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FILE NO.

ON EMMA LAZARUS

Notes on Her Life and Work

MELVIN J. LASKY

Junior Historical Aide
Statue of Liberty National Monument

National Park Service,
Department of Interior.

Spring, 1942.

May 11, 1942 transmitted.

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THE NEW COLOSSUS

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

This Tablet, With Her Sonnet to the Bartholdi Statue
of Liberty Engraved Upon It, Is Placed Upon These Walls
In Loving Memory Of
EMMA LAZARUS
Born in New York City, July 22d, 1849
Died November 19th, 1887.

WHEN Emma Lazarus died in 1887, a brilliant life and career tragically cut short at the age of thirty-eight, very few remembered her especially as the author of "The New Colossus", the celebrated sonnet for the Statue of Liberty. Far and wide the passing of this distinguished young American poetess was mourned as an irreparable loss to literature, and as a blow to the cause of liberty-loving people everywhere. The one-note reputation of Miss Lazarus today, as "the laureate of Miss Liberty", has, then, a little historical irony about it -- for today very few indeed remember her as she appeared in the America of her own day, to her own people and times. The measure of her original reputation and importance has apparently been lost, and but for the fourteen lines of "The New Colossus" which are cast in a bronze tablet in the pedestal of the National Monument, her name has become a little vague and obscure. Yet the story of Emma Lazarus is a story worth telling; and to recover the strange and fascinating of her life is to begin a quest for the real Emma Lazarus, the poet, the woman, the great somehow forgotten American.

This biographical memorandum is by no means an exhaustive presentation of the data on Emma Lazarus, nor is it offered as a systematic and critical analysis of her life and reputation. The intention is merely to review the materials which the writer found it necessary to explore in preparing a number of special features for the interpretive and public relations program. It is to be hoped that it will prove serviceable as a handy compendium of useful information on an aspect of the story of the Statue which has in recent times caught the interest, curiosity and imagination of growing numbers of Americans. [1]

*

I

IT seems undeniable that Emma Lazarus was in her own day a literary figure of rare, uncommon distinction. In 1871 she published a book of her poems called Admetus, and the reviews in both England and America were unanimous in their admiration for this new young talent:- [2]

> "We cannot help saying that we have not for a long time seen any volume of poetry which, in so many various ways, gives such promise as the present." (Westminster Review)
>
> "There is something -- and not much -- wanting to complete her success and place her alongside of the masters." (London Athenaeum)
>
> "Miss Lazarus must be hailed by impartial literary criticism as a poet of rare original power....It will be no surprise to us, after the present volume, if she hereafter takes a high place among the best poets of this age of our common English tongue." (Illus. London News)

It seems even more evident that Emma Lazarus was one of the unusual and memorable personalities who by force of charm, wit, grace and genius make themselves unforgettable to all friends and acquaintances. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the great nineteenth century figures in our cultural life, wrote to his sisters in 1872: "Did you ever hear of any poems by Emma Lazarus? She is rather an interesting person...." [3]

That, perhaps, was the mildest, most casual judgment ever passed on her. When she died, The Critic, one of the leading literary magazines, wrote:- [4]

> "A personality very distinct; a mind that leaned to study and work; a spirit singularly early to manifest wit, yet retentive of its keenness to the very last of a terrible illness; a nature in sympathy with the highest manifestations in literature and the fine arts; and a character that appealed to the best of souls through its power and modesty, its delicacy and discrimination; that was Emma Lazarus, who died in New York on Saturday, November 19, in the 39th year of her age."

The New York Sun, in an editorial item, observed:- [5]

> "Emma Lazarus, who died in this city yesterday after a long illness, was a poet of fine quality, a learned and skillful translator, and a prose writer of excellent and various accomplishments. Her renderings from the German were especially noteworthy."

On the first page of The Sun there appeared the news story of her death:- [6]

EMMA LAZARUS DEAD

The Well-Known Poet, Translator, and Writer for Magazines

> Miss Emma Lazarus, the well-known poet, translator, and general writer for magazines, died yesterday at 18 West 10th Street, in this city, which was the home of her parents who are both dead. She was 36 years old, and had been ill for about a year, though death was due to a recent development of congestion of the lungs.
>
> Miss Lazarus was one of the leading woman writers of the age, a great and strong writer, and despite the fact that death came to her just as she had reached her prime, she had gained a place and made a mark in literature far above the achievements of many eminent lives well-rounded by age....

The New York World, under the headline, A SWEET SINGER DEAD, referred to Emma Lazarus as "a woman of singularly beautiful mind", and to "the purity and sweet pathos of her poems". [7] The Tribune, in its obituary notice, spoke of "Miss Emma Lazarus, a lady known to a wide circle of readers as a poet and essayist of some merit, and to personal acquaintances as a woman of brilliant conversational powers and striking social charms...." [8]

A remarkable review of her life and work was printed in The New York Evening Post:- [9]

> "...Such was the modesty of her mind and desire to do her work without putting forward unduly her own personality, that one has a certain delicacy in attempting to describe a most exceptional and valuable figure in American letters.

> It was the refined, dignified, sympathetic, and sanely enthusiastic character of the woman -- the personal charm and force of her lofty nature -- that made her literature what it was, and what, alas! it would have been. There was no art to which she did not respond with subtle appreciation. Music, painting, poetry, the drama -- she felt keenly, intelligently, and generously the special charm of each. For moral ideas, she had the keenness of her race. And she had, too, that 'genius for friendship' which few so fully understand. That such a nature should have formed close ties of intellectual sympathy with men of the character of Emerson in America and Browning in England, is not a matter of surprise. It is sincerely to be hoped that a carefully collected edition will be prepared of those of her poems and essays which she herself would most wish to see preserved. Surely all that may should be done to uphold the example and extend the influence of so pure and noble a life."

That "genius for friendship" was abundantly and eloquently attested to by the numerous statements printed in The American Hebrew and The Critic as memorial reviews of her life and work.[10]

From Robert Browning came a cablegram expressing "admiration for the genius and love of the character of his lamented friend, Emma Lazarus." There was a cablegram from Claude Montefiore, a letter from John Greenleaf Whittier, a letter from James Grant Wilson who recalled William Cullen Bryant's original recommendation to him of Emma Lazarus' verses: "better (Bryant had said) than any verses I remember to have been written by any American girl of eighteen." From Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of the leading literary figures of the age, the memory of "the contagious inspiration in her ardor, her satire, her wrath, and exaltation." From Mary M. Cohen, the recollection of their first meeting: "as I remember her figure, it was of medium height, of slight proportion; she moved easily, and spoke

with a gentleness very engaging; but I was more struck by the entire absence of self-consciousness in her manner than by any other of her traits...." Edward Eggleston, another prominent personality in American literature, wrote:-

> "To me Emma Lazarus seemed one of the most notable of women. Her genius combined in a rare way a capacity for largeness of view with intensity of illumination and emotion....it is a source of lasting disappointment that one with such gifts and aspirations should have died before she had yet reached her zenith of achievement and reputation."

Professor H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia University, and a pioneer among sociological novelists in America, recalled her warm relations with Turgenev, the distinguished Russian novelist, and their mutual appreciation and admiration of each other's personality and art. (Higginson recalls in his autobiography his trip to Russia, his meeting with Turgenev, and the novelist's conversation about Emma Lazarus. [11]) From Washington came a message signed by John Hay, who had been Lincoln's secretary during the Civil War, who was to be one of America's leading diplomats, and who has achieved a place of his own in the story of American literature:-

> "I c onsider it an honor to be allowed to write my name among those of the friends of Miss Emma Lazarus. Her early death is not only a deep affliction to those of her own race and kindred; it is an irreparable loss to American literature. Nowhere among our writers was there a talent more genuine and substantial, a devotion to art for its own sake and for the sake of high principles, more earnest and singleminded. From the very beginning of her literary life, her poetic faculty showed a constant and regular growth in strength and depth; her last writings were the richest and most attractive fruits of her genius. Her ffiends will never cease to mourn the loss of a personality singularly winning and sincere, which at once compelled respect and affection, and her place is already secure among our best writers -- those, who to extraordinary gifts, have added an ardent and self-sacrificing devotion to justice, to purity, and to humanity."

From Charles A. Dana, John Burroughs, and E. L. Godkin, a trio of genuinely great names in American writing, came the most revealing and intimate portraits of a most remarkable woman. Godkin's offering read:-

> "I fear I can add very little to what has already been said by way of expressing my appreciation of Miss Lazarus' genius and admiration of her character.
>
> My acquaintance with her began twenty years ago, when as a very young girl, she was attracting the attention of the literary world by her first poem, at the house of Samuel G. Ward, who was one of her earliest admirers. From that time until she went to Europe, two years ago, I was in the habit of seeing her either at my own house, or in general society, with sufficient frequency to observe with great interest the gradual maturing of her powers, both of thought and expression, and the steady growth of the serenity which came with the assurance that she had made her place in literature. My own pursuits rarely brought me, however, into the field which she most cultivated, and I cannot say that at any time I had much of what may be called intellectual communion with her, greatly as I enjoyed her conversation, and ready as she always was for robust discussion of any topic. I knew very well how much intellectual force she brought to the treatment of any subject she took up, and yet I was not prepared for the masculine vigor with which she entered in the defence of her own race a few years ago. That was a remarkable piece of literary work, and I think a revelation of her full powers to most of her friends. It certainly was to me.
>
> Of her character I do not think any one who ever knew her at all could speak with anything but love and enthusiasm. The enthusiasm which was her great charm when I first met her appeared to suffer no abatement as she grew older. Years and experience of life seemed simply to regulate and make it effective. No one could hear her women friends talk of the sort of influence she had among her intimates of her own sex without feeling that her place in New York society was in many ways unique, and that she rendered the rare, and in this city, invaluable service of reminding even the world of fashion that life is not all living, and that the things not seen are those best worth seeking."

John Burroughs wrote that --

> "She was one of my best friends and most appreciative readers, and I feel a personal bereavement in her death. I valued her, not merely for her literary genius, which was of a high order, but for her sympathy and attraction as a person, her grace and

> sweetness as a woman. Among other things she had this trait of great minds -- generosity, she was broad, sincere, and charitable. I think some of her poems rank with the best that have been produced in this country during her time. Like many other I have by reason of her death, one true friend less in the world."

Finally, the note from Charles A. Dana reads:-

> "...During the last fifteen years, it has been my good fortune to meet her often, and to have opportunities of conversation with her upon subjects of every kind, especially those relating to literature, philosophy, and universal religion. These conversations were always deeply interesting to me, and often exceedingly instructive. Her knowledge was extensive, her appreciation unhackneyed and sympathetic, her wit and humor delightful, her taste catholic, and her judgment substantial and impressive. Narrowness and bigotry were unknown to her nature, and her friendships were most valuable to those on whom she conferred them. To the courage and logic of a man she added the delicate and varying subtlety of a womanly intelligence. To have possession in any degree the friendship of such a person is a consolation in the struggles and disappointments of life, and the sense of loss which comes from her death is amply repaid by the consciousness that she has lived."

What one can today say about Emma Lazarus is of course almost hopelessly limited by the fact that such a person surely needs to be known in order to be understood and appreciated truly and fully. Yet based on such acquaintanceship as historical intimacy can produce, one is led to believe that Emma Lazarus was a literary personality of brilliance and beauty -- a champion of democratic rights of courage and inspiration -- a woman of singular charm, grace, warmth and sincerity.

In point of fact, the authoritative Cambridge History of American Literature speaks of a "trio of noble women" in American letters -- "Margaret Fuller, Julia Ward Howe, Emma Lazarus" (and then adds the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe).[12] Of Emma Lazarus it goes on to observe:-

"....the regard wherein Emma Lazarus (1849-1887) was held by such men as Emerson, Gilder, Stedman, Channing, Eggleston, Dana, and Godkin (was not) due alone to those poems and essays which did more than the writings of any other American author to instil among Christians a sympathy for that people of whom Emma Lazarus was so brave an exponent. Quite apart from her poems and articles on Jewish themes, there can be no question that, if one excepts Margaret Fuller, there was no woman among our authors more ardent than Emma Lazarus in her interminable search for aesthetic culture, no woman whose conversation, to quote the words of the great editor Charles A. Dana, was more 'deeply interesting and intensely instructive'. Stedman once said that she was the 'natural companion of scholars and thinkers', a comment borne out by Emerson's abiding affection and admiration for her. In the field of prose, some of her most memorable achievements were her essays on Russian Christianity versus American Judaism, and her paper on Disraeli. The first of these, written some two-score years ago at the time of the Russian massacres, presents, without undue Apology, or undue praise of her race, the basic attitude that should be taken in regard to the persecution of the Jews, and as the problem is still one that civilization has not solved with fearless honour, let us listen again to Emma Lazarus....'It is not that it is the oppression of Jews by Russians; it is the oppression of men and women by men and women; and we are men and women!'...." 13

II

THERE is at present no adequate biographical summary of Emma Lazarus' life and work. Ralph Rusk, professor of American literature at Columbia University, has remarked in the preface to his little volume of Letters to Emma Lazarus (1939) that with the increasing interest in her a full-length study might shortly be expected.[14] Meanwhile, briefer, more tangential portraits suffice. The best intimate picture of Emma Lazarus was written not long after her death in 1887 by her sister, Josephine, originally for The Century magazine, which was then edited by Richard Watson Gilder, and later reprinted as the biographical introduction to the collected edition of The Poems of Emma Lazarus.[15] The most readable and accurate of the popular pieces on her appeared as a chapter in Allen Lesser's Weave a Wreath of Laurel (1938), first printed in The Menorah Journal.[16] The handiest, most convenient source of information is the article by Gladys Graham in the Dictionary of American Biography, the text of which follows:-[17]

> LAZARUS, EMMA (July 22, 1849--Nov.19, 1887), poet, essayist, was born in New York City of pure Sephardic stock, the daughter of Moses and Esther (Nathan) Lazarus. A member of a large, wealthy, and devoted family, she passed a pleasant youth, with winters in New York City and summers by the sea. She was educated entirely by private tutors. Very precocious, in 1866 she had a volume entitled Poems and Translations, containing verses written between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, printed for private circulation. This collection, with additions, was published in 1867. The verses were preoccupied with the conventionally romantic and vaguely melancholy themes congenial to youth, but they breathed an unusually lofty spirit and showed a pleasing fancy and considerable command of rhythm. They attracted the attention of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who became interested in the young poet, invited her to spend a week in the Emerson home at Concord, and kept up a lifelong correspondence with her. She proudly dedicated her second volume,

Admetus and Other Poems (1871), "To My Friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson". In 1874 she published her first prose work, Alide: An Episode of Goethe's Life, dealing with the Frederike Brion incident, and, in 1876, The Spagnoletto, a five-act poetic drama with its scene laid in seventeenth century Italy. During this decade she also contributed numerous poems to Scribner's Monthly and to Lippincott's Magazine.

Thus far, she had shown little interest in the life of her own people. Although she had made a thorough study of Jewish history and literature she was internationally minded and trained too critically to regard with great reverence the dogmas of the orthodox church to which she outwardly belonged. In declining to contribute to a Jewish hymn book, she said, "I feel no religious fervour within me"...Even as late as 1881, when her Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine appeared, in the introduction to this excellent translation she considered Heine as a German almost more than as a Jew.

But the persecution of Russian Jews during 1879-83 turned her from a pleasing litterateur into an ardent patriot. When the refugees began to crowd into Ward's Island in 1881, she became prominent in organizing efforts for their relief. Then, the next year, in the same number of the Century Magazine which carried her critical study "Was the Earl of Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" there appeared an opprobrious article by a Russian journalist, Mme. Z. Ragozin, "Russian Jews and Gentiles", in which the author attempted to defend the pogroms. Miss Lazarus replied in the next number with a crushing rejoinder, "Russian Christianity versus Modern Judaism". Henceforth she stood as the leading American champion of her race.

In 1882 she published Songs of a Semite, containing "The Dance to Death" -- written earlier, a powerful poetic drama of fourteenth-century Jewish life -- and a number of other strong and impassioned poems. In February 1883 she contributed a noteworthy article on "The Jewish Problem" to the Century Magazine. Later followed a series of poems in prose called "By the Waters of Babylon" (Century Magazine, March 1887), and another prose series entitled "An Epistle to the Hebrews", published in The American Hebrew. All this work was characterized by a prophetic quality of stern moral indignation and unbending courage.

Racial enthusiasm was united in Emma Lazarus with a firm faith in America as the home of the oppressed. Her sonnet to the Statue of Liberty was fittingly chosen to be placed on the pedestal of the statue in 1886 (1905 -- M.J.L.)

On a trip to Europe three years earlier she had been received everywhere with tokens of an international reputation. Then, at the height of her powers, she was stricken with cancer. After a second trip to Europe in 1885-1887, she returned home to die at the age of thirty-eight.

G. G.

There are a number of bibliographical items appended, and a few additional references are to be found in The Jewish Encyclopedia [18]. The latter, also, remarks that "doubtless she is the most distinguished literary figure produced by American Jewry, and possibly the most eminent poet among Jews since Heine...", and that her championship of the oppressed was "aglow with a gleam of the solemn fire of the Hebrew prophets".

About the qualities and merits and special significance of her poetic work there has been little agreement among critics and readers. Some say that her early work was in the main immature, and like Miss Henrietta Szold observe that "what was needed to make her a poet of the people as well as of the literary guild was a great theme, the establishment of instant communication between some stirring reality and her still-hidden and irresolute subjectivity. ..." [19] Although the substitution of public for private values in her poetry was probably not the dramatic awakening which it is simplified into by so many, it is nevertheless indubitably true that there was a significant growth in her stature as a woman and as an artist. A New York publication noted in an article early in her career: "It is with pleasure that we make the prediction that Miss Lazarus will achieve poetic name and fame; of decided talent, deep love of the beautiful in nature and harmony, deep appreciation of the truth in life and action, she lacks but the experience, the confidence, and the generous warmth, which attend on success and popular recognition and encouragement, to stimulate her to great literary triumphs." [20]

In fact, in the obituary article which appeared in The New York Evening Post, from which we have already quoted, the editor sought

> "to speak mainly of that crisis in her history which quickened her intellect and gave a new direction to her literary energies. In this respect her last years were not unlike those of Helen Jackson. The latter took up the cause of a race with whose story she was familiar, but whose blood she did not share. Emma Lazarus, with no less ardor and certainly with equal art, espoused the cause of her own historic race. It was through this new consecration that each writer came into a fuller mastery of her own powers and into a wider fame." 21

Yet it is not a true nor a balanced perspective which overlooks on the one hand the real merits of her early work, and on the other hand the real limitations of her later work.

Of her early work sufficient references have been made to indicate the distinctive quality of "mere" romantic verses. For William James, the great American philosopher and scientist, "they leave a most beautiful impression of a young girl making her way securely towards deep and rich things." In the same letter to Emma Lazarus, dated August 26, 1882, William James writes:- 22

> "I am myself a prosaic wretch, and find myself reading little poetry, especially little that is not lyric, but I must say that when I do enjoy it I enjoy it very much. To you gifted ones who can float and soar and circle through the sky of expression, so freely, our slow hobbling on terra firma must sometimes be a matter of impatience. I think that the power of playing with thought and language such as you possess is the divinest of gifts. You should not be too much professional artists at it, I mean too exclusively bound to it, — it ought to be the overflowing of a life rich in other ways...."

Professor Rusk comments on this note:- "She perhaps never heard from anyone a wiser comment on poetry: 'it ought to be the overflowing of a life rich in other ways'." 23

But for all the necessary emphasis on the continuity of her poetic personality (even some of her most Whitmanesque pieces were written in her original style of correct and delicate phrasing, as will appear below), there does

seem to be evidence of a more or less crucial turning-point in her career.

In 1878 there is a letter to Emma Lazarus written by her good friend, John Burroughs, in which he writes encouragingly of her work, and is evidently trying to displace her moody pessimism. [24] His reference to Walt Whitman may have inspired her, or again added further to despair.

> "You may have heard that we had a plan to have Mr. Whitman come to New York to lecture (on Abraham Lincoln) about the middle of this month....I saw him and spent a day and a night with him four weeks ago. I spoke of you to him. He remembered your name and had read and remarked some of your poems. They had arrested his attention, which you may consider a compliment....I hope also you are not judging yourself so harshly as you was. I think you need above all things to cherish and encourage and insist upon yourself..."

"I saw Miss Lazarus most frequently between 1879 and 1881," Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote, recalling the same period of Emma's life, "when our homes were not far apart and she was often an admired guest in my household." [25]

> "One evening she confided to marher feeling of despondency as to her poetic work; a belief that, with all her passion for beauty and justice, she 'had accomplished nothing to stir, nothing to awaken, to teach or to suggest, nothing the world could not equally well do without'. These very words I take from a letter received from her in the same week, and they are the substance of what she had spoken. Although no American poet of her years had displayed from childhood a more genuine gift that hers, I knew exactly what she meant. She had followed art for art's sake, along classic lines, and had added no distinctive element to English song. It suddenly occurred to me to ask her why she had been so indifferent to a vantage-ground which she, a Jewess of the purest stock, held above any other writer. Persecutions of her race were then beginning in Europe. She said that, although proud of her blood and lineage, the Hebrew ideals did not appeal to her; but I replied that I envied her the inspiration she might derive from them.
>
> It was not long before outrages to which the Jews were subjected in Eastern and middle Europe began to stir the civilized world, and the heart and spirit of Emma Lazarus thrilled, as I from the first had believed they would, with the passion and indignation that supplied the motive needed for her song...."

One of the earliest indications of her "awakening" was her political criticism of Longfellow's celebrated verse:-

"But ah! what once has been shall be no more.
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again."

The very facts of persecution and suffering, privation and martyrdom, argued Emma Lazarus, were proof of life and vitality, and that such peoples were "not at all in need of miraculous resuscitation to establish their nationality". [26]

Philip Cowen is our source for the scraps of information available on her welfare work of this period. In The American Hebrew and in his Autobiography there are a number of items which reveal Emma Lazarus as the public-spirited American champion of liberty.

"...She beheld the victims of persecution huddled together in Castle Garden, arriving in suc h large numbers that all organization for their care failed; she saw some of the families cared for temporarily after a fasion in the v arious boarding houses throughout the downtown district. In order that she might the more fully note what was being done for them, she visited the refuge on Ward's Island erected by the magnificent liberality of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, who nobly came to the relief of the committees in their sore need. She had personal interviews with many of the refugees, and all this furnished her material to use for their benefit. Her pen was busy and it served to inspire others..." 27

The situation apparently was so out of hand at Castle Garden, as the Russian refugees poured in, and lodgings were exhausted, that the immigration authorities gave permission to use Ward's Island in the East River.

"...Here the refugees were crowded together with nothing to do. The sanitary conditions were soon vile, for the people there had never bothered about such matters at home.
Emma Lazarus, who had developed a great interest in the refugees, visited them in their new homes, and soon discovered, that unless the people were given something to occupy them, there would be trouble. The more intelligent were set to teaching the young and some of the elders; those who were expert with the needle were set to instructing the others to sew. The more Miss Lazarus

went into the matter the more she was satisfied that, for the refugees as a class and for their children, it was necessary that they be given technical intruction..." 28

Nor was she unaware of the remarkable change that was coming over her life.

"...When her interest in the cause brought her in places with somewhat unsavory surroundings, she would remark, with a twinkle in her eye: 'What would my society friends say if they saw me here?'..."

What must be clear is that it was no narrow impulse of "religious fervour" which served as inspiration for Emma Lazarus' c ourageous struggle in behalf of these downtrodden. This is attested to convincingly by Dr. Gottheil's eulogy of her delivered at the Temple Emanu-el in 1887. [29] What pushed her, perhaps, into the Jewish activities was her anxiety to promote (in her own words) "a truer recognition of the large principles of religion, liberty, and law upon which Judaism is founded". [30] And there is vigor and fire to the Emma Lazarus of this period:- [31]

"Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!...
A rag, a mock at first -- erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept
Shall leap to bless it and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!"

This was from a poem called "The Banner of the Jews". Emma Lazarus had come a long way from that day in 1869 when William Dean Howells could write to Emerson of her:- [32]

"I beg to return to you the poem of Miss Lazarus, of which I think I see the merits, but which I am not able to like well enough to accept for the Atlantic. It (is) so very plain an imitation in manner of some of the Greekish poems of Tennyson, and all the Greekish poems of Wm. Morris, that it is for this reason alone undesirable; besides though it is prolix, the old bones of fable are too thinly clothed wn with new life...."

One can indeed sympathize somewhat with such criticisms of her poetry.

Much of the literature written at the close of the nineteenth century, both in England and in America, can be indicted on the charge of bloodless imitation of thin models. But how can one miss the Emma Lazarus of the latter years of her life -- the Emma Lazarus of whom it was written (and twenty years after her death!):- [33]

...Tho' being dead
Thou speakest, and thy voice we love full well.
Never thy holy spirit forezakes us;
Thy spirit is the trumpet that awakes us!

It is in this critical light that we must see the comments of Ludwig Lewisohn:- [34]

"...Little can be said of or for the many ambitious verses of Edmund Clarence Stedman or the false energy and labored eloquence and conscious grandiosity of Joaquin Millder, of the neat little fantasies of John Banister Tabb or the stucco sonnets of Lloyd Mifflin or the moralizings of Edward Rowland Sill or the blurred idealisms of George Edward Newberry or the labored wit or conscious wistfulness of Henry C. Bunner. It was an age not of silver but of tin.

The blight of politeness and false dignity or false homelinesse, of correct sentiments and nerveless meter let no one escape. Emma Lazarus, a Portuguese Jewess, wrote as pseudo-nobly and conventionally as the other sonneteers and odic gesticulators...The stream of verbiage went endlessly on and has not yet been wholly dried..."

This on the face of it is narrow, smart, flashy criticism. Emma Lazarus' life and work is, of course, vulnerable on many fundamental counts. But how far off Mr. Lewisohn's remarks are can best be indicated merely by presenting the critical exchange between Miss Lazarus and Henry George, certainly no false tin idealist. Emma wrote a sonnet of social protest after reading Henry George's "Progress and Poverty", and in a letter dated October 14, 1881, George wrote to her:- [35]

"to express my appreciation of the honor done my book by your sonnet, and my admiration of its force and beauty. I am an ardent lover of poetry -- the highest and strongest form of expression -- though denied the power which brings it forth. But, now, I may flatter myself that if I cannot sing myself, I have at least been the means of inspiring one who can. And deeper even than this gratification is the gratification of feeling that one of your gifts hears that appeal that once heard can never be forgotten...."

Sometimes, perhaps, it did seem that Emma Lazarus had become wrapped up in the racial question, and the wider, universal "appeal" had been forgotten. At such a point Henry George wrote to her a little sharply:- [36]

"The history of your people is so interesting to me, that I can well understand the enthusiasm that the study of their antiquities must arouse in you. But don't let it narrow your view. I did not propose to you to write songs for <u>your</u> people; but for <u>the</u> people. However do not aim at this or that. The Thing you are to do will arise in your own mind."

Yet it does appear that Emma Lazarus was a pioneer in the democratic work of fighting that spirit of intolerance and bigotry which has from time to time reared its head in American racialist controversy. And when she died, another poetess wrote:- [37]

"Under no skies but ours, her grave be made!
'Neath blue unblurred and clear stars never shamed
'Tis meet that she be laid!
Just Heaven accorded that sad right we claimed:
The Old World gave its guest
Back to the loving West,
The city of her birth, which exiles hail
From that broad-breasted harbor, known so long,
Forever heaving in its rippled mail
Of steely waves, to clasp the island-seat
Of Freedom, -- whom she sang with voice so sweet,
With voice so sweet and strong!
Not in the shadow of the shameful Past,
But in the radiance of the days to be,
The glory of the brows of Liberty.
The singer of that splendor sleeps at last;
Proud Spring shall heap her painless rest with flowers
Under no skies but ours!

IT was what Parrington has described as "the culture of the seventies" that served as the essential literary and intellectual framework for Emma Lazarus' career. And it was a culture dominated by Boston taste through the dictatorship over American letters that New England had established with the "renaissance" of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, in the decades before. Parrington writes:-[38]

> "If the thin pale atmosphere in which the genteel tradition throve starved the minds of greater men in a more vigorous age, it would play havoc with smaller men in an imitative age. After Emerson and Hawthorne came Stedman and Stoddard and Aldrich, upon whose studiously correct pages the genteel tradition laid a hand of death. In the seventies it had become the refuge of a stale mentality, emptied of all ideals save beauty, and that beauty became cold and anemic. Its taboos were no more than cushions for tired or lazy minds. The idea of morality -- with its corollary of reticence -- and the idea of excellence were well enough in the abstract, but become empty conventions, cut off from reality, they were little more than a refuge for respectability, a barricade against the intrustion of the unpleasant. In compressing literature within the rigid bounds of a genteal morality and a genteel excellence, New England was in a way of falsifying it. Highways are easy traveling, but the artist who will not venture from them misses much. In the seventies and eighties the incurious Boston mentality missed pretty much everything vital and significant in American life."

Emma Lazarus was part of that genteel tradition, and it is precisely her great achievement that through some inner strength and vitality she succeeded in breaking the oppressively empty forms that were more and more serving to depress her. It is unfortunate that Vernon Parrington apparently knew nothing of her work, for her turn to social radicalism, her crusade in behalf of underprivileged masses, her dramatic break with Brahmin orthodoxies ("I have accomplished nothing to stir, nothing to awaken, to teach or to suggest, nothing the world could not equally well do without") --

all this, if not illuminating with reference to "main currents in American thought", certainly takes on significance in the light of his quest for "the beginnings of critical realism in America".

Perhaps it was this vital element in Emma Lazarus' personality that attracted Walt Whitman to some of her poems -- and endeared her to his. John Burroughs is our source for Emma's singular place in the Whitman cult. In 1878 he wrote to her:-[39]

> "I am delighted to hear that you are equal to the task of appreciating Democratic Vistas. I have not before found a woman that was, and but few men....It is to me a wonderful piece of writing. In it, as in the poems, I see the American Democratic Spirit fully grown and master of itself and of its environment, haughty and uncompromising....I wish you could see him and know him. He is the tenderest and most loving, and yet the most masculine of men...."

In point of fact there is to be found in a number of Emma Lazarus' poems overtones of what can only be called the Whitmanesque point of view. Democratic Vistas had programatically called for a "New World literature", an original national art, a distinctive American culture -- to infuse into "lamentable conditions...the breath recuperative of sane and heroic life."[40]

> "I say a new-founded literature, not merely to copy and reflect existing surfaces, or pander to what is called taste -- not merely to amuse, pass away time, celebrate the beautiful, the refined, the past, or exhibit technical, rhythmical, or grammatical dexterity -- but a literature underlying life, religious, consistent with science, handling the elements and forces with competent power, teaching and training men...."

And in the preface to Leaves of Grass he had remarked: "The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem."[41]

It was in 1871 -- the year of Whitman's Democratic Vistas -- that Emma Lazarus published a poem, "How Long!" (And perhaps it should be added that it possibly derives as much from Emerson, the Emerson of "The American Scholar"

address, as from Whitman; for like Emerson's celebrated remarks in 1837 it is a call for a declaration of cultural independence.) The complete poem follows:-[42]

How long, and yet how long,
Our leaders will we hail from over seas,
Masters and kings from feudal monarchies,
And mock their ancient song
With echoes of foreign melodies?

That distant isle mist-wreathed,
Mantled in unimaginable green,
Too long hath been our mistress and our queen.
Our fathers have bequeathed
Too deep a love for her our hearts within.

She made the whole world ring
With the brave exploits of her children strong,
And with the matchless music of her song.
Too late, too late we cling
To alien legends, and their strains prolong.

This fresh young world I see,
With heroes, c ities, legends of her own;
With a new race of men, and overblown
By winds from sea to sea,
Decked with the majesty of every zone.

I see the glittering tops
Of snow-peaked mounts, the wid'ning vale's expanse
Large prairies where free herds of horses prance,
Exhaustless wealth of crops,
In vasty magnificent extravagance.

These grand, exuberant plains,
These stately rivers, each with many a mouth,
The exquisite beauty of the soft-aired south,
The boundless seas of grains,
Luxuriant forests' lush and splendid growth.

The distant siren-song
Of the green island in the eastern sea,
Is not the lay for this new chivalry.
It is not free and strong
To chant on prairies 'neath this brilliant sky.

The echo faints and fails;
It suiteth not, upon this western plain,

Our voice or spirit; we should stir again
The wilderness, and make the plain
Resound unto a yeát unheard-of strain.

Recall Whitman's song:-[43]

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour
and the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Whitman's language is, of course, free, muscular, and expansive; Lazarus' is still formal, correct, almost precious; but there does seem to be a thematic affinity. Again, these accents in Whitman are interesting in this Lazarus connection:-[44]

When I peruse the conquer'd fame of heroes and the victories
of mighty generals, I do not envy the generals,
Nor the President in his presidency, nor the rich in his
great house,
But when I hear of the brotherhood of lovers, how it was
with them,
How together through life, through dangers, odium, unchanging,
long and long,
Through youth and through middle and old age, how unfaltering,
how affectionate and faithful they were,
Then I am pensive -- I hastily walk away fill'd with the
bitterest envy.

Somehow they are echoed by Emma Lazarus in a poem called "The Day of Dead Soldiers", revealing the same feeling for the heroic bonds of silent intimacies:-[45]

Who knows what tremulous dusky hands set free,
Deck quaintly with gay flowers the graves unknown?
What wealth of bloom is shed exuberantly,
On the far grave in Illinois alone,
Where the last hero, sleeping peacefully,
Beyond detraction and mistrust, doth lie,
By the glad winds of prairies overblown?

With hymns and prayer be this day sanctified,
And consecrate to heroes' memories;
Not with wild, violent grief for those who died,
O wives and mothers, but with patience wise,
Calm resignation and a thankful pride,
That they have left their land a fame so wide,
So rich a page of thrilling histories.

The same kind of somewhat veiled Americanisms appear in her poem, "Heroes" --"somewhat veiled", because they appear to be hidden by both vocabulary and images: the vocabulary lacking concrete social references; the images drawn from foreign imaginations.

Yet the virtues of her defects and defects of her virtues all managed in some singular and extraordinary way, to combine and cancel out and succeed in fashioning at least one poem in which the American note is distinctive and matchless -- "The New Colossus".

The circumstances in which the poem was written were recalled by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison (a prominent novelist and playwright at the turn of the century):-[46]

> "...A few years ago, while engaged in the somewhat oppressive task of collecting contributions to a portfolio of sketches, by artists and authors of celebrity to be sold for the benefit of the Bartholdi Statue Fund, at the Loan exhibition then about to be inaugurated at the Academy of Design, I begged Miss Lazarus to give me some v erses appropriate to the occasion. She was at first inclined to rebel against writing anything 'to order' as it were, and rather mischievously let play the summer-lightning of her sarcasm upon her ffiend, 'the Portfolio fiend', and the enterprise in general. 'Besides', she added, 'if I attempt anything now, under the circumstances, it will assuredly be flat.' 'Think of that Goddess standing on her pedestal down yonder in the bay, and holding her torch out to those Russian refugees of yours you are so fond of visiting at Ward's Island', I suggested. The shaft sped home -- her eyes deepened -- her cheek flushed -- the time for merriment was passed -- she said not a word more, then.
>
> A day or two later, accompanied by a note of generous sympathy, came the poem...which was welcomed as a treasure for the Portfolio, afterwards bough by Mr. Lydig Suydam for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The verses were read by Mr. Hopkinson Smith before an appreciative assemblance on the opening night of the Exhibition; and, when afterwards published, were everywhere recognized as a gem of poetic art...."

There are unfortunately no original materials available on the origin of "The New Colossus", other than this item. The National Academy of Design

has no records on the matter; Mr. David Lydig Suydam's papers have not as yet been located; nor does the data on the Bartholdi pedestal fund shed any additional light. And the contemporary references to it have not been easy to find. Among the most interesting comments on "The New Colossus" was this rather startling note from James Russell Lowell to Emma Lazarus in 1883:-[47]

> "...I must write again to say how much I liked your sonnet about the Statue -- much better than I like the Statue itself. But your sonnet gives its subject a raison d'etre which it wanted before quite as much as it wants a pedestal. You have set it on a noble one, saying admirably just the right word to be said, an achievement more arduous than that of the sculptor. I have just been writing a sonnet myself and know how difficult a material one has to work in -- how much more difficult when the subject is prescribed and not chosen."

One of the leading critical magazines of the day, The Literary World of Boston, observed in a review of Emma Lazarus' collected poems in 1889 that [48]

> "her noble sonnet on the Bartholdi statue has thrilled many a cold and indifferent nature to its first apprehension of the glory in even the more sordid elements of our American life."

Parrington would have been happy, if a little surprised, to know that "Boston", brahmin Boston, was capable of learning.

Neither Emma Lazarus nor her poetry could be easily forgotten. Her collected poems were published posthumously by her sister, Josephine Lazarus, in 1889; and once again the genius of the author of "The New Colossus" was acclaimed, although this time the cheers were softened by the note of genuine regret at her tragic death. The review in The Literary World observed:- [49]

> "The imaginative work of Emma Lazarus is here for the first time collected and given to the public. We can now at last clearly and adequately study the differing phases of that noble and pathetic genius, hitherto known to us in fragments alone. We read the volumes with delight and with a growing reverence...

Such poems as these of Emma Lazarus must be received with serious gratitude. They are interpreted by the haunting face that serves as frontispiece to the volumes. In the poems as in the face we find a noble nature, pure, sensitive, grave, true; in the poems as in the face we find a something which speaks of unsatisfied desire. Not love of beauty, not poetic fire, not moral earnestness nor hatred of wrong, nor even the intense devotion to a race-ideal, could quite content this spirit. She found no more, seemingly in this life; and as we read, the conviction slowly takes possession of our minds that even her latest phase was not final, and that the complete fulfillment of her genius was unrealized on earth."

Several years later an article appeared by an old friend of the poetess', Mary M. Cohen, "Emma Lazarus: Woman, Poet, Patriot". Concerning her death, she wrote:- [50]

"She was very soon after this attacked by serious symptoms of disease. She was not conscious that her malady was dangerous, and only by degrees realized that she was too weak to travel about. She herself was now struck with the analogy between herself and Heine on his mattress-grave in Paris. It is said of her that she, too, the last time she went out, dragged herself to the Louvre, to the feet of the Venus, 'the Goddess without arms, who could not help'. Her vitality alone seemed to sustain breath. As she expressed it, she 'seemed to have always one little window looking out into life'. I do not imagine that she was ever a pessimist; yet at this time she said, 'No such cure for pessimism as a severe illness; the simplest pleasures are enough,-- to breathe the air and see the sun'...."

And in summing up her impressions of Miss Lazarus as a poet and a person, Mary Cohen concluded:-

"(Of) the qualities which make Emma Lazarus the poet that she was, the most remarkable of all is the atmospheric quality with which she seemed to pervade her work. No matter what mood of Nature she wished to present, her will but ordered, and the scene is instantly before us. We see the crimson dawn with faintly growing clouds, we feel the pure, fresh air, we rejoice in the approach of the sun. Noon may come with its glorious blue sky, the brilliancy of the summer heat, the hum of insects, the

the delicious languor of an hour of rest. Sunset and night are no more neglected by her than the rising of the day or the noontide. Our souls float onward in the enchanted air, feeling as she feels, seeing where she points....

In one person centred all those qualities more frequently divided and often distributed sparingly among many individuals. The example of her womanly worth, of her poetic genius, and of her patriotic fervor may be to us all a proud joy, a constant inspiration. The memory of Emma Lazarus is undying, -- as everlasting as the beauty of her thought, the gentleness of her spirit, and the strength of her soul."

It was in May of 1903 that the bronze tablet on which the lines of "The New Colossus" were cast was placed in the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. On Tuesday, May 6, the following item appeared in The New York Times:- [1]

IN MEMORY OF EMMA LAZARUS

Tablet on Liberty Island to the Poetess Who Sang of the New Colossus

The memory of Emma Lazarus, a writer of note in her day, has been revived by her friend, Miss Georgina Schuyler, by a graceful act. Yesterday a memorial bronze tablet was unveiled on Bedloe's, or Liberty Island, as it is now called, just inside the entrance to the pedestal of Bartholdi's gigantic statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

The choice of this place rests on the interest which Emma Lazarus took in the Liberty Statue as a symbol for a land where the downtrodden and despised have found a chance to develop their own careers, an interest which found one expression in her verses on "The New Colossus". They were written in 1883 and are inscribed on the tablet which Miss Schuyler has dedicated to her shade as follows: (etc.)

On the relations between Emma Lazarus and Georgina Schuyler there is no other direct information. We do know something of Miss Schuyler, for she was a direct descendant of Philip Schuyler, one of the earliest of New Yorkers; a member of the city's "400", listed as she was regularly in the

Social Register; and the sister of Louisa Lee Schuyler, one of the most prominent figures in American welfare work at the turn of the century. There is a portrait of Georgina (1841-1923) in the New York State Historical Society, and it was reprinted in their bulletin for 1925. It is well-known that Emma Lazarus for a good part of her life mixed in the sort of society the Schuylers were most likely to be included in; and one ventures to suggest that in all likelihood the tablet was placed in the Statue as something of a personal tribute to a memorable friendship.[52]

The New York Tribune ran a photograph (rather a daguerrotype) of Emma Lazarus with its story on May 10, 1903:-[53]

TABLET TO EMMA LAZARUS
Her Sonnet in Bronze Placed Near Entrance
Door of Statue of Liberty

> The placing on Tuesday last of a bronze tablet to the memory of Emma Lazarus inside the pedestal and near the entrance door of the Statue of Liberty on Bedlow's Island was an event of interest not only to patriotic Jews in this country and England, but to many literary and Gentile admirers of the gifted poetess. The tablet is the gift of Miss Georgina Schuyler.
>
> As the most talented woman the Jewish race has produced in this country, and as a devoted champion of the persecuted and exiled Jews, she has come to be regarded almost as a saint by the Jews of this country and England....

It was several years later, in the fall of 1905, that a notable memorial meeting in honor of Emma Lazarus was held in New York City. Richard Watson Gilder, one of the leading literary figures of the day, wrote a sonnet in her memory; Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of the most celebrated critics, made an address. In The New York Daily Tribune the following report appeared for November 20, 1905:-[54]

POEM TO MISS LAZARUS

Mr. Gilder and Others Honor Memory of Dead Author

To Emma Lazarus -- 1905

Dear bard and prophet, that thy rest is deep
  Thanks be to God! Not now thy heart falls
  Rumor intolerable. Sleep, O sleep!
  See not the blood of Israel that crawls,
Warm yet, into the noon and night; that cries
  Even as of old, till all the world stands still
  At rapine that even to Israel's agonies
  Seems strange and monstrous, a mad dream of ill.
Thou sleepest! Yea, but as in grief we said:
  There is a spiritual life unconquerable;
  So, bard of the ancient people, tho' being dead
Thou speakest, and thy voice we love full well.
  Never thy holy memory forsakes us;
  Thy spirit is the trumpet that awakes us!

This verse, especially written for the occasion, was the contribution of Richard Watson Gilder, to the program at the memorial meeting held last night at Temple Beth-El, in honor of Miss Emma Lazarus, Jewish author and poet, who died in 1887. Mr. Gilder was present and read his poem with deep feeling.

The meeting was under the auspices of the New York section, Council of Jewish Women.

In opening the meeting, Miss Sadie American, who presided, said that the honor which was paid to the memory of Miss Lazarus was all the more appropriate at this time, because of the coming 250th anniversary celebration of the landing of the Jews, for whose amelioration the poetess worked unceasingly on these shores. The chairman said that this was the first time that Miss Lazarus had been publicly honored by Jews.

Miss (Henrietta) Szold delivered a biographical review of the career of Miss Lazarus. She said that the woman whose memory they honored had a genius for forming friendships and had social intercourse with the highest minds. Miss Szold recalled the words of Richard Watson Gilder, who said that Miss Lazarus could easily have written an entire number of his magazine, so diverse was her literary talent. (The magazine in question was The Century, and as a matter of fact Gilder said "she could easily have written several entire numbers of my magazine", and he added, "the humorous side is the only one that would not have been quite up to the standard".-- M.J.L.) The speaker said that Miss Lazarus was the greatest Jewish poet since Heine. "She was like Heine the Jew, she was like Heine the Greek, but she was not like Heine the cynic," said Miss Szold.

> The heroic work for her brethren in the time of their persecution was feelingly referred to by Miss Szold. She spoke also of The Dance to Death, a work by Miss Lazarus, which described the martyrdom of her people, and her Epistles to the Jews, advocating the national Jewish movement. Miss Szold closed with the words: "We cannot but mourn what was lost to us in her early death."
>
> Edmund Clarence Stedman who was on the programme for a literary appreciation, wrote a letter expressing regrets at his inability to be present. His contribution was read by the Rev. H. P. Mendes.
>
> "Her emotional nature kept apace with her intellect," said Mr. Stedmann. "Her early death was a deplorable loss in these times, when the sound of brass comes from tinkling cymbals. When she died a princess had fallen in Israel"...

Gilder's sonnet was apparently written out of a warm and living memory of Emma Lazarus, for some twenty years after her death we find him writing of "Emma" to friends with fresh and vivid references. Commenting on the sonnet itself, John Burroughs wrote to Gilder:- [55]

> "I feel like thanking you for your noble sonnet on Emma Lazarus. It is one of your best. It has the rare merit in a sonnet of being easy and flexible -- makes no desperate effort to cover the space and fill the sonnetic conditions. Most sonnets affect me like those trees we often see cut into some arbitrary and artificial shape; they pain me; but this sonnet of yours...seems to have flowed naturally into shape. And that last line -- it is worthy of Milton, or any other master."

Stedman's remarks have been preserved for us in a book of his essays called Genius, and the piece on "Emma Lazarus" reads:- [56]

> "While thoroughly feminine, and a mistress of the social art and charm, she was -- though without the slightest trace of pedantry -- the natural companion of scholars and thinkers. Her emotional nature kept pace with her intellect; as she grew in learning and mental power, she became still more earnest, devoted impassioned.
>
> These advances marked her writings -- especially her poetry, which changed in later years from its early reflection of the Grecian ideals and took on a lyrical and veritably Hebraic fire and imagination. You have rightly said of her that 'she wrote only when inspired'; and there was a contagious

inspiration in her Semitic ardor, her satire, wrath, and exaltation. That she was able to impart these qualities to sustained creative work is shown by her strangely powerful drama 'The Dance to Death', unique in American poetry. Viewed merely on the literary side, her abilities were so progressive, under the quickening force of a lofty motive, that her early death is a deplorable loss in a time when so much verse, if not as sounding brass, seems to come from tinkling cymbals.

During the last few years, owing to her change of residence, I met Miss Lazarus less frequently, and I scarcely knew what inference to derive from your feeling biographical sketch, as to her religious attitude and convictions. That she was aglow with the Jewish spirit, proud of her race's history and characteristics, and consecrated to its freedom from oppression throughout the world,-- all this is finely manifest; yet her intellectual outlook was so broad that I took her to be a modern Theist in religion, and one/would (who) not stipulate for absolute maintenance of the barriers with which the Mosaic law isolated the Jewish race, in certain respects, from the rest of mankind. Taking into account, however, the forces of birth and training, I could understand how our Miriam of today, filled with the passion of her cause, should return to the Pentateuchal faith -- to the Mosaic ritual in its hereditary and most uncompromising form. Nor would any lover of the heroic in life or literature, if such had been her course, desire to have it otherwise.

Eighteen years have passed since I wrote the foregoing characterization, under the grave sense of loss inspired by the pity of her death at the very bloom of her creative genius and her new aspiration...."

His recollections of Emma Lazarus which followed at this point have already been quoted above. The essay concluded:-

"...It was not long before outrages to which the Jews were subjected in Eastern and middle Europe began to stir the civilized world, and the heart and spirit of Emma Lazarus thrilled, as I from the first believed they would, with the passion and indignation that supplied the motive needed for her song. When we were electrified by these glowing lyrics, 'The Crowing of the Red Cock' and the 'Banner of the Jew', I felt that she at last had come into her own. When she died, a princess was fallen in Israel. Would that her hand were here to smite the harp, in this hour of her race's supreme and last ordeal in the Old World, and equally to sound the note of jubilation and prophecy as you celebrate, even now, the settlement of your historic people upon a continent where no tyranny checks their freedom and progress."

But a time soon came when none of that distinguished company who had known her, loved her, and who had never forgotten her, were present to keep alive the memory of her full stature as a poet and as a person. Emma Lazarus' fate was perhaps the fate of other distinguished, but in the largest view minor, talents. Her name slowly became just another item in cyclopedias and literary histories, and the common public interest lost touch with the drama, beauty, and significance of her life.

In the Jewish cultural community there has, however, been an unflagging attachment to Emma Lazarus' achievement. In articles, sermons, meetings, honor has been consistently paid by a people devoted to their heroic champions. Among the very best pieces in this literature, there is the biographical sketch of Emma Lazarus in Allen Lesser's study of some "Jewish contributions to American civilization". In his Weave a Wreath of Laurel there are fifteen fine pages on her, and they are important if only for the original emphasis which is placed on the poetess as economic reformer. For Emma Lazarus had written that, at its best, the Jewish race "has served as the advance-guard of political and religious freedom and of ethical philosophy"; going on to claim that "the modern theory of socialism and humanitarianism...has its root in the Mosaic Code", and "the very latest reforms urged by political economists, in view of the misery of the lower classes, are established by the Mosaic Code, which formulated the principle of the rights of labor, denying the right of private property in the land". [57]

A number of original contributions to the biography of Emma Lazarus have been made by Mr. Leonard Twynham, a former Protestant Episcopal minister, and "a hero-worshipper of Emma". Three articles, which appeared in various Jewish publications, are noteworthy:- "Emma Lazarus: Champion of Israel"; "Emma

Lazarus and the Statue of Liberty"; and "A Jewess Exalted American Liberty". For besides restating the facts of her life accurately, they suggest some interesting new leads. In "A Jewess Exalted American Liberty", Twynham remarks that "the original idea embodied in this creation of Bartholdi was best expressed by Emma Lazarus in the familiar sonnet inscribed upon a bronze tablet on its pedestal", and claims that "the young Jewess won this honor for her sentiments, against many competitors, Whittier among them..." The writer is not aware of the source for this claim; but Twynham does quote the following words of Whittier:-

> "Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth
> Thy light and hope to all who sit
> In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
> With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!
>
> Reveal the primal mandate still
> Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,
> Trace on mid-air the Eternal Will
> In signs of fire: 'Let Man be free!'"

Some lines from a poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich which scorned and limited the policy of the open door are also noteworthy:-

> "Wide and unguarded stand our gates,
> And through them presses a wild, motley throng --
> These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
> Accents of menace alien to our air.
> Stay those who to thy sacred portals come."

In his article on Emma Lazarus as "Champion of Israel" Mr. Twynham offers the suggestion that "her gospel bore fruit", arguing that the work by the great Jewish hero, Theodor Herzl's The Jewish State (1896) "reveals indebtedness to her 'Epistles to the Hebrews'", and that when the first Zionist congress was held at Basle in 1897, there "were heard echoes of her contentions regarding the Hebrews' station in civilization".

There are a good number of other articles in the Jewish press on Emma Lazarus, but none of the others are original in any way, and many of them are superficial and inaccurate. (One, for example, speaks of Emma Lazarus' "passionate love for America" and her feeling for the persecuted and oppressed which "made her see in the Statue of Liberty more than a mere mass of sculptured stone"! Miss Lazarus did indeed see in the Statue something more than that, perhaps even a streak of copper!) [59]

It is extremely difficult to trace through in the general press Emma Lazarus' career and reputation in any precise or even satisfactory way. The story so far has been carried down to 1905. The next item is a magazine article which appeared in Forum for March 1912. [60] It was called "Three Forgotten Poetesses", and it was a consideration of Emily Dickinson, Amy Levy, and Emma Lazarus. Of Miss Lazarus it was said:-

> "...As she sings of the night or the dawn, of the wind in the pines or the sunny ripples of some stream loitering down its pebbly way to the sea, her verses have the very trick of music, while behind them lies a lesson even higher than that which dwelt within the little, solemn preachments of that wise Amherst spinster (Emily Dickinson)...."

And it was obviously with some warmth that the author, Mr. Warwick James Price, "rediscovered" Emma Lazarus, for he could write:-

> "Emma Lazarus, who died in her thirties, twenty-four years ago, looked the calm, thoughtful woman she was; a woman of strength, and sincerity. Her picture shows eyes deep and thoughtful, such as bespeak trust; a chin full-moulded beneath a full-moulded mouth, both finely cut, and firm as well as sweet; the nose slightly Jewish, and the black hair over the temples tinged with gray by the sorrows she had known. Here again was a life hidden, a personality withdrawn. With no dramatic episode touching her career, her story is the story of the soul ever struggling up and on..."

What is distinctive about such a "rediscovery" is the fact that it is apparently concerned with Emma Lazarus, the poet, and not merely Emma Lazarus,

the public figure. For her life and her connection with the Statue of Liberty dominates the literature about her. And one recent article went so far as to say that "her poetry was minor, but her living major";[61] it is significant that this author put great emphasis on Emma Lazarus as "ardent fighter for liberties", on her quest for "a more equitable commonwealth", and her "socialism".[62]

In a leading woman's magazine of national circulation, recently, there was expressed another one of these rare personal interests in Emma Lazarus' literary career. It was a brief, friendly comment by one of the editors, called "Emma in Retrospect":-[63]

> "In the early years of the War Between the States, a young Jewish poet wrote her first poems for production. They were lyrics, not of the first order, perhaps, but as full of promise as a honeycomb is full of the hoarded honey of the lavender and honeysuckle known in New England gardens. Beloved by all.
>
> She was born in New York in 1849. As she grew into young womanhood her love of books drew her instinctively to poetry, and in that romantic field she was destined to come to her first flowering. Her name was Emma Lazarus.
>
> I imagine few people remember her work. Long out of print, the few slender volumes are literary curiosities now. But to my mind she wrote some of the loveliest, most polished and memorable lyrics in our language. On the little-sought back shelves of many a library in our land her books are probably hidden away, along with those of other poets whose verses were relegated to the no man's land of forgotten beauty.
>
> She wrote for the old Century Magazine, back in '82, in the easier field of prose. Fragile, she had a wiry activity and energy of strength and of passionate patriotism and independence of thought. Death -- maybe in response to her great sot poem, The Dance to Death -- came in '87, just a year after the Statue of Liberty was dedicated on Bedloe Island, in New York Harbor.
>
> Emma Lazarus had written the inscription for the immortal symbol of the liberty of the New World. I think she would have wanted to be there when this beacon of equality of races and this welcoming light to a new life was unveiled. What it stood for, Emma had striven for all her life. And in a way the statue in the harbor is her monument. When her powers were greatest,

this almost-forgotten but truly great poet and woman closed her eyes in eternal sleep, but she had written, for every liberty-hungry alien, these words, graven in granite forever and forever!

> Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
> Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Similar remarks were made by the editor of The New York Times in an editorial comment on the anniversary exercises in honor of Emma Lazarus in 1941, which had emphasized the symbolism of the poem unfortunately overlooked by so many.[64]

"The Golden Door"

> "Who remembers the name of Emma Lazarus? Not many, perhaps. The poems of her precocious adolescence, her critical and imaginative prose, her powerful appeals for religious tolerance, make her seem almost contemporary; but it is fifty-four years since she died, in this, the city of her birth. Yet many who did not know who she was still read the lines of her poem, 'The New Colossus', inscribed in bronze at the Statue of Liberty....
>
> When Miss Lazarus wrote her poem, there were few who wished to dim the torch. Millions were yet to come overseas, to sweat in mill, mine and factory, to climb upward in the democratic whirl and dust. They, too, made today's America. The millions will not come again. Our help and encouragement must go overseas to them. But we will have fallen from our high estate if there is not still a welcome here for the bravest and the hardest-pressed."

And the President of the United States himself alluded to the poem by Emma Lazarus in an address on refugees before the Intergovernmental committee in 1939. Mr. Roosevelt referred to "the problem of the human refugee, of resettling several million people in new areas of the earth's surface, of colonization by those who perforce seek new homes", and concluded:[65]

> "This problem involves no one race group -- no one religious faith...We must face it actively if the democratic principle is to survive -- if world order, which rests on the security of the individual is to be restored. Remembering the words written on the Statue of Liberty, let us lift a lamp beside

> new golden doors and build new refuges for the tired, for the poor, for the huddled masses yearning to be free...."

So Emma Lazarus has emerged as one of our great, unsung Americans -- "our unsung American" (as Frank Kingdon has said) "...this woman who carried a living flame in her heart, our laureate of Lady Liberty, Emma Lazarus." And perhaps, in conclusion, no more appropriate words could be found anywhere than in Mr. Kingdon's stirring tribute:- [86]

> "...So tonight I name as our unsung American this woman who carried a living flame in her heart, our laureate of Lady Liberty, Emma Lazarus. She lived to be only thirty-eight, but out of her short years have come these lines that speak forever the true genius of the freedom for which our country stands and in the name of which we have offered our hospitality to all the persecuted and distressed of the earth. Our door is golden not because it is built of shining and precious metal, but because it is illuminated with the sun of liberty that gilds its open way with the glow of welcome and of hope....As a poetess, Emma Lazarus discovered the full power of her talent when she wrote out of a heart stirred to its depths by the life and struggle of her own America...something more vital, more profoundly authentic came into her work when it was fierce with the tears of contemporary suffering and pride....Emma Lazarus dipped into the restless reservoir of our own tumult and there found the begettings and the deliverances that put upon her lips an overtone of utterance genuinely native and unique."

NOTES

1. "The New Colossus" is engraved on a bronze tablet set in the wall of the second landing, or about half way up, in the Monument's pedestal. An estimated twenty per cent of the crowds of visitors to the Statue see and read it. The poem itself has been growing in prestige and popularity. It is recited and referred to frequently over a great many radio networks, and there have been hundreds of requests for our reprints of it. The poem was given what perhaps ranks as its greatest public presentation in the recent Hollywood film, starring Charles Boyer and Olivia de Havilland, "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), a drama of refugees in which the distinguished French actor, Victor Francen, recitjes it. A number of years ago Emma Lazarus was nominated and seconded for the Hall of Fame. (Letter to author from Leonard Twynham, who nominated her, April 18, 1942, in National Park Service office, Bedloe's Island.)

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2. These and other clippings are to be found in the Lazarus collection at the Jewish Historical Society in New York City. They were saved by the Rev. J.J. Lyon, an intimate friend of Miss Lazarus, and later came into the hands of Mr. George Kohut, who donated the autographed volumes, and other items of associational interest, to the society at the Jewish Theological Seminary. The Society has, too, a notebook of Emma Lazarus, in which the poetess has copied a good selection of her verse. "The New Colossus", in Miss Lazarus' own hand, is on the very first page -- which may indicate its position among the poetess' own choice of favorites. There is another original manuscript copy of "The New Colossus" in the Museum of the City of New York on exhibit.

3. The Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1846-1906, (1921), p.266.

4. The Critic, December 10, 1887, p.294. In an earlier number of this magazine, a brief editorial note on Emma Lazarus' death appeared, which is of interest:- "Miss Emma Lazarus, the poet, died in this city on Saturday last, and was buried on Monday in the family lot in Cypress Hills Cemetery. The fatal termination of her long illness was not a surprise to her friends, though it is none the less a source of keen regret to them. Miss Lazarus was a writer of originality and force, both in prose and verse, and her death is a distinct loss to American letters. It is a special loss to this journal, to whose columns she was, before her illness, a frequent contributor. We shall have more to say of her next week" (p.279).

5. The New York Sun, Sunday, November 20, 1887, p.12.

6. Ibid., p.1, col.6.

7. The New York World, November 20, 1887, p.6, col.1.

8. The New York Tribune, November 20, 1887, p.2, col.4.

9. Quoted in The Critic, loc.cit., pp.294-295.

10. The American Hebrew, December 9, 1887, pp.67-70; The Critic, December 17, 1887. These statements were written at the request of Mr. Philip Cowen, editor of The American Hebrew and an intimate friend of Miss Lazarus. See Philip Cowen's "Recollections of Emma Lazarus", which first appeared in The American Hebrew for July 5, 1929, and was later included in his Memories of an American Jew (1932). Mr. Cowen is still alive (at this writing), and resides at 22 Dewey Avenue, New Rochelle, New York. He would be an invaluable source for personal memories, and it is quite likely that he has the original manuscripts, as he has already reproduced those of John Hay and John Greenleaf Whittier in his articles above. It is possible, too, that he is in possession of a collection of Lazarus papers. The author has not been able to obtain any information by correspondence.

11. Cheerful Yesterdays (1898), p.314.

12. Cambridge History of American Literature (1921), Vol.III, pp.121-122.

13. The Critic's memorial review concluded:- "She died as she lived, as much a Christian as a Jewess — perhaps it would be truer to say, neither one nor the other; yet singular in the love for her race and its amazing history, and in the vigorous assertion of the right of that race to be treated like other men, on individual merits, not on those of race" (p.294).

14. Letters to Emma Lazarus, edited by Ralph Rusk (Columbia University Press, 1939), iii.

15. The Poems of Emma Lazarus (2 vols., 1889), pp.1-39; biographical sketch by Josephine Lazarus.

16. Weave a Wreath of Laurel, by Allen Lesser (1938), pp.58-69.

17. Dictionary of American Biography, vol.XI, pp.65-66.

18. The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. VII, pp.650-652.

19. Ibid., p.651.

20. Unidentified clipping in Kohut collection, loc.cit.

21. New York Evening Post, as quoted in The Critic, loc.cit.

22. Letters to Emma Lazarus, pp.48-49. Also: The Thought and Character of William James (2 vols., 1935), by Ralph Barton Perry, vol.II, pp. 259-260. The whole letter is of interest:- "My dear Miss Lazarus, It pleased me greatly to receive your letter and my long delay in answering it is due neither to disrespect nor forgetfulness but to a desire to make my letter worthy....I very much hope that we may meet again ere long, and particularly that you and my dear wife may become acquainted."

23. Letters to Emma Lazarus, p.48.

24. Ibid., pp.24-25. The letters of John Burroughs to Emma Lazarus reveal more of the poetess' sentiments and opinions than any others we have. At present an investigation is being made as to the whereabouts of the Burroughs papers, in an effort to locate Miss Lazarus' letters to the great naturalist therein. It is likely that some of them will reveal her singular admiration for Walt Whitman, and her deep sympathy with his songs to America and to the democratic spirit.

25. Genius, and other essays (1911), by Edmund Clarence Stedman, pp.264-267.

26. Cowen, Memories of an American Jew, p.334.

27. The American Hebrew, November 25, 1887, pp.71-72.

28. Ibid., p.78.

29. The American Hebrew, quoted by Mary M. Cohen, Post-Lore, June-July 1893, p.11.

30. Ibid., p.12.

31. Poems, vol.II, p.197.

32. The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson (6 vols., 1939), edited by Ralph Rusk, vol.VI, p.90. Emerson replied to Emma Lazarus that week, October 6, 1869:- "Mr Howells declines printing the Poem, & leaves us only the doubt whether he or we are in the wrong. I should have printed it thankfully and proudly. We must believe that his Atlantic portfolio is very rich in poetry in these months, & shall frankly own it if Sparta hath worthier daughters. I am at a loss to find the imitation of Tennyson & Morris." (Ibid., vol.VI, p.90)

33. Memorial sonnet, "To Emma Lazarus 1905", in The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder (1908), p.392.

34. Expression in America, by Ludwig Lewisohn (1932), pp.89-90. Also note that Miss Lazarus was not a "Portuguese Jewess", but an American Jewess.

35. The "Progress and Poverty" sonnet was printed in The New York Times, Sunday, October 2, 1881, and is also copied in Miss Lazarus' hand in the Lazarus mss. notebook, loc.cit. Henry George's remarks are in Letters to Emma Lazarus, pp.34-35. A search is also being made among the various collectors and collections of the George papers for Lazarus correspondence. From the New York Public Library has just come information of some letters of Emma Lazarus to Henry George in their DeMille manuscript deposits; these will shortly be consulted.

36. The second George letter is dated January 3, 1883 -- the year in which Emma Lazarus wrote "The New Colossus", which may be a significant coincidence.

37. Helen Gray Cone, "Under No Skies But Ours!", in The American Hebrew, December 9, 1887, p.91.

38. Main Currents in American Thought (3 vols., 1927-30), by Vernon Louis Parrington. Vol.3, Beginnings of Critical Realism in America, ch.II, "The Culture of the Seventies", pp.53-54.

39. Letters to Emma Lazarus, pp.26-27. The letter is dated May 9, 1878.

40. Walt Whitman, Democratic Vistas (Everyman ed.), p.311.

41. Leaves of Grass, 1855 preface, in American Issues, edited by Merle Curti, vol.1, p.319.

42. Admetus, and other poems, by Emma Lazarus (1871), p.193.

43. Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass (Everyman ed.), p.194.

44. Ibid., p.108.

45. Admetus, p.192.

46. The American Hebrew, December 9, 1887, p.69. See also Constance Cary Harrison's autobiography, Recollections Grave and Gay (1912), pp.313-315. Mrs. Harrison's papers are now in the Library of Congress, and are being checked for Lazarus items. Francis Burton Harrison to M.J.L., April 6, 1942; St. George L. Sioussat to M.J.L., April 10, 1942. Letters on file in NPS office, Bedloe's Island.

47. Letters to Emma Lazarus, p.74. This letter, it might be mentioned, would be an excellent item for a possible Lazarus exhibit case at the Statue of Liberty. All the letters in the Rusk volume are in the Low Library at Columbia University, and photographic copies can readily be made of all the manuscript material there. It was given to the Library through Professor Rusk by a sister of Emma Lazarus, Mrs. Annie Humphreys Johnston, of Rome, who has since died. In 1932, Philip Cowen noted in his autobiography:

> "...Her sister, Mrs. Johnston, in Rome, has refused, in response to a suggestion to reprint her 'Collected Poems', to grant permission to include any items of a Jewish character, she being an ardent Catholic..." (p.336)

Rusk professed his surprise at this comment, for his impression of the Johnstons when he visited them in their Renaissance-palace home in 1938, was that they were both quite proud of the distinguished reputation of Emma Lazarus; in fact they refused to permit him to use the Lazarus-Emerson correspondence unless he consented to publish the whole sheaf of letters to Emma Lazarus. A year later Columbia University Press published seven volumes by Ralph Rusk -- six thick volumes of the collected letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a little volume of letters to Emma Lazarus. Yet it is quite possible -- and Professor Rusk has assented to this --

that Mrs. Johnston was ashamed and embarassed of the Lazarus racial origins, and could still at the same time be quite delighted that so many distinguished figures of European and American culture in the nineteenth century were involved in her sister's biography. A book of letters from Emerson, Lowell, Burroughs, William Morris, Robert Browning, et.al., was an exceedingly attractive social proposition; a book of "Epistles to the Hebrews", or sonnets in behalf of "huddled masses yearning to breath free" and "the wretched refuse" of the European shore, might well have been distasteful.

48. The Literary World (Boston), February 2, 1889, p.36.

49. Ibid., p.36.

50. Mary M. Cohen, in Post-Lore, June-July 1893, pp.1-12.

51. The New York Times, May 6, 1903. The date on which the Emma Lazarus tablet was placed in the Statue of Liberty is, then, May 5, 1903. This should correct the numerous errors in this connection. The Dictionary of American Biography, as noted previously, repeats the common mistake which has it that the tablet was part of the monument at its dedication. Even the National Park Service publication has erred; in the sixteen-page booklet, "Statue of Liberty National Monument" (1940), it incorrectly notes that the date was 1908, which was probably derived from the blurred engraver's numerals in a corner of the bronze tablet itself.

52. For information on the Schuylers, see "Louisa Lee Schuyler" in the Dictionary of American Biography, vol.XVI, pp.474-475; "Schuyler Family Portraits", in the New York State Historical Society Bulletin, vol.9, p.87; and Francis Greenwood Peabody, Reminiscences of Present-Day Saints (1927), Ch.XII, "Louisa and Georgina Schuyler", pp.253-73. Georgina was apparently something of a musician, having put some of Emerson and Byron to song. Peabody says of the sisters: "...the end of these lives must be described as nothing less than the end of an era. No Americans, so far as I know, are left who represent so completely, both by inheritance and character, the finest traits of the Victorian age. There was in both a singular charm and nobility of nature which made them the centre of attraction for a large circle of devoted friends, both old and young....No two women were more dissimilar in inclination and taste, yet none were ever more dependent on each other, or essential for each other's happiness. Louisa was a dynamo of administrative force; Georgina was a poetic and tranquil soul. Louisa became recognized as a daring pioneer in social service; Georgina, on the other hand, was the devoted caretaker and serene companion, who lightened the burden of official duties and tranquillized the unremitting activity of her sister's career...." (pp.258-59) Peabody, the famous Harvard professor, mentions and quotes from

Georgina's memoirs, some unpublished chapters of which were apparently in his possession. The location of that manuscript might shed some new and interesting light on matters relevant both to the tablet and to the Lazarus biography.

53. The New York Tribune, Sunday, May 10, 1903, section II, p.5, cols.4-5. The New York World carried no account of the affair that I could locate. That issue of the paper (Sunday, May 10) was, however, the anniversary issue of the World, and the Statue of Liberty came in for a good many other items. The leading comic feature was an amusing colored strip of a contemporary Mutt and Jeff visiting Bedloe's Island. In the same issue the World reviews its journalistic career, and has a summary of its own role in the establishment of the Statue; this appears in the special magazine section, under the caption "Liberty's Statue".

Also worthy of mention here is a news-item which appeared in the New York Tribune, Tuesday, February 3, 1903; one could hardly help from noting it.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL

Washington, Feb.2.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.-- A letter reached Secretary Root today from New York requesting that the War Department take over the charge of the Statue of Liberty. The letter was signed by David H. Hines, Cornelius N. Bliss, James W. Pinchot, Samuel P. Avery, Charles Stewart Smith, and Parke Godwin, representing the committee which since 1890 has received subscriptions for keeping the Statue open to the public and providing a little steamer to run to Bedloe's Island and carry passengers. The committee reports that it has about $40,000 in the treasury at the present time. It also notes that the average number of visitors has fallen off from 88,000 in 1890 to 47,000 in 1902. It is possible now that some private company will run the excursion steamer." (p.3, col.1)

Some hitherto unknown details of the Statue of Liberty's history is therein revealed for the first time.

54. The New York Daily Tribune, Monday, November 20, 1905, p.7, col.3. See also The New York Sun, November 20, 1905, p.4, col.2.

55. Letters of Richard Watson Gilder, edited by Rosamond Gilder (1916), p.413. In a letter to Bliss Perry, dated October 21, 1906, Gilder writes:- "...Emerson was as quick to see the force of de Kay (the poetry of Charles de Kay -- M.J.L.) as he was to see that of Whitman -- as Emma Lazarus was witness. Emma said, after she had read de Kay's poems to him, and he had greatly admired them, 'Is it not a pity he has so small an audience?' 'Not at all,' said Emerson, 'he has you and now he has me; when I began, my own brother did not believe me.'"

For Burroughs' comment, see The Life and Letters of John Burroughs, by Clara Barrus (2 vols., 1925) vol.I, p.294. The friendship of Burroughs had dated from 1878 to Emma's death in 1887; see Vol.I, p.200.

56. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Genius, and other Essays (1911), Ch.XXII, pp.264-267.

57. Allen Lesser, Weave a Wreath of Laurel, p.64. The chapter on Emma Lazarus (pp.55-69) is prefaced by a large engraving of the poetess.

58. Leonard Twynham: "Emma Lazarus, Champion of Israel", in Opinion, April 1939; "A Jewess Exalted American Liberty", in The Jewish Forum, April 1941; "Emma Lazarus and the Statue of Liberty", in Young Israel, January 1940. Copies of these three articles on file at NPS office, Bedloe's Island.

59. Elma Ehrlich Levinger, The New Land (1920), p.175. In passing it might be mentioned at this point that Emma Lazarus probably saw the Statue of Liberty but once. She was in Europe in the fall of 1886 when the Monument was dedicated; she returned to New York in the summer of 1887, a stricken woman, and several months later she died. (Mary M. Cohen, loc.cit., notes that she returned on July 23; her death came on the 19th of November 1887.)

60. Warwick James Price, "Three Forgotten Poetesses", in Forum, March 1912, pp.361-376.

61. Robert Friend, "Emma Lazarus, 1849-1886, Poet", New York City Writers' Project mss., 21 pp. This is an undocumented general essay on the poetess written for a planned volume of New York portraits, which was never compiled. The author suggests, with no evidence at all, that perhaps the themes of suffering which Miss Lazarus emphasized in her work were related to moods "that follow a tragic love affair" (p.5). From a picture of the poetess he draws this interesting pen-portrait: "a firm sweet face with dark serious eyes, full-mouthed sensuous lips, a head crowned with wavy hair neatly brushed back behind the ears, and adorned by a simple band. The nobility of her features was not marred by the large nose -- if anything it was emphasized by it; and the whole countenance bespoke f rankness, sincerity, and will." (pp.6-7)

62. Ibid., p.18, p.20.

63. Ann Batchelder, in her monthly column, "Journal's End", Ladies Home Journal, June 1941, p.153. Another similar review appeared in The Christian Science Monitor, signed J.W., for August 26, 1927; but this was largely plagiarized from the article by Charles de Kay, which appeared in The Christian Union, January 31, 1889.

64. The New York Times, Saturday, July 26, 1941, editorial page. Clipping in NPS office, Bedloe's Island.

65. Quoted by Twynham, in The Jewish Forum, p.54, from The New York Times, October 18, 1939. Twynham writes me that the President in his address at Dayton, Ohio (October 12, 1940) employed just the phbase "masses yearning to be free". Leonard Twynham to M.J.L., April 12, 1942; letter on file.

66. "Liberty's Laureate", an address by Frank Kingdon, May 2, 1940, Station WOR, Mutual Broadcasting System. A copy of this address is on file in NPS office, Bedloe's Island.

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