

greatness. It would not be an easy matter to make a minute history of journalism even at the present time with our forty millions of people and six thousand newspapers. But what will the writer of the future do with the task before him of choosing from fifty thousand newspapers, distributed among a population of three hundred millions? If the *Salem Gazette* continues until that time it will have an opportunity to record the growth of a country with a mighty history—and “a mighty voluminous one,” as Mr. Phoenix said of a friend’s collection of “Patent Office Reports.”

In 1770, there was issued in Boston a journal which has had so remarkable a history that it deserves more than a passing notice. It was called the *Massachusetts Spy*, and was published by Isaiah Thomas and Zachariah Towle. After an effort at independence with the motto “Open to All Parties but Influenced by None,” it came out boldly for the Revolution party. Its editor, Isaiah Thomas, was, like Samuel Adams and John Hancock, one of the traitors who were to be summarily executed by the British—when taken. But he was not to be taken. To avoid any interruptions of this unpleasant character, he removed his type and press to Worcester, Mass., just before the affairs of Lexington and Concord and the paper has been printed in that place ever since. The last number of the *Spy* issued in Boston was dated April 6th, 1775. On the 3d of May following, the *Spy* came out in Worcester with its motto in large type, as follows :

AMERICANS! LIBERTY OR DEATH! JOIN OR DIE!

One year afterwards the *Spy* introduced a new motto: “Unanimity at Home and Bravery and Perseverance in the Field, will secure the Independence of America.” These terse, vigorous sentences seem to have had a strong influence upon public sentiment. They sounded the notes which waited in the hearts of men, only the magic touch, to spring into action and deepen into fierce resistance. So the *Spy* burned like a calcium light through the Revolution. It lived to see the independence of the United States secured, and, it is pleasant to think, lives to-day. It is yet another of those journals which have had the good fortune or been subject to the good management which has enabled it to survive all shocks, whether political or financial, so that its successors can come out at the appointed time and tell the story of their being a hundred years old. In 1857 the *Spy* was moved into a new establishment and in 1870 the anniversary was celebrated—in a dinner. In a speech on this occasion, John Milton Earle—who is not at present with the paper, but who had purchased it in 1823 and conducted it for many years—refers to a curious fact, the prejudices existing, even in 1845, against daily papers. Mr. Earle spoke of the circumstances under which the daily was established at that time. He said: “It seemed to him that the size of the city and its business and commercial interests warranted such an enterprise. He had edited and published the *Massachusetts Weekly Spy* since 1823, and, during that time it had been well-supported by the people; but when the question of a daily was brought up, many discouraging objections were made, especially by business men. On the morning of July 31st, 1845—twenty-five years ago—the first number was issued. One reason urged by the merchants against starting the daily was, that the cost of advertising would be increased. To obviate this he adopted the policy of inserting in the Daily without charge the advertisements sent in for the Weekly; and when their customers came inquiring for articles they had seen advertised in the Daily, the merchants began to see that it was greatly for their interest to advertise in the Daily. Then he left out of the Daily the advertisements sent in for the Weekly. The result was that in a short time, the advertisers cared much less for the Weekly than for the Daily.” We have put this on record as showing what good business management will do for a newspaper. It is not a matter of very great surprise that papers should live a hundred years if such astute proprietors happen to get hold of them. It will report the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Republic, and will then have scored its one hundred and sixth year.

A journal of some influence during the Revolution was a political paper started in New York in 1782, by James Rivington. It bore one of the long names with which the little papers of those days delighted to christen their publications:—“*Rivington’s New York Gazetteer; or, the Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson River and Quebec Weekly Advertiser.*” It was a royalist paper. Rivington had been a printer and bookseller in London where he made \$50,000 which was lost in over-generous living, and he came to America with the hope of making up his losses. But his paper was royalist and was twice mobbed by the people, besides having other difficulties to contend with. Major Andre was a contributor to this journal, and some of his poetry was printed in it on the very day of his capture. The wit of Rivington’s *Gazette* used to be very offensive to some of the Americans, and they were often free with threats of what they would do with its editor whenever they got a chance. He tells a good story of an interview he once had with Ethan Allen, one of the Revolutionary heroes, who paid him a visit for the purpose of administering a “licking.” He says: “I was sitting alone after a good dinner, with a bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and stepping to the window saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous long sword, followed by a crowd of boys who occasionally cheered him with huzzas of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more, my heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut my window and retired behind my table and my bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and clasping his hands, said: ‘Master, he has come!’ I know it. ‘He