

customary forms of worship, seeking for themselves a home amid their people, she would forget her selfish love; he saw that with such a character force was not to be employed. He turned to gentleness and argument.

leave Salvador, perhaps forever! Those who have felt the foreboding pang of parting with what to them was all of life and hope, can feel for the despairing heart, the bodiless, wailing soul, that cried aloud for help. She obtained permission to visit once more her mother's grave alone, and through Carmela it was arranged that Salvador should meet her there. The mulatto woman accompanied her thither. Manassah deemed it had bribed her to fidelity, he little knew the reasons for her broken faith.

It was a delicious autumn afternoon; but in that land of unending beauty the earth was robbed in all its summer gorgeousness. Over the sea the sunbeams flashed, and answering diamonds seemed to dance upon the rippling waves; clouds, roseate and golden, lay upon the mountain heights; afar, on the horizon's verge, fantastic landscapes shone in fairy hues of purple, green and gold, crimson and azure, the cloud-land of the poet's realm. The early evening of birds issued from the thickly clustering groves; the increase of the flowers was poured upon the cooling air; the music of the ocean waves mingled with the Arabian whistlings of the breeze, so richly freighted with the forest's spicy greetings. The crystal waters dashing from the hillside, speeding gleefully amid the cedars' ranks, fell into the awaiting pass beneath, and mingled with the river's sunlit flow, that meandering, rippling softly, sped on its quiet way beyond the quiet, rude bridge that traversed the town; faithful to their destiny, the waters rushed into the salt embrace of ocean, ever singing, ever peaceful, ever clear.

Cosella paced along the beach, her long black veil drawn over her pale face—the tear-filled eyes would conceal from all the passers by, her mourning dress trailed in the sand; her hair gathered up the fullon blossoms, the fragrant leaves, that strewed the ground. She looked upon the sea, the hills, the sky; life's burden was so toilsome, its pressure so heavy on the untired heart, she wept for rest, and even prayed for death's deliverance.

But when she reached the grave, the hallowed stillness surrounding it, that was occasionally broken by the chant of birds, the murmur of the sea, she felt rebuked and silenced. Even from the cold marble, a tone of love, sweet, calm, and reassuring, spoke to her soul of life and hope. Carmela walked upon the beach; while weeping, praying, and expectant, the orphan stood beside the lonely grave.

The willow drooped its branches lovingly above that sheltered spot; the trailing vines clasped round the cold, white stone, their blue and crimson flowers mingling with the jessamine stars, the fragrant roses, the falling clusters of sweet magnolia. It was as a flower garden, that weary wanderer's last resting place. It was the home so longed for, close by the sea, beneath the willow's shade, amid the forest's silence, and the dower's sweet breath!

She was kneeling by the tomb, her tear-filled eyes upraised to the illumined glory of the heavens, her small hands crossed upon the aching breast; her dark curls, lifted by the caressing winds, left free the pale young face, so prematurely stamped with sorrow, the brow so full of thought.

She heard a slight rustling amid the branches; she did not move, but a soft blush dyed her cheek, a sweet hope filled her being. Salvador, having exchanged a few words with Carmela, stood before her.

He looked upon her with a questioning, plying glance; a shadow of tender compassion stole across his face, proud face; a sigh escaped his heart. The voice in which he said "Cosella" was melodious with the breathings of pity only. Alas, for her! the inexperienced, blinded, trusting girl—she deemed it the melody of love!

He raised her gently from her kneeling posture, and sat down on the flower-studded ground beside her. She looked into his face with all the truthfulness, the unguessed affection of her nature; and with tear drops freshly gathering in her saddened and beseeching eyes, said mournfully:—

"I must leave you, Salvador!"

"Leave me?" He looked searchingly into the appealing face. There was surprise in his tone; was there the sorrow of love?

"Yes," she continued; and the gathered heart-dew rolled slowly down her cheeks, and studded, like diamond drops, the folds of her mourning garb.

"My father intends to sail for Europe in the first vessel that offers, and I must accompany him. Oh, Salvador! you know not that he is cruel, unjust, unkind. Never, never can I tell you all I have suffered and still endure! Oh, I fear, I dread, this journey! Salvador, I shall never behold thee again!"

The floodgates were opened for that hour; the poignant self-control gave way. With sobs and incoherent speech, interlarded with long suffering, wild with grief, she implored deliverance of him who she loved so fondly, purely.

"Oh, save me from my father's cruelty, from this cold and bitter separation! Salvador, friend, brother, all to me! take me to thy home, thy refuge, thy protection! I cannot go with him across the sea!"

For a moment, wild and fleeting, a strong temptation crept into the soul of Salvador del Monte; his arms were outstretched involuntarily to the lovely suppliant, longing to rest upon his sheltering bosom. But there was good within that soul, at least then, in that sunset hour of loneliness and calm. The watching angels had averted the danger of which she dreamed not, knew not; sorrow was in the young Cosella's path, but sin was put aside.

"Listen to me, my loved, my good Cosella," he replied, and his voice trembled with emotion. "I cannot take thee to my home, for I have none; my parents are in their grave. I can offer thee no safe asylum; and I cannot—well thee—yet. I cannot explain, dearest, not now! There is one way for thee—see from thy cruel father to the protecting arms of the Church. Thou wilt find friends. But if thou wouldst follow the advice of him who loves thee, Cosella—he, who would not behold thee wretched, submit for one short year more. At its expiration, if thou dost not return, I will follow, seek thee, do all things for thy happiness!"

"You will? My father vows never to return to this land. Will you, indeed, seek me? Salvador, I trust thy word, thy faith, for thou art all of earth to me!"

"I am unworthy of such love, such pure devotion! Mother of God forgive me!" murmured the young man.

"You unworthy! who then on earth is true and honorable? Oh, speak not so humbly of thyself, thou art friend of the orphan!"

Those pure and loving eyes! they burned deep into his soul; that voice so eloquently pleading! it aroused all the dormant good within. He could have folded her to his heart, and knelt before her as to some saving angel; but he resisted the impulse—he kept his new-formed vow.

the spontaneous heart warmth so innocent and unexpressed, she said:

"Promise me, on my mother's grave, Salvador, that you will not forget me—that you will sincerely fulfill your promise, and I will brave and suffer all!"

He replied with seeming fervor and tenderness: "I promise, Cosella! within a year I will rejoin you; I will write and tell me where you are. If in the uttermost end of the world, I will find you!"

"My mother's spirit hears you, Salvador! And here, the most sacred spot of earth to me, will I give to you my pledged vow. In one year's time I will become a daughter of your church. Were she living, I feel she would not blame me. Here, take this ring—it was my mother's; take it as a token and a memory of the faithful Cosella. Oh, think of me—pray for me often! Forget me not!"

She leaned against the monument for a moment, lost in the pain of parting. Deep sighs heaved the breast of Salvador. She deemed the tribute of a grief shared with her own. He knew his sorrow was wrong from feeling's depths by the retributive, ever watchful hand of remorse!

"God is here!" said Cosella, low and fervently. "He hears our words, and reads our secret hearts; in his Divine presence, before the angels that unseen surround us, for my peace and faint heart's sake! repeat once more thy promise!"

Slow, as with a painful effort, and his face was pale, she answered:

"In the presence of God, upon this hallowed spot I swear to thee! no other woman shall ever become my wife!"

A solemn stillness followed, amid which the young girl's heart beat rapturously; with head inclined and folded hands, she had listened to a benediction from above. The twilight, sudden and star-lighted as it comes in that tropical climate, had overspread the heavens. The vesper song of birds was hushed; upon the still air chimed the evening bells.

"Farewell, Cosella—beloved and true—farewell!" said Salvador. "I dare not enter thy doors. I do not visit Donna Teresa, and even there I could not see thee. But I will behold thee once more ere you leave our shores. Carmela will arrange it. See, the stars have come; 'tis time for thee to retrace thy way. Farewell, Cosella; God and good angels guide thee ever!"

"Farewell, farewell! dear Salvador. My blessing and my love go with thee!" she replied, amid her tears.

He took her hand, he held it long and tenderly, and pressed on it a reverential, parting kiss. "Good, pure and true," he murmured, "once more farewell!"

She held his hand a moment; one more fond look into his face; her girlish lips were impressed on her mother's ring, her token gift to him. It was the first and last caress that passed between them. Cosella stood alone beside her mother's grave, his farewell nestling to her heart with glowing promise.

Salvador hastened from the spot with sorrow in his soul; he said no word to the awaiting Carmela; he rushed past the calm moon-veiled scene with flying steps, averted eye, and troubled heart. Perhaps in that parting hour he truly loved the guileless, unsuspecting, and devoted girl.

Cosella returned home with peace and hope admitted to her soul. She announced to her father that she was willing to obey his commands, and leave Santa Lucia whenever he desired.

"So, so, no more rebellion!" he muttered to himself; "she is becoming sensible. I really feared she would throw herself upon the protection of some of these cursed ideologues! I see the thought has never entered her head. Once away from here, she will forget all her youthful nonsense. She will make a good Jewess yet. I will guard her from all outside influences. I will be good and kind to her, and give her presents, so she shall forget all harsh treatment. Give a woman a pair of new gloves, or a costly trinket, and you mean her from all sorrow. I thank my Creator, who has not made me a woman."

Manassah took his daughter to the shops next day, and bought her several dresses and a costly veil of black lace. She smiled in acknowledgement, wondering in her heart how man could be so blind as to seek to heal heart wounds with external gifts.

When apprised of her departure, Teresa do Almiria loudly expressed her sorrow, and urged Cosella to remain and join the church, which would prove her support and refuge; but she had promised, and would not retract; in a confidential hour she told her friend of her betrothal to Salvador del Monte.

The speaking face of Teresa was overcast with an expression of sadness and alarm; she was about to make some impulsive reply, to enter a protest or give advice; but Cosella, who had not noticed the change in her friend's countenance, said in those doctored, fervent tones so usual with her:

"Much as I love you, my mother's friend, I would not be willing to return but for his sake, for I have suffered here so much."

"But if he—oh circumstances prevent the fulfillment of his promise, Cosella?"

"I will return, if in the given time he comes not, though I return as a beggar! I will join your belief—I will be unto you as a daughter."

"The Holy Virgin and all the Saints strengthen your resolve, my child!" said the lady; and she knew that through human love she was linked to the new faith. Teresa do Almiria was a zealous enthusiast in religion—she calculated well.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY N. H. G.

Down, far down, were the mists of error; Up, far up, were the stars of Heaven; In the west was a gleam of glory, And in the east was the morning dawn.

And moved in the space enchanted, 'Till the sky and the valley banded, And as guarding the twin slowly Wandering there the ethereal holy.

Curled on the brow of one were lying: Hardly raised by the white low slanting; Long bright locks in the air were waving, Down and check of the other lay.

Love was around them: love pervaded All the air as the twilight faded; Paled slow, and a summer even Slops alone in the cloudless heaven.

And still, and the angels only, Dreading there in the quiet lonely, Knew how strong was the love that bound them, Knew how pure was the sphere around them.

Every thought was a holy prayer; Every sigh was an angel's sigh; Every word was a tone of Heaven, But in love to the earth given.

Dark had dropped over the golden tresses; Swiftly calm were the feet crossed; Slow the steps, and the hours flew by them, Smiling back to the angels high them.

On they passed, and the shades descended, Hiding within the lower world; On they passed, and a wanderer lonely Walked with God and the angels only.

GLIMPSES IN ENGLAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER FIVE.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Ye smiling walls where often echoes gleamed, And the soft minstrel's echo chimed the car; Alas! how changed your dreamy haunts appear— The solitary screech-owl's dark dole! Where in your public hall with graceful ease, Trip'd with light heel once fairy forms divine; Now clamping ivy round the columns twine, And leafy weeds infect the midnight breeze.

No more with burnished raiment proudly glow Those turrets waiting in the Northern blast, But in your halls, on the eastern east, Heap the wild ruins on the plain level!

Mingling with dust thy mighty towers are told: So men, and all his nobles works, short fade.

ONE HOUR AND A QUARTER, and we promised our reader to be at Kenilworth amid the ancient ruins of Kenilworth Castle. So we should have been, if the scenery along the railway had been a little less enticing, and we had not stopped to contemplate the level meadows and still green fields, as they stretched away in unbroken evenness or in soft undulations.

Every now and then, as we slowly jogged along, we caught glimpses of the crystal Avon, as its silver stream stretched away, now hidden amid the embowering trees, now resting in some deep pool as if it would never move again, now careering away in some open space, rippling against its banks, leaping, dancing, singing, leaping into little water brakes with such joyous murmurs as we felt would understand.

Above some distant clumps of wood, lifting into view a modern tower, or the ruin of some trifling turret, leading interest to the scene. In fact, every way the eye turned it fell upon exquisite views, now over a long stretch of valley closed in the far distance by the shadowy outline of a grand array of mountains.

But we will not describe the scenery on the road. What we have said must be regarded as our apology for not having kept our word as regards time. Five miles in twenty-five minutes, through such scenes, is impossible. If our reader doubts it, let him or her take the same road which we took, and if we are beaten, we shall simply console ourselves by saying the winning party is either blind or very nearsighted.

But here we are at Kenilworth, the ruins of whose castle may fairly count comparison with any of those time-worn relics of feudal days which yet remain to England—whether they be regarded on account of their picturesque situation, their magnitude and state of preservation, or the historic associations connected with them.

It is not alone the artist, the antiquarian, and the historian, who visit them to their grateful homes, each at his own peculiar shrine; nor yet alone for the glorious tales which the rising or the setting sun casts upon those grey old towers; nor for the effects of light and shade which the moon displays when she pours her silver flood of light through the deep windows, or plays upon the rustling mantle of ivy which narrows the lofty pile; it is not alone that here may be traced the successive changes of domestic architecture, from the Norman keep of Geoffrey de Clinton, to the gateway of Robert Dudley, and the residence of Cromwell's commissioner; it is not alone that these walls were beleaguered by the Plantagenets, and held by de Montfort's men, that they witnessed the captivity of the second Edward, and the triumph of Mortimer, that John of Gaunt, time honored Lancaster, had here a favorite abode, that Henry VIII. had special liking for the spot, and that Charles I. completed the purchase of it; it is not for these reasons alone that thousands of steps are yearly turned toward Kenilworth; and that the monster type of the nineteenth century disgorges its multitudes daily to visit the tall keep which is the type of the twelfth. Kenilworth has other sources than these, which shall attract wherever the literature of Great Britain is known. It is a spot around which the wand of an enchanter has cast the spell of its most potent attraction, and it owes no small share of its world-wide fame to the pen of the Scottish novelist.

This is Kenilworth's chief charm; this makes it holy ground to a great bulk of its visitors; for not only his own countrymen, but the whole race of children men do homage to the genius of Scott, and every nation sends him its representatives to render it. Here may be met the Russian, French and Italian tourist, the student of Salamanca and of Heidelberg, beside many a pilgrim from the "Far West," and for one can say that, despite our republican prejudices and associations, we felt a sort of reverence when first our footsteps echoed in the ruined halls of England, and we delighted to think that the land of our forefathers, ourself the kindred of the Saxon race.

In the consecrated ground of the monks of Kenilworth, a small, glimmering stone lifts its head, proclaiming that beneath it rests a daughter of Columbia, who crossed the broad Atlantic, to view the scene of such a tale as Scott's, to return no more, and that her dying wish to sleep beneath the shade of its vines was not denied her. But we must.

Late in the afternoon we brought up in Kenilworth town, not a little weary from our tramp, which stands itself among the first of our pedestrian efforts. By the advice of a good-natured countryman, we made our way to the "King's Arms," where, after having made "beautifully less" a smoking hot chop and a mug of beer, we took our way directly to the castle. It is not much to say that even in its ruin this castle is one of the most imposing and interesting piles anywhere to be seen—whether we consider the fine, quiet, old English beauty of the scenery around, so softly undulating in its surface, so calm and hushed in its feelings, as though it had been charmed to sleep some thousand years ago, nor had ever been roused again by the rushing wings of time and change bearing the centuries on in their course; the apocryphal towers, the lordly parks, with their old ancestral trees, hanging with friendly shade over the memories of generations who once lingered at their feet, and who now lie sleeping in their neighborhood—or whether we reflect on its connection with the living history of a period gone by, when king and baron were so often rival names, when the sword was the sole umpire in every doubt, and when there mingled with their fiercest feuds.

"Words to read blood another day," or whether we connect it with the deep fancies and glowing imagery of fiction; peopling it again to the eye of our fancy with all the pomp and pageantry of Elizabeth, the "princely pleasures," which vailed on the maiden queen; the pale-faced, false-hearted Leicester; the dark infancy of Vane; the roistering jollity of Mike Lamhouse; the heart-rending wrongs of the beautiful and high-souled Amy;—in whatever aspect we view it, it takes possession of our heart, and compels us to feel that we are in contact with something which must ever awaken strong sympathies with an object of historic and human interest, and which few can contemplate without emotion.

We shall not attempt to give anything like a full history of the castle, but we deem it will not be entirely labor lost to set down a few of the more prominent facts connected with it.

It was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, in the year 1120, and continued some time in his family. We find it in the hands of Henry II. at the time of the rebellion against him by his eldest son, being then used by him for the accommodation of a garrison. It was afterwards granted by Henry III. to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and his countless Elmor, although only for life; a gift for which the return, on the part of the baron, was certainly the opposite of what every principle of honor and of gratitude would have dictated—since he not only took up arms against his sovereign, but, having appointed a governor over it, he converted this very castle into a great rendezvous for those ill-fated nobles who might be disposed to join him in his insurrection. In connection with this it underwent a remarkable siege, in which the great strength of the structure became sufficiently apparent. The nobles having been defeated by the king at Evesham, on August 4, 1265, and the leader of the revolt, the unfortunate Simon de Montfort, with many of his adherents, slain, it was resorted to by his son and these in con-

erney with him, who had succeeded in making their way from the scene of defeat, and by him was held for six months against all the attempts of the king. Such was the strength of the place, and the dogged determination of its defenders, that the efforts of the besiegers were set at naught, and it was only through famine and sickness that the place, after a very long period, was reduced.

Kenilworth Castle was the scene of a splendid entertainment, combining the amusements of the tournament and the dance, in the time of Edward I. Knights, native and foreign, of the highest distinction, were present on the occasion; while many ladies, "reclined in silken attire"—no small mark of ladyhood in those days—did not disdain to caliver the scene. It was a season of high merrill, and of amity as well, as violation of which was scrupulously guarded against by the chivalrous expedient of the round table at their meals, by which all questions of precedence were necessarily taken out of the way.

When Edward III. took the throne, a considerable step in civilization and social manners was obtained, and the castle shared in the advance. In the reign of this prince, it came into the possession of John of Gaunt, Earl of Lancaster, who improved and very materially enlarged it; from him passing to his son Henry IV. It continued with the crown until Elizabeth gifted it to her haughty and unprincipled favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. To this Earl it was indebted for much improvement and still further enlargement, and, as we suppose is pretty well known, was the scene of one of the most splendid entertainments to royalty, in the person of Queen Elizabeth, of which the annals of by-gone times can boast. This entertainment commenced on July 19, 1575, and continued for seventeen days, each day costing the Earl £1000, an enormous sum for that period. We extract from a letter by Master Robert Lambaem, who was present during these seventeen days, a small part of his description, to convey if possible some idea of the extent to which the gayeties were carried. Commencing with the arrival of Elizabeth, he says:—

"The Queen was met in the park, about a night about from the bays, and first gate of the castle, by one of the ten abbess, comely clad in a pale of white silk, who said a proper piece in English rhyme and meter. This her majestic benignly accepted, and passed forth unto the next gate of the bays, which, for the length, largeness, use, they now call the tilt-yard, where a porter, tall of person, and wrapped also in silk, with a club and keel of quantities according, had a rough speech, full of passions, in meter apy made to the purpose. Then six trumpeters, clad in long garments of silk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, sounded a tune of virens. Then her highness, all along this tilt-yard, rode onto the inner gate, where a person representing the Lady of the Lake, (famous in King Arthur's books), with too nymphs waiting upon her, arrayed all in silk, attended her highness cumming. From the middle of a pool, where was a moveable island bright, blazing with torches, the Lady of the Lake floated to land, and greeted her majestic with a well-learned meter, expressing the adulation of the castle, and the dignity of the castle of Leicester. A burst of music closed this part of the ceremony. Over a dais vailed leading to the castle's gate, where they framed a tiny bridge; and upon the first pair of steps were set two comely, square, wry faces, having in their lives bladders, abbeverals, hear-berths, Godwits, and such like, doleful byrds. On the second pair were two great ivory balls, festally aped to the purpose, fide with apy, pear, orange, poun-garnet, lemons, etc. On a third pair of steps in two such ivory balls, had (all in ears green and gold) wheat, barley, oats, etc. The fourth post on the left hand had grape in clusters, whyto and red; and the match post against it had a pair of great, white, silver livery pots for wyne. The fifth pair had each a large large tray, streaked with fresh grass, containing specimens of sea-birds, no little gifts for an inland host. On the sixth post were set two ragged slaves of sylvar, as my lord gives them in verse. Over the castle gate, of almost thousand depending. Over the castle gate, on a table beautifully garnished above, with her highness array, was inscribed a Latin poem. This was read to her by a poet, in a long comely garment, with a Bay Garland on his head and asked in his hand. So passing into the inner court, her majestic (she never rides but alone) there sat down from her paltry, was conveyed up to chamber, when after did follow a great peal of gunz and lightning by fireworks."

Lambaem goes on to say that lasted seventeen days with every pastime the age could produce. The hart was hunted in the park; the dance was proclaimed in the gallery, and from noon until midnight the tables were loaded with sumptuous cheer. As a proof of the hospitable spirit of the Earl, Lambaem observes, that "the clock bell rang not a note all the while her highness was there; the clock also still withheld; the hands of both the table stood firm and fast, always pointing to ten o'clock, the hour of banquet!"

The park was peopled with mimic gods and goddesses, to surprise the royal visitant with complimentary dialogues and poetical representations. Every hour had its peculiar sport. Tumblers displayed their feats of agility; dancers went through their evolutions, and thirteen lears were baited for the gratification of the courtiers. During the queen's stay, five gentlemen were honored with knighthood, and "myne persons wear curd of the peynful and dangerous disease called King's Evil."

By the Earl of Leicester, the castle was left to his brother Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, for life, and after various vicissitudes it again became the property of the crown, and finally fell into the hands of Cromwell in the great civil war of that period. That rigorous warrior and statesman, but most rude iconoclast, too little troubled by antiquarian or aesthetic weaknesses, gave up the whole matter to his officers, by whom the castle was recklessly dismantled, and in the mingled spirit of vandalism and mammon-worship its very material was disposed of for money.

Thus the Castle of Kenilworth may figuratively be said to have died an inglorious death. A mighty building, like mighty chieftain, seems to fall with constant majesty when it sinks beneath the pressure of conflict, and the general havoc of a wide field of carnage; but this castle crumbled into ruins under the petty assaults of sordid hands, banishment, and without one contending hero to sign over its destruction. But the hand of degradation is now stopped, and the fragments, left to the slow ravages of time, are likely to remain the memorials of baronial grandeur for the melancholy gratification of many a succeeding age.

Having become familiar with the most striking features in the history of this remarkable castle, we will, in our next, proceed to describe the existing ruins as they presented themselves to us.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY NEW FOUND BROTHER.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

My new found brother, need I tell How dear thou art to me, how much I prize The friendship which thou art, and how I dwell Where every sorrow's passion dies?

O! brother far than youth's bright dreams Of love too full for time, 'tis said, Arose when some eye took back in beams Brynned apy self-sufficing shade.

As mine I melt thy well-told thought, And soon thy presence smothered known; At go thy hands with healing fraught, An faith, fraternal, in mine own.

Brightly calm joys come vision less, And Love's faint light's on hand; Yell-hose may often doubly bless, When thou art with anxious yearnings stars.

Still both are ours that life theme— Thy rosy rays with each one bloom; And faded souls above resume To converse poor their light here look.

God light's length on foods the earth! Thy love bears me my help each other— Right soon shall reign, rewarding worth, And soon to shine, my new-found brother.

First Given, M. E. 1880.

WHAT IS CARBON?

NUMBER SEVEN.

When a quince seedling tree has been successfully inoculated with both an apple and pear bud, the result is the production of these three varieties of fruit. Each bud originates a limb, the wood of which and the fruit grown thereon is kindred to that from whence the bud was taken. It is from the uniformity of this and kindred phenomena, that we say "like begets like."

It is a part of the economy of nature, but however different may be these several limbs, or the pulp fruit grown thereon, each and all are regarded alike by science as being carbon. When we apply the principle of "like begets like" in our effort to solve why they so differ, we must either assume a corresponding variety of "elementary carbon" thus composing the wood and fruits, or ascribe the difference to the special character of each acting life, governed by "like begets like" in its exerted powers on matter. If we assume the former, the chemist ought to demonstrate the same, as he claims to find carbon a simple element and constituent of air. But it is not pretended that he does or can find, on his analyses of air, the suggested variety, to account for the difference in the wood. If we take the latter proposition, we must either assume there are varieties of that essence, or something we call life, or that the speciality of life consists in the degree and character of its unfolded condition of being. As we cannot chemically detect life, or sensually determine its real nature of being, we may not conclude these are the suggested varieties thereof; but we may, from a great variety of phenomena in nature, infer there is a great variety in the conditions of its unfolded being. Hence I assume that the acting life of the quince, apple and pear limb is the same in essence, and alike emanations from a common fountain source, while the special character of each consists in the condition of its unfolded being. Therefore each, being special in condition of unfolding, would have its corresponding special aspirations and wants. Governed by "like begets like," each would act specially on matter, attracting such only, and in such proportions, as it specially wanted, and rejecting all else. If carbon is a primary and simple element, there could be no choice by such life, except in the proportions it needed for organizing a physical. But I do not know of any experiments showing such difference in the proportions of carbon in the wood referred to. If it be, as alleged, a compound, consisting of nitrogen and hydrogen, then it is clear that each life, in its analyses of the air it breathes and the water it drinks, could and would apply to its uses for a physical just such proportions of each as it specially needed. Hence we find some plants need pure air, and but little water, comparatively with others; because some need and use a greater proportion of nitrogen, and a loss of hydrogen, for organizing its physical; while others have affinities directly the reverse. But this point can be further illustrated by another course of reasoning.

In a course of lectures on agriculture etc., in the course of delivery at Yale College, I noticed in the N. Y. Tribune of February tenth, that Mr. Barry, a distinguished horticulturist, stated "our cultivated varieties of fruit trees cannot be propagated by seeds. The particular qualities which constitute their chief value, are the result of hybridization—qualities which are not transmissible to the seed. True, we may chance upon better varieties by sowing the seed, but there are a thousand chances against such good fortune, and hence we resort to grafting, budding, etc." If we can solve the question why this is, so we may find a remedy for an alarmingly increased debility in our cereals and fruits.

We are taught that vegetable life, as manifested in the plant, or tree, consists of a male and female individuality, unitedly associated in one physical organism, wherein each asserts its own special character, and exerts or performs its own special functions in the phenomena of growth and reproduction. This union in one organism seems to be, in the vegetable kingdom, founded in a wisdom forcibly embodied and expressed in the teaching, "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder." Thus we have the question, what is the peculiar function of each life so associated in the phenomena referred to?

It is only by inductively reasoning from observed facts; that we can answer this. Experience and observation show that when the pollen of one variety obtains contact with the ovules of a kindred but different variety; these ovules, matured as seeds, will in reproduction, yield a new variety, most nearly resembling that whence the impregnating pollen originated.

As the pollen originates from the male life, and seems to thus govern in determining the character of the physical in reproduction, I infer that a function of the plant male life entity, is to organize the atomic matter composing the physical organism. If we then assume this as a theory, and apply it to the phenomena of grafted trees referred to, it will teach that as the male life is the acting power, exerting physical growth, therefore the buds generated on the limbs would only be governed by it at the time when detached and taken for inoculation. If they were, when organized, left alone, they would, in due time, become depositaries for the life currents from the female life to individualize; but until such union thereof of the two sexual principles, the life in the bud, because unsexual when detached, is incapable of reproductive action, when associated by grafting with a seedling tree. "It can, however, as an entity, assert such functions as belong exclusively to itself, among which I claim is the organization of the physical, hence, as such entity, it asserts its power to attract and to organize such atomic matter as it specially affinities for, and in obedience to "like begets like." We have the apple limb unfolded by the life in the apple bud, and the pulp apple fruit grown thereon.

But the seed in such apple fruit is not the product of this bud life. If they were, they would inherit its character and reproduce its kind. Proliferate seed are the joint products of the male and female life entities, each being powerless to produce such in itself alone. The bud left, being unsexual, or male only, cannot supply the life currents which individualize in the ovules or seed. But there is in the seedling tree on which this bud was grafted a dual life-entity—"as God has joined them together"—that is capable, by their joint action, of generating prolific seed. This dual life is the percentage of the seed grown on the grafted limb, and they inherit the character of their parentage. Hence it is true that "our cultivated varieties of fruit grown on grafted trees are not transmissible by the seed."

This point can be easily tested. Let any of our amateur cultivators plant apple or pear seeds grown on a grafted seedling quince tree, and he may, and I submit will, find that all such seed will yield only quince trees. Let them graft a superior seedling apple with an inferior apple bud, and he will find the limb from the bud will yield inferior fruit, while the seed therein will yield the superior kind of the grafted seedling tree.

Like begets like, governs life in all its individual actions, exerting the phenomena of growth and reproduction; and this is the key to the difference in woods, fruit, seeds, etc., referred to. It is life which governs and organizes the matter composing the physical; and it is from air and water alone that this matter is produced therefor. But it is clear that the wood is not a combination of pure air and water, as simple constituents thereof, but converts of constituents of each, which could only be thus assimilated after each of these compound depositaries had been duly decomposed. Though science finds carbon to be the result of life's action to organize a physical, it may not determine carbon is not a compound because it fails to decompose or resolve it into constituent parts. There was a time when air and water were alike deemed to be simples. The time may come when science can as readily demonstrate carbon is not, as she has, that air and water are compounds.

Hoping some of your and my readers will test the views offered in reference to reproduction of quince trees from apple or pear seeds, I feel I may not wait to hear any criticisms on the reasonings I have offered to show what carbon is. If any questions or criticisms

are presented, I shall be

On account of the discussion to be had this week between Mr. J. S. Loveland and Rev. Miles Grant, of the subject of "immortality," noticed in another column, the Conference will not meet again till May 1st. The subject of discussion will then be:

What is it that is denominated Instinct in Animals? What is it that is denominated Intuition in Man? What is the difference, if any, between them? Do Animals below Man possess the faculty of Reason?

The weather-reporter, after all, points to the highest moral truth, for it shows man that it is a vain thing to aspire.

HOY LUNG AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE

[illegible]

stimulated chyle gets into the blood. It should never be forgotten, therefore, that some of the worst and most fatal diseases to which flesh is heir, commence with indigestion.

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240 The attending Physician will be found at the Institution, on every Tuesday, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., of each day, five days, in the forenoon.

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