older but, I assure you, I have not a particle of feminine vanity, my only desire in life being to nestle in close to my mamma, to feel her caressing touch, and to drink in the pearly stream provided by a kind Providence for my support. My mother is very comfortable this morning. She is anx-

ious to have my name decided upon, and hopes you will write and give me a name, with your blessing. We look for my grandmother to-morrow, and expect before long a visit from my little cousin, Mary Graham Avery, who is one month my senior. I was born on Sunday, just after the morning services at church, but I believe my aunt wrote you all about the first day of my life, and this being only the second, my history may be comprised in a little space. But my friends, who are about me like guardian angels, hope for me a long life of happiness and holiness and a futurity of endless bliss.

Your dear little wee Daughter."

These lovely little missives continued to reach the father until the mother was able once more to resume her pen, but only this one was ever recovered. In the meantime he writes on the 4th of December :

"Oh! how thankful I am to our kind Heavenly Father for having spared my precious wife and given us a little daughter. I cannot tell you how gratified I am, nor how much I wish I could be with you and see my two darlings. But while this pleasure is denied me, I am thankful it is accorded to you to have the little pet, and I hope it may be a great deal of comfort and company to its mother. Now, don't exert yourself to write to me, for to know that you were taxing yourself to write would give me more pain than pleasure, so you must not do it.

"I expect you are just made up now with that baby, and regard it as the most precious treasure in the world, but you must not spoil it. How I would love to see the

darling little thing! Give her many kisses for her father."

In response to his baby daughter's first letter, he closes by saying, "Thank sister H. very kindly, and give the baby daughter a shower of kisses from her father and tell her he loves her better than all the baby boys in the world, and more than all the other babies in the world."

This was to reassure his wife, who feared he would be disappointed at not having a boy. He desired a son, believing that men had a larger sphere of usefulness than women; but his own will was so entirely in subjection to that of his Heavenly Father that he said he *preferred* having a daughter, since God had so ordained it.

He gave her the name of Julia for his mother, saying, "My mother was mindful of me when I was a helpless, fatherless child, and I wish to commemorate her now." His recollections of his mother were of the sweetest and tenderest character, and to his childhood's fancy, she was the embodiment of beauty, grace and loveliness.

He wrote, "This morning I received a charming letter from my little daughter, Julia," but immediately, as if his heart trembled at the very thought of so much happiness, he adds: "Do not set your heart upon her, except as a gift from God. If she absorbs too much of our hearts, God may remove her from us."

Again he writes: "Baby's letters are read with much interest, and it does her father's heart good to read them. Yesterday I received her letter with its beautiful lock of hair. How I do want to see that precious baby! and I do earnestly pray for *peace*. I haven't seen my

wife since last March, and never having seen my darling baby, you can imagine with how much interest I look to North Carolina."

General Jackson never took a furlough during the war and never slept outside of his camp in all that time, and as the greater part of his strenuous army life was spent in the saddle, my opportunities of visiting him were very limited, and as our baby was rather delicate the first three months of her life, he was afraid for me to travel with her in the winter, and especially as there were contagious diseases in his camp; but by Spring she had developed into as plump, rosy and fair a little bud of humanity as one often sees, and he grew more impatient for a visit from us.

In explanation of his long separation from his family, he wrote: "It appears to me to be better for me to remain with my command as long as the war continues, if our gracious Heavenly Father permits. The army suffers immensely by absentees. If all our troops, officers and men were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. Whilst it would be a great joy and comfort to see you and our darling little daughter, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is important that those at headquarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty."

Little Julia was over four months old before her father ever saw her. He was then in camp near Guiney's Station, and wrote urging me to come on and visit him before the campaign would open, so, with my baby and colored nurse, Hetty, we set out upon this visit, so full of interest and anticipated joys. We made the journey

safely, stopping in Richmond to spend Sunday, and arriving at Guiney's on Monday, the 20th of April. Hetty and I were all anxiety to have our baby present her best appearance for her father's first sight of her, and she could not have better realized our wishes. She awoke from a long, refreshing sleep just before the train stopped, and she never looked more bright and charming. When he entered the coach to receive us, his rubber overcoat was dripping from the rain which was falling, but his face was all sunshine and gladness, and after greeting his wife, it was a picture indeed to see his look of perfect delight and admiration as his eyes fell upon that baby! She was at the lovely, smiling age, and, catching his eager look of supreme interest in her, she beamed her sweetest and brightest smiles upon him in return, so it seemed to be a mutual fascination. He was afraid to take her in his arms, with his wet overcoat; but as we drove in a carriage to Mr. Yerby's (where he had engaged board for us), his face reflected all the delight and happiness that were in his heart, and he expressed much surprise and gratification at her size and beauty. Upon our arrival at the house he speedily divested himself of his overcoat, and, taking his baby in his arms, he caressed her with the tenderest affection, and held her long and lovingly. During the whole of this short visit, when he was with us, he rarely had her out of his arms, walking her, and amusing her in every way he could think of—sometimes holding her up before a mirror and saying: "Now, Miss Jackson, look at yourself!" Then he would turn to an old lady of the family and say: "Isn't she a little gem?" He was frequently told that she resembled him, but he

would say: "No, she is too pretty to look like me." When she slept in the day, he would often kneel over her cradle, and gaze upon her little face with the most rapt admiration, and he said he felt almost as if she were an angel, in her innocence and purity. I have often wished that the picture which was presented to me of that father kneeling over the cradle of that lovely infant could have been put upon canvas. And yet with all his fondness and devotion to the little lady, he had no idea of spoiling her, as will be seen in his undertaking to teach her a lesson in self-control before she was five months old! One day she began to cry to be taken up from the bed on which she was lying, and as soon as her wish was gratified, she ceased to cry. He laid her back upon the bed, and the crying was renewed with increased vigor. Of course, the mother-heart wished to stop this by taking her up again, but he exclaimed: "This will never do," and commanded "all hands off," until that little will of hers should be conquered. So there she lay, kicking and screaming, while he stood over her with as much coolness and determination as if he were directing a battle; and he was true to the name of "Stonewall," even in disciplining a baby! When she stopped crying he would take her up, but if she began to cry again, he would lay her back, and this he kept up until finally she was completely conquered, and became perfectly quiet in his hands.

On the 23rd of April, the day she was five months old, General Jackson had little Julia baptized. He brought his chaplain, Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy, to Mr. Yerby's, in whose parlor the sacred rite was performed, in the presence of the family, and a number of his staff officers.

The child behaved beautifully, and was the object of great interest to her father's friends and soldiers. One of his aides, Mr. Smith (afterwards the Rev. Dr. James P.), tells how he came to be present at the baptism. He says: "I recall the visit to Mr. Yerby's to see the baptism of little Julia. I asked the General if I could go and he said, 'Certainly, Mr. Smith, you can go; ask the others to go with you,' so I turned out the whole party, making quite a cavalcade to ride to Mr. Yerby's. I remember the General's impatience at some little delay, and the decided way with which he went out and brought in the child in his arms."

The last connection with little Julia and her father was her appearance at his death-bed scene. My friend, Mrs. (Dr.) Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, had most kindly come to my assistance in the time of my agonizing trial, and was taking care of my baby while I was watching in the sick room. She, with Hetty following, brought the child into the room, when he had almost ceased to notice anything, but as soon as they entered the door, his countenance brightened with delight, and he never smiled more sweetly as he exclaimed: "Little darling, sweet one!" She was seated on the bed beside him, and after watching her intently with radiant smiles, he closed his eyes as if in prayer. Though she was suffering the pangs of hunger from long absence from her mother, she seemed to forget her discomfort in the joy of seeing that loving face beam on her once more, and she looked at him and smiled as long as he continued to notice her.—Without doubt, the father and child were reunited, never more to part, when she herself was

translated in the bloom of her early womanhood, to "the mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

My good father had sent me as a nurse for my child, the same woman, Hetty, who had nursed me in infancy, and consequently there was an attachment between us. She was energetic, impulsive and strong-minded, with some fine traits, and was trustworthy and faithful to her charge. She was somewhat inclined to self-assertion, particularly as she felt her importance in being so much the senior of her new master and mistress, but she soon learned from "the spirit that commanded his household after him," that her only course must be that of implicit obedience. After learning this lesson she toned down into a well-mannered, useful domestic, and indeed she became a *factotum* in the family. She was sent from North Carolina to Virginia alone, and, being totally unaccustomed to traveling, when she arrived at Richmond and was trying to find her train to Lexington, some one who saw her anxiety asked her where she wanted to go? Her discouraged reply was: "Well, I'm going to Virginia, but the Lord knows whether I'll ever get there or not!" Amid all her difficulties she was keeping a close eye upon a little old hair-trunk that contained her possessions, and when she discovered a porter taking it up to transfer it, she peremptorily exclaimed: "Put down that trunk! That's General Jackson's trunk!" She had astuteness enough to know that there was power in a name, and to assert herself in protecting her own rights. She became devoted to her master, and was a sincere mourner over his death, shedding tears freely, and she said she had lost her best friend. I would gladly have kept and supported her for

the rest of her life, but she was allured by her freedom to seek greater independence and gain, severing a tie which had been one (seemingly, at least) of mutual attachment and confidence. She only acted as did the majority of the freedmen, who could not feel that they were free until they had left their former masters. The sturdy old woman lived to be over ninety years of age, and it is hoped that the prayers and example of her master proved a benediction to her during all the remaining years of her life. He required every one of his servants to attend family worship, punctually and regularly.

Little Julia was about three years old before I ever had the heart or means to take any trip from my father's home, but kind friends provided a way for me to visit Lexington—my beloved, married home—and in making a brief stay in Richmond, a newspaper notice of the child appeared, which was as follows:

“A fair correspondent sends us the following delicate pen and ink portrait of the only living scion of the late General T. J. Jackson. She is evidently in love with her subject.

“I had recently the pleasure of seeing the child of ‘Stonewall’ Jackson. She is a bright little cherub, about three years old, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a complexion of mingled lilies and roses—the lilies, however, predominating, as she does not look very robust. For the benefit of curious mothers, I will describe her dress. She wore a Marie Louise blue merino, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, edged with white. Her little cloth cloak was of a light drab color, ornamented

with bands of silk and fancy buttons. Her hat was of English straw, trimmed with blue velvet and white feathers. A tippet and muff of ermine completed the costume of the little fairy, and she looked as enchanting as any mother's darling need look. She was borne in the arms of a colored nurse, of whom she seemed very fond, and to whom she was prattling with exuberant gayety. The dark-eyed, sad-looking lady who followed her, in widow's cap, and garb of deepest mourning, completed the picture of sunshine and shadow."

The editor adds: "The daughter of 'Stonewall' Jackson! May she long live to perpetuate to future generations the lineal blood of her immortal father!"

The first ten years of Julia's life were spent in the home of her grandfather, the Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, in Lincoln County, North Carolina. Here she was the only child in the family, the pet of the household, and her childhood's life was one of great innocence and simplicity. She had no playmates, except when little visitors came, which always gave her great delight, but she was happy in amusing herself in her own solitary, childish ways—making play-houses under the great oak trees, and planting and tending her little garden, as she saw her mother do hers. She cultivated pop-corn, peanuts, vegetables and flowers, and once proposed planting *candy* in her garden, thinking it would yield her a rich return of sweets. She had many beautiful dolls, each one having its own name, and she loved them as if they were really human. Among them was a perfect Confederate soldier, with his miniature canteen, tobacco bag, and every equipment for the service in war. He

was "Johnny Reb," and was a present to her, as were all of her handsomest dolls. She was devoted to pets, and had her terrier dog, Bess, her kittens, chickens and canary birds—the latter all coming to grief, however, from the cruel ravages of the cats. In her garden were several little graves of her birds, over which she had shed many tears. Her grandfather gave her a pure white calf, which she named "Snowdrop," and after it came into service as a milch-cow, if she ever saw a servant strike, or maltreat her pet, it aroused her indignation and caused her genuine distress. But the supreme object of her affection in the barnyard was her father's war-horse, "Little Sorrel," or "Fancy," as he was called on the farm. She delighted in petting him, and nothing pleased her more than to have a ride upon his back, to which she began to be treated at quite an early age. She was extremely fond of horse-back riding, and became a fearless and graceful rider as she grew to womanhood. She then had her own horse, "Rex," but he never occupied the place in her heart which old Fancy possessed. Her birthdays in childhood were always celebrated by little entertainments. She had lovely little sets of china, and the daintiest of little viands were served at her small table, over which she presided with all the dignity and importance of matured years. If there were no children present, her young aunt, uncle and mother were the guests, and on one occasion, when it was proposed that one of the grown persons should preside at the head of the table, she replied decidedly: "No, *I will provide.*" She had a very pretty little *tête-à-tête* set in silver presented to her by the Stonewall Fire Company, of Chester, South Carolina,

which was quite ornamental as well as useful to her juvenile table, and which afterwards rendered valuable service when she was a grown-up housekeeper.

Her disposition as a child was singularly affectionate, sympathetic and clinging; her feelings were quickly touched, and her sensibility was so extreme as to give her great capacity for suffering, but as she approached maturity, she developed the same pride of character, strength of will, self-control and fortitude that were so conspicuous in her father.

When she was a little thing, during my visits to Lexington, if she ever saw me manifest any emotion over the memories of her father, she wept bitterly herself, so that to spare her feelings, I once slipped off from her to visit the cemetery. When I arose from my devotions at her father's grave, what was my surprise, and how my heart was touched, to see my poor little darling standing at some distance watching me with a face of convulsed grief. She surmised where I had gone, and followed me alone. When she was several years older, we were at the Hot Springs, of North Carolina, one summer, and I was invited to take a row in a small bateau upon the French Broad River. When our frail bark finally reached its landing place, there stood anxious little Julia, accompanied by a child-friend, watching eagerly for my safe return. She could have no peace of mind during what she apprehended was a perilous expedition for her mother. Many similar touching incidents of her intense filial love and solicitude could be related. Possibly the love that belongs to both parents was concentrated in her warm little heart. When we were from home visiting friends, she would go out and play very

happily with the children, but every now and then she would return to the parlor door and peep in to satisfy herself that her mother was there. As she grew older, her devotion assumed a protecting care that was as sweet as it was remarkable, and she could never bear to see her one parent made the subject of a joke or criticism by any one.

In early childhood, she could never hear a touching story read without tears, and would beg that the reading should be discontinued as soon as the pathos became too much for her, saying: "It's too sad; I don't want to hear any more." She was a pensive looking child, but was never morbid or unhappy, and was very responsive to playfulness and sociability. She was extremely active, and rode stick-horses after she commenced the study of a child's Geography. I was much amused at a grand gallop she made down a country road one evening, cutting her horse, and saying: "Get up, *Argentine Confederation!*" She had named her horse after one of her most high-sounding geographical acquirements. She was taught by a governess for several years before she left her grandfather's house. Like her father in childhood, she was not precocious, but her mind and memory were strong and retentive. Before she could read, she was instructed verbally in a child's scriptural catechism. One of the questions on the subject of original sin has an answer that "by nature we do nothing but sin." This humiliating answer aroused her indignation, and with flashing eyes she protested against it, saying: "*No, I don't do nothing but sin! I work—I pick up chips, and tend to my garden, and I know I don't sin all the time!*" It was explained to her that all persons were

born with sinful natures, and we could do nothing good by our own power, that God's grace and spirit alone kept us from sin. She finally accepted the explanation as applicable to herself, but remarked in a very positive and reverent manner: "*Well, I know my papa never sinned!*"

Her affection and veneration for his memory seemed to be one of the earliest sentiments to spring up in her young heart, and became more and more the ruling passion of her life, with her growing years.

When Julia was about four years of age, a lady who then lived in Charlotte, upon receiving a photograph of her, placed it among a group of fallen Southern generals, which seemed to inspire her to write the following verses:

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

On our simple parlor wall,
Where the softest shadows lie,
And the golden sunbeams fall
With a glimmer as they fly,
Four pictured patriots stand,
Who, from out our Southern land,
Passed through death's tumultuous river,
To their recompense and rest.

Foremost, he, whose noble name,
To the future will go down
With a never fading fame,
And an ever glorious crown.

While the South her vigil keeps,
O'er her cherished dead, and weeps,
She will point to Stonewall Jackson
As her brightest and her best!

Next, that servant of the Lord
Who laid down his pastoral crook,
And the consecrated sword
In his sacred fingers took,
While his snowy robes remained
With their purity unstained;
And the God he worshipped took him
By a swift and glorious death. (Bishop Polk.)

Then the warrior brave and true,
Blamed by cruel tongues and crost
In his highest aims, who threw
For a mighty stake, and lost—
Broken-hearted, passed away
In the fiercest of the fray,
When the Martyr Sidney Johnston
Yielded up his gentle breath.

Never battled knight of old,
Never form in kingly guise
Clothed a manlier, merrier soul
Than this one, which smiling lies,
While the blue eyes beam so clear
That we almost wait to hear
Stuart's peal of mellow laughter
Like a rich bell fill the air!

In this group of mighty dead
Is a lovely little child,
With her sweet lips flushing red
And her soft eyes beaming mild.
On her baby brow appears
Sadness more than suits her years,
But it may be that the shadow
Of her father's grave falls there!

Calm and beautiful and wise,
In her rich yet simple dress,
And we gaze with glowing eyes
On her winning loveliness,
Feeling every Southern heart
In *his* child may claim a part
And pour out upon his daughter
All the love to him we bore!

Fairest little one, 'tis best
That around your tender feet
This pure band of spirits blest
In a guardian watch should meet,
While upon your gentle head
Your great father's glance is shed,
Which in life his features wore.

Oh! much cherished child, if love
And most fervent prayers can bring
Richest blessings from above
In your earthly path to spring,

May you know God's perfect peace,
Till your life's long journey cease,
And your father's arms enfold you
On the ever blissful shore!

Mrs. Fanny Downing.

During Julia's visits, in childhood, to Lexington, she was an object of special kindness and interest to Mrs. General R. E. Lee. The following letter to the little girl, accompanying a photograph of Mrs. Lee, which she had tinted herself, and upon which she had inscribed her autograph, shows the friendship between them:

“Lexington, Va., March 5th, 1872.

“You will think it strange, my dear little Julia, if you have thought about it at all, why I have delayed sending you the picture I promised you, but if you knew how sick and helpless I have been all the winter, and am even now, you would be surprised that I could use either my pen or pencil. I hope you have not had such weather as we have endured here—nothing but ice, sleet and snow—and even now, we have the deepest snow we have had all winter. The students have indulged much in skating and snow-balling, and a great many little girls, much smaller than yourself, would be hours on the ice—the weather, too, being intensely cold all the time. Several of the little girls have had parties, which I am sure you would have enjoyed, had you been here, and, altogether, they have had a gay winter, but it has been a very sad one to me. I do not think I ever spent so sad a Christmas, for, besides my own suffering, then, my little granddaughter died. You did not see her, I think, or you never would have forgotten her beautiful

face, and she was as good as she was beautiful. But now she is one of the brightest cherubs around the throne of God, and I will weep for her no more. What have you been doing all winter? Does your mamma teach you, and are you fond of learning? You are her only child, and you must learn all that is useful and excellent to be a comfort to her, and to honor the memory of your noble father. I was an only child, and how often I sorrow to feel that I did not do more for my dear mother, who spent her life in trying to teach me everything I ought to know, especially my duty to my God and Saviour.

“I fear you will find this letter dull for your gay young heart, which now sees nothing in life but joy and gladness. I well know it appears to you like a long summer day, filled with all sorts of pleasures, and God has given us so much that is beautiful—scattered flowers all along our paths. For them and all other blessings, we must thank and praise Him.

“Give my love to your mamma, and take for yourself as much as you care to have from

Mary Custis Lee.”

The memory and example of her father seemed to become to Julia an inspiration just as soon as the formative influences of her character began to develop. She had scarcely passed beyond childhood, when we find her, without even a suggestion from any one else, copying from the private journal he had compiled at West Point, the rules and maxims which he had chosen for his guidance, afterwards adding to them many others, chiefly from the Bible. Her favorite selections seemed

to be those inculcating self-control, bridling the tongue, and doing good to others. Her note-book abounds in such passages as these. "God is Love"; "If you love me, keep my commandments." Try to keep them all, but especially remember the fourth, fifth and tenth, which are oftener broken than the others. Always try to give a reasonable answer for what you believe. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "Love your enemies," and never speak evil of them. Always try to be polite to everybody, especially the aged; and if any one is rude to you, have respect enough for yourself not to return the rudeness. "Never neglect duty for pleasure," and then your heart will be at ease. Always try to remember the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

She was naturally generous and unselfish—traits inherited from her father, and no one ever possessed a higher sense of justice, or greater scorn for all deceit and meanness, and her own nature was so pure and high-toned that she was not prone to suspicion, making it difficult for her to penetrate the veil of innocence and charity through which it was her wont to view humanity in general.

As a little child, she was obedient, truthful and so obliging, that one of her young uncles, who called upon her *ad libitum* for his little errands about the house, used to say, he believed she would run her little feet off for anybody she loved. Her affection for this uncle, Rev. Alfred J. Morrison, was extreme. She was about fourteen, when he was cut down in the beginning of his ministry, which, in virtue of his talents and consecration, promised great usefulness. His death was



JULIA JACKSON
(Age 12 years)

Julia's first experience in losing a loved one, and her grief was intense and pathetic.

When a child, she associated so much with grown people, that her feeling of liberty and equality was, in one instance, at least, productive of some annoyance, as well as of amusement. The *fiancé* of her young aunt (who was a frequent visitor at the house), had won little Julia's heart, also, by his caressing attentions, and she seemed to think that she was as much the object of his attention, as the real magnet. During his visits, the parlor was the most attractive place to her—little dreaming how much she was in the way—and when the lovers would take a buggy-drive, she was quite offended at being left behind. The kind-hearted future uncle, seeing how much she took it to heart, included her once or twice in his invitations—unwelcome as her small presence must have been. After the marriage, when her aunt playfully twitted the little girl on having "cut her out," she replied reproachfully: "Yes, *you* took him from me!"

After leaving the home of her grandfather, when she was ten years old, her education was continued in Charlotte until she was about sixteen. During this period, the most important event was her attendance, with her mother, at Richmond, upon the unveiling of the bronze statue of General Jackson, which was presented to Virginia, by English gentlemen. She was then twelve years old, and was so exceedingly shy, that the notice she attracted on her father's account, gave her positive suffering. When she was taken from my side, and unexpectedly to herself, held up on the platform, by Governor Kemper, and presented to the gaze of the vast

multitude, as "Jackson's child," it was such a shock to her sensitive, shrinking nature, that when she came back to me, she was trembling all over, and begged to retire at once to the privacy of our apartments, that she might regain her composure. As she grew towards womanhood, she overcame her excessive timidity, and learned to meet the attentions and courtesies paid her by her father's admirers with the true graciousness and appreciation which she felt in her inmost heart. Her strength of will showed itself in this, as in all the developments of her nature, which reflected so distinctly many of the fine traits of her father's character.

About the age of fifteen years, she became a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Charlotte, the church of her inheritance and of her choice, to which she remained faithful as long as she lived. She had great reverence for sacred things, and a sincere desire to use her influence for good, but for a period, after entering upon her bright, young girlhood, the attractions of the world, and the adulation she received, threw around her a spell of worldliness, which made her more negligent in her religious duties. A poet has truly said:

" 'Tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet."

Her environment of charming and captivating influences, was enough to dazzle even a stronger nature than hers. But God, in his own good time and way, drew her back of Him, and her later years were marked by unusual development in the divine life. She was devoted to music—being gifted in it herself, and learned

to play with much taste and expression. Her voice, though not strong, was sweet and flexible, and, after hearing an air, she caught it with wonderful quickness.

She was quite a reader, and improved her mind in that way—it being one of the things she most loved to do. She was especially fond of poetry, and had committed to memory many passages from Shakespeare, Longfellow and other great poets. Adelaide Proctor and Father Ryan were favorites with her, and she loved many hymns.

In the last few years of her life, she seemed herself to be inspired with the spirit of poesy, and left behind her a number of fragmentary pieces, breathing sentiments of earnest piety, and aspirations after holiness and consecration.

While she was kindly and gracious with her associates in general, making friends wherever she went, she had few real intimate friends, and still fewer confidants. Like her father before her, she knew how to keep her own counsel, and when a secret was entrusted in her keeping, it remained there with as much sacredness and safety as if it had been deposited in the grave. For so young a person, she was remarkably prudent in speech—self-reliant, and independent in thought and action. But when she did love and trust a friend, she gave the whole of her warm and loving heart, and no human heart was ever more true and loyal than hers. She said herself, that “when she loved once, she loved forever.” Her most devoted and intimate friend, whose acquaintance began at school, said of her: “Even before I knew her name, a sweet unselfish act of hers to me, then a sick and homesick child, made me feel that among all

the strange faces surrounding me, hers was the one I could learn to love; and the friendship formed then was only deepened and strengthened by time."

As Julia budded into womanhood, she lost much of that pensive look that was so noticeable in childhood; her countenance and manner, when in conversation, being instinct with animation and vivacity; but when in repose, her face usually assumed much of the same old expression of pensiveness.

The last two years of her school-life were spent at "The Southern Home School" in Baltimore—her mother accompanying her, and boarding near the school. The *Baltimore Gazette* published at that time the following notice: "When the Jackson statue was unveiled in Richmond some years ago, after the procession and the oratory, Governor Kemper brought forward upon the platform a slender little girl, and addressing the crowd of the old Confederate soldiers, said: 'Comrades, let me present to you the daughter of 'Stonewall' Jackson.' Somehow the tears sprang to every eye at the sight of this delicate child of their resistless leader. There was no cheering, but every face showed deep emotion. Ever since that time a tender and poetic interest has clung to this little lady, and there are many thousands who care to know of her well-being. She has recently arrived in this city, under the care of her mother, who never loses sight of her and who brings her to school. She has been entered at the Southern Home School, Mrs. W. M. Cary and Mrs. General Pegram, principals. Miss Julia Jackson is about sixteen years old, medium height, slender and graceful. She is blonde, with fresh color and fair hair.

Her eyes are of exquisite clear gray, large and expressive. Her manners are gentle, but not shy or reserved. There is a marked resemblance to her illustrious father, and she seems hardly conscious of the distinction that she enjoys, and of the romantic interest that she carries with her."

Her school life in Baltimore was not marked by any events of unusual occurrence. The first Christmas she was there, the old Confederate soldiers of the city, who had followed her father, presented her with a beautiful silver pitcher, General Trimble making a handsome presentation speech in behalf of the donors.

For a time, during her sojourn there, she displayed great zeal in teaching a mission class in the Sunday School of the church we attended. Finding one of her pupils absent one Sunday, she determined to visit her and bring her back, walking alone quite a distance to an unknown and obscure part of the city, her earnestness and force of will carrying out her mission, causing her to lose sight of any danger that she might herself encounter in such an expedition.

Prior to her going to Baltimore, her health not being as good as usual one summer, for her benefit, we visited the Buffalo Lithia Springs in Virginia, and her improvement was so great that the visit was repeated the succeeding summer. From a pale-faced, delicate looking girl, the waters of that remarkable spring transformed her into a blooming maiden, and the beautiful and healthful glow which she there acquired, continued the rest of her life.

A lady with whom we had been at the Springs afterwards wrote this of Julia: "I can recall her so pleasantly as I saw her at Buffalo Lithia when she went every morning to read to the old man who was not a believer in the Bible, and she tried all she could to do him good, carrying him flowers and dainties from the table."

She made an agreement with her young gentlemen friends to meet them at public prayers every morning, if they would go.

About the close of her first year at school in Baltimore, we attended the unveiling of a Confederate monument in Winchester, Virginia, and were welcomed and entertained with all the graceful hospitality for which that historic old town has ever been noted. It is needless to say the young school-girl was charmed, and the most pleasant and grateful impressions were made upon her heart by the kind attentions of her father's friends and followers. Hers might have been called a charmed life, with the rich heritage of tender interest and affection that hung over it. She fully appreciated and felt grateful for all this, but I think it only increased her humility and self-depreciation—feeling as she did, that so much was expected of her father's child, and her nature was so exceedingly sensitive and shrinking, that the publicity and demonstrations she had to encounter, were often more of a trial than a pleasure to her.

In May, 1881, when she was on the eve of leaving school in Baltimore, we were invited to visit New Orleans, to witness the unveiling of a statue of General Jackson, erected by his old soldiers, in the Southwest, in Metairie Cemetery. In the Crescent City, the young

debutante was the recipient of more attentions and graceful courtesies than she had ever received in her life before—being *fêted* in almost every conceivable style, and having presented to her over a dozen badges from the various military and civic associations. Every military company, and the clubs of the city, gave us receptions, and the former made us honorary members, presenting elegantly framed certificates. The freedom of the city was tendered to us, and no guests could have been more royally entertained. The floral offerings were truly things of beauty and exquisite works of art, and the speeches that presented them glowed with chivalry and eloquence.

At a reception held in our honor one evening, at the St. Charles Hotel, a reporter made the following picture: "Miss Jackson, a fair, fresh blonde, with beaming hazel (?) eyes, possesses a charming dignity of manner, united with a girlish simplicity that is most fascinating. She was attired in pure white, her only ornaments being a miniature of her father, worn at her throat, while upon her shoulder was fastened a badge presented her by the army of Northern Virginia."

On our return to North Carolina, we stopped for a brief visit to relatives in Mobile, where the citizens, especially the military, seemed to vie with their neighbors of New Orleans in giving us an ovation which, although not on so large a scale, was equally cordial and enthusiastic. The floral offerings in that sunny Southland surpassed anything of the kind I had ever seen, representing shields, banners, boats and various devices, including Confederate and Union flags, and the perfect

inscription in flowers of the words, "Stonewall Jackson," "Welcome," etc.

The soft, delicious air of those Gulf States in May, the wealth of flowers and evergreens, the lovely drives over shell roads, through magnolia groves, alongside the bay, the delightful and refreshing sails and boat-excursions, to which were added the charms and hospitality of Southern society, fill up the full measure of enjoyment and enchantment.

During the few years after Julia left school until her marriage, we were often birds of passage, she being fond of travel and seeing new places and people. We paid another charming visit to New Orleans, during the mardi-gras season, which bound us in still closer ties of affection and interest to its noble and warm-hearted people. We also visited friends in Memphis, Atlanta and Charleston; took a lovely trip through Florida one winter; went occasionally to Baltimore and Washington, and traveled through the Northern States; but Virginia was, *par excellence*, the place of her preference, and she spent the most time there; Richmond being our headquarters. Several summers we visited the Virginia Springs. Our winters were generally passed in Richmond and our summers in Lexington. Virginia possessed the charm of being her father's State, and for his sake the Virginians claimed us as their own; but nowhere in the South could we go without meeting this same protestation of interest and regard, the name of 'Stonewall' Jackson being a talisman that opened to those who bore it every Southern heart and home. And even in the North that name was enough to win for his family a degree of kindness and hospitality that was as

gratifying as it was surprising—liberal-minded Northerners claiming him, as they said, and feeling proud of him as an American.

Among the best of the manifold blessings God gave us, through his name, were many and delightful friends, verifying the proverb: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Although Julia went into society a good deal and with apparent zest and enjoyment, she was not perfectly devoted to it, and often wearied of its demands upon her. Her nature was too true and earnest to gain content and happiness from the mere pleasure of the world. She never indulged in card-playing, nor in round-dancing, in deference to the wishes of her mother, who regarded her person—as her Christian father's child—with too much sacredness to be encircled in the arms of any and every man. After reaching maturity, the fatherless girl realized more and more how great a calamity to her was the loss of her father. Her very position as the daughter of so good and great a man, revealed to her the need of his strong, supporting arms, and no young heart ever yearned more for the protecting care, guidance and fatherly love which she had lost with him. Especially was this the case in deciding the most momentous questions of her life. She possessed the decision, bravery and physical courage inherent in her race. Although she loved her mother with all the depth of her heart, her strength of will was so superior, and her nature so diverse, that it was very difficult for her to see things through the same medium of that mother's eyes, and her independence sometimes led her to decide for herself, matters

which required all the matured judgment and experienced wisdom of a parent. She always knew just what she wanted, and when her mind was made up, she was not given to wavering or change, but steadfastly and resolutely abode by her decision—in minor matters as well as in those of greater importance. Her heart and nature were so imbued with courage, constancy and determination, and she felt opposition and disappointment so keenly, that it inclined her mother's overweening love all the more to spare her from its embittering and depressing effects. But in the last few years of her young life, her strong character softened and sweetened, yielding the richest return of filial devotion, deference and tenderest consideration that a mother's heart could wish. She was naturally nervous and restless, and full of latent energy, which needed only an object to call it forth, and when it was put into exercise *her will to perform what she willed* showed that she was "a chip of the old block."

As an instance of this conquering spirit of perseverance, I may mention a simple incident that occurred while Julia was visiting an aunt at Hampden Sidney, Virginia. There were two institutions of learning there at that time, and consequently plenty of beaux, whose society she was just at the age to enjoy most, and whose demands upon her time almost overwhelmed her with engagements. But she resolved, in the midst of all these social gayeties, to make a dress for herself. She had never done anything of the kind in her life, and one would have thought her as capable of making a Chinese puzzle; but, nothing daunted, she went to work—cut, fitted, and actually made the whole dress with her

own fingers, without a machine, astonishing her friends by her perseverance and success. When I afterwards joined her at her aunt's, she came to meet me, attired in a most becoming blue nun's veiling dress, elaborately shirred, and well-fitting, and stylish enough to do credit to a city dressmaker, and when she told me it was her own work, my astonishment was beyond measure. It was the more surprising to me because I had always discouraged her in attempting either plain or fancy work, on account of her not being robust in childhood; and when she was permitted to do it, she would become so fascinated with her crocheting, that she would never lay it down in the evening until she was ordered to bed; then she would place it under her pillow, and the moment her eyes were open in the morning, she would resume her work, before rising. In consequence of this inherited tenacity of purpose, I had encouraged her in outdoor exercises and amusements, with a view of invigorating her constitution, the result being successful, for as she grew in years, she developed in strength and vigor.

In the year 1883, while Julia was visiting at Old Point, an ex-Confederate soldier paid her the following tribute:

“Jewel brightest, fairy belle,
Unto thee my heart I tell,
Lovely art thou in thy ways,
In thine eyes are witching rays.
Although our paths do lie apart,
Joyous be thy truest heart,

All the hours of thy pure life,
Cheerful, gay and without strife.
Know that for thy father's sake
Southern men do hold thee dearest,
Over all their maidens nearest,
Now and ever in their hearts."

On the 2nd of June, 1885, Julia Jackson was married to Mr. William Edmund Christian, then a resident of Richmond, and a talented, cultured young gentleman, who had by a long siege of devotion, won her whole heart.

The ceremony took place in the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, the pastor, and the Rev. William H. Christian, the father of the groom, officiating. In taking this most important step in her life, she did not consider herself alone, as the following extract from a letter she wrote her grandfather will show: "One thing that drew me to him was his great kindness and regard for my mother. I feel sure that he will do everything in his power to make her life comfortable and happy, as well as my own, and I trust we may all have a lovely home together, and live useful, Christian lives." Her most intimate friend also said: "When Julia wrote me of her engagement, I remember how earnestly she expressed her hope that her marriage would give her mother a strong arm to lean on—her leading thought seemed to be of her happiness. And then, after her marriage, she invariably wrote as if she was so thankful to be in her own home, and to realize that the gay world had no longer a claim upon her."



JULIA JACKSON
(as a Bride)

The occasion of her marriage called forth many testimonials of interest and affection from the old soldiers and friends of General Jackson; the presents of silver, china, bric-a-brac and various other things pertaining to housekeeping were numerous and valuable.

After taking a Northern tour, the young couple, in a short while, made a home for themselves in Richmond. And now it was that the young, ardent little housekeeper displayed the stuff she was made of, taking unbounded pleasure in furnishing and beautifying her house. Her lovely and elegant bridal gifts added greatly to the adornment of her home, and were cherished souvenirs with her. She was very ambitious to become a good housekeeper, and studied and tested her cookery books. When her entertainments were commended and admired, she received even more pleasure and gratification than the guests, and her aim was ever to discharge her domestic duties in the way to make her home the abode of love and comfort. She was a true and loyal wife, willing to make any sacrifice for her husband's best interests, and when, before a year had ended, he was tempted by brighter prospects to remove to the Northwest, she deemed it her duty to yield to his wishes, and without a demur, gave up the bright little home she had made, so much enjoyed, and brought to such perfection, packed away her furniture, and went with him to St. Paul, Minnesota. They spent the summer of 1886 in the beautiful and growing twin-cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the succeeding autumn found them on the Pacific coast, in San Diego, California. The business prospects of that place were just then unusually inviting, a real estate boom having

struck the little town, drawing an influx of people and prosperity which was marvelous; but proved to be equally ephemeral. In one year the population multiplied from twelve thousand to thirty thousand, and buildings and business increased in proportion. But in less than two years the big bubble burst, the collapse throwing so depressed and discouraging an aspect upon business affairs, that many of the strangers who had been allured there by the dazzling prospects, returned East, where things, though not moving with such lightning speed, were nevertheless upon a more substantial and permanent basis. Among this train we found ourselves, and in the autumn of 1888, after a residence of two years in San Diego, we removed to Charlotte, North Carolina. We did not, however, like Naomi, return empty, but came back enriched with the possession of two lovely little Californians, who brought more joy and sunshine into our lives than all the wealth of the Golden State could have given us. In Charlotte, Mr. Christian engaged in journalism, and here Julia had the pleasure of collecting all of her pretty Richmond furniture together again, and making a most attractive and comfortable home. Although glad to get back among our own people once more, our sojourn in California had been full of interest and of much genuine enjoyment. The superb climate of glorious sunshine and balmy sea breezes, the beauties of the scenery, combining ocean and mountains, and the fullness and activity of life, caused by the springing up of a city like a mushroom, made San Diego quite an interesting place. The historic old town (for the original settlement dates back over a century), became all the

more endeared to us as the birthplace of our precious little children, and we made some warm friends there. Julia loved that delicious, genial climate, with its luscious fruits and flowers, describing it herself in a letter as "The land of perpetual spring, with its constant sunlight; the beauty and fragrance of its flowers that cover the hills like Oriental rugs," and while there, she almost lived in the open air. She had her horse and buggy, and a large part of the first baby's life was passed in driving around the town and country, her mother saying she was "a fresh-air child," and certainly both mother and babe showed the good results.

Maternity was the crowning influence to bring into play and to develop all the noble, self-sacrificing and sterling traits of Julia's character. Her elder child was named Anna Jackson, but after the death of her mother, the name of Little Anna was changed to Julia, as a memorial by the husband and father. She always called her "Baby-love," until the arrival of her boy, and to my eyes, no picture could have been sweeter and lovelier than that of the fresh, girlish-looking mother, and the bright little rose-bud of a baby she held in her arms. In my absence, the theme of Julia's letters was Baby-love—her winning little ways, her mimicry and her affection—saying: "She is such a little sunbeam. Sometimes when she is almost asleep, she will raise herself up and put up her little mouth to kiss me; then she nestles down and goes to sleep. I can never thank my Heavenly Father enough for my little treasure." "Baby-love is just sweeter, brighter, and prettier than ever. She is so fond of music, that when she hears singing, she sings, too, and when she hears the band

down the street, she beats time with her little hand." Again she wrote: "You could not have given me more gladness than by telling me that I had been a sweeter daughter since my marriage than I ever was before. God grant that I may nevermore give you a pain. Keep me in your heart; I know you will, darling, and pray constantly that my strength may more abundantly increase. A mother requires so much strength, mental, moral and physical to rear a family. Anna, even at her age, understands every word that is spoken to her, and I want to keep my strength for my children." Her most intimate friend said: "The last time I saw Julia, she was absorbed in her children, and told me that 'Anna already understood what the truth was, and *must speak it.*' Her own truthfulness was certainly one of her most conspicuous traits, and she required it absolutely from others." She had taught Anna who made her, before she could plainly speak the name of God, and before she was two years old, to lisp her prayers at her mother's knee. Her maternal heart was even more bound up in her son, who was from his birth an uncommonly large, promising child, and she felt that he must be her father's representative. She gave him the full name of his grandfather, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, but called him simply Jackson, and her most earnest desire was that he should indeed prove worthy of his priceless inheritance. She consecrated both her children to the Lord in baptism, and was resolved to bring them up for Him. In a letter to a Christian friend, she expressed her desire that her son should become a minister of the gospel. She described him as her "splendid, bright, rollicking boy, dimpled all over," and said her most ardent wish

for him was that he should be like her father. She intended, if she had lived, to teach her children herself, until they were at least twelve years old, wishing to imprint on them her best instructions in the formation of their characters. She deeply realized her responsibility as a parent, and was determined to train aright the immortal souls whom God had entrusted to her keeping.

Anna was baptized at the age of six months, in the Presbyterian Church of San Diego, by the pastor, Rev. Dr. W. B. Noble. Jackson received the sacred rite in his mother's arms, in her own home in Charlotte (being sick at the time and not able to be carried to the church), from the hands of Rev. Dr. A. W. Miller. Although her husband stood by her side, Julia preferred holding the child herself—his illness, and her fear of losing him, making him doubly precious to her heart. An eye-witness said: "I shall never forget her appearance as she came into the parlor, bearing Jackson in her arms and took her stand before the minister. She looked so lovely, and her whole heart seemed to be in the service. She was the impersonation of devoutness and consecration." This was only three months before she was herself translated to dwell among the angels.

During her last year's residence in Richmond, she writes: "This morning I heard an eloquent sermon from Dr. Hoge, and I wished for you. The text was: 'The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever.' His explanation of God's withholding from us that which is beyond the grasp of our minds, was truly convincing. Could we but be content,

resting upon our Father's faithful promises, we would not ask for the veil of futurity to be drawn aside, knowing that God will lead us step by step through the shadows and past temptations, until the breaking of the morning light, and our star of faith is set in God's own firmament." In writing to her mother upon the death of a sister, she says: "Since the sad news came, I have not ceased longing to comfort you, for every pain that comes into your heart, saddens mine, and your grief is also mine. I know now that God purifies His own until the spirit has life only in Him, and the flesh no longer craves earthly pleasures. I know that when in trouble, our Heavenly Father takes us close in His enfolding arms and lifts us above the world." Knowing her aunt's love for music, she sent an exquisite white floral lyre for her casket.

When I was in Lexington one summer, she wrote me: "How I should enjoy seeing those glory-crowned mountains just as the sun is sinking behind them. As a child, and then in my girlhood, I have loved those mountains, especially as viewed from the cemetery, standing like sentinels guarding the sacred resting place of our dearest one." Again she wrote from Charlotte on the last anniversary of her father's death which she lived to see: "As this is Memorial Day, I have sent what flowers I had to the graves of our brave soldiers. How I wish I could place some upon my loved father's resting-place! That God may spare you to me many years, my darling mother, is my prayer this day." She closed another letter by saying: "Be happy, dearest of mothers, and trust our Father in Heaven. All is for the best."

To her servants she was ever kind and just, and made them her friends by her politeness and consideration.

In a letter to an aunt, she says: "You must not think me unappreciative of your sweet thought of me on my birthday, for you have never forgotten the day since my earliest childhood! I know your boys must be a great pleasure to you, and I trust you may always find comfort and happiness in them. Napoleon said that 'Men are what their mothers make them,' and it is certainly the *noblest part of a woman's duty to rear her sons to the noblest aims in life.*"

During the exposition at Minneapolis, where she lived for a short time, she says: "I spent many charming hours in the art-rooms, and I often wished that you might be with me to enjoy the masterpieces of our finest American artists, knowing your fondness for everything pertaining to art."

At San Diego, which was her home afterwards, she says: "Here we have the rare combination of mountain and ocean, which is very beautiful; and each morning, the islands rising mountain high in the midst of the ocean, assume different shapes, owing to the peculiar state of the atmosphere."

Another friend there was, that noble Christian woman, Mrs. E. H. Brown of Richmond, who never forgot Julia's birthday during all her life, and never failed to commemorate it with some little loving and useful token.

In her quiet hours, when her maternal duties confined her at home, especially on Sundays, she spent much time in religious reading. She obeyed Christ's injunction to search the scriptures—her own Bible bear-

ing marks of her close reading and application of favorite passages. The sermons of Frederick W. Robertson were a great delight and comfort to her, and many were the interlinings she made upon his pages. There seemed to be a peculiar sympathy and unison of feeling between the two souls. Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," she also read much, and it was marked in the same way, although she did not endorse his *asceticism*, as the following will show: "Rise early, watch, pray, labor, read, write, be silent, *sigh*, and bravely endure adversity,"—she stroked out the word *sigh* and substituted, "Be ever cheerful."

She believed it to be a duty, under all circumstances, to cultivate cheerfulness, the sentiment appearing in her handwriting in a number of places in her note-book. Upon the fly-leaves of "Imitation of Christ," she wrote the following quotations:

"None is made great by the voice of human praise."
 "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial." "He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
 "That man lives twice, that lives the first life well."
 "Life is not measured by the time we live." "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"Death but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God."

"Live to God: Do your duty. Nothing is too late till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

"Peace is found in seclusion from the world. Separate from worldly affairs." "Let your thoughts be

directed to God." "Night brings out stars, as sorrow brings out truths."

In another place she wrote: "An English divine has beautifully portrayed the Christian as one on whose clear and open brow God has set the stamp of truth; one whose very eye beams bright with honor; in whose very look and bearing you may see freedom, manliness, veracity; a brave man; a noble man; frank, generous, true."

"So close was his communion with his Heavenly Father, that all trials were received with perfect submission, and no earthly pains had power to disturb that calmness, that 'inner rest,' which is deep as summer midnight, yet full of life and free as summer sunshine—the Sabbath of eternity."

She then quotes from Mrs. Charles Kingsley's dedication to her husband (evidently for my benefit in writing her father's life), words which are applicable alike to both:

"Gentle and strong; modest and humble; tender and true."

"To some it may seem treachery to lift the veil from the inner life of a man, who, while here, hated the notoriety which he could not escape, and shrank from every approach of egotism." (How true was this of General Jackson!) "Continual resignation is the secret of continual strength." Again are found resolutions she had made "to hold communion only with Christ," and she speaks of the peace He gave her," when in prayer He lifts my heart up to the grand contemplation of Heaven's joys! Oh! the music of Heaven! There is also a touching prayer: "Oh! Christ, let me lean

only on Thee; hide my poor little life in *Thy great love and life.*”

These are sacred, precious revelations, evincing her rapid ripening for the full fruition of joy and glory, upon which she was so soon to enter. She may have had a presentiment that she would die early, but if so, it cast no shadow or unhappiness upon her young life; though she “armed herself with jealous care, as in God’s sight to live,” she did so in brave cheerfulness, discharging her tender duties with promptness and fidelity; her care and devotion to her children being the absorbing occupation of her life. But this did not render her indifferent or unmindful of outside obligations. She was kind and generous to the poor and suffering. She returned to Charlotte near the time of Thanksgiving, but even after her long journey from California, and with sick children, she did not forget to make her offering in the form of a basket of tropical fruits to a poor family. She imitated her father’s system in “tithing” her money, and after her translation, an envelope was found among her effects, with this inscribed upon it by her hand: “Devoted to the Lord—in case of my death, it must be given to suffering women and little children.”

Many other instances of her Christian consecration might be cited, but only one more will be given to show how her will was lost in that of her Heavenly Father. A few years before her death, at a time when I feared her life might be in danger, I told her how earnestly I was praying for her safety, and asked her if she was not also praying for the same end. Her reply was: “No, mother, I only pray that God’s will may be done.”

The scenes of her last illness and death are too harrowing to dwell upon, but for her children's sake a brief outline will be given :

During the spring preceding, Jackson had a long and serious illness, and she then wrote to a near connection : "I have given the precious boy to God. If he spares his life, I shall try to direct his mind so that he may devote his life to the Master. I can only say, 'Thy will be done.' I have given him entirely to the Lord." This illness of her cherished boy was such a strain upon both her mental and physical strength, that she was much broken down by it. Afterwards she went off several times for a change, but in no instance did she stay long enough to gain substantial benefit. Her last visit was to Cleveland Springs but, feeling indisposed, she returned at the end of a week, against remonstrance, to seek that care and comfort which she found most to abound in her own home.

That dread disease, typhoid fever, was then lurking in her system, but she did not take her bed for another week, and even after doing so, she seemed so slightly ill for the first two weeks, that her physician hoped the attack would prove a mild one. From the first, however, my heart was weighed down with intense apprehension, fearing she had not the strength to battle with an insidious disease ; but she was very cheerful, natural and even playful at times—never having delirium or any distressing symptoms. At first, to relieve the tedium, she read some herself, but afterwards we read to her, and she enjoyed listening almost to the last. In the beginning she was interested in light literature, but she often asked to have the Bible and hymns read to

her, gradually desiring nothing else, and she loved to hear hymns sung. The last two chapters of Revelation, which are descriptive of Heaven, had long been favorites of hers, and she called for them repeatedly, but during the whole of her illness, she did not speak of death, and was calm and composed, showing only by her increased devotion and delight in religious exercises, that her mind was absorbed in spiritual things. But after such a life as hers, no dying testimony was needed, and nothing was said to her on the subject, feeling as we did no anxiety on that score, and as long as there was a thread of hope for her precious life, we durst not break that thread by running the risk of the least excitement. She was critically ill only the last week. Almost every day the little children were brought to her room for a brief visit, as it pleased and cheered her so to see them. Several times Anna came in with some offering, saying, "Mamma, I bought you a flower," and once it was an egg she had found, and which she thought her dear mother could eat. Jackson was generally carried to a window in front of her bed, and shown off to her by disporting himself (which he invariably did) like a kitten, with a cord attached to the window-shade. His mother delighted more in this picture than any that came before her eyes. On the last day she spent with us, which was the little fellow's first birthday, she seemed specially to admire him in his playful glee, and before he was taken out, she asked that he might be placed on the bed beside her, and she was so perfectly herself, as she said: "Jackson, you are so sweet," and she smiled so fondly and tenderly upon him, that we could not realize that those were to be her last smiles on

earth. During her sickness she was particularly pleased when flowers were sent to her, and a vase was kept all the time within her view. The last night, when her extreme prostration rendered her almost unconscious of her surroundings, she said: "Gather the flowers, all of them, and pile them up high"—showing the purity and beauty of her thoughts.

To her agonized mother, she was from the first all tenderness, gratitude and devotion, frequently asking me to kiss her, and telling me how much she loved me, Once she said: "You do too much for me, darling, more than I am worth."

As gently and peacefully as an infant sinks to slumber, her pure and blessed spirit took its flight to that Heavenly Home where her father's arms were doubtless waiting to receive her on the morning of the 30th of August, 1889.

Here my full heart would fain stop, but it is due to her dear memory, which called forth so many testimonials of love and esteem from friends far and near, to weave them in as a part of her history.

A year or two before her last illness, and when she was in her usual health, she requested me, in case of her death, to have her buried by her father's grave in Lexington. Her wish was, of course, carried out, but before leaving Charlotte, a funeral service was held in the First Presbyterian Church. The following account in the place where she breathed her last, is from a Charlotte newspaper:

"The funeral services were conducted at the First Presbyterian Church, with military honors. All the

stores in town were closed in her honor, and thousands came to pay a last tribute to her memory.

“The floral decorations in the church were magnificent.

“In the midst of vases of the most beautiful flowers, and covered with floral wreaths and crosses, was placed the casket, directly in front of the pulpit.

“Most conspicuous of all was the Confederate flag, suspended from the great arch in the rear of the pulpit, its lower folds caught up and held slightly by spans of ivy. This same old flag had enfolded the body of the gallant father in the last funeral rites, and was unfurled once more over the remains of his only daughter. The pulpit was almost concealed beneath a profusion of white roses and grasses. On either side of the pulpit, guns were stacked and entwined with vines and flowers. Crossed swords covered with roses added to the effect of the scene. Just below, and in front of the pulpit, was ‘Stonewall’ Jackson’s sword, wreathed in roses. The Hornets’ Nest Riflemen, with flag all tattered and torn in Confederate service and draped in crape, acted as a guard of honor. The church was filled to overflowing, when in soft, mournful strains, the choir opened the services by singing ‘De Profundis’—‘Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.’ After prayer, and the reading of the first part of the 19th Psalm, the choir again sang: ‘O God, our help in ages past.’ Rev. Edward Mack and Rev. R. C. Reed, delivered brief, but feeling and appropriate addresses, the former taking for his text: ‘Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.’

“The final hymn sung was: “‘How blest the righteous when he dies.’”

“The silver plate on the casket bore this inscription:

“ ‘Born November 23rd, 1862,
Julia Jackson Christian,
Died August 30th, 1889.’ ”

A private car was tendered by the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and the day following, we started on our sad, sad mission, and her precious remains were laid to rest by her father’s side, on Sunday, the 1st of September. A Lexington paper gives the following:

“As the procession moved up town (from the depot), the tolling bell solemnly vibrating, the sorrowful cortege and the crowd of bowed heads, made a scene of marked sadness. The casket, in which rested all that was mortal of ‘Stonewall’s’ child, was taken to the Presbyterian Church, and placed at the chancel. Choice flowers, the offerings of friends, came from all sections to cover her over. The silent visitors and Confederate heroes that reverently passed the bier in the dim soft light, impressed all with the solemnity and quietness of death. A sweet expression had left the countenance as if in repose, and those who availed themselves of taking one last look at the sweet face, shed tears of sorrow.” One remarked that it was ‘like beautiful wax work,’ in its purity and transparency—the body having been embalmed, was perfectly preserved.

“A detail of prominent citizens, representing the friends and old soldiers, guarded the remains through

the night watch. Sunday morning the church was crowded with the members of all denominations from all walks of life, the old soldiers being specially noticeable. After the choir sang a voluntary, 'Abide with me,' the pastor, Rev. Dr. T. L. Preston, opened the services with prayer, followed by hymn 193: 'Come to Jesus.' A prayer by Rev. Dr. E. D. Junkin was a most touching and earnest appeal to the throne. Dr. Preston preached a practical, appropriate sermon, and his remarks touching upon the personal and religious character of the deceased, brought tears into the eyes of many. He said that no hamlet, village, town or city in the Confederacy was in deeper sorrow than Lexington to-day at the death of this child of 'Stonewall' Jackson. He said, 'they have brought her here to rest under the shade of the trees, to be guarded by the tender affection, love and reverence of a patriotic people, who honor the illustrious name of her distinguished father.' As the funeral procession moved out of the church, the choir sang, 'Asleep in Jesus,' in a most touching manner."

Some weeks after her burial, we found in a Bible a request in her handwriting that the hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, come unto me and rest," should be sung at her funeral, but the discovery was not made in time to fulfill her wish, which otherwise would have been sacredly regarded.

At the cemetery, as the daughter was laid where she had wished to sleep, beside her father, the plaintive notes of "Rock of Ages," added a solemnity that was felt in the sternest hearts. Many battle-scarred veterans of the Confederacy, with heads bowed, in tears, watched the remains laid at rest. The grave was covered with

wreaths, bouquets, crosses, and at the head, a pillow in white roses, on which was set in purple flowers: "Julia." A large cross sent from Richmond adorned General Jackson's grave.

The following appeared in several papers:

"JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN."

"The death of no other private individual could have excited the great interest and caused the pangs of deep regret over the wide expanse of this Southern country that the one we to-day record produces.

"No other reminder so sad could have come to the old soldiers, or to the admirers of 'Stonewall' Jackson as the death of his only child. The children of great men, usually, only have the association in the minds of the people as being the offspring of their parents. But in Julia Jackson's case it was different. Her tender years, and her extreme infancy at the time of the death of her father, the touching and peculiar circumstances of his last sight of her; his death in the maturity of his fame and in the very zenith of his renown, and amidst his heroic deeds; the crisis and decline of the cause; all tended to draw the attention of his men to his infant child, and in the minds and affections of his scarred and battle-worn heroes, she became the 'Child of the Lost Cause.' She has always held a place in their esteem and has excited an interest and commanded a respect from the Confederate veterans which has been accorded to no other person outside of the army itself.

"She, too, has 'passed over the River' and sleeps—

rests in the sweet, still repose of our beautiful valley beside the remains of her illustrious father, at the home he loved so well in life.”

From the Central Presbyterian.

“JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN.

“There are strains of music wonderfully beautiful, which yet seem incomplete. They touch within us chords unreached by more finished compositions; they arouse desires, aspirations, for we know not what, something beyond, above us, something vaguely beautiful. We strive to put ourselves in the artist’s place; we have a great, wild yearning to know more of his idea; to know why he left unfinished this thing of wondrous beauty—why the thought seems suggested only—to lie forever incomplete. Such to human eyes seems the life which has just ended—the life over which a nation mourns—that of Julia Jackson. None but those who knew her well had any conception of the immense possibilities within her. Talents of very high order lay concealed, talents, which developed, might have made for her a name independent of the great name she bore because of her father’s deeds. It might well be said to be the irony of fate that her inherited greatness should have stood in the way of her personal development. Had she been the daughter of an obscure man, had she lived a quiet life and been, from earliest years, less the nation’s darling, few women of our country would have stood out more conspicuously for grandeur of character, and, perhaps, for literary fame. Her father’s noble char-

acter was distinctly hers. Truth, generosity, fortitude, bravery, an abhorrence of meanness, large capacity for self-denial—these were the distinguishing traits of her whom sorrowing friends have just laid to rest. Were not all these conspicuous in our own loved Southern hero? She was not called to fight on battle-fields for a country's freedom, but there are silent conflicts in every life, battles to be fought and won, in which gentle women are called to prove their heroism. But the lyre lies broken—the strain is unfinished. The beauty of the life, the noble thoughts it inspired are only a memory. Will it never be finished? Ah! yes, now that the ashen garments have fallen, she can 'resume the broken strain, without let or thrall.' Now she will know as she is known; now, seeing no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face with the Saviour she so much loved, she will be transformed into the same image from glory to glory. Day by day—hour by hour—she will grow more like Him, and the development for which we longed, which was so confidently expected, will be broader, wider, deeper than had ever been dreamed of. At best, here the life could have been but imperfect; there it will reach infinite perfection.

“Quietly the body lies sleeping amid the everlasting hills of beautiful Lexington, close to her father, covered with flowers, the last tribute of love and friendship. Unfinished we call her life, cut off in the midst of beautiful, useful womanhood. But the Master artist leaves nothing incomplete. The music begun here will be finished there, gloriously, perfectly.

“How we love to dwell on the resurrection morning, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, this

corruptible incorruption; when, without fault or blemish, we shall behold our loved ones—complete at last, clothed in the Saviour's righteousness, perfect as He is perfect." "M."

“ON THE DEATH OF ‘STONEWALL’ JACKSON’S
DAUGHTER.

“She peacefully sleeps by the warrior’s side,
This child of the warrior’s love;
While ‘the Mother of States’ weeps in sorrow again,
The angels are chanting above.

The father and child are united forever,
The spirit from bondage God frees.
On wings of his love she has ‘crossed o’er the river,’
And rests ’neath the shade of the trees.”

(Mrs. Wm. Jones in “Atlanta Constitution.”)

Many letters of condolence were received from Confederate officers, widows of officers, old soldiers, friends and strangers. Also a number of military associations, including the R. E. Lee Camp, the Richmond Howitzers, Grand Camp of Norfolk, First Alabama Regiment, Companies of New Orleans, Georgia, and perhaps other States, sent resolutions of respect and sympathy, all couched in language of devoted loyalty and love for the memories of both the father and daughter. The number of these tributes was so large that only a few extracts are culled from them, those relating to Julia alone. The first is from the pen of a young man of Richmond:

“I was on the ocean when I saw in a paper the announcement of the death of your sweet and beloved daughter. My wish was that I might be on land, in order to get to Lexington and be among those who paid their last tribute to her memory. It is customary, in speaking of such assemblages, to call them ‘the last tribute,’ and yet I know, in this instance, there can be no ‘last tribute’ paid to the memory of the beautiful young spirit whose sphere of existence has been changed in accordance with a divine plan, for to mention her name hereafter will be to pay her tribute, and with me the last tribute can only be paid when I have ceased to live. I have recalled for my gratification, over and over again, the recollection of her when she lived in Richmond. Her friendship I prized as a cherished possession. Her gentle and unselfish nature, her sunny presence, her charity of mind, impressed me from the first, and more intimate acquaintance with her but deepened these impressions, so that I have looked upon her friendship as gainful to me in the highest sense. How true and loyal she was to all that was good, noble and generous, was not better known than I knew it.”

The next is from a Presbyterian minister: “You know how fond I used to be of little Julia—and of Miss Julia—and how I have always admired and thought much of your lovely and remarkable child, whether under these names or her married title. I am sure you remember how, when she was a little thing in Lexington, she one day sprang into my lap (with the decision and celerity of the General himself), when she saw me hiding my face in my hands and pretending to cry, and then

threw her arms around my neck and kissed me! I can see her before me now as she rode up to me one day on Rex, and asked me to name him for her. The name I suggested did not comport with her ideas of his nobility. It was Miss Mildred Lee (was it not?) who afterwards hit upon his felicitous appellation. Maybe you can call to mind a conversation you and I once had about Julia, in which I ventured upon a minute description between the color of her eyes, and of her father's, to which you yourself assented. What a wonderful resemblance to be sure there was between them, not only in outline and expression of the countenance, but in traits of mind and character. I have lost a true and valued friend—in some respects the living image of the immortal man who was your husband! But—what is my loss to yours? Absolutely nothing. May God comfort and strengthen you!

“The secret of eternity contains many a lesson of Christ's discipline of his saints on the earth; and many a sweet, a noble, a precious, a rarely gifted and promising life was arrested, that it might be resumed and rounded out in heaven.”

A young cousin of hers wrote: “When I think of Julia, as I can remember her, from the time she was a baby in Hetty's arms, to the last time I saw her, looking so pretty and blooming, she seems to me one of the sweetest and noblest of women. I can recall so many incidents of our childhood, so characteristic of her truthfulness, her purity of mind, her generosity, and her ardent, affectionate nature.”

The next is from a friend of her girlhood: “That

the beautiful, joyous, radiant young life, that on my wedding day threw its gladness around me for the last time, has gone above, to shine forth more beautiful and radiant than ever, I cannot realize. I shall always think of her in the fresh bloom of girlhood, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks aglow with health and happiness, surrounded by a room full of admiring friends. I seem to hear the quick, bright answer with which she met each remark. The impression she made in Charleston then makes her death not only a national sorrow, but a personal one to many. Some day, we know not how soon, we, too, will join

“Earth’s pure-hearted ones, walking in white,
Under the shade of the trees.”

A mother who had a similar bereavement, wrote: “What strange creatures we are! As a maiden, when she received so many public demonstrations of interest and admiration, every Southern heart thrilled with pride and pleasure. Now, when she is called by the King of Kings, to be crowned with immortal beauty and glory, and to meet the sainted father, whose last smile rested upon her infantile face, our heads are bowed in sorrow, and we question the goodness of God, in taking one so young, and so essential to the happiness of others.”

A young ministerial friend said: “Her life was one which developed very rapidly the Christian graces, and her spiritual womanhood seemed to have quickly matured, so that she was being prepared for her early exchange of earth’s trials for Heaven’s blessedness and

glory. I have often thought of the father's glad welcome to his 'darling.' ”

From St. Paul and Minneapolis comes the next. One lady with whom she lived in the same house, said: “I never admired and loved any one I ever met in my life more than I did your darling daughter.”

Another wrote: “I learned to love her sweet, bright face, and winsome manners, when she lived across the way from us. I shall always be glad that I knew her, even for a little while.”

A warm Southerner in Minneapolis: “Thousands, who never saw her, are mourning for her to-day, for the daughter of our immortal chieftain is enshrined in the heart of every loyal Southerner, and in their sorrow for her, they mourn afresh the loss of their beloved General, and bury again that precious Lost Cause. We, who were privileged to know her, have a deeper sting to our grief, and mourn in personal bereavement. We all remember her with so much pleasure—her fair face; her lovely character. She was one of those precious ones whom we take into our hearts and weave into our lives. Her loss is great and far-reaching, for though Faith clasps the promise, and Hope points upward, yet our hearts are heavy, and our sunshine darkened.”

Our California friends also showed their sorrow for her, one saying: “I can recall the gentle, kindly, lovable woman, and I feel sure that ‘of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’ ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for

they shall see God.' Heroic husband and beloved daughter are united. I believe that you can see

"The stars shine through your cypress trees."

Another wrote: "In expressing my heartfelt sympathy, I only give voice to the same sorrow that reigns throughout the South—a sorrow that is as deep as was the love for General Jackson."

Our pastor, Rev. Dr. Miller, wrote from London, and after expressing his profound sorrow and sympathy, went on to say: "That Sunday afternoon scene in your home, when she stood up before me and presented her babe for baptism, has been frequently before my mind since, and contemplated with a tender pleasure. Would that I could have had the sad privilege of ministering to her through the closing scene! But I know that the Angel of the Everlasting Covenant was with her, comforting her with sweet assurances of His presence and His love, and, folding her in His gentle arms, bore her to His happy home above. I felt a deep interest in her, not only for her dear mother's and illustrious father's sakes, but as being a lamb of my flock, received by me into the full communion of the church, a precious lamb, to whom was given the Shepherd's tender love. And the dear little lambs she left! Oh! may the gracious Heavenly Father watch over them ever with a yearning affection, guard them unceasingly from every snare, and lead them into the green pastures and beside the still waters of His church above, is the prayer of their loving pastor."

