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BIBLIOGRAPHY.

H.HEINE'S SAMTLICHE WERKE

H.HEINE'S BRIEFE. Four volumes. Edited by Strodtmann.

L.VON EMBDEN: AUS H.HEINE'S FAMILIENLEBEN

G.KARPELES: H.HEINE. AUS SEINEM LEBEN UND AUS SEINER ZEIT.

W.SHARP: HEINRICH HEINE; A BIOGRAPHY

GRATZ :GESCHICHTE DER JUDEN

A.BARTELS : AUCH EIN DENKMAL

G.BRANDES : YOUNG GERMANY

MURET :L'ESPRIT JUIF

M.BIENENSTOCK: DAS JUDISCHE ELEMENT IN HEINE'S WERKEN

G.PLOTKE: HEINRICH HEINE ALS DICHTER DES JUDENTUMS

C.PUETZFELD : HEINRICH HEINE'S VERHALTNIS ZUR RELIGION

While the above-mentioned have been my chief sources, I received many suggestions from critical essays and periodicals

With the exception of passages from "Ueber Polen", "Ludwig Borne", and the "Confessions", together with all letters and a few poems, I have made use of Leland's translation. In all cases I have compared it with the original.

Garry J. August
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PREFACE.

This paper attempts to follow the Jewish utterances of Heinrich Heine ,and trace the causes as far,as they are ascertainable,which gave rise to them.

It would have been much more convenient to have added additional chapters on the conditions of Germany at the time of Heine's birth, but I have tried rather to note the change of such conditions as his life went on.I have,as far as is needed for a study of this nature,given all the historical data necessary to explain any of the poet's works or attitudes.

Since much of his Jewish feeling was inherited,I have devoted a chapter to his ancestors.Beyond the facts absolutely indispensable for our understanding of Heine's view-point,I have presented no biographical material.In this way,the attention is never diverted from the work in hand,namely,to find and interpret the Jewish elements in Heine's works.

Since much of the critical material about Heine is the expression of a personal view-point,I have tried to avoid aesthetic interpretations.Some can find a Jewish element in "Auf Fliegeln Des Gesanges";that is their privilege.But anything like scientific exactitude cannot be obtained unless we agree to dispense with the subtleties of literary and art criticism.

I have also tried to keep in mind that we are not dealing with an ordinary mortal,but with the most capricious of artists,In view of this fact,it is impossible to lend credence to all his utterances. We must always take Heine "cum salis grano".

HEINE'S ANCESTRY.

We shall have further occasion to refer to the striking difference between the two great Jewish litterateurs of their time-Heine and Börne. No one has brought out with finer sympathy the characteristic attitude these two quondam friends evinced towards Jewish life and its problems than Georg Brandes, another Jew. No one has depicted with finer incisiveness the causes which led to their drifting to opposite poles in their views on the labor of ^Emancipation which agitated the earnest idealists of their period, and as a subsidiary question, the solution of the Jewish problem. A hint which Brandes throws out with reference to their different Jewish training leads us-for the purpose of our subject-to develop at greater length the matter of Heine's ancestry and youthful environment.

Strangely enough, Heine and Börne labored at the same crisis in German-Jewish life, were descendants of Jewish stock, led nearly similar careers, represented kindred ideals in literature and politics, and even possessed similar traits. Still, despite these likenesses they were two diametrically opposed natures, who, because of varying vicissitudes, struck out along different paths, and naturally attained to unlike philosophies of life. Precisely as Heine revealed Jewish racial traits, so did Börne in his life-time betray his kinship with the same people. The fact, however, is, that while we look in vain for specific proofs of Börne's Jewish sympathy in his writings, we know that Heine, reared in a specific milieu, never lost his spiritual connection with things Jewish.

As a result, to quote Bienenstock, "Heine always observes and judges the condition and spiritual attainments of his people from within, while Börne treats of them as an out-sider". Just as little of profound sympathy as Börne possessed, just so little was he able to penetrate the core of the Jewish soul, and analyze its problems; just ~~so~~ little of poetic inspiration he possessed, by so little could he grasp the significance of Jewish history and literature with his enchantingly attractive poetry. In these respects, Heine was a direct opposite to him. He was too much of a self-critic-had too much "soul", to overlook the ridicule that conversion must entail for him; Börne, on the contrary, remained calmly undisturbed, and could not feel, in its true depths, the bitter irony of this tragic act. Börne on the other hand, speaks with the accent of a Hebrew prophet, but, unlike Heine, he misses the richness and warm glow that the other discovered in Biblical lore and made his own. Börne analyses Jewish life as a journalist would, Heine transmutes it as a poet."

These few suggestions lead us to the thought that while both were of the same origin and were endowed with kindred qualities, their mode of development in later life, coupled with an entirely different training, succeeded in accentuating just those qualities in which they differed. To quote Bienenstock again, "they were two sprouts of the same stem, alike in form, but quite different in quality."

For an explanation of this phenomenon we must look back into the manifold family relationships of our author-these relationships that appear so strikingly manifest in Heine's spiritual unfolding.

The ancestors in whose adventures he revelled, his parents, with their peculiar attitude toward their social and religious position-these must be touched upon before we study Heines youth and education. Perhaps they will be able to shed some light on the never-ceasing current of Jewish consciousness that coursed through him even at a point far removed from his people.

The greater part of our knowledge about Heines' antecedents, especially that part which deals with their influence upon him and his own reaction towards them, is to be gleaned from his MEMOIRS, written later in life, when calm judgment could apportion to the various members of his family their just due of responsibility for his Jewish sentiments. According to the poet, the chief influence was his mother. In the above-mentioned MEMOIRS she declares: "My mother played the chief role in the history of my development, and she planned the program of all my studies." She was a descendant of an old highly-respected family Van Geldern, which, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when as yet the Jews dreamt not of emancipation, had begun to feel the urgent need for enlightenment. According to Strodtmann (I p. 4 ff.), they had, in addition to their business interests, devoted themselves to science and the arts, and, in their little town of Dusseldorf, rejoiced in their reputation as an especially accomplished and cultured family. One critic has been acute enough to suggest that this unusual position of the Van Gelderns among the Jews of Dusseldorf may be due to their foreign origin. They had emigrated about the year 1700 from Holland-as may be conjectured from their name-and had come to this

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city in the Rhine provinces, bringing with them a noble bearing and education, features by which the Jews of Holland had been distinguished among their correlative religionists. Lazarus Van Geldern, Heine's great-grandfather, had reaped high honors at the court of the Elector of the Pfalz, to whom Dusseldorf formerly belonged. This may have been due to his great riches, of which Heine relates in his MEMOIRS, his old grand-aunt would tell him fascinating tales. However, as a result of a protracted and highly expensive law-suit, this ancestor lost his wealth. His son, who had been studying medicine at the University, had to have recourse to his mother's jewels. Two generations later Heinrich's mother had to make the same sacrifice for her son. This willingness to go to all lengths for the education of the children seems to have been a heir-loom in the Heine family. Heine's grand-father, Gottschalk van Geldern, for whose medical training this unusual devotion was exacted, began the practice of his profession in Dusseldorf.

Gottschalk's son, Joseph, pursued the same craft, and for very evident reasons. Medicine was at that time the only profession open to Jews. The gates to other callings was tightly barricaded against them, and it required many years of struggle until they were finally opened. Medicine was open to them because for many years past the Jews had identified themselves with this calling, it being a well-known fact that the private physician of many a king and noble in former days had been a Jew.

Heine's mother, Peirchen, or as she was later called, Betty, was the real pride of her family. Inspired by the intellectual

tendencies of her immediate family, she had since her earliest youth, taken a lively interest in the work and spiritual life of her learned father, to whom she was wont to read medical tracts, and whom she often astonished with her thoughtful questions. Strange as it may seem, she devoted herself to philosophy and poetry, for both of which fields she later betrayed a curious aversion. Her spare time she devoted to music, playing that very flute which in his MEMOIRS Heine refers to as a pet toy for his house-cat. Furthermore, Betty received a splendidly ordered education, speaking fluently both French and English, and evincing a remarkable freedom from sentimentality, that bane of so many contemporary blue-stockings. As an ardent admirer of Goethe and pupil of Rousseau, she attained to the deistic view of the world so prevalent at that time throughout the intellectual sphere. She read Plutarch, was permeated with ideas of freedom and equality and as a rationalist; devoid of superstition and religious prejudice, she was filled with a horror of fanaticism. In her conscience she sought a sanction for her morality, and in reason a foundation for her religion. As a disciple of Rousseau, she busied herself with the education of her children; one of her hobbies, as Heine remarks. Till her last breath she preserved a loftily touching mother's love for her children, filling them in turn with a deep reverence for her, so beautifully voiced in Heine's famous sonnet: "I am wont to bear my head quite proudly."

It is interesting to note her love for Germany despite the power of the French influence that held sway in ^{the} Rhine provinces. Although she shared her husband's keen admiration for

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Napoleon, she did not allow her patriotism to be disturbed, curiously combining her respect for the brave Corsican with her unquenchable German patriotism.

In her household she was very economical, not caring for money to any alarming degree, offsetting her apparent parsimony by a lavish expenditure of quiet charity. Still, she was eminently susceptible to pomp in any form, whether that of the kingdom or of the house of Rothschild, whose splendor she wished to see repeated in her own family. Later, however, crushed by numerous misfortunes, she lost her possessions, and, maintaining her former dignity and independence, lived quite alone, resenting well-meant intrusion, and concentrating her life-interest on her children and blood-relatives. Highly interesting is the fact, that, versed in modern languages as she was, her later correspondence was carried on solely in Yiddish. As a result, her son could never be permitted to forget the nature of his origin. Like a chain from the past this apparently insignificant bond, never loosened, must have kept him tightly drawn to his early Jewish memories.

In the MEMOIRS we find a charming portrayal of Simon van Geldern, Betty's brother and our author's uncle. His nephew paints him as a half-comic, half-earnest figure, dressed in old fashioned apparel. Having studied the humanities in the Jesuit College, he entered no University after the death of his parents, but remained in Dusseldorf, where he led a busy life, indulging in harmless fads, writing political pamphlets or sending communications to obscure newspapers and periodicals. He would make presents of his writings or pamphlets from his enormous collection to the

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young poet, urging him meanwhile to prosecute his studies and exhorting him in all things to be honest and faithful. We read the following in the MEMOIRS : "This uncle it was who exerted great influence upon my spiritual development, and whom for this reason I must thank unceasingly. No matter how widely our views differed or how laborious his efforts in literature may have been, still it was he who excited in me the desire to try literary expression."

Through this uncle, Heine became aware of a grand-uncle, also named Simon van Geldern, who had died in 1774. Rumaging through the book-shelves of his father, he found some musty old books and diaries kept by this grand-uncle. Through these he revealed himself to young Heine as a spirited romantic apparition of the Middle Ages, appealing thus most piquantly to his youthful imagination. The life of that ancestor had been spent in travel. In North Africa he had learned the art of gun-making and prospered therein, journeyed then to Jerusalem, where he expected to indulge in mystic rites on Mount Moriah, then became captain of a Bedouin tribe, which professed Mosaism, and as the head of this band he turned out to be a veritable plague for passing caravans. In oriental splendor he returned to Europe, visited many courts, and after numerous escapades, landed in England and while there wrote French and English verse, dying for all his resourcefulness, in dire poverty. Heine characterises him in the following significant words: "He was half-enthusiast who strove, for cosmopolitan, world-healing Utopias, half knight of fortune who, with a consciousness of his individual power, breaks or over-leaps the decayed barriers of a decayed society."

Although we hear a great deal from Heine about his mother and her family, there is a remarkable lack of information concerning his father's side. But Heine excuses himself by saying that his father had come as a stranger to Dusseldorf where he had no relatives. It was from his mother's relatives that he had heard so many tales to fire the imagination, on his father's there was no one but his father himself—and he was very chary of words. Heine's paternal grand-father, whom he knew only through his father's laconic description as "a little Jew with a big beard," was called Chaim Buckeberg, after the city Buckeberg. He was a decent sort of a fellow, had eagerly studied the Bible and the Talmud, and reared his children as rigid adherents of the Jewish ritual. Chaim had married the daughter of a very wealthy Hamburg banker, and had taken his bride to his home town. But, after his death his widow returned with six children to Hamburg, dying there at an early age. Her beauty was transmitted to her children, for both Solomon the uncle, and Simon, the father of Heinrich Heine, were distinguished for their handsome appearance.

Somewhat of a fop, with effeminately attractive features, Samson Heine devoted himself to the joys life offered. He spent quite a riotous youth, indulging in horses, cards, hounds, etc. Attached as proviantmeister to the Prince Ernst of Cumverland, he was devoutly given over to army life. Like his wife, he had an innate fondness for pomp of every description, and enjoyed nothing better than the wearing of his variegated uniform. When he came to Dusseldorf to marry Betty, he founded a cloth factory which sold to Napoleon's army. But he was funda-

mentally no business man, and never became rich. He delighted in giving alms. In his younger days Samson was a thoroughly orthodox Jew. In 1797 he was one of the pillars of the pious "Society For the Practice of Human Benevolence and Reciting of Psalms (for the dying)". "But", as Puetzfeld remarks, "all of this was more a result of his pious education than true conviction, for as soon as the spiritually insignificant Samson Heine, the typical representative of Eastern Judaism, married into the Geldern family, their deliberative education made itself strongly felt, and his enlightened spouse was soon able to give his religious views a different turn". There does not seem at any time to have been in the man any deep religious stirrings.

His attitude towards Judaism may be ascertained from this letter to his son which Heine quotes in his MEMOIRS: "Dear Son, Your mother allows you to study philosophy with the Rector Schallmeyer. This is her affair. For my own part, I do not like philosophy for it is purely superstition, and I am a merchant and need my brain for business. You may be as much of a philosopher as you please, but, I pray you, don't speak openly what you believe, for you will harm my business when my customers discover that I have a son who does not believe in God; besides, the Jews would buy no more velvets from me, and they are honest people. They are honest in payments, and are right for sticking to their faith. I am your father, older than you, therefore more experienced; you must take my word for it when I tell you that atheism is a great sin." With all

this, his father was the one being Heine loved best in the world, and of his death he always spoke with the most poignant grief.

HEINE'S YOUTH

Heine's friend Neunzig related to the biographer Strodtmann, two stories of the poet's early youth, which succeeding critics have paraded as revealing, in addition to an intensely Jewish nature, a solid Jewish education. Neunzig relates that on a Sabbath, little Harry happened to be witnessing a fire, and when asked to help he evaded the task by asserting "We are not permitted to do any sort of labor on the Sabbath. The other runs something like this: Once he noticed a cluster of juicy grapes in the garden, but dared not pick it on the Sabbath. He bit it off with the explanation that the law applies to plucking and not to biting.

Now let us try to apply a little common sense in discerning the meaning behind these stories, granting that they are true. We have seen that Betty Heine's training was such, that to have brought up her son as a devout Jew must have been nothing short of repulsive to her. Still, other considerations, obvious ones, such as we see acting about us every day, must have prevailed upon her to instruct him at least in the outward ceremonies of Judaism. The opinions of the three hundred Jewish souls in Dusseldorf must have compelled her to see to it that her son knew some-

thing of the rudiments of Hebrew .So Karpeles says(Biog.pg.II),
"While the mother and father cherished liberal views,and while
they practised utmost tolerance as regards their reverence and
practice of Jewish ceremonial law--the children were reared with-
in the jurisdiction of those old forms and observances,of whose
spiritual significance they had no suspicion,which they practised
as purely external and must have felt as a burdensome compulsion."
Now,the two anecdotes would simply indicate that Heine bore this
compulsion only when pleasant,or else sought to avoid it altogether.
To quote Puetzfeld,"More cannot be said about the religious train-
ing of the boy,that he was brought up as a Jew,but not earnestly
loyal to the law."

While a mere babe,his mother took delight in teaching him
the alphabet.Later he was sent to a girl's school,in charge of
an old dame.Then he was placed in the private Jewish school,
conducted by the Messrs.Rintelssohn,where,it is supposed,he first
learned his Hebrew and was taught something about the Bible.
But Plotke,the most recent writer on the subject has this to say,
and it is interesting because it contradicts what former critics
have heaped up on this subject of the boys early training:"The
Jewish private school may have taught him a thoughtless imita-
tion of forms and customs.At any rate,he was not bred in the spi-
rit of the Mosaic law,as Strodtmann and his followers would
seek to prove through anecdotes.Nowhere do we hear of Hebrew
instruction--the first rudiments are brought by the Gymnasium,

--nowhere do we hear of a Bar Mitzvah. The powerful emotions aroused by his later reading of the Bible allow us to conclude, that in no case was it the intimate companion of his boyhood years, but a sudden, unsuspected, experience in his maturer days!" (p.10)

In 1807, at the age of ten, Harry entered an institution which was to make a lasting impression upon his poetic career. This was the Lyceum of Dusseldorf, conducted by the Jesuit order. It had been established after a military fashion, and the education of the boys had in view their assimilation with the French element. Here the instructors were chiefly members of the priesthood, and although their mode of teaching bore scholastic earmarks, still it accorded in many respects with the demands of the new pedagogy. In his CONFESSIONS Heine pays a tribute to the high ideals fostered by the Lyceum, and lauds the liberal spirit that ruled it. Of course, there were times when his soul rebelled against the interminable mathematics, Greek, and Latin lessons. German, however he loved to study. But his chief joy lay in natural history and mythology, while his finest progress was made in French. Karpeles to the contrary notwithstanding (p.18), there were lessons given in Hebrew at this Lyceum. One of the Humorous hits of the BOOK OF IDEAS (ch.7) refers to the studies in this language:

"I had better luck in Hebrew, for I had always a great partiality for the Jews, although they crucify my good name,

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even to this hour. But I could not do so well as my watch, which had had many intimate dealings with pawnbrokers, and therefor had learned many Jewish customs--on a Saturday it would not go,,but it learned the holy tongue grammatically, since I often discovered on sleepless nights that it continually muttered to itself-katal, katalta, katalti-kitel kittalta, kittalti--pokat, pokadeti--pikat--pik--pik----"

The first distinct reference to himself as a Jew, occurs shortly after his sixteenth birthday, in a poem, THE WUNNEBERGIADE, WRITTEN IN HONOR OF A FELLOW STUDENT. He pictures his companion as a pig who had come to the Lyceum for education. The last strophe is Heinesque:

But he who told you all this,
What do you think? He is a Jew.
And he has sung of a pig
Out of sheer toleration.

Bienenstock conjectures (48) that Wunneberg might have called Heine a pig, upon which the latter consecrated his poetic talent to a return of the compliment.

There is no reason for supposing that Heine, as a child, actually suffered at the hands of his fellow students. Coming as he did, from a good and comfortable home, he would not be regarded as a pariah. There might have been some chance of being noticed on the score of his wretched German grammar, spoiled, no doubt, by his domestic use of Yiddish. Even his early letters display a

surprising ignorance of the fundamentals of German orthography and syntax. But in habit and deportment he resembled his neighbors; he kissed the hands of the priest, and presumably participated in the general religious instruction as then offered by the Lyceum.

Heine reports in his MEMOIRS -and evidently with serious intent - that the rector Schallmeyer, who had conceived a deep liking for the boy, and who would often consult with the mother as to Harry's progress, was insistent on his becoming a Catholic priest. Karpeled merely noted the poet's statement, and forgoes comment; Bienenstock simply glosses it over by remarking: "The mother, a rationalist, and Jewess, would not have heard of it, Heine himself in his later confessions makes light of it". Puetzfeld (Ch. 2) takes it seriously, and includes it in his interesting remarks on Heine's early enthusiasm for Catholicism. But Plotke (P. 12) appears to have stated the nature of the reaction experienced by the Boy's folks at the offer, in these words: "Yes, the indifference (to Judaism) went so far that with all seriousness of mind it was discussed about permitting the boy to strike out for a career in the clergy.--So Judaism first became a problem, which, imbedded in his head and heart, took permanent and indestructible root there."

If we wish to complete a nearly picture of Heine, we must remember his profound and lifelong reverence for Napoleon, which played so significant a part throughout his life. Napoleon, who appeared in Dusseldorf in 1811 and 1812, while honored by the

Rhine lands, was especially loved and worshipped by the Jews of that district. To him they attributed their rise in social station ^{and} the abolition of personal taxes which had been installed that the Jews might not be regarded as persons, but as chattel. To him also they ascribed their prosperity in business, the bulk of which lay in their hands. What wonder, then, that they were friends of the French, for which reason they became anathema to the old Germans who, after 1812, wished to rebuild the old Ghettos in many a city. As one who had profited by the successes of Napoleon, Heine's father was naturally very enthusiastic over the great general's arrival; and his mother, who, as we have noted, was intensely German in her sympathies, could not refrain from bestowing her admiration upon this benevolent military genius. Of the young boy's attitude Bienenstock says (56): "And when, in addition, he heard how his relatives sang songs of praise about him, how they lauded his nobility of spirit, his kindliness, his great-heartedness, and his love for the Jews, it is no wonder that, under the spell of these impressions he composed the TWO GRENADIERS, this masterpiece of youthful poetry, full of inspiration and of feeling, that his heart beat wildly when he saw the Emperor himself--"himself--Hossanah"--the Emperor."

Since the Napoleon-worship plays so important a role throughout his later life, it would be of value to quote a passage from Ducros (P. 56), who, in turn takes it from Beugnot's "Memoires".

" Now, one beautiful morning in 1811, a spectacle absolutely new was

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offered to the inhabitants of Dusseldorf. The Emperor had just arrived in their city---The chiefs of the religions permitted in the grand-duchy presented themselves in a single line before His Majesty. The chief of the synagogue occupied the center, having at his right the dean of the Catholic chapter, and at his left the oldest Protestant minister. The old rabbi had a most beautiful head, which harmonised wonderfully with his costume--He spoke in a serious tone the following words! Sire, the ministers of those religions which recognise the same God, preach the same ethics, and try, although by different paths, to lead men to virtue, and make him more worthy of life in heaven, have not separated themselves in order to render homage to him, who as a New Cyrus, has rebuilt our temples, reared our altars, and reestablished the ancient customs of our solemnities. They promise to instruct the people in the love of your sacred person, in respect for your laws, in thankfulness for your kindnesses, and they feel themselves worthy of setting the example"-----The Emperor replied: "I accept your homage and approve your sentiments; all men are brothers before God. They ought to love and support each other, no matter what may be their religious differences. You present here a beautiful example"

Accepting Beugnot's account as trustworthy, one can readily perceive how the plastic imagination of the fourteen-year old boy must have been fired at hearing the interchange of sentiments between rabbi and emperor. His later admiration is merely a reflection of this first enthusiasm which had permeated his youthful

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spirits. He may at times have been his political opponent, he did condemn his rule after the Restoration; but he never became his enemy, he did not cease to love him, even when he found cause to hate him. The sympathy and honor which he saw lavished upon the hero by the Rhinelands made him forever the latter's.

Little more is known of Heine's life in Dusseldorf, except a few minor incidents related in the MEMOIRS; but these have no Jewish bearing. We do know, however, that when Heine was preparing to leave the Lyceum to make his start in the world, there began at home a fierce discussion as to the precise means by which this success was to be attained. Father, mother, and relatives, all had their individual view as to the easiest path. Yet all the attempts that were made to find him a place in life failed to correspond with his temperamental bent. At first he studied at the Lyceum, to make himself fitted for the service of the Emperor at court--an ambition suited so well to his parents' love for splendor. Then he learned English, geography and book-keeping in the hope that he might some day become a second Rothschild. Following which courses, he entered the banking firm of Rindskopf in Frankfurt, where he remained scarce three weeks, then exercised his business genius in a grocer's shop, but this inspiration lasted only one month. Somewhat baffled by his fruitless efforts at success, he returned home, but tried his luck once more, this time in Hamburg. In 1818 he opened in this city, on his own account, a commission house for English goods, but he could only hold out a few months. His uncle Solomon, one of the wealthy Jews of the day, recognising that the

proverbial Jewish instincts were not bestowed in any generous measure upon his young nephew, decided to supply him with the means for studying jurisprudence. So once more the poet turned to his home town to study Latin for college entrance. At last he could enjoy a short respite of quiet, wherein he could indulge his own fancies for a time, before going again into the world.

Before leaving Dusseldorf, Heine must have already been possessed of many of the elements that were later to come to the surface in his writings. Let us see if we can isolate a few of the salient points in his spiritual endowment. His training, as we have seen, was a curious blend of Jewish and French learning. On the one hand he had to conform to an outwardly Jewish ritual, on the other, he reaped the benefits of the French culture which prevailed in his part of the country. Of this decided French twist in his education Bienenstock says: "The German national element played only a secondary role, and when in 1813, Heine, among other students of the Lyceum, offered himself to fight against Napoleon, it was merely the desire to imitate, a youthful, uncalculated step. This was not the result of an outbreak of national feeling, since his love for Germany came at a later period in his life, when he came into closer contact with the Germans, when he himself had to suffer because of the faulty adjustments in the German kingdom, and when he was finally forced to eat bread in a foreign land, far from relatives and friends and people." At this time, then, some of his leading mental traits were: an excessive enthusiasm for Napoleon, a partiality for French literature, with its concomitant

Welt-anschauung--rationalism and skepticism. The latter, in turn, must have had decided influence upon his Jewish life. His parents, as we have seen, had practically compelled him to observe the minutiae of Jewish custom, but they themselves had shown no particular solicitude concerning their own nor their son's religious welfare. Consequently, much of the flatulent prose that has been devoted to an exaggerated estimate of the permanence of the Jewish feelings which Heine imbibed in his youth, must be taken at great discount. Reared in an indifferent Jewish home, knowing little Hebrew or Bible, having studied in a Catholic cloister, and breathing constantly the mocking air of French influence, Heine cannot be truthfully characterised as being intensely Jewish; when he left for University. I believe that all references to the Jews or an exalted nature may be traced almost entirely to influences working upon him in later life. All the ~~charm~~ charm which he casts upon Jewish home life must have been either an echo of his own reading--not of an alarmingly multirarious nature in this particular field--or else was drawn from actual contact with such scenes in after days. At any rate, I can find nothing to justify the following statement of Bienenstock: "His later attitude toward Judaism, his love for Jewish history, for the Bible, the influence of Hebrew poetry upon his creative genius, all take root in his early Jewish training"? At the utmost, the facts we have at hand permit us only to surmise that ~~that~~ the boy must have had a consciousness of his being a Jew, something different from his environment, and that this fact entailed

some difficulties for him. Beyond this, we are on unsafe ground, and are forced to play with delightful conjectures.

EARLY WORKS.

I mentioned, while discussing the various phases of Heine's early struggle with the financial world, that he spent some time with a banker of Frankfurt. The critics have not riveted enough emphasis on this apparently unimportant point. Let us imagine this ardent, independent, carefree spirit of Dusseldorf suddenly brought to a realisation of his place in the universe by a glimpse of the Frankfurt Ghetto. In his home town the Jews composed a very small minority and were comfortably situated in an atmosphere that breathed tolerance. In Frankfurt, with its narrow Ghetto lanes, with its Jewish faces seamed with care and apprehension, with its many corners that harbored squalor and penury, he was confronted for the first time in his life by this relentless fact--that he was a member of a branded people.

There are a few frequently recurring motifs in Heine's Jewish utterances the primary impulse of which may be traced to this brief Frankfurt interlude. The poet tells us how he first met Ludwig Börne at this time during the Passover celebration. This event, together with a sketch of the Ghetto, ^{is depicted,} in Heine's Memoir of Börne. There the poet also traces his inordinate love for Jewish dishes to his acquaintance with them at this period. Repeatedly in his correspondence and remarks on Jewish life he smacks his lips at the recollection of these choice, but solid, dainties

in which the Frankfurt Jews luxuriated at the holiday time. Then too, the peculiar zealotry which marked this intensive Ghetto life left a decided repulsion in his sensitive nature; a disgust which was further aggravated by the petty meannesses of trade as carried on in an environment which reeked with sordidness. We shall have occasion again to notice to what degree of bitterness the poet rises as he lashes these regrettable aspects of Jewish life.

In the meantime, however, we shall content ourselves with a discussion of a work which critics describe as undoubtedly taking rise during this period. This is the poem BELSCHAZZER, included in the cycle YOUNG SORROWS, and belonging to the group written between 1817 and 1821. The inspiration for this poem seems to have been of a two-fold character. The first influence appears to have been that of Byron who in 1814 published his famous HEBREW MELODIES which were translated into German in 1820. Byron, whose star loomed bright in the Germany of that day, was one of Heine's most abiding enthusiasms. Now in the Hebrew Melodies there occurs a poem remarkably like Heine's; in fact, the beginnings of both bear a striking resemblance to each other. But, independently of Byron, Heine seems to have been stung into activity by a few phrases of the Passover Haggadah. Plotke assigns these two passages as most suggestive of Heine's poem: "Wayehi bachatsi halailoh mishtaper bichleh kodesh" and "pas jad kosvoh lekaaleah zul bapesach". The poem narrates in terse language the dramatic moment of the appearance of the handwriting on the wall, and without a hint as to Daniel's interpretation of the passage there follows the concluding

statement of the king's death.

Comparing the poems of Byron and Heine, one may easily recognise a difference in their tenor. Both men were attracted by the pessimism that lay imbedded in the Bible story. Byron emphasises in all its details the vanity of human pride and the inevitable grave that awaits all at the end of paths of glory. Heine sings a paean of praise to Jehovah by whom the Jews were avenged. The irony of fate is accentuated by having the king, swollen with pride, raise a wine-filled beaker and exclaim:

Jehovah, for thee I declare my eternal disdain,

--I am the king of Babylon.

How sincerely this mirrors the sentiments of the orthodox Jews of his day, is at once made clear by comparison with the Hag-gadah which abounds in allusions to the tyrants whom the God of Israel had punished.

Heine's university courses at Bonn and Goettingen interest us very slightly, since his real Jewish activity begins in Berlin, and we know of no single event or influence that may have directed him along this line while at the former institution. Yet there is one work which, some critics maintain, was begun at Goettingen but finished while in Berlin in 1821. For the purposes of our study it makes very little difference as to the correctness or incorrectness of this view. The fact remains that already upon his arrival in Berlin, Heine was at work upon one of his most powerful pronouncements on the Jewish question.

This was the drama "Almansor"! It opens upon one of the most thrilling events in modern history. Ferdinand and Isabella, determined to unite their respective countries at all costs, had hit upon the standardizing of religion as the fittest groundwork for such unification. The Inquisition became the instrument by which Moors and Jews were made to recognise that wealth, family, and life depended on their reconciling themselves to the prevailing religion. Quickly the banned Jews fled from Spain where they had tarried for several hundred years, and had experienced the second blossoming since the dispersion. Also, when Granada, the last stronghold of the stiff-necked Moors, was laid waste, thousands of Mohammedans left the land to pitch tent across the sea. This is the moment at which ALMANSOR begins its action.

Why should Heine have been led to choose such a background? Naturally there must have been an extraordinary attraction for him in this story of the exile. No other epoch could have appealed to his Jewish sympathies more compellingly than this bit from Spanish history, which also contributes its poignant share to Jewish annals. For, just before this disaster had befallen them, Jewish literature had risen to its finest heights, and the woful griefs which the Jews were made to bear were all the keener because but a moment before the Spanish sun had gleamed most brightly upon them. One critic suggests that if in the following lines Jehovah were substituted for Mohammed, one could wish for no finer portrayal of the Jewish exile:

"When that happened, he took in his arms and carried himself, the best of treasures, Mohammed's scroll of the law, this same old and holy parchment which once his fathers had brought with them to Spain. And so we left the fields of our home-land and journeyed forth, half-hesitatingly, and half in haste, as if something invisible, with white arms and meltingly sweet voice were pulling us backwards, and yet the howls of wolves were urging us forward. AS if it were a mother's kiss at her last parting, so breathed we, full of desire, the scent of the Spanish myrtle and citron woods, while weepingly the trees rustled about us; grievously sweet the air played about us, and the sorrow-stricken birds, as if bidding us farewell, fluttered about us, the mute wanderers."

Still another consideration. We have seen that in Frankfurt Heine had had an opportunity to witness the unfortunate aspects of Ghetto life. Now, Hamburg had no Ghetto and the Jews were made to suffer comparatively less persecution in the Steinweg, the Jewish quarter, than did their correlative religionists penned up behind walls; yet, for the first time in his life, Heine met in Hamburg with that raw and undisguised Jew-hatred that must have seared his free spirits to the quick. Just as took place in other cities when the French withdrew their armies, there occurred in 1819, in Hamburg, riots of sufficient severity to convince the young student that a reaction was setting in hard upon the war for emancipation. Our poet, torn by conflicting emotions, must then have realised most profoundly the tragedy that lay hidden

in his Jewish identity. Here he stood, a Jew by birth, grown up unconscious^u of his people's past, dimly, connected with them by a trivial smattering of tradition heard in his boyhood, by a stereotyped performance of Jewish ritual, disgusted with the hollowness of the pretense as he found it in Frankfurt and Hamburg, ---and suddenly he finds himself one of a hounded family. Is it not evident that almost inevitably the poet's fancy would fly to some such dramatic epoch as the Inquisition period presents? There was an age which offered the best mirror in which the imperialistic, reactionary, anti-semitic Prussia might see an accurate counterfeit of itself. With this end in view, Heine digested a number of works on that particular chapter of history. We know that at life's end he returned, in the HEBREW MELODIES, to the same theme.

The question next presents itself: Why did Heine who had been whipped into creative activity by these unexpected scourges in Jewish life, deem it most expedient to veil his sentiments under the thin gauze of historical example? Why did he not frankly speak out his mind in such a crisis? A little reflection reveals the prudence of this disguise. Heine was at the time of writing a young initiate in the realm of letters. His early poems, to be sure, had attracted some attention; but he had not, by any means, attached to himself that permanent contingent of listeners which in later days was his. To have spoken boldly at this precarious^u stage of his career would have been nothing less than inviting an avalanche of criticism and enmity which would have succeeded in crushing his budding fame. Even his letters at this period betray a careful

feeling-about for patronage and kindly appreciation: a little note from Fouqué fills him with unbounded joy. He had not yet developed that resiliency of which in later years he made so much boast. To prevent disaster he erected a false target; he had to smuggle in his ideas into the realm of thought. Had he dealt directly with the Jewish question, he would have been attacked as a "tendentz" writer, as a seeker after spectacular utterance. As it was, the play was poorly received, nor must its failure be attributed entirely to a poverty of dramatic interest. It may be asserted with tolerable certainty that the drama was hissed off the stage because both Jew and Gentile found themselves reflected therein. As Heine remarked later, "The move was well planned, but it missed its mark"

We may ascertain Heine's ^{purpose} not merely from internal references, but from statements which the author made about his production in his letters. Writing to Steinmann in Oct. 1820, he declares: "Into this piece I have thrown all of myself, together with my paradoxes, my wisdom, my hate, my fanaticism." Some critics maintain that all this refers to the "pangs of disprised love" which Heine experienced when jilted by his cousin Amalie--an event which took place about this time--; but it gains in significance if we connect it with the following, written in Jan. 1823, where he speaks of ALMANSOR as "a large dramatic poem, whose material is religious, polemical, and which deals with timely interests." To Immermann, apparently in exculpation, he writes: "The local groups of toads and vermin have just presented me with their filthy tokens

of attention, they were careful to procure my book before it came off the press, and, as I hear, they insist on ascribing to ALMANSOR a "tendenz", and bring it to judgment in such fashion as to provoke my whole being and fill me with sovereign disgust." This poorly concealing cloak of righteousness is whipped off by a passage which occurs later in the same letter: "Besides, I fear that the pious people in this country will find much to take exception to in this piece" (Apr. 10, 1823). One suspects that Immermann himself could not fail to take notice of the fiery hate for Christians which the events of the day aroused in the poet.

Out of the back-ground of the drama appear persons who come into conflict with existing social conditions, and fall as victims to these irresistible forces. On one hand we have Hassan, a fanatic, clinging rigidly to his faith, and on the other, Aly, with his daughter Zuleima, who yield to governmental pressure, and accept Christianity. As the protagonist of the drama stands Almansor who takes a position mid-way between these opposite poles. He symbolizes, in a way, all-reconciling love, whose power is of higher potency than religious faith.

The story runs in this fashion: After the fall of Granada, Isabella planted the cross over the tower as a companion piece to the flag of Castille. Timid spirits, filled with apprehension for their safety, bowed before it; but Hassan the faithful servant of his master Abdullah, went into battle for the old faith, together with a few loyal adherents. Abdullah leaves Spain with Almansor his supposed son, journeys to Africa and then to Yemen, there to

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await the better days to come. But the young Almansor could not abide this restraint; his soul chafed at being removed from Zuleima, Aly's daughter. Heedless of his danger, he sets out for his birth-place, bent on finding her. Hassan tries to check his ardor, he warns him of the Christian brood which infests the castle where lives his beloved. Undaunted, he is about to achieve his aim, when he is overwhelmed by the news that Zuleima is to marry a wealthy Spaniard. Crushed by the tidings, he presents himself before his mistress's balcony. She hears his serenade and rushes out to meet him. As he pleads with her to flee, she agrees, but on the condition that he turn Christian. Hassan then appears and offers them aid in escape with the hope of winning Zuleima for the old faith. The lovers flee, but finding themselves pursued, they hurl themselves down an abyss rather than suffer the pains of another separation.

Much energy has been consumed in the attempt^o to prove that Heine is copying Immermann and Fouque, but when all is boiled down, the following facts remain settled. First, only the creator of Schnabelewopski could portray the inflexible partisan for the faith of his fathers, Hassan; and Aly's ridiculous servant Pedrillo is an anticipation of the immortal Gumpelino. Secondly, the leading thesis was surely Heine's. His chief aim, of course, was to censure the vicious treatment of the Jews under Frederick William III. But another shaft is directed against one of those manifestations of Jewish life, the true meaning of which was just then being realised by the young author. Historically, the movement had grown out of the plans of Frederick to force the Jews either into bap-

tism or banishment from the kingdom. Heine is careful to lay all the guilt for this persecution at the door of the Catholic priesthood, which, in his opinion, "always made its presence known or felt whenever faiths were to be bought or exchanged." It was ever ready to be bribed, even for unworthy ends, for "Priests have their trade, and holy men have sacred aims; they need money for their church-flagons and wine with which to fill them". In a later chapter we shall have an opportunity of treating at greater length Heine's attitudes--for with him there is no such thing as one definite attitude on anything--upon some of the problems he touches upon in this drama. But it is important that we see how even in this early work these problems, upon which he was to make some of his finest utterances, were already beginning to loom large. For example, the priesthood, which Heine takes frequent occasion to castigate in nearly all of his writings, is in this drama charged with the responsibility for the miserable plight of the Jews; they were, he maintains, at the bottom of the order which burdened the unfortunate people with the alternative of conversion or exile. He himself is Almásor, while Hassan represents the national stubbornness of the orthodox Jew. Are not these words reminiscent of Shylock: "I see the Spanish dog. There he spits on my brother's beard!" Or again, to return to the priests, we find him playing the words in the abbots' mouth: ~~"That was a brilliant auto-da-fé, it refreshes the heart of the pious Christian, and frightens the hardened sinner."~~ Nor can one fail to recognize the revenge which Heine takes of the Jewish persecutors, when the

stricken Aly, gazing down the abyss, at the drama's end, is heard to exclaim: "Now Jesus Christ, I have need of thy word, thy consolation and example. The will of the Almighty I am unable to fathom; but apprehension fills me: The lily and the myrtle shall be rooted out from the path whereon God's golden chariot shall roll on in proud majesty".

Confronted with the impassable circle, the Jews of Heine's day found that the only way to cross the circumference was either to flee the misfortune altogether by baptism, or to take refuge in reforms which savored strongly of Christianity. In a later chapter I shall discuss this reformed "Berlin" Judaism as Heine found it. Suffice it at this juncture to mention that in *ALMANSOR* Heine lashes the cowardly renegades as well as the misled reformers. Instead of finding his correligionists men of faith and staunchness, as he had imagined their fathers to have been, he discovers them to be weakly creatures, mean money-grubbers, who indulged their newly-discovered parvenu spirits with freakish diversions, in life as well as religion. These baptized Moors--or more accurately--Jews, play a despicable role in *Almansor*. In those scenes where the poet portrays the relations of the baptized Moors with the Christian Spaniards, he invariably represents them in a half-humorous guise. Pedrillo the servant, who is zealous in emulation of his master--converted to Christianity, may not be so highly flavored as Hyacinth, but the outlines of that future worthy are already there. He cannot find himself at home in the new religion--a ^{comical} ~~tragic~~ counterpart of his tragic

lord. How delightfully he presages Gumpelino's servant--he swears continually by the beard of the prophet; in one breath he calls on Allah and Jesus; and when the Moors are attacked, he forgets that they should be regarded as enemies, but keeps on referring to them as "our people". Nor does his master Aly fare better, for his servant tells him with crossed arms "that the roast has not been a success", while at the same meal ~~while~~ he must suffer while the guests heap lavish encomiums upon the flesh and wonder how on earth the prophet could have forbidden such a delicacy to his nation. By such suggestive touches the poet drew the curtain on the inner conflict which ensued in the convert's breast, whose only attachment to the new faith must have been of a purely practical nature, devoid of that fond sentiment which he still cherished, in secret, for the old faith which he had deserted. The grand climax of this outburst of scorn which Heine heaps upon these people is put in the mouth of the loyal Hassan:

"Flee this place where the new faith sprouts as you would pest-infested places. There one draws from your heart with sweet tongs your inmost self and replaces it with a snake. There they will pour on your head leaden drops, bright and hot, so that nevermore will your brain recover from its wild pain, and they will then give you a new one, so that when your angel calls upon you in warning, by your old name, he will call in vain"

One may also discern in "Almansor" early adumbrations of the many beautiful passages which Heine later dedicated to that singleness of ideal which glorified the olden Jews. In the charac-

ter of Hassan is crystallized the Jewish rabbinical caste, the rigid, unshakable adherents of the old belief. Hassan says of himself and compeers: "Just as the snow never disappears there above, so never fled the glow in our breast; just as these mountains never stir, so never wavered our loyal faith".

I have devoted so much space to elaboration of the nature and significance of *ALMANSOR*, because it seems to focus so many converging rays of Jewish interest. It reveals Heine in his formative period, profoundly moved at his people's plight, yet carefully avoiding open conflict by ostensibly concealing the Jewish purport of the work. And in this defense of the Jews we see him fulminating against conversion, mongering priestlings against the convertites and reformers; speaking reverentially of the old faith and its sincerity. We shall never know Heine's actual feelings in the matter, because no man ever wrote who put more distance between his character and his work, who spoke more spontaneously or furiously at the least stimulus, who showed more thoughtlessness and abandon than did Heine. It is somewhat disconcerting to be forced to admit that Heine's reflections on Jewish life form no consistently organic whole, but are rather detached, ephemeral sparks, struck off at white heat. In the following chapters we must be content to thrust our mental reservations in the background, and attempt to mould some sort of form out of the stray bits which Heine has left lying about.

Heine in Berlin----- The Verein.

Rightly to grasp the importance of the Verein in the spiritual life of the Jews of Heine's day, as well as in the poet's own life, it is necessary that we spend a little study on the origins of this society. One fact is clear: that it was a logical outcome of the movements in Jewish life of the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The first European Jew who devoted himself to non-Jewish culture, and who at the same time fought for the spiritual emancipation of his people, was Moses Mendelssohn. Although he remained true to the faith of his fathers, he maintained that it bore no contradiction to the laws of modern society, and for that reason he pleaded for the civil equality of the Jew. To the Jewish people he declared, however, that if they wished to obtain the freedom which was due them, and remain worthy of it, then they must free themselves from the straitening bonds of mediaeval Judaism. In spite of his preachments and personal influence, these ideas which seemed to be so efficacious in his particular case, resulted in utter havoc in the Jewish life of his friends and followers. His own daughter, together with a large group of the younger generation, became converts to Christianity, the underlying belief being that thereby this emancipation which Mendelssohn had preached, would become easier. It was killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Only a few disciples of Mendelssohn were able to grasp his philosophy of Judaism, and they undertook the task of completing

the master's work. The chief of these was David Friedlander, who in 1780 created a Jewish Freischule, and who was followed by several others in the same path. These reformers felt that the most efficient way to achieve emancipation would be to eradicate from Judaism all antiquated customs. They opposed violently the notion of conversion which the other emancipationists had adopted. But an idea of the success of the movement in achieving the desired aim, may be gleaned from the fact that Friedlander himself deserted and went over to Christianity.

Bienenstock (pg. 10) traces the rise of the Verein from these movements in the following masterly fashion: "We can best appraise the spiritual role of this Regeneration in the development of Jewish life, if we recall the crippled, bent Jews of the Ghetto, turned back on themselves, and compare them with the Jews of the nineteenth century. We need to know scarcely anything of the history of the Jewish spiritual development to be able to comprehend the enormous progress of the Ghetto-Jews to the modern Jew. There he was bent over his musty folios of the Talmud; which he seemed to fill with life. Here he laves himself, filled with joy, in the reviving fountain of the modern cultures, which inspire him with life. There he lived secluded from the entire world, devoted to trade and usury; here open before him all the doors of the callings. The proverbial stubbornness of the Jews was first broken by Mendelssohn, who showed his correligionists how one can be a modern man, and yet keep his belief, provided one does not yield this belief for every civil alleviation or privilege. Those who did not possess this conscious-

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ness, misunderstood their leader, despaired of the future of Judaism, and went over in droves to Christianity. When the orthodox saw this defection, they shrank back in terror, and would have nothing to do with European culture. But there were found a few men who did not hesitate at this critical moment. They came to the conclusion that Judaism would suffer no harm by coming into contact with the cultures of other nations, provided that they exploited these cultures for the strengthening of their own Jewish self-consciousness. With this purpose, there was founded in Berlin, in 1821, the "Verein für Kultur und Wissenschaft des Judentums".

In the statutes announced by the organisation in 1822, we find the following elucidating clauses:

"The lack of harmony between the whole internal state of the Jews, and their external culture, has obtained for many years, while this people was among the nations. But this glaring contrast has come most noticeably to the fore in recent years. The new times have called forth, by reason of an all-powerful metamorphosis of ideas, also among the Jews, wherever they may be, different ideals; and these daily accentuate the oppressive feeling of contrast. This state of affairs demands a complete revamping of the peculiar education and mode of life which has persisted among the Jews till the present day. It requires also, their reaching to the same standpoint which other European nations have attained. Since this modification can come only through the Jews themselves; it must, furthermore, be, not the work of the entire organism, but must have as authors kindred spirits, the more intellectual classes. To achieve this aim,

the Verein proposes the following method: an association of those people who feel themselves capable, through power and calling, to set the Jews in harmony with their age and states wherein they live, by means of an educational development from within. On the one hand, it will make use of anything that may enlarge the realms of intelligence, as for example, founding of schools, seminaries, academies, active employment of literary and other public arts. On the other hand, the tendencies making for discord with the complete program will be suppressed, by leading the rising generation into professions, arts, agriculture, and scholarly pursuits, and by crushing the one-sided inclination for trade, and by remolding the social relationships by changing their tone".

A program of this nature must have bespoken the liveliest interests of the young Heine as he came in contact with the Jewish intelligence of Berlin. In the broad sweeps of Jewish history, such an organisation fails to attract attention, simply because, like all visionary programs, it lacks the support of the multitude, which cannot breathe such rarified Utopian air. Even in the upper circles, which we shall study a little closer in the next chapter, we shall find little sympathy with the avowed aims of the society. Such opposition of feeling we recognise in our own day between Reformed and Cultural Jews---the latter class including a large type of Zionists, social workers, community educators, etc. From Heine's strictures on the Reformed Jews of his day, we discover that to the average prosperous Berlin Jew, the Verein bore the same relation as, let us say, the Reform Jew of to-day bears to the Academicians. Regarded from a broad

view-point, the Verein was simply a logical phenomenon in the Jewish world of that period, but ephemeral, and nearly fruitless, as far as larger movements go. Still, since it was a powerful stimulus for the awakening of the Jewish feeling in Heine; and, furthermore, because most of his Jewish acquaintances were members of the organization, and he himself was for a time one of its active members, it deserves a modicum of detailed attention.

In the personelle of the Verein we find several noted names. Chief among them is that of Eduard Gans, whom we shall have occasion to meet further in this study. In addition to being one of the greatest jurists of his age, he devoted himself earnestly to the creation of a philosophic basis for the actual work of the society. An ardent student of Hegel, he hoped to bring Judaism into the march of progress as outlined by that popular philosopher of history. Without delving into the subtle ramifications of this scholastic Jewish structure, it will be sufficient for the purpose of our study merely to indicate that the germ of his hope was the continued and effective operation of Judaism among the nations, without the assimilation which always ensued upon contact with other peoples. It was a "permanence of the whole, just as a stream persists in the ocean". To expedite the attainment of this goal was the aim of the Verein.

Gans, then, was the philosophical exponent of the ideals of the Verein. To bring these to public notice was the duty assigned to Leopold Zunz, who, in the interests of the society, conducted the "Zeitschrift für die Wissenschaft des Judenthums". To devote a few

lines to the work of this master of Jewish knowledge would barely indicate his importance for our subject. To do more would be beyond the limits of this study. Suffice it to remark of Zunz that he was the most zealous spirit of the society, that he was the last to leave it; and while Gans and others went so far as to convert to Christianity, he remained true to the faith of his fathers.

A third, whose name is familiar chiefly because the valuable bulk of his correspondence with Heine is preserved, was Moses Moser, who, with Gans and Zunz founded the Verein in November 1819. Other members with whom we meet in Heine's letters, were Marcus, Wohlwill, Friedlander, Bendavid, and Lehmann. Perhaps we shall meet some of them again in Heine's quoted passages.

In August 1822, Heine became a member of the organisation. With his characteristic enthusiasm, he immediately devoted himself to those aspects of the work in which he took delight. He had charge of the correspondence, he taught in the little school established by the society, persuaded his uncle Simon to become one of them, labored to improve the Periodical, and proposed to write a paper on the Judenschmerz. It was at this time that Heine made a visit to Poland, and published his first prose work "UEBER POLEN".

This little work is important in that it betrays a keen insight into Jewish affairs, and already at this early stage he delights in pointing out the weak spots of contemporary Jewdom. Furthermore, the Polish Jew is portrayed as a happier mortal than his brother in Posen; his Jewish neighbors display a more closely-knit sentiment of brotherhood than do the distracted elements of Posen Jewry. In fact, the incisive satire employed by the young writer

drew upon him bitter rejoinders from his German contemporaries. In a letter to Wohlwill, April 7, 1823, he writes: "This paper has stirred up the whole grand-duchy of Posen. Already in Posen papers, criticism, or rather, insults, three times the size of the article, have appeared. And these came from the Germans who cannot forgive me because I have portrayed them so faithfully, and have raised the Jews to the tiers etat in Poland". At the risk of destroying balance, I shall translate that part of the article which deals directly with Jewish affairs. Since much of our knowledge of Heine's reaction to the Jewish problem is to be pieced together from desultory remarks scattered through a number of various productions, it is refreshing to discover a lengthy passage definitely devoted to a phase of Jewish life.

"Between the peasant and the nobles of Poland stand the Jews. These constitute practically more than one-fourth of the population, pursue all trades and business, and may properly be termed the tiers etat of Poland. Our compilers of statistics who in all things apply the German, and never the French standard, err when they maintain that Poland has no tiers etat, because ^his stratum of society is more sharply distinguished from the others, because its members ^{on account} ~~because~~ of a misunderstanding of the Old Testament, have failed to find favor. Furthermore, because externally they appear remote from the ideal of agreeable citizenship, which is so neatly and devoutly pictured in the pocket-books of Nuremberg ladies under the image of metropolitan narrow-mindedness. It is clear then, that the Jews, because of their number and position, are of greater political importance in Poland than with us in Germany, and that, if we wish to speak the truth about

them, we need something more than the grand pawn-shop outlook of sentimental writers from the north, or the natural-philosophical profundity of the spiritual shopkeepers from the south. I was informed that the Jews of the grand-duchy stood on a lower social level than their Eastern correligionists. I shall not say anything definite of the Polish Jews, but suggest rather David Friedlander's: "On the Improvement of the Condition of the Israelites in the Kingdom of Poland," Berlin 1819. Since the appearance of this book, which, despite an unwarranted lack of appreciation of the merits and moral significance of the rabbis, is written with a remarkable love for truth and humanity, the condition of the Polish Jews has not changed to any noticeable degree. In the grand-duchy they are said to have had exclusive control of the trades, as they now have in the rest of Poland; now, however, one sees many Christian workmen immigrating from Germany, and the Polish peasants also seem to find trades and other modes of industry more to their liking. It is strange indeed that the ordinary Pole becomes a shoe-maker, brewer, or distiller. In Walshei, a suburb of Posen, I found that invariably every other house was adorned with a shoe-maker's sign. In that part of ^{Poland} Prussia which belongs to Prussia, no un-baptised Jew may attain a civil position; in Russian Poland they are admitted to all offices, because it is looked upon as profitable there. There, moreover, the arsenic of the mines has not been sublimated to an ultra-pious philosophy, and the wolves of the old Polish woods have not been trained to howl with historic citations.

It would be desirable for our government to train the Jews of the grand-duchy in a love for agriculture--for there are

very few Jewish husbandmen there. In Russian Poland they are numerous. The aversion for agriculture which the Polish Jew displays, arose evidently with his former acquaintance with the sad plight of the enslaved peasant. If the peasantry were to raise themselves from the present low level, then would the Jews seize the plow. With few exceptions all the inns are in the hands of the Polish Jews, and their numerous distilleries are very harmful to the land, since they encourage drunkenness among the peasants. -- Every noble has a Jew in the village or city, whom he calls his "factor", and who provides for all of his commissions, purchases, sales, and inquiries. This is an original arrangement which reveals the indolence of the Polish nobleman. The material state of the Polish Jews is frightful. I shudder when I recall how I first saw a Polish village, behind Meseritz, chiefly inhabited by Jews. The W*cksche Wochenblatt, could not fill me with such vomiting revulsion as the sight of these dirty tattered forms; and the proud speech of a third-class boy, zealous for athletic grounds and fatherland, could not torture my ears so excruciatingly as did the jargon of the Polish Jews. However, disgust was turned into pity when I observed the condition of these people more closely, and noticed the pig-sty holes wherein they live, jabber, pray, and trade, -- and suffer. Their language is German, permeated with Hebrew and adorned with Polish. In early times they had emigrated from Germany on account of religious persecutions, for the Poles, in such cases, have always distinguished themselves through tolerance. When some hypocrites once advised a Polish king to compel the Protestants to return to Catholicism, he replied

"Sum rex populorum, sed non conscientiarum".

The Jews first brought trade to Poland and were favored with special privileges by Casimir the Great. They appear to have been much nearer the nobles than the peasants; for, according to an old law, when a Jew turned to Christianity, he was eo ipso raised to the nobility. I cannot tell why this law has disappeared and lost its cogency. In those early days the Jews ranked far above the nobles in culture and spiritual powers, for the latter merely pursued the rough military profession and lacked the French polish. The former constantly busied themselves with their Hebrew scientific and religious books, for whose sake they had virtually forsaken their fatherland and the comforts of life. Manifestly, they have not kept pace with European culture, and their spiritual world has sunk into a disagreeable superstitious faith, which an ingenious scholasticism wrenches into a thousand fantastic shapes. Still, in spite of the barbaric fur cap which covers the head, and the still more barbaric ideas which fill the latter; I esteem the Polish Jew far more than many a German Jew who wears a bolivar on his head, and carries Jean Paul in his mind. Through his sharp isolation, the character of the Polish Jew acquired a unity; when he breathed the air of tolerance, this character received the stamp of freedom. The inner man did not turn into a "quod libet" compound of heterogeneous feelings, nor was it concerned by being constrained by the walls of the Judengasse in Frankfort, or all-wise municipal laws, or kind legal limitations. The Polish Jew with his dirty firs, filthy beard, and odor of garlic, and his jargon, is more agreeable to me than many others in the magnificence of their government securities!

Here and there in Heine's letters appear references to the Verein. Sometimes it is merely to remind Moser that he is still attached by sentiment to the organisation; at other times he finds fault with the way in which the Zeitschrift is edited; but we find no direct statement anywhere as to the aims and attainments of the movement. However, in later years, he takes the occasion of an obituary of Marcus, 1844, one of its members, to state briefly his attitude towards the Verein. From the tenor of the passage we know that it is no longer the youthful, eager Heine that speaks. It is a disillusioned man who had dreamt of greater fields of activity, who now in a pathetic vein recalls the naive attempt at solution of the Jewish problem. In the following excerpt he means to indicate that all the work of the society, with its practical ambitions was to fade away, till nothing but a few scholarly articles were left to testify to there ever having existed a body like the Verein.

"Men endowed with spirituality attempted to rescue a cause which was long dead. Their greatest success consisted in their finding the bones of dead warriors on the battle-fields of the past". A little further on in the same essay, he notices the recurrence of a common motif in Jewish life. "The esoteric purpose of this Verein was no other than a reconciliation of historical Judaism with modern science, of the latter of which it was assumed that in course of time it would attain universal sway. Under similar circumstances, in the time of Philo it was attempted with more or less failure ~~XX~~ when Greek philosophy declared war against all the old dogmas. There was no question of schismatic, sham-enlightenment, still less of that emancipation of which they prate nowadays in such a soulless fashion, so that one loses interest in the whole matter".

HEINE IN BERLIN-----REFORM JUDAISM

While yet in his first days in Berlin, the Verein commanded much of Heine's devotion; but he was fortunate enough to broaden his outlook on Jewish affairs through intercourse with some of the intellectual elite of the period. In the salons of Rachel and Eliza von Hohenhausen, the poet first scented the sweet savor of encouragement and appreciation. There he had made the acquaintance of the leading spirits of the Verein, and there also he was to see at nearer view those representatives of Higher Jewish circles who were to call many a brilliant thrust from his pen. Besides the disinterested academicians who dallied with delightful dreams of the future, there came to the soirees of Heine's gifted patronesses, men who professed the newer religion--Reform Judaism.

As we have seen, the Verein paid little attention to one of the momentous problems which was then racking Jewish souls. Men of the type of Gans were vitally concerned with the adjustment of the Jews to their environment--culturally, socially, and politically. Problems of such nature may be treated theoretically; one can write lengthy treatises on the status of the Jews in various countries; one can compose eloquent pleas for equality; and, from the study, one can exhort the indolent masses to decisive action. Such tasks were eminently suited to the type of mind that went to create the Verein and its platform. But the practical task they ignored because of indifference, or neglected because of inability to cope with it. What was this problem?

Although it was not exactly a concomitant of the civic and cultural reform movements of the day, the religious reform movement which arose as a necessary result of the enlightenment process is, for our purpose, sufficiently described as bound up intimately with the former developments. The religious movement was based solely on the notion that the effete mediaeval Judaism, encased in ghetto forms, was no longer applicable to modern conditions, nay, could not be adapted to modern-day exigencies since it hindered the desired rapprochement with other nations. To help accomplish such a change it was as necessary to reform the religious service as well as the educative methods. Some urged a reform based on scientific-historical laws; others planned a remodeling of Jewish law and ritual to meet modern demands; and still others were content with merely omitting the laws petrified beyond availability. In all groups one factor was prominent, namely, a half-disguised disinclination to emphasize the national aspects of Judaism.

When Heine came to Berlin he was--to employ the term according to its current value--an indifferentist. For the Jewish religion he had very little interest; in fact, we may surmise that he was filled with good-natured contempt for the positive aspects of the faith. It is true, however, that before his Berlin sojourn he had begun work on his *ALMANSOR*, which would indicate that he felt a keen interest in Jewish affairs. But the reader of the drama may recognize that while Heine speaks of the old faith with warmth, he need not, from this fact alone, surmise that the author was an adherent of orthodox Judaism. *ALMANSOR* was written as a response from an outraged Jewish consciousness to the per-

secutions of the oppressor; but in those days, as well as in later life, Heine betrayed no love for Judaism as a practiced, positive religion. He was already impervious to the demands of the faith, nor did he ever arouse within himself any enthusiasm for the cause which he repeatedly defended in highly sentimental language. In 1823 he wrote to Moser, in reply to an inquiry from Hamburg, as to his willingness to espouse the Jewish cause: "that he, as arch-enemy of all positive religions, does not care to champion a faith that has been the cause of so much evil in the world. However, should he be tempted to take up the cudgels in its behalf, it would be merely a case of sentiment or stubbornness. In itself the Jewish religion is not only a matter of indifference to him, but is positively hateful to him".

Having come under the compelling sway of Gans, Zunz and Moser, the young poet threw himself whole-heartedly into the Jewish cause. As I have indicated, the nature of the Verein was such that it could not fail to rivet the emphasis on the nationalistic, rather than the religious aspects of Judaism. Yet, as it was theoretically regarded as a part of the Jewish field--the Verein had unconsciously to adopt a sympathetic attitude towards orthodox Judaism. It may have been a neglected spot of the field; but, sentiment pronounced it an integral one. It follows that the ideals of the Verein would clash with those proclaimed by the Reform leaders, who, while accentuating the religious elements, neglected all the national factors of Judaism, together with their concomitant problems. It is clear that some contra-

diction must perforce manifest itself in a mind which on Jewish questions felt as Heine's. Puetzfeld resolves this anomaly most accurately when he says (Pg. 30): "Heine insists that the Jews remain true Jews in the religious as well as in the national connotation of the term; so he antagonises the partisans of the compromise movement in Berlin and Hamburg, and designates himself, in contrast to them, a devotee of rigorous ritualism". I can scarce refrain, in this connection, from hinting at the striking resemblance in attitude between men of the Heine and Gans type and some of our contemporary leaders in nationalistic movements.

I have culled from the works of our author a few interesting pronouncements on Reform Judaism. The first occurs in the BRIEFE AUS BERLIN written early in 1822. "I shall have to speak of this matter (conversion societies) when I treat of the new cult which has sprung up chiefly in Berlin. I am as yet unacquainted with it because I have put off witnessing the new Mosaic divine service". A letter written a short time after to Wohlwill, another member of the Verein, proves that in the interim he had become acquainted with the movement: "I expect much of Zunz's sermons: truly they are to be nothing edifying or soft soul-plaster stuff, but something far better—a mustering of power. Of this last we need at present a great deal in Israel. A few chiropodists—Friedlander & Co.—have tried to heal the body of Israel of its fatal swelling by letting blood, but because of their awkwardness and fine-spun reason-bandages, Israel must bleed to death. May this blind illusion soon cease: namely, that the highest glory consists in powerlessness,

in loss of strength, in one-sided negation, in idealistic Auerbachdom. We have no longer the courage to wear a beard, to fast, to hate, and through hate to endure--this is the motif of our Reform. Some who received their education and enlightenment from comedians wish to give Judaism new decorations and curtains, and the prompter wears a white ^{bib} ~~beard~~ instead of a beard; they love to pour the universal ocean into a neat papier-mache basin. Others demand an evangelical Christianity under a Jewish firm-name, and make themselves a Tale out of the wool of the Lamb-god, make a doublet out of the feathers of the dove of the Holy Ghost, and under-breeches out of Christian love; they will fail, and their successors will sign themselves: "God, Christ, and Co." Fortunately this house can't last long. Its drafts on philosophy will come back protested, and it will go bankrupt in Europe even if its commission houses, built by its missionaries in Africa and Asia last a few hundred years longer". A little farther in this letter, after a violent diatribe against Christianity, he resumes his good humor and seems to recognise the inconsistency to which I alluded: "I haven't intended everything to be taken seriously---Even I haven't the courage to wear a beard, and allow myself to be called "Judenmauschel", to fast, etc. I have not even the power to eat Matzos properly. I am now living with a Jewish family, and get Matzos instead of bread, and crack my teeth on them. But I console myself by reflecting that we are in the Gölus. Even my thrust at Friedlander must not be taken too sharply; I recently ate the finest pudding at his home".

Some months later he writes from Luneberg to Moser! "I am very anxious to write an article for the Zeitschrift and discuss in it the great Judenschmerz--as Börne calls it--and this will happen as soon as my head can stand it. It is very ^{un}wise on the part of the Lord to plague me with pains just at this time; yes, it is very impolitic, since he knows that I can do a great deal for Him. Or, has the old Marshal of Mt. Sinai and ruler of Judah also become enlightened, and has put by his nationality, yielding up his claims and devotees in the interest of a few vague cosmopolitan notions?" In the same vein he ridicules the underlying philosophy of Reform in Schnabelewopski: "I believe that this new divinely pure spirit, this new ruler of Heaven, who is now conceived of as being so moral, so cosmopolite, so universal, takes it ill to heart that the poor Jews who knew him in his first rude form, remind him daily in their synagogues of his early and obscure national relations. Perhaps the ancient Lord would fain forget that he was of Palestinian origin and was once the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and was in those times called Jehovah." Heine gives us a more intimate picture of the Reform movement when, in a letter to Moser he dissects a few of its leading exponents:

"I have visited Dr. Solomon (preacher of the new Hamburg temple). He has not altogether displeased me; yet he is an Auerbachian. Kley (director of the Israelite Free School in Hamburg) I have not visited. You know that I have always disliked him, and he is really disgusting. Bernays (rabbi of the Berlin temple) I have heard preach. He is a charlatan, none of the Jews understand him; he desires no

more and he will never play another role. However he is a man of spirit and has more energy than Dr. Kley, Solomon, Auerbach I and II! Heine's personal connection with the new movement may be pieced together from a letter to Moser, written in the same year. "Really there in Hamburg I did not act like an egoist. I have, in spite of all considerations, not been able to decide to curry favor with frailty, nor inveigh against strength. I mean by this ~~XXXX~~ my heretical utterances about Kley and Bernays--My predilection for consistent and rigorous orthodoxy lay imbedded me for many years as a result of my historical investigations, not as a priori acceptance,--Were I not a great man, I would, in student-like fashion, as a practical joke, throw stones at the "windows of the Lord"--But just because I am a great man, or at least a man; or, if you do not grant this, a complete man, I cannot succeed in pleasing Hamburg". Writing in 1844, he takes occasion in an obituary article on Marcus to remark on the detrimental effects of Reform Judaism: "Especially did the Israelitish friends of this question succeed in covering it with a watery-gray cloud of boredom, which is more fatal to it than the dull poison of our opponents"

We hear very little of this question in later life, but in DEUTSCHLAND 1844, he tells of a visit to Hamburg, in which connection occur the following witty lines:

The population of Hamburg town
Has from time immemorial
Consisted of Jews and Christians---
The Jews are, again, divided
Into two very different parties.

The old goes to the synagogue;
In the temple the new one's heart is.
The new party eats the flesh of swine
Their manners are somewhat dogmatic;
They democrats are, but the older school,
Is much more^e aristocratic.
I love the old and I love the new;
Yet I swear by the prophet Jonas,
That certain fish I love still more--
Smoked sprats they're commonly known as.

HEINE IN BERLIN *****NATIONALISM.

To distinguish the nature of Heine's youthful interest in Judaism from that evinced in later writings, the simplest descriptive label would be "nationalistic". We are now in a position to examine somewhat in detail those utterances of our author which sprang out of the very sources that gave rise to *ALMANSOR*. Endowed with a highly plastic imagination, Heine could not fail to respond to the currents which streamed around him. Inspired by men like Zunz, he dreamed for awhile of making himself expert in Jewish lore; charmed by Edward Gans, he hoped to devote his life to the pressing needs of the Jews, culturally and socially. It was only when he left the intimate confines of the circle at Berlin that this concentrated nationalistic enthusiasm broadened out into cosmopolitanism, and concerned itself with the more inclusive problems of emancipation. But in the period of 1822-6 Heine had become an indomitable Jewish chauvinist. It was only at the extremity of life that this sentiment, more refined and profound, was to emerge with its ancient power.

I have already noticed the ill-favor which Heine encountered in Germany because of the odious comparisons he had made between the Jews of Poland and Germany in his early article on Poland. Almost at the same time, in a letter to Keller, he asserts his identity with the Jewish people, referring to the latter as "the hateful people trodden like worms". In 1823, when the edict of 1812, which had assured the Jews equal rights, was revoked, Heine burst forth in fine scorn. From this time are dated some of the

sharpest words that he ever uttered. The more the Jews were oppressed the more keenly did he feel his kinship with them. This fact is established by his letters, which reveal not only hatred for the Christians, but also for the Germans. Thus, for example, he writes to Moser (AUG. 23, 1823): "I admit that I shall fight for the Jews and their civil equalisation, and in the inevitable dark days which are to come, the German mob will hear my voice, so that it re-echoes in German beer-houses and palaces". Even the year before he had foreshadowed these words in a striking passage in a letter to his boyhood friend Christian Sethe: "Everything German I despise, and you, alas, are a German. Everything German acts as an emetic upon me. The German tongue tears my ears. My own poems at times disgust me, when I see that they are written in German. Even the writing of this note is irksome to me because the German letters affect my nerves disastrously." Continuing in French: "I would never have believed that these beasts called Germans could be so boresome and malicious at the same time. As soon as my health is restored, I shall leave Germany. I shall go to Arabia". Of course, Heine is not to be taken so seriously; it was after all a passing mood, and his life and writings fail to reveal this violent disgust for all things German; nor does the above-quoted determination to fight for the Jewish cause endure for any great length of time. In this connection, it is interesting to note a letter which presages his conversion of two years hence: "For me the act of baptism has perhaps this significance--that I shall be the better able to dedicate

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myself to the achievement of the rights of my fellow-~~men~~ unfortunates".(Sept.27,1823)

An event in the family which must have struck home with even greater force than external happenings, is succinctly related to Moser: "My brother Gustav, who has followed husbandry for some time, and has acquired the rank of inspector, has now no position. According to him the fault lies partly in the fact that he is circumcised, and partly in the^e fact that so many land-owners are in financial straits and must dispose of their help. But it is the Jew who is chiefly in the way wherever he seeks a position. Just three days before this was written to Moser (Sept.30, 1823) he had already expressed himself to him not only as respects the hatred for the Jew on the part of the Christian but on the part of those professionally interested in Judaism: "I am provoked and irritated in many ways, and am especially embittered against these insipid fellows who obtain a means for a livelihood from a cause for which I have made the greatest sacrifices, for which I must bleed spiritually as long as I live. ME, above all, they needs must embitter. At the very time when I have resigned myself to bear all the brunt of Jew-hatred. Truly it is not men of the type of Kley and Auerbach who are hated in Germany. On all sides I perceive the effects of this hate which has, however, not yet bourgeoned forth. Friends with whom I have spent the greater part of my life turn from me. Admirers come to despise me, Those whom I love best hate me the most. All seek to do me harm. Of the great rabble which does not know me personally, I do not care to speak at all! A few

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months later he informs Moser that his uncle Simon who had now become a member of the Verein had written him; "I (Heine) am now hated on the Rhine as much as formerly I was loved, the reason being that people say I interest myself in behalf of the Jews. Truly I had to laugh, Oh, how I hate the human mob--the Uncircumcised as well as the circumcised". A few more extracts must suffice. "Tolerance is exhibited for all races, whether heathen or gypsies; but toleration and recognition of the Jews may be found only among the lofty-hearted and truly noble men of the Christian world." La Motte Fouque was kind enough to send the budding genius a poem as ~~as~~ appreciation of his early work; upon which Heine laughingly wrote to Moser that the former worthy would never have written the letter if he had examined his genealogy just a little closer. In 1823 he airs his political views to his brother-in-law. One can see from the following lines how intensely national were his sentiments: "Although in England I am a radical and in Italy a Carbonari; still I do not belong to the German demagogues for the quite incidental and trifling reason that at the first victory of the latter party a few thousand Jewish heads, and the best ones at that, would be cut off".

Thus far I have merely given some of Heine's epistolary expressions of his fierce anger at the anti-Jewish movements. But there have also come down to us from this period several poems which reveal the transference to literary mould of Heine's national convictions. The example of some of the leaders of the Verein, combined with his own reflections on the curious fate of the Jew, led him to the study of Jewish history. In June 1824 he writes: "In addi-

tion, I am devoting myself to a study of chronicles, especially Jewish history. The latter, because of connection with the RABBI and perhaps, also, of inner needs. Strange emotion fills me when I peruse these sorrowful annals; a fullness of realization and pain. The spirit of Jewish history discloses itself unto me more and more, and this spiritual armor will ultimately stand me in good stead". Delightful is also this bit from a letter to Moser (Oct 25 1824): "And when sometime, in a free hour, I set sail for Thessaly to reach Parnassus, I meet only with Jews who are planting vegetables there, and I converse with them about Israel's sufferings". While the subject-matter of the Rabbi of Bachrach will be of more vital interest when studied in connection with Heine's conversion, I shall quote here some of the letters, written to Moser, which deal with the composition of the work. I do this because they throw light upon the poet's youthful determination to become one of his people's heroes. In the letter mentioned above occurs also the following: "I have finished only one third of the RABBI, my pains have severely interrupted me; and only the Lord knows when I shall be enabled to finish it --- I have succeeded in the delineation of the Pesach festival, I have to thank you for the Agada; and I ask you to please have a literal translation of the Ceho Lachmo Anyo made for me; also of the little legend of Maaseb' Rabbi Eliazer in addition to the passages from the Psalms which occur in the night-prayer: 'Ten thousand armed guards stand before Solomon's bed'. Perhaps, after the English fashion, I shall give the RABBI a few pages of illustrations, and a few original ideas of mine about the Jews and their history. Benjamin of Tudela, who is

wandering about my table, sends his greetings. He wishes that

Zunz would edit him and translate him. For notices about the Spanish Jews, Schudt was very valuable; I have read both quarto volumes but do not know which provoked me more, the Risces which is poured out on every page, or ~~the~~ asininity which the Risces displayed. Oh, how we Germans have perfected ourselves. I need only a few more notes about the Spanish Jews in the fifteenth century, especially with reference to the academies in Spain. Where can I find something-about fifty years before the dispersion? It is interesting to note that the very year that marked their exile witnessed also the discovery of the new land of religious freedom, America."

To explain the next reference, I shall have to mention that Mordecai Noah, the famous nationalistic dreamer, was an honorary member of the Verein. Chief among his enthusiastic followers was none other than Edward Gans. In May 1823 Heine writes Moser in this bantering vein: "Truly, you are the one man in Israel who feels most deeply; I can only express the beautiful thoughts of others. Your feelings are heavy bars of gold--mine are light paper-money. The latter earns its worth merely through human trust; but paper remains paper,, even if the bank accepts it. And gold remains gold, even if it be an unattractive clod of earth in the ground. Do you not perceive by the above figures that I am a Jewish poet? But why need I take pains; we are entre-mous and I love to speak in our national figures. When Ganstown is finally established and a happier race blesses the Lulav and eats Matzos on the banks of the Mississippi, and a new Jewish literature blossoms forth, then shall our present-

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day mercantile-establishments and stock-exchange terms become a part of our poetic speech, and a poetic grand-son of little Marcus will sing in Tales and Tefillin before the whole Ganstown Kehillah! They sat by the waters of the Spree and were counting treasury notes; then came their enemies and said--"Give us London bills of exchange: High are the stocks".

In the same spirit of persiflage he pictures the Zionist dreams. While working on the RABBI, he writes: "Just last night I was dreaming of you (Moser). In an old Spanish costume, and riding an Andalusian mare, you were riding in the midst of a great throng of Jews who were journeying to Jerusalem. Little Marcus, with his large maps and descriptions of travel went ahead as the guide. Zunz en escarpins carried the Zeitschrift bound in Morocco. Mrs. Dr. Zunz ran at his side as canteen-woman, with a bottle of holiday wine on her back. It was a large Jewish army, and Gans ran from the one to the other to create order. Lehmann and Wohlwill carried flags with the shield of David and Bendavid's precepts upon them. Zucker-Cohen led the temple-assistants. Former Verein-youths carried the bones of Saul Asher. All the baptised Jews followed as purveyors, and the tail of the procession was composed of a number of chariots, in one of which sat Dr. Oppen as field-physician, and Jost as historian of current events. In another carriage sat Friedlander with Frau von der Reche^R, and in one of the most brilliant carriages of state sat Michel Beer as Royal Engineer, and near him sat Wolf and Stich (both actors) who were immediately to perform the PARIAH in Jerusalem and earn deserved praise".

A quotation from one of Heine's letters has been exploited to great advantage by Graetz. It was written to Moser from Hanover, and is dated Jan 21, 1824. It is important because it embodies our author's attitude to those who cater to the Christian's love for Jewish sycohan^acy. The poet discovers in the above-mentioned Michel Beer just that tendency he presumes to censure. It ought to be mentioned here, on the authority of some who have read the play in question, that Heine was apparently too sensitive at this stage of his career to judge accurately the purpose of the drama. I quote the opening sentence of the following letter because it indicates after a fashion how keenly Heine felt the Jewish problem. "From this date you may perceive that I am at present in the city where only a few years ago the rack was abolished. That Michel Beer's PARIAN has met with such success in Berlin, I heard yesterday at Celle; and what is more interesting, I heard it from an old Jew with whom I was exchanging a few ducats. He had heard it of a chirepodist who had come directly from Berlin and had convinced himself that the PARIAN is pari with the works of Goethe and Schiller. I am half curious, dear Moser, to hear your verdict of the piece, in which you certainly have had a share, since M. Beer as well as Frankel (a Hamburg scholar and zealous member of the Verein) belong to your representatives. I have known the piece for a long time, since the author has read it to me himself. It pleased me very well, and it would have pleased me even better, had I, ^{not} at that time had too exact knowledge of India and Indian history. Fatal, extremely fatal

fatal ,was to me the main thesis of the poem,namely ,that the Pariah was a disguised Jew.You must strain every nerve in order that it strike no one that the latter has any likeness to the Indian pariah;and it is silly when he tries to bring this into prominence.But the most silly idea,the most harmful,the most deserving of punishment,is the rare idea that the Pariah presumes that his ancestors brought their own misfortunes upon them through a bloody misdeed.This reference to Jesus may please many people,especially since a Jew pronounces it;(in French)a wasser-dichter--you must not misinterpret this passage--a wasser-dichter --(in English)that will not say a Jew who is a water-poet,but a Jew who is not yet baptized,a water-proof Jew.(In German)I wish Michel Beer were baptised,and spoke frankly,quite "almansory"(does not refer to the drama,but to a short poem of the same name)with respect to Christianity,instead of trying anxiously to spare it, and in fact,as shown above,to flirt with it.I have said more about this man and his poem than befits me,but I have done so chiefly because of this ~~XXXXXX~~ connection,a matter which cannot be indifferent to us."

Let us now return to Heine's correspondence with reference to the RABBI.This one is dated Oct.25 1824,and,as usual,is addressed to Moser."Very little have I written this summer,in fact,so little have I done on the RABBI,that scarce one third is finished.It will,however,be a big book;and with inexpressible love I carry the work in my heart.It is a work,and does not spring out of a desire for empty fame.On the contrary,were I to hearken to the dictates

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of prudence I should not write it at all. I can already perceive how much displeasure I shall incur by it; and how much enmity I shall arouse. But since it springs from love, it shall be an immortal work: an eternal light in God's dome, no wasteful theatre-light. I have erased much that was written in this book; but now I have succeeded in getting a grasp on the whole, and I only ask of God to give me healthy hours in which to write it down--You have forgotten to send me the few notes for the RABBI which I requested of you in my last letter. I thank Dr. Zunz a thousandfold for the information about the Spanish Jews, although this information is meagre, still Zunz has rendered me better service than a uselessly rummaged volume, with a few skilful hints; and he shall unknowingly have influenced the RABBI.***--In Basnage I have found little--but the whole of the work is grand, and a part of the impression which it left upon me I have indicated in a poem I wrote on September the eleventh.

TO EDOM

For a thousand years and more we have borne with each other brotherly. You suffer me to breathe, and with patience I bear your frenzy.

Many a time, in the dark days, I am possessed with a strange feeling; you color your dear kindly paws with my blood.

Now our friendship is sealed more firmly, and it grows in strength daily; for I myself begin to rage and become as wild as you.

Now, as one word brings another, so one verse yields a second, and

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I shall impart to you some insignificant verses I composed last evening, as, despite rain and storm I was walking over the Weenderstrasse and thought of you, and of the joy I would experience if I could send you the RABBI. And I have already composed the verses which I should write for you as a preface, on the white wrapper of your copy. Since I keep no secrets from you, I shall now impart to you those very verses.

"Break out in loud wailing, thou sad martyr-song. I have borne so long with quiet flaming soul.

It pierces all ears, and through the ears the heart. I have sworn to keep in memory the pain of one thousand years.

The great and small are weeping, even the cold nobles. The women and flowers are weeping; even in heaven weep the stars.

And all my tears flow gently towards the South; They flow on and pour themselves into the Jordan.

IN the same letter, Heine, at that time studying law, remarks on the relief he feels, when, breaking away from his dry legal studies, he can devote some minutes to the contemplation of Israel's sorrows. He inquires after the Verein which had by this time become considerably disintegrated, due to disagreements, to defection resulting from baptism, and, what is most likely, a recognition of the futility of its practical aims. "with grief I miss the report of the Verein in your letters. Couldn't you devote just a few words, telling me of its condition? Or, has the Verein already sent out its cards pour prendre conge, or will it keep up? Will God be mighty in the weak, in Auerbach and his consorts? Will a messiah be chosen?

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Since Gans is going to be baptised, he will not be in a position to assume the Messiahship. Choice of the ass would be much easier. He is now nearing his examinations in law, after which he hopes to find more time for writing. Especially is he anxious to finish the RABBI "who lies like a hundred-weight on my soul. This most unselfish work shall also be my most successful. And, as if working up to a theatrical climax, we find this last fond hope elaborated in a letter of July 1, 1825". "The latter is slowly progressing; every line has to be fought over, yet I press undauntedly forward, for I possess the consciousness within me that only I can write such a book, and that the writing thereof is a useful work, pleasing to the Lord. At the end of the year I hope to have the RABBI finished. It is a work that will be named as source-material throughout the ages".

As a final expression of his Jewish national sentiment, Heine has left a poem called DONNA GLARA. It is a narrative poem, comprising some twenty stanzas, written in the poet's characteristic direct vein. The scene is laid in the gardens of the Alcalde. The daughter of this nobleman finds herself disgusted with the hollowness of the sycophants who surround her. She walks out to meet her lover, a handsome young knight. They wander hand in hand through the beautiful garden, and the knight, noticing a blush on the cheek of the fair charmer, inquires the reason thereof; the poetic damsel makes answer quite prosaically:

'Twas the flies that stung me, dearest,

And the flies are all the summer,

Quite as much detested by me

As the long-nosed Jewish fellows",
 "Never mind the flies and Jews, dear",
 Said the knight with fond caresses--
 "Is thy heart devoted to me?"
 "Yes, I truly love thee, dearest,
 And I swear it by the Savior
 Whom the god-detested Jews murdered".

The young man appears not to be quite reassured by this awful oath,
 and he asks anxiously: "hast thou not taken a false oath?"

"Falsehood is not in me, dearest,
 Since within my breast there flows not
 Even one single drop of Moor's blood,
 Or of dirty Jews blood either".

Now fully convinced that his innamorata is faithful to him, he leads
 her, to the music of nightingales, into the bower. All is silent for
 a time. Then the silence is broken by the clarion notes of the trum-
 pet. Aroused from her love-reveries, the maiden releases herself
 from her Knight's arms; but before going, she implores her hero to
 disclose his long-withheld name.

And the knight with radiant smiling
 Kissed the fingers of his Donna,
 Kissed her lips and kissed her forehead,
 At last these words he uttered:
 "I, Senora, I, your loved one,
 Am the son of the much-honored
 Great and learned scribe, the Rabbi
 Israel of Sargossa".

No better comment may be made on this ironical poem than to subjoin extracts from three of Heine's letters, the first two to Moser, the third to Ludwig Robert, and all written in November 1823.

"The whole of the romance is a scene from my own life, except that the animal garden (of Berlin) is changed into that of the Alcalde, and a baroness into the signora, and I myself am changed into a St. George or even to an Apollo. It is only the first piece of a trilogy, the second of which depicts the hero derided by his son who does not know him. The third shows the child, now grown up into a Dominican friar, placing his Jewish brother on the rack."

"I am glad that the romance has pleased you. But I did not relish your laughing at it. But it often happens that way with me; I cannot relate my own sorrows without making the whole matter seem comical". He re-emphasizes the serious aspect of the poem in his letter to Robert: "I am happy that the poem did not displease you, although I myself doubted its value. For the poem does not express felicitously what I had intended to say, and perhaps says something entirely different. It was not intended to inspire laughter, much less to reveal a cynical tendency. Simply, unpremeditatedly, and with epic impartiality, I wished to represent in the poem an individual, and yet universal occurrence, which was reflected in me. The entire poem I conceived not humourously, but in painful earnest; it was even to be the first part of a tragic trilogy".

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL.

One who is but moderately acquainted with the many facets which Heine's character displayed, can easily explain how the poet's obviously sincere ^{an}determination to labor and suffer for the Jewish people could be offset by a sensitive impatience which always possessed him. A slight objection to his views, a little indifference on the part of his fellow-Jews, was sufficient to arouse that spirit of contradiction which betrays itself so regularly throughout his works, and which we must continually bear in mind if we are to judge his views with any amount of accuracy. The irony which lay imbedded in his very nature prevented him from becoming a thoroughgoing idealist. When flaming passion cooled off, it left a residue of bitter cynicism; nay, in his finest flights he seems to be aware of the futility of struggle; always he displays a mental reservation which arises from a conviction of human worthlessness. I have already quoted several letters which reveal precisely this aspect of his mental functioning. For example, after his violent diatribe against Reform Judaism, he asks Moser not to take him too seriously. Parallel with his devotion to the Jewish people and spiritual sympathy for its misery, there flows an equally powerful contempt for its weaknesses which led finally to his complete desertion of the Jewish cause. Surely, the utter incompetency which the Verein betrayed in its attempts at coping with the Jewish problem, its final dissolution, and the conversion of its leading spirits, must have resulted, at last, both in a loss of faith in the cause itself, and in his capacity for sacrifice in its behalf. Nor should we over-

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look the meretricious attitude of righteous indignation which was so characteristic of our author. His idealism was not always fine-grained; we are apt to find him, only too often, querulous, petty, and very frequently, insincere. These moral defects in Heine's makeup the reader has continually to take into account, if he is properly to evaluate the following quotations from his letters. There is something cheap and theatrical in their ring and this fact makes their presentation, to phrase it mildly, a distasteful task.

In the early part of 1823, Heine, because of his ill-health and the financially depressed condition of his parents, went to rest at Luneberg, a town near Berlin. From this locality he addressed many of his sharpest utterances against his own people. Scarcely had he arrived, when he wrote to Moser: "At my entrance in Luneberg I noticed that quite a Risches reigns here, and I have undertaken to live in isolation." The spirit of disillusion had him firmly in its grasp, and even in his finest moments, when working on the RABBI, we can see that its relentless grip was not relaxed. So, one month later, June 18, 1823, he writes again to his bosom-friend: "There are Jews here as everywhere, unbearable cheap traders and dirty clouts; the Christian middleclass is disagreeable, but in a higher degree, filled with the usual Risches; the higher classes are the same. Our little dog is sniffed at by the other dogs on the street, in a peculiar fashion, and is ill-treated; and the Christian dogs openly display a Risches towards the Jewish dog".

Heine's innate distaste for business, coupled with a resentment brought about by his own failures in that field, expressed

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itself in many a cutting remark about the mercantile tendencies of his race. Perhaps a comparison between his uninspired uncle who rolled in wealth and his own artistic, but impoverished, self, must have been responsible in no small measure for the scornful railings at the successful business-man. He frequently indicates his unbounded admiration for Rothschild, but then, of all mortals Heine was the least consistent, and besides, he had been to visit this Jewish prince and been well received. At any rate, to judge from his writings, Heine could have given mighty material to the latter-day anti-semites. In his earlier prose, BRIEFE AUS BERLIN, he stops while describing the city, to point out the stock-exchange, adding with complacency: "There deal the professors of the Old and New Testaments".

What shall we say of his idealism when we see the man who openly declared himself the friend of rigorous and consistent orthodoxy writing in this strain to Lehmann (June 26, 1823): I expect you who read the newspapers to let me know if any attack has been made upon me, especially with respect to religion. You know how far that interests me". To Moser he says: "What ~~XX~~ they think of me (in Hamburg) isn't very strange to me; yet it is not a matter of indifference to me. They are under the illusion that I am an enthusiast for the Jewish religion---Yet I will never tell the Steinweg when I expect to do something for it; it ought never to await anything from me. Thus, I shall never give them occasion to say that I have not fulfilled its expectations. That was always my method". He prefaces this letter by calling the Hamburg Jews "a miserable pack"----"I feel better when I keep away from them".

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More expressive still is the conclusion of that very letter in which he speaks so bombastically of his love for orthodox Judaism: "just because I am a great man--I could not please the Jews of Hamburg. I noticed this immediately and kept away from the Jewish crowd. And then this rabble dares to speak of me. People of whose existence I am not even aware, have told my brother that I had spoken with them and, the Lord knows, on what subjects. Such Jewish loathesomeness is possible only in Israel--it oppresses me on all sides. (Nov 5, 1823)

In the following letters all the whimsicality of our author stands revealed. He anxiously voices his determination to work for the Jewish cause, inquires about the Verein, and then, by a method he regularly employs in his poems, he recalls the miserable Steinweg, reminding his friend that he is not dealing with an ordinary person whose word may be relied on, but with Heine--who remains as ever, incorrigible. "You have written me very little about the Verein. DO you think that the interests of our brothers are no longer in my heart? You are mightily mistaken--May my right hand wither if I forget thee, Jerusalem, are the approximate words of the Psalmist, and they are also mine--I wish I could talk to you for one hour chiefly about what I have intimated to you about my own condition, and have thought about Israel, and you will see how--the brood of asses thrives on the Steinweg, and how Heine is, and always must be Heine". Nor does he, in his vituperation of the Jewish people, stop at the epithet "asses"; one may find plenty of diversion by going through his letters to see how often he will find appellations like "swine"

or better, "dirty, stinking Jews". Truly, Heine is, and always must be Heine.

Naturally, this attitude must have come to the attention of his fellow-Jews. From the numerous references in his letters to his quarrels with them and the antagonism aroused by his constant sneering at their foibles, it is possible to surmise why he encountered so much opposition and hatred in his own people. Some such collision may have prompted one of the ideas he jotted down later in life (Gedanken und Einfalle): "When the Jews are good, they are better, when they are wicked, they are worse, than the Christians!"

HEINE'S CONVERSION.

A perusal of the literature devoted to Heine's conversion in 1825 fills one with a realization of the helplessness and one-sidedness of the greater bulk of what is known as literary criticism. The works of our author are fortunately--or unfortunately, as the case may be, so clear and unequivocal, that the critics have met with considerable difficulty in lighting upon a stamping-ground for their conjectural subtleties. Still, because of its intrinsic interest, or because so much anti-semitic and apologetic material may be conjured up by a discussion thereof, the matter of Heine's conversion has become a piece-de-resistance for their critical cudgels. So much tearful sentimentality as well as undisguised bitterness, has been poured forth by those who treat the subject, that it is a relief to find men like Puetzfeld--a non-Jew, by the way--who state the bald facts without appending adornments of their own view-point.

Without attempting to gloss over what seems to have been prompted by practical motives, the facts in the case are simply these. In 1823, the edict of 1812, which allowed the Jews of Prussia to occupy civil positions, was suddenly repealed. Jews were not permitted to follow any profession except that of medicine; so that Heine's career was jeopardised unless, following the example set by Gans, he converted to Christianity. It may be assumed with considerable certainty that had not this unexpected hindrance intervened, we should never have had to record Heine's apostasy. For, in that year Heine's national enthusiasms were at their crest, and

with them surged a violent hatred for Christianity. The very letter to Wohlwill which contains his memorable attack on Reform Judaism, includes also these unmistakeable sentences: "The final downfall of Christianity becomes clearer to me daily. There are filthy families of ideas which are nested in the cracks of this old world, the deserted bed of the divine spirit, just as families of bed-bugs infest the bed of a Polish Jew. If one treads on these idea-bugs it leaves a stench which is discernible for a thousand years. Such is Christianity, which was trodden upon ~~xxx~~ eighteen hundred years ago, and which poisons the air for our poor Jews since that time."

A host of troublesome influences did not fail to contribute towards the fatal step; at least, they made the path easier for it. Chief among them were his economic difficulties which could only be removed by complying with the edict. Then came the definitive dissolution of the Verein, which deprived him of intellectual support in the crisis: a support so terribly weakened by the defection of Heine's hero Gans. And as we have seen, no mean role must be assigned to the disgust engendered in him by the intrigues of his inappreciative or ungrateful opponents within the Jewish camp. We can only surmise how much impetus was lent him by his already large host of enemies among the Gentiles. Furthermore, by an ironical turn of fate, conversion had become extremely fashionable, especially in the higher Jewish Circles. Conspicuous among the convertites were Mendelssohn's children, Börne, and Gans; so that Heine was not striking out along new lines. The censure he incurs is due mainly to the

prominence he accords in his works to Jewish interests; for his Jewish consciousness must have suffered quite a wrench by the act. We hear very little of Börne's conversion, because he displays very little concern for his people. In cosmopolitan outlook he went far beyond the most latitudinarian views of his time, consequently his apostasy created no stir at the time. It is the evident sincerity of Heine's earlier Jewish convictions that caused so much pain to his friends and redoubled the anger of his enemies. But let him speak for himself.

The earliest mention of the whole matter is to be found in a valuable letter, written from Luneberg to Moser September 27, 1823; "You see me therefore, despite my head-aches, busily pursuing the law studies which are finally to yield me bread. As you can suspect, we are concerned about conversion. None of my family, excepting myself, is opposed to it. And this "myself" is a very obstinate person. From my way of thinking you can readily surmise that baptism is an indifferent matter to me, that even symbolically I do not regard it as important, and in the fashion in which it would be consummated by me, it would have no significance to others. For me it has this importance: that I should be the better able to devote myself to the winning of rights for the unfortunate members of my race. And yet, I regard it as below my dignity, as sullyng the honor of myself, if I, in order to get a position in Prussia, were to have myself baptised. In dear Prussia. I really don't know how to help myself in this dilemma. Out of aggravation I may yet become

a Catholic and hang myself. But let me break from this fatal theme and since I shall speak with you in person in a few months, I shall therefore defer discussion of this matter until that time. We live in sad times: rascals become the best, and the best must become rascals. Now I can appreciate the words of the Psalmist: "O Lord, Give me my daily bread, that I might not blaspheme thy holy name."

The tragedy becomes all the more poignant, if we remember that at the very time he had to decide upon the irrevocable deed, in fact, at the very moment he was executing it, he was engaged upon the RABBI, that work of love, as he calls it, which, he fondly dreamt, would be counted among the world's masterpieces. Without indulging in flatulent sentiment, the sober truth seems to have been that Heine, notwithstanding the charlatanism which harbored in his nature, was really torn by the conflicting calls of love and worldly prosperity. Witness the strong pathos which suffuses his letter to Meser, written in October, just a few months after his conversion:

"It is a pleasure of soul for me to hear again that you are well and alive, and that your spirit is becoming brighter, and your sleeping-jacket more and more frayed. and that on Sunday morning, in your tattered coat, you recite Homer to yourself--just as our ancestors did with Tosfes Yom Tov.--Now that I have mentioned books, let me recommend Golowins Journey to Japan. You will learn therein that the Japanese are the most urbane people in the world; yea, verily, I might say they are also the most Christian people, were it not that I read to my surprise how nothing is so odious ~~XX~~ and abominable to them as Christianity. I shall become a Japanese; he hates nothing more

than the cross. Perhaps I shall send you to-day another poem from the "Rabbi", in the writing of which I have, alas, again been interrupted. I beg of you not to tell anyone of the poem, or of any private affairs I might relate to you. A young Spanish Jew, who had undergone baptism out of a spirit of riotous insolence, corresponds with young Judah Abarbanel, and sends him that poem translated from the Moorish. Perhaps he is too much afraid to tell his friend directly of his ignoble conduct, so he sends him this poem. Do not reflect too much about this. I am looking forward with great expectation to Gans's return. I really believe that Gans will come back as Eli-ganz--In short, Gans will return to Paris a Christian in the wateriest sense of the term.

Scholars are practically united in the belief that the poem to which Heine refers as being translated from the Spanish is no other than **ALMANSOR**, a short poem reprinted in the **HEIMKEHR** where it is placed immediately after **Donna Clara**. This little poem speaks with more directness than the drama of the same name, and it must be the former to which the author alludes when he speaks of himself as writing "almansorig". I quote part of the poem.

"Moorish kings formerly built this house for Allah's fame, yet it has changed much in the dark tumult of the times. Upon the tower where the watch-man was wont to call to prayer, sounds now the melancholy tones of the Christian bells. Upon the steps, where the faithful sang the words of the prophets, bald priestlings display the insipid marvels of the mass.

And such a turning and twisting of the motley dolls, and such a bleating and puffing and ringing, and the silly candles

gleaming.

In the dome at Cordova stands Almansor ben Abdullah, looking at the pillars. Quietly he murmurs these words: "Ye pillars, strong and mighty, once decked for Allah's glory. Now, enslaved, you must worship hated Christendom.

"You accomodate yourselves to the times, and patiently you bear your burden. Yes, the weaker one must quiet himself with greater ease."

And his head, with calm face, Almansor ben Abdullah bows over the adorned baptismal stone in the dome of Cordova, After the ceremony, Almansor dreams that he stands again, with head down-sunk and dripping, in the dome at Cordova, and he hears many muffled voices. All the lofty giantlike pillars he hears grimly muttering; they cannot bear it any longer, and they totter and tremble. Wildly they crash into ruin; the dome sinks in ruins; and the Christian gods whine."

We may also catch a glimpse of Heine's feelings about conversion from a letter of Dec 14 1825, in which he says: "I know not what to say about this; Cohn assures me that Gans is preaching Christianity, and is trying to convert the children of Israel. If he is doing this out of conviction he, is a fool; if out of hypocrisy, he is a scamp. Never theless, I shall ~~never~~ cease to love him; but I confess that, rather than the above report, I should have been happier to hear that Gans had stolen silver spoons. That you Moser, should feel the way Gans does, I cannot bring myself to believe, although Cohn assures me that it is so, and that he has it directly

from you. I should be sorry to hear that my own conversion could appear in a favorable light to you. I assure you that if the law had permitted the theft of silver spoons, I should not have been converted. More of this hereafter by word of mouth.

Last Saturday I went to the temple, and had the pleasure of hearing with my own ears how Dr. Solomon cut loose against the baptised Jews and harped on this: "How through sheer hope of acquiring a position (ipsissima verba) they allow themselves to be persuaded to become untrue to the faith of their fathers." I assure you that the sermon was good; and I intend to visit the man one of these days. -- Cohn acts splendidly towards me. I eat with him on Shabes; he pours glowing kugel on my head with terrible vexation. I eat this holy national dish, which has been more instrumental in the perpetuation of Judaism than all the three volumes of the Zeitschrift. Incidentally, it has also had a wider sale."

Immediately thereafter comes another humorous touch. "If I had time I would write Mrs. Zunz a fine Jewish letter. I am now a real Christian, that is, I am sponging on the rich Jews". But the tone changes, and a few weeks later he writes in anguish: "I am now hated by Jew and Christian alike. I regret exceedingly that I have been baptised. I cannot see that I have done any better for it; on the contrary, I have had nothing but misfortune -- Isn't it silly? No sooner am I baptised than I am cried down as a Jew. Truly, I tell you, I have had nothing but reversals since then."

Although this cry is one of the most thrilling Heine ever emitted; I believe that the most touching, as well as the most human, is to be heard echoing in the following passage from a letter to

Moser, dated from Hamburg April 23 1826. "those were good old days when Ratcliff and Almansor appeared at Dümmlers, and you, my dear Moser, admired the beautiful passages they contained. I recall that the Psalm: "We sat by the waters of Babylon," was then your favorite and you would recite it so beautifully, so gloriously, so touchingly, that I am now even brought to tears, and not on account of the psalm alone. You also had at that time a few good ideas about Judaism, about the Christian baseness in making proselytes, the vileness of the Jews who intend by conversion not merely to remove difficulties, but to attain something through it, to gain something by it, and such other good thoughts which you ought, at convenient moments commit to writing. You are too self-sufficient not to do so for the sake of Gans, and as far as I am concerned, you needn't worry about me. ---Forgive my ill-humor; it is pointed chiefly at myself. I often get up at night and stand before my mirror and scold myself. Perhaps at this moment I regard my friend's soul as such a mirror, but it seems to me that it is not as clear as of yore. Do not be peeved because I am. I concede that you are right. And what is more than being [^]wrong, I am "subjective," and in such wrong subjectivity I berate Gans and the weather---but changeable, fickle month of April, pardon me for mentioning you in the same breath with Gans; you did not deserve that (I mean the weather) It is a manly consistent month, a decent month etc. Greet our "auszerordentlichen" friend, and tell him that I love him. This is meant in all seriousness of soul. He is still a dear image to me, if no longer a holy image, nor one worthy of honor or capable of performing

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miracles. I often think of him, because I don't want to think of myself. Last night, for example, I thought with what countenance Gans could step before Moses if the latter were suddenly to appear on earth. For Moses is the greatest jurist that ever lived, since his law endures even to this day. I dreamt also that Gans and Mordecai Noah came together at Stralau, and Oh wonders, Gans was as silent as a fish. Zunz stood near, laughing sarcastically, and said to his wife: "Do you see kitten?" I believe that Lehmann made a long speech, in full tones, interlarded with "Enlightenment", "Change⁸ of Zeit-verhältnisse", "Progress of the World Spirit", during which I did not go to sleep; on the contrary, I awoke. And when I awoke, I thought of you, and I made a brilliant remark: that you have more penetration than I have--quod erat demonstrandum."

Oppressed by these grievances, and afflicted thereto with relentless headaches, he writes from Nordeney in July of the same year. I shall spend this year, at least part of it, in Berlin. My thoughts in the matter are not yet settled, but I am quite decided that it is very urgent that I say vale to the German father-land. I am driven forth, not so much by the wanderlust, as by the torture entailed by personal circumstances--for example, the ineradicable Jew. How deeply rooted is the myth of the wandering Jew! In the quiet vale in the woods, the mother tells the awful legend, the little ones press closer to ~~XXX~~ the hearth--outside it is night, the post-horn sounds--Jewish traders are going to the Leipzig fair. We who are the heroes of the fairy-tale are not aware of the white beard whose

edges the times have dyed to a youthful black, this beard no barber can shave off. My "Christus on the Water", the twelfth "Sea-picture", has aroused much ill-will towards me."

The poem "Christ on the Waters", in many respects the most glaring example of Heine's recklessness and Rabelaisian vulgarity, is now published in the series "Nordsee" under the title "Frieden". It opens with a wonderful description of the dawn on the ocean, one of the poet's finest pieces of work. In the roseate clouds there appears an image of Jesus, bidding good-will to all men, and announcing peace to the world, while about him the universe is in glory, and the spheres sing in their rounds. A raucous laugh shatters the sublime scene. Heine turns to the reader and asks him how he would like to be able to write poetry like that. What a fine chance it would be for the reader to attain a religious sinecure! How eager the Church dignitaries would be to take him under their sheltering wings! No wonder we find Heine writing that it has aroused a storm of hatred against him.

During the period we have now reached, appeared Heine's REISEBILDER. They saw the light about a year after his conversion and we can still find traces in them of contempt or hatred for Christianity, and what is more important, a direct reference to his apostasy. In the Harzreise, while describing his journey through Klaus-thal, he notices a catechism in the hands of a school-boy, whereupon he comments in his own inimitable fashion:

"This booklet was very poorly printed, and I am afraid that religious education makes likewise an unpleasant blotting-paper

impression on the minds of the children. For it occurred to me then that the multiplication table which conflicts so dangerously with the doctrine of the Trinity is in that very catechism, yea, is printed in the very last pages. In this way the children are led at an early age to sinful misgivings. But we Prussians are wiser, and in our zeal to convert that people which is so well versed in reckoning, we take care not to print the multiplication table behind the catechism."

In this early work he keeps on referring to himself as a Protestant. As if intent on emphasizing the farcical nature of the whole business, he insists on labelling himself as a Christian. So, for example, he writes to his uncle Solomon two years later (Sept. 15, 1828): "give my regards to Moritz Oppenheimer. I do not like him, although as a Christian I should love even my enemies, but I am just a beginner in Christian love!" Or, scattered through the Reisebilder, are found references to his "practising Christian patience", and to the houses as looking "so touchingly Christian", or swears "as I am a good Christian". That these could not be taken seriously, not even as an earnest fraud, becomes easily apparent by comparison with the ejaculations of the comical convert, Gumpelino.

Pursuing his journey, Heine comes to Goslar, where, in a church, he sees hanging a large board upon which were announced the psalm-numbers. It strikes him as a good device for concealing the absence of a fresco of Raphael. "Such progress pleases me immensely, for I, who am a Protestant, in fact, a Lutheran, would be grieved if Catholic opponents should sneer at the empty, God-forsaken appearance of

Protestant churches."

A little later, at Nordeney, he takes occasion to discuss both church and pastor. "T he Lord knows that I am a good Christian-- but when I come to the doors of the church, I am unexpectedly seized by a spirit of levity, and I regard it a sin to enter." In this way he explains why he has never visited the church.

In the BUCH LE GRAND, or BOOK OF IDEAS, wherein lies imbedded a valuable deposit of biographical material, we light upon a clever satire on conversion. In the very first chapter, offering to describe Hell for the Madam, he explains that the Christians come first in very large numbers; then come the Jews "in another row, and they kept up a continual howling, and were plagued at times by the devils. There it happened that a fat, panting pawn-broker would complain tragi-comically, over the excessive heat. A little devil would then pour a few buckets of cold water over his head, in order that he might learn what a truly refreshing thing baptism was".

In October of the same year he represents to Moser his fears about the theatrical way in which Gans was displaying his newly acquired Christianity; "I trust that Gans, who is still a freshman in Christianity, has not begun to "Christeln". No, our G.G. Plumper (Cohn, the rabbi mentioned in other letters) has lied to me. But, should he ever act that way, then will your Christianity, crucified as a world-savior, call out to him: "Dr. Eli, Dr. Eli, lama asavtani". Just twenty years later Heine wrote to Lasalle about another great Jew, in exactly the same strain: "As respects Felix Mendelssohn, I yield to your wishes, and I shall not print a single carping word

against him. I am angry with him because of his "christeln". I cannot forgive this man, in independent circumstances, for serving the pietists with his colossal genius".

In the "Gedanken und Einfälle", collected late in life, but written at odd moments of his active career, we find two interesting comments on conversion. Judging from their tone, I am tempted to class them as late, because he speaks without bitterness, and with that quiet humor which marks his later writings. "The baptismal certificate is the entree-billet to European culture". "I attribute the blame for my turning Christian to those Saxons who suddenly turned about at Leipzig; or to Napoleon who need not have gone to Russia, or to his teacher who instructed him in geography, at Brienne, but forgot to tell him that it is very cold in winter at Moscow".

There is a quiet pathos in the few lines which Heine devoted to Gans's defection from the Verein. They occur in the obituary of Ludwig Marcus, written in 1844, in which he says of Gans: "His defection was all the more reproachable, since he played the role of an agitator and assumed definite presidential duties. It is traditionally regarded as the captain's duty to leave a sinking ship the last--Gans, however, saved himself first".

-CONVERSION IN HEINE'S WRITINGS.

One cannot repeat too often the fact, so frequently disregarded by Heine critics, that we must not expect to find in our author a consistently formulated body of "Jewish doctrine". In this regard, his statements suffer from the same weakness as do his utterances in other fields. Be it literary criticism, philosophic discussion, personal lampoon, "Heine is always Heine". His prominent English translator, Leland has taken the trouble to point out in running commentaries how striking are his contradictions, how fatally dependent on momentary whim are some of his most brilliant and searching passages. Therefore, without attempting to co-ordinate them by fanciful transitions, I shall submit Heine's most important literary presentations of his views on conversion. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that they are displayed in three forms: primarily by a burlesque of the convertites, as in the "Baths of Lucca," again by an imaginative autobiographical record as the third chapter of the RABBI, and finally, by a bitterly sarcastic invective, as we shall see from excerpts of his BORNE.

But before quoting these at any length, we need to cast a bird's-eye view at the changes that had been taking place in Heine's attitude towards the Jews. They were due manifestly to both personal experiences and intellectual convictions. Only imperfectly can we determine the exact role played by each of these factors, but the facts in the case are as follows.

We have seen how it gradually dawned upon Heine that his conversion had not yielded him the returns he had hoped for. Hounded

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by Christian and Jew, he spent the years immediately following his conversion alternately in Luneberg, England and the sea-shore. The only refuge he owned was his pen, and with it he startled enemies and be-distanced his friends by heralding himself as the foe of all religions and declaring himself an atheist. This viewpoint he defended by railing at all things sacred in such a way as Germany had never before heard. From this period dates the bitter war between himself and the "pietists" and organized churches. Perhaps a great deal of the responsibility for the sentiments he openly expressed in favor of Judaism may be traced to the mere desire of taunting his Christian enemies. He was guaranteed a permanent contingent of readers by his "Buch der Lieder". The temptation to seize such an opportunity for flaying his opponents by heaping praise on the people he had deserted, could not easily have been resisted by one of Heine's make-up. In return, he was prevented from obtaining a professorship at Munchen, thanks to the intrigues of the very priestlings he was lashing; a defeat which did not result in making him more tractable.

While the storms which he had aroused were howling about him, he began also to realise that the Jewish problem was not as easy of solution as it had appeared to his youthful enthusiasm, and that it did not yield itself so readily to the ~~the~~ mild treatment of retrospective romanticism--in short, he came to the conclusion that a stronger tonic was needed than had been employed by the doctrinaire Berliners. After leaving Berlin, his interest in social and political problems ^{was} ~~were~~ intensified,

bringing about, as a consequence, a broadening of his formerly narrowly centered Jewish nationalism. The waves which brought about the July revolution of 1830 must have touched him on many sides, so that imperceptibly he began to view the Jewish problem in the light, not merely of Jewish emancipation, but going beyond it, of universal emancipation. To his maturing mind all the sugar-coatings to which the Jewish question had been subjected were farcically useless. Zeal had changed to skepticism. Note the indulgent irony which informs this letter to Zunz, written at the height of this cynical reaction to his early enthusiasms:

Hamburg, in the holy month of May, 1826.

To Dr. Zunz, appointed judge over Israel (in Noah's program), vice-president of the Society for the Culture and Knowledge of the Jews, President of the Scientific Institute, (conducted by the Verein), Editor of the Zeitschrift of the Science of Judaism, member of the Agricultural Commission, Librarian--

I stop at the last title to offer you a copy of my newest book for the library of the Verein; but in case it has been moved to Arrarat, will you please give said copy to your wife for kitchen-use?----

H. Heine,

Dr. Juris, and member of the Verein for the culture and learning of the Jews in the eighteenth century.

Another instance: One of the chief causes for his early outspokenness in behalf of the Jews was a riot he had witnessed in 1819.

During his last stay at Hamburg, in 1830, he saw a repetition of this affair, in which the mob threatened the home of his uncle Solomon. No mention of it has been preserved in his letters, and the only reference we possess is in the form of a little note in his "Gedanken und Einfälle". "One Jew said to the other ; "I was too weak." This phrase may be recommended as a motto for the history of Judaism". It is a far cry from the author of those letters which breathe a determination to labor for the Jewish cause, and the inditer of this confession of disillusionment.

The problem of Jewish emancipation played a sufficiently important rôle in Heine's writings to deserve a place by itself. We are interested here in the writings which draw on his experiences following on his conversion. The first in importance is the "Baths of Lucca", printed in the third volume of the REISEBILDER 1830. The aim of the book is two-fold; namely, to ridicule the Jewish elite of Hamburg with its religious monstrosities and parvenu idiosyncracies, and to castigate the Count Platen, a popular but second-rate poet of the day, who had portrayed Heine in a boldly anti-semitic fashion, in his play "Oedipus". This curious juxtaposition is significant. When Heine brought the virulent anti-semites into the company of the laughable Hamburg Jews with intent to annihilate them both together, he revealed how radically his erstwhile Jewish pride had changed. Instead of defending the Jews from attack by assuming his own case to have been typical, he reverses the matter by ridiculing the Jews himself, and re-

garding the onslaught on himself as a manifestation of a personal grudge. Still, Heine may be said to have served the Jewish cause by holding up to ridicule the modern Jewish perversions in the shapes of Gumpelino and Hyacinth.

The Marquis Gumpelino is a real person, Christian Gumpel, a Hamburg banker who had been converted. He is portrayed as a money-grubber who tries in vain to rub off his ancient varnish by contact with the refinements afforded by modern culture. In spite of his exclamations "Oh Jesus" and the like proofs of his Christianity, he is quite likely to revert to type and sing his prayers with that nasal twang so characteristic of the Jews. But Hyacinth, a Mr. Hirsch, of Hamburg, who acts as Gumpelino's servant is a caricature of the Temple Jew. Why he is a Reform Jew, he makes clear in his rationalistic disquisitions. He is also represented as more sincere than Gumpelino the convert, although he is made to speak more naively. Heine evidently hated the convert; for the "watery" reformer he cherished good-natured contempt. Let us read the sermon which Heine develops from so unsermonic a subject as Gumpelino's nose.

Baths of Lucca. Chap II.

Mathilda's warning not to be struck by Gumpelino's nose, has some foundation in fact, for he came within an ace of knocking out one of my eyes with it. I shall say nothing against this nose; on the contrary, it was of the noblest form and seemed of itself to give my friend full right to claim, at least, the title of Marquis. For it was evident from the nose that Gumpelino was of

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high nobility, and descended from that very ancient world-family into which the blessed Lord himself married without fear of a mesalliance. Since those days, it is true that the family has come down a little, and, in fact, since the days of Charle^lsmagne they have been obliged to pick up a living by selling old pantaloons and Hamburg lottery tickets, but without diminishing in the least their pride of ancestry or losing the hope that some day they will come again into their long-lost property, or, at least, obtain emigration damages, with interest, when their old sovereign keeps the promises made when restored to office--promises by which he has been leading them about by the nose for two thousand years. Perhaps this leading them about by the nose is the cause of the latter being pulled out to such length."

Into the mouth of the immortal Hyacinth the writer places for utterance some of the wittiest words he ever wrote on the merits of the predominant religions, insofar as their social and economic value was concerned. It is all very well, this little man comments, to be a Catholic if you have as much money as Gumpelino; if you can keep a chaplain and pay six hundred francs for a Madonna to adore, and enjoy all the luxuries which a lavish investment in that particular faith would yield. But Hyacinth, a mere lottery collector, cannot afford to have his mind diverted from his affairs by the chiming of bells, or his eyes prevented from setting down the right number because of optic-irritating incense. No, if you are wealthy, you can afford to let your senses swim, but

how can a poor business man, whose interests demand a constant and uninterrupted union of the seven senses, dream of succumbing to the blandishment of this luxuriant and intoxicating religion?

And as to Protestantism? Well, the objections are just as cogent. Even this enlightened, rationalistic business man can't see the sense of that paucity of miracles on which this faith prides itself. Why, he even lost money betting on the psalm numbers posted in a Protestant church in Hamburg. And as for the Jewish religion? "Doctor, the mischief take the old Jewish religion. I don't wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you it isn't a religion; it's a misfortune. I keep out of the way of everything that puts me in mind of it, --- I really don't know with whom I ought to keep company when I get back to Hamburg; but I know what I'll do in the religious line. Just for the present I can get along with the New Israelitish Temple, I mean the pure Mosaic Lord's service, with orthographic German hymns and moving sermons, and a few visionary notions, which are things no religion can do without. As true as the Lord may help me; I don't want a better religion, and it is worth keeping up. I mean to do my part for it anyhow, and every Saturday, when it isn't a day for drawing at the lottery, I am going there. There are men, and more's the pity who give this faith a bad name, and say that it gives occasion for a schism; but I give you my word: it's a good sound religion, --- perhaps a little too good for common folks, for whom the old Jewish religion is good enough. A common man must have something stupid to make

him happy, and he does feel happier in something of the sort. A regular old Jew, with a long beard and ragged coat, and who can't speak a word correct^{ly}, perhaps feels better than I do, with all my accomplishments."

The following lines, which continue the rather long-winded oration of this simple-wise fellow, have won the approval of no less a critic than Matthew Arnold, who quotes the passage in its entirety to indicate Heine's fondness for the real old Jew. It should also be pointed out how Hyacinth, or better, Heine himself, gradually veers from a tone of mockery to one of reverence. It is as if he had for the nonce forgotten himself and allowed old memories to rise to the surface and assert themselves.

"There lives in Hamburg, in the Baecker Breitengang, by a gutter, a man named Moses Lump--the folks call him Lumpy for short. and he runs around the whole week in wind and in rain, with his pack on his back, to earn a few marks. Well, when Friday evening comes around, he goes home and finds the seven-branched lamp all lighted, a clean white cloth on the table, and he puts off his pack and his sorrows, and he sits down at table with his crooked wife and crookeder daughter, and eats with them fish which have been cooked in a nice white garlic sauce, and sings the finest songs of King David, and rejoices with all his heart at the Exodus of the children of Israel. He feels glad, too, that all the bad people, who did anything bad to them, died at last; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and such-like, are all dead, but that

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Lumpy is still alive, and eats fish with his wife and child. And I tell you what, Doctor, the fish are delicious, and the man is happy, he has no reason to torment himself with any "accomplishments", he sits just as contented in his religion and his green night-gown as Diogenes in his cask, and he looks with joy at the lights burning which he hasn't even the trouble of cleaning. And I tell you that if the lights should happen to burn dim, and the ^{girl} ~~XXXXXX~~ who ought to snuff them isn't at hand, and if Rothschild the Great should happen to come in, with all the brokers, discounters, forwarders, and head clerks, with whom he overcomes the world, and if he should say: Moses Lump, ask what thou wilt, and it shall be given thee; Doctor, I believe that Moses would say, quiet and easy, "Pick the lamp then, and Rothschild the Great would answer in wonder: "I'd like to be such a Lump as this".

In a later chapter of this veritable riot of mockery, Heine discovers Hyacinth and Gumpelino buried over a volume of the poetry of Count von Platen. After flaying him unmercifully, he reminds the fellow how he had referred to Rau pach, a contemporary dramatist, as a "small Jew canker-worm", and to Heine himself as the "Baptised Jew".

"Yes yes, reader; you are not mistaken; it is I of whom he speaks, and in "Oedipus you may read how I am a real Jew, and how, after writing love-songs for a few hours, I sit me down and clip ducats; how on Saturday I higgie and trade like some long-bearded Moses, and sing the Talmud; how on Easter-night I slay a Christian youth, and out of sheer malice choose some unfortunate writer for the

purpose. No, dear reader, I will tell you no lies; such admirably painted pictures are not to be found in "Oedipus", and the fact that they are not there is the very fact of which I complain. Count Platen has sometimes the best subjects and does not know how to treat them. If he had only been gifted with a little more imagination, he would have shown me up at least as a secret pawnbroker, and what comic scenes he would have sketched". This outburst follows close upon the humorous sketch of his fellow-Jews, which would lead us to believe that throughout the book, Heine is interested not so much in the comical side of the characters he represents as he is in showing the utter hollowness of modern Jewish life. Thus in the fourth chapter of the same volume, he puts in the mouth of the Signora a serious attack on the religious machinations in Berlin:

"Are the Berliners then Christians," cried Signora in amazement, "Their religion is at bottom utterly and entirely wanting in them, and they are much too reasonable to practise it in seriousness. But, since they know that Christianity is necessary in a state, so that subjects may be nicely obedient, and so that people may not steal and murder too much, they endeavor with much eloquence at least to convert their fellow-beings to Christianity, seeking, as it were, "substitutes" in a religion whose maintainance is desirable to them, and whose strict practice, as well as profession, would give them too much trouble. In this dilemma, they enjoy the services of the poor Jews, who are obliged to become Christians for them; and as this race will do anything for gold

and good words, they have at length exercised themselves completely into the very depths of Christianity. Yes, so deeply that they cry out as well as the best against unbelief, fight as for life and death for the Trinity, believe in it, even in the dog-days, rage against the naturalists, slip around in many lands as missionaries and spies of the faith, circulate edifying tracts, roll up their eyes better than anyone in the churches, make the most hypocritical faces, and act piety with such success, that the "two of a trade" envy is already beginning to show itself, and the ancient masters of the business secretly bewail that Christianity is at present entirely in the hands of the Jews".

The violent tone adopted in the last few examples obtains some sort of justification from a letter sent to Varnhagen von Ense. "When the priestlings of Munich first attacked me, and the Jews brought me on the carpet, I laughed--I thought it was a bit of nonsense. When, however, I scented method, when I beheld the ludicrous ghost gradually become a vampire, when I recognised the purpose which lay behind Platen's satire, when I learned from publishers of like products which were creeping about in manuscript form, steeped in poison--then I girded my loins and struck out as sharply as I could, and as quickly as possible. Robert, Gans, Michael Beer, whenever they were attacked, would always endure with Christian patience, maintain a wise taciturnity--I am different, and it is well that I am so. It is proper that the wicked ones should sometimes find the man who, unsparringly and with no regard

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for his own advantage, achieves revenge both for himself and others."

The third chapter of the "Rabbi of Bacharach", written, according to Elster and others, about 1840, can only be understood if we dissociate it from the others preceding chapters. It is a relatively simple matter for the reader to distinguish a difference in tone between the earlier and later parts of the book. In the opening chapters, which give the reader the impression that he is to hear a stirring historical romance of the Scott type, Heine writes in his youthful vein. He paints sympathetic pictures of the Passover scenes, the escape of the Rabbi from the table where a slain Christian child was laid during the Seder, the beautiful and minutely drawn description of the interior of the synagogue during the holy-day services--all of these reveal the young lover of his people. He is earnestly trying to live up to the task which, according to the letters, he has set for himself. But the few pages which follow show a complete departure from the original plan. A glance at this part of the story will satisfy us on this point.

When the Passover services are finished in the town where the Rabbi had taken refuge, he and his wife appear on the open street. There they are greeted loudly by a swaggering knight-at-arms. He offers the wife his services as champion, declaring her the most beautiful woman in the world. She receives his blustering offer with these words "Noble sir, if you would be my knight, you must fight against whole nations, and in this fight there is little thanks, and still less honor to be won. If you wish to wear my colors you must sew yellow rings on your mantle, and tie on it a blue-

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striped scarf. For these are my colors, the colors of my house, the house called Israel, and very unhappy it is, and on every street it is mocked by the sons of fortune".

With embarrassment the knight falters, "Senora, you have misunderstood my unfortunate joke---but no joke over the house of Israel--I myself am descended from the house of Israel!" He is then recognised by the Rabbi as the ~~XXX~~ nephew of Isaac Abarbanel who had converted to Christianity. If there is any doubt as to what person the knight is intended to represent, it is soon dispelled when the hero scents the odor coming from the community-kitchen. "Oh, if you only knew, Abraham, how this odor lures me. Whenever I am in the city, it is this which attracts me to the tents of Jacob. My delight is not to mingle with the people of God, certainly not to pray here; but only for the sake of eating do I frequent the Judengass".

"You have never loved us, Don Isaac".

"Yes", replied the Spaniard, "I love your kitchen far more than your faith; the latter lacks the proper sauce. I haven't been able to digest you properly. Even in your best days; even in the days of my ancestor David, I was not able to tolerate you, and I would have run some fine morning from Mt. Zion and emigrated to Phoenicia, or to Babylon, where the love of life foamed in the temples of the gods".

"You blaspheme the one God", the Rabbi murmured darkly, you are far worse than a Christian, you are a heathen, an idol-worshipper".

"Yes, I am a heathen, and just as unbearable as the thin, sorrow-

ful Hebrews are the sad tormentors, the Nazarenes. Our dear Lady of Sidon, the holy Astarte must forgive me that I kneel and pray before the mother of the crucified, rich in sorrows. Only my knee and tongue worship death; my heart remains true to life."

"But do not look so sourly", continued the Spaniard, when he saw how little his speech seemed to edify the Rabbi, "do not look at me with disgust. My nose has not become renegade. When by chance I came to this street at dinner-time, and when to my nose came the familiar odors of the kitchen, then longing seized me; the same that filled our fathers when they harked back to the flesh-pots of Egypt; fine-smelling youthful reminiscences arose within me."

Here we have Heine in every detail. Two leading motives-- one jocular, the other sincere, mark this passage. Let us first dispose of this predilection for Jewish dishes. We have read how he forgave Cohn, the rabbi of the temple, for heaping coals on his head, because the next Saturday he enjoyed a good Jewish meal at his home. Scattered throughout Heine's works lie many references in the same vein, to the culinary powers of the Jewish people. But I am tempted to quote the following passage from LUDWIG BORNE as the finest example of its kind.

"I must not fail at this occasion to mention that Borne invited me, during my stay in Frankfurt, to lunch with one of his friends because the latter, with true perseverance in the Jewish custom, would place before me the famous Shalet. And in fact I enjoyed this dish which is, perhaps of Egyptian origin and as old as the pyramids. I marvel that when later Borne, apparently in humorous mood, but

actually with plebeian malice aforethought, through many an insinuation and invention--incited the mob against the head of a crowned poet, just as is done with temporal rulers. I marvel that in his writings he has never told with what appetite, enthusiasm, devotion, and conviction I once consumed the old Jewish Shalet at the home of Dr. St--. This dish is most excellent, and one must painfully regret that the Christian church which borrowed so much good from the old Judaism has not also adopted the Shalet. Perhaps it has reserved this for the future, and when things go ill, when her holiest symbols, even the cross, lose their value; then the Christian church can take to eating Shalet, and the disappearing nations will crowd with renewed appetite to her bosom. Then, at least, the Jews will adopt Christianity with sincerity--for, as I clearly perceive, it is only the Shalet that holds them together in the old bonds. Borne went so far as to assure me that the apostates who have gone over to the new organization need only to smell the Shalet in order to be seized with a certain longing for the synagogue--the Shalet is, as it were, the ranz-des-vache of the Jews".

So much for the superficialities of humor that covers the bit quoted from the RABBI. The serious element is quite important, and opens up the most difficult problem connected with Heine, namely, the religious one. But before entering upon it, I should like to submit Heine's last diatribe against conversion. Although he places the utterance in the mouth of Borne, the sentiments and words are all his own. Borne could never have mustered enough esprit to write, much less, to utter such a blend of burlesque with bitter humor.

"You see", Borne said, "the Rothschilds have so much money that they fill us with an awful respect. They identify themselves, so to speak, with the idea of money, and money cannot be despised. In addition those people have been most cautious in avoiding the ridicule which accrues to so many baronised families of the Old Testament. Baptism is now the order of the day with the wealthy Jews, and the gospel which was preached unavailingly to the poor of Judea, now flourishes among the rich. But, since the acceptance of the same is mere self-delusion, if not real falsehood, and the hypocritical Christianity contrasts at times with the old Adam, these people seriously expose themselves to ridicule and mockery. Or, do you believe that by baptism one's inner nature becomes transformed? Do you believe that one can change lice into fleas if he sprinkles them with water?"

"I do not".

"Neither do I, and it is a melancholy as well as ludicrous sight for me when I see the old lice who originally came from Egypt suddenly delude themselves with the notion that they are fleas. And they begin to jump in a Christian fashion. I have seen on the streets of Berlin old daughters of Israel who wore long crosses on their necks, crosses which were longer than their noses, and which reached down to their navels; in their hands they clasped a gospel hymn-book as they spoke of the beautiful sermon they had just listened to in the Trinity church. Still more repulsive was the appearance of dirty bearded Jews, who had just emerged from their Polish cloacas, and who had been wooed for heaven by the Berlin

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Conversion Society, and who were preaching Christianity in a tongue-tied dialect, and who stunk so terribly withal. In any case, it were more desirable if suchlike Polish folk were not baptised with water but with Eau-de-Cologne".

"In the house of a dead man," I interrupted, "one does not speak of ropes, dear Doctor; tell me rather, where are the large oxen which, according to my father, used to run about the Jewish cemetery in Frankfurt, and which roared so frightfully at night that the rest of the neighbors were disturbed".

"Your father", cried Borne, "has told you no lie, Formerly there existed this custom. The Jewish cattle-dealers would, according to the Biblical prescription, dedicate the first born male to God. With this in view they would bring them from all districts to Frankfurt, where they devoted the Jewish cemetery to pasture for God's oxen. There they would live until their blessed death, and they really bellowed terrifically. But the old oxen are now dead, and the cattle of to-day have not the true belief; their first-born remain sedately at home, if they do not turn completely to Christianity. The old oxen are dead".

HEINE AND HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

I should be transcending the limits of my subject were I to attempt a study of Heine's attitude towards religion. Granting even the legitimacy of its inclusion among other chapters, the matter appears so involved and obscured by conflicting evidence that it were better to acknowledge incompetency to struggle with it. By its very nature the question of Heine's religious views remains hopelessly impossible of final analysis. First and foremost of the reasons for this is the poet's irresistible caprice. Read his "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany", and you find yourself inextricably entangled in a network of contradictions, both unconscious and wilful; fantastic interpretations, now serious and then farcical. Even Leland, who as ^a rule, is extremely patient, gives up the attempt to reduce this intractable matter to something like a recognisable shape. On one page Heine lauds the Catholics; on another he runs foul of them. In one line he extols the Protestants, and on the next he crushes them. He is in turn deist, atheist, positivist. In one mood he loves Jesus; in the next moment he curses his blessed memory. Another difficulty is not so much ascribable to our author as to his assiduous critics--especially those who compile works like "Heine's Relation to Religion" etc. One treats the poet as a religious philosopher with a system of his own, just as they write volumes on Shakespeare's ethical codes. Another confounds ^d religion with philosophy, and Weltanschauung with practised religions like Christianity. Were I to make an attempt at clarification of some of these moot questions, I should involve myself still deeper in enigmas, because

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I should be forced to subtilize my interpretation of what "Jewish" means. I should have to present a classification of Heine's beliefs and opinions, and pretend to see in this or that particular view a "Jewish" element. This may be a proper task for scholastic inquiry, but I prefer to stay on terra firma. The evidence for Heine's opinions on Jewish questions like orthodoxy, nationalism, or conversion, is direct and irrefutable; but one needs only to compare the many monographs on his religious views to realise that in the latter case interpretation hinges solely on the critics own definition of terms, and lends itself most readily to his personal bias.

It should be made clear that this refers essentially to the first decade of Heine's stay in Paris, let us say from 1830 to 1840. He had no religion in the commonly accepted sense of the term when he left for the French capital. He delighted to call himself "atheist", perhaps the most elastic term in philosophical nomenclature, to shock his neighbors. As an early disciple of Hegel, who cannot be charged with too much conciseness of phrase and meaning, he had at his command an armory where he obtained the shafts he kept hurling throughout this period at the various schools: deists, theists etc. At times he is charged with having active sympathy with the St. Simonists, especially with their hedonistic philosophy. Then again, he is labelled as a deist on the ground of a few fine passages on Spinoza. It is possible to discover in this veritable maze of ideas a few which we might with profit consider as affecting his Jewish position.

We know that upon his entrance into Paris, he threw himself

with abandon into the wild life of the city. His conduct became a matter of notoriety; but there may be extenuating circumstances for the sudden change. In Germany he could not visit a large centre without being brought forcibly to an awareness of his social position. In every city there was anti-semitism to arouse him, and even hatred from his fellow-Jews to embitter him. In Paris there was no Jewish problem. The house-hold virtues, bred of sequestered Ghetto-life, seemed no longer an ineradicable Jewish inheritance. The romantic austerity with which, in his imaginings, he had enveloped the Jews, fell from them as he yielded himself to Parisian luxuries. In short, Heine became a sensualist in practice. Now, if there was anything at which he was most adept, it was in his knack of self-justification. To read his letters one might think that he was the most injured saint that ever trod earth. At the game of assuming righteous indignation he is unsurpassed. SO he finds excuse for his luxurious indulgence in life by taking unto himself a sensualist philosophy. He discovers that the Greeks were lovers of the beautiful, that they abhorred the asceticism of the Semites, that they devoted themselves unremittingly to the worship of true living, and that in opposition to the Semites, they glorified the flesh. Therefore, says Heine, I am become a Hellene, and I announce myself as an inveterate enemy of the Nazarite, and by this term he included members of all modern religions, Jews and Mohammedans, as well as Christians.

I do not mean to be flippant in this evaluation of Heine's religious views; but in the light of modern aesthetic criticism,

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Heine was ^areally nearer the pole he professed to abhor. Although Brandes traces a wonderful kinship between Heine and Aristophanes, and although there are scattered in his writings many reminiscences of Greek influence, ~~it~~ is as ~~se~~fe, on the whole, to assert that he was no Hellene in spirit. Especially is this true when we remember that the Great Heathen Goethe was the real modern incarnation of the Greek ideal. Heine, it is true, set up as the latter's champion against Menzel, but there is little in his works which betrays that deep serenity and lofty idealism which attest to the validity of Goethe's claim.

But there is one sense in which Heine may be said to have approximated the Greek ideal, and it comes to the fore when we compare him with Borne. As intimated in an earlier chapter, there are striking resemblances between these two representatives of opposed camps. Their similar youthful endowments and experiences are set forth in a masterful fashion by Brandes, who dispels the current notion which would make Heine a Jewish prophet. On the contrary, he offers sufficient grounds^d for applying this term rather to Borne. For, while Heine, with his characteristic sense of humor, withdraws from the socialistic circles of Paris, when he realised that they were utopian dreamers, Borne, with the rigor and zeal of a Hebrew prophet--and with the same amount of humor--guards the last outposts of his vanishing hopes. It was ^areally this essential difference between the two that brought about the misunderstanding which culminated in the Memoir of Borne. This little book is valuable, in that, among other things, it gives us an insight into the "new

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religion" which the poet created for himself.

We get a glimpse of the main idea in this little bit from the memoir: "The hate (for Goethe) which burned in him against the man and which flamed more and more passionately, was simply the necessary consequence of a sharp difference which was founded on the diverse natures of the two men. No petty jealousy ruled here, but an unselfish opposition, which belongs to hereditary instincts, an antagonism as old as the world, which evinces itself in the entire history of the human race, and which appeared most gloriously in the duel which took place between Jewish spirituality and Hellenic exaltation of life, a duel which has not yet been decided and perhaps never will be ended. The little Nazarite hated the Great Greek, who was, moreover, a Greek deity".

A short phrase in the following excerpt is of itself sufficient to dispose of the greater bulk of print wasted on the question of Heine's religion during the years 1830-40. He makes it clear that we need not exercise ourselves about his having adopted a new faith or received a new dispensation. What many are led to call "faith", he describes as "disposition".

"As in his assertions concerning Goethe, so also in his judgments of other writers, Börne betrayed his Nazarite convictions. I say "Nazarite" to avoid using "Jewish" or "Christian", although both expressions are to me synonymous, and are used by me to indicate not a faith but a disposition. "Jews" and "Christians" are to me words closely related in idea, in opposition to "Hellenes",

with which name I designate no particular nation, but an innate as well as acquired tendency of the spirit and mode of conception. In this connection I might say that all men are either Jews or Hellenes, men with ascetic instincts, enemies of plastic art, and seekers after spiritualisation, men endowed with a love for life, proud of self-realisation and of a realistic nature. Thus, there were Hellenes in families of German preachers, and Jews born in Athens, who descended perhaps from Theseus."

Aside from this philosophy of life--sprung as it evidently was, out of his pleasure-loving nature, and out of a need for justifying his actions and attitudes, there is nothing to support the idea that Heine had any religious convictions during this period. The life that he led precluded their necessity; it took years of sober reflection on the "mattress-grave" to achieve something like a religious view of the world.

Perhaps I can best clinch the argument by submitting one of those illuminating comments which Leland made while translating some of Heine's prose. "It must be admitted that however interesting or entertaining it may be to follow our author through the astonishing variety of Hebrew, Christian, Hellenic, Sentimental-Catholic, Protestant, deistic, Naturalistic, atheistic-Protestant opinions which he entertains either consecutively or simultaneously, it is extremely difficult to understand what he ever did believe in. As the Scotchman said of the haggis "There's a vera great deal o' fine confused feedin' about it". Au fond, Heine believed in anything that gave him an opportunity to say something clever".

Jewish Sentiment.

I have chosen, for want of a better, the above title to characterize the rich and random utterances of our author which came into light during the middle period of his activity, that is to say, between the great revolutionary epochs of 1830 and 1848. While it demands a most fantastic imagination to discover in these ideas a clear-lined and organized body of Jewish thought, it ought, on the other hand, strike the casual reader that even in the riotous turmoil of Parisian life, while blatantly trumpeting his anti-Nazarite faith, and broadening national into cosmopolitan enthusiasms, Heine still cherished enough vital Jewish sentiment to infuse into a respectable portion of his works. From several viewpoints we may look upon these writings as the most important of all. In his earlier works the Jewish passion blazes forth at white heat. The poems "Edom" and "Ahansor" indicate unmitigated zeal and burning love for his people. But the reverse of the shield is not so bright. Like so many self-appointed champions he feels the pangs of unrequited effort. Whenever an indiscreet expression aroused uneasiness among those to whose defense he had loudly devoted his strength, he turns on them with a bitter snarl. Then the glorious victims become disgusting oppressors, or if they still maintain their hue as the oppressed, they are unworthy of his efforts in their behalf. From pitiful martyrs he transforms them into despicable denizens of the Steinweg. Let us bear constantly in mind that Heine is preeminently a poet, a capricious, irritable and in all things, unreliable creature. And this April temperament

comes to the surface most conspicuously in his Jewish writings.

About the year 1830 Heine's views on Jewish questions underwent a thorough transformation. We can best understand this by referring to the currents of thought which in those days moved in men's minds. Already the reaction signalized by the Congress of Vienna had spent its vital force. In Germany, as in France and England, the youth of the land was looking forward to unknown eventualities which in one stroke would change the face of the political world. It was an age of dreams, but dreams of different texture than the visions which appeared to the French Revolutionists. The Congress had subdued the colors of idealistic imagery. Men of the stamp of Heine and Börne, particularly the former, never lost sight of the obstacles which the former revolutionists had overlooked. Europe, they realised, was a vast network of intricate and vexing questions. In every land there was a peculiar problem to be solved. It was the old struggle in a new form--monarchy against democracy. Now, they reasoned, if we can get one land, France, to set the example to the other European nations, then it must follow as the night the day, that all the peoples, even the dull Germans, could not fail to see the light. This accounts for much of Heine's early activity in Paris. But what is more germane to our study, it accounts for the change in the poet's Jewish outlook. It was no longer a question of Jew against Gentile; still less was it a matter of Hamburg or Frankfurt Jews against the humiliating edicts of a Philistine government. These trifles were now sunk in the glare

of the great sun of universal emancipation. Mankind was greater than the Jewish people.

"But what is the great question of the age? It is that of emancipation. Not simply the emancipation of the Irish, Greeks, Frankfurter Jews, West Indian negroes and other oppressed races, but the emancipation of the whole world., and especially that of Europe, which has attained its majority and now tears itself loose from the leading-strings of a privileged aristocracy."

These few sentences from the "Reisebilder" form an accurate summation of the change of attitude. The nationalist of the Berlin period was gone, and in its place there appeared the indifferentist, transcending in his views the narrower solution of the Jewish problem. There do occur a few instances where Heine does raise his voice, in behalf of the Jews, most noteworthy in the Damascus affair, but they lack the fire of his earlier efforts.

In a letter to Moser (Avignon Nov. 8, 1836) he re-echoes the above sentiment. "I am hated and slandered by both Christian and Jews. The latter are enraged because I have not drawn my sword for their emancipation in Baden, Nassau, or Krahwinkel towns. O what stupidity. Only before the gates of Rome can Carthage be defended. Have you also misunderstood me?"

Before presenting representative quotations from each of Heine's works during this period, it would be advisable to note several changes in temper as well as in outlook. Need I re-emphasize the different conditions under which he throve? He was confronted no longer by the squalor of Jewish town and Ghetto-life; he need

no longer fear the cabals of the Church or the intrigues of jealous Jews. He could speak freely without dreading imminent hounding. As an avowed Christian, living in free Paris, he need not feel the stings of anti-Semitism. He was no more a Jew; but a citizen of the world; he had exchanged his painful Judenschmerz for a more comfortable cosmopolitanism. Now, since Judaism was no longer an ever-present daily problem, he could afford to view it in better perspective. We find already in his first prose work of the Paris period that tendency to idealize Jewish life which was to distinguish his writings till the end.

SCHNABELEWOPSKI has been called Heine's most immoral work. In truth it does reveal the unbridled exuberance which arose from his hearty immersion in Parisian life. Its imagery is simply riotous; it is the expression of Heine's joy in his freedom. Upon the figure of the Jew Samson he lavishes his finest powers. In a house of sceptics, of enemies to religion, this old-fashioned Jew adheres staunchly to the faith of his fathers. Amidst the turmoil of godlessness he raises his voice in defence of Israel's protector. Both in the speeches of this staunch defender of the faith and in the splendid asides, we sense a seriousness which Heine rarely evinces. The only tragic spot in this rollicking farce occurs when Samson, engaging in a duel, suffers a wound for the sake of his God Jehovah. In the death-bed speeches of the little man we have an instance of Heine's love for the Bible, the beginnings of which we shall hear him explain a little later.

"Sh--", sighed the sufferer, "it is a good thing that you came.

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You may listen and it will do you good. That is a dear good book. My ancestors bore it all over the world with them; and much pain, misfortune, cursing and hatred, yes, death itself, did they endure for it. Every leaf in it cost tears and blood. It is the written fatherland of the children of God. It is the holy inheritance of Jehovah".

Samson is by no means an orthodox Jew; he is better designated as a theist. The rest of the crowd, steeped in Fichtean philosophy deal theism a blow when one of their number kills God's champion, the Jew. Let us hear how Heine elaborates on this matter.

"Despite this divine indifference, despite this almost human thanklessness, little Samson remained a staunch champion of theism as I believe, from born inclination, for his father belonged to God's chosen folk, a race which God once very specially protected, and which, in consequence, has maintained a dependence on him till this day. Jews are the most devoted of theists, especially those who, like little Samson, were born in the vicinity of Frankfurt. These may be as republican as they wish in political questions--yes, they may roll in the very mud of Sansculottism, but the instant that religious ideas are involved, they become the humblest servants of Jehovah, the old fetish, who, however, will have nothing to do with the whole company, and who has newly baptised himself to a divinely pure spirit. I believe that this divinely pure spirit, the new ruler of Heaven, who is now conceived as being so moral, so cosmopolite, and universal, takes it ill to heart that the poor Jews who knew him in his rude first form, remind him every day in

their synagogues of his early and obscure national relations. Perhaps the ancient Lord would fain forget that he was of Palestinian origin and was once the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was in those times called Jehovah"

Here Heine is simply playing with a few notions in his humorous caprice. Pressing Jewish questions no longer trouble him; he can afford to wax sentimental over Jewish history and the Jewish people and their God. I cannot help feeling that there lies at the bottom of Heine's later utterances on these matters more good-natured and romantic affectation than many critics are willing to concede. He ^arelises that the myth of the wandering Jew with his inflexible spirit and unyielding idealism, affords as poetic a material as any ingenious writer need dream of; and he utilizes it as he would have exploited the early Christian martyrs had he been born and reared a Gentile. Were Heine to awake now, and read the Beautiful works which prove that his Jewish soul developed according to immutable laws and that its manifestations observe orderly progress from birth ~~to~~ death, he might repeat what he wrote to Moser: "O how I despise the rabble of mankind, the uncircumcised and the Circumcised".

For sheer literary value there is nothing in Heine's prose that surpasses the passages of Jewish interest in "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women". It should be explained that he was asked to supply a running commentary to a volume of portraits of Shakespeare's women. In every instance he limits himself to a few paragraphs, except in the case of Portia and Jessica. In these two instances he goes

into detail, and frequently rises to high earnestness. They are both permeated with undeniable genuineness and warmth of feeling. In both he takes the opportunity offered him and speaks his mind on a few Jewish questions. He begins his article on Jessica with these words:

"When I saw the piece played in Drury Lane, there stood behind me in the box a pale British beauty, who at the end of the fourth act wept passionately and many times cried out: "The poor man is wronged".**When I think of those tears I must include the Merchant of Venice among the tragedies, although the frame of the work is a composition of laughing masks and sunny faces, satyrforms and amoretts, as though the poet meant to make a comedy. Shakespere perhaps intended originally to please the mob, to represent a real wer-wolf, a hated fabulous being who yearns for blood and pays for it with his daughter and his ducats, and is over and above laughed to scorn. But the genius of the poet, the spirit of the wide world which ruled in him was even stronger than his own will, so that it came to pass, that in Shakespere, despite the glaring grotesqueness, he expressed the justification of an unfortunate sect which was oppressed by Providence from inscrutable motives, with the hatred of the lower and higher classes, and which did not always return this hate with love."

Alone among the famous Shakesperian critics of the nineteenth century who have taken up the cudgels in defense of Shylock against his Christian adversaries, stands Heine. Some commentators, like Coleridge, pity Shylock, admire the genius that went into his

creation, go so far as to apologise for him; yet none--and for this purpose I have compared the essays of the leading critics--go so far as Heine in unqualifiedly defending Shylock, and derogating from the customary tenderness with which we enshrine the figures of Antonio and his band. While Heine has been ignored in the field of Shakesperian criticism, it is interesting to note that he has influenced at least one modern critic. This is the popular litterateur, Sir A. Quiller Couch, who in his recent volume on "Shakespeare's Workmanship" pursues the same line of argument originated by Heine, is most severe in criticism of Shylock's antagonists, and what is most convincing, actually quotes Heine, whose name I do not remember ever to have read in connection with Shakespeare literature. Let us hear what Heine has himself to say in defense of Sh^ylock.

"With the exception of Portia, Shylock is the most respectable person in the whole piece. He loves money, he does not conceal it, he cries it aloud in the public market places. But there is one thing which he values above money; and that is satisfaction for his injured feelings; the just retribution for innumerable insults, and though the borrowed sum be offered him tenfold, he refuses it. No, Sh^ylock loves money, but there are things which he loves more, and among them is his daughter, "Jessica my child". Though he curses her in the greatest passion of his wrath, and would fain see her dead at his feet, with the jewels in her ears and with the ducats in her coffin, he still loves her more than all ducats and jewels. Excluded from public life and Christian society, and forced into the narrow consolation of domestic happiness, there remain to the poor Jew only

family feelings, and these come forth from him with most touching tenderness".

No such charitable reflections are spent upon the daughter Jessica. She strikes Heine as a wayward, unappreciative girl, attached to the frivolities of life like the lively notes of the drum, and "the wry-necked fife". Bored by the constant seclusion in the home of a stern father, she yields to the sprightly Gentile. Only in one respect does she betray her origin. "We may remark in Jessica a certain timid shame, which she cannot overcome, when she must put on a boy's dress. It may be that in this we recognize the remarkable chastity which is peculiar to her race, and which gives its daughters such a lovely charm. The chastity of the Jews is perhaps the result of an opposition which they encountered in the Oriental religions of sense and sensuality which once flourished among their neighbors in rankest luxuriance, and which in continual transformation, has survived to the present day".

As almost invariably happens when Heine touches upon the Jews, he unburdens himself of an accumulated mass of feelings and ideas. Here, likewise, he delivers himself of a most incisive analysis of anti-Semitism, which savors strangely like a modern socialist pamphlet.

"I do not condemn the hatred with which the common people prosecute the Jews; I condemn the unfortunate errors which caused that hatred. The people are always in the right, in their hate, as well as in their love, there is always at the bottom a perfectly correct instinct. But they do not know how to put emotions prop-

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erly into shape, and so, instead of falling on the proper subjects, their grudge falls on the innocent scapegoats of the disorders and dissensions of the time and place. The mob is in want; it lacks the means for enjoying life, and though the high priest of the religion of state assures it that man is here on earth to endure and to suffer, and to obey the authorities in spite of hunger and thirst, still the people have secret yearnings for what gratifies the senses, and they hate those in whose chests and safes the means thereto lie hoarded up; they hate the rich, and are glad when religion permits them to give full swing to their hatred. The common people hate in the Jews only the owners of money--it was only the heaped-up metal which attracted the lightning of popular wrath to the Jews. The spirit of the time gave its password or parole to that hatred.---

We live no longer in the Middle Ages; the common folks themselves are more enlightened; they no longer kill the Jews dead at sight nor palliate their hatred with religion; our age is no longer hot with religious zeal, the traditional grudge veils itself with modern figures of speech, and the lower orders in the pot-houses declaim against the Jews like their betters in the chamber of deputies, that is, with mercantile, scientific, or even industrial arguments. Only utter hypocrites continue to give their hatred a religious tinge and persecute the Jews on account of Christ. The great multitude confess that material interests are what really are at stake, and will by all means make their realisation of their industrial capacities known to the Jews. Here in Frankfurt, for

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example, only twenty-four believers in the laws of Moses can be married annually, lest their population should increase, and thereby too much competition with the Christian business people be created. Here the real reason for hating the Jews shows itself in its true face, and this face has not only the gloomy fanatical features of the monk; but the flabby, tricky traits of the tradesman, who in fear works in his business, as in behavior, to keep from being beaten by the Jewish commercial spirit.

But is it the fault of the Jews that this business spirit has turned itself round them in such manner? The guilt lies entirely in that lunacy with which man, in the Middle Ages, ignored the meaning of industry, regarding trade as something ignoble, even trade in money as something accursed; and therefore gave that most profitable part of all business over to the Jews, so that the latter, being excluded from all other occupations, necessarily became the most refined and expert merchants and bankers. The world compelled them to become rich, and the world hated them for their wealth, and though Christianity has laid aside all prejudices against wealth, and the Christians have become in trade and industry as great rascals and as rich as the Jews, still the old popular hate against the latter survives, the people persist in seeing in them always the Representatives of money, and hate them. You see that in history everyone is right, the hammer as well as the anvil."

In the study of Portia occurs a passage which won the admiration of George Eliot. "Far more than all historical persons wilt thou think of Shakespere's Shylock when thou visitest Venice. He is ever living while they are mouldered in their graves. And when thou

crossest the Rialto, thine eyes will seek him everywhere, and thou deemest that he is behind some pillar with his Jewish gabardine, his mistrusting, reckoning face, and thou believest that thou canst hear his harsh voice: "Three thousand ducats--well". I, at least, a wandering hunter of dreams, looked round me on the Rialto to see if I could find Shylock. I had something to tell him which would have pleased him. It was, that his cousin Monsieur de Shylock of Paris had become the greatest baron in all Christendom, and received from their Catholic Majesties the Order of Isabella, which was originally instituted to celebrate the expulsion of Moors and Jews from Spain. But I found him not on the Rialto, so I determined to seek my old acquaintance in the synagogue. The Jews happened then to be celebrating their ancient feast of expiation, and were standing wrapped up in their white Shau-faden Talaren, with strange mysterious noddings of the head, looking like a company of spectres. The poor Jews who stood there fasting and praying since early in the morning, had not tasted food since the last evening; and had also first of all begged pardon of all their acquaintances for any evil thing they might have said of them during the past year, that God might in like manner forgive them their own sins--a beautiful custom which very strangely exists among this race which has, however, remained aloof from the teachings of Christ---. Though I looked all around the synagogue on every side, I could see nowhere the face of Shylock. And yet it seemed to me that he must be hidden there under one of the white Talaren, praying more fervently than any one of his

fellow-believers, with stormy, wild passion; yes, with madness, to the throne of Jehovah, the severe divine monarch. I saw him not. But, towards evening, when, according to the beliefs of the Jews, the gates of Heaven are closed and no further prayer can enter, I heard a voice in which tears flowed as they never wept from eyes. There was a sobbing which might have moved a stone to pity; there were utterances of agony which ~~XXXX~~ could have come only from a breast which held shut within itself all the martyrdom which an utterly tormented race had endured for centuries. It was the death-rattle of a soul which, weary to death, sinks to the ground before the gates of Heaven. And this voice seemed to be well known to me--as if I had heard it long ago, when it wailed just as despairingly---
"Jessica, my child".

It becomes quite evident that at the maturing of his powers, Heine was seized with a feeling of kinship ~~XX~~ with the Jews; for, only on this supposition can we explain the letters which, in 1840, he wrote for the "Allgemeine Zeitung", on the riots in Damascus. These notices deal with the famous ritual-murder trial, in which the Jews were charged with having slain a Capuchin monk. On political grounds they were saved from the wrath of the clergy by the French consul. In his first article, Heine reveals the infamous character of these charges. In another he accuses Thiers for indifference in a matter of this sort which was so bound up with the interests of humanity. This attack on Thiers is a proof of Heine's sincerity; for Thiers had been the chief agent in procuring for the indigent poet a pension from the government.

In the third report, Heine strikes nearer home. This time he

discusses the stand taken by the Jews of France in this matter. With bitter irony he informs them that they resemble the average Frenchmen in making gold their God. He lashes them for their lack of interest in this terrible affair. They have become too cowardly, he says, to interfere in behalf of their correlative religionists. Worse than all are the converted Jews who out of sheer renegade hypocrisy, act worse than do the born enemies of Israel. The only one to escape Heine's wrath is Cremieux, the French minister, whom Heine praises for the unselfish interest he took in the affair.

In the letter of July 30, 1840, he writes another passionate plea for the Jews. It is of a piece with the rest of the Jewish writings of the period. One may truthfully maintain that Heine is in dead earnest. Up to this time he had done nothing more than play with Jewish fancies. Even in Shakespeare's "Women", he was half-sentimental. The beautiful passage about Shylock in the synagogue betrays a love for the romantic character of the martyred Jew. In the straight-forward attacks on the machinations of the Clergy, he identifies himself openly with the people he had for a time forsaken. In spite of his charlatanism, he had much of the Byronic hatred of oppression, in any form, in his soul. This combination of cynicism and idealism which marked Heine throughout his life, is not sufficiently taken into account by the critics. To most of them, he is either a mountebank or a misunderstood dreamer; the fact appears to be that he was neither completely, but that his peculiar flavor is the result of the blending of these two elements. So it is not at all surprising, to one who takes this view, that on one page he rhapsodises on Jewish history, and on the other, he pours out his hot contempt for his contemporaries. At any rate, very few of the

Jewish leaders of his day, who were loud in their censure of this wanton poet, had enough courage to come into the open with a protest against the Damascus atrocities. Heine's case is a glaring example of the beautiful consistency of human nature.

In the same year that these protests appeared, Heine issued his famous MEMOIR OF BORNE. I have already discussed the chief ideas which the author intended to emphasize in the work, as well as having quoted some of its most noteworthy passages. The highest service which this book renders to our study, is that it sheds light on the new passion which filled Heine during the later years of his life, and which glorified his last Jewish utterances. This is no other than a deep love for the Bible, with its consequent strengthening of his love for the Jewish nation. As if in retrospect, Heine quotes a piece from a supposed diary of his, dated July 1830, or ten years before the Memoir itself appeared.

"Yesterday was Sunday, and since a leaden boredom lay over the whole island, and pressed on my head--I seized a Bible in a fit of despair--and I admit to you, in spite of the fact that I am secretly a Hellene, the book not only entertained, but edified me immensely. What a book! As large and broad as the world itself, taking root in the depths of creation, and towering into the blue secrets of heaven; sunrise and sunset; promise and fulfillment, the whole drama of mankind--all is in this book. It is the Book of books--"biblia"--The Jews may easily console themselves for the loss of Jerusalem, the temple, the ark of the covenant, the golden utensils, and the jewels of Solomon. Such a loss is slight in comparison with that of

the Bible, the indestructible treasure which they preserved. If I err not, it was Mohammed who dubbed them "the people of the book", a name which is still used to designate them in the Orient, and which had a profound significance. Their fatherland, their possessions, their ruler, their fortune and misfortune, is a book. They live within the defined limits of this book. Here they enjoy inalienable civil rights; hence they cannot be exiled; they cannot be persecuted; through it they are powerful and worthy of admiration. Immersed in the reading of this book, they took little heed of the changes which took place in the world about them; peoples rose and fell; states bloomed and withered, revolutions stormed over the earth; they, however, lay bent over their book, and notice nothing of the wild chase of the times which occurred above their very heads."

"Just as the prophet of the Orient has called them "the people of the book", the ^Prophet of the Occident terms them in his history, "the people of the spirit". Already in their earliest origins, as may be noted in the Pentateuch, the Jews reveal their predilection for the abstract, and their entire religion is nothing more than an act of dialecticism, whereby matter and spirit are divorced, and the absolute is recognised only in the unique form of spirit. What a terribly isolated stand they must have taken against the nations of antiquity, so devoted to the joyous worship of nature, and who conceived spirit rather in the phenomena of matter through images and symbols. What a frightful opposition they must have formed against the motley Egypt, swarming with hieroglyphics, against Phoenicia, the

great Astartean temple of joy, or even against the beautiful sinner, the fair, sweet-scented Babylon, and finally, against Greece, the blooming land of art".

This is written in the "grand style", to be sure, but it smacks a great deal of Heine's pose. The elaborate distinctions which he draws between the cultures of the Hebrews and the other oriental nations, made good literary material for his facile pen. As I remarked, when speaking of his so-called religious views, it seems that all this rant about the Hellenic and Hebraic cults was merely a figurative poetical embellishment of Heine's ordinarily healthy love for the Jewish people. Hegel had set the fashion of idealising the tritest facts of life; so Heine weaves about a prosaic national feeling a wreath of poetical adornments. Surely, the grandiose picture of the Hebrew and his Bible makes fine reading; no one can fail to enjoy its sheer literary splendor. But I cannot avoid feeling that Heine is "vaporising" to a large extent. There is nothing in his later letters to indicate that he was undergoing a new birth, insofar as Jewish sentiment was concerned. He appears simply to have found a rich vein of literary ore which promises to yield the pure gold of eloquence and fine writing.

For him the problem of emancipation was another wreck in humanity's lumber-room. He was not looking forward to a future revolution as he had done before 1830. He had become disillusioned. He was becoming portly and famous. He wrote with contempt of the wild idealists who crowded about Borne in Paris, and narrates with high glee, how at one of these lofty gatherings his watch was stolen from

him. Endowed with more common-sense than a man of Borne's type, he realised, after the failure of the 1830 revolt, that a violent shake-up of society, such as Borne and his men had planned, could never succeed. In his political thinking he was becoming "conservative", not in the sense that he was serving the powerful classes, but that he looked down with sobered good-nature on the futile and distracted strivings of ever-youthful visionaries. Once in a while, to prove that he had not lost touch with idealistic movements, he would come forward and launch a few attacks on the foes of progress, but in his later years he was, except for the purposes of literary expression, a well-seasoned sceptic. Withdrawn into himself, he spun out a beautiful web of gilded imagery concerning the future of man, the Bible, the Jews etc. When he wrote as a poet, he was in deep earnest; let us not decry him to that extent; but, as he once remarked to Moser: "All this must not be taken too seriously". Some of his fine passages are masterpieces of prose; from what we know of the man, we must be convinced that the best we can say of them is that they have a romantic interest in Judaism. See with what imaginative abandon he speaks in the following extract from the fourth book of the Memoir.

"In fact, the Jews are made of the same dough of which the gods are made. If they are trodden under foot to-day; to-morrow they are adored on the knees. While some rummage in the wretched mire of trade, others attain the highest peaks of humanity; and Golgotha is not the only mountain where a Jew bled for humanity's salvation. The Jews are the people of the spirit, and whenever they

return to their former ideals, they become great and magnificent, putting to shame and defeating their rude oppressors. The profound Rosenkrantz compared them with the giant Antaeus, with this difference, that the latter regained strength when he touched the earth, but that the former won new powers as soon as they came in contact with heaven. Peculiar embodiments of both glaring extremes; while among this people may be found all possible caricatures of vileness, there may also be discovered in its midst the ideal of purest humanity. And just as at one time it led the world in new tracks of progress, so, perhaps, the world may expect still further innovations of them. "Nature", said Hegel once to me, "is very queer; the very materials that she uses for lofty ends she also employs for the lowest achievements. (After a ⁰carse joke, Heine refers this to the Jews.) However that may be, it is quite likely that the mission of this people is not yet fulfilled"----

Heine then compares the different notions which the Jews and Germans entertain of their saviors. The latter expect the old Barbarossa, of whom legend tells that he did not ~~die~~, but was shut up in the Kyffhauser until his people needed him again. The Jewish notion was explained to our author by a Rabbi Manasseh ben Naphtali of Cracaw, whom Heine visited--so he says--in Poland. The author puts into the mouth of the old man a description of the Messiah, purporting to be taken from the Talmud. The savior leads a pleasant life, sings, plays, studies Kabbalah, and has the reports of the status of his people read to him daily. The only draw-back to this blissful existence is that the Messiah is manacled with golden chains. The

Rabbi explains that there is great fear that when the servants read (ot) the savior the sufferings of his people, he might rush down to their aid, and thus anticipate their hopes of his arrival. Hence the chains of gold. A reader with a turn for allegory might make much capital out of this story.

The comment which Heine makes to this tale of the rabbi, reads like a lyric: "O, delay no longer, fair Messiah, who will rescue not alone Israel, as the superstitious Jews imagine, but all of suffering humanity. O tear not ye golden chains. O keep him fettered but a little while, lest he come too soon, the savior king of the world".

In the same vein he composes a poem on the new Jewish hospital at Hamburg, wherein he says

" A Hospital for Jews who're sick and needy,
For those three-fold unhappy sons of sorrow,
Afflicted by the three dire misfortunes,
Of poverty, disease and Judaism.
The worst by far of all the three the last is,
That family misfortune, thousand years old,
That plague which had its birth in Nile's far valley,
The old Egyptian and unsound religion.
Incurable deep pain, against which avail not
Nor douche, nor vapor-bath, the apparatus
Of surgery, nor all the means of healing
Which this house offers to its sickly inmates.
Will time, eternal goddess, ever extinguish
This glowing ill, descending from the father

Upon the son---and will the grand-son ever
Be cured ,and become rational and happy?

THE LAST YEARS.

When the stirring days of 1848 were overturning political affairs in Europe, Heine was beginning his long travail on the "mattress-grave2". The critics are united in believing that the quiet as well as the thought which these years brought to him, contributed to a heightening of his genius far beyond his previous manifestations. Removed from actual contact with life, neglected after the novelty wore off, even by his best friends; Heine's humor gained in power, but there is a melancholy about it which indicates the refining influence of this affliction. Witness the following letter printed in a Paris sheet to correct false reports of his illness. "I am no longer a divine biped; I am no longer the "freest German except Goethe", as Ruge called me in healthier days; I am no longer the great heathen Nr. II, whom one compared with the wine-leaf crowned Dionysus, while he gave to my colleague Nr. I the title of a Jupiter of the grand-duchy of Weimar. I am no joyous, beloved Hellene who laughs jovially at the sorrowful Nazarene--I am only a poor Jew, sick unto the death, a withered image of grief, an unhappy mortal."

It requires very little originality to explain the evident reversal of spiritual conviction in the poet. Once granted the joys of Paris, we have a philosophy in accord with such an existence. Poor comfort, however, is this faith to a man who cannot move from his couch, or taste food, or feel the kisses of his wife. It would be a hollow mockery to entertain a care-free view of the world,

if he must lift his eye-lash with a finger in order to behold it. The Hellenic point of view is clearly out of place. Now he has an opportunity of testing the beauty which under-lay the sorrowful Nazarite attitude towards life. Heine is the opportunist "par excellence."

In this last period of his life there occurs but one fatal spot to mar the sincerity of all his productions. This is a letter which he wrote in November 1851 to St. Rene Taillander, who had asked Heine for a brief sketch of his career. Among other things occurs this sentence: "My ancestors were members of the Jewish faith; I was never proud of this descent."

In the light of such statement, much of the fustian which has been written on the glorious return of the prodigal to his people loses its vital cogency. I believe that the sanest interpretation of Heine's last works is the natural one, namely, that a bed-ridden man, who was in addition a great poet, would spend his time dreaming beautiful dreams, glorifying the past, and weaving romantic philosophies of life--just as Heine did. Yet, even in this period, his sense of humor did not desert him, and we shall see how the "Romancero" is interlarded with many jocular hits at the Jews.

In the APOLLO-GOD, one of the first in the volume of his Romancero, Heine relates the wanderings of a nun in search of the god Apollo. She inquires of the passer-bys if any have seen him; but she is greeted with smiles of indifference until

Along the high-way trotting
Comes a slovenly old man;
Making figures in the air, he
Keeps on singing through his nose.

He a clumsy wallet carries
 And a little hat three-cornered,
 And with sharp and smiling eyes he
 Listens to the nun's inquiry:---
 Have I chanced to see Apollo?
 Yes, I certainly have seen him
 When at Amsterdam full often
 In the German synagogue.

He was there the leading singer,
 Known by name of Rabbi Faibisch,
 Which in High-Dutch means Apollo.
 But he's not my idol truly.
 His old father I know well.
 Moses Jitscher, he's circumciser
 To the Portuguese, I fancy,
 And to the various sovereigns also.
 He (the cantor) is likewise a free-thinker,
 Lost his place through eating swine-flesh.

And in another of the same series, VITZLIPUTZLI, he breaks out in
 songs of praise of Columbus:

One alone, one hero only
 Gave us more and gave us better
 Than Columbus--that one mean I
 Who a God bestowed upon us.
 His old father's name was Amram
 And his mother's Jochebed,

And himself, his name is Moses,

And he is my greatest hero.

We shall see in the CONFESSIONS how Heine adds the Moses-motif to the other tunes he had learned to play in the last years of his life. Just before they were written, he added a small paragraph to his obituary on Marcus. It proves that Heine had no more illusions about the status of the Jews, and it gives point to that interpretation of Heine's later Jewish works which makes them the result of an artificial romantic glamour, rather than the out-pourings of a zealous worker for his people.

March 1854. "Since that time much has been changed in Germany, also the question of civil equality for the professors of the Mosaic belief, which was incidentally considered in the above pages, has since endured strange vicissitudes. In the spring of 1848 it seemed resolved for all time, but as with all other acquisitions of that blooming period of German hope, it seems that the said question is going retrograde in our land, and in many places it is reported to be in a most wretched status quo. The Jews ought finally to come to the realization that only then can they be truly emancipated, when the freedom of the Christians has been completely won and made secure. This cause is identical with that of the German People, and they should not demand as Jews, what was long due them as Germans".

We have now reached the period of the highest reaches of Heine's genius. With the "Romancero", the Aristophanes of the new age was bidding farewell to the world. Properly to estimate the true quality of the work belongs to the province of criticism. With the

exception of a few short poems on the Jews--noticeably the ones entitled SOLOMON and THE GOLDEN CALF, wherein he pokes fun at the money-making propensities of the Jewish people--the work which rivets our attention is the HEBREW MELODIES. In most likelihood, the inspiration for their composition was received from Byron, who had also been responsible for some of Heine's earlier Jewish work. But the subject-matter of these poems is due not so much to the example of the English poet, as it was to those studies which he pursued in preparation of the RABBI, and which he continued in the period of his sufferings in Paris. We have seen how he had become passionately fond of the Bible. In the CONFESIONS he elaborates on this powerful influence on his last days; and in the "Roman-cero" a host of references to the Bible events and characters indicate what a debt of gratitude Heine owes to the latter book.

The three hundred years of the blossoming of Jewish life and literature in Spain must have possessed a peculiar attraction for the dreaming invalid. It seemed to him like an oasis in the desert. Already in his study of Religion and Philosophy in Germany, Heine had, in a criticism of Mendelssohn, indicated his abhorrence for, what he calls, "the rigorous, consequential Rabbinism". The dry scholasticism of the Talmudists struck him as a petrification of the vital beauty of Judaism. Now, this blossoming of Jewish hopes in Spain produced exactly that type of Jewish life which Heine believed he should have loved to experience. Until the danger of Christianity appeared at the gates, the Jews thrived in literature as well as in life. When, however, the menace began to be felt, and

poetic abandon became self-consciousness, the spirit of dialecticism was again abroad in the Jewish camp. Defenses had to be arrayed before the attacks of the Christian. Disputations were the order of the day. From the latter part of this period comes the spur for the poem "DISPUTATION"; from the earlier comes the "JEHUDA HALEVI".

Heine prefaces the poems with a few stanzas of instruction to the Jews. One may truthfully regard them as a bit of the author's own philosophy which he wishes his people to adopt as a motto:

"O let not thy life fly by without a taste of happiness;
If you are secure from the shot--why, let them shoot.
If joy flies past you, catch it cautiously.
And, I advise you, build your hut in the vale,
And not on the heights.

From his own experience and from that of the Jews of the past and present, Heine had realized how few and far between are the moments of rest and leisure which the chosen people are suffered to enjoy. In that vanished Spanish past, they had been given an opportunity for self-development, but had decided to live on the heights. Not being content with the quietude which the PRINCESS SABBATH symbolises they had striven for the glory which is embodied in the JEHUDAH HALEVI, but with the ironical rewards of spiritual frustration, as pictured in the DISPUTATION. These three poems resemble one of the poet's characteristic poems; first, a quiet introduction, then, a rise to splendor, and finally, the inevitable crushing of the dream with a raucous laugh. In spite of his many semi-serious protests to the contrary, this seems to have been Heine's actual rule of life. He is loud in praise of Israel's heroes, but he would rather have been a

Moses Lump, who is reborn in the PRINCESS SABBATH. In preparation of this poem, Heine had translated the LECHO DAUDI, wrongly ascribing it to Jehuda "ben" Halevi. He begins the poem in praise of the holy day by a legend from an Arabian fairy-book which deals with the metamorphosis of man into beasts and vice-versa. Such a change the poet sees throughout the week in the Jew. On the work-days, he is a despised and hounded dog; but on the Sabbath eve he throws off his enchantment and renews his manly form. The holy atmosphere which enshrouds the Sabbath eve is one of Heine's most charming creations. In that world of peace and rest, the Sabbath bride embraces the Jew who has now become a man. When the time for Havdalah comes, and the daily tasks are to be re-assumed, the charm is again renewed. The whole poem is a glorification of the peace which comes but once in a great while to the persecuted Jew, and in that rare interval when he is secure from the shot, he cares not if the enemy shoots. Still, despite the evident seriousness of the piece, Heine has his good-natured laugh. The princess, looking gently at the happy prince of Israel, says that she permits him anything except to smoke.

"Dearest, smoking is forbidden,
Because to-day is the Sabbath.
Therefore there shall steam at noon
For your reward,
A dish which is truly divine;
To-day you shall eat the Shalet.

Nearly one-fourth of the poem is devoted to this Jewish dish, a subject of which Heine never tired, and which contributed to the underlying philosophy of the RABBI.

The connection which the PRINCESS bears with the following

poem is revealed by the poet's explanation that the author of the Lecho Daudi was Jehuda "ben" Halevi, whose praise he chants in the poem of that name. It has come down to us as a fragment; but it is a rich source for Heine's literary views, reminiscences, and social attitudes. The aim, of course, was to portray Israel on the heights. Forgetting for the nonce that the enemy was ever on the alert to shoot, the people dared to aspire to the highest peaks of beauty. The dog who became man imagined that it would be ever thus, and in this delusion lies the tragedy of the Jewish people, the bitter irony of which becomes clear in the DISPUTATION.

The poem begins with a reminiscence of his youthful days, when in the synagogue he was listening to the chanting of "By the waters of Babylon". We recall that in several of his letters to Moser, Heine had betrayed his fondness for this particular psalm which he uses as a leit-motif of the poem. In this dream of boy-hood years, he looks about the crowd for the image of Jehudah Halevi, and recognises him by the features one finds only among poets. Then comes a description of Halevi's youthful career, his studies in Hebrew, the Biblical lore, and the Talmud. In beautiful manner Heine paints the differences between the Halacha and Hagadah. The former he terms "A school of gladiators, where the best dialectic athletes of Babylon and Pumbeditha played their mock-battles." The Hagadah, on the other hand is a "highly fantastic garden" in which the Jewish poet reveled. In a sense JEHUDA "BEN" HALEVI is the embodiment of the beautiful aspects of Jewish life, and the hero of the poem, thanks to the inspiration of the Hagadah, becomes

"a great poet, the star and torch of his times, the light and illumination of his nation, a wonderful and huge fire-pillar of song, which went before the caravan of sorrow of Israel in the wildernesses of the Exile".

This brings to mind the tragedy of the ages with its still sadder questionings of the worth of human life. Someone has accurately remarked that "Romancero" is a modern Book of Job. But unlike this man of sorrows, Halevi glimpsed a bright future through the darkness which enshrouded him. He turns troubadour, but his is no mere earthly love; his was the devastated home-land, Jerusalem. Before the gates of the sacred city, he is killed by a Saracen: like the other Jews he felt too secure from the enemy's bolt. The ^{an}paen of praise which Heine sings about Jerusalem ends with the beautiful words

"Oh delight once more with mine eyes to behold thy splendor, when sparkles your star anew, and your dawn awakes with richer ray-- Then the happiness, which the Chosen People had implored with hearts of yearning, shall bloom in rejoicing, filled with life; when Zion raises itself in youthful splendor".

The second part of the poem begins to take on a half-comic tone. Heine's wife, Mathilde, having remarked that she had never heard the name of Jehuda Halevi, he launches into a tirade against the fashion in which children are reared. He would have them learn to love men like Halevi, Solomon Gabirol, and Moses ibn Esra (he evidently meant Abraham ibn Esra, because the biographical statements he makes of the former really apply to the latter). It is interesting to note that Bienenstock has attempted to explain Heine's mention of this triumverate by tracing spiritual kinship between them and our author.

I question if Heine knew enough of the men he had quoted to entitle him to speak as glibly of them as he does in the poem. The very fact that he does not write Halevi's name properly, that he mistakes Abraham for Moses ibn Esra and that he quotes nothing of the works of these men, proves that he knows of them merely by reputation. To me it seems that such a fact impairs the validity of the bulk of high-sounding criticism that has been lavished on the poem. It is practically impossible to analyze the second part because it is a melange of Heine's humor, social ideas, and death-bed pessimism. If these were really integral parts of the intended poem--it is a fragment--this would indicate a trivial attitude even beyond our expectation of a man of Heine's type.

In the DISPUTATION, we reach the conclusion of this trilogy. The grandeur of the former age is gone; the poets sing no longer. The Jew has other concerns to entrust to its great men. Christianity has obtained a foot-hold in Spain and has threatened the material as well as spiritual ease of the Jewish people. In a vain attempt to save themselves they employ their leaders to represent them in disputations with the Gentile; and, as always happens, the goal can best be attained by fine-spun logic or sophistry. Naturally the emphasis is placed on the Halabhc aspects of education rather than the Hagadic, that is, dialecticism supplants poetry in the hearts of the people. To hold this degeneration up to ridicule is the purpose of the DISPUTATION.

The two disputants are the Rabbi Juda of Navarre, and the monk Jose, a Franciscan. They are accompanied by eleven of their disciples who swear to adopt the religion which emerges victorious from the

verbal battle. Heine makes them both ridiculous, but he treats the Jewish representative more charitably. The monk defends Christianity as the religion of mercy and love, and he does this by heaping on his benighted opponent unmitigated curses and slander. The rabbi defends his God as the revengeful leader of Israel. He is much more restrained and careful in his utterance, and parries the monk's thrusts with a coolness which hints at fear. But he happens to quote Tosfes Yontov, and the monk exclaims: "Tosfes Yontov may go to Jericho". This was too much for the rabbi; he breaks out in a vehement torrent of abuse, and calls on the Lord to revenge such blasphemy. The height of Heine's disdain for the positive religions is phrased in the opinion voiced by the princess

"But it seems quite clear to me that the rabbi and the monk---
that both of them stink".

Upon this note ends the most famous of our poet's creations which deal with Jewish concerns. It is his parting shot at the absurdities which he found in the people he had years ago hoped to champion. It is his mature way of saying Hyacinth's dictum that "Judaism is a misfortune". There is an early sonnet of our author which might be said to summarise his attitudes on the Jewish problem. He dilates on the griefs which overwhelm the young enthusiast when he views the evils about him and the chagrin which is caused him by the Philistine opposition he encounters in the attempt to remedy them. After all illusions are dispelled there is one thing left for his comfort, and that is "shrill and bitter laughter".

An echo of this notion occurs in one of Heine's last poems.

It is called "To a Renegade". Note the whimsical treatment of what he formerly regarded as a moral crime.

"Oh, the holy courage of youth
 How easily thou art subdued.
 And you in a cooler mood
 Have come to an understanding with the dear Lord.
 And you have crept to the cross
 To the cross you once despised,
 Which but a few weeks before
 You wished to tread in the dust.
 Oh, that's what much reading does
 Of Schlegel, Haller, Burke--
 Yesterday you were a hero,
 To-day you are become a rascal.

In one of the additions to "Lazarus" which begins "Let them never think of him", he portrays in pathetic mood the attitude which the Jewish people will have towards him after his death. He will be willfully forgotten, and his name will be cut off from the records of his own people. Likewise in the "Commemoration", he cries out:

" They will sing no mass,
 Will recite no Kaddish,
 They will say or sing nothing
 On the day of my death".

These verses reflect a remorseful spirit, but we must remember that in his last days the poet suffered untold physical agony. These utterances must have escaped despite his earnest struggles to repress them.

We have now reached the end. Heine himself was aware of this, and he penned his CONFESSIONS in a more serene mood than he had ever before experienced. There is no more triviality and burlesque, and if he ever reached the Olympian dignity he had claimed as his, it was only in this last work. Therein occurs a remarkable passage which sums up, as it were, all the views on the Jews which he had entertained in his later and more retrospective years. Before I quote from it, I should like to present some of his ideas about the Jews which he had jotted down at random, presumably with the purpose of sometimes incorporating them in a larger work. There is no systematic arrangement whatever, but it is interesting to see how some of them are elaborated in the CONFESSIONS.

" Judaism--Aristocracy: One God has created the world and rules it; all men are his children, but the Jews are his favorites, and their land is his chosen dominion. He is a monarch; the Jews are the nobility, and Palestine is the exarchat of God. Christianity--Democracy: One God has made and governs all; but he loves all men alike, and protects all kingdoms. He is no longer a national deity, but a universal God. "

" Jewish history is beautiful, but the young Jews harm the old ones whom people will sometime rate above the Greeks and Romans. I believe that if there were no longer any Jews, and if one knew that there existed somewhere an example of this nation, he would travel one hundred hours to see it and to press it by the hand--and now they avoid us. "

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" Were I of the tribe from which sprang our savior, I would boast, rather than be ashamed of it".

Ah, that is what I should do also if our savior were the only one to spring from the tribe--but there have sprung also so many rascals from the same stock, that it becomes hazardous to recognise relationship with it".

" The Jews, this ghost-people which watches invisibly by its treasure, the Bible."

" Jew-hatred begins with the Romantic school, with a love for the Middle Ages, Catholicism, and nobility, and enhanced by the Teuto-maniacs".

I cannot quote all of the CONFESSIONS which relates to Jewish interests, and I shall have to paraphrase a large part of the material. The whole book, however, is one of the most inspiring things Heine ever wrote. In the original, the faltering style betrays the moribund condition of the author, but the thought is mustered with so much force that one would fain believe that Heine had summoned all his powers to convince the world that behind all his laughter lay an eternal seriousness. All the wit of the previous prose works is gone and in its place is a reserve and calmness of utterance which bespeaks a high sincerity. Unless we are to lend full credence to the CONFESSIONS, they inevitably become a tragic farce. And one is unwilling to believe, even of Heine, that his death-bed message was, like a large part of his life, an artistic sham.

"The re-awakening of my religious sentiments I owe to that holy book, and it was for me an object of healing as well as of devout

admiration.Strange.After having all of my life dawdled in all the ball-rooms of philosophy,yielded myself to all the orgies of the spirit,wooded all possible systems without being appeased,like Messaline after a night of debauchery--now I find myself with the same attitude towards the Bible as Uncle Tom's,and I kneel beside this black fellow-worshipper with the same devotion.--

" I had formerly no great love for Moses,perhaps because the Hellenic spirit prevailed in me,and I could not forgive Israel's law-giver for his antipathy towards all plastic art.I could not see that Moses,despite all opposition to all plastic arts,was,however,a great artist,and possessed the true artistic instinct.But in his case,as in the case of his Egyptian country-men,the artistic spirit was bent upon the colossal and eternal verities.Unlike the Egyptians,however,he created nothing artistic out of brick and granite,but he built human pyramids,he chiseled obelisks of men,he took a lowly shepherd race and created a people therewith;a people which should defy the centuries,a great eternal holy people,a people of God which might serve as a model for all nations;yea,a prototype for all humanity--he created Israel.With far greater justice than the Roman poets,may that artist,the son of Amram and the mid-wife Jochebed,boast that he has erected a monument more perdurable than brass.

As has been the case of the master,so has it fared with his creation,the Jews.I have never spoken with enough reverence,simply because of my Hellenic disposition,which was so inimical to Jewish asceticism.My preference for Hellenism has since waned.I realise now

that the Greeks were merely beautiful youths; the Jews, however, were powerful, unyielding men, not only in the ancient days, but even to-day, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and misery. Since then I have learned better to appreciate them, and were it not that pride of birth and democratic principles are absurd contradictions among warriors of the Revolution, the writer of these pages would boast that his forbears belonged to the ancient house of Israel, that he is a descendant of those martyrs who gave to the world a God, and a morality, and who suffered on all the battle-fields of thought.

Mediaeval history, and even that of the present day, has seldom mentioned in its reports the names of these knights of the holy spirit, for they ordinarily fought with closed visiers. As little as their very existence, are the deeds of the Jews known to the world. People think they know them because they have seen their beards--nothing more of them came to light--and as in ancient times, so to the modern age--they are a wandering mystery. This may be solved on the day of which the prophet tells, when there will be but one shepherd and one flock, and the just man who suffers for the good of humanity, will receive his glorious reward. "

(Then follows a long passage in which Heine explains that he had kept the Protestant faith merely as an outward form. He avers that he would have deserted it had it not been for the law which forbade domicile in Berlin and Prussia to those who belonged to none of the publicly-sanctioned positive religions. To make the best of a bad state of affairs, he had remained a Protestant, since in the Berlin churches Christianity was filtered free of superstition; the divinity

of Jesus was like turtle-soup without the turtle. To an indifferentist like Heine all were alike, and he wore his Christianity with as much ease and as little scruple as the Czar of Russia feels, when, on reviewing the Prussian troops in Potsdam, he courteously dons a uniform of an officer of the Prussian guard.

Protestantism at that time meant for him liberalism, an open profession of hate against the reactionary spirit which characterised the Catholic church. It had been the stamping ground of Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel. Nay more, it had actually been the cause of the spread of the Bible throughout civilisation. The Jews who had saved the Bible at the destruction of the Second Temple, had clung to their holy law with a passionate tenacity which prevented its falling into the hands of Israel's enemies. Tightly pressing it to their bosoms, they had carried it as a "portable fatherland" wherever their fated wanderings led them, and when once shut up in the Ghetto, they bent every effort to keep it hidden from the desecrating gaze of the Gentile. But German scholars, the fore-runners of the Reformation, were constantly lurking about this hiding-place of the treasure; they learned Hebrew to discover the "open sesame" of the cave where the Jews had jealously bestowed their treasure. Among them was Reuchlin. His enemies attacked the Jews neither out of sheer malice, nor blind prejudice, but because they dreaded the revelation of that secret spiritual store. Let Heine continue:

"Now that the motives of these proceedings lie manifest, one can see how fundamentally they were right. These men of darkness from Köln believed that the salvation of the world's soul was imperilled,

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and that all means were justifiable, falsehood and murder, especially as it affected the Jews. The poor lowly folk, the children of misery, hated the Jews already because of their heaped-up treasures, and that which to-day we call the hatred of the proletariat for the rich, was in those days simply antipathy against the Jews. In fact, since the latter, excluded from ownership of property and all trades, were allowed to concern themselves only with business matters and money affairs, which the church forbade the faithful, they, the Jews, were thus legally condemned to become rich, to be hated, and murdered. Indeed, such murder wore at that time a religious mantle, and it meant that we ought to kill those who had once murdered our God. That very people which had given the world a God, and whose entire life breathed divine devotion, was now denounced as a deicide."

Then follows a lengthy discussion of the influence exerted by the Bible on the civilized nations. He accounts for this ready acceptance of the Biblical spirit on the part of the nations, by saying that the Teutonic and Celtic peoples have an organic likeness with the Hebrews. Moses and Jesus were great statesmen, the latter was the greatest Socialist that ever lived, the former, instead of attempting the impossible, strove to moralize property-ownership, slavery, etc. The lodeⁿ-star of Moses's career was freedom; he hated slavery, refused to justify it, and by patient effort wrought an amelioration of the social and economic conditions obtaining among his people.