

1906

Abraham Lincoln, an appreciation

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Francis Dashwood Tandy

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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AN APPRECIATION

1906

Abraham Lincoln
An Appreciation

New York
Francis D. Tandy Company

Abraham Lincoln

An Appreciation

“In height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.” Such is Abraham Lincoln’s own description of his personal appearance in 1859. The dry humor, the modest brevity, the quaint simplicity of this description are highly characteristic of the man who probably more than any other is enshrined in the hearts of the American people.

The only one whose name might stand higher is George Washington, but he is admired and revered where Lincoln is loved. Both had great dif-

faculties to overcome and overcame them gloriously. One was a man who had all the advantages of birth, wealth and education to prepare him for his task, while the other had nothing but his native good sense and his stern education in the "University of Hard Knocks" to fit him for his place amid the most stirring events of the Nineteenth Century—a place where, in the limelight of the world's criticism, his very personal appearance made him subject to ridicule. But he filled it with such innate dignity and ability that his enemies were forced to love him and when the martyr's crown descended upon his brow a cry of grief arose from friend and foe alike. *Punch* of London had lampooned "his six feet four of awkwardness," had caricatured the rail-splitter and canal-boatman of the White House and had antagonized every act of his administration with all the subtle power of pen

and pencil, yet when the horror of his assassination thrilled the world it published editorially Tom Taylor's Poem:

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

.
 "Yes; he had liv'd to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil and confute my pen,
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."

A more sincere or graceful recantation has never been known in the history of the world.

It was not wholly his tragic death, not wholly the critical times in which he lived that have made Lincoln beloved, though the latter served to develop the underlying cause and the former to crystallize and perpetuate the affection which sprung from the intensely human character of the man himself. More than any other Pres-