CAPITAL CITY COURIER, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889.

A CENTURY AND THREE.

THE YEARS OF A TYPICAL NEWS-PAPER OF THE SOUTH.

Interesting and Varied History of The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle-Some Account of the Life of Its Present Editor, Hon. Patrick Walsh.

[Special Correspondence.]

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 23 .- One hundred and three years is a ripe old age for a newspaper to attain. Think of it—over 40,000 days of chronicling events! Few papers in America can boast of such an achievement. Those few, however, still stand firmly planted and give no signs of decay. Among the number The Au-gusta (Ga.) Chronicle, or, as it was known a century ago, "The Augusta Chronicle and Gazette of the State," has weathered the trials, changes and vicissitudes of 103 years.

It has chronicled the news from the of a tariff congress. It narrated the daily history of the world to men and women long since dead and gone, and it has been read in each succeeding epoch by grandsire, by father and by son. From ancient types and a primitive hand press The Chronicle has told the news each day up to the present time, when the telegraph flashes information from every known quarter and the dizzy whirl of the rapid steam driven press mirrors it upon huge sheets for the Nineteenth century reader.

What a history of human feeling, sentiment, prejudice and passion such a newspaper patriarch must contain! The follies and foibles of lovely dames and gay cavaliers of colonial days; the struggles of our great-grandfathers to cstab-lish a republic; the union, disunion and reunion of the states; the inundations, conflagations and storm sweepings of nature; the rise and fall of European nations—these and scores of other events which go to make up history. The files of such a newspaper excite curiosity at first, interest as one proceeds through first, interest as one proceeds through pages yellow with age, and finally won-der and admiration at the marvelous human progress of a century. It spans time. The thumb is upon the log cabin and the finger tip of 1786 touches the modern palace of 1889. It is a huge handful too handful, too.

I have before me a copy of The Au-gusta Chronicle and Gazette of the State dated Saturday, Oct. 9, 1790. The motto is "Freedom of the Press and Trial by Jury Shall Remain Inviolate." The pub-lisher's announcement follows: "Printed by John E. Smith, printer to the state; essays, articles of intelligence, adver-tisements, etc., will be received and every kind of printing performed." The paper consisted of four pages of three columns each, containing news from Philadelphia a month old; from Alexan-dria, Va., two months: from New York, three months and from New York, three months, and from London and Paris four months old; original poetry and a variety of unique and queerly worded advertisements. I reproduce the following extract from the news columns:

[Extract of a Letter from New York, Aug. 81.] PHILADELPHIA, Sopt. 2. Yesterday morning the president of the United States, with his family, set off from this city for his seat at Mount Verson in Virginia, where he

That fires my blood—I'll anatch the ambrosial kiss; Thy bosom, too, doth heave with fond desire, Like dying birds, just when they do expire. Thy lovely taper waist, how round and small— Here language faints—I sigh with Jove for Wall. With her I'd live—with her I'd wish to fall.

LOTHARIO The advertisements of a century ago

were unique. Here is one: At the late dwelling of Philip Jones, of Burke county, deceased, on Monday, the 35th day of October next ensuing, will be sold to the highest bidder, for ready money, all the personal prop-erty (not otherwise disposed of by the late Philip Jones in his last will), negroes and cattle only ex cepted-consisting of horses, sheep, hogs, a wag gon, s nice rifle gun, sundry household furniture, &c., &c., by PHILIP JONES, { ELIZA JONES, { guardians Bent. 11, 1730.

Sept. 11, 1790. N. B. — Property not to be altered, nor delivered. ill the money be paid.

The editorials in The Chronicle of 1790 were conspicuous by their absence, with the following exception:

"The Ode to Washington," "Lothario's Address Zolius and Mercilus," will appear in our next From the thumb paper of 1785-brief, jejune, primeval-a mere suggestion of a newspaper rather than a newspaper itself, The Augusta Chronicle has come days of the colonial congress to the days | down through the last century to the modern daily, panoplied with every appliance of journalistic science. At no time in that century have its types lain idle or its presses ceased to move. Come peace or war, health or pestilence, prosperity or panic, out at its appointed time came the paper, to say by its issual-I still live! Today it is one of the powers of Georgia.

The editors in charge were John E. Smith, 1785; Mr. Driscoll, a native of Ireland, 1807; Joseph Vallence Bevan, 1821; T. S. Hannon, 1822; A. H. Pemberton, 1825; William E. Jones, 1836; James W. Jones, 1839; Col. James M. Smythe, 1846; N. S. Morse, a northern man, 1861; Mr. Henry Moore, 1866; the latter part of which year Hon. Patrick Walsh took charge and has continued until the present time. With Mr. Walsh several distinguished writers have worked, among them James R. Randall, the gifted author of "Maryland, My Maryland," "Arlington" and other poems.

Mr. Walsh was born in Ireland, Jan. , 1840, and came to America in 1852, learned the printer's trade at Charleston and served in the Confederate service as lieutenant of Emerald light infantry, of Carolina. At the close of the war he went to Augusta and became connected with The Chronicle. He is at present editor-in-chief of the paper and also outhern agent of the Associated press. His editorial writing is clear and argumentative. His face, of which I present here a likeness, is a type of the Irish-American, particularly the Irish-American of the southern states, who is almost invariably successful and a leader in the community where he lives. Mr. Walsh

is no exception. Mr. Walsh was three times sent as a delegate at large to the national Democratic conventions of 1876 at St. Louis, 1880 at Cincinnati and 1884 at Chicago, and was an original Cleveland supporter, besides being on the national Democratic executive committee for four years. He represents the protective element of southern Democrats at present, and was defeated as a delegate to St. Louis last year because of his protection views: He has taken an active part in state politics for years.

The Augusta national exposition of last November was conceived by him, and he attended to the laborious work which that display of southern resources tailed. All this in connection with the work of conducting The Chronicle and half a dozen other enterprises for Augusta's good. FREDERICK J. COOKE.

MEN WHO HAVE CLIMBED.

Ballroad Magnates Who Have Risen from the Lower Ranks.

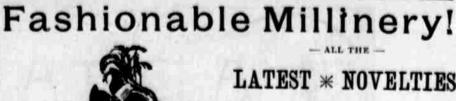
[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Samuel Spencer, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, fifteen years ago was agent at one of the small stations on that line. Tom King, now one of the vice presidents of the road, commenced as brakeman. W K. Ackerman, general agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, and formerly president of the Illinois Central, readily recalls the days when he earned less than \$10 a week as a transfer clerk. Superintendent Bissell, of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, worked his way up from switchman to brakeman, conductor and freight agent. J. M. Toucey, assist-ant superintendent of the same road, less than twenty years ago was a station agent on a New England line. Assistant President Tillinghast, of the Central, was formerly a fireman, and Traffic Manager Gilford, of the same corporation, in the early sixties was a clerk in the freight department of an Ohio road. Thirty years ago there lived on the line

of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad in northeastern Pennsylvania a farmer whose 12-year-old boy would neglect his chores and steal off to watch the engines. The boy was seldom happy save when in the company of the employes of the road. When he was a few years older he suddenly disappeared to turn up a couple of weeks later as a brakeman on a coal train at \$25 per month. The station agent near his father's farm had obtained the place for him. The boy did not mistake his call-

ing, and has been climbing up ever since. His name is Jerome A. Fillmore, and he is now general superintendent of the Central and Southern Pacific railway system at a salary of \$15,000 a year. W. B. Strong, president of the Santa

Fe system, has a history very similar to that of Fillmore. He rose from freight brakeman to station agent, telegraph operator, and since then his strides forward have been fast and long. First Vice President Smith, of the same company, thought he was fortun-ate when he received an appointment as station master at an out of the way town on a bankrupted Indiana line. George L. Sands, the Santa Fe's general superintendent, commenced his career as a brake twister. President Clark, of the Illinois Central, was an engineer fifty years ago, and J. L. Jeffrey, the general manager, when a young man, learned the machinist's trade so thoroughly that he could now build a locomotive, build a new bridge or repair an old one

General Superintendent Kerrigan commenced his training for the management of the 6,000 miles embraced in the Missouri Pacific system as axman on the Iron Mountain road. Later he became rodman, and everything that was given him to do was done so well that he now receives \$10,000 a year. General Agent Hitchcock, of the Union Pacific, and William H. Holcomb, general manager of the Oregon Railroad company, both began as brakemen. Twelve years ago W. S. Mellen, now general manager of the Wisconsin Central, was telegraph operator on a Wisconsin road, with semingly little prospect of promotion. A year or so later, however, he was appointed station agent at Racine, and he has been advancing ever since. He can't be over 35, and as he is one of the best equipped railroad men in the country his future is indeed a bright one. A. A. Allen, Manager Mellen's assistant, commenced his railroad career in 1868 as a telegraph messenger boy. Henry C. Bradley, the Wisconsin Central's general freight agent, also began in the same WBY. The man who rides over the Chicago and Alton railroad on a pass issued by the general manager reads at the bottom of the pass the name "C. H. Chappell." In war times this same Chappell was a freight brakeman on the Galesburg division of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad. He never fooled away his time, and employed all his leisure in learning the details of railroading. One day he came under the notice of the general superintendent of the road, who took him into his office. There he learned telegraphy and became a train dispatcher. His career since then is well known. An ex-brakeman is J. L. Hanrahan, general manager of the Louisville and Nashville road. President Thomas, of the Nashville and Chattanooga, commenced as a station master. Henry F. Royce, who for some years has been general superintendent of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, used to be an engine wiper in the Boston round house of the Boston and Worcester Railroad. General Manager St. John, of the same road, commenced as assistant to the ticket agent at Quincy, Mass. George L. Carman, who is now commissioner in half a dozen railroad pools and traffic associations, started in as a train boy. Austin Corbin, president of the Reading road, was a country lawyer at Davenport, Ia., thirty-five years ago, and J. L. Bell, general traffic manager of the same road, was for years a freight clerk in the Philadelphia office of the Reading. J. H. Olhousen, general superintendent of pumpkin pie. No dessert pies made in our fashion. Very small affairs in small to work in the machine shops at Pottsdishes. Plenty of cockles. Miserable apology for our round clam. Oysters thin. Not savory to American taste. Kept at shop in vats of fresh water. Cod the king fish. Twenty-five cents a pound. Lobar and the king fish. Twenty-five cents a pound. Locke, the Fitchburg's general freight agent, commenced as a brakeman, and Course are W. H. Barnes, of the Boston and Albany line, as freight conductor. George L. Bradbury, now general manager of the Lake Erie and Western, began in the same way. The average railroad man holds to the opinion that he who is faithful in a few things will in due time be given charge over many, and it would look as though the average railroad man is about right. RUFUS R. WILSON.



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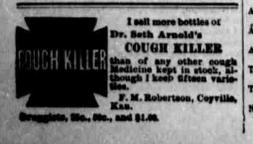
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delphia. He was accompanied to his barge by the gover-nor of the state, the principal officers of gover-ment, the mayor and corporation, officers of the city, and a number of the citizens, who hade him

city, and a number of the citizens, who bade him an affectionate farewell. The parting scene was solemn; the roar of the cannon that were fired on his embarkation humbly expressed the emotion of the mind on the departure of him whom all hold so dear: the heart was full—the tear dropped from the eye; it was not to be restrained; it was seen; and the president appeared sensibly moved by the last mark of esteem for his character and effection for his rearran. tion for his person

Today such news would be amplified to a column and headed "special dispatch

Here is a sample of late news from Alexandria, Va., dated Aug. 26, and published in The Chronicle Oct. 9, 1780: ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 96, 1780.

Capt. Wood, who a rived here on Tuesday last,

informs that on the da gentieman from An-tigua, who told him he had seen a letter, received at Antigus f r o m London, in-forming that an ac-tion had taken place about the 10th of July off Cape St. Vin-conthe between any cent's, nteen sail of the line of Lord Howe, and eighteen of the Span-ish; that the action

ed about 10 clock in the mornng and insted until nset: that the Brit-

ish captured two sail of the line, sunk two others, and disabled four more in such a manner that it and disabled four more in such a manner that it was thought they could not reach the port of Cadiz; that the British floet had suffered very much in their rigging and sails, lost two of their sapializs and a great number of men.

PATRICK WALSH.

The modern newspaper would have chartered a steamer carrying a cable from New York to the scene of conflict and ticked the news into the editorial rooms during the progress of the fight. The foreign news, four months old, shows the difficulty which The Chronicle had in speading information:

PARIS, June 21, 1790. The title of the king is now determind to be, emperor of the French. At Avignon they have blotted out the arms of the pope, and placed in their stead the arms of France.

The local news, with the exception of an obituary notice and a poem, is pub-lished in the advertising columns. The poem is a quaint and droll bit of senti-ment, which the modern editor would

smile to read: TO MINS W-L L

Sweetest syren of the Augustan stage, Adored by youth, respected by old age, Permit me now to sing in homespun lays, Thy charms divine—that all, who kno

praise. A bard no feeble-none will e'er defend, A task so arduous-who will dare contend? At in none dare venture on this dangerous nea, But such a madiman-poor, unhappy me! Angela, when painted fair, they look like you. Lovely, innocent, sweet as morning dew. Thine eyes, how gentie, languishing, cast down-Thine eyes, how gentie, languishing, cast down-Thine eyes, how gentie, languishing daw. Thine eyes, how gentie, languishing the at the That brighten up again-and leave that aky That brighten up again-and leave that aky That brighten up again-and leave that ak Pure, white and red; can any this deny?

ENGLAND BOILED DOWN.

and Food-Language and Lifunerals quor.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAG HARBOR, May 23.-Baggage 'luggage." No livery stables. Instead, sign of "cars on hire." No cars on railroad. All coaches. No rails. All "metals," No conductor. Instead, "guard." No depots. All stations. No boots. All gaiters. No street cars. All "trams." No stoves. No mosquitoes. Very improper to allude to insect on plant or elsewhere as a bug. Bugs in Britain belong only in beds. In England's English "to get mad" means insanity. They get angry-never mad. A roasting piece of beef is a "joint." Things are never "fixed," a la American. They are arranged. The English never "guess," "reckon" or "calculate." These words belong to American English. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, all go by name of "corn." Corn itself almost unknown. No wharves. All docks or piers. Most pies are "tarts." Regular fruit pies baked in deeper dishes than ours. Crust only at top.

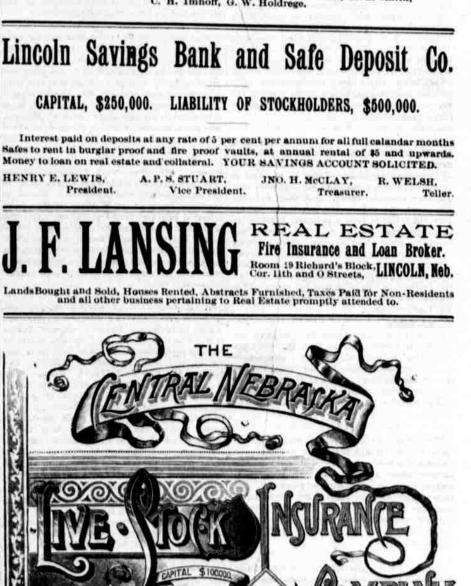
Twenty million or more people in Britain eat hearty supper at night. Table spread often as for dinner. Roast meat, potatoes and porter. No indigestion follows. Never think of it. No green corn. No watermelons. No pork and beans. No buckwheat cakes. No succotash, No oysters cooked a la stew, fry, roast, broil or steamed. No oysters save raw or in "patties." No clams at all. No Lobsters very high priced. Sole. sprat, herring and other fish very cheap. No porgies. No shad. No blue fish. Plenty of mackerel. Yarmouth bloaters in early summer. Never found in perfection in this country. Superb relish during that time. Are allowed to decompose after being caught until slight bloat sets in. Hence name "bloater." Afterward lightly dipped in salt and water. Then briefly and delicately smoked. Then broiled. Flavor so acquired doesn't last over four days. Salt strikes in afterward. Peas, cabbages, beans and turnips more tender than ours. Boil tender in less time. White beans called "har-vest beans." Yellow turnips not eaten. Deemed fit only for sheep.

PRENTICE MULPOND

Nothing New. Wife-Why, Arthur! The trees are

out!

Arthur-Yes. I have noticed them out all winter.-New York Sun.



WEDDING INVITATIONS

BALL PROGRAMS, MONUSO

Wessel Printing Co., New Burr Block.