

**IN MEMORIAM. REV. DR.
ISIDOR
KALISCH, OF NEWARK,
NEW JERSEY, 1886**

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In Memoriam. Rev. Dr. Isidor Kalisch, of Newark, New Jersey, 1886 by Various

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VARIOUS

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. DR. ISIDOR KALISCH,

Rev. Dr. Isidor Kalisch was born on the fifteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and sixteen, at Krotoschin, in the Duchy of Posen, Prussia. His parents were the Reverend Burnham Kalisch and Sarah Kalisch. His father was a man deeply versed in Hebraic lore, and widely known throughout the Duchy, where he lived and died, as a man of learning, piety and benevolence. He died on the first of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, at Krotoschin.

His mother was a woman of great energy, devout piety, strong intellect and goodness of heart. She lived to witness the triumphs of the subject of this memoir, in the chosen field of her belief, and died on the fourteenth day of March, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, in the city of New York, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

Isidor Kalisch was the eldest of their seven children. At an early age Isidor manifested great interest in abstruse subjects and a thirst for knowledge. In his ninth year he was remarkably proficient in Talmudical and Hebrew learning. He was encouraged in his studious inclinations by his fond parents, who indulged him every facility available to that end. In the course of time he studied theology, philology, philosophy, &c., at the Universities of Berlin, Breslau and Prague, and that he was an apt and excellent scholar, is amply testified to, by glowing testimonials from such eminent and wide-renowned professors as Lichtenstein, Diesterweg, Gruson, Edward Munk, and others.

While pursuing his studies at the Universities, he contributed to leading German periodicals and newspapers, among which were the *Orient*, edited by the celebrated Dr. Julius Fuerst, *Breslauer Beobachter* and *Figaro*. These contributions won for the young student golden opinions everywhere, and an enviable literary reputation.

The war-like feeling which existed throughout Prussia in 1842 aroused the ardor and enthusiasm of young Kalisch, and evoked from him a patriotic poem, entitled, "Schlacht Gesang der Deutschen," (War Song of the Germans), which, on the thirty-first day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-two, he dedicated to the Prince of Prussia, (since Emperor of Germany),

from whom he received the following letter of thanks :

"Den von Ihnen unterm 31ten V. M. und F. uebersendeten Schlacht-Gesang der Deutschen habe Ich mit Dank aufgenommen, Berlin den 12ten Januar 1843. PRINZ V PREUSSEN."
An Herrn Isidor Kalisch.

The following is a translation of the same :

"Yours of the 31st of last month and inclosed 'War Song of the Germans' I have accepted with thanks. Berlin the 12th January, 1843. PRINCE OF PRUSSIA."

To Mr. Isidor Kalisch :

This poem was soon after set to music by Music Director Mueller, of Breslau, and became one of the popular songs of Germany at that period.

In 1843 Rabbi Kalisch preached the first German sermon ever preached in his native town. His effort was a pronounced success.

But the restlessness of the times was such in Prussia that a liberty-loving citizen, such as young Kalisch was, stood in imminent danger of being drawn away from his peaceful vocation and plunged into the vortex of political feeling and expression. Imbued with the love of liberty, and witnessing the oppression of his fellow-men under the forms of government and law, his generous nature decried these things; he wrote poems breathing the true spirit of liberty; contributed articles to newspapers, which were condemned as seditious by tyrannical censors, and thus, when in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the revolutionary fever had reached a crisis, he became one of the many obnoxious citizens, who were inimical to the welfare of Prussia, because

they were stumbling blocks to the progress of tyranny and oppression. He was compelled to leave Germany. He made his way to London, England, and after a sojourn there of several months, he left for New York City, where, after an ocean trip in the sailing vessel, *Rolla*, lasting nearly nine weeks, he arrived on the twenty-eighth day of August, eighteen hundred and forty-nine.

He immediately set himself to the task, to find some vacancy in the pulpit in one of the few Jewish congregations which were then flourishing in this country. He met with success in his endeavors, for in the month of July, eighteen hundred and fifty, he received a call from the congregation, "Tifireth Israel," of Cleveland, Ohio, to officiate as their minister.

He arrived in Cleveland on the twenty-fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and fifty, and at once assumed the duties of his position. He found his congregation of the true orthodox type. By the expression, "true orthodox," is here meant that the majority of the members of his congregation were hermetically attached to all the useless and meaningless Jewish religious rites and ceremonies of by-gone ages—to rites and ceremonies which were suitable to the circumstances, customs and condition of the Israelites while sojourning in the Arabian desert. The preacher saw at once that this evil must be remedied. But how? A resolution once