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**AND CONTEMPORARY**  
**HEBREW POETS**  
**IN ITALY**

**Representing the Sixth**  
**"Arthur Davis Memorial**  
**Lecture" for the year** <sup>1923</sup>  
~~5683~~



**TO MY TWO DEAR FRIENDS:**

**ISRAEL ABRAHAMS,**

**FOR HIS UNFAILING ENCOURAGEMENT AND HELP;**

**AND**

**ISRAEL ZANGWILL,**

**FOR HIS GENEROUS THOUGHT IN HAVING PLANNED  
THE FOUNDATION OF THE ARTHUR DAVIS LECTURES,  
AND HIS DEVOTED INTEREST IN THEIR FURTHERANCE**

Stadt- u. Univ.-Bibl.  
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# **RAHEL MORPURGO**

**AND CONTEMPORARY HEBREW  
POETS IN ITALY**

**BY**

**NINA SALAMAN**

**WITH A FOREWORD BY**

**The Very Rev. THE CHIEF RABBI**

**AND AN AFTERWORD BY**

**HERBERT LOEWE, M.A.**

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of Oxford**

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## NOTE

**T**HE Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture was founded in 1917, under the auspices of the Jewish Historical Society of England, by his collaborators in the translation of "The Service of the Synagogue," with the object of fostering Hebraic thought and learning in honour of an unworldly scholar. The Lecture is to be given annually in the anniversary week of his death, and the lectureship is to be open to men or women of any race or creed, who are to have absolute liberty in the treatment of their subject.





## FOREWORD

By THE VERY REV. THE CHIEF RABBI  
(DR. J. H. HERTZ).

**I**T was with great expectation that the members of the Jewish Historical Society—nay the London Jewish community in general—looked forward to Sunday, April 15, 1923, the date fixed for the Sixth Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture. M. Israël Lévi, Grand Rabbin of France, was the announced lecturer, and his subject was entitled: “Un Promenade à travers le Folklore Juif.” To the deep disappointment of all, that distinguished scholar and divine was compelled, owing to unfortunate indisposition, to cancel his visit a few days before the date set for his arrival in England. There was, therefore, no Arthur Davis Lecture in 1923. In order not to interrupt the series of annual memorial volumes, the Council of the Jewish Historical Society decided to issue as the Arthur Davis publication for that year

a paper by one of his scholarly daughters, Mrs. R. N. Salaman's *Rahel Morpurgo and Contemporary Hebrew Poets in Italy*.

## I

Mrs. Salaman has chosen a theme of enthralling interest, virtually the story of the most notable family in Jewish literary annals of recent centuries, the Luzzatos.

She opens her paper with Moses Hayyim Luzzatto (1707-1747), the last of the great Cabbalists in Israel, one of those Faust-natures among the Jewish mystics who attempt to force the gates of Redemption. For nearly half of Moses Luzzatto's brief life his contemporaries are divided into two camps, one camp regarding him as "a spark" of Rabbi Akiba, and the other beholding in him a potential Sabbethai Zevi. This pseudo-Messiah, however, is also the author of a remarkable book on the ethical foundations of the spiritual life, *The Path of the Righteous*. Very soon after its publication this volume became a devotional classic throughout East European Jewry, and has in our own day attained to semi-canonical rank in the circles of the Moralistic Movement ("Musarnikes") in Lithuania. "If Moses Luzzatto were

alive," declared Elijah, the Gaon of Wilna, "I would make a pilgrimage to him on foot in order to receive moral instruction at his hands." Equally fervent and lasting has been the loving admiration bestowed on this short ethical treatise in Pietistic circles. "Luzzatto's generation," said the most renowned apostle of Israel Baal Shem, the founder of Hassidism, "was not worthy to understand his righteousness and his saintliness." Mrs. Salaman shows us another side of the complex and withal so charming personality of this wandering, mystic dreamer, who was beloved and excommunicated in turn. In her paper, we learn to know Moses Hayyim Luzzatto the dramatist and pastoral poet, steeped in the Italian literature of his day, who was to prove the father of modern Hebrew humanism, and the inaugurator of the revival of the Hebrew language for purely literary uses.

## II

The last of the singers dealt with by Mrs. Salaman is Samuel David Luzzatto (1800-1865), who in the early nineteenth century founded, with Zunz and Rapaport, the New Jewish Learning. But Luzzatto the man, Luzzatto the Jew, was greater than his unique achieve-

ments in scholarship, creative and illuminative though these are. He towered above all his contemporaries in poetic feeling, in his deep religious convictions and his unbounded love of Judaism, both Biblical and Talmudic. In a generation of relentless rationalists, he declared that the bases of religion were not in the intellectual life, but in the emotional life; that Israel was the conscience of humanity, and Judaism the greatest of forces for the moral culture of mankind. The literati of the post-Mendelssohnian period into which he was born, had only contempt for Jewish tradition and merciless ridicule for the Jewish life around them. The one desire animating many of them was to make a clean sweep of the Jewish past. They had little sympathy for Jewish heroism and lacked an understanding of the quality of holiness—in fact, they also lacked the historical sense, as well as the self-respect of the freeman. There was nothing that they were not prepared to barter away for emancipation and “enlightenment.” These men and their doings, with the shibboleths and charlatanisms that lived after them, Samuel David Luzzatto fought throughout his days with the passion and vehemence of a Carlyle. “The happiness of the Jewish people,” he maintained, “does

not depend on its political emancipation, but on its faith and morality. The highest morality is found, not in Hellenism, but only with the Hebrew Prophets." He boldly proclaimed the eternity of Israel and the deathlessness of Zion; and half a century before the rise of the New Judæa, he advocated the gradual Jewish resettlement of the Holy Land.

In the nature of the case, Mrs. Salaman is mostly concerned with Samuel David Luzzatto the poet. She shares the general view that "few of his verses are great from a poetic point of view." I shall not quarrel with this judgment, as it permits the construction that a few of his verses *are* great from a poetic point of view. One or two of his hymns even Gabirol would not have disowned; and a poem like "To Truth" is worthy of Yehudah Halevi—whom he rediscovered for Modern Israel.

### III

Moses Hayyim and Samuel David Luzzatto are the key to the understanding of Rahel Luzzatto, later the wife of Jacob Morpurgo, who is the central heroine of Mrs. Salaman's paper. To Rahel Morpurgo the Messianic hope, for example, is as real as it is to the elder of

her kinsmen. With all the eagerness of a poet's soul she yearns for tidings from the Holy Land, "whether the Dawn is breaking."

Lament no more, with sleep no more be dumb!  
 Let men of understanding now arise  
 And teach us by their calculations wise  
 How long till our redemption's Star shall come—

she exclaims, in Mrs. Salaman's splendid rendering. Here we have not merely the Messianic hope, but the impatience at the tarrying of the Star that we find in Moses Hayyim Luzzatto. And, again, like her younger cousin, Samuel David, hers is the serenity of soul and peace of religious conviction that is the heritage of the true believer. Mrs. Salaman gives us a fine version of her poem, "Emek Achor" (The Dark Valley), which Rahel wrote at the age of seventy-seven; but its beauty is evident even in a prose translation: †

O dark valley, covered with night and mist, how long wilt thou keep me bound with thy chains? Better to die and abide under the shadow of the Almighty than sit desolate in the seething waters.

---

† By Miss Szold, in N. Slousch, *The Renaissance of Hebrew Literature*. Philadelphia, 1909.

I discern them from afar, the hills of eternity, their ever-enduring summits clothed with garlands of bloom. O that I might rise on wings like the eagle, fly upward with my eyes, and raise my countenance and gaze into the heart of the sun !

O heaven, how beautiful are thy paths ! They lead to where liberty reigneth ever. How gentle the zephyrs wafted over thy heights, who hath words to tell ?

Rahel Morpurgo is fortunate in her latest interpreter—the writer of the paper to which these notes are an inadequate foreword. Rahel Morpurgo and Nina Salaman are kindred spirits who share the same deep religious feeling, the same love of Zion, the same faith in Zion's future. In Nina Salaman's *Songs of Exile* and *Songs of Many Days*, in the poetical renderings which she contributed to *The Service of the Synagogue*, as well as in her forthcoming translation of Yehudah Halevi, we have the passionate love of the Hebrew language and literature that dominated the lives of Moses, Samuel and Rahel Luzzatto—yea, that dominated the life of that retiring scholar whose memory these annual lectures are intended to perpetuate. All of Nina Salaman's published writings reveal a soul that is the supremest monument to Arthur Davis, whose glory it

remains to have led his children to the ever-flowing fountain of Hebrew literature, and to have planted within them an undying devotion to the sacred tongue.

מה זרעו בחיים אף הוא בחיים (תענית ה')

J. H. HERTZ.

*May, 1924.*



# Rahel Morpurgo

## and Contemporary Hebrew Poets in Italy

**W**HEN we speak of the Renaissance in Hebrew literature, we are hardly using the right term. Separated from the land which provided the ancient inspiration, the flame of Hebrew poetry and scholarship burst again into life intermittently, now in one part of the world, now in another, sometimes taking its outward form and colour from its surroundings, but always preserving the essence of its own uncrushable spirit. Thus, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Rome, seats of learning sprang up in Jamnia and in Babylonia ; then, after another six or seven hundred years, the impetus was removed to Spain, where a glorious profusion of Hebrew poetry blossomed forth in the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, through the genius of Solomon Ibn Gabirol, Yehudah Halevi, the Ibn Ezras and their followers, until, uprooted in the fifteenth century by the Inquisition, the

plant shrivelled and died down, only to spring to life again in Central Europe and in Italy. Here, in Dante's age, Hebrew poetry lifted rather a weakened voice, an echo of the finer harmonies of Spain. For, even though Immanuel of Rome is sometimes mentioned in the same breath with Dante, yet it is not until the eighteenth century that a new impulse sprang up among the Hebrew writers of Italy. At this period, perhaps, if at any time in the history of Hebrew literature, we may speak of a sort of Renaissance. Resulting, no doubt, from the literary events following on the influence of Moses Mendelssohn, Hebrew writers commenced, in the late eighteenth century, not so much to imitate a local model, but once more to compose works in the style of the Hebrew Bible.

#### MOSES HAYYIM LUZZATTO, 1707.

In this connection I should mention Moses Hayyim Luzzatto (1707-1747), the founder of the modern Hebrew school in Italy, who in some of his works closely imitates the biblical style—not as Ibn Gabirol and Yehudah Halevi did, by the use of biblical phrases and the weaving of them into a new fabric, but by the direct com-

ination of consecutive passages in imitation of the Bible.

The family of Luzzatto is largely responsible for the new Hebrew literature in Italy. It is a family famous for the number of distinguished scholars it produced. Tracing their descent from Abraham Luzzatto of Safed, early in the sixteenth century, they appear, two hundred years later, to have been long settled in Italy, where Venice, Padua, Trieste, and San Danieli in Gorizia are mentioned as the homes of various members of the family. Moses Hayyim, whose father and mother were both Luzzattos, appears to have inherited in consequence a double portion of the family tradition. Born in Padua in 1707, Moses Luzzatto was carefully educated by his father in many languages, and became deeply versed in Hebrew literature; but his real passion in life turned towards the mystics. This leaning towards mysticism, and his writings in imitation of that mysterious book, the *Zohar*, greatly alarmed the Rabbis of Italy, who, after the tragedy of Sabbethai Zevi in the seventeenth century, feared another false Messiah. A ban was therefore pronounced against Luzzatto's cabbalistic work, and a promise elicited from himself that he would refrain from mystic study and teaching until he should reach the age of

forty years, and that even then he should approach the dangerous subject again only in the Holy Land. Leaving Italy, he spent some ten years in Amsterdam, where he was welcomed as a great scholar, but where he refused to receive a salary for his ministrations, and, like that earlier famous Amsterdam Jew, Spinoza, ground lenses for a living. During this time he paid one short visit to London.

He believed that a *Maggid*, by which he understood a sort of heavenly genius, inspired him, and he became convinced that he was the Messiah. As soon as he reached his fortieth year, he travelled with his wife (the daughter of Rabbi David of Mantua) and his son to the Holy Land, in order to settle in Safed, and there work out his mission. But alas! all three died of plague on their arrival in 1747. He was buried at Tiberias, beside Rabbi Akiba.

Luzzatto was familiar with the Hebrew poetry of the Middle Ages, with Italian literature of his own times, with Latin and other languages. Of his works, although perhaps those in prose are the better known, his psalms and his allegorical dramas in verse belong to our subject. Before he was twenty he had written one hundred and fifty psalms after the biblical model, only two of which have been preserved as

undoubtedly his. These are to be found in *Bikkurè Ha-ittim* (First Fruits of the Times) of the years 1825 and 1826.<sup>1</sup> The one headed :

שִׁיר מְזֻמָּר לְחֻזְפִּיר

*A Song, a Psalm, to bring to Remembrance,*

consists almost entirely of existing phrases culled from several psalms and shaped into a new whole. The other headed :

לְמַנְצֵחַ בְּנִינּוֹת מְזֻמָּר שִׁיר

*To the chief Musician, with Neginoth, a Psalm, a Song,*

is in a similar style, with occasionally a non-biblical touch in the Hebrew form which, to be perceived, must be read in the original :

כִּי יִשְׂרָאֵל כָּל מִשְׁפָּטֶיהָ וְחֻקֹּתֶיהָ כָּל מוֹם אֵין בָּהֶם

For upright are all her judgments, and her statutes have no blemish in them.

So, too :

דָּעָה וְחַשְׁבֹּנָה לְפָנֶיךָ יְיָ

Knowledge and discretion are of Thee, *Selah*.

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<sup>1</sup> See *Bikkurè Ha-ittim*, 1825, p. 56, and 1826, p. 99.

The word *Selah* seems to appeal to him ; he uses it four times in one psalm.

Whilst on the subject of modern psalms, I must turn aside for a moment to mention Isaac Halevi Satanow, born in Poland in 1733, who appears to have been so influenced by Luzzatto's psalms that he wrote fifty psalms and eighty chapters of proverbs in the biblical style, under the name of *Asaph*. All these compositions are interesting, not so much because of their likeness to, but because of their difference from, the Psalms and Proverbs of the Bible. It may, therefore, be worth while to turn for a moment from Luzzato in order to quote a few passages from these *Psalms of Asaph*. His Creation Psalms, Nos. 11-17, one for each day, are rather attractive. In Psalm 16 we find :

*A Psalm or Song for the Sixth Day of the Week.*

O Lord, what is man that Thou takest account of him, that he should be the completion of Thy works ?

In light didst Thou begin to show Thy greatness, and in man didst complete Thy work,

That he might know that in order to see the glory and majesty of Thy kingdom he was brought hither ;

Because in Thy light shall he see the light of Thy mercy and Thy truth—that in wisdom didst Thou lay the foundation of Thy work. . . .

There are many interesting turns and phrases, such as in Psalm 20 :

Thy glory filleth earth and Heaven, but Thyself —eye cannot see Thee, nor can imagination overtake Thee.

Or, again, in No. 29 :

מְשֻׁפֵּיל לְאַסָּף מְזֻמֹּר שִׁיר : יְיָ אֲדוֹנָינוּ מִחַ  
 נְעַמְחָ אֶתְּבַתְּחָ. נְפִלְאָה יְדִוְתָהּ . . .

*Maskil of Asaph, a Psalm or Song.*

O Lord, our Lord, how sweet is Thy love,  
 How wonderful Thy friendship !  
 I shall love Thee, O Lord, all my years, because  
 of Thy love to me.  
 For Thou drawest me with kindness all the day ;  
 at all times, in Thy goodness, Thou art  
 freely gracious unto me. . . .

Others are worth translating, but we must turn back to the source of this revival, Moses Hayyim Luzzatto of Padua, not forgetting to recall on the way Abraham Sabbethai of the early eighteenth century and his paraphrases of the Psalms, to which I cannot give more here than this passing mention.

Dr. Abrahams, in his *Bypaths of Hebrew Literature*, says that Luzzatto "has been the only writer of Hebrew plays whose work counts in the literary sense." Although his dramatic inspiration is derived from earlier Italian writers, yet he re-interprets and sheds all the grossness ; and Dr. Abrahams adds : " He both refined and adorned what he borrowed." His *Migdal Oz* (The Tower of Strength), an allegorical drama of pastoral life, clearly shows this important quality. It was not published until 1837, long after his death. Again, *La-yesharim Tehilla* (Unto the Upright Praise), another allegorical drama, is a model of good Hebrew style. Here Truth desires *Tehilla* (Praise) as a wife for his son *Yosher* (Uprightness). Many vicissitudes are endured, until at last Truth and Uprightness prevail, and amid general rejoicing the chorus sing :

כָּל הַתּוֹפְשֵׁי כְבוֹד עוֹבְבִים וְנִקְלִים . . .

All ye that handle harp and viol and pipe,  
Do ye arise and come and play your best.  
O ye that sweetly sing, now sing with zest,  
Sing of the fate of these, their fortune ripe  
And honey-sweet. Behold now, set apart,  
Our glorious beauty for the upright heart.



You will notice an interesting phenomenon in the development of the Hebrew poetry of this period, apart from the return by some poets to the biblical style. You will find that the Arabic metres have been entirely abandoned. Hebrew verse now appears attired in modern garb; and just as, in the Middle Ages, the Hebrew language was successfully adapted by the poets to Arabic metres, so again, in the eighteenth century, it lent itself just as easily to iambic feet. Later on, this change will become quite clear to you from the extracts I shall quote from several poets.

SAMUEL ROMANELLI, 1757-1814.

It will, perhaps, be well here, while dealing with the subject of allegorical drama, to refer to Samuel Romanelli of Mantua (born in 1757) and his play published in Berlin in 1791, entitled תְּהִלֹּת יְהוָה יִחַדְלוּן (The Thunders shall cease), or מִשְׁפַּט שְׁלוֹם (The Judgment of Peace) for the marriage of Mendel Eppenheim and Henrietta, daughter of Daniel Yâfé. Among the characters, Venus and Cupid appear under the names of נִינָה and הַחֶשֶׁק, and there are numerous references to classical mythology.

The title, **הַקּוֹלוֹת יִחַדְּלוּן**, is explained by the final chorus :

מִכָּל סוּאֵן מִכָּל זַעַם  
 חַקּוֹלוֹת יִחַדְּלוּן  
 מִכָּל שָׁשׂוֹן גִּיל וְרַעַם  
 חַקּוֹלוֹת יִגְדְּלוּן  
 וּבְשִׂמְחַת לֵב תֵּצְאוּ  
 וּבְשָׁלוֹם תִּבְּלוּן

From battle clamour and from rage  
 The voices now shall cease,  
 With gladness and with thundrous song  
 The voices shall increase ;  
 In joy of heart shall ye go forth,  
 And home be led in peace.

The opening scene shows a vast court with a temple of Venus in the distance. Marble and cedar columns are described, and beneath are the gates of the daughter of Zion, and the illumination is through precious stones, beautiful to behold. Venus comes forth with Cupid, and a merry following, all winged. Venus is downcast because **שֶׁקֶר רַחֵן וְהַבֵּל הַיּוֹפִי** (Grace is deceitful and beauty is vain), but Hope enters and encourages her. They

all sing. In another scene we have the Garden of *Zedek*, Righteousness, obviously Jupiter, where the pillars are inscribed *Yakhin* and *Boaz*. *Zedek* laments that he has no followers. Fame proposes to call in the help of Venus and Cupid on his behalf. Jupiter proclaims everything at war: Love, Fame, Wealth, Virtue—what one seeks the other loathes. At every opportunity an “Aria” is sung, and as the play approaches its end the characters assemble their forces in battle array, and a fight ensues between the followers of Righteousness and of Wealth. Then, suddenly, while the swords still clash, the sky clears, and there appears the vision of a sapphire throne, and on to this throne Peace slowly descends, his face shining, on his head a tiara, in his hands seven sheaves of lilies, and with olive-branches blazoned upon his banner. All stand amazed at the stupendous vision—  
 יְחַדְּלוּן תְּהִילֹת—“the thunders cease,” and each one stays his sword, and lends his ear to the words of Peace. All are united—Beauty, Wealth, Love, Virtue and Fame—in the bridal pair:

Now peace together—peace. Now is the time.  
 Your wrangling voices, I, above the heavens,  
 Have hearkened, I have heard—and they are just!

*Wealth* is right precious, worthy of all fair words :  
 Much good is lacking if we banish wealth.

*Justice* points out the way to happiness—  
 Opens to man life's everlasting fount ;  
 Therefore, if justice fail, how vast the ruin !

*Beauty* is very precious—majesty  
 And honour hers—even noble in the sight  
 Of Him who rides the Heavens. Lift thine eyes :  
 Her golden splendour lights the firmament !  
 The flower blooms, the lord of Heavenly harps  
 Rejoices. If, a little instant's time,  
 Her glory should grow weak, the universe  
 Would sit in gloom, the world would  
languish. *Love !*  
 How good and sweet, with lips a honeycomb  
 To drop sweet honey ! Bitterer than death,  
 Bereft of Love, man's warfare on the earth.

*Power* gives strength to *Justice*. Who desires  
 Full gift of valour, proud renown of might,  
 Fame is his wage.—And would ye draw the sword  
 Each one against the other ? 'Tis not meet.  
 To-day all strivings rest ; let each man now  
 Put off his weapon, beat his blade to plough.  
 Break ye the bow, be tools of battle doomed ;  
 To-day the olive-branch of peace has bloomed.

The idea is trite, but the mythological setting  
 is one of the rare illustrations of Hebraic poetry

influenced by the Renaissance. Moses Hayyim Luzzatto has no such mythology—he is a pure allegorist.

ISAAC LUZZATTO, 1730.

Of Ephraim Luzzatto, born in San Danieli in 1729, author of *אֵלֶּה בְּנֵי הַנְּעוּרִים* (These are the Children of Youth) and physician to the Hospital of the Spanish and Portuguese Hebrew Congregation in London from the year 1763, I have written elsewhere. I will therefore only mention here his brother Isaac, born in 1730, in connection with a few of his own poems, and also in his capacity of grandfather to the heroine of this paper, Rahel Morpurgo.

Among the Almanzi MSS. in the British Museum<sup>2</sup> seventy-four unpublished poems (chiefly sonnets) of Isaac Luzzatto, entitled *אֵלֶּה תּוֹלְדוֹת יִצְחָק* (These are the Generations of Isaac), are to be found. The first poem is dated the 14th of *Kislev* 5519 (1759). I have translated the octave of the sonnet No. 55 as a fairly typical example of Isaac's verse, and am quoting the first four lines in

<sup>2</sup> B.M. MS. Add. 2700, p. 21a.

Hebrew to illustrate again how, as I have already said, Hebrew fits into iambic metre:

בַּת שִׁיר קָחִי כְנֹר וּבַח תְּקַרְבִּי  
 הַרְבֵּחַ פְּמִשְׁפָּטֶיךָ מְשׁוּשׁ הַתְּקִיף  
 קוּמִי שְׂאִי זְמֶרְךָ וְעֹז לִי קָבִי  
 לְמִצּוֹת פֶּאֶר וְחֵן בְּחֹד פְּפִיךָ . . .

It is a sort of call for inspiration :

Daughter of Song, take up thy harp and sing !  
 Again thy joyous cymbals clash apace !  
 Uplift a psalm ; to me the power bring  
 By thine hand loveliness to find and grace.  
 Behold, long days hast thou lain sorrowing  
 Because forlorn I left thy threshold's space.  
 Why, when I rise, wilt thou to languor cling ?  
 Why hold me back from looking on thy face ?

A sonnet to Raphael Nathan Ashkenazi of Trieste begins :

I say to all who thirst, come to the water !

and the sestet opens thus :

Happy the man who hearkens to fair words :  
 He shall be satisfied with honey sweet ;  
 He shall redeem his soul from very hell !—  
 Better than wealth the sweetness of a book.

More striking, perhaps, is the epitaph which he wrote for his own tomb :

יְחַשְׁתָּ מוֹת לִי וְגַם גְּלֻקְדָּתִי  
 פִּי מִי אֶגְלוֹשׁ יַחְיֶיהָ וְלֹא יִרְאֶה . . .

Death, thou hast seized me, I am snared of thee !  
 What man at all shall live and see thee not ?  
 Albeit my soul escapes thee. While my lot  
 Thou hast appointed, she fares upward free.  
 And as, while yet in life, I saw Death's face,  
 So see I Life within Death's shadowy place.

. . . וְכִמּוֹ בְּעוֹדֵי חַי דְּמוֹת תְּמִידוֹת  
 כִּן אֶחְיֶיהָ חַיִּים בְּגֵיא צְלָמוֹת

Some of Isaac's poems are answers to poems by his brother Ephraim, to be found in "These are the Children of Youth." One is addressed to the King of Prussia; one describes the coming of Joseph II to Trieste. There is also a translation of Metastasio into Hebrew, and there are poems on the building of a synagogue at Gorizia in 1761, on the death of R. Jacob Hefetz in Gorizia in 1749, and on R. Mordecai ben Gershon of Trieste.

## RAHEL MORPURGO, 1790.

I must not dwell longer on these verses, but will pass over a generation and hurry on to 1790, when Isaac's grand-daughter, Rahel, the daughter of his son Barukh, was born.

In an edition of fifty of her poems, published one hundred years after her birth, with the title עֵיבָרָה רַחֵל (The Harp of Rachel), there is a short account of her life in Hebrew and Italian by Vittorio Castiglioni, later Chief Rabbi of Rome, the details of which he states that he received in person from her daughter Penina (Perla), then sixty-seven years of age, who had lovingly preserved her mother's MSS. and many memories which she now handed to him for publication.

In his sketch of Rahel's life Castiglioni lays the greatest emphasis on the equality of status and opportunity allowed to women by the Hebrews compared to the position given them among other peoples; how the idea of a wife being synonymous with a chattel was completely foreign to Jewish communities everywhere and in all ages. Of Rahel Morpurgo, Castiglioni speaks with especial pride. "She is precious to us in three ways," he says: "from the point of view of our faith, for she was



an Israelite ; of our city, for she was a native of Trieste ; and of our literature, for she was an exalted singer and a ready writer who, by her sweet songs, added grace and beauty to our holy tongue."

Descended on both sides from that same distinguished family of Luzzatto, Rahel, afterwards Morpurgo, was born on the 8th day of Passover, 1790, in the same house in the *Via del Corso*, at Trieste, where her cousin and faithful friend, Samuel David Luzzatto, was born ten years later. Her mother was Berakha, sister of Hezekiah Luzzatto, Samuel's father.

Rahel appears to have studied little else but Hebrew in her childhood. Until twelve years she learnt the Pentateuch with her uncles, Hezekiah and David, and later Bahyah's *Duties of the Heart* with the latter ; then *Rashi* and other Hebrew commentaries with various scholars. At fourteen she began to study the Talmud with a teacher from Mantua, at the same time continuing to work with her uncle, Hezekiah. She seems to have attended no school, but gathered all her further knowledge at home from the scholars frequenting the house to teach her brother Isaac, who, her biographer states, also wrote Hebrew verse ; for, when the great French Jewish actress, Rachel, came to

Trieste, Isaac Luzzatto wrote a song in honour of the French Rachel and of his sister, the Italian Rahel—each, he said, a crown of her people.

It appears that Rahel also learnt from her father and uncles the art of lithography, and was thus able to help them in their handicraft. She must have accomplished, too, an astounding amount of needlework, for she made all her own clothes as well as those of her mother, her sister, and, later on, of her daughter. Added to all this, she looked well to the ways of the household with her mother and sister.

A library of Hebrew books had been bequeathed to Rahel's brother Isaac, and every day, after he was eight years old, the little Samuel David Luzzatto, who now lived outside the town, would come to his uncle's house in the *Via del Corso* to study. He and Rahel used the books together. Samuel David tells how, years later, his cousin Rahel often urged him to procure for her a copy of the mystic *Zohar*; and that one day in the year 1817 (when he was seventeen and she twenty-seven) he found a copy and brought it to her. "And when she gave me the money for it," he tells, "she said to me, 'And what shall I do for thee, my dear, because of all the trouble thou hast taken for me?' And I answered her, 'I ask nothing of

thee, except that thou wilt not believe a word of all that is written in this book ! ' And she replied unhesitatingly, in the words which Elijah used to Elisha when he asked for a double portion of the spirit : ' Thou hast asked a hard thing.' "

When Rahel was about twenty-six years of age, it would seem that the Turks were threatening an invasion of Trieste. On that occasion the plan was formed for Rahel to migrate to London, where her great-uncle, Ephraim Luzzatto, had previously settled. This incident is the subject of a curious Aramaic pronouncement, duly witnessed by Rahel's father and her cousin, Samuel David Luzzatto. It is also dated, curiously, on Wednesday, the 3rd of Ab, in the year 2127 of the Seleucidian era, which would correspond with 1826 or 1827. The use of the Aramaic language as well as this pedantic employment of the old era, sometimes used in documents, is what we might have expected from Samuel David, whose interest in the Targum was subsequently so pronounced. He was only sixteen or seventeen years old at the date of this episode, and his participation in it adds to what we already know of his remarkable precocity. The plan for Rahel's journey to England fell through, and two or three years later she married.

Rahel had refused to marry any one of the youths suggested by her parents, and would have none but Jacob Morpurgo, to whose suit her parents were opposed. However, ultimately opposition was removed, and the marriage of her choice took place in 1819, not until she was twenty-nine years old. If these dates are correct, her poem on her marriage (No. III of the *Ugab*) must have been written long before the date (1824) assigned to it by the editor. The poem has every mark of having been written at the time of, and not after, her marriage.

In the published poems there is one included, addressed to her by Samuel David Luzzatto, on the subject of her refusal to marry, followed by her reply, dated 1816, in which she cleverly makes use of all his rhymes, fitting them into her meaning. This poem Samuel David sent to Mendel Stern, editor of *בִּזְכֵּי יִצְחָק* (The Stars of Isaac), a journal in which many of her writings afterwards appeared.

But Castiglioni tells how, in her married life, she had little time to study or to write; that she had but few books, which she would study at night after her household duties were finished and her children asleep; how, with the increase of her duties, her sole time for study came to be on New Moons—for then she did no needlework

—or in the night if she could not sleep, when she would rise and write down a few lines lest she should forget them. Yet from time to time a song would appear, which would find favour in the sight of all Hebrew scholars in Italy and Germany, many of whom wrote songs in honour of the poetess.

Rahel had three sons, and the one daughter already mentioned, all of whom died unmarried. Jacob Morpurgo must have proved disappointing, if her biographer is here to be believed, for he says: "Her husband took no interest in her learning or her poems, but solely in his business." It seems to be only later, when he saw that she had become known and was praised by famous scholars and poets, that he and her sons began to appreciate her at her true value.

She appears, indeed, to have been honoured and beloved and sung by many scholars besides her dear friend and kinsman Samuel David and her devoted brother Isaac. There were scholars who would seek her opinion on literary points—among these Joseph Almanzi of Padua, who visited her. "Many," says Castiglioni, "imagined that the woman's name only concealed a man's hand, and many sought her out and would marvel at her wisdom and the purity of her mind." But she was always extremely

modest, seeking no fame and signing her poems in the humblest of fashions, sometimes with the word רִמָּה (a worm) formed from the initials of Rahel Morpurgo Ha-qetanah (the small.)

At the age of seventy-five she had a stroke, but appears to have recovered and to have written some further poems. Her last song, to which I shall refer again, is unfinished. She died in 1871, in her eighty-second year.

The form of Rahel's work is not always perfect, but the thought is very exalted. The poems owe much of their charm to clever rhyming and the varied meanings of the rhyme words; consequently there are but few of her songs which would translate well into other languages.

An instance may be given of her repetition of the identical word, with different meanings, when she uses יָדָּ as a rhyme-word at the end of four consecutive lines, meaning (1) his place, (2) his strength, (3) his blow, (4) his hand. This is the form of rhyming known in Arabic poetry as *Tajnis*, and is familiar from its extensive use in Moses Ibn Ezra's *Tarshish*. Thus one wonders at her ease in manipulating her Hebrew, not so frequently at the newness of an idea.

Many of the poems are in sonnet form, and she uses iambic metre with few lapses from

perfect regularity. There is one poem dated 1859, elaborately rhymed, which I will quote ; but to reproduce it with the short lines and double rhymes which sound so spirited in Hebrew would injure the sense too much in a translation. I therefore give a rendering in ordinary sonnet form. The poetess appears to have grown impatient with the attitude of waiting indefinitely for God to act—as some of us do to-day :

אין עוד קִינָה אין עוד שִׁינָה  
 יְקוּמָה נָא אֲנֹשֵׁי בִינָה  
 יוֹדִיעוּנוּ יִשְׁמְיעוּנוּ  
 פּוֹכֵב שָׁבִיט מְתֵי יְבוּא . . .

Lament no more, with sleep no more be dumb !  
 Let men of understanding now arise  
 And teach us by their calculations wise  
 How long till our redemption's Star shall come.  
 To look at one another can, forsooth,  
 Avail us nothing, howsoe'er one gaze—  
 Of old, while Israel walked the desert ways,  
 When Balaam spake his parable of truth,  
 "A star shall tread," he said, nor spake of calm :  
 Messiah rests—but only till he ride  
 Upon an ass straight up the Mountain-side !  
 So say and sing ye every song and psalm  
 Of Korah's sons ; for on that path afar  
 There looms, about to rise, the destined Star !

This poem is headed "Fear not the portents of heaven," and from a glance at the several entries in the Annual Register for 1859 it is clear that the weather of that year was exceptional and a subject of the widest interest. This may account, to some extent, for the air of expectancy about the poem.

To one who had praised her verses in *The Stars of Isaac*, and from whom she had received a poem, Rahel replies in a song. "Among the Stars of Isaac he has found my nest," she writes. And further :

אִם כְּצֶלַע עוֹבֵר רוּחַ הַנְּשִׁיר עָבַר  
עַל כְּנָפָיו נִשָּׂא אֲבָק אֲשֶׁר צָבַר

If, like a passing shadow, the spirit of song passed  
by,  
It bore on its wings the dust it had gathered here.

There is a little poem, dated 1851, in the form of a riddle, in honour of Tamar Luzzatto, the wife of the Rabbi of Padua, Mordecai Samuel Girondi. Here, in quaintly veiled language, she compares the lady to the *Lulab*, the palm-branch used at Tabernacles, on account of her name Tamar, the palm ; and her husband to the citron, which is an accompanying symbol



to the palm on the same occasion. From the joking festival mood of the verses one imagines she saw the humour of the picture! Then, in the same year, there are fourteen short lines on the birthday of Rabbi Meyer Randegger, who, she writes in an introductory note, "showed me a Commentary on the *Haggada* which his daughter had published." The verses begin:

What joy upon the honoured sire must come  
 When showing forth the wisdom of his child!  
 Lo, she is fair and pure and undefiled—  
 Thanks, thanks to her, the gladness of his home!

A song headed "A voice is heard in Ramah" is a prayer put into the mouth of the Rachel of old for the redemption of her children.

In 1855 Sir Moses Montefiore, with his stately company, passed through Trieste on his way to the Holy Land. To explain Rahel's poem in his honour it may be well to give you a translation of her introductory note:

The saint, the honoured and exalted, "unto whom silence is praise," Sir Moses Montefiore, with all that are confederate with him (may God keep them and bless them), passed through this our city on their way to Jerusalem, the holy city. And as for me, רַמֶּה (תּוֹלְשָׁה) [using רַמֶּה again as her initials], I thought to stand and minister as

one of the maids-in-waiting before the honoured lady, his wife, so as to go up with them and to dwell there. But I was not able (וְלֹא עָלְתָה בְּיָדִי). And after they had journeyed on in peace, a greeting came to me from the sage who went with them, R. Eliezer Loewe † (may God preserve him). Therefore have I hope that, when the righteous man returns from his journey safely, I shall harden my face to come and supplicate him that he declare unto me whether the dawn is breaking, and whether our land giveth her increase ; as it is said : “ But ye, O Mountains of Israel, shoot forth your branches and yield your fruit to my people Israel, for they are coming soon ” (Ezek. xxxvi, 8). And as for me, I said in my haste——

Then the sonnet begins (and I may add that the quotation “ I said in my haste ” is a favourite opening of Rachel’s).

To come within the prince’s house I longed—  
My spirit fainted for the Holy Land.

She confesses that she was ashamed to appear before the great man, but begs that he will

Return and tell me soon if hope be there.

---

† Dr. Loewe, it may be noted, was the father of Mr. James Loewe and grandfather of Mr. Herbert Loewe of Oxford, the orientalist.

After describing how Dr. Loewe's greeting has revived her, she closes, reverting to the hero :

With joy I saw the beauty of his face,  
For truly, this man Moses, this meek man,  
Raiseth the Tabernacle in its place.

But little space remains to describe or translate more. There is quite a beautiful dirge on the death of the Chief Rabbi Sabbethai Elhanan Treves, whose native place was Turin, in which poem a voice from Heaven, the congregation, and the Rabbi speak in turn ; there is a sonnet with acrostic on Joseph Almanzi of Padua, of manuscript fame, in the heading of which she says, " he collected books by hundreds and thousands " ; there are many charming verses to various men and women and very apt quotations, and all sorts of play with words, names and dates.

In 1863 she writes : " Yesterday the Spirit of Song passed over me, after being separated from me these two years," and there follows a song to a boy Joseph, son of Isaac Luzzatto, on his thirteenth birthday, beginning :

בן פֹּרְתַת יוֹסֵף  
גִּבּוֹן פּוֹרְחַת

A fruitful branch is Joseph,  
A flowering vine. . . .

When in 1864 a grandson is born to her brother Isaac, she writes some charming verses, following which is a short song, probably written on her recovery from illness, and another on going to Recoaro to drink the waters :

God have mercy upon us and heal us :

We go—our soul shall enter into the iron-waters.

There is even a little song about some *Kasher* vinegar given her by a neighbour when she had failed to procure any in her own town or in Gorizia or Padua. No 46 of the poems the editor calls "a free sonnet with a tail," because of the five additional lines after the usual fourteen. In this song Rahel appears to be losing heart and to be looking forward to death as though to release and happiness. It begins :

I will try but this once more  
If I still have the power to sing—

and ends :

For my divorce [from Life] will be my marriage  
bond [with Death].

Though old now, and saddened in outlook, the poem which stands out as perhaps the best of all was yet to come. In 1867, when seventy-seven years of age, she produced this song, which I

translate in full. Opening with the quotation from Genesis xl, "And here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon," it runs :

Ah! vale of woe, of gloom and darkness moulded,  
 How long wilt hold me bound in double chain?  
 Better to die—to rest in shadows folded,  
 Than thus to grope amid the depths in vain !

I watch the eternal hills, the far, far lying,  
 With glorious flowers ever over-run ;  
 I take me eagles' wings, with vision flying  
 And brow upraised to look upon the sun.

Ye skies, how fair the paths about your spaces !  
 There freedom shines for ever like a star ;  
 The winds are blowing through your lofty places,  
 And who, ah ! who can say how sweet they are ?

There is little more after this—a humorous sonnet of thanks to her physician, Isaac Luzzatto, and, at the age of eighty, a few verses in dialogue between the Rabbi and his congregation at the death of Rabbi Mordecai Ashkenazi of Trieste ; and then the last song, composed of a few broken lines :

Woe ! my knowledge is weak,  
 My wound is desperate.  
 Behold my days draw nigh—  
 I confess my sins,  
 I return to my God.

I serve my Creator—with willing soul.

I thank Him for all the good—He hath done with  
me ;

And for the children of my house—I lift my hands  
to Him—

Will He not hear my voice—since all mine iniquity  
is pardoned ?

He will open for me the gates of righteousness,  
I shall enter into them, I shall praise the Lord,  
For He hath done wondrously.

O save Thy people—bless Thine inheritance—  
My God ——

But that line was never finished, and she died  
a few days later.

With the poems, a number of Rahel's letters  
are published. They are full of charm and inter-  
est alike for their subject-matter and the mastery  
they show over Hebrew, both biblical and Tal-  
mudical. I will only take at random one sentence  
from a short letter dated 1869 and addressed to  
Isaac Luzzatto—probably the physician men-  
tioned before :

I will tell thee an idea that has come into  
my mind—that **וְשֶׁן מִתְּחִמֵּשׁ צֶהָ** (And oil from  
the flinty rock) is *petroleum*, and there is nothing  
new under the sun ! May God make thee like  
Ephraim and like Manasseh and bless thee ——

---

‡ Deuteronomy xxxii, 13.

With the death of Rahel Morpurgo in 1871 we are well on in the nineteenth century. I have been obliged to leave disregarded many of the minor Hebrew poets of this period in Italy, but I cannot well bring this sketch to an end without a few words about the work of the man who all his life long felt such a warm literary friendship for Rahel Morpurgo. Born ten years later than she, Samuel David Luzzatto died six years earlier. "Sh'dal," as he is familiarly called, from his initials ש'דל, is justly famous for his works on philosophy and theology, and for his critical writings, for his great desire and devoted efforts for the rejuvenation of the Hebrew tongue, and for his knowledge of the Syriac and Samaritan languages. Few of his verses are great from a poetic point of view, though the subjects, and the insight they give us into a lovable character, endow them with considerable value. And that he was the first to collect and publish a number of Yehudah Halevi's poems would alone be sufficient to commend him to fame and to our affections. I will give here two or three extracts from the poems collected in 1879, after his death, under the title **כְּנֹר שְׁמַיִם** (The Harp of Sweetness).

Like Rahel Morpurgo, he too, in 1837, writes a poem to Joseph ben Barukh Almanzi, and

another in 1853. A sonnet, the rhymes of which he says have been given him by a friend, begins :

What is more sweet than Song ? What is more  
strong than Psalmody ?  
If Song were not, the world were thorns and thistles.

Thereby the proud grow gentle and do no hurt ;  
Thereby the weak grow brave. *Because of Song  
Time slayeth not the memory of the just.*

This last phrase, perhaps, is one of Luzzatto's expressions of true beauty.

No. 69, inscribed to Joshua Henschel Shur, introduces his edition of Yehudah Halevi's poems—which he calls *The Virgin Daughter of Judah*. "Joshua!" the poem begins: "Lo! the Virgin Daughter of Judah, who will shame the very sun by her beauty!" An interesting point about this poem is that Luzzatto here uses, and quite successfully, an Arabic metre, called *Wafir*, thus :

יְהוֹשֻׁעַ בְּתוּלַת בֵּית יְהוּדָה  
אִשָּׁר תְּכַלִּים פְּנֵי חַמְסָה בְּהוֹרָה

In 1841 he writes of dogs barking at a railway train—and this is possibly the only Hebrew song indited to a steam-engine :



Fiery chariot, rolling along  
 On an iron highway,  
 Like the lightning, like the storm—  
 Dogs are gathered round  
 Wagging their tongue—  
 Maybe it will fear their voice !

. . . . .  
 My chariot on the wings of the wind !  
 Spirit of God, consuming fire !  
 Shall a dog, an unclean thing  
 Stay thy whirling wheels ?—

To " Truth, my Banner," he sings :

Truth, O daughter of Heaven !

. . . . .  
 Refuge from the foe—for thy sake  
 Have I drawn the bow and girt my loins.  
 In front of falsehood have I seen many on bended  
 knee,  
 And have pleaded thy cause.

Four lines to Abraham Geiger, the reformer,  
 on completing " the twenty-fifth year of his  
 reign," show Luzzatto, despite his devotion  
 to orthodoxy, liberal enough for friendly feelings  
 towards his opponent :

Blessèd be Abraham of God Most High ;  
 He will do wisely ever, far or nigh.  
 Long may his years be, mighty yet his strength :  
 What he cast down he shall rebuild at length.

Below is inscribed in Latin, in small Hebrew type :

**But greater than friendship is Truth.**

Passing over many attractive verses on various events, I will finally only touch upon the poem written in 1865 in honour of Dante on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, which has been translated into Italian. The first few lines of this poem, in praise of the Hebrew language and of Dante, may be a fitting conclusion to a paper which, although describing Hebrew poetry and commemorating a Hebrew scholar, is connected with a phase of Italian life, and therefore at the same time with Dante and Italian literature :

O tongue that hatest falsehood, pride and wrong,  
Language whose voice is holiness and mercy,  
Which—while all tongues to vanity fall prone,  
To pleasure, glory, gain, or power, or wealth—  
Bindest thy faith to God and uprightness,  
Crown now the righteous—unto Dante sing !

## AFTERWORD

**W**HEN, on a glorious summer afternoon in Cambridge, I listened to Mrs. Salaman's paper on Rahel Morpurgo and her contemporaries, I little deemed that I should have the privilege of contributing an "Afterword" or of moving a literary vote of thanks. But so abiding are the memories of the occasion that it is not difficult now to write, in a few words, the thoughts that might then have been uttered. Following out a pregnant suggestion of Dr. Abrahams, there is one striking feature common to the lecturer, to her subject, and to him in whose memory this lecture has been instituted, that can well claim a few moments' consideration. I refer to the circumstance that none of these three writers belong to what may be termed the category of professional scholars. Theirs is the inestimable merit of serving the Hebrew Muses "not on the condition of receiving a reward."

It is no depreciation of specialists to say, adapting the words of Kipling, that the back-

bone of Hebrew scholarship has been the "non-commissioned" man. The old Jewish tradition which maintains that no community can exist which does not possess at least ten *Batlanim*<sup>1</sup>—the word should surely be epicene—has a twofold application: it covers literature no less than social service. Judaism knows no learned caste. According to Elijah, the worst fate that can befall a community is to have a superabundance of *Parnasim*, but that a superabundance of learned men is a similar evil has nowhere been suggested. The ideal of Israel, from Moses to Isaiah, has always been that all her sons may be prophets, that all her children be taught of the Lord. It would be trite and tedious to review the past in testimony of the diffusion of scholarship among the Jewish laity, to evoke such obvious examples as Jochanan, Rabbi and Cobbler; as Maimonides, Physician and Codifier; as Abravanel, Royal Treasurer and Exegete. A brief glance at modern Anglo-Jewry serves to reveal a record by no means unworthy, and the mention of a bare handful of writers whose works have been recognized as deserving of a place in an Anglo-Jewish bibliography is encouraging: it cannot

<sup>1</sup> Men of leisure, able to devote themselves to communal work.

be denied that the Jews of England have been faithful to the old tradition, and that in their midst the non-professional scholar has flourished with commendable vigour.

This is not the occasion to accord to this theme the proper treatment which is its due. It possesses enough importance to stand on its own merits in a separate paper. One cannot now do more than adumbrate some of the questions that occur spontaneously in this connection. First and foremost it is necessary to define what constitutes a professional scholar, since a moment's thought will reveal the number of border-line cases that promise to tax the ingenuity and sense of discrimination of anyone bold enough to attempt a classification on these lines.

At the outset one might, in perfect confidence, jump to the financial test. A professional scholar is one who lives by his scholarship. But this rough and ready rule will not always work. *Ecclesiastes* warns us that scholars never have money (it would be rude to infer the opposite; besides, my present purpose is to dispute it); no man lives by bread alone, not even a scholar. Finance is not the easy and important criterion that we imagined it would prove to be. We count Isaac Abendana as a professional on account of the very exiguous

payments which, as Dr. Abrahams has shown, he received from the Universities. He could not have lived from these payments. But if he is not to escape assessment for them, what about the royalties which no author scorns to accept, however wealthy he be and however undisputed be his non-professional status? We shall find that logic fails us, and we must fall back on common-sense. Rather must we decide to include among the non-professionals only those writers who are of independent means or whose main income is derived from sources quite different from the subjects about which their Jewish writings treat. Here, again, we meet with cases of doubt. Three famous officials of synagogues have distinguished themselves in Jewish letters, Dr. Kalisch, Dr. Asher and Mr. Paul Goodman. Are they to be reckoned as "Gentlemen" or as "Players"? Does connection of any sort whatsoever with the Synagogue imply an ecclesiastical status? It is no easy problem. Dr. Dibden, the learned Dean of the Court of Arches, is a layman technically, but he is a competent advocate of the Canon Law of the Church. By the same reasoning, a Master of Jewish Canon Law and a secretarial assessor to the Chief Rabbi, as was the late Dr. Kalisch, may be held to be a

layman also. Shall we, then, take the test of study or of ordination? It will not always work. What does it matter where a man studies? Is a mere accident of geography to be the deciding factor? Take those responsible for the *Mahzor*. Herbert Adler studied Hebrew at Cambridge (he obtained a University Scholarship for Hebrew in 1895) and Arthur Davis studied Hebrew at Derby and London. Each probably worked alone, independently of teachers. Is the former a professional and the latter a non-professional on account of the place where each lived and burned the midnight oil over the pages of Midrash and Mishna? Again, taking the question of "ordination," Professor Burkitt, the Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, is not ordained, yet he is clearly a professional theologian. Solomon Buber, however, the director of the Austro-Hungarian National Bank, was equally clearly a non-professional. He was not "ordained,"<sup>1</sup> though he showed by his editions of Midrashic literature how competent he was to rank with scholars of the highest *semichah*.

It will not be denied, then, that considerable latitude must be exercised in drawing up a list.

<sup>1</sup> At least, his biography in the *Jewish Encyclopedia* does not record the fact.

Similar elasticity, too, must be shown in regard to the standard of learning demanded. The test must be low in the sense that it must be comprehensive. Not merely must one take a wide view and survey many branches of knowledge, but one must not regard volume alone as the determining element. One must look to the depth of the interest displayed in Judaica, not at the output. Achitophel's "two words" (*pace* Dr. Hertz's emendation) suffice. The production of one book—even of one pamphlet, providing that it is worthy—should be accepted as evidence of qualifications. I would include teachers of secular subjects who, in their spare time, have devoted themselves to the Bible and have laboured in the sphere of Jewish education. A good manual of religion is a most useful possession, however small it be and however little be the independent research needed for its compilation. But we should show sufficient gratitude to the author to add his or her name to our list of non-professional benefactors whose works have marked an advance of learning and are based on original research. One book is enough for a non-professional, whose daily avocations take him to different fields, so long as that book, however tiny or elementary, is good, after its kind.



Then we would like to study the environment from which the non-professional is drawn. Which walk of life is the most fruitful, and why? What parallels can be drawn outside the community? Again, the subjects that attract the non-professionals might be reviewed, and, last but not least, an attempt might be made to appraise the work of the professionals and non-professionals respectively. But all these investigations demand time, and now they can but be formulated.

Let us consider the record of Anglo-Jewry, to which allusion has been made. If we begin at the beginning of Part II—though the pre-Expulsion, Part I, has claims of its own—we must regretfully abandon the author of the "Conciliator" to Holland, in spite of his residence on these shores. London must not rob Amsterdam of her Manasseh. And though Judah Leon Templo gave the English Freemasons their coat-of-arms, it would be robbery—or shall we say in this case petty larceny?—to commandeer him. Moreover, he was a Haham, besides being a "heraldic expert."

Properly speaking, one must wait until the year 1720 for the first clear example of the Anglo-Jewish lay scholar. In that year Dr. Jacob Sarmiento reached England. It is true

that he was a Portuguese by birth, that he studied Greek philosophy at Evora and medicine at Coimbra ; but we must not, at this early stage, expect to find Anglo-Jewish scholars born in England, nor can we demand proof of naturalization. Although by the Act of 1663 certain foreigners might be naturalized, this privilege was limited to those who were engaged in textile manufacture ; it was not until 1740 that a Naturalization Act was passed absolving Jews from the necessity of receiving the sacrament as a preliminary to becoming subjects of the Crown. Sarmento, however, became a Licentiate of the College of Physicians in 1725, a Fellow of the Royal Society soon after (1730), and he took his M.D. at Aberdeen in 1739. Seeing that among his writings were a funeral oration on the Haham, moral meditations for the Day of Atonement and a narrative of the Purim story, one need not challenge Sarmento's claim to be regarded as a non-professional Hebrew scholar. About this period the intellectual level of the London Congregations must have stood high : Daniel Laguna, a fugitive from the Portuguese Inquisition, versified the Psalms ; the language was Spanish, but the place of printing was London and the year was 1720. It aroused

great interest, and few books have contained so many commendatory prefaces. The Arthur Davis Lectures are modestly content with a "Foreword" and an "Afterword." Laguna's Psalms appeared with the embellishment of no fewer than two-and-twenty approbations. The list of the writers provides a fair index to Jewish literary ability of the time. I have not a copy of Laguna's version at hand, but I am indebted to Dr. Kayserling for the information that "David Chaves the physician and Isaac de Sequeira Samuda wrote Latin hexameters in its honour, and Samson Gideon, then a young financier, as well as Abraham Bravo, a friend of the author, praised the work in English verse." Let us ask ourselves how many Anglo-Jewish physicians to-day could greet a Jewish book with Latin hexameters or how many young financiers could express their appreciation in English verse! Laguna's eldest son, David Lopez Laguna, and his nephew Jacob contributed Spanish poems.

Emanuel Mendez da Costa, the librarian and Fellow of the Royal Society, was born, apparently in London, in 1717. He was distinguished as a botanist, as a naturalist and as a philosopher. Most of his writings deal with science, particularly with conchology.

But his admission to the ranks of scholars *in res Judaicas* is established by the circumstance that he is said to have compiled a list of the original Jewish settlers in England. At all events such a list, whether by himself or not is uncertain, was found in his library after his death in 1791, and argues an interest in Anglo-Jewish history.

About 1785 the Anglo-Jewish Community felt the need of vernacular works on Jewish educational subjects and of translations of the liturgy. In satisfying this demand several non-professional writers were engaged. A. Alexander, a writer rather than a scholar—the distinction is necessary here—was a printer who translated part of the liturgy. He is said to have inspired J. R. Moreira's *Kehillath Jahacob* (1773), a word-list in Hebrew, English and Spanish. S. Alexander translated the Pentateuch in 1785. But the work of the Alexanders was eclipsed by that of David Levi, once a cobbler, then a hatter, always poor, but ever honoured for his renderings of the prayers and for his defence of Judaism against Priestley.

In 1806 Hyman Hurwitz first produced his *Elements of the Hebrew Language*, which introduced so many Jews and Christians to the sacred tongue. His claim to be regarded as a

non-professional rests on the fact that he was originally a schoolmaster in a non-Jewish school. But he had, in truth, forfeited that claim when his *Elements* appeared, because in 1799 he had founded the Highgate Academy, a famous Jewish school, so that he was making his living by teaching Hebrew, among other subjects. Hurwitz was not made Professor of Hebrew until much later, when University College, London, was founded.

One must not overlook the three Van Ovens. These three physicians deservedly claim inclusion in this list. Dr. Abraham van Oven, who died in 1778, was a good Hebrew scholar who translated into Hebrew Congreve's *Mourning Bride*. His son Joshua (1766–1838) followed his father's profession : he wrote pamphlets and articles on Jewish subjects, a preface to the daily prayers, and a manual of Judaism. The third of the three, Dr. Bernard van Oven, Joshua's youngest son, who was born in 1796, died in 1860. He was a pioneer in the campaign for the removal of Jewish disabilities, and in 1829 he wrote his *Appeal to the British Nation on behalf of the Jews*, which focussed public attention on to the question. On this "Appeal" and on one other pamphlet his claims as a Jewish writer rest,

but his pen was less fluent than his tongue. As a speaker he showed himself possessed of a sound knowledge of Jewish history, and we may let his claim pass unchallenged. The same justification will include Francis Goldsmid, whose importance as a speaker outweighs his activities as a writer.

Isaac D'Israeli may just squeeze in. True, his *Genius of Judaism* in which he wrote enthusiastically of Israel's past, appeared in 1833, twenty years after the author had left the faith. But he had used his pen on Judaism and in its defence long before. By his *Vaurien* (1797) and by an article on Mendelssohn (*Monthly Review*, July, 1798) he established his claim to be a non-professional Jewish writer on Jewish subjects.

Time presses, and one can do no more than skim over the last century, which deserves, in reality, much careful consideration. If ever a name merited inclusion it is that of Filipowski, mathematician, linguist, editor, and type-designer (1816-1872). His Hebrew works were both numerous and important: he enjoyed the double distinction of being a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society and of the Society of Actuaries. Another actuary who was also a Hebrew Scholar was the late Mr. Marcus Adler,

whose edition of Benjamin will long remain a mine of information to historians. His son, Mr. Herbert Adler, who was educated as a barrister, is obviously a non-professional Jewish scholar, since he was a co-editor of the *Mahzor* before he became a Director of Education. The name Picciotto recalls a family which, for three generations, has contributed to Jewish scholarship. Haim Moses Picciotto (1806–1879) was a gentleman of leisure, an ardent communal worker and a fine Hebrew scholar. He was the author of several odes for recitation, and not only was he among the founders of the Society for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge, but he compiled several of its tracts. His son James (1830–1897) was the author of *Sketches from Anglo-Jewish History*, and his grandson, Cyril M. Picciotto, has contributed papers to the Jewish Historical Society. None of these three can be called professionals.

The late E. H. Lindo (1783–1865) was a typical *Batlan*. He was one of the leading merchants of the island of St. Thomas until he retired in 1832, when he settled in London and occupied his leisure in writing a series of most valuable works—the translation of the *Conciliator*, the *Calendar*, the *History of the Jews of Spain and Portugal*, the translations of

the *Cusari*, of Bahya, and of Aboab's *Menorat ham-Maor*. These translations are preserved in manuscript.

Moses Mocatta (1768–1857), a bullion-broker to the Bank of England, found time, after his retirement from business, to translate Troki's *Hizzuk Emunah* (Faith Strengthened) and to translate or compile other works as well. He was both a diligent and a competent Hebrew scholar. Isaac Lindo Mocatta (1818–1879) spent his early life in business travels in Australia and South America. On retirement, he wrote *Moral Biblical Gleanings* and *The Jewish Armoury*, in addition to various tracts for the Society for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge. Frederick David Mocatta is too well known to this generation, and his memory is too highly revered, to need more than a passing mention. It is almost superfluous to state that he was a President of the Jewish Historical Society; his literary reputation is secured by his famous volume, *The Jews and the Inquisition*, which has been translated into Hebrew, German and Italian.

The theme of Anglo-Jewish history has attracted many laymen. One need but recall four who have passed away—Alfred Newman, the metal-worker; Myer Davis, the school-



master; Matthias Levy (the historian of the Western Synagogue), the shorthand writer; and Sir Lionel Abrahams, the civil servant. Many, happily, are with us. Mr. Elkan Adler, who has embellished so many fields of Jewish learning, is a solicitor. Mr. Albert Hyamson wrote his history of Anglo-Jewry when he was a Post-Office official. Mr. H. S. Q. Henriques, the expert on the legal history of Anglo-Jewry, is a barrister; and so is Mr. Norman Bentwich, whose essays no less than his books on Philo and Josephus entitle him to a place in our list. But where are we to put Mr. Lucien Wolf? Is, for example, his *Life of Lord Ripon* a *parergon*, and is he professionally wedded to Jewish scholarship? Like Joseph Jacobs, he is a master of many arts, but since he is so proficient in the secular sphere, let us be content to include him in our present list. In the realm of theology we have, first and foremost, Mr. Claude Montefiore. We must recall, too, the name of the late Mr. N. S. Joseph, an architect by profession. One could and one should make mention of the host of writers, some living, some deceased, whose names fill several pages of the bibliography in the Jewish Year Book. But time is lacking. The names that have been

cited are examples indicative of the intellectual wealth of the last few generations of Anglo-Jewry. One word more must, however, be accorded us, just a bare reference to the noble array of women of our time. We cannot omit a glance at them : let us remember just a few types before we conclude. Let us note, in theology, Mrs. Morris Joseph, Mrs. Claude Montefiore and Mrs. Nathaniel Cohen ; in history, Lady Magnus and Mrs. Philip Cohen ; in poetry, besides the two daughters of Arthur Davis, Mrs. Henry Lucas ; and in philology Mrs. Ada Ballin. We began with Jewesses and with them we may fitly end. Enough has surely been said to vindicate the claims of the lay-scholar, to envisage an environment in which we may fitly set the memory of Arthur Davis and his work as well as the continuation of his work by his daughters. Well known is the merit of him who saves one Jewish soul. It is no exaggeration to say that " full worlds " of spirituality have resulted from his labours and from theirs. No words are commensurate with the worth of that noble book ; none other, save the Bible, God's Book, comes to Synagogue with us. When man approaches the Throne of Grace, he is alone with his secret thoughts. Only two human souls are privileged to accom-

pany him within the veil. He stands before his God inspired by the *Paitan* and by the translator, sundered from the rest of humanity. His prayers are guided by the devotion and spirituality in which Arthur Davis and his daughters have enshrined the phrases of our liturgy. Whether we pray in Hebrew or in the vernacular, we turn in gratitude to the English page. It brings out to the utmost the gems which cluster round the original lines. Even if we consider ourselves "all of us to be sages, all of us to know the Law," we find that each time we turn to Arthur Davis' *Mahzor* we draw anew from the source of true knowledge and drink afresh of the waters of salvation. Let us, then, in gratitude remember Arthur Davis, the saintly *Batlan*, the pious non-professional scholar—our debt to him is great.

Last of all, Mrs. Salaman and her subject, Rahel Morpurgo. Sweet singers in Israel, devoted mothers in Israel, they have a claim on our interest and on our affection. Mrs. Salaman, because of her personality and through it, as much as by the aid of her scholarship and poetical gifts, has made Rahel Morpurgo live before us to-day. She has invested her with her own spirit, and has breathed into her

a reviving grace which has raised Rahel from a memory to a reality. One may not speak of a man's praise before his face, says the Jewish adage, and, one is tempted to add, much less may one do so to a lady. But this may and must be said. Nina Salaman, like Rahel Morpurgo, is a non-professional scholar who has consecrated her life to Jewish learning: so was her father, so is her husband.

For many years may we be entranced by her songs, may Judaism be fortified by her scholarship and her sons and daughters inspired by her example. Heirs they are to a noble heritage, which it will be their pride to foster and to augment. Therein will be her true reward, as she watches her children rise up to the fulness of Jewish manhood and womanhood and as *their* works call her blessed within the gates.

HERBERT LOEWE.

22nd June  $\frac{5684}{1924}$ .