

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TOLD BY FOE'S WIDOW

President's Call at Home of
Gen. Pickett Recounted in
Letter to Illinois Register.

FRIENDS IN THEIR BOYHOOD

President Visited as "Just Abraham
Lincoln" and Tenderly Caressed
Mrs. Pickett's Baby.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 26 (AP).—
A simple episode revealing the ten-
derness of Abraham Lincoln and his
friendship for the Confederate gen-
eral, George Pickett, whom he knew
as a boy in Quincy, Ill., is retold in
The Illinois State Register by Thomas
Rees, its publisher.

Mr. Rees took his story from a
letter written by General Pickett's
widow to Charles U. Gordon of
Greenville, Miss., declining with re-
gret an invitation to attend a South-
ern States Republican League cele-
bration at Lincoln's last birthday an-
niversary.

Describing General Pickett as "one
of the greatest and bravest generals
of the Confederacy," Mr. Rees de-
clared his widow's letter, "written
in her old age, worthy of the wife
and widow of a great general and
leader of men."

The latter, in part, follows:

"The name of Abraham Lincoln,
wherever it may occur, recalls a
scene from my window in the old
Pickett home at the corner of Sixth
and Leigh Streets in Richmond on
a day in early April after the sur-
render of our armies. A carriage
passing by my home was surrounded
by guards and followed by a retinue
of soldiers. After it had passed the
cavalcade paused and a man alighted
from the carriage and came back to
our house. Hearing his knock I
opened the door, with my baby in
my arms, and saw a tall, gaunt and
sad-faced man, who asked:

" 'Is this George Pickett's place?'

" 'Yes sir, but he is not here.'

" 'I know that, ma'am, but I just
wanted to see the place. Down in
old Quincy, Ill., I have heard the
lad describe the home. I am Abra-
ham Lincoln.'

" 'The President.' I gasped.

"The stranger shook his head.

" 'No, ma'am; just Abraham Lin-
coln, George Pickett's old boyhood
friend.'

" 'I am George Pickett's wife and
this is his baby.'

"I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, but
remembered the intense love and
reverence with which my soldier al-
ways spoke of him.

"It had been long since my baby
had seen a man, and being reminded
of his own father, he reached out
his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took
him in his arms, an expression of

almost divine love glorifying his
face."

"My baby opened his mouth wide
and insisted on giving his father's
friend a dewy baby kiss. Putting
the little one back in my arms, Mr.
Lincoln said:

" 'Tell your father, the rascal, that
I forgive him for the sake of that
kiss and those bright eyes.' "