



the human heart and feelings were no more deserving their pity than so much junk wood. The causes of these calamities, so rapidly on the increase, have excited much grief for

here to tell, or attempt to tell. It may be the theme of another article.

There are times when the mysteries of life fill our minds so rapidly that we live years, seemingly,

The doctor in attendance, listening to my conversation a few minutes, asked me to take his carriage and drive to the residence of the father of the deceased, and announce to him the occurrence, which he was still ignorant of. On getting the address, I drove off to a distant and fashionable street in the city. Ringing the bell I was ushered by a colored servant in livery into a beautiful drawing-room. Everything spoke in a language of refinement, and the lady, turning spoke in a language

an adjoining room, and the father came in—a tall, well-dressed, intelligent looking gentleman—but who had the marks of long passion and the fashionable dissipations of the wealthy and aristocratic classes. By slow and guarded sentences I informed him of the painful death of his daughter. For a moment I feared the consequence. He trembled like a reed in a northern blast, and, sinking upon an ottoman, gave full vent to his overburdened feelings. He took a seat in the carriage beside me, and in half an hour I saw him bending over the corpse of his child.

I will not attempt to describe the scene. Again, and again the words of A. J. Davis come to my mind—"The Light! The Light! Where is it? O soul-enchanting Light! O, kindling, unfolding, floating, flooding, pleading, saving Light! Where art thou?" The daughter had asked and prayed for Light. The father in this, his darkest hour, wanted Light, and the people who stood looking on in solemn silence needed Light! Light! Light! The history of her brief and sad life is easily told. She was an only and petted child. Her mother passed to another life just as this brilliant and beautiful

After the formal ceremonies to her departed parent were over, she began to realize that she was expected to fill her mother's place. Instead of shrinking from the responsible position she seemed glad, young as she was, and resolved to exert every exertion to do so with honor and ability. She knew the indomitable will, haughty and exacting disposition of her father and used every means in her power to please him. At times he appeared very proud of her, for she had succeeded far beyond his or her own expectations. But a change came over him when he insisted that she was not

ble to perform the arduous duties. A house-keeper was procured; such an one as is often found in the fashionable houses of all our cities, overbearing, ignorant, proud and vulgar. The affectionate and sensitive daughter soon saw that her mother's place was filled, and that her simplest requests were ignored unless her father was present and saw them put in execution, which was not often. She settled into sad silence and astonishment. She was aware that the recklessness and degradation of a father she loved, could not but bring silence and gloom were imputed to anger and disobedience, and at last she was driven from her

ome. She sought out a friend of her mother's where she gave lessons in music and German. But it was not home to her. An irresistible longing for her father held her at all times. Her beauty of mind and her person made her the center of the working man of the district. There, in the evening, she had a social distinction, that is, he had drunk wine, smoked cigars, attended horse races, and thought women inferior to men. She loved, for her nature was intensely loving. she was betrayed, and being entirely unable to withstand the great wrongs visited upon her, and the thousand falsehoods that were poured over her defenceless head by a false and

degraded man-made civilization, see took the deadly poison and hid away in the arms of the one who burns with pain and an insupportable yearning to think that this beautiful and accomplished woman may sink down into the dust with only a few faint expressions of regret from the masses, while he who was her betrayer is smiling upon, courted and feted, even, not alone by his own sex but by women who are not only called respectable, but leaders in society. Why this unjust and cruel judgment? Why is it that—

"Every woe a tear can claim,

How little the fashionable and thoughtless classes heed the lines of the poet, D. L. Huzzey, where she says—

“Be careful, if thy sister fall;  
Give her thy hand in love.”

As “folded eyes sometimes see brighter colors than open ones ever do,” so we can see the punishment that must inevitably be visited upon an uncivilized civilization that engenders and tolerates such one-sided and accursed distinctions in sex. As a nation we have not to mine out, perhaps, in the

**A Letter from Hon. A. G. W. Carter.**  
FRIEND ROBERTS:—I have to thank you for your bundle of MIND and MATTER, and I shall certainly place them where they will do the most

good. I am also pleased with manner in which my communication is placed in your paper, and your wise division of it—just at the right place if the division was made. I find but two mistakes of the type in the whole article—the first a mere letter left out, and the other the word “decided” instead of the word “widened.” You must be, or you must have an excellent proof reader and a good compositor bound to say so, too, that I know of no matter paper in appearance, and in truth and in fact, in this country or in any other, that is so MINING AND MATTER; and I am glad to say, too, that it is spirit and the, tenor, and execution.

articles which fill its columns, give unmistakable proofs of the very best results in the world. George, my friend, the spirits are undoubtedly with you, as you suggest in your own article on the first page; and with them to assist you, you will overcome all opposition; in overcoming evil with good. I do so much wish you and your paper every kind of welfare and prosperity.

The communication from the spirit signing himself "George W. Johnson, ex-Mayor of Cincinnati," is true in the announcement of the fact that "when on earth I was deeply engaged in politics,"

and I had no idea that he ever had any spiritual thought or reflection at all. I knew him well all his adult life, and all that was spent, more or less in politics. He surprises me by the spiritual excellence of his communication. He was twice successively elected Mayor of this city, and died only a few months ago. I am glad that he can now spiritually philosophize so well. His name as he is named in the papers is "George C. Johnson," and he is gloried in it, was a very strong politician in his earlier years, and did not scruple at the obtaining of office, though he made a strong and efficient mayor of our city in his way. He is a churchman.

"relatives and friends," is very wise  
 and prudently essayed, and speaks well for his  
 spirit experience. I shall rejoice in receiving  
 MIND AND MATTER hereafter, regularly.  
 Your friend,  
 A. G. W. CARTER







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