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Personality

Drawer 3A .

MEMORY

Abraham Lincoln's Personality

Memory

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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LINCOLN'S MEMORY A WONDER

At a Convention Names, Initials and Incidents Were Recalled

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Unfailingly. 1512

The most notable thing about Mr. Lincoln was his wonderful memory. At one of the conventions were many men who had been famous in their time, but who had not of late been much known. Each member was introduced by his surname, but in nine cases out of ten Mr. Lincoln would recall their entire name, no matter how many initials it contained. In several instances he recited historical reminiscences of families. When the tall General Doniphan of Missouri was introduced, Mr. Lincoln had to look up to catch Doniphan's eye. He immediately, inquired::

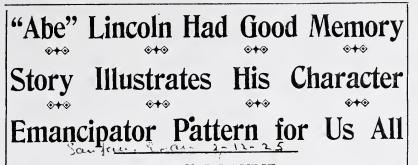
"Is this Doniphan who made that splendid march across the plains and swept the swift Comanches before him?"

"I commanded the expedition across the plains," modestly responded the general.

"Then you have come up to the standard of my expectations," replied Mr. Lincoln .- From Perley's Reminiscences which all a structure at the de

Lincoln's Wonderiul Memory.

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By ANNIE LAURIE

Last night when the wind was driving the great clouds in from the sea like a glant shepherd driving his flock—we sat by the blazing fire and talked about Abraham Lincoln-the Great American.



And one among us once lived in the little village that was once L i n c o l n's home, and she had a hundred friendly little tales to tell of

Honest Abe at the bar and Lincoln in politics, and Abraham Lincoln as a neighbor and a friend. This is one of

the stories she told us as the wind howled

down the chimney and shook the windows as if it were trying to

windows as if it were trying to frighten us and make us realize what little, unimportant beings we are—all of us—after all. "My uncle lived in a little town next to our little town," said the woman who told the tale, "and he was a good humored, friendly cort of fellow with a vesitive ade sort of fellow, with a positive adoration for Lincoln.

FOLLOWED DEBATERS.

"When the great Douglas-Lincoln debate was on, my uncle got coin debate was on, my uncle got on his saddle horse and followed the debaters from county to coun-ty until he knew every word of their speeches by heart, but he never got tired of hearing them— especially the Lincoln speeches. "At the close of the comparison

"At the close of the campaign of speaking, my uncle persuaded hls idol to come to his little town and make a short talk. "My uncle met Lincoln at the

jerkwater train and escorted him

proudly through the village. "'This is our new postoffice, Mr. Lincoln,' said my uncle. 'This is our schoolhouse, we have two rooms in it, you see, one for the a-b-abs, and one for the big boys and girls, for we are very progressive here.

"'There is our cemetery and on the hlll ls our church—' by this time the two men were close to my cousin's house, where they were going to have dinner before the speaking. "'There is my home,' said my

uncle, 'and there-' his eyes fell upon his son, an imprudent, rakish youth about 9 or so, who was playing marbles in the gutter. "This, Mr. Lincoln, is my son,' said my uncle, 'Thomas Lowry,

Junior.'

"The barefooted boys looked up

"Well, sald Mr. Lincoln, "what are you doing, Thomas Jr., hav-ing a game of marbles?" "Thomas Jr. gave his ragged

old hat a jerk and spat between his teeth, 'oh,' he said, with a contemptuous snort, 'any fool

would know that." "Every time my uncle met Ab-raham Lincoln after that, no matter where it was, Lincoln always sald, 'How's Thomas Jr.-still playing marbles?'"

And then we talked of the old story of the boy who fell asleep on sentry duty and his mother went to Lincoln and Lincoln sent him a reprieve from death, and of the time he wrote to the colonel of a regiment about a homesick, "Let John go home and marry Mary."

TALES OF "OLD ABE."

And about his old friends and how they loved hlm and about how great he was and how witty and how just and how far-seeing and how noble and how wise-but mostly we talked of how good he was.

Abraham Lincoln, the Great American—after all that is the thing we love to think of most, isn't lt?

Now that our great hero is dead and hls grave and those who knew hlm are all gone, too,-we love to know that he was kind and magnanimous and simple-hearted and honest and very, very good. What a fortunate nation we are

to have a man of such character for our greatest hero.

If we could only remember him a little oftener-we might some of us try to be like him-just a little blt, and if we would do that both great and simple, clever and dull, in public llfe and in pri-vate,-what a great nation we might be.

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