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Abraham Lincoln's character. Sketched by English travellers.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHARACTER.

SKETCHED BY ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

Political foes and friends alike give profound homage to the earnest, industrious, and consistent rail-splitter. Patient, prudent, honest—these virtues commanded the admiration of the world. He was a man—he is now deemed a saint, because *he was* a man. Slow of thought but firm of action, not rash but bold, unpretending and innocent as a child, but earnest and wise as patriotism and judgment can make a man, he carefully and bravely guarded and sustained the Nation's power and progress. Genial as a child, he cracked jokes and made them appropriate to every occasion; affectionate as a woman, he was inspired to award "charity for all." His heart pure as ocean's spray, he faithfully represented the simple grandeur, the unfettered progress, the toleration of creeds unbounded by sects, and the ever-expanding freedom of American Republicanism. Tory and Liberal are forced to respect this moral hero, this freely-chosen Chief of a People's affections and of a People's Christian principles.

The Rev. W. MALLETT says ("Errand to the South" p. 16, Eng. ed.)

"The President (LINCOLN), who was neatly dressed in a suit of black, is just six feet two inches in height, of spare and upright figure; his hair is black; his eyes have a remarkably calm expression; his features are strongly marked; his complexion dark; his address and manner betokening perfect self-possession; very ready to enter into conversation, and to set you at once at your ease."

Mr. W. H. RUSSELL ("Diary North and South") declares,

"There have been many more courtly Presidents, who, in a similar crisis, would have displayed less capacity, honesty, and plain dealing, than Abraham Lincoln."

Thus testify English travellers, who are Lincoln's political opponents.

But the flesh is gone! In Springfield flowers will grow profusely around his grave. Their lustrous beauty will ever smile upon, they will scatter fragrance perpetually around the resting-place of Freedom's purest Martyr.

His spirit is with us! O heavenly gift! His spirit dwells in a Nation's heart, his principles inspire a Republic's power. His spirit will thrill our youth to great thoughts and brave actions. Neither time nor circumstance will shroud that spirit in oblivion. Throughout the eras that spirit will charm the noble-hearted, will bestow bountiful hope on the poor, oppressed, and untaught of unholy empires, cursed with Caesarism.

One heart—one mind—one soul! Affection, wisdom, pureness—these are the virtues of the United States of America, personified in ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

Gaze, ye Monarchs! and become wise and pure. Gaze, ye Down-Trodden! and become inspired, strengthened, and Emancipated by God's faithful son and Christ's undeviating disciple.

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

W. W. B.

IN MEMORIAM.

Gone! But still his spirit is here;
Tears are falling round his bier.
Gone! His holy spirit is here;
Inspiring truly a Nation's fear.
Gone! Still his noble words indite
Freedom, and a Nation's might.
Gone! His faith and goodness throw
Progress o'er a Nation's woe.
From the People? Born to care;
Noble, holy, beyond compare!
Soft! Lay his bones where flowers grow;
Joy shines around a Nation's woe.
Sweetly sing the Psalm of Life;
Peace shall flow through a Nation's strife.
* * * * *
Spring forth the Good, depart the foul and wrong;
We sorrow *once*, EVERMORE we're Pure and Strong!

W. W. B.

BROOKLYN, *April* 30, 1865.

Freedom

23

Dahin! Sein Geist doch wasset ferner hier,
Den Sarg benezen uns're Thränen.
Dahin! Sein heil'ger Geist er lebt noch hier,
Und stärkt das Volk im hangen Grämen.
Dahin! Doch nicht verhallen wird sein Wort,
Es lebt, der Freiheit und dem Volk ein Hort.
Dahin! Sein Glaube, seine Güte führend leuchten,
Als Fortschrittsfackel durch des Landes Schmerzensnacht.
Zu Müh' gebor'ner Sohn des Volks, des tiefgebeugten,
Warst edel Du und heilig durch der Liebe Macht.
O! sanft nun leget unter Blumen nieder
Des Märtyr's Leib! — Das große Herz
Des Volkes schlag' in Freud' und Schmerz!
Dem neuen Leben singet hehre Lieder,
Denn Friede schwebt vom Kriegsgewölke nieder.
Dahin des Unrechts grause Nacht! Es tagt das Recht,
Der Trauer Stunde zeugt ein rein, ein stark Geschlecht.