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broke upon me, as I had also never heard before pronounced the name of E. L. Godkin, with whom I was soon to begin to cherish a relation, one of the best of my life, which lasted for long years. He "sounded" at that hour, I remember, most unusual and interiorly, his being not among the commonplace, as antecedents went with us then; and memory next jumps for me to the occasion of a visit from him in Ashburton Place (I then had a Boston domicile); where, prodigiously to consider, he looked me up, in the course of a busy rush from New York, for the purpose of proposing to me to contribute to the weekly journal, for which every preparation—save, as it were, that of his actual instance—had been made, to all appearance, most auspiciously, and of which he had undertaken the editorship. The verb to contribute took on at once to my ears a weird beauty of its own, and I applied it during that early time with my best frequency and zeal: which doesn't, however, now prevent my asking myself, and with no grain of mock humility, little indeed as humbliness of any sort costs at my age, what writer could have seemed to attach to antecedents of mine, that I should have been so fondly solicited. I was very young and very willing, but only as literary and as critical as I knew how to be—by which I mean, of course, as I had been able to learn of myself. Round my cradle, in the connection, the favoring fairs, and this time with nearly one at all, must have ably mellowed each other. That winter of Ashburton Place, the winter following the early summer-birth of the confident sheet, fairly reeks for me, as I carry myself back to it, with the romantic battle of getting my reviews of books off.

I got them off, bustle as I would, involuntarily too late, it seemed, for the return of a proof from New York; which is why there also lives on with me from those so well-meaning years the direct memory of a certain blindly involute demigod of whom I never could have supposed my style, a misrepresentation as ingenuous as if it had been intended, though this it was never in the smallest degree, and only owing its fatal action to its being so little self-confessed. I was never "cut" that I can remember, never corrected nor disapproved, postponed, nor omitted; but just stealthily pared to a careful and plausibly misprinted, so as to make a sense which was a dreadful sense—though one for which I dare say my awkwardness of hand gave large occasion. The happy, if imperfect, relation went on, but I saw it as much rectified during the winter and spring of 1876, which I spent in New York, on a return from three or four years of Europe; to the effect of my being for the first time able to provide against accidents. These were small things, and the occasions of them small things, but the sense of those months is almost in a prime degree the sense of the luxury of proof. The great thing really, of course, was that my personal relation with Godkin had become in itself a vast element.

I should like to light a taper at the shrine of his memory here, but the altar is necessarily scant, and I confound the rite. I should like also, I confess, to treat myself to some expression of my sense of those aspects of my native city to which I then offered their last free chance to play in upon me; but though such a hint of my having on the occasion had to conclude against them does but scant justice to the beautiful theme—I really should be able, I think, to draw both smiles and tears from it—I find myself again smothered. I had contributed, on one opportunity and another, during my stretches of absence in Europe, just as I had done so during '67 and '68, the years preceding my more or less settled resumption of the European habit, and just as I was not definitely to break till this habit had learnt to know the adverse pressure that '76, '77, and '78, in Paris and in London, were to apply to it. I had ceased to be able to "notice books"—that faculty seemed to dilatate for me, perversely, as my acquaintance with books grew; and though I suppose I should have liked regularly to correspond from London, nothing came of that, but three or four pious efforts which broke down under the appearance that people liked most to hear of what I could learn, of what in fact nothing would have induced me to write about. What I could write about they seemed, on the other hand, to view askance; on any complete lapse of which tendency in them I must not now, however, too much pressure.

A Young Man's Oracle

THE EDITOR OF THE "UNPOPULAR REVIEW" RECALLS HIS RELATIONS WITH THE "NATION" IN ITS EARLY DAYS AND HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH E. L. GODKIN.

By Henry Holt.

The editor of the Nation has asked me to write of its early relations to the publishing trade. I told him that I could not write of the Nation and confine myself to that, without mixing in my personal recollections of its great founder and one of its literary editors, any more naturally than I could write of the Heaven now before me, by Lake Champlain, and confine myself to the region's production of potatoes and fish. Perhaps I could write with an effort and many excisions; but I don't believe the result would be as satisfactory as it would if I write without restraint, and give the whole of the matter as it was related to the whole of me, and few things in my long life have related to so much of me. That last fact is, of course, worth mentioning only by way of explanation.

The Nation was hardly started when Godkin, though personally unknown to me, became my infallible pope, and it had not been going long before he became my friend; and for several of his later years he was my next neighbor in the country, with the houses so situated that we often met several times a day.

Then, during the brief career of Dennett, one of the first literary editors—a genius, who, at the start, did perhaps even more than Godkin to make the bonier known, though not to give it weight—Dennett and I were intimate friends.

After all this was promised with the present editor, one night at the Century, he got to reminiscing, and I told him some of my recollections of the early days of the Nation. Then he found that he wanted "anything but" that I should confine myself to its relations to the publishing trade, but that he still wanted me to begin on them. Well, I will; but I am a very old man, writing about the best days of his youth, and I am going to write as I please, and the editor has even been reckless enough to tell the very old man to write as much as he pleases; but I have told him to cut out as much as he pleases.

My recollections of the relations of the early Nation to the book publishers are inevitably mixed with my recollections of the relations of its editors in this book publisher, and I think the present editor will get out of me more of what he wants if I don't try very hard to disentangle them.

The Nation was set up in July, 1855, and after a little preliminary acclaiming in connection with that model publisher, G. P. Putnam, I began the publishing business with my present house, in November of the same year. I believe we have had an advertisement in every number of the Nation during the virtually fifty years since, unless one or two may have been omitted by accident.

I still vividly remember my surprise and enlightenment when Dennett happened into my office just as the first volume of Tolstoi's Italian in the binder was handed him a copy, and he said: "Let me see! To whom shall I send this for review—who knows Italy?" And after a little reflection he decided to send it to Howells. Now, so far as I know, doing this as a matter of course was something new in American journalism. It must have been done exceptionally and spasmodically by two or three of the heavier periodicals, such as the North American and the Atlantic, but the general habit was to turn everything over to a "book reviewer"—a "literary gentleman," such as one newspaper about that time contemptuously the publishing world, by circular, it had added to its staff. This novel course by the Nation gave it an authority looked upon by those as ignorant as I was with almost superstitious awe, and it was a very short time before its favorable verdict was accepted by everybody as final, and its unfavorable verdict, by everybody but the interested parties—and poor young me.

I recall an illustration. Some time in the late sixties appeared in the Nation an unfavorable review of Miss Yonge's "Landmarks of History," which we had just published. We wrote asking to be put in communication with the author of the review, with a view to getting him to revise the
book, which, by the way, he did. Soon after we sent our letter, the Nation had a paragraph on the matter, saying that our course was strangely unprecedented—that the publisher's natural course under such circumstances was to complain and withdraw his advertising, or withdraw it without complaining.

The publishers didn't know what to make of the Nation's strange ways, nor, for that matter, did many people know what to make of the Nation generally. It had to educate its constituency, as genius proverbially must. The publishers had been using to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if not praised. Dennett had no mercy for ignorance or stupidity or affectation or quackery, and very little reverence for tradition. Moreover, he was a generalizer as well as a fighter. Works in pure literature, not calling for special outside knowledge, he often reviewed himself, and if a publishing house was much addicted to the goody-goody and namby-pamby or the merely ponderously respectable, he, although honest, was very apt to let the house's general character affect his impressions of its new books. One very respectable publisher indeed asked me if I knew why the Nation never gave anything of his a favorable notice. I've told you, but I didn't tell him.

Dennett's pitching into the Knickerbocker School, in the number for December 5, 1867 (Vol. V, p. 493), set the whole literary and publishing world by the ears—and gave the Nation a great advertisement—and added, of course, to its reputation for originality and irreverence and ill-nature and all sorts of things. Since I've known more of the journalistic world, I've wondered if there was not a good deal of deliberateness about this policy of "attack"—one well recognized as effective in building up a circulation, and successfully followed not long after Dennett's death by the new management of an old daily. As the Nation and the Nation never did, conscientious people who did not deserve it, and to a degree that, despite that paper's having changed hands several times since, makes its name offensive to-day in the nostrils of not a few of us old people. Well, whatever the motives, the early Nation unquestionably did more than all other influences to raise the standard of our literary criticism, and, as I stick to my last, to educate the publishing trade. It has been a good while since any of us were apt to assume, when a book was pitched into, that it was because of any personal feeling regarding the author or the house. And yet one of the owners of the daily to which I have referred actually told me, in the presence of other men at the Century, that he supposed his paper had taken sides against us with a house with which we were quarrelling because they advertised with the paper and we did not. When I told him why we did not, I was slapped on the back by the most eminent man present. The Nation was among the leaders in the policy of without fear and without favor.

Perhaps it was consciousness of his friendship for me that made Dennett stand up so straight that he leaned backwards, and let him into one of the few big bunglers of his career, in writing sarcastically, in the number of the Nation for January 7, 1868 (Vol. V, p. 502), of the first book of poems by Still. We published it, and he knew that I had a special interest in it because Still and I were classmates and close friends. And perhaps his passion for rectitude was over-stimulated by my youthful enthusiasm and indirection permitting me to try, very argumentatively, to influence him in advance.

Dennett was a complex genius, lately graduated from Harvard, recommended to Godkin by Lowell or Horner, and with a make-up foredoomed to unhappiness and early death. Yet he was physically a big, strong fellow. And such a jaw!—not prognathous, but firm, and very broad at the angle. White-law Reid had one like it. Dennett was perhaps the wittiest man I ever knew, though Godkin himself was a close second, if a second. Dennett's wit was very much over-generous, and apt to be paradoxical. Once he and I were lunching with Bobbie Weeks, another classmate and dear friend of mine, whose poems Dennett used to print in the Nation. Bobbie said something about the anxieties regarding a future life. This Dennett met with: "I trust you're not so lost to decency as to be anxious about the salvation of your soul!" I didn't ask, and have often wondered during the nearly fifty years since, whether Dennett meant that such anxiety was indecent, or deprecated on Bobbie's part a modest doubt of his own deserts that would have been very characteristic of him. Within a few years after, to my lasting regret, the main question was settled for them both.

It is very doubtful whether any journalist but Horace Greeley ever had so enthusiastic a group of such adoring followers as Godkin's. His group never was as large a percentage of the public as Greeley's, and of course was a different set of people, from the opposite pole. How he did make the Philistines squirm, and how they did hate him! But no editor of my time has begun to have the authority among educated people that he had. I do not if any editor of any time has had as much.

Why, among many men who were young when the Nation was young, Godkin was little less than the object of a cult. And I am now meeting middle-aged men in his own field who never knew him! I believe the present editor did not, and I'm not sure that even Paul Mor, his immediate predecessor, did; and I meet young people who never heard of him. When people talk that way, I feel as if they had told me that they had never heard of the equator: for I am far from sure that Godkin was not our greatest man since Lincoln.

Yet he was one of the best hated men in the country. Though his greatest mistake was advocacy of the ballot for the negro, the time came when the most backward Republicans hated him worse than they hated anybody else, and Tammany for a time hated him just as badly. At a gathering somewhere in the nineties, I think, where a lot of us gave him a loving-cup, he told us that Mrs. Godkin was sent to Tammany, and brought back to him, kept follow-

ed by detectives to prevent her. And probably there was never a just and upright man hated by more kinds and sorts of people, or better entitled to be "loved for the enemies he made." Yet probably no private citizen, if an editor is a private citizen, ever had a following more to be desired.

After some time worshiping him as an unseeing god, I think I first saw him at a church that then stood on Fortieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, opposite the Park, where O. B. Frothingham, with great eloquence and self-devotion, and a moderate sprinkling of the other kind of "devotion," used to dispense to more or less "brainy" people—who then stuck to the church habit more than they do now—what, as it had to have a name, was called Unitarianism. In the congregation, my attention was attracted to a rather thick-set man of about thirty-five with dark hair, moustache, and imperial, who was accompanied by a tall, brown-haired, singularly elegant and beautiful woman. It was among the fortunate circumstances of my life that I soon came to know them well as Mr. and Mrs. Godkin. She died not many years later—a great loss to her friends, and to him an inefable one. He could not then bear New York without her, and went to Cambridge for some years, but kept up his editorship by mail. After considerable time, he married a woman of a contrasting type, but talented and devoted to him. She did not long survive him.

Very early in our acquaintance—perhaps before we were personally acquainted at all—I used, with a very young man's ignorant enthusiasm, to regard him as the "founder" of all who don't so regard any one now, but still think he was as near it as anybody I have known.

Now for a few little personal reminiscences. He had a knack of putting in a phrase the key to some wide subject that the average man could think about a good deal without really getting into. For instance, once when I was bemoaning "the law's delay," he said: "Of course, you can't get quicker justice without more courts." That's a very large part of the truth, but there's a good deal of it in the slow procedure of nearly all of the existing courts.

So early in our acquaintance that Godkin was probably greatly surprised, I went to him for advice regarding working to help an educational institution, some of whose peculiarities I disapproved, and knew he knew which we had both criticized (I think only by letter) in the Nation. He broadened my vision, as he always did, by saying, substantially: "Of course! They need help and, in spite of all their shortcomings, deserve it!"

I cannot fix the date, but very early in my acquaintance with Godkin, though obviously after we had become rather intimate, we were
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walking home one night from some dinner, and I told him that I was thinking of getting up a syndicate to buy and sell the North American Review, then for sale by J. R. Osgood & Co., who succeeded Ticknor & Fields, and proceeded, with an intervening change or two, the Houghton Mifflin Co. I proposed that he should edit it (it was then only a quarterly) in connection with the Nation's machinery, and my house should publish it. He said he was ready, and would help to raise the money. Soon after we went together to talk it over with a friend of his given to writing, and possessing money. While the syndicate was under way, I met Osgood one night at the Century, and he told me that he had just sold the North American to Allen Thorndike Rice. The price, I think, was four thousand dollars; but we wanted much more to boom it, I thought I had an option on the Review, but Osgood thought differently. And that is how near Godkin came to being editor of the North American, and, what is of more importance, how near the North American came to having Godkin for its editor; and (the suggestion seems to me very funny) after he gave up work, probably another man who a dozen years later started another Review, very different from the North American of then or now.

As bearing on a present-day discussion, I remember that, although Godkin married in New Haven, and visited there not a little, he told me that he could not send his boy to Yale, because he would not on any account subject him to the danger of a religious revival. I thought that danger outgrown when, some fifteen years later, I sent my first boy there. I was too young, and too ignorant, as I am now, to know whether Godkin invented the use of quotation marks in sarcasm, or the "deadly parallel" column, but he at least gave them a new efficiency. I'm confident that he brought "cussedness" into general use, and also "a felt want." He got it off the last time I remember seeing him, after his first "stroke" had affected his speech.

I yield to the temptation to give here a strange thing which he said to me once as we were riding together on the Riverside Drive. The public has a right to it as coming from a great man. We both had heavy reason to discuss the questions of immortality, and he, with the ponderous superiority of the emotions he really felt but disregarded in setting any general question, said: "I would compromise on annihilation." In such a matter, he was not a man with whom one could go farther into detail. I doubt if any question regarding anybody's state of mind ever puzzled me as long and as often as that, and yet as I've thought it over during a couple of days since I wrote the sentence, I believe I have the solution, and it is a very interesting, though a very simple, one. I think the statement was merely a piece of heroic fealty to the philosophy of the time—the typical frame of mind among men who had minds, in the period between the appearance of "The Origin of Species" and a decade after the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research—that when, as Godkin came once pressed to me, when we were discussing the falling off in literature, "Science killed the imagination," and with it aforesaid, for the time, not only literature, but art, religion, and all consciousness of the immensity that surrounds our experience, except as a field for mechanical discovery, with its resulting worship of material things. With that strange and desperate hope that humanity had cherished longest and most widely.

For some twenty or thirty years, about then, under the influence of Spencer's "First Principles" and sneers of Huxley's works inspired by Spencer, the best minds shut themselves up like clam-shells to all these influences. I have heretofore thought Spencer himself the most striking illustration of this that I have personally known, but I wonder that strength of Godkin's heart caps the climax, and throws a flood of light on the negative side of his character and influence. The world regarded him and his paper as "cold." Those who knew him intimately, or even merely socially, knew that that was not the whole truth, and yet knew that there was a grain of truth in it—a mighty big grain in public questions where the emotions were concerned. He made it a virtue, and, in its place, it is a great virtue, to settle all questions with the intellect alone. His mistake was in applying it rigidly to all questions—to the very biggest. Why, even the mechanics of the starsy heavens contain no questions as big as some in the little human heart.

I wonder if Godkin's strange and almost fatal recoil from the emotions resulted in any degree from their having caused his greatest professional mistake, almost at the outset of his career, in advocating the ballet for the negroes—a mistake whose terrible effects needed for their offsetting his arduous, brilliant, and beneficent success in reforming the civil service. He owned up to his mistake like a man, but I suspect that it always weighed on his conscience, and helped the influences of the time to narrow his philosophy. But I'm not taking upon myself to blame him for his philosophy: It was for too long a time my own, and I think that he partially outlined it.

You didn't want my long episode on that philosophy, Mr. Editor, when you asked me to write about the Nation's relations to the publishing trade, and I had it no more in mind before my paper was nearly done, than you did; but it has more to do with the Nation's relations to the publishing trade, and to everything else, than all the other things that I, or anybody, can say.

Godkin's advocacy of negro suffrage was by no means the only case where he owned up. His enemies used to say he never did. The files of the Nation prove the contrary, though he seldom had occasion to. Here's another case where he did.

Some time about the late sixties, the Nation, in criticizing somebody, said, substancially: "It's Herbert Spencer's reputation over again: each authority considers him an authority on all subjects but the authority's own"—as if a philosopher were to grub his own fencis any more than a cook to grub his own potatoes. Youmans, Spencer's great apostle in America, for whom I had sometimes swung the censer, came to me with: "That must be answered. I'm not persona grata at the Nation; they think I'm so prejudiced on this subject that they won't take anything from me" (I think he was mistaken), "but they'll take something from you. I'll give you the facts, and you send them a letter." "The facts" were testimony from several great specialists (Hooker is the only one I remember) virtually declaring Spencer one of themselves. Later, by the way, Darwin was quoted, in the "Life and Letters," as saying: "We all bow the knee to Spencer." Well! I wrote the letter, and we had quite a nice little shindy, the Nation, of course, having the last word. I'm telling all this because, some time later, Godkin came to me one night at the Century with: "You remember your controversy with the Nation over Spencer's reputation? Well, I've just read his 'Philosophy of Style.' I don't know anything about the topics in which you are an authority, but I do profess to know something about English style. Spencer's work on it is a masterpiece, and, judging what I don't know by what I now do know, I am ready to presume that all you claim for him is well founded."

By that time our little controversy had become ancient history, so I didn't even suggest his reviving the subject in the Nation.

This country has no journalist to equal Godkin, unless Franklin was a journalist. America did not produce him to the same extent that it produced Carl Schurz: for Godkin developed younger. Schurz, I think, came here younger, and, as we all know, to escape governmental tyranny, and Godkin, I have always suspected, came to escape social tyranny. He could not brook social inferiority, or even the ascription of it. Had he been born in the peearce, or near it. I believe he would have stayed at home. His enemies called him a snob. He cared as much for social position as for intellectual position, and, happily, he achieved it. Few other journalists, if any, were ever so thoroughly at home in the very best American society. I believe that he never went back to Europe until he had made his great place here, and then he was made much of in the really best English society. But even there he had to go in to dinner behind my lord duke, even if my lord duke was but a footling boy; and here he did not have to go in behind anybody, though he was very apt to go in last, but with the hostess on his arm.

Being In temperament a thorough aristocrat, of course he could not make a popular paper, and did not care to. Though he was the greatest journalist we ever had, "the people" never knew even his name. Yet his influence was probably greater than Greeley's, because it was greater on people.
They were "works of occasion." His great power had used his great knowledge for daily exigencies, and with great effect, but had not put it in a shape for permanent use.

I think I'll try to get a look at that manuscript of a third of his contemplated book on Government. It is too pathetic that so great a man should survive to mortal sight only in the recollections of a few friends who themselves cannot long survive—to mortal sight.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian

THE APPOINTEE OF LINCOLN TO A JUDGMENT OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS AND AN EARLY EDITORIAL WRITER ON THE "NATION," JUDGE NOTT, NOW IN HIS EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR, TELLS OF HIS INTIMACY WITH GODKIN.

BY CHARLES C. NOTT.

It would give me great pleasure to contribute reminiscences of my connection with the Nation, were it not that I have played editor for the Nation so much that I am afraid I may feel bound as such to reject my own contribution.

I had a club acquaintance with Mr. Godkin before the Nation was established, and had reviewed in it almost from the beginning. In 1837, when the conflict was approaching for the overthrow of Tecumseh, I wrote an editorial intended to accompany the meeting at Cooper Institute which began the campaign. Mr. Godkin accepted it for that purpose, and gave it its title, "The Bottom of the City Difficulty." A few weeks later Mr. Garrison wrote asking me to contribute an editorial every fortnight, and thereby alternate with Mr. Godkin in the leading editorials.

This went on for several years. Mr. Godkin and I were in close agreement, such close agreement that it was not necessary for us to confer by writing to each other. Occasionally an editorial was tentative, i.e., it was written some time before its publication, where there was a doubt in my mind as to the course the paper would take. The only one I can recall at the moment is the one on the Second Presidency of Gen. Grant, published immediately after his re-election.

The Nation had been handling its first Administration without gloves for some time, but with his re-election there came a belief and hope that he would be less under the control of his "wicked partners." The difficulty with me was to say all that the paper could say, and at the same time not to say too much.

Once in a while Mr. Godkin or Mr. Garrison would telegraph a request that I furnish the editorial on some unexpected subject: and sometimes the subject was one which I did not feel equipped for. The editorial on the death of Mr. Summer was such a one. I knew that my own admiration for Mr. Summer was not as warm as Mr. Godkin's, and very far below Mr. Garrison's; and I knew that the Nation could not go off in a burst of inanition, as some papers would, but must present Mr. Sumner to its readers for what he was worth. Yet this editorial, which I did not wish to write and which I thought would disappoint both Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison, was, I think now, the most successful editorial I ever wrote.

But the close accord in which Mr. Godkin and I were editorially prevented the accumulation of material for biography. When Mrs. Godkin was collecting material for his Life I was not able to help her. I could find but two letters, and they were unimportant. The Nation in those days was at war: war against slavery; war against the reconstruction iniquities; war against the Freedmen's Bank robbery; war for civil-service reform; war against the District of Columbia ring; war against the Republican bosses; war against the Democratic party; war against the abuses in the department. There were battles all the time, and the paper stood unsupported and almost alone, an authority among the intelligent few, and an influence among newspapers, but without a powerful circulation or a remunerative advertising patronage. I wonder now, more than I did then, at the unanswered resolution with which Mr. Godkin could break with anybody, even with men who had helped to establish the Nation, and hold unsparingly to his own course. But with all the warfare and doubts and difficulties, there was little correspondence. In all these years I can recall but three letters relating to my part of the work. In one he said briefly that an unexpected editorial upon a department abuse had been a bomb in the enemy's camp. In another he said that a reviewer of a horse book (Col. Dodge's "Many Riders in Many Lands") had made him laugh so that he had to hold his sides. In a third letter he said that an article of mine, a letter on an economic subject, "A Good Farm for Nothing," was so pathetic "that it brought the tears to his eyes." The horse review had not been intended to be humorous, and the farm letter was regarded as strictly economic; and it puzzled me why they affected Mr. Godkin as they did, and so much so, that he took the trouble to write and tell me.

In 1884 I was driving from Washington to Williamstown. In a remote part of Pennsylvania, I ran into a wayside telegraph office to inquire whether the Republican Convention had nominated its candidates. On returning to the wagon I asked Mrs. Nott to guess who they were. She said that she could not; I told her to guess the two men whom she would regard as most probable candidates, from the Nation's point of view. She promptly replied, "Blaine and Logan"; and they were the men. A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, I drove up to Minnewaska Lake and found that the new hotel had been opened only two hours, and that there were only two guests in it. At the supper table we confronted those two guests across the table and found that they were Mr. Godkin and his bride.
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