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THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

ISAAC M. WISE, EDITOR. CINCINNATI.

Friday Morning.....May 5, 1865.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S OBSEQUIES IN THE BROADWAY SYNAGOGUE CINCINNATI.

BY REV. DR. M. LILIENTHAL. Brethren, is this the same flag which a grateful and victorious people but a few days ago was greeting with the intensest national pride and national joy?

Alas, this is a gloomy day! From the dawn of American history up to this mournful hour, such an assemblage has never been convened. We have buried our Washington and our Jefferson, our Franklin and our Jackson, but such a meeting has never been witnessed.

Oh, on the fatal Saturday morning that brought us such gloomy tidings, when receiving our morning papers, we were only prepared to read the festivities of the nation, and to enjoy once more the jubilee of the past day. We hurried to the telegraphic dispatches—what letters are these?

That was a terrible morning, indeed! People were running to and fro, restless, comfortless, pursued in all streets by the same bewildering uneasiness, void of speech, void of thought—for we had not yet learned to read and to understand a page of American history, written by the dagger of an Assassin.

Indeed, a great man has fallen in Israel! There never sat in the Presidential chair of his country a man, who, by his life, as well as by his death, so fully demonstrated the progress of modern ideas and the greatness and glory of our institutions.

Who was Abraham Lincoln? The first

laborer-President! Of his antecedents nothing could be said, but that he had risen by his own energies from the lowest sphere of life. He had battled with all kind of personal difficulties, and had overcome them; he had struggled against all obstacles, and had conquered them; and by his sagacity, energy and unsophisticated honesty, had succeeded to be elected to fill the greatest office in the hands of the people.

The people, the laboring classes, all over the world, were now emancipated indeed; their rights were not a mere dead letter, they were now sealed and signed by the majestic hand of history; they were, in Abraham Lincoln, the workman, raised to the full acquisition of the infinite rights of man. Do not give up the work, says his example, because you are born in an obscure station; do not get disheartened, because you have to wrestle with the disadvantages of a want of education—life is the best school, energy and perseverance the best teacher, honesty of purpose the best means for obtaining success; follow his example, and we shall finally, and in fact, establish the equality of mankind.

But not this fact alone endears him to the American heart and the liberty-loving people all over the world. Still faster he took hold on our affections by being the truest representative of our unlimited and invincible love for the Union and our flag. There lives no man in this country in whom the people had more implicit confidence that he would not surrender the Union cost what it may. There his kindness was at an end, there he would here of no party cry; the Union must, and shall, be saved was the unwavering motto of his administration. Union first. In the North he tried all means to reconcile the party spirit. He called to his aid every man of the Democratic party in whose loyalty he could put his trust; Stanton, and Grant, and Sherman, and a host of other Democrats, were called to the most important offices of the Government; let the party spirit be silent, was his request, till the Union is saved; for Heaven's sake, put the country above the party. And toward the South? Lay down your arms, reconstruct the Union, and I am ready to receive you with open arms, was his prayer, the words of his proclaimed amnesty. He was the true interpreter of our feelings toward the South. We did love her, in spite of all her crimes, and he did love her too. We wanted to extend pardon to every repentant rebel, and he was ready to grant it in the fullness of the executive power. We were willing to forget the hecatombs of blood and treasure, provided the old flag were acknowledged again all over the insurgent States; he too, though weeping with the widow and mourning with the orphan, was willing to cover treason and rebellion with the mantle of love and clemency. But for the Union he stood, immovable as the North star, and hence the confidence of the people in the integrity, in his constancy. He was re-elected for the second term, not by politicians, not by the wire-pulling of hungry office-seekers, but by the stern voice of the people, who knew that in his hands their wishes for the South, and the safety of the Union were the best cared for; his sincerity, the simplicity of his heart, and the homely shrewdness of his mind were, to the people, the best guarantees against the intrigues of diplomacy, or the connivances of party passions. And the Union was saved under his Administration—established upon a platform broader and firmer than under either Washington or Jackson. Not a Union half free and half slave; not a Union of semi-independent sovereignties; not a Union of Mason and Dixon's line; not a Union floating on the border-ruffianism of a Missouri Compromise; but a Union one and indivisible, free from north to south, and east to west; a supreme power enhanced over all state sovereignties. The dangers which Washington predicted passed; the threats which Jackson uttered fulfilled; and over a redeemed and newborn country floated the star-spangled banner, stained yet with the fresh blood of its heroes, but with the stripes in all their grandeur, the thirty-six stars in all their splendor. What wonder that we began to look on him as the incarnation of our Union? We revered him, we loved him, we regarded him as a man of superior destiny, and intrusted willingly and thankfully to him the helm of our ship.

But what his life could not accomplish, to make him the full representative of our great institutions, and the true interpreter of the character of our people, fell to the lot of his death. If he had lingered on his sick-bed, and died a natural death, the calamity

then, too, would have been a national one, but it would not have taught us a new and important lesson. In the midst of civil warfare; in the midst of still living party passions, to fall by the dagger of an assassin, suddenly, unexpectedly, and with no revolution, no anarchy, no outbreak, but everywhere respect for the law, willing submission to the constituted authority, the machinery of Government neither interrupted nor out of order, that lesson fills us with new reverence for our almost superhuman institutions; makes the Republic still more precious, in our estimation, than ever before. And this lesson we profited by the death of our lamented President; his blood was the great seal that was affixed to republican government and republican institutions. Who, henceforth, will contest the vitality, the possibility, the efficiency, of free institutions? Who, hereafter, will deny that the history of this nation outshines all other nations in respect for law and order?

The hand of death hallows every human corpse, enshrines every death-bed with a sanctifying halo; but how much more the coffin of our illustrious martyr! We stand with feelings of awe and reverence at the side of such a martyr, and such a sacrifice. But the sight is too overwhelming; the meaning of such a life and death overwhelms our innermost soul. We turn away, and our heart longs for the object to whom our love and our affection were devoted. We gaze no longer at the hero and patriot, we look at the man and the friend. And what a change! This man, without pride and ostentation, with a smile for every one and every thing, with the welcoming grasp and winning word—is that the man who is identified with the nation's terrible struggle and its deliverance? Yes, this man is Lincoln; behind this homely appearance beats a heart full of faith, love and charity; within this heart thrones an integrity that escaped suspicion in the most corrupt time. All the foul slanders of his enemies and his opponents could excite in him neither anger, nor hatred; his good humor assists him in overcoming the onerous duties of his office, or the malice of his assailants; he often enlivens the consultation by an apt anecdote; he indulges in sallies of wit, but they leave no sting behind. His heart is as good as his conscience is just and clear. He can do no harm; he can not mistrust; he can not punish; he can only love and forgive; he is only bent on grace and reconciliation. Stern to himself, he is lenient toward others; faithful to his trust and his duties, he can not mistrust others; knowing the obstacles he himself has to overcome, he has an excuse for the tardiness and the short coming of others; when every one points to faults and mistakes, he is still hopeful and waits for improvement; when every one desponds and despairs, he has still faith in the sacred cause of his mission; and then, and only then, when the success of his sacred charge is at stake, then he strikes the blow, which others would have dealt long ago. What wonder that such amiableness won him the love and respect of all those who knew him, who had spoken to him; what wonder that this faithfulness to his charge at last won for him the respect even of the rebel press in Richmond; what wonder that this combination of firm, unselfish patriotism with such a kindliness of heart and shrewdness of mind obtained for him the admiration of Europe. His last inaugural address raised him to the pinnacle of admiring acknowledgment; he was on the point of being compared by the impartial press of England, with Washington, Hampden and Cromwell. The nation began to feel proud of him; the country began to feel assured of a happy termination of this terrible struggle, with a harvest full of peace, and the blessings of reconciliation; the nations were looking for a new birth-day of human liberty, inaugurated by the laborer-President; and his words became as full of influence as any of the sovereigns of the great powers.

And these hopes were blighted by foul premeditated assassination! These anticipations were frustrated by the dagger of a murderer! Brethren, the first, wild excitement, that so justly aroused all has passed away; consideration, stern, calm and impassionate, takes its place, and now we do not know which shall we more condemn—the atrocity of the crime, or the folly and madness of the murder. Whom?—what did they slaughter? Was Lincoln a Julius Cæsar, whose ambition, military genius and indomitable energy represented and supported a new order of things? Was Lincoln a man like Louis XIV, who declared—I am the State? Lincoln was no Cæsar, no Henry IV, no William of Orange, no Louis XIV. He was neither the military genius of this war, that by his death our armies were deprived of their leader; nor was he a pioneer, standing alone and aloof in his age; nor did he represent a concentrated power like Louis XIV; he was nothing but the exponent of the sovereign will of the people; nothing but the elected executive of the people's Gov-

ernment; nothing but the representative of the idea universal freedom, as announced in 1860, and indorsed by an overwhelming majority of the people in 1864. You may kill a man, but you can not kill a nation. You may kill the temporary Executive, but you can not assassinate the Government. In the hour of defeat and surrender, in the hour of hopeless prostration at the feet of your conqueror, you murder him, who alone was able to save you; who, invested by the people with the sovereign power of pardon and clemency, was willing to forgive and to pardon you; who, seeing still in the rebel foe only a prodigal son of the Union, was willing to receive you back with loving arms. Madman, stop; you strike your best, your truest friend! In vain the victim falls and reels in his blood!

God help the South, exclaimed a rebel Major in Washington when he heard the stunning tidings; that is the severest blow the South has yet received, cried out Colonel Ould. The hour of mercy is past; the day of bloody retaliation is dawning. Oh! God, why dost thou allow our brethren in the South to be so shockingly misled by their leaders? Why must they empty the cup of sin and crime to its very last dregs? Was the rebellion not enough that brought mourning to every hearthstone and misery to every fireside; that robbed the cradle and grave and swept with ruin and desolation throughout the land—why yet that villainous crime of assassination? There she stands now, disgraced before the world; the Cain's mark on the dejected brow; all sympathy is lost for her, all pity with the vanquished is gone for her; the assassin is shunned, given up to laws bloody vengeance. The nations despise her; the princes will hate her for having given such an example; her negroes will exult in having obtained license for murder and assassination. May the Lord have mercy on your poor souls!

But no, brethren, we are assembled to do homage to his memory; we have come to do honor to his great and good name; let us not desecrate this solemn hour by thoughts of vengeance and outbursts of indignation, becoming the first moment of wild and inconsiderate excitement, but not befitting the calm and magnanimous character of a great, free, and victorious nation. Do you wish to honor his memory indeed; do you intend to hand down to posterity his name in all its grandeur and glory, unstained by passions and untarnished by violence!—consider the legacy he has left you, execute it in the sense he was willing to finish his great work. To finish the work he has begun; to do it with that spirit of justice and firmness he has taught and shown us; to perform our duties with that sincere aspiration for universal happiness, without any desire of satisfying a momentary passion or impulse, however justifiable it may be—this is the only way in which we can honor the departed, and celebrate this hour in a manner becoming the great man who is gathered to his predecessors.

Be men, before, and above all, cool, calm, and dispassionate. He has set us the example, and by following his teachings, we will honor his memory. His disposition was not turned to passion by the bloodiness of the time. Obligated to make his way privately through a slave State to escape a plot to assassinate him on his way to the Capitol to assume his office; ridiculed for his precautions by those who desired his death; made the object of abuse so foul and malignant, that it would have aroused implaceable animosity in any man of ordinary human feelings—he retained his moderation of temper, his self command, sound judgment, rectitude of intention, and kind disposition. He closed his life with an act of unexampled magnanimity and clemency, by dismissing the armed leaders of the rebellion to their homes, and to return to peace and equal rights in the country they had deluged with blood. Let us profit by his almost divine example. The arm of the law is strong; the eye of justice is sharp and watchful; the constituted authorities will do their duty fully and solemnly, to bring the criminals and their abettors to light, and to the bar of punishment. Let us not take justice into our hands. No mob and no anarchy!

I know, the suspicion of a wide spread conspiracy is aroused in many a mind; we think ourself justified in tracing the root of the atrocious crime to other men than those, who committed the bloody deed. This may be; but leave it to the proper hands, they will find the guilty ones. We have stood the trial of rebellion and we have broken it; we stood the horrors of the battle-fields and their agonies, and we have conquered; let us stand the trial of this gloomy hour, too, and all danger will soon have vanished.

The world, which we have taught, that a free people is able to support and to defend its Government, must also learn, that a free people considers liberty to be respect for the

law under any, even the most stirring trials, and that anarchy has nothing in common with the spirit of true freedom. Hence, be cool, calm, and dispassionate.

This remark, of course, does not imply that the sword of justice shall be sheathed—that treason shall receive an homage of mercy—that arson, and pillage, and murder shall go unpunished, and that all will be forgotten if only the Union be restored.

Yes, illustrious martyr, this is the vow we make, swearing on the blood of thy wounds; these are the resolutions we are forming in this solemn hour of national grief and national mourning. Thou shalt not have lived, thou shalt not have toiled and labored, to no purpose; we take up thy legacy, and will execute faithfully and thoroughly; we will cleanse this land from treason and rebellion; that the country shall not be deluged again with the life-blood of its children.

Over the fresh grave of our hero, we will take him back to our heart; sharing with him our blessings and our rights. We will, as thou hast admonished us, co-operate in regenerating the Southern half of our Union, and repay the misery she has brought to our homes, with unlimited love and mercy.

We will stand firm to our Government and our flag, till the work thou hast so gloriously begun shall be brought to a still more glorious end. Smile on! they can not bury the principles thou hast bequeathed us; thy name shall be as immortal as the truth of thy teaching.

Yes, justice must be met; whosoever sheds man's blood, his blood will be shed; but brethren, let this be done by the proper authorities; let it be done with the stern calmness and majesty of the law—justice and no vengeance. Vengeance strikes the guilty and the innocent one; vengeance would tarnish our victory, disgrace our history, and miss the aim of our endeavors to reconstruct our country.

There are thousands in the South who abhor the crime committed in our midst; there are thousands waiting eagerly for an opportunity of renewing their allegiance to our Constitution; shall we estrange them to our cause, by unmerited punishment? Shall we drive them to despair, and a second rebellion, by coupling the repentant sinner with the guilty criminal and leader?

Thirdly, in this solemn and mournful hour, by the grave of the assassinated President, let us renew our own promise, that neither life nor treasure shall be spared until the Union will be restored in all its majesty and integrity. If the murder was not the mere result of passionate madness; if it was not the mere offspring of personal hatred, inconsiderate vengeance and gratification; if, in the counsel of those who projected it, planned it, and, may be, paid for it, this foul crime had some meaning; it was the intent to paralyze the strong arm of the nation, and to wrest from us, in the final hour of victory, the palm of success and glory.

Let us prove to them, that as futile as were their calculations about the weakness and the division of sentiment in the North at the outbreak of this wicked rebellion, so false and absurd were their estimates at the planning and the execution of this murder. Let us show them that the strength of the Republic lies in the integrity of the people, which no assassin can destroy.

Let them understand that it was even strengthened by the dastardly act which took the life of Abraham Lincoln. Let them learn that this calamity binds us closer to our country; that to a considerable extent, it has already healed divisions, and that in this hour, this flag, redeemed from rebellion and treason appears to us more precious than ever.

Let us rally round our banner, and do our duty manfully and thoroughly. Let us rally round the man who now holds the responsible and honorable office of Chief Magistrate, and let him have our hearty and undivided support. Let a mistake, though displayed under circumstances which caused National mortification, not undermine our confidence in the man; his past life, his martyrdom for the sacred cause of the Union, is the best guarantee that he will prove himself worthy of the high office.

all redeemed in their brightest glory, all shining in one glorious constellation, when he then will say: The work thou hast begun, is done and finished; the Union is now a Union in reality, the people are now an undivided nation in sentiment and institutions; and this end was attained by the hearty support of the people, and by their implicit confidence in their Government.

Brethren then we will have honored the memory of the departed; then we will have celebrated this hour in a manner becoming the principles he has proclaimed; then we may erect him a monument with the epitaph: A free, united, and grateful nation, to Abraham Lincoln, the preserver of the Union.

Resolved, That the thanks of both associations be tendered to Morris A. Sachs, Esq., for the delivery of said eulogy.

Resolved further, That a copy of said eulogy be sent to the Israelite for publication.

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DOMESTIC RECORD.

PITTSBURG, PENN.—The Rev. L. Naumburg, of Philadelphia, accepted the call as Minister to the Rodeph Shalom Congregation, of this city, where he now officiates to the entire satisfaction of the whole congregation. The Rev. L. Naumburg is a man of superior abilities and a vast experience.

MEMPHIS.—In religious matters all things are nearly in statu quo. The Polish (orthodox) community now worship in two hired rooms at different places, while the German (Reform) still occupy the synagogue you had the honor to dedicate. However, as this place is much too small on special occasions, they have determined to sell the same as soon as a favorable opportunity presents itself, and erect a Temple, (with all the modern improvements, of course.)

Other-wise, there is nothing new, except that my Congregation, without my applying for it, recently raised my salary to \$1,800. The late funeral obsequies performed in this city in honor of our lamented President afforded a striking illustration of the harmony prevailing between the different denominations of religion and the absence of all religious prejudices on the part of the Military authorities.

Instead of holding divine Service in the different Houses of Worship, Major General Washburn ordered one grand funeral ceremony to take place in the City Park, and so arranged it as to give the Clergy of all denominations an active part in the same; and, as you will observe from the enclosed Programme I had the honor of representing the Jewish denomination on the occasion. This instance of liberty on the part of our General is indeed refreshing, when we consider how prejudiced other generals have been here and elsewhere against our people during this war.

One J. Harrison, whose proper name is Israel Hirschsohn, hailing from Neustadt-Schirwind in Poland, abandoned his wife there. Formerly he received his letter in care of Rosenthal & Rubinstein, Syracuse, N. Y. His abandoned and outraged wife requests all who know the whereabouts of the unprincipled man, to inform her thereof in care of Rabbi L. Silberman, Editor Hamagid, Lyck, Prussia.—Another scoundrel of the same description, Isaiah Halberthal, hailing from Novoselitz in Poland, abandoned his wife and three children and vagabonds about somewhere in this country. Also, his hapless wife begs to be informed of her husband's whereabouts at the above direction. It is every good man's duty to expose those scoundrels.

The reader will find in the Deborah important extracts of speeches delivered in the French Senate, on the Papal Encyclical. The government decidedly opposes it, and the President of the Council of State gave utterance to the views of the government.

Eulogy on Mr. Meyer Kriegshaber.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 23, 1865.

At a meeting of the Merchants' Club and M. C. Literary Association, held at the rooms of the former on last Wednesday evening, the 26th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An eulogy on Mr. Meyer Kriegshaber, our deceased friend and fellow-member, was delivered before the Merchants' Club and Literary Association, by Morris A. Sachs, Esq., on Wednesday, the 26th inst.; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of both associations be tendered to Morris A. Sachs, Esq., for the delivery of said eulogy.

Resolved further, That a copy of said eulogy be sent to the Israelite for publication.

JOSEPH ROTHCHILD, Pres't Mer. Club. CHAS. JOSEPH, Vice Pres't Lit. Assn.

EULOGY ON MR. MEYER KRIEGSHABER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen.—It is with a heart overflowing with sorrow that I rise this evening to claim your kind attention for few moments. We are called upon to mourn the loss of one of the best and noblest members of our association; one whose voice was so often heard and whose influence so often felt in our deliberations.

"Gone to that undiscovered land," from "whose bourne no traveler returns;" gone from our midst, suddenly to appear before the great eternal tribunal, whence we must all eventually follow.

The subject of these desultory remarks, Mr. Meyer Kriegshaber, came to an untimely and violent death, on the night of the 27th of February, 1865, in this city. He retired to his lonely couch in peace and safety, perhaps to dream of bright future prospects, all the more enhanced by the fanciful imagination of youth and happiness. But how great the disappointment! He awoke, only to sleep again the deep slumber that knows no waking.

The circumstances under which he departed this life are but too well known, and I will not add to our sorrow by a repetition of the sad tale.

Meyer Kriegshaber was born in the year 1834, in Fendenheim, a small town of the Duchy of Baden. His father, Isaac Kriegshaber, was a shoemaker by trade. Although poor and not very well educated, he was a truly good and virtuous man, and it may well be said of him that "no one knew him but to love him."

He had two more children in addition to the deceased—an elder son and daughter. Notwithstanding the multitudinous cares of his family, and the small profits issuing from his business, Isaac Kriegshaber toiled incessantly to give his children a fair education. It was not unfrequent with him to labor until midnight in order to earn the means with which to employ private tutors for his children, in addition to their regular attendance at school.

Meyer Kriegshaber received the rudiments of his education at the village school of his birthplace, which, at that time, was governed by a very thorough and efficient teacher. The school increased daily, became at length too large and the labor consequently too great for a single teacher. He, having always exhibited so much superiority over all the other scholars, was entrusted by his teacher with the charge of the primary classes of the school.

This event occurred when he was but twelve years of age. He assisted his teacher in this manner for nearly two years, when, by the recommendation of the superintendent of the school, he was admitted into the Protestant Seminary at Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden, where he graduated with the highest honors of the class at the expiration of three years.

There is scarcely one in the whole congregation who did not feel deeply his loss.

Shortly after this time he departed from this city and opened business of his own in Gallatin, Tennessee, where he remained until this unhappy war broke out. Though but a single year at that place, he had already gained a host of friends. Being a staunch Union man, and fearlessly expressing himself as such, he was arrested and placed in confinement. Through the influence of some of his intimate friends he was released, and running the blockade, he returned to this city.

He was about this time, while in the business-house of his brother, that he took his departure from this "frail and transitory existence."

He was but thirty-one years of age at the time of his death—youth, vigorous and in the midst of usefulness. An uncommonly virtuous man—a true friend—an affectionate brother and a kind son. He was possessed of rare genius and talent, and an extraordinary good vocalist.

A small portion only of the public knew fully the true character and intrinsic worth of the deceased. None but his intimate acquaintances and near friends could fully appreciate the sterling integrity and manliness of his character, the sincerity of his heart and the warmth of his friendship.

Quiet in his manner, retiring in his habits, unostentatious in his appearance, he did not attract to himself the notice of the public.

He never made himself prominent, nor was he noisy and obtrusive. Every one perceived his actions but never heard his words—the result was always plain, but seldom the means by which it was attained.

Congregation Shaar-Hashomayim, Rivington Street, New York.

At a meeting held on Saturday evening April 1, by the Board of Trustees of the Consecration Committee of the above Congregation in the vestry room of their Synagogue, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Rev. Drs. S. Adler, of New York, and M. Lillenthal, of Cincinnati, at the dedication of their new house of worship to the Almighty God have rendered to the said congregation such valuable services on the 31st ult.; therefore, be it

Resolved, That our cordial thanks are due to the aforementioned Rev. gentlemen, for their eloquence and endeavors to promote the welfare of this congregation in their new career.

Resolved, That we will adhere to their exhortation and advise and will endeavor to show, that their admonitions have not fallen on barren soil, but will spring forth like vernal green, to unfurl itself to bloom and flourish into fruits that they will reap a rich harvest therefrom as it will be our sacred duty to carry out these designs.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the Jewish Messenger, Record and Israelite, and a copy sent to each of the reverend gentlemen, sketch from the minutes.

LOUIS KOLB, Secretary.

We receive descriptions of divine service held and addresses delivered in almost all synagogues on the 19th of April; but we can not possibly publish them. Suffice it to know, that all the congregations of the United States participated in the National mourning, and gave a due expression to their sentiments.

GIVING LESSONS TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—We learn from the "Morning Post" that our coreligionist, Mr. Harrison, the young pianist, who last year made a successful debut at the Philharmonic Society's concert, has now the honor of giving lessons to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.—J. Ch.