422 The Ontario, Washington, D.C.,
February 23, 1928.

My Dear Miss Tarbell:-

I wonder if you are familiar with the stories published by LaSalle Corbell Pickett. We have always been able to look upon most of them as jokes, except her attempts to build up General Pickett's reputation over the shoulders of Lincoln and Grant. I am enclosing you copy of a Memorandum and if not too much trouble would you mind glancing through it and write me whether the conclusions - First, Third and Fpourth - are correct? Not long ago I said to her one day "Are you sure it was in Quincy that Lincoln knew your soldier?? I do not remember that he ever lived in Quincy"? She replied "Oh yes he lived upstairs over my soldier." I have tried several times to get her to show the General some of Lincoln's letters, as he has several in his Collection and I knew he could tell at a glance if they were forgeries, but she always says "I will sometime", but never does.

We were so pleased to hear your voice over the radio. Were you not delighted with Mr. Burrill's recital of your wonderful story? We refused all invitations for the evening and called up several friends to have them be sure and listen in. Two of them afterward tried to buy the book, with the same success I had last year, it had to be ordered specially. What is the matter with this town anyway? Is it so Southern that stores will not keep on hand anything about Lincoln lest people might be tempted to buy?

With best wishes for your good heäath and happiness and again congratulatin you on your Billy Brown storiew, I remain

Very sincerely, Zenobia Sniffen

We think "Father Abraham" os <u>almost</u> as wonderful as "He Knew Lincoln".

Mrs. C. C. Sniffen

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PICKETT AND HIS MEN, published by LaSalle Corbell Pickett in 1900:

Short as was Mr. Lincoln's time when he passed through Richmond after its surrender he came to the old Pickett home to hunt up his frien and former parther, the General's uncle. He asked about the General himself and then for the General's wife. I had seen the carriage and the guard and retinue, but did not know who the visitors were. In those suspicious times of trouble and anxiety we did not wait for formal announcements and we were following after the servant who went to answer the bell. When I heard the caller ask for George Pickett's wife, I came forward with my baby in my arms. "I am George Pickett's wife" I said. "And I am Abraham Lincoln". "The President"? "No, Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend". Seeing baby's outstretched arms, Mr. Lincoln took him, and little George opened wide his mouth and gave his father's frien a dewy baby kiss, seeming to feel with the prescient infant instinct the tie that binds. As I took my baby back again, Mr. Lincoln said in that deep and sympathetic voice which was one of his greatest powers over the hearts of men: "Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your mother's smile and your bright eyes".

~~The infant in arms being, in 1900, a major in the army, and~~ not believing a word of the Lincoln story, the book was taken (soon after publication) to Col. Wm. H. Crook, at the White House, for verification of the story. He had been body-guard for Lincoln on the trip to Richmond and at once stated that he never left the President's side and that he did not go to any private house in the city. In 1910 he published his "Through Five Administrations", in which he says -

Mr. Lincoln, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, Tad Lincoln and myself went to Richmond in the Captain's gig, manned by 12 sailors. When we reached the city we formed a line, six sailors in advance and six in rear, armed with short carbines. We marched through crowded streets to army headquarters in the abandoned Davis mansion. There an ambulance was provided and we went through the city. The only place we entered was the Capitol. The ambulance then took us back to the wharf where we boarded Porter's flagship and it was with a decided feeling of relief that we saw the President on board. The next morning we sailed for City Point.

In 1917 Mrs. Pickett reiterated her story, in WHAT HAPPENED TO ME with slight variations which may be easily caught if underscored words are watched:

The day after the fire there was a rap at our door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of northern troops and my environment had not taught me to love them. With my baby on my arm I answered the knock, opened the door and looked up at a tall gaunt sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes, who asked with the accent of the north "Is this George Pickett's place"? "This is General Pickett's home, sir" I replied, "But he is not here". "I know that ma'am, I know where George Pickett is", he answered, "but I just wanted to see the place. Down in old Quincy, Illinois, where I used to hear George Pickett whistle the songs of Virginia in his bird-like notes, I have heard him describe his home till in spirit I have been here many a time. I have smelled the multiflora roses and the Lady Bankshire roses and the golden cluster roses and those great cabbage roses. I have seen the borders of hyacinths in the spring time and the lilies-of-the-valley blooming in the chimney corner, the beds of violets, the rows of bee-hives and the lily-beds that the bees knew were theirs, had been planted just for them. I have stood under the arbor and gathered those strange green looking grapes that are like the Virginia aristocracy, growing each one on its own individual stem. I think he called them scuppernongs. I have sat on that back porch and listened to the music as his sister Virginia, of whom he was so proud, sang in that glorious voice he told me about, and I have swung in this old swing here while the moon and I watched and waited for the old cat to die. So I wanted to see the place". I listening, wondered who he could be, till he finished and then he said "I am Abraham Lincoln". "The President" I gasped. "No - n- - just Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old friend". "I am George Pickett's

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wife and this is his baby", was all I could say. The baby reached out his arms and Mr. Lincoln took him, a look of tenderness almost divine glorifying that sad face. My little one opened his mouth and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy baby kiss. As he handed my baby back to me Mr. Lincoln shook his long hand at him and said "Tell your father, the rascal, that I could almost forgive him anything for the sake of those bright eyes and that baby kiss". x x x

Among my treasured possessions are some old letters, written by Mr. Lincoln when practicing law in Springfield, to George Pickett, then cadet at West Point, where he was placed at the request of Mr. Lincoln.

It seems rather strange that none of these many letters have ever been shown to Mrs. Pickett's most intimate friends.

Knowing that the Lincoln visit was a myth, no attention was paid to the floral display addition to the story in "What Happened To Me," until it was again rehashed in all the leading newspapers during the summer of 1927. Then her books were re-read for other Lincoln fables and the following noted:

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. Pickett was appointed to West Point, July, 1842 through the political power and friendship of Abraham Lincoln, who was then associated in the practice of law with Pickett's uncle, Andrew Johnston, who was later one of the most successful, prominent and wealthy lawyers of Richmond and President Lincoln desired him to become Governor of Virginia and guide her in her return to the Union.

The great lawyer was desirous that his nephew should follow in his own footsteps and become a power in the legal world, but a military bent of mind was hereditary in the Pickett family and it so happened that just at this time Pickett's martial ardor was stimulated by the appointment to West Point of his cousins Heth, Duke and Morgan.

Mr. Lincoln was very fond of George Pickett and when Pickett confided to him his military aspirations he secretly determined they should be gratified and went at once systematically to work to secure his appointment. From Washington, the great statesman wrote his young friend a letter notifying him of his appointment to West Point.

Mrs. Pickett says, verbally, that Lincoln sold a cow and came to Washington to secure this appointment, but she has never yet put the story in print.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME. General Pickett said to me - Years ago there was a very lonesome heart-broken boy away off in Quincy, Illinois. He had received letters that four of his cousins had been appointed to West Point, three from Virginia and one from Kentucky, and he was compelled to study law, a subject which he did not like but which his family had chosen for him. His uncle, with whom he was studying, had no sympathy with his ambition to be a soldier. That night he sat on the grass and played mumble-de-peg with Abraham Lincoln. The next morning the boy was awakened by a handful of gravel thrown against the window. He looked out and saw his friend with saddle-bags in his hand. "Going up the road a piece", he called out. It took the man a long time to go up the road and the boy waited for him week after week to come down the road. After a long time there came instead a letter and inclosed was a letter from John G. Stuart, Representative in Congress of the 3rd Illinois District, together with an appointmnent for George E. Pickett to West Point.

First. There is no record that any Andrew Johnston was ever a partner of Lincoln. John G. Stuart was his first partner and he was, in 1842, a ~~then~~ Representative in Congress. If Andrew Johnston was a great lawyer in his district it was quite possible he may have secured the appointment through the influence of Lincoln. Lincoln's partner at that time was Stephen T. Logan.

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Second. Heitman's Historical Register of the Army states that Henry Heth, of Virginia, the only Heth ever at West Point, was appointed July 1843. It does not give any Duke or Morgan from either Virginia or Kentucky who served at West Point during the forties.

Third. Regarding the letter Lincoln wrote Pickett from Washington in 1842, Ida Tarbell, in her "Boy Scouts Life of Lincoln" states -

In November, 1847, Lincoln started for Washington (as Representative) It was an exciting trip for him for never before had he been farther east than Indiana.

Fourth. Lincoln never lived in Quincy. There is, however, just one chance that he ever knew Pickett. Ida Tarbell says -

Lincoln lived in Springfield but practiced throughout the Eighth Judicial District. There were five counties in this district and every fall and spring the court traveled from place to place, taking care of the law business. x x In the towns everybody knew him and loved him. There were boys and girls in many of those towns who would run home at night crying joyfully "Mr. Lincoln has come". When he visited in their homes they gathered about him and listened to their stories.

An effort has been made to find out whether Adams County was one of those comprising the "Eighth Judicial District" but without success.

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