

er, which had all the respectability and at times all the dullness of orthodox Toryism, and *The Daily Telegraph*, which was neither so dull nor so respectable. In *The Daily Telegraph* Mr. Phillips Thompson appeared as Jimuel Briggs, a graduate of Cobococonk University. For a time he reported the proceedings of the Police Court in verse. Here is a sample which I cannot forget:

John Brown  
Went down  
Thirty days;  
Couldn't raise  
Three dollars,  
Peeler hollers,  
You clear  
Out of here;  
In that room  
Wait your doom.

What curious fag-ends repose at the back of one's memory. As parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, Jimuel Briggs described a debate on prohibition. He said that when the House rose the members descended to the restaurant below, where they "put down the curse of the country with great success". *The Daily Telegraph*, which ran from 1866 to 1872, was one of Mr. John Ross Robertson's ventures, and during its too short life displayed vigour, courage and originality. When I returned home in 1876, after an absence of four years, my father said that he was glad to have me back, but the fact that I brought a copy of *The Globe* did not add to his pleasure. This I submit as definite and final evidence that my father was a Conservative.

I found a treasure-house in the Greenwood Mechanics' Institute. Looking backward to those days, I have wondered if Mr. Andrew Carnegie would not have served the world better if he had endowed village and township libraries. We are too willing to carry water to the springs when it is needed in the parched places. From the Mechanics' Institute at Greenwood I had all the English poets, and no one ever read Pope and

Dryden and Campbell and Goldsmith, Tennyson and Longfellow and Whittier, and even Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook more faithfully or with greater reverence of soul. There, too, I had Don Quixote, and that was a task; Dickens, whom I still love, sneer the intellectuals as they may, Thackeray, who is not for youth, and Scott, who is for all ages and for all time. This village library had also a few standard biographies and histories, and somewhere I got Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" and Samuel Smiles's "Self Help". Upon that last book we now bestow a smiling and tolerant patronage, but many a thirsty youth has had the first draughts of the water of life from its pages. I recall, too, that at this time I found in an upper room of the farm-house where I lived two or three volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, with Nast's cartoons, much serious and instructive reading, and a noble poetical tribute to Garibaldi, verses of which never have been erased from my memory. One doubts if there is now a weekly periodical in America of higher standard than was *Harper's Weekly* under the editorship of Mr. George William Curtis fifty years ago. This at least I know, that none of its issues ever were read more greedily than those which I discovered in the farm-house at Salem's Corners. Henceforth *The New York Ledger* and the dime novels of Beadle and Munro were treated with "salutary neglect". But who would forget "Hardskull, the Avenger" and "The Terror of the Gulch" or the dread fascination of desperate adventures in "The Dark and Bloody Ground". Who would deny his devotion to Richard Lewis, and Mrs. Southworth and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior; to Fanny Fern and John G. Saxe. Milk for babes and meat for strong men. If we do not take the milk the appetite for meat may not develop.

There was a happy day, long ago, while I was still under my father's roof, when with a dollar in my pocket I walked fourteen miles to Clinton,