

Lincoln Struck by Rebel Bullet

TO all but a few—certainly not more than a score, perhaps not more than a dozen—it is news that Abraham Lincoln was hit by a bullet fired by a "Johnny Reb" in battle. The histories do not record it, nor the biographies. Those who saw the occurrence thought little of it at the time, so pressing was the work they had in hand, and the president is not known ever to have mentioned the incident. Concerned only with the welfare of a sundered nation and its suffering millions, and least of all with self, it is probable that no thought of the experience recurred to him at any time in the period of stress and anxiety and important occupation that followed another bullet, less honest, that took away his life.

On the morning of July 12, 1864,

with New York volunteers, standing just outside Fort Stevens, one of the series of forts that completely surrounded and guarded Washington, saw President Lincoln walking fearlessly among his soldiers, discussing the conditions and circumstances of the then impending attack upon the city by Gen. Early and his confederate forces, while a battle raged outside the breastworks.

Watching with the curiosity of a soldier who had seen his president only twice before, the colonel was alarmed when he saw him hit by a bullet, which had sped through the air from the camp of the enemy. That young officer was William P. Roome, who was adjutant-general and chief of staff to Maj.-Gen. Upton.

Sometimes Col. Roome has thought of writing to Lincoln's biographers and telling them of the incident, but he procrastinated, not considering it a matter of sufficient importance to interest them. Lately, however, noting the renewed interest in the minutest details of the life of Lincoln, he believes that Americans would like to know the facts.

When the bombardment of Sumter was in progress Walker, the confederate secretary of war, making a fiery speech at Montgomery, Ala., declared: "The flag which now flaunts the breeze here will float over the dome of the old capitol at Washington before the first of May."

That boast appeared in the same issue of the newspaper that printed President Lincoln's call for troops, and intensified the fears for the security of the capital already great because of the probable secession of Virginia and the doubt as to the position of Maryland.

President Lincoln realized how much depended on his holding Washington. The loss of the capital doubtless would result in European recognition of the confederacy; the spirit of the North would be broken, despair would follow, discouragement, defeat. So he bent his first efforts to defending the city.

His deep anxiety in those days before the troops arrived and when Beauregard's army was said to be approaching, will be recalled by all who have read the story of the war. After the arrival of the Seventh New York regiment of "dandies," who dined at Delmonico's before departing and the Massachusetts and Rhode Island regiments of farmers, mechanics and tradespeople, the capital was in no danger until the attack of Gen. Early, when the incident of Col. Roome's story occurred. But this did not entirely relieve the anxiety in the heart of the man who, from the window of his executive office, could see a traitor flag floating over the home across the river where Washington had lived and died.

When the fortifications were thrown

up around the capital Lincoln knew of every detail of the work, consulted with the men in charge, informed and advised them. It was, therefore, no occasion of comment when he left the White House on this July 12 and walked among the soldiers. They stood, ready for action, behind the walls while from the plain below came the sound of conflict.

Gen. Early's own story of his movement upon Washington shows the situation in the confederate ranks on that day. He had approached Washington from the north. Having heard that the outer works were feebly manned, he meant to take them by surprise, but before his first division could be brought up, he says, he saw a cloud of dust in the rear of the works and soon a column of men in blue filed into them on the right and left. Then skirmishers were thrown out in front, while an artillery fire was opened on the confederates from a number of batteries.

"Our skirmishers were all thrown to the front," wrote Gen. Early. "Adv-

of their works, and we proceeded to examine the fortifications in order to ascertain if it was practicable to carry them by assault. They were found to be exceedingly strong and consisted of what appeared to be inclosed forts for heavy artillery, with a tier of lower works in front of each, pierced for an immense number of guns, the whole being connected by curtains with ditches in front and strengthened by palisades and abattis. The timber had been felled within cannon range all around and left on the ground, making a formidable obstacle, and every possible approach was raked with artillery."

Thus it would seem that President Lincoln incurred little danger on the day when he went about within the fortification walls. But that he was in some danger is shown by Col. Roome's story.

LINCOLN'S CALL TO DUTY.

There the Republican candidate for the presidency stood, tall and ungainly in his black suit of apparently new but ill-fitting clothes, his long, tawny neck emerging gamely from his "turn down" collar, his melancholy eyes sunk deep in his haggard face. Most of the members of the committee had never seen him before, and gazed at him with surprised curiosity. He certainly did not present the appearance of a statesman, as people usually picture it in their imagination. Standing up with folded hands, he quietly, without visible embarrass-



THE HUT IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN.

This log cabin was removed from the Lincoln farm, in Kentucky, and carried about the country for some time by a showman. Later it was dumped ignominiously into a cellar in New York city, from which it was rescued and restored to its native state.

ment or emotion, listened to the dignified little speech addressed to him by Mr. Ashmun, the president of the convention, and then responded with a few appropriate, earnest and well-shaped sentences, expressing his gratitude for the confidence reposed in him, his doubts of his own abilities and his trust in a helping Providence. Then followed some informal talk-

partly of a jovial kind, in which the hearty simplicity of Lincoln's nature shone out, and after the usual hand-shaking the committee took leave. One of its members, Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, remarked to me as we

passed out of the house: "Well, we might have done a more brilliant thing, but we could hardly have done a better thing."—From "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Carl Schurz, in McClure's.

AS IN WASHINGTON'S DAY

Fraunce's Tavern Restored to Its Old-Time Aspect



WASHINGTON might recognize the exterior of Fraunce's Tavern should he ride down Broad street, New York, in these days, but once inside there

including the "ginmill" of recent times, have been removed.

The restoration is based on an advertisement printed in 1775 in which Fraunce offered his inn for sale and described it as "three-stories high with a tile and lead roof, has 14 fire-places, a most excellent large kitchen, fine dry cellars, with good and convenient offices, etc." The earliest pic-



which would be novel to him. As he entered the "Colonial" hall he would see waiters in modern bob-tailed evening coats flitting about earning honest tips. Instead of being permitted to climb the stairs to the "Long Room," where he bade farewell to his officers after the close of the revolution, he might be invited to go up in an elevator. Passing the "tap room" on his way to the elevator, possibly he would be urged to try a cigar, "best Virginia leaf." His eyes, accustomed to guttering candles, would be astonished at the steady glow of electric lights, and, doubtless, he would want to know more about the way in which Franklin's lightning could be secured on a clear day for use in lighting. His quick ear would detect the click of the typewriter as he stepped through the passage toward the "Long Room," although he might not recognize the origin of the peculiar noise, and he would be mystified at the spectacle of a man talking into a telephone receiver.

Fraunce's Tavern, "the oldest landmark" in New York city, comes into the public eye now more because on December 4, 1907, the 124th anniversary of Washington's farewell to his officers in the big dining room of the old inn, the restored building was formally turned over by the committee having the restoration in charge to the owners, the Sons of the Revolution, and two tablets were unveiled. The reception to the guests was held in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce after the tablets were unveiled. One of the tablets was attached to the wall of the famous "Long Room," in which Washington's historic and touching farewell to his comrades and assistants occurred, and the other affixed to the exterior.

The history of the building is concisely told on the tablet placed in the "Long Room." It reads:

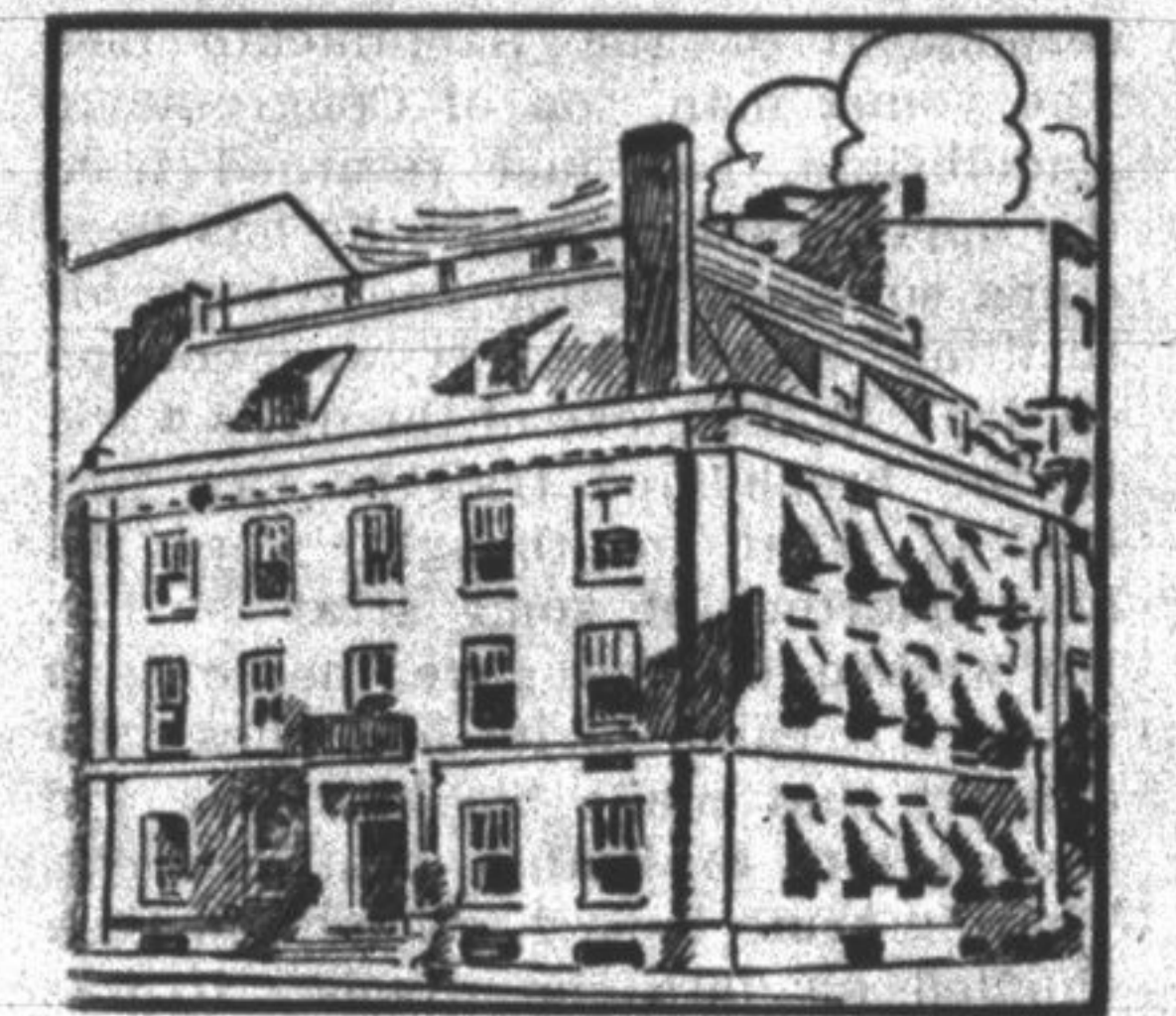
"Fraunce's Tavern, erected 1718; Queen's Head Tavern, 1762; Chamber of Commerce, founded here, 1797;

headquarters of Committee of Correspondence of 51, 1774; this room the scene of the farewell of Gen. Washington to his officers, December 4, 1783; Sons of the Revolution reorganized here December 4, 1883; the property purchased by the Sons of the Revolution in the state of New York, 1904; formal occupation taken by the Sons of the Revolution, December 4, 1907."

W. H. Mersereau, the architect who made the restoration, after much investigation of all the evidence drew the design, which has been realized in the building as it stands to-day. It is now supposed to look as it appeared when Washington visited it, and all of the bricks and timbers remaining of the building which was known as Fraunce's Tavern are still in the places they then occupied. All of the "improvements" of after years in-

the building as it appeared after its recovery from the damage caused by the "great fire" of 1835. In the same year it was again visited by fire. This time the "Long Room" was burned out, and the wall on the Pearl street side above the second story fell outward. When the building was restored this time it was made five stories high with a flat roof, and, barring the saloon on the ground floor, looked as it did until the recent restoration. Fifteen years ago the building was shored up and, with the exception of the corner piers, the walls of the first story were replaced with plate glass.

When the building was dismantled for restoration the lines of the old



Fraunce's Tavern, Restored.

roof indicating the top of the walls and the slope and height of the roof were found in the walls. The difference in the bricks in the walls also helped to determine what portion was old and what modern. It will be observed that the wall fronting on Broad street is of thin yellow bricks. These are the same kind as are found in the old Dutch church in Tarrytown. In order to secure an additional supply to fill up the opening on the first floor they had to be made to order in a yard in Holland where bricks of the same size and kind are still made. The bricks on the Pearl street side are red. As they are an inch longer and some-

to-day it was only by searching through many yards, tape measure in hand, and picking up abnormal bricks that enough could be secured to "piece out" the original wall. By such means the old building was put back into a shape that would probably be recognized by "Black Sam" Fraunce if he should appear to-day.

The property, which is now used as the headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution in New York, represents an expenditure of nearly \$150,000, the restoration alone having cost nearly \$60,000. It is looked upon as a memorial of Frederick S. Tallmadge, who was the president of the society, and bequeathed to it a sum sufficient to pay the cost of restoration. The tablet on the outside of the building commemorates his name and contains his portrait, as well as a history of the building.