

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife I've been to church to-day -
Been to a stylish one -
And seeing you can't go from home,
I'll tell you what was done,
You would have been surprised to see
What I saw there to-day;
The sisters were fixed up so fine,
They hardly bowed to pray.

I had on those coarse clothes of mine -
Not much the worse for wear -
But then they knew I wasn't on -
"They call a millionaire!"
So they led the old man to a seat
Away back by the door,
'Twas dookless and un cushioned,
A reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon there came a stranger
With gold ring and cloaking air -
They led to a cushioned seat
Far in advance of mine;
I thought that wasn't exactly right,
To seat him up so near,
When he was young and I was old,
And very hard to hear.

But then there was no accounting
For what some people do;
The finest clothing now-a-days
Of gets the finest pew;
But when we reach the blessed home,
All undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth begging at the gate,
While poverty goes in.

I could not hear the sermon,
I sat so far away,
So through the hours of service
I could only "watch and pray,"
Watch the doings of the Christians
Sitting near me round about;
Pray that God would make them pure within
As they were pure without.

-From the *Christian Journal*-

STONEWALL JACKSON.

In the autobiography of Joseph W. Revere, entitled "Keel and Saddle," and published by Osgood and Co., of Boston, a few pages are devoted to the late "Stonewall" Jackson. The first relates to a conversation with Jackson on a Mississippi steamer in the spring of 1852. Revere tells the story thus, and we give his narrative here with some doubts, but perhaps worthy consideration:

Among my fellow passengers on the steamer was Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson, of the United States Army, who seemed at first a remarkably quiet, reserved, although very intelligent officer, and with whom I soon became acquainted, for there is everywhere a sort of camaraderie among officers of the two services which attracts them to each other in a crowd of strangers. For several days the inland voyage continued, and our nights were partly spent upon the hurricane deck of the steamer engaged in conversation.

One of these conversations was so peculiar that it fixed it upon my memory, and subsequent events proved it worthy of record, although, I confess, I hesitate to put in writing anything which seems to border so nearly on the marvellous.

One clear starlight night, as we glided alone the calm river, our conversation turned upon the firmament and its countless orbs that looked down upon us. Jackson asked me if I had ever been induced to take a flight from the study of nautical astronomy, practised by all the naval officers, into the realms of astrology. I replied that I had always been interested more or less in those mathematical studies required in nautical calculations; and that, from the exact rules demanded for working the various problems of the ephemeris, I had sometimes, to amuse the idle hours of a life, worked out the nativities of my shipmates. I had even taken Zulu's Almanac and used his rules,

but without believing in the science of judicial astrology. Jackson, however, was not so incredulous, although it was evident that he had not then decided fully within himself as to the truth or falsehood of this exploded science.

"Why," said he, "should we be ridiculed for believing in this as in other occult sciences in this nineteenth century? Magnetism! magnetic somnambulism! - who shall say that the science of aerostation will not be made practically useful to mankind? Why should not the buoyant and elastic element surrounding our earth be made the vehicle of transportation from clime to clime for man and his increasing necessities? I will go farther, and ask, Who can doubt but that it will eventually be so used like its twin-element upon which we are now afloat? The means of directing those forces which we know exist have not yet been discovered; but that does not prove that the air will not some day find its Fulton or its Watt. The imperfect vision of things often appears to the intelligence before the things themselves. The learned are free to confess their ignorance, but they should not elevate it into a principle. They may understand and explain an immense number of phenomena, but the causes of those often entirely escape them, or they are compelled to take them upon trust as insoluble mysteries. Ask these savans the why and the wherefore of the natural actions they investigate, and they assume a solemn air and refer you to the fabulous ages of science. It is much easier to deny any relation of spirits to matter than to demonstrate it."

"If the illuminati of the middle ages have not made sciences at least we cannot deny they have made poetry. Sentiment led them into the sphere of illusion, it is true; but illusion is often the shadow of truth. Let it be remembered that Kepler was an astrologer. The mathematician Cardan relates that the events of his life were announced to him through dreams, presentiments and apparitions, by his familiar genius and by the movements of the stars. And these were strong minded men. Even Napoleon believed in his destiny, and is said to have carried his belief in the supernatural further than his historians will admit. Those bright orbs above us are living creatures. Each one of them is animated by a certain intelligence gifted with forces, and they act directly upon our planet. Each ray of light falling to earth finds its destination in the animate world. Not a living being, not even a flower, but has its patron and guide on high in one of those orbs suspended in ether. Why should not this wonderful influence transmitted through space, this communion of souls as it may be called, this correspondence of the spheres, forming a universal bond of union, determine also the destinies of the beings they are known to influence? Whenever one of those worlds approaches another, does not each endeavor to draw the other within the sphere of its attraction? And who in this day will deny the Newtonian theory?"

"To foretell events, to pierce the heavy mist that conceals from us the secrets of fate, is a universal longing of the human heart. This longing is felt in the hut of the savage as well as in the palaces of the great. So fierce and universal a desire must be one of nature's mysteries. She has already opened our eyes to so many it cannot be that she means to deceive us in this one."

"If we do not read in the great book eternally open before us in the skies, as we have already done in that book the leaves of

which are in the strata of the earth, it is because we have only learned to spell as yet in the alphabet of mystery."

Before we parted at Pittsburg, a day or two after this conversation, I had given Jackson the necessary data for calculating his horoscope and in the course of a few months I received from him a letter, which I preserved, enclosing a scheme of my nativity. As any one who may have calculated these schemes by the rules must know, a horoscope may be interpreted in various, even contradictory, terms by different persons, and this was no exception to the rule. The only reason I had for remembering it at all was that our destinies seemed to run in parallel lines, and so far it was remarkable. It was this peculiarity that caused Jackson to communicate with me and the reason why I laid it carefully aside for a re-examination.

The several planets were placed in their respective houses above and below the horizon, and Saturn being near the meridian and approaching a square with the moon, great danger was to be apprehended by the native at the period when the aspect became complete. Mars also bore a threatening aspect, while Jupiter was below the horizon and semi-sextilo, which was not altogether unfavorable. There was no trine, and the sextile was weak. Altogether, from the evil aspect of the square of Saturn, which threatened an opposition - that most dreaded of all the evil aspects of the heavens - the scheme was quite dangerous and malign.

The precise time and nature of the threatened danger, requiring a second calculation accompanied the scheme, prognosticating the culmination of the malign aspect within some ten years, or during the first days of May, 1863, at which time the native ran great risk of life and fortunes; but, in case he survived that peril, the ominous period would never again recur.

In his letter Jackson says: "I have gone over these calculations several times, as their result is almost an exact reproduction of my own. It is clear to me that we shall both be exposed to a common danger at the time indicated."

Having but little faith in the almost forgotten and altogether repudiated science of astrology, I took little heed of either his scheme of nativity or his letter, regarding the former as ingenious, but as merely a proof of an ardent and somewhat enthusiastic temperament, while I little imagined at that time that the rather unpolished and rugged exterior of Lieutenant Jackson concealed a character destined to become famous among his countrymen.

The second extract relates to the circumstances attending Jackson's death.

I served in the army until after the battle of Chancellorsville, participating in all its important engagements, and the greater part of the time commanding a brigade. At the battle above named I was an involuntary witness of an event which had an important bearing on the issue of the war, and which has been a subject of prolonged controversy. I refer to the death of Stonewall Jackson. The circumstances under which I acquired the right to give testimony in the matter were somewhat remarkable, and I here give a full statement of them:

The left of my brigade line lay near the plank road at Chancellorsville, and after night had fallen I rode forward, according to my invariable habit, to inspect my picket line. The moon had risen and partially illuminated the woods. I began my inspection on the right of the picket line, pro-