FROM THE PAGES OF TRADITION

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MONTAGUE LAWRENCE MARKS: IN A JEWISH BOOKSTORE

Anyone who searched for a used, out-of-print, or rare Hebrew book in New York City during the last 50 years will have fond memories of New York's Lower East Side—and many a story to tell. There was Morgenstern on East Broadway;[1] Waxer on Canal Street; Katz on Essex Street; Rosmarin (Om Publishing Co.) on Ludlow Street; Berger on Eldridge Street;[2] and others—all gone without a trace, except for the memories and books they left as a legacy.

Three landmark Lower East Side Jewish bookstores were still serving the Jewish community in the 1980's: Biegeleisen on Division Street; Rabinowitz on Canal Street; and Feldheim on East Broadway. By the end of the decade, all three had closed their doors.[3] The closings went largely unnoticed in the Jewish press; no eulogies were delivered by officials of the Jewish community at large. Yet for the first time in more than a century, there is no bookstore specializing in used, out-of-print, and rare Hebrew books on New York's Lower East Side. Brief descriptions of the three landmark Lower East Side Jewish bookstores are followed by a passage dedicated to the memory of the owners and staffs of New York's Jewish bookstores through the ages. They did not merely sell books; they proffered sound advice, introduced customers to each other; and, in general, provided a congenial setting for *talmidei hakhamim,* scholars, collectors, bibliophiles, and "ordinary" Jews to meet and exchange ideas. Many a *hiddush* and scholarly article resulted from a conversation that took place (or: was overheard) in a Jewish bookstore.

J. Biegeleisen Co. was founded by Yisrael Yakir Biegeleisen, a native of Auschwitz, Galicia who settled in the Boro Park section of Brooklyn in 1921. He began selling Hebraica in 1924. A master of Jewish bibliography, he helped build many private and public Hebraica and Judaica collections, including the *sifrei kodesh* library of Mesivta Torah Vodaas in Brooklyn. In 1951, Biegeleisen—together with his son Solomon—moved the business from Brooklyn to New York's Lower East Side. Starting on East Broadway, the store eventually made its way to Division Street. Always well stocked, its main floor contained one of the fullest collections of rabbinic literature in print. An upper floor consisted of bookcases and shelves stocked almost entirely with used Hebraica. J. Biegeleisen Co. thrived for some 30 years on New York's Lower East Side when in 1981, shortly after Yisrael Yakir's death, Solomon and his brother Moshe transferred the business to its original setting—the Boro Park section of Brooklyn.[4]

Solomon Rabinowitz entered the Jewish bookstore business on the Lower East Side in the 1920's. Originally with Reznick, Menschel and Co., a Jewish

bookstore on Canal Street, he later joined Moriah Book Co., also on Canal Street. In 1931, he founded Solomon Rabinowitz Hebrew Book Store on East Broadway. Ultimately, it too made its way to Canal Street. Rabinowitz specialized in modern Hebrew and Zionist literature. His bookstore became the literary watering hole for New York's Hebraists and *maskilim.* With Solomon Rabinowitz' death in the early 1940's, his son Theodor was recalled from (what was then) Palestine and joined Mrs. Rabinowitz (Solomon's widow) in running the business. It was Theodor who moved the business from 48 to 30 Canal Street, where it would remain until it closed. Theodor Rabinowitz died in 1966, and the business continued to thrive under the able guidance of his widow, Erna (today: Mrs. Erna Rubin). In its last years, under the aegis of (now: Dr.) Yaakov Elman, Rabinowitz Hebrew Bookstore stocked an even broader range of subject matter—including ancient Near Eastern languages and literature in its purview. The store closed its doors in the mid 1980's.

Philipp Feldheim's first bookstore on the Lower East Side was a small storefront on Hester Street. A refugee from Vienna, Feldheim arrived in the United States, and opened shop, in 1939. Encouraged by Rabbi Shraga Feivel Mendlowitz and Rabbi Joseph Breuer, he began publishing Jewish classics in the original and in English translation. Largely through Feldheim's efforts, the writings of Samson Raphael Hirsch were introduced to the American Jewish community. Feldheim's shop eventually moved to Essex Street, then to Grand Street, then to East Broadway, where it remained until it closed in 1986.[5] Unlike Biegeleisen and Rabinowitz who primarily sold new books, Feldheim's bookstore consisted almost entirely of used, out-of-print, and rare Hebraica and Judaica. Books were carefully arranged by subject and language. Thus, e.g., there was a section devoted to Yiddish books, and still another section—perhaps the most extensive one in the store—devoted to German Judaica. With the closing of the bookstore, Philipp Feldheim—now 88 years old—retired to Monsey, N.Y., where he resides with his family. The firm continues as a family business, with branches in Jerusalem (Feldheim Publishers Ltd.) and Spring Valley, N.Y. (Philipp Feldheim Inc.), devoted to the publication and distribution of contemporary Hebraica and Judaica.

We pay tribute to the Lower East Side's Jewish bookstores of the recent past by reprinting a short essay that first appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in 1878. Its non-Jewish author, Montague Lawrence Marks, was a professional editor and writer who resided in Manhattan. The essay is presented exactly as it appeared in the original, with its occasional bias and considerable charm.

IN A JEWISH BOOKSTORE

It seems strange that there should be a "Ghetto" in an American city, and especially in New York. But there certainly is on the east side of the Bowery, below Canal Street, almost as distinctive a Jewish quarter as is to be found in any of the old European cities where the Jews for centuries have been a proscribed race. Butchers, bakers, grocers, and even carpenters display signs in Hebrew characters, although the language employed is the *patois* called Jüdisch-Deutsch (Jewish German), which bears about the same relation to pure German as does Pennsylvania Dutch. In the shop windows where provisions of any kind are sold a placard bearing the Hebrew word *Cosher,* or proper, is usually found, conveying the information that the food has been examined by the ecclesiastical authorities, and pronounced clean.

The Jews who inhabit this quarter include many Germans and some Bohemians, who soon accommodate themselves to the manners and customs of the land of their adoption; but they are mostly Russian and Polish emigrants, who are extremely fanatical, and have no desire to know the English language, or, indeed, learn any thing which may tend to change their ancient mode of life. The most orthodox of the uptown synagogues are not orthodox enough for them. They are the Pharisees of the Pharisees. Besides having schools of their own, in which nothing but the Talmud is studied, they have their own synagogues and their own courts, which decide all disputes which may arise among them, whether the questions raised are on matters civil or ecclesiastical. The decrees of the *Beth Din,* or House of Judgment, are based on the ancient canons of the Talmud, and there is no appeal from them. The opinions of this rabbinical court are often absurdly whimsical; but they are received with great respect, and no one dreams of disputing them. Even divorces are granted by the *Beth Din,* and sometimes lead to much trouble, for the rabbinical law comes in direct conflict with the law of the land. The Talmud, for instance, allows a man to put away his wife if she burns the soup in preparing the dinner.[6]

It is in this quarter of the city that one finds at home the small army of itinerant glaziers and peddlers, whose swarthy complexions and strongly marked features are familiar to every body. Refugees from the grinding tyranny of Russian rule, and apparently unable as yet to realize that in this country they are free, these poor emigrants continue a "peculiar people," keeping together in self-imposed ostracism, living very much as they lived in the squalid Ghettos of Europe, and as their forefathers lived before them during centuries of unrelenting persecution. The second generation, however, soon become Americanized. By the

thrift and industry which may be said to be characteristic of the race, from peddlers they become store-keepers. They move a little further up town, away from their narrowed and tribal surroundings, and in another generation or so their names become conspicuous in the leading business marts and thoroughfares, where they have bloomed into the full dignity of merchants, and, as a rule, of liberal American citizens. Their children attend the public schools, are comely, and have lost that half-eager, half-frightened expression of countenance, born of the Ghetto and its centuries of cruel humiliation, which one often sees in the Jewish face of the lower type. These American Jews would laugh to scorn the idea of submitting their differences to the decision of the *Beth Din;* and as to ritual matters, they have shed the ultra-orthodoxy of their grandsires for the more moderate Judaism of to-day, as it is represented in one or another of the varied phases of its modern development in the score or more of synagogues and temples of New York.

Strolling through Allen Street, the center of the Jewish quarter, we find ourselves in Division Street. Here and there the bold, square Hebrew characters on the signboards attract the eye, and ever and anon the strange guttural sounds of the Jüdisch-Deutsch *patois* salute the ear as we meet or pass some dark-visaged denizens of the neighborhood, all talking loudly and gesticulating vehemently, with many a shrug of the shoulder and motion of the hand.

We pause in front of a Jewish bookstore,[7] which has queer cabalistic-looking letters painted on the windows. Through the panes of glass we can see a variety of strange articles, which we presume are in some way related with the worship of the synagogue, but of which we know neither the name nor the use, and rows of shelves filled with great folio volumes labelled in Hebrew. What kind of books, one wonders, can these be? Who buy and read them? Surely not the poor, squalid-looking people who live in this uncanny neighborhood. Not, for instance, the ragged, smutty-faced young man we saw just now mending a broken window in Hester Street, nor the old-clothes dealer who is driving a bargain with the woman across the street. Surely such people as these can neither care for nor understand the literature of a dead language! Why, they are ignorant even of the vernacular! Yet we remember that the poor Hebrew youth Spinoza wrote his greatest philosophical works while making his living by following the humble occupation of polishing lenses for telescopes. But let us enter the store. We can there soon satisfy our curiosity.

Behind the counter stands the bookseller, conversing with a bonnetless, poorly clad, shrivelled-up little old Polish woman, who has thrown down before him a parcel of Hebrew parchment rolls, which she is trying to sell to him. Judging from the characteristic "ski" at the end of his name over the door, and the ease with which he speaks her *patois,* the master of the shop is probably of the same nationality as his customer. He is an

elderly, intellectual-looking man, with a sallow complexion and a profusion of thick curly black hair and beard, both well streaked with gray. As he peers quizzically at the woman over his gold-rimmed glasses, he elevates his bushy eyebrows in a manner which starts into play all the wrinkles in his forehead, giving him rather a sardonic expression. The woman, in a whining, nasal voice, keeps up a continuous chatting in Jüdisch-Deutsch. But the bookseller evidently has given her his ultimatum, for she now receives from him no other recognition than an occasional impatient, deprecatory shake of the head.

Turning from her, he says to us in good English, "She asks twenty-five dollars for them. But it is too much. They are not worth more than ten dollars to me."

The scrolls are beautiful manuscripts, and look as if they should be worth much more than that, if only as curiosities.

"What are they?" we ask.

"They are what are called 'The Five Rolls.' This one is the *Megillah,* or Book of Esther. That long one is the Song of Solomon. The others are the Book of Ruth, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. They are not worth more —"

The old woman interrupts, and begs him to give her fifteen dollars for the lot.

The bookseller shakes his head negatively, whereupon she gathers the scrolls into her apron, and makes a feint of moving toward the door. With a rapid glance at her halting attitude, which tells him that she does not mean to go, he continues his remarks with well-assumed indifference: "No! they are not worth more than ten dollars to me. No doubt they cost a great deal more than that in Russia, where they came from: it would take a good scribe six weeks to write them; but we don't use them in that form in the synagogues here. Each has to be sung to a regular song of its own; but there's hardly any one now in New York who knows the proper tunes but myself.[8] Besides, the rolls are much too long to be sung in the old style nowadays. Solomon's Song alone take a good hour and a half."

As might be supposed of a race who have produced the immortal poets of the Bible, many of whose compositions were sung in the Temple with grand orchestral and choral accompaniments, not to speak of such modern celebrities as Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Halevy, Rubinstein, and Offenbach, the Jews are naturally a musical people. Even the poorest among them are so fond of good singing that a *chazan,* or precentor, with a fine voice, commands almost his own price, just like a first-class opera singer, and persons of all conditions crowd the synagogue to hear him. From his childhood the Jew is taught to sing the law and the prophets, not to read them. For every passage there is the proper cadence, which would tell the listener, even though he did not understand a word of Hebrew, whether the passage intoned was a question, a reply, an argument, and so

on. On any Saturday morning or festival of the Jewish Church one may hear this peculiar chanting to perfection in the Reformed Temple in Fifth Avenue,[9] or in the Orthodox synagogue in West Forty-fourth Street.[10]

To return to our bookseller. The poor woman looks at him wistfully as she moves slowly toward the street door. She asks for fourteen dollars—for thirteen—for twelve dollars for the scrolls. But he does not relent. "How did the woman come by the manuscripts?" we ask.

"She says they belonged to her husband, who died about a month ago. He brought them with him from Poland, I suppose."

The widow returns to the counter, throws down the scrolls with a deep sigh, and holds out her hand for the ten dollars the book-seller has offered her for them. He has conquered, and doubtless has got a bargain. With a practiced eye, skimming their contents from right to left, he examines the parchments; he takes out a greasy-looking wallet, counts out the amount due, and the purchase is consummated.

We remark that he must be very familiar with the Hebrew language to be able to satisfy himself as to the accuracy of the manuscripts by such a hasty perusal of their contents.

"Oh," he replies, "I could see at a glance that they were all right. I've been in this business for many years, and am something of an expert. There was a time when I'd get as much as fifty dollars for examining a *Sephar Torah* (Book of the Law). But I'm hardly strong enough for that work now. It hurts my back, and I've had to give it up."

He shows us several *Sepharim* (the word is the plural form of *Sephar*). Each contains the entire Pentateuch, beautifully written on a continuous roll of parchment, the skins being neatly stitched together. Every synagogue own several such sets, the portion of the law for the day being always chanted from one of them.

The *Sephar* before us is a marvel of fine penmanship. There are no "points" (i.e., vowels) in the manuscript. A practiced Hebrew scholar uses them neither in reading nor writing.

In answer to our inquiry, the bookseller says: "We used to get three hundred dollars for such a *Sephar.* But now we have to be satisfied with seventy-five dollars, which, of course, is little enough for a work requiring so much careful labor. Times are hard, and we have to be satisfied with what we can get. This business used to be very good, but now some of our best customers, as soon as they make money, join one of the fashionable Reformed temples up town, and generally we never see them again. Why, we do not sell nearly as many *talisim* as we used to."

The *talis* is a white fringed scarf of silk or wool, containing a thread of blue, worn at prayers by every orthodox Jew. It is white as emblematic of purity, with horizontal stripes or ribbons of blue. Such a scarf was worn by Jesus. The woman with the issue of blood, according to the Gospel, came behind him and touched the border (*kraspedon*) of his garment. This

was the *talis gardol,* or great talis. There is also the *talis karton,* or little talis, which the orthodox Jew constantly wears under his shirt. It consists of two quadrangular pieces of wool or silk, joined together by two broad straps, with a space left sufficient for the head to pass between, something after the fashion of the Romish scapular. From each corner hangs a fringe.

The practice of wearing these scarfs owes its origin to the command found in Numbers, xv. 37–39:

> And the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband [or thread] of blue: and it shall be onto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them.

While the bookseller was explaining all this to us, a customer entered the store with a little boy. He was well dressed, and had none of the common Hebrew characteristics of manner or feature, although it soon appeared that he was a Jew, and an orthodox one. The boy had arrived at the age (thirteen years) for wearing *tephilim,* or phylacteries, and this visit was for the purpose of buying him a set. From a drawer behind the counter containing all sizes a suitable set was selected. The boy, a bright, intelligent little fellow, insisted on trying them on at once. The phylacteries consist of a tiny leathern box containing certain Scriptural texts, which is bound with a narrow leathern strap upon the left hand of the devotee, and another, with a similar fastening, which is bound as a frontlet between the eyes, in obedience to the command found four times in the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy:

> And it [the law] shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes.

The Reformed Jews regard the ordinance metaphorically, but the orthodox follow it literally.

In obedience to his father's instructions, the boy took off his coat and bared his left arm; but it being remembered that he was left-handed, he pulled down his shirt sleeve and bared his right arm instead. The phylactery for the arm was then placed just above the elbow, or the thick part of the flesh, particular care being taken that nothing interposed between the phylactery and the naked arm. The ligature, with the blackened side outward, was then bound around the arm seven times, and thrice around the middle finger of the hand. The phylactery for the head was bound so that the projection—the little box—rested in front between the eyes. Not having yet been instructed as to the meaning of "laying *tephilim,*" which is a practice held in great reverence by the orthodox Jews, the boy laughed merrily as he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the show case. His father reproved him so severely that the little fellow began to cry, but an

affectionate kiss and the present of a silver quarter quickly chased the tears from his eyes, and as the twain left the store the boy was insisting on being allowed the honor of carrying home the *tephilim* in his own pocket.

As the bookseller is putting back in the drawer the sets of phylacteries he had been showing to the departed customer, he takes up from a heap of similar ones a long ram's horn. This, he explains, is a *Shophar,* such as is blown in the synagogues on the Jewish New-Year (*Rosh Hashanah*) and the Day of Atonement (*Yom Kippur*), according to a custom as old as the days of the Bible, when the *Shophar* was sounded to summon the people to prayer. Each instrument (which is a perfectly plain ram's horn, very difficult to sound for those who have not practiced on it) must be *cosher,* and is stamped with the seal of the rabbinical inspector.

Scrutinizing the contents of the bookseller's show-case, we notice a number of little cylindrical tubes of glass, containing tiny scrolls of parchment. The tubes and their contents are called *m'zuzot.* There are also similar tubes of tin, made for a poorer class of customers. We learn that literally *m'zuzah* (the word is the singular form of *m'zuzot*) means a doorpost, but it actually refers to the passages of Scripture (Deuteronomy, vi. 4–9, and xi. 13–21) which are rolled up and fastened to the portals of each room in the dwelling of every orthodox Jewish family, in obedience to the Mosaic command: "Thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates." The word *Shaddai* (Almighty God) is written on the back of the scrolls so as to be seen through the glass, and in the tin tube there is a hole through which the same word is visible.

Among other articles in the show-case we find sample copies of Jewish cookery-books, calendars, prayer-books, and elementary Hebrew works, some written in German and others in Jüdisch-Deutsch. There is also a serious book in English, called *Jesus of Nazareth,* giving a story of his life according to rabbinical tradition;[11] and there is a pamphlet in English with the title *Tub Taam.*

"Tub Taam! Why, what's that?" we ask. "It's a translation of Zebi Friedmann's Hebrew work in justification of *Shechitah,*[12] the Jewish mode of killing animals," says the bookseller. "Friedmann is dead. He was a very learned man, but he did not understand English, and he couldn't get the pamphlet translated in his lifetime. I don't know who made this translation.[13] Friedmann wrote *Tub Taam* in 1866 in defense of the Jewish butchers, who were much frightened by Mr. Bergh giving them notice that their slaughter-houses would all be closed if they did not explain satisfactorily the charges of cruelty in their mode of killing which had been made to his society. The result was a complete vindication of the Mosaic ordinances in regard to this matter, which were shown to be much more humane than the methods employed in the common slaughter-houses."

A glance at the bookseller's shelves shows that most of them are filled with various editions of the *Chumash,* or Pentateuch, some with the text alone, but by far the greater number with commentaries by noted rabbis. The favorite commentary is that of Rashi. But as this is in pure Hebrew, which is not generally understood, it is accompanied by a Jüdisch-Deutsch translation in the Hebrew character. The latter is used in preference to the German character, which centuries of persecution made hateful to the Jews as that of the language of their oppressors.

A set of *Chumash* of this description is in five volumes, and costs about five dollars. The bookseller tells us that his principal customer for it is some peddler, glazier, or old-clothesman, who understands neither Hebrew nor pure German, but as he is taught that it is sinful to grow up without some knowledge of the Scriptures, he acquaints himself with the Pentateuch through the medium of the wretched *patois* of his native place.

For those who are far enough advanced to read the Pentateuch in pure German there is the popular translation of Johlsen, which is written in the Hebrew character, like the famous German translation of the Bible by the critic Mendelssohn (a kinsman of the great composer)—the first Jewish translation of the Scriptures into any modern language. Then there are Rabbi Jacob's Commentary on the Pentateuch;[14] the *Haphtoroth,* or weekly portions of the prophets, usually called *Tsennorennah,* and the *Weiber Chumash,* or Woman's Pentateuch, full of fanciful wood-cuts. For more advanced students there are the works of Maimonides (the famous physician to the Sultan Saladin,[15] described in Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*), with the commentary by the learned Abarbanel. The readers of Maimonides form a class or school for themselves. They are generally of a metaphysical or rationalistic turn of mind. Other students devote themselves to the mysticism of the *Kabbala,* or theosophy, while again others apply themselves to the works of Nachmanides, Bechai, Aben Ezra, and Kimchi, great Jewish scholars, especially the last two named, whose acuteness and accurate knowledge of the Hebrew text of the Scriptures are unequalled.

But towering above every thing except the Bible itself in the esteem of the orthodox Jew is the Talmud. This is too costly a work, however, to be owned by the ordinary customer of the Division Street bookseller, who, however, sells a good many copies payable in weekly installments. A common set of the Talmud, bound in leather, costs forty dollars. It is in twelve folio volumes,[16] and is, indeed, a library in itself, being a vast congest of canon law, abounding with the most subtle distinctions and disputations, and comprising a certain portion of the principles of political economy, ethics, agriculture, and enough of astronomy to regulate the feasts and calendar, which depend upon the moon. During their persecutions the Jews were compelled to omit the original references in the Talmud to the Christian Messiah, and in most of the editions blank spaces

here and there show where these passages have been expunged. The friendly bookseller takes down a dusty folio to show us one of these gaps, and the parallel volume of another edition published in Holland—in Amsterdam the Jewish printing-press is never idle—wherein the suppressed passages are all printed.

"Do you have many Christian customers for your books?" we ask.

"Ministers and students sometimes send for Hebrew works, but very seldom. The clergy, you know, don't care to go very deeply into Hebrew. Very few of them can do much more than read. Sometimes, though, I get a good customer. There was Mr. B———, the dry-goods man; he was a great linguist, and knew a good deal of Hebrew. I sold him quite a library, including a large *Sephar Torah.* Then there was a rough, shabbily dressed Irishman, who came into the store one day and looked about the place, pretty much as you are doing. I didn't fancy his appearance, and asked him what he wanted. 'Oh,' said he, 'never mind me, my friend; don't be afraid. I shall buy something. You don't think I understand Hebrew, eh?" And with that he took down a *Chumash,* and read from it as well as I could, and then translated what he'd read. he was as good as his word, too; for though he took up a good hour of my time, he bought a book. I found out afterward that he was a celebrated doctor of divinity. I forget his name."

We feel that we can not do less than did this doctor of divinity under similar circumstances, and we carry away *Tub Taam* and *Jesus of Nazareth* as a souvenir of our visit.

NOTES

1. Lower East Side Jewish bookstores frequently moved from one location to another. Unless otherwise indicated, the addresses given here are the last known address of each establishment.
2. Isaiah Berger (d. 1973) ordinarily worked out of his residence at 125 Dumont Street in Brooklyn. It was only toward the end of his career, in the 1960's, that he opened a store (better: a warehouse) on the Lower East Side. He specialized in scarce and out-of-print Hebraica, Judaica, and Orientalia. He published over 40 catalogues and booklists—which have become collector's items themselves.
3. Some of the more prominent Jewish bookstores still located on the Lower East Side are: Stavsky on Essex Street; Goldman on Canal Street; Gur Aryeh on Canal Street; and Levine on Eldridge Street. But like some of their contemporaries (e.g., Ktav Publishing House, formerly on Allen Street but now in Hoboken, N.J.; Hebrew Publishing Co., formerly on Delancey Street but now in Brooklyn), several are already in the process of relocating beyond the confines of the lower East Side.
4. See Jacob L. Chernofsky, "Scholarly Hebraica: New, Old, and Rare," in *AB Bookman's Weekly,* March 23, 1987, pp. 1221–1224.
5. Officially closed by Feldheim in 1986, its stock was sold to M. Landy who continued to operate the bookstore through 1988, when its doors were closed permanently.
6. See b. Gittin 90a. For the normative view, see Maimonides' *Code,* Gerushin 10:21; and cf. *Shulhan Arukh, Even ha-Ezer* 119:1.
7. From the previous paragraph, it is evident that the Jewish bookstore was on Division Street. In the following paragraph, the author informs us that the owners name ended with the letters "ski." This suffices to identify the bookstore as that of Hayyim Sakolski at 53 Division Street. Other

Lower East Side Jewish bookstores in this period were: Friedman on Rivington Street; Kantrowitz on East Broadway; Germanski on Canal Street; and Druckerman on Canal Street. See J. D. Eisenstein, *Ozar Zikhronotai,* New York, 1929, pp. 66 and 103; cf. H. B. Grinstein, *The Rise of the Jewish Community of New York 1654–1860,* Philadelphia, 1945, p. 285 and p. 571, n. 54.

8. Sakolski, in fact, served as public reader of the Torah, and as Rabbi, at one of the earliest congregations of Polish Jews in New York's Lower East Side. See J. D. Eisenstein, *op. cit.,* p. 29.
9. In 1878, Temple Emanuel stood at Fifth Avenue and E. 43rd Street; Gustav Gottheil served as Rabbi. For a photograph of the synagogue, see O. Israelowitz, *Synagogues of New York City,* New York, 1982, p. 11. For a brief account of its history, see H. B. Grinstein, *op. cit.,* pp. 56–57 and 263–287 and notes.
10. The reference is to Congregation Shaarey Tefila, which in 1878 was located at 127 W. 44th Street. Samuel M. Isaacs served as Rabbi. See I. Goldstein, *A Century of Judaism in New York,* New York, 1930; pp. 92–94; cf. J. D. Eisenstein, *op. cit.,* pp. 43–44.
11. The reference is to an English translation of *Toldot Yeshu,* probably the one prepared by William Henry Burr and published by D. M. Bennett in New York prior to 1879. A second edition appeared in New York, 1879. In general, see S. Krauss, *Das Leben Jesu nach jüdischen Quellen,* Berlin, 1902 (reissued: Hildesheim, 1977), and M. Goldstein, *Jesus in the Jewish Tradition,* New York, 1950.
12. Aaron Zebi Friedmann (1822–1876), born in Poland, was appointed *shoḥet* and Rabbi at Bernkastle-on-the-Moselle in 1844. In 1848, he left for New York, where he served as *shoḥet* in one of the city's largest abattoirs until his death. The Hebrew edition of *Tub Taam* was published in New York, 1875.
13. *Tub Ta'am* was translated into English by L. Buttenwieser (1825–1901). Born in Bavaria, Buttenwieser was ordained by Rabbi Seligmann Baer Bamberger of Würzburg and Rabbi Solomon Judah Rapoport of Prague. He emigrated to the United States in 1854, and settled in New York in 1873, where he served as a private tutor in Talmud and Hebrew, and taught languages in the New York City public school system. The first edition of *Tub Ta'am* in English translation was published in New York, 1876; a second edition (together with biographical sketches of Friedmann and Buttenwieser), published by Bloch Publishing Co., appeared in New York in 1904.
14. R. Jacob b. Isaac Ashkenazi of Yanov (16th century), author of the *Ze'enah u-Re'enah.*
15. The evidence suggests that Maimonides served al-Afdal, Saladin's son, not Saladin. See B. Lewis, "Maimonides, Lionheart, and Saladin," *Eretz Israel* 7 (1964), pp. 70–75.
16. Nineteenth century editions of the Talmud often consisted of 12 volumes. See A. M. Habermann's notes to R. N. Rabbinovicz, *Ma'amar al Hadpasat ha-Talmud,* Jerusalem, 1952, pp. 237, 241, and 242.

CORRIGENDA

Typographical errors inadvertently crept into the texts of the last two contributions of *From the Pages of Tradition.* The correct readings are:

R. Moses Schick, *The Hatam Sofer's Attitude Toward Medelsohn's Biur* (*Tradiition* 24 [1989], number 3):

p. 84, l. 1: A leader of Hungarian Jewry in the battle against Reform, he was also a prolific author. His responsa and his commentary on Maimonides' *Sefer ha-Mitzvot* are classica of rabbinic literature.
p. 85, lines 7, 9, 14, and 24: *Biur*

R. Israel Lipschutz, The Portrait of Moses (*Tradition* 24 [1989], number 4):

p. 91, l. 23: would not be included
p. 92, l. 1: preparation of a psychological analysis