

ATLANTA JOURNAL

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1886.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

NEWS NOTES GATHERED BY OUR
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

**Susan B. Anthony—A Sad Story of Life's
Vicissitudes—A Great Philanthro-
pist—The Unique Bill of Mr.
Neece, of Illinois.**

Special Correspondence Atlanta JOURNAL.

MISS ANTHONY AT HER POST.

Susan B. Anthony is here, with the same abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of woman suffrage that has sustained her through so many years. She comes to Washington every winter to watch for any opening to drive the wedge into Congress. She always puts up at the Riggs House, Mrs. Spofford, wife of its proprietor, being a staunch friend of the cause. Every year the National Woman Suffrage Association holds its annual meeting here. This year it will meet February 10th and 17th, and Miss Anthony and others are making great preparations to stir up the Congressmen on the subject. Susan has been spending the past six months with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at the latter's home in New Jersey, engaged in completing the third volume of the history of this reform movement, which brings it down to date.

The years—it would be hazardous to guess how many—have dealt kindly with Miss Anthony. Her hair is silvery, but she looks little older than she did a decade ago, when she strode the platforms of the country more frequently than now. Of late she has acted as a sort of commander-in-chief of the suffrage forces, having general direction of the campaign, but leaving the active work in the field to younger women. Miss Anthony is always "wound up" and ready to talk almost indefinitely on the subject that has been the absorbing one of her life. She looks benignantly through her gold spectacles, and talks as cheerily and hopefully as if she were just entering upon her mission to this vale of tears. She has a strong faith that she will live to enjoy the full fruition of her hopes. She says Speaker Carlisle went back on her in the last Congress. He promised her that he would appoint a select committee on woman suffrage, and did not do it. The Senate appointed such a committee, of which Mr. Lapham, of New York, was a member. Miss Anthony leaned heavily on Lapham as a tower of strength for the cause of woman, but beyond a little talk and a few promises, nothing was accomplished. Now he has gone from the Senate, and there is none to quite fill his place.

A SAD STORY.

There is a lady, now about 45 years of age, employed in the Treasury, whose life has been a sadly eventful one. She was born in Mobile, Ala. While yet in her teens, before the war, she was sent North

from "economic impotence." It would be profitless to follow the painfully minute details of the bill through its 13 sections, for there is not one chance in a thousand that it will ever be heard of again. It gave the Government printer a smart job of work, and when Congress expires the hundreds of copies will be sold to the grocers as waste paper, along with the great mass of legislative debris. Fisk.

Washington, July 16.

TALKING WITH THE DEAD.

A Clergyman's Strange Reminiscences of
Charles Foster, the Medium.
New York World.

The following communication has been received relative to a sketch of the life of Charles Foster published in the *World* a few days ago:

"Ten years ago, when I was the pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, on State street, Albany, I was requested by the Sunday school superintendent and one of the trustees of that church to accompany them to a sitting with Charles Foster, who was at that time sojourning at the neighboring city of Troy. We arrived at his reception parlors according to appointment, which, in consequence of the public demands upon his time, had to be made in advance. Our minds were at that time in very decided antagonism with the super-mundane claims of modern Spiritualism, and we mutually determined not to be tricked. My companions were gentlemen holding leading positions and rated in Albany as shrewd and successful business men. We made certain preconcerted arrangements, one of which was that we would use our own paper to write on. We were all strangers to Mr. Foster and he to us, and on entering his presence we exchanged glances which were intended to be as expressionless and void as possible.

"Having received permission to use our own paper I took out of my waistcoat pocket a number of pellets (ten in all) rolled up to a uniform size and shape, and put them on the table at which we sat. This table was small, uncovered, and of the form of a right-angled parallelogram, supported by four legs, one at each corner, at one of which Mr. Foster sat, looking apparently as blank and, to my thought at the time, as stupid as any face I ever saw. Presently his countenance underwent a complete alteration and his whole frame visibly shivered, dispersing the stolid insensibility which, up to this time of our interview, we were able to maintain. Neither of my companions knew the name I had written on one of the folded pellets which rested in a little heap on the table.

"Mr. Foster then took the whole of the pellets in one hand, and dropping them one by one, he retained one between his finger and thumb, after which he said: 'There is a name written on this, and a spirit over six feet high stands by my side who says the name is his,' and Mr. F., looking at me, continued, 'he is your brother.' I asked, 'What is the name?' Mr. F. then dropped the pellet, and drawing up the sleeve of his coat and shirt, he said, 'It is written there,' displaying his naked arm with the name 'Tre-

MISS BAYARD'S DEATH.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THIS SUDDEN
AND DEPLORABLE AFFLICTION.

The Secretary's Daughter a General Favorite—Some of Her Characteristics—Universal Sympathy and Condolence Expressed.

Special to Atlanta JOURNAL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The sudden death of Miss Katharine Bayard, eldest daughter of the Secretary of State, which occurred Saturday afternoon, caused a painful shock in Washington society. Miss Bayard assisted her parents at the usual Friday evening reception, and was apparently in usual health and spirits, performing her duties with the greatest vivacity and enjoyment. She retired about 1 o'clock in the morning. She was very tired, and, as she was to assist Miss Cleveland at the White House Saturday afternoon, she requested that she be not called till 2 o'clock. When one of her sisters went to awaken her she was found dead in bed. Physicians were instantly summoned, but in vain, "the golden bowl was broken." It was thought she had been dead two or three hours. The warmth had not entirely gone, nor was there any rigidity of limb. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.

Miss Bayard was about thirty years of age. She was a great favorite in society, not less by reason of her own personal attractions than of the high social position she occupied. Tall and graceful in appearance, with a face that, while not beautiful in the ordinary sense of the word, attracted by its intelligence and ready smile, she had drawn around her a host of friends. She was socially ambitious, and it is said that her wishes in no small degree influenced her father in finally accepting the position offered him by President Cleveland, and to which he was at first so averse.

Miss Bayard was, probably, the best horsewoman in Washington. She rode much in pleasant weather, and was often seen dashing along the streets and out into the suburbs, often leaving her escort far in the rear. She was a fearless rider, and often leaped her horse over fences, walls and ditches, in true "steep-chase" style.

As may readily be imagined the sudden bereavement was a fearful shock to the family and immediate friends. Mrs. Bayard and her daughters were quite overcome with grief, and the Secretary found it necessary to summon all his strength to prevent giving way under the unexpected blow. Miss Cleveland at once abandoned the reception, for which she was dressing when the sad news reached the White House. Hundreds of messages of condolence and sympathy were received from persons in Washington and from all parts of the country.