

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS  
OF  
WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

LITERARY EDITOR OF  
"THE NATION"  
1865-1906



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\* The frontispiece portrait of Mr. Garrison is from a photograph taken in October, 1894, by George G. Rockwood, of New York.

## INTRODUCTION

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## INTRODUCTION

THE aim of this volume, designed primarily as a pious and filial memorial, is to exhibit some of the varied tastes and interests of the late editor of the *Nation*, his principles and convictions, his editorial methods and ideals, and some of the influences which shaped his spirit and conduct. In attempting this it was obviously best, as far as possible, to let him speak for himself; though he hid himself with so much modest effacement under the mask of editorship, he had his word to say which concerns a wider circle than that of his immediate family and friends, albeit his friends were many and devoted. No attempt was made to expand the brief biographical notice which appeared in the *Nation* and the *Harvard Graduate's Magazine*, nor would he himself have desired or approved it. His quiet life had its crises; but they were for the novelist rather than for the biographer. The writer of the "Premium on Aggression" and of the verses in this book had evidently his emotions and his central fires. It was a curious feature of his make-up that a man so careful of commas and of dotting *i*'s should at times find natural vent and expression in the geyser-jet of a sonnet.

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office — he took only one real vacation, in 1884, when he spent two months in Europe — that he had but little leisure for other literary work. In 1872 he published "The Benson Family of Newport, Rhode Island," a genealogy of his mother's stock. He also contributed occasionally to the magazines. But his great work was the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison" (1885-89), an elaborate four-volume biography, in which he and his brother, Francis Jackson Garrison, collaborated. They made it such a record of their father's activity in behalf of the emancipation of the slave and many other reforms, that it must remain the standard history of the Abolition movement. To this monumental task Mr. Garrison devoted his spare hours during ten years, setting apart at least one day each week for the necessary research and writing, and producing a work that is notable among biographies for its wealth of citations, its scrupulous references to authorities, its fairness and candor, and the literary skill with which history and biography are combined.

Mr. Garrison published, also, "What Mr. Darwin saw on his Voyage around the World" (1879); a collection of "Bedside Poetry" (1887), for the instruction of children; "A Parent's Assistant in Moral Discipline"; and "The Mother's Register." Some of his own verse was privately printed under the title, "Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ever-Womanly."

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(1898). "Parables for School and Home" (1897) and "The New Gulliver" (1898) were the last of Mr. Garrison's published works, but in 1904 appeared the "Memoirs of Henry Villard," the autobiography of his brother-in-law, which he edited. In 1891 he printed a memorial of his mother-in-law, Sarah A. McKim.

As an appreciation of his services to literature and politics, Harvard University bestowed upon Mr. Garrison the honorary degree of A. M. in 1895. From his undergraduate days he worked for the abolition of compulsory prayers, and in 1886 he had the satisfaction of seeing that result attained at Harvard.

From 1866 to the close of his life Mr. Garrison resided at Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey. He served for more than seventeen years on the school board of West Orange, and also was for years a member of the board of directors of the State Geological Survey of New Jersey. He founded the New England Society of Orange, which grew to be a large and useful organization, promoting local interests.

Mr. Garrison was twice married: first, in 1865, to Lucy McKim, of Philadelphia, daughter of J. Miller McKim, one of the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and sister of Charles F. McKim, the architect. She died in 1877. In 1891 he married Mrs. Anne McKim Dennis, who died in 1893. He is survived by a son and daughter, Mr. Philip McKim

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Garrison (H. C. 1890), of Orange, New Jersey, and Mrs. Charles Dyer Norton, of Lake Forest, Illinois. His oldest son, Lloyd McKim Garrison (H. C. 1888), died in 1900.

The following appreciation, by one of Mr. Garrison's younger colleagues, appeared in the *Nation* of March 7, 1907:—

Self-effacement was so the law of Mr. Garrison's being that, even now when his lips can no longer frame a protest, one hesitates to essay his praise. It was his lifelong joy to sink himself in his work. For twenty-five years literary editor of the *Evening Post*, he seldom put his name to anything he wrote in its columns. If he had been an artist, it would have been his preference to leave all his paintings unsigned. To the discerning, however, his true monument is visible in those eighty-two volumes of the *Nation* which passed under his vigilant eye and amending pen, and into which he poured, in all of Milton's meaning, the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.

Uneventful outwardly, Mr. Garrison's life was yet singularly intense. It was intense in an austere idealism, ever conscious of the obligation of his name; intense in devotion to the labor which was his delight; intense in the discharge of every duty as a citizen and in the unwavering fidelity and unselfish services of friendship. His close association for thirty-seven

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years with Mr. E. L. Godkin was one of the most remarkable editorial relations that ever existed. With unbounded admiration and loyalty for his chief, Mr. Garrison brought to his assistance a nice scholarship, a patient scrutiny, a calm judgment, and a noble sympathy. When Mr. Garrison received, in 1905, the impressive tribute from his eminent list of contributors to the *Nation*, in celebration of his forty years with that journal, his first instinct was to pass on the laurel to Mr. Godkin. He spoke of himself as but a pupil of that "great writer and master political moralist, whom with admiring eyes I saw

"Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

Nor was Mr. Godkin unaware of the rare qualities of his colleague. Writing to Mr. Garrison in 1883, he said: "If anything goes wrong with you, I will retire into a monastery. You are the one steady and constant man I have ever had to do with." And he set great store by Mr. Garrison's disciplined opinions on public affairs. Thus he wrote to him in 1891: "Your article makes me regret for the hundredth time that you have not been able all these years to write more. I know no better political philosopher. I can safely say that, in twenty-five years of perils by land and sea, there is nobody from whose advice and arguments I have got so much comfort and courage." Yet Mr. Garrison's invincible modesty

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would not suffer such acknowledgments to go without abatement. "On cool reflection," he once wrote, "I am conscious how slight Mr. Godkin's debt to me is in comparison with mine to him. . . . Oftener than not, in doubtful cases when appeal has been made to my judgment, I have simply confirmed his first impulse or his phraseology. Perhaps my sympathy and support, understood rather than expressed, have been more to him than I suspected."

Between Mr. Garrison and the large corps of *Nation* reviewers and writers which he built up, and brought with him to the *Evening Post*, there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride well-nigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than fraternal. There must be thousands of his letters, written out in that beautiful hand of his, and with his marvelous felicity and justness of expression, still in the possession of his contributors, as a witness to his high conception of the tie that bound him to them. No one could surpass him in discriminating encouragement. Even in his later years he kept a young heart and a keen eye for rising writers. He thought of his band of workers as one continually to be renewed by the influx of youth; and if youth brought, at first, immaturity and awkwardness, none so patient and tactful as Mr. Garrison in bearing with it and correcting it. Critical severity he could convey

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with the most exquisite delicacy — wreathing it in the garlands of friendship.

To be, rather than to produce, was always the first motive with Mr. Garrison. To him, life was more than books. And how high he pitched his life, every man who was ever long in touch with his grave courtesy, his unfailing kindness, his unbending integrity, and his lofty ideals, would enthusiastically testify. To be in contact with him even in a newspaper office was to have one's admiration for him kindled and continually heightened; while those admitted to the intimacies of his friendship cannot find words to do justice to his faithfulness and self-sacrificing ardor in bestowing a favor or anticipating a need. Mr. Garrison impressed all who knew him as a man of the well-fibred virtues of an elder day. He nourished himself on inward and hidden strength. One felt that his soul dwelt apart, yet one saw him cheerfully laying the lowliest duties upon himself. In the total combination of nearly ascetic sternness with himself and infinite consideration for others, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

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THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF  
THE NATION



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#### A NOTEWORTHY ANNIVERSARY<sup>1</sup>

Forty years ago to-day, July 6, 1865, was published the first number of the *Nation*. From the very beginning until now, its literary editor has been Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison; and in recognition of his long and rare service, a number of contributors to the *Nation* have, on this anniversary, quietly prepared a testimonial of their admiration and regard. Their names stand for so much, and the tribute they pay is so distinguished, that the *Evening Post*, even at the risk of going counter to Mr. Garrison's spirit of self-effacement, must record the high honor done to one of whom all his colleagues in this office are proud. To have directed for forty years, with such zeal and taste and lofty ideals, a journal reflecting the finest scholarship and the soundest public morals of America, is an achievement without parallel in our literary annals. How fortunate the *Nation* was from the first in its corps of contributors may be seen from the list of them printed in its earliest issue. After premising in its prospectus that it would "not be the organ of any party, sect, or body," and promising to "make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit," while

<sup>1</sup> Editorial in the New York *Evening Post*, July 6, 1905.

## THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

entrusting its art and literary criticism to "writers possessing special qualifications," it stated that it embraced "among its regular or occasional contributors" the following names:—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,	(Schenectady),
JOHN G. WHITTIER,	JUDGE WAYLAND,
SAMUEL ELIOT (ex-President	FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED,
Trinity College, Hartford),	REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK,
PROFESSOR TORREY (Harvard);	REV. DR. JOS. P. THOMPSON,
DR. FRANCIS LIEBER,	REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH	REV. DR. BELLOWE,
(Oxford),	C. J. STILLE,
PROFESSOR CHILD (Harvard),	HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,
HENRY JAMES,	BAYARD TAYLOR,
CHARLES E. NORTON,	C. A. BRISTED,
JUDGE BOND (Baltimore),	C. L. BRACE,
EDMUND QUINCY,	RICHARD GRANT WHITE,
PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY	WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
(Yale),	SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER,
PROFESSOR D. C. GILMAN	THEODORE TILTON,
(Yale),	JAMES PARTON,
JUDGE DALY,	GAIL HAMILTON,
PROFESSOR DWIGHT (Columbia	
College);	

Of that eminent list, four survive, and three still write for the *Nation*. One of them, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, prepared the subjoined note of congratulation:—

## OF THE NATION

July 6, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON; — We wish to congratulate you upon completing forty years as literary editor and of late as director of the *Nation*.

Your service, performed quietly, but without rest or compromise, has been of great value. You have made the *Nation* for more than a generation the chief literary journal in America — the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals. Long may you have strength to continue in this inestimable work. As we send you our greeting, we cannot forget how easily and with what graciousness you transmute your editorial relation into friendship.

Cordially yours,

With Professor Norton were associated Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Mr. James Ford Rhodes, while Mr. William Roscoe Thayer and Professor J. H. McDaniels were the committee to receive signatures. As the purpose of the committee could be carried out only on condition that it should be an entire surprise to Mr. Garrison, no complete list of contributors to the *Nation* since its inception could be secured; but only such a partial one as could be obtained by stealth. Hence the inevitable omission of a good many names, chiefly of

## THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

the older contributors, to the great regret of the committee, who will gladly add the names of any one who should have, but has not, received their circular. Circulars for signature may be obtained from Professor Francis Philip Nash, Geneva, N. Y.

In alphabetical order, the signatures are as follows:

WILBUR C. ABBOTT,  
CHARLES F. ADAMS,  
GEORGE BURTON ADAMS,  
FREDERIC BANCROFT,  
AD. F. BANDELIER,  
CARL BECKER,  
BERNHARD BERENSON,  
CARL EDWARD BILLQUIST,  
WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP,  
GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD,  
EDWARD G. BOURNE,  
H. P. BOWDITCH,  
GAMALIEL BRADFORD,  
WM. ASPINWALL BRADLEY,  
W. HAND BROWNE,  
W. C. BROWNELL,  
JAMES BRYCE,  
CARL DARLING BUCK,  
JOHN H. BUCK,  
CHARLES J. BULLOCK,  
WM. H. BURNHAM,  
JAMES DAVIS BUTLER,  
WM. H. CARPENTER,  
LUCIEN CARR,  
ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN,  
TITUS MUNSON COAN,  
CHARLES W. COLBY,  
MARTIN CONWAY,

MONCURE D. CONWAY,  
ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE,  
LANE COOPER,  
KENYON COX,  
T. FREDERICK CRANE,  
R. J. CROSS,  
WM. H. DALL,  
WINTHROP MORE DANIELS,  
W. M. DAVIS,  
N. DARNELL DAVIS,  
FRANK MILLS DAY,  
A. V. DICEY,  
FRANK HAIGH DIXON,  
WM. E. DODD,  
DANIEL KILHAM DODGE,  
LOUIS DYER,  
ALICE MORSE EARLE,  
JAMES C. EGBERT,  
OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON,  
EPHRAIM EMERTON,  
S. F. EMMONS,  
GASTON FAY,  
WM. I. FLETCHER,  
WORTHINGTON C. FORD,  
WILLIAM E. FOSTER,  
HAROLD N. FOWLER,  
WILMER CAVE FRANCE,  
KUNO FRANCKE,

## OF THE NATION

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN,  
FABIAN FRANKLIN,  
SAMUEL GARMAN,  
JAMES M. GARNETT,  
RICHARD GARNETT,  
GEORGE P. GARRISON,  
BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE,  
CHAS. R. GILLET,  
DANIEL C. GILMAN,  
LAWRENCE GODKIN,  
GEORGE LINCOLN GOODALE,  
CASPER F. GOODRICH,  
WILLIAM W. GOODWIN,  
C. H. GRANDGENT,  
FRANCIS V. GREENE,  
FERRIS GREENSLET,  
APPLETON P. C. GRIFFIN,  
WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS,  
P. GROTH,  
CURTIS GUILD, JR.,  
FRANK WARREN HACKETT,  
ARTHUR T. HADLEY,  
JAMES D. HAGUE,  
ISABEL F. HAPGOOD,  
GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER,  
CHARLES HARRIS,  
GEORGE WM. HARRIS,  
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,  
J. M. HART,  
HENRY W. HAYNES,  
LOUIS HEILPRIN,  
ANGELO HEILPRIN,  
GEORGE HEMPL,  
C. JUDSON HERRICK,  
WATERMAN THOMAS HEWETT,  
T. W. HIGGINSON,

FRIEDRICH HIRTH,  
JACOB H. HOLLANDER,  
E. WASHBURN HOPKINS,  
JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD,  
CHARLES H. HULL,  
GAILLARD HUNT,  
JAMES H. HYSLOP,  
EMMA NORTON IRELAND,  
A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON,  
T. A. JAGGAR,  
WILLIAM JAMES,  
W. H. JOHNSON,  
MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN,  
AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON,  
ALBERT G. KELLER,  
FRANCIS W. KELSEY,  
G. L. KITTREDGE,  
HENRY B. KUMMEL,  
HAMMOND LAMONT,  
WM. COOLIDGE LANE,  
CHARLES R. LANMAN,  
LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE,  
HENRY C. LEA,  
ERNEST E. LEMCKE,  
GEORGE T. LITTLE,  
HERBERT M. LLOYD,  
ANNIE MACFARLANE LOGAN,  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS,  
WALTER F. MCCALED,  
J. H. MCDANIELS,  
DUNCAN B. MACDONALD,  
WILLIAM MACDONALD,  
A. R. MACDONOUGH,  
FRANCIS ANDREW MARCH,  
JESSIE WHITE MARIO,  
ALBERT MATTHEWS,

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D. McG. MEANS,	GEORGE H. SCHODDE
MANSFIELD MERRIMAN,	HENRY SCHOFIELD,
EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER,	C. SCHURZ,
CHARLES H. MOORE,	CHARLES P. G. SCOTT,
JOHN BASSETT MOORE,	FRED NEWTON SCOTT,
MORRIS H. MORGAN,	MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT,
FRANCIS PHILIP NASH,	A. G. SEDGWICK,
W. A. NELSON,	J. HERBERT SENTER,
SIMON NEWCOMB,	THOMAS DAY SEYMOUR,
CLARK S. NORTHRUP,	N. S. SHALER,
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,	GOLDWIN SMITH,
GRACE NORTON,	JOHN B. SMITH,
CHARLES C. NOTT,	MUNROE SMITH,
ALEXANDER D. NOYES,	H. MORSE STEPHENS,
GEORGE R. NOYES,	JOHN L. STEWART,
MURROUGH O'BRIEN,	MARIE STILLMAN,
ROLLO OGDEN,	CHARLES H. STOCKTON,
G. H. PALMER,	JOHN TAPPAN STODDARD,
HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON,	E. A. STRONG,
CHARLES S. PEIRCE,	W. STRUNK, JR.,
ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL,	RUSSELL STURGIS,
ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER,	F. C. DE SEMICHRIST,
JOHN P. PETERS,	CHARLES W. SUPER,
GUSTAV POLLAK,	LINDSAY SWIFT,
EDWARD KENNARD RAND,	F. W. TAUSSIG,
SALOMON REINACH,	GEORGE A. THAYER,
JAMES FORD RHODES,	WILLIAM R. THAYER,
RUFUS B. RICHARDSON,	CALVIN THOMAS,
EDWARD ROBINSON,	CHARLES C. TORREY,
F. N. ROBINSON,	CRAWFORD H. TOY,
JAMES H. ROBINSON,	C. C. VERMEULE,
JOHN C. ROSE,	OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
JOSIAH ROYCE,	JOHN MARTIN VINCENT,
C. S. SARGENT,	WILLISTON WALKER,
EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER,	BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
F. C. S. SCHILLER,	JAMES R. WHEELER,

## OF THE NATION

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE,	GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP,
HORACE WHITE,	C. H. E. A. WINSLOW,
LEO WIENER,	JOHN E. WOLFF,
JOHN HENRY WIGMORE,	GEORGE E. WOODBERRY,
BURT G. WILDER,	ALFRED A. WOODHULL,

The silver vase presented to Mr. Garrison is in the form of an amphora, decorated about the foot and neck with a variant of the Greek honeysuckle design, the pattern being sharply relieved against an etched background covered with a deposit of copper. The two handles and two fillets about the stem are without ornament of any kind, and the whole effect is severe and classical. The vase has been provided with detachable lamp fittings, including a silver shade bearing the honeysuckle design in somewhat bolder proportions appropriate to the larger scale. The dedicatory inscription was written by Goldwin Smith, and is as follows:—

PRESENTED TO  
**WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON**  
 AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR THE SERVICE RENDERED TO  
 HIS COUNTRY BY HIS FORTY YEARS OF ABLE,  
 UPRIGHT, AND TRULY PATRIOTIC WORK  
 IN THE EDITORSHIP OF  
**THE NATION**  
 6TH JULY 1905

## FORTY YEARS OF THE "NATION"<sup>1</sup>

THE Editor of the *Nation* had not intended to plant a stake on the completion of the fortieth year of this journal with its last issue in June. Least of all a personal stake. The temporal division of the day's work is what chiefly interests him, and always what is before rather than what is behind. Persistency, with him, is in the bone, and on this inheritance of nature he never thought to plume himself. His co-laborers, however, would have it otherwise, and conspired to mark the term by a testimonial which they presented on July 6, the date of the very first issue of the *Nation* in 1865. An inscribed vase of great beauty was the visible token, and it was accompanied by a congratulatory note signed by more than two hundred of the *Nation's* staff, some equal veterans with the editor. Had all this been done in a corner, it should so have remained — a matter among friends. But the utter secrecy observed in carrying out the enterprise having been followed by advertisement in the daily press, the Editor is reluctantly compelled to share the news with his own readers.

"You have made the *Nation*," runs the note, "for

<sup>1</sup> From the *Nation*, July 13, 1905, vol. 81, p. 30.

## THE NATION

more than a generation the chief literary journal in America — the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals." Such has, in fact, been my aim, attended let others judge with what success. My disclaimer relates to the degree of individual merit implied. It is true that I put my hand to the plough with the initial number of the *Nation* and have never let go the ploughtail. It is true, also, that while the literary department was my especial charge, I participated from the beginning as a writer in the political conduct of the paper. What is needful to be pointed out is, that I came to the task an inexperienced youth, and at once entered into pupilage to a great writer and master political moralist, the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin, whom with admiring eyes I saw

"Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

He it was that shaped the framework of the *Nation* and gave the informing spirit, and drew around him those liberal natures on both sides of the Atlantic who impressed a permanent stamp of authority, ideality, and scholarship on the paper. In the tentative days, Mr. Godkin was intimately counselled by Charles Eliot Norton, one of the indispensable founders of the *Nation*, and still one of its oldest as well as most valued contributors. It was Mr. Norton who penned the note of congratulation which I feel constrained

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to gloss with due remembrance of the makers of the tradition which it has been my privilege more or less independently for the past twenty-four years to uphold.

Long before the *Nation* had attained its majority, it had an entity identifiable with no one man. It drew its intellectual and moral support from a great body of enlightened and humane men and women, who became the *Nation* incarnate. I believe I can confidently appeal to the experience of subscribers and readers — readers always largely in excess of subscribers — in affirming that “a *Nation* man” stands for something definite in the social order, and that the paper furnishes a trusty bond of congeniality whenever strangers come together with no introduction. This is a cheering thought for the Editor, but it should not lead him to confound his office of intermediary with the constitution of the real *Nation*.

The dedicatory inscription on the vase presented to me was written by Goldwin Smith, and speaks of the services rendered to my country by “forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*.” Such a certificate from such a source is honorable indeed, and I can candidly profess to have been animated by patriotic motives in every line I have ever written for this journal. These motives I was born to, and they proceed from that larger outlook which my father (whose term of edi-

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torial labor I have now just equalled) expressed in his *Liberator* motto, “My Country is the World, My Countrymen are all Mankind.” They imply not only freedom from provincial narrowness in human sympathy, but a right of clear vision and independent criticism of one’s own people, one’s own government. I could ask nothing more than to be found to have derived also from my father the concomitants of his patriotism, “the modest spirit, the forthright and indomitable temper, heat, and the strong spurning of the vile, and the untrammelled word.”

It does not enter into my purpose to review the fortunes of the *Nation* in its four decades, nor to discuss its still relative isolation among independent presses. It would but mar a festive occasion to contrast the high, all-embracing philanthropy to which the country seemed dedicated on coming out of the Civil War — Lincoln’s Gettysburg speech still ringing in our ears — with our present state of shattered republican ideals, our tyrannous subjection of “inferior” peoples, our all-prevalent militarism. Then, our American reliance was on the force of example, such as Coleridge, not yet disillusioned, anticipated from the French Revolution —

“And, conquering by her happiness alone,  
Shall France compel the nations to be free.”

Now, we have come down to compelling them to pay their debts and the usurious interest of revolutionary

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speculators, to govern themselves in accordance with our notions, and to yield the vineyard which we covet.

It remains to thank those who have united in a little-called-for, wholly unexpected tribute of personal esteem and affection, from the bottom of my heart. So long as strength endures, I shall endeavor with their aid to perpetuate a journal which has, I believe, no exact parallel in any other country, and whose service has ever been a service of love. It is mine, I repeat, only in name.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

## CONGRATULATORY LETTERS

July 19, 1905.

MY DEAR GARRISON, — I never signed any paper with more satisfaction than the address to you; and don't think any such document ever expressed more faithfully the real feelings of those who signed it. It is a further pleasure to know that the secret was so well kept to the last. For myself, may I again say that it is to me a most remarkable thing that you have been able for so many years to keep the literary side of the *Nation* at so exceptionally high a level. I doubt if there be any organ in England, or indeed perhaps in Continental Europe, whose reviews have been of such uniformly high excellence, and whose "note" department has been so interesting and helpful. Always yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

OXFORD, July 25, 1905.

MY DEAR GARRISON, — I was extremely pleased to receive the account of the present to you as a memorial of your forty years' labour for the *Nation*. I was the more pleased as I noted in your reply to the address the expression of what I hope to be a resolution on your part to carry on your work for the

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present. I think you are younger and certainly not older than I, and my strong wish is that you may at any rate last my time. . . . I am sure it is best for the *Nation*.

I was told by a friend that you had been working for the *Nation* for now forty years. I most sincerely wish that my own work for the same time had been anything like as important and beneficent. I have often disagreed with particular opinions maintained in the *Nation*, but I have never had the least doubt that under your and Mr. Godkin's guidance, it has done better work for the world than any other newspaper with which I am acquainted except indeed your father's *Liberator*. It saddens me to think that Godkin will never be able to read my *Law and Opinion*. I think he would have sympathized with much of it.

What a lot of life there was in him!

Yours sincerely,

A. V. DICEY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 5, 1905.

HONORED AND DEAR FRIEND, — I cannot let this occasion go by without sending you from your native place a word of congratulation, of thankfulness, and of God-speed. I have had some good teachers, men of distinction in the world of science or letters; but I often wonder whether I owe more to any of them —

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apart from purely technical reasons — than I do to the modest and quiet and faithful man who has been my teacher for really more than a generation, and who — through an instrumentality that lays more weight on the thing done than on the personality that does it — has taught, besides, a multitude of the men who are the leaders of men in our beloved country. I shall send you ere long in print a page or two on "Human Personality and the Progress of Science." What I say there is equally pertinent to you, and to your life-work, and I feel sure that you will send me a sympathetic word in return, for I know it is what you have deeply felt, because you have lived it in your life. The supreme satisfaction in life is — I suspect — after all, the consciousness that one has served his day and generation (as dear old President Woolsey preached to us on our Baccalaureate of thirty-four years ago). This satisfaction is yours, if any one may feel entitled to it; and so I want to rejoice with you, dear Mr. Garrison, because you have given us loyal, unvarying public service, and because that service has been fruitful for good in many thousand ways which neither you nor I can ever know, but yet aboundingly and certainly fruitful.

It has been nothing less than a grief to me that I have been able to do almost nothing by way of contribution to the columns of the *Nation* lately. When you see Volume IX of the *Oriental Series* (which goes



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on to the press this week) and the list of ten volumes practically done and of ten or twelve more in an encouraging state of advancement, you will easily see why. But it is no small part of the attractiveness of the honorable position of being a contributor to the *Nation* that it gives one an opportunity to know you a little at closer range, and occasionally to see your familiar hand which seems neither to change nor to age.

From the bottom of my heart, I wish you health and strength for continued work, and joy in your work which, I am sure, is a wonderful means to sustain and give endurance to a man that is trying to do his share. God bless you, worthy son of a man whose statue on our Commonwealth Avenue I never pass but with bared head, and be assured of the abiding regard and affection of your sincere friend,

CHARLES R. LANMAN.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, July 21, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON, — I must not fail to send my sincere and hearty congratulations to you on the completion of your forty years of distinguished service as editor of the *Nation*. As I think of what has happened in that long period, your work seems to me to have been of inestimable value. In your entire independence of thought, your insistence upon the highest critical ideals, your sympathy with all

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good causes, your well-nigh unerring discrimination of truth from falsehood, and your unfailingly pure and vigorous English style, you have been the strong encouragement of all of us who, in our various ways, have ourselves sought to be true to those ideals. My own sense of personal obligation to you is very great. For ten years you have given me unfettered opportunity to say what I thought ought to be said, at the same time that you have surrounded all that I did with your kindly criticism and, best of all, personal friendship. I cannot separate, therefore, my congratulations from my affectionate regards, and I beg you to accept them both.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM McDONALD.

PONT-AVEN, BRITTANY, July 28, 1905.

MY DEAR WENDELL, — My *Nation* of July 13th, coming to me via my son, to whom it is sent first, has just reached me here, and I cannot, though it is late, consent to be wholly out of the tribute of congratulation on your two-score years of faithful and fruitful service of our people and of all mankind, through an instrument which you have done so much to make — as you justly estimate that the *Nation* has been — unique in its kind. I was going to write, with the impulse not to overstate that comes with the habit of writing, "almost" unique. But I think the adverb

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would be out of place and an injustice. In its two-fold character of a political and social monitor, and a literary and artistic guide, it has no counterpart that I know of. I have often said that, in the latter capacity, it is better than either of the English weeklies, and in the former, no paper, certainly, has, during your long period, been quite so true and unwavering and perspicacious. I honor the course and steadfast attitude of the *Nation* beyond words. Personally, it has been to me so serviceable as a guide in thinking, as a help in formulating my opinions, and as a literary companion of educators, that I cannot think what I should have done or been without it. John Ropes made me a subscriber to the first number, I believe, and continued that kindness till his lamented and too early death. And it is as much my habit to go through it, and read the most of it, as it has been yours, almost to look over your copy of the proofs. I hope that when I was still preaching I discharged part of my great debt to it through the infiltration of its illuminating thought into my feeble discourses. I feel as if I could speak, and were speaking, for J. C. R., who, as you know, thought so much with you and valued the *Nation* so much in both its functions. He used always to read it thoroughly, often he passed it to his faithful valet, who was quite educated by it and became a good independent and radical in politics.

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Well, the tribute you have read was altogether just and meet and timely, and it would have been a bad omission if, at such an epoch, you had not heard from your friends a little of all they think of you and your life-work. But your great reward is in your consciousness of lifelong fidelity and service, and I hope you permit yourself to enjoy it. The best function of the beautiful vase shall be to remind you to think well of yourself and your function. May great content and peace be reflected upon your heart whenever you look upon it.

I have always been most happy that your father's sons have, in their spirit and attitude and actual work, been so true to the tradition of his wonderful life and character. Now, you have duplicated his service in an almost more difficult field. At least he had the advantage of an issue so clear-cut. The *Nation's* task has, from that point of view, been almost more difficult than that of the *Liberator*. I was glad of your allusion to him and *It* (I made that capital by accident, but I am glad I did!) — you could not have repressed it, and it is very pleasing and suggestive. Something in the *style* of your remarks on this occasion reminds me of his. You have been *par nobile*, father and son.

With affectionate regard and warmest congratulations, always cordially your friend,

JOSEPH MAY.

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HOBART COLLEGE, GENEVA, N. Y.,  
July 8, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — Permitted through M.'s friendship to know the details of the surprise planned for you on your anniversary, I heartily congratulate you on the enthusiastic and eager responses which the suggestion of that plan has elicited from your contributors. Your case seems to me quite *sui generis*. This unanimous and hearty approval proceeds from a highly cultured and intellectual body of men accustomed to think for themselves — a body including not a few men of the very first order of attainments. It is not the fruit and expression of political excitement, of religious fanaticism; but is based on a calm and almost judicial appreciation of your character as your fellow-workers see it. But, further, I am sure that an equally honorable expression of esteem and respect could be called forth from the larger number of those "intellectuals" whom political ties, the *Amour du clocher*, an extreme conservatism, or some other reason has debarred from any connection with the *Nation*.

And this appreciation of your character and your services is not expressed by all with perfect freedom. Of your contributors many will not say to your face the good they will say of you behind your back. Not a few of those whose letters are now sent to you for your perusal would have been less outspoken if they

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had been writing to you directly. To be entirely free from all such constraint one has to feel sure that the personal friendship is quite independent of any relations of a business nature.

In spite of all this restraint, it clearly appears that you are loved and honored in equal measure. To call this a mystery is a mere phrase. You are loved because you love. No man is ever loved by other men on any other terms; though, on his part, the love may be less personal and individual than what he receives in return. I am sure that every one of your contributors has had occasion to feel that you were more sensitive for him than he for himself — "*Penso più d' altrui che di se stesso*." I do not know what I would not give to be loved in this way; and if envy could exist between friends, I should envy you desperately. Now I congratulate you with all my heart; and I am glad and proud that I can call myself your friend.

FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

ASHFIELD, MASS., July 19, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — The feelings which you express in your frank and cordial letter seem to me altogether natural, and quicken responsive sympathy in my heart. I know well the trial of publicity, and the mingled pain and pleasure in the public expres-

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sion of private regard, especially by means of a formal testimonial.

In truth, I hate these *ante-mortem* obituaries.

But, looking only at the pleasant side of this testimonial to you, I trust that the affection and confidence manifest in it may prove tonic and invigorating, and enable you to go on with your work with a cheerful spirit, till Nature, with quick and kind decision, bids you rest.

You and I have much in common to be thankful for. Godkin forms a close bond between us.

With affectionate regards,

Ever yours,

C. E. NORTON.

MILFORD, PA., May 29, 1905.

DEAR SIR, — I remark that the note does not touch upon the truly extraordinary skill that Garrison shows in conducting the journal. However little acquaintance he may have with a subject, his *flair* is such that before he sends out a book he knows pretty accurately what its value is. His "graciousness," for which we all feel, as we ought, so warmly to him, ought *besides* to command respect as an essential element of his ability to gather and keep such contributors as he does. Every head of a works, to ensure his success, must have a genuine sympathy with his workmen; but there is no other class so

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difficult to deal with as those who are skillful with the pen. The immense influence of the *Nation*, far beyond its subscription list, has been exercised with amazing sagacity and directed to the best ends.

CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

LONDON, July 23, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — I have just received my *Nation* for July 13th, and I hope you will let me add a little personal note to the mere formal letter of congratulations. For I should like you to know how much — all the seventeen or eighteen years I have been working for you — I have appreciated the pleasure and privilege of being a contributor to the *Nation*. I think I can appreciate it all the more, because I have felt the difference between the liberal editorship of the *Nation* and the narrower justice of some newspaper editors for whom I have worked. It has seemed to me that you always have realized that one has written because one has had something to say in which one believed, which one thought needed saying — and so you have given one the opportunity to speak out honestly that is to be had in so few, so forlornly few, papers anywhere. And may I say that I feel, too, what Mr. Norton has so well written for us all — the kindness with which you make friends of your contributors, even one who, like myself, has never had the pleasure of meeting you. From begin-

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ning to end, my connection with the *Nation* has been the very best thing that long years of journalism have brought me, and this I owe to you entirely. For, as I like to remind you now, and as you may remember, I came to you without any introduction or recommendation, so that my connection with the paper is due solely and entirely to your kind approval of the first articles I ever sent you.

It may amuse you to hear, just at this moment, that during the last month, while going over some old papers of my uncle's (Charles G. Leland, whose *Life* I am writing), I came across a number of letters from Charles Astor Bristed, and that in some of these for 1866 I found the *Nation* already praised — as it has been ever since — for its liberality and its high standard — for "the chance to place writing which no other paper would accept (probably), or appreciate (certainly): I mean first-class criticism on literary and social topics." I was glad to see Bristed's name among those of the early contributors.

Ms. Pennell joins with me in sending you congratulations and assurance of appreciation of all and everything you have made of the *Nation*.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH R. PENNELL.

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RAVENSCLIFF, SEAL HARBOR, MAINE,  
July 15, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — I was glad to get your kind personal word to me and to read your noble letter in the *Nation* of Thursday. From two expressions of yours, one in an earlier letter of this year and the other when we talked together at the Massachusetts Historical Society, I was reminded of what a toilsome work yours had been. I knew it well enough before, as my easy reading of the *Nation* since 1886 had only been achieved by hard writing and editorial work. Yet it was a bit more effective to hear the personal note.

During the last two years I have been going over in my historical work the *Nation* from 1866 to 1872, and I marvel how well it stands the test of re-reading and of examination in the light of history. It also renews my sense of indebtedness to the journal for its guidance on the question of Civil Service and Tariff Reform and of Finance. You and your associates may well congratulate yourselves on the results of your work in the advocacy of Civil Service reform and of Sound Finance. As to the Tariff, we have gone backward (in my judgment) since 1870-72.

I think I have told you before how I am at times distracted from my political reading by glancing at some attractive book review, and I find the same care and knowledge displayed then as now. Your book

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reviews make a body of literature of which any one may be proud. All of us who are devoted to study, literature, and the philosophy of politics are much indebted to you and Mr. Godkin. I rejoice that Mr. Norton and Dr. Thayer thought of so happy a method of expressing our sense of obligation.

I am touched by your expression of personal friendship, which I reciprocate cordially.

With kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,

JAMES FORD RHODES.

MAGNOLIA, MASS., July 5, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — Very hearty congratulations to you on the completion of your forty years on the *Nation* — a Forty Years' War, if ever there was one. Such a warfare as you have waged in behalf of high ideals and wholesome methods has had no parallel in this country, where the *Nation* stands as the great example of what journalism can and should be.

You cannot measure the breadth of its influence, nor of your own, on the scores of contributors whom you have guided during all these years. It is particularly for this friendly guidance, this welcome to various opinions provided they be worthy, that I feel grateful. Long ago I found that in you behind the editor is the friend, and this friendship has been one of my most precious possessions.

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Long may you stand in your place with vigor undiminished.

Ever faithfully yours,

WILLIAM R. THAYER.

SHELMALIERE, ORWELL PARK, RATHGAR,  
DUBLIN, July 28, 1905.

MY DEAR WENDELL, — A notice in the last *Nation* and a letter from Frank from the Continent tell of the address to you on the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the *Nation* and of your taking up the Editorship. Dear! — how my father delighted in the paper, and how carefully he preserved the pile of these up to the time of his illness — which pile we sent to some one whose name I forget, through your family.

And what a moderating influence for good it has been on my own life all through! Convictions early drove me into a stormy sea of Irish political passions and politics. They have tended to isolate me from others of my own class. It is mainly due to the *Nation* the degree to which I have been able to keep my hold upon general and world-wide principles of justice and light. And it has been the deepest literary satisfaction of my life that you have considered so many of my communications worthy of a place in the columns of the *Nation*.

Were it possible to communicate with my father's

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spirit, and were I allowed but one message, the one I would be most likely to send as giving him most satisfaction would be my twenty years' connection with your paper.

With best regards, in which my wife would join were she in as I write, and affectionately,

ALFRED WEBB.

On Mr. Garrison's retirement from the *Nation* a year later (June 28, 1906), the following letters passed between him and an Italian subscriber of long standing:—

MILAN, 25th July, 1906.

DEAR SIR, — Allow me, a constant reader of the *Nation* for the last thirty years, to wish you all ease and happiness in your well-deserved retreat. And I do so the more as, being an Italian, I cannot forget the fair way my country has been always treated in your admirably edited paper.

Believe me, Dear Sir, yours truly,

C. GIUSSANI.

August 7, 1906.

TO SIGNOR C. GIUSSANI, Milano:

Dear Sir, — Your good wishes find me absent from home in search of bodily recuperation, and, I am happy to add, already much improved in tone. I am

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also, being on the New England coast, somewhat nearer to the Italy from which you write, and concerning whose treatment in the *Nation* you kindly speak in praise.

Finally, it happens that the only books I brought with me were Carducci's "Poesie" and a fragment of Dante, when I much doubted having strength to read anything.

All this prepared me for a higher gratification on receipt of your friendly message, for which I thank you in all sincerity. It is a great joy to work with such collaborators as I have had for forty years; but on the other hand it is no small privation not to know any but the least portion of one's readers, or to have any sure indication of influence exerted — and upon what class of minds. It is a real favor to have you stand out from the mass and extend a hand in sympathetic farewell. In doing so you are one of a small number, though many have no doubt felt but kept silent.

It is twenty-two years since I looked up from the railroad station at Milan towards your beautiful and renowned city. That I shall ever be as near it again seems very doubtful at my age and with my disinclination to travel. I may therefore never be able to say to you in person what these few lines are intended to express.

Believe me very gratefully and respectfully yours,

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

## FAREWELL LETTER TO CONTRIBUTORS

June 28, 1906.

DEAR SIR, — Announcement is made, in to-day's issue of the *Nation* (marking the close of the forty-first year of my connection with that journal), of my definitive resignation of the editorial control. My relations to it hereafter, if any, must be only casual and contributory. In any event, I am, by the necessities of my health, suddenly deprived of that humane intercourse, intermittent in individual instances, constant in the mass, with my staff acquaintance which has been the joy of my profession for more than a generation. To their support I owe too much to be satisfied with a public advertisement of the breach I must to the end of my days deplore. Permit me, then, to repeat privately to each — to you *nominatim* — words of grateful farewell, and to express the hope that the proverbial smallness of the world will furnish, here and there at least, an occasion for future greeting, with cheerful memories and unabated mutual esteem.

Respectfully and cordially yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

LLEWELLYN PARK,  
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

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