

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schilling Kralik Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz
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**The New Land Stories of Jews
Who Had a Part in the Making of
Our Country**

Elma Ehrlich Levinger

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"A new world, with great portals far outflung,
Holding a hope more sweet than time had sung,
To which the Jew, of life's high quest a part,
A pilgrim came, the Torah in his heart.
A land of promise, and fulfillment too;
Where on a sudden olden dreams came true...
Here grew we part of an ennobled state,
Gave and won honor, sat among the great,
And saw unfolding to our 'raptured view
The day long prayed for by the patient Jew."

From "The Jew in America," by Felix N. Gerson

TO
Grandmother and Grandfather
Levinger
THESE "STORIES THAT REALLY HAPPENED"
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

A LETTER TO MY READERS.

Dear Boys and Girls:

When your grandfather tells you a story, do you ever interrupt him to ask: "But is it all true?" And doesn't he often answer: "I don't know," or "I don't know when it's really true, and when it begins to be like a story book." And so, when you read through my little book—if you do read right through it to the very last page—you may wonder whether all my history stories really happened.

Yes—and no! I do know that cross old Peter Stuyvesant of New Amsterdam hated our people, but I never found any record of the Jewish boy who wanted to play with the governor's niece, pretty Katrina. The histories tell us how gallant young Franks became the friend of George Washington, but none of them mention that the Jewish soldier saved a Tory from the angry mob.

You understand now, don't you? So I'm going to turn the page right away that you may read for yourselves of the three Jews who whispered together on the deck of the "Santa Maria," as Columbus and his crew crossed the Sea of Darkness in search of a New Land.

E.E.L.

Note: The author expresses her thanks to the editors of *The Hebrew Standard* and *The Jewish Child* in which the stories, "In the Night Watches" and "A Place of Refuge," originally appeared.

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IN THE NIGHT WATCHES

The Three Who Came With Columbus.

For a while there was no sound save the soft swish-swish of the waves as the "Santa Maria," the flagship of Columbus, ploughed its way through the darkness. The moon had long since disappeared and one by one the stars had left the sky until only the morning star remained to guide Alonzo de la Calle, crouching above his pilot wheel. The man's eyes ached for sleep, his fingers were numb from dampness and fatigue, his heart heavy with despair. "Dawn," he muttered at last, "almost the last of the night watches; Gonzalo will take my place at the wheel and I can sleep."

In the shifting light of the ship's lantern, swinging from the mast above his head, the pilot saw Bernal, the ship's doctor, advancing toward him; a little dark man, who dragged one foot as he walked. He would have passed without speaking; but Alonzo, hungry for companionship, caught his arm.

"You are in high favor with Columbus," he began, "and he confides in you. Tell me, is he still [10] determined to go on if the next few days do not bring us to land?"

The ship's doctor nodded almost sullenly, yet there was pride in his voice when he spoke. "The admiral will not turn back. Not though the very boards of our three vessels mutiny and refuse him obedience. He will go on!"

"It is madness. It is already seventy days since we left our fair land of Spain, and — —"

Bernal interrupted him with a mocking laugh. "Our fair land of Spain," he sneered, "is not the land of the Jew nor have we found it

fair." But before he could speak further, the other clapped a warning hand over his mouth.

"Hush!" exclaimed the little pilot, "Hush! We may be overheard, and, though our admiral is gentle to the sons of Israel, it might fare ill with us if the crew were to learn that there were 'secret Jews' on board. See, some one is coming— —. Be silent," and he pointed to one who moved slowly toward them.

But Bernal laughed. "It is only Luis de Torres, the interpreter, one of our own people. *Shalom Aleicha*," he addressed himself to the newcomer, who answered, "*Aleichen Shalom*," but softly, glancing over his shoulder as he did so.

"Even in the midst of the Sea of Darkness you fear to use our holy tongue," taunted the physician. "We are no longer in Spain where the very walls of our houses had ears to hear our *Shema* and tongues to betray us to the officers of the Inquisition when we failed to come to their cursed masses." His [11] face twisted with rage as he pointed to his useless foot. "In Valencia I was denounced to the Inquisition, tortured almost unto death. But I escaped with my life; and now instead of spending my last days in peace in the land of my fathers I have come on this mad voyage across a sea without shore." He laughed harshly. "Yet even on these endless waves, I am safer than in the pleasant land of Spain."

Luis de Torres, who had stood leaning over the vessel's side, turned toward the speaker, his sensitive face showing pale and grave in the light of the swaying lantern. "Ah, Bernal," he said sadly, "has not the whole world become a great sea of endless waves for the unhappy children of Israel?" He shuddered slightly and drew his rich cloak more tightly about him. "I am a strong man; but I sicken and grow faint when I think of the tens of thousands of our brethren we saw scourged from the land of Spain even as we embarked and our three vessels were about to leave the port."

"Truly," Alonzo muttered, "truly, even a strong man may wish to forget what our eyes have seen. Night after night as I stand at my wheel I can see them, old men and little children and women with their babes. Where will they find rest?"

"There is no rest for Israel." It was Bernal who spoke in his sullen passion. "'Twas the ninth of *Ab* when our brethren were driven forth—the ninth of *Ab*; the day on which our Temple fell. Then we were scattered beneath the sky, but we thought at last that in the land of Spain we had found a [12] refuge. But there is no refuge for Israel, no rest for Him until death."

The sad eyes of Luis de Torres glowed with a strange light. "Nay, friend," he corrected gently, "the God of Israel will not forget His children forever. Who knows that this new route to India, of which the admiral dreams, may not lead us to a new land, an undiscovered place where no Jew will suffer for his faith. But, O God!" he cried with sudden pain, "We have waited so long, and still our people wander and are tossed to and fro, as we are tossed about by the waves of this unknown sea. Must each century bring its new *Tisha B'ab*, must we indeed suffer forever? Where is rest for us? What land will give us refuge?"

He raised his face to the brightening sky, his hands tearing at the gold chain about his throat. No one spoke for a moment, nor even moved until Alonzo turned back to his wheel, his eyes bright with strange tears. A cry burst from him; a cry of unbelieving joy.

"Land! Land!" and he pointed a trembling finger toward the misty outlines of palm trees, straight and slender beneath the early morning sky. Bernal echoed his cry with a great shout and in a moment, from every part of the ship, men came pouring, wide-eyed and unbelieving that they had crossed the Sea of Darkness at last. In their midst came a quiet man; a tall man with iron-gray hair and a firm mouth, who at first spoke no word, only gazed dumbly at the fulfillment of his dreams, stretching before him in the silvery light.

[13] "We have reached India," said Columbus at last.

Those about him laughed shrilly in their joy or wept or prayed. Alonzo, his eyes snapping with excitement, wrenched his wheel with hands no longer tired, and Bernal, the sneer for once absent from his lips, gazed with tense face toward the palm trees.

Only Luis de Torres stood apart, his face still convulsed from his passionate outburst of grief for his people. For, like the others, he could not know that instead of a new route to India a mighty conti-

ment had been discovered; nor did the unhappy dreamer dream that a very land of refuge and of hope for the wandering sons of Israel, lay before him across the smiling waters.

[14]

WHEN KATRINA LOST HER WAY ToC

A Tale of the First Jewish Settlers of New Amsterdam.

The warm spring sunshine forced its way through the tiny diamond-shaped window panes to fall in a bright pool of light upon the table cloth and blue cups and bowls Mary Barsimon had brought with her from Holland. It was a pleasant room, shining with the exquisite neatness that characterized the dwelling of every Dutch housewife in New Amsterdam with the same simple, well-made furniture and bright hand-woven rugs. Yet it differed strikingly in two or three details from the other homes in the Dutch settlement; on the mantle-piece, above the blue-tiled fire-place, stood two brass candle-sticks for the Sabbath, while on the eastern wall hung a quaint wood-cut representing scenes from the Bible; Abraham sacrificing Isaac, Jacob dreaming of the ladder reaching up to heaven. This *Mizrach*, Samuel's father had once told him, hung upon the eastern wall of every good Jewish home, that at prayer all might be reminded to turn toward the east and face the site of the Temple at Jerusalem. For centuries the Temple had been in ruins and the children of those who had worshipped there scattered to the four corners of the earth. Jacob Barsimon himself had wandered from Spain to Holland, from Amsterdam to Jamaica, from Jamaica to the Dutch [15] colony of New Amsterdam upon the Atlantic; yet in all his wanderings he had brought with him the old *Mizrach*; and he

still taught his twelve-year-old son to pray with his face toward the land of his fathers.

It was before this *Mizrach* that Jacob Barsimon stood one early spring morning in the year 1655, when New Amsterdam was still free from the rule of the English who were to re-name the colony New York. He stared at it with unseeing eyes, frowning darkly, his long, slender hands plucking nervously at the buttons of his coat. Samuel, assisting the young colored slave girl in removing the breakfast dishes, glanced at his father from time to time a little nervously, although he could not recall any prank or misdeed on his part that might have angered him. But his mother, after watching her husband for a few moments from her low chair at the window where she sat dressing the chubby two-year-old Rebecca, broke the heavy silence by asking:

"What is wrong, Jacob? What troubles you?"

For a moment Jacob Barsimon said nothing, but frowned more darkly than ever. At last he spoke. "Have you forgotten that a month from tomorrow is Samuel's birthday—that he will be thirteen?"

A tender smile played about the mother's mouth. "Surely, I remember the day he was born as well as though it were yesterday." She sighed a little, her hands busy with the buttons of the little girl's dress, her eyes gazing dreamily through the window. "We were still in Amsterdam, in dear old Holland, with [16] our own people. Do you remember, Jacob, how on the day when he was made a 'Son of the Covenant,' your old uncle acted as godfather and all of our neighbors—"

Jacob Barsimon interrupted her with a bitter laugh. "Neighbors! Yes, we had neighbors then, our own people, who were with us in joy and sorrow. But here, Jacob Aboaf and I are merely tolerated by the burghers. True, they allowed us to land when we came from Jamaica on the 'Pear Tree.' They have allowed me to trade with the Indies—as well they might, for even Peter Stuyvesant himself dare not say that we two Hebrews have ever been guilty of dishonesty in our trading ventures. But we are not at home here as we were in Holland or Jamaica; we are aliens and strangers and now comes this last insult to our people—to refuse them the right of residence here."

Frau Barsimon nodded gravely. "Yes, I know well why your heart is so bitter with disappointment when you think that it is almost time for our Samuel's *barmitzvah* and that save our neighbor, Jacob Aboaf, there may be none of our own people here to help us rejoice when Samuel becomes a 'Son of the Law.' And yet," she spoke cheerily enough, rocking the rosy baby upon her knee, "and yet, who knows but that by next *Shabbath* our Jewish friends will be granted the right of settling here? And if they are still here when Samuel's birthday comes," she nodded brightly to the wondering boy who had remained near the table, drinking in every word, "you will have a *minyán* (ten men required for a [17] Jewish ceremony) to hear you recite your *barmitzvah* speech and eat the feast I shall prepare for them." She sprang up suddenly, the baby tucked under one arm as she began to pile dishes with her free hand, scolding the slave girl as energetically as she worked for not having the table cleared. For if Frau Barsimon ever allowed herself the luxury of a moment's rest or gossip, she never failed to regain lost time by working twice as hard—and noisily—as soon as she took hold again.

"Father," asked Samuel, forgetting the cakes and ale of his *barmitzvah* party for a moment, "just why won't they let the Jews who came from South America last fall live in New Amsterdam like the rest of us? In Holland the Dutch were always kind to our people and in the Indies they allowed you to trade in peace."

Barsimon did not answer until the slow-handed, sharp-eared little slave girl had followed his wife into the kitchen. When he spoke his voice was tinged with a harsh bitterness. "Wiser men than you have asked that question, my boy, and no one has yet found an answer. True, Holland and those lands ruled by the Dutch have been places of refuge for us. No wonder that the poor souls who left Brazil in the 'St. Catarina' hoped to receive honorable treatment here at the hands of the burghers. It may be that they fear the rivalry of our brethren in trade, if more of us be allowed to take up residence in New Amsterdam. And perhaps," he spoke with a sort of grudging honesty, "perhaps, one can scarcely blame the worthy burghers for mistrusting [18] the newcomers and refusing to grant them welcome. They were unfortunate enough to have been robbed at Jamaica where they rested on their journey; when they reached here there

was the disgrace of an auction in which their goods were sold to pay for their passage, and two of the passengers, David Israel and Moses Ambrosius, were held for security. You remember how a law suit was brought against them by Jacques de la Motthe, master of the vessel, for this same passage money; and although the matter is now settled, some of our honest citizens are not ready to welcome strangers who they believe are little better than vagabonds and paupers."

"But, father," protested the boy, "a goodly number out of the twenty-seven who came on the 'St. Catarina' last autumn have received gold from their brethren in Holland. All except the very poorest one. And I heard mother telling Frau Aboaf that you could ill afford giving all you did to help the poor widow on board the 'St. Catarina' and — —"

"Jacob Aboaf and I have done but little," — half-growled Barsimon, as though ashamed of the charity he was always ready to do by stealth. "And they were our brethren." He became silent again, striding to the window and scowling out into the bright spring sunshine. At last: "But perhaps we have managed to serve them with our pens as well as gold. Jacob Aboaf and I, with a few of our good Dutch townsmen, have written to the directors of the Dutch West India Company in Amsterdam, praying that these Jews, now forbidden lodging here, be allowed the rights and privileges, of all good [19] citizens. The directors should listen to our plea, for a large amount of the company's capital comes from Jewish purses. We might have heard favorably from them long ago had it not been for the stubborn hatred of Governor Stuyvesant, whose letters have poisoned their minds against us."

"But we have never harmed Governor Stuyvesant," observed Samuel, "so why should his hand be against us?"

Jacob Barsimon laughed grimly, lowering his voice as he answered, for he was a cautious man and did not care to risk having his words carried through the town by the little slave girl Minna, now clattering the breakfast dishes as she moved about the kitchen. "Does Peter Stuyvesant ever need a reason for his follies?" he asked dryly. "His head is as hard as his wooden leg and never a new idea has pierced his brain since the day he was born. He hates our peo-

ple with as much reason as our black Minna fears witches and the evil eye. It is said that he has written to the directors at Amsterdam, begging that none of the Jewish nation be permitted to infest New Netherlands. He has used those very words in public places; infest the colony and be like a plague of hungry locusts. Perhaps he really believes the evil things he says of our brethren. Even eyes as shrewd as his may be blinded by hate. And one can understand his bitterness, his hardness of heart toward all mankind. His post here is not easy, harrassed by the savages on our borders, the Swedes, even the English, who have already cast covetous eyes upon this rich port. While his [20] private life—" the man's stern face grew rather tender—"has not been very happy. It is said that he left a half-sister in Holland, the one creature he ever loved or who knew his kindlier side. A few months ago her husband died and she dared the voyage with her little daughter that they might make their home with the governor. But the vessel was lost at sea and she was drowned. Only a sailor or two and several passengers survived and one of them brought the little girl to Peter Stuyvesant."

"I heard Minna tell of her," interrupted Samuel. "She says that once she helped the governor's cook carry the Sunday dinner home from market and she saw little Katrina playing on the great stairway of Peter Stuyvesant's house. Minna says she has long golden curls and her eyes are blue—blue as the little flowers that grow near the Wall every spring. I wonder we never see her, father!"

Barsimon sat down on the low settle beside the window and lighted his long pipe, puffing thoughtfully and gazing into the smoke as he spoke. "I would not have you repeat this, son, for it may be but idle gossip. But it is reported that since her mother's death the child has become the idol of the governor's hard, old heart. He is filled with foolish fears that he may lose her as cruelly as he lost her mother before her. He scarcely ever permits her to stir abroad and then only when she is followed by one of his faithful black slaves." He arose with his characteristic abruptness, and walking to the chest of drawers across from the fire-place, changed his black silken skull cap to the [21] broad-brimmed hat of his Dutch neighbors. "Forget what I have said," he told his son, briefly. "We live here only on sufferance and must guard our tongues. But you are a good lad and I know I need never regret having confided in