

entered the store and asked if James Rivington lived there. I answered yes, sir. Is he at home? I will go and see, sir, I said; and now, master, what is to be done? There he is in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street.' I had made up my mind. I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. Show him up said I, and if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs; his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' It is, sir; and no man could be more happy to see Colonel Ethan Allen. 'Sir! I have come'—Not another word until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira. 'But, sir; I don't think it proper'—Not another word, Colonel, taste this wine, I have had it in glass ten years: old wine you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age. He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips and shook his head approvingly. 'Sir, I come'—Not another word, until you have taken another glass, and then my dear Colonel, we will talk of old affairs; and I have some queer events to detail." "In short," says the narrator, "we finished two bottles of Madeira and parted as good friends as if we had never had cause to be otherwise."

In 1773 the editor of the *Spy* issued another paper, with another of those long names.. It was called the *Essex Journal and Merrimack Packet*; or, the *Massachusetts and New Hampshire General Advertiser*. Isaiah Thomas was one of the Franklins of his time.

New York City had four weekly newspapers at the time it was occupied by the British, and the influence in newspaper publishing was making itself felt in its vicinity. In 1773, a paper was established in Norwich, Conn., called the *Packet*, and from about this time, the growth of the State in journalism, though not rapid, was steady.

At the close of the Revolutionary period, a marked advance in journalism was apparent, though up to that time, none of our publications gave any indications of the newspaper-making enterprise of which we see so much to-day. More was thought in those days about the spirit or animus of a newspaper, and about its opinions and principles, than of the mere sweeping up of news items, which to-day occupies so much of the energy of the journalist. Indeed, the people of 1873 are treated (by telegraph) with an overwhelming quantity of news items, and much important stuff which, no doubt, would do well enough for local items, but can hardly call up a passing sensation, or satisfy anything but a morbid taste in the general reader. Yet, if the editor sends a reporter five hundred miles to view a hanging, and pays for five columns of telegraphic description of it, while he neglects to report a matter of science in his own city, it shows nothing more, perhaps, than this: that people want details of misery and crime; the highest office of the journalist is to give them; hence the press of to-day. But this does not prevent admiration of the old-time press, when an inspiration was worth much more than an unimportant, perhaps impure detail. Perhaps to be a mere news machine is to be the best journalist.

The *New Hampshire Gazette*, an important paper, was published in Portsmouth as early as the year 1756. It has the honor of being the oldest paper now published in the United States, and is still issued in Portsmouth, the city of its birth. It was a thorough "liberty" paper, and was celebrated in home politics for its strong and unvaried democratic principles. It became democratic in 1802, having been before that time a Federal paper. It has been conducted at various epochs by men of considerable editorial talent, and often made an excitement in Portsmouth political circles. Thomas B. Loughton, whose name appears on the paper in 1835, was a man of ability, and his writings in the old journal may be read to-day with interest. In those days the reports of political meetings were not mere abstracts of the matters considered. The editors of political newspapers took the matter in hand themselves. The proceedings were not merely catalogued, mechanically, by a reporter, as is to-day too much the practice; they were noted "with comments by the editor," and the comments were almost always the liveliest part of the matter. There was some art in it, for in this way the guns of the enemy were often spiked and their meetings turned to their own disadvantage. In those early days of political papers every possible advantage and a talent for making good-natured personalities and quiet, cool, temperate sarcasm were weapons not to be despised. There was a graphic quality in their description, a virile force in their logic, and a masculine grace and strength in the blows they gave, that, much as we may prefer the journalism of to-day, we cannot look back upon without respectful admiration. It is human nature to admire that quality in a newspaper article which brings us near to the writer and causes us to feel something of his personality or magnetism. Purely impersonal journalism is too much like the mere oracle, the speech-gifted lay-figure, and carries too much of the quality which causes our admiration, and gains its strength, not from inherent good quality, but because it is a power behind the throne. A single instance may be given of the matter sometimes introduced into the reports of political meetings, as late even as 1834, in a short quotation from the *New Hampshire Gazette*, published March 10th of that year. The report, said to have been written by Thomas B. Loughton, its editor, was entirely in verse. It clothed each individual with a fantastic name descriptive of some peculiarity, instantly recognized by the readers of the paper, and gave the man's words with some ingenious twist or turn that placed him in a light he little anticipated. One man is described in this way:

"Next Barrington's famed Duke arose
A six-foot giant without shoes.
He wiped a dew-drop from his nose
And thus began—"