

A Reminiscence of Lincoln.

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Old Abe as a marksman- How He Tried a Spencer Rifle- and How the Target Appeared After- He Got Through- A Hitherto Unpublished Anecdote.

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From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

A gentleman in this city has in possession a curious relic of the late President Lincoln. In August, 1863, Mr. Spencer was a clerk in the Navy Department at Washington. The Accumulation of business at that time frequently compelled him to work after office hours. About six o'clock on the evening of the 31st, the clerks all having left the Department, and the watchman not yet on duty, Mr. S. sat at his desk, alone, as he thought, in the building. Suddenly he heard some one walking up and down the hall with long strides, muttering to himself.

"I do wonder if they have gone already and left the building all alone," he heard a voice say, as he came to the door. Looking down the hall he saw President Lincoln, who presently turned, and seeing Mr. S., approached him, with a "Good, evening, sir." "Good evening, Mr. President," said Mr. S. "I was just looking for that man who goes shooting with me sometimes," said Mr. Lincoln. Mr. S. happened to know that

President Lincoln was very fond of firearms and was in the habit of testing every new kind invented, which, at that time, was a pretty frequent occurrence. The messenger of the Ordnance Bureau generally went with Mr. Lincoln on his trial trips, so Mr. S. told him he would see if the man was still in the building. Finding he was not, Mr. S. offered his services. "All right," said Mr. Lincoln, "get your coat on and come on." He followed Mr. S. into the room and stood at his desk, drumming on it with his fingers and keeping up a running fire of talk about the amount of work that he had to do, how hot the weather was, and so forth. (Mr. Lincoln kept the Capital at Washington all the year around.)

Mr. S. being ready, they started. "But hold on," said Mr. Lincoln, "we must have something to shoot at. So MR. S/ went back to his desk and got half a sheet of Congress letter paper; this he folded twice, making ~~xxxxxxx~~ the target four thicknesses of paper four inches square.

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At the door of the Navy Department they met a man from the White House with the of ammunition and a Spencer carbine, which gun had been recently invented and the qualities of which Mr. Lincoln was going to test. Mr. S. took the gun and Mr. Lincoln the cartridge box and then Mr. S. took three steps while Mr. Lincoln took one and with a trot and a stride the two made their way across the lot south of the White House.

Arriving at ~~thax~~ a safe distance, Mr. S. placed the target against a guy post standing in the ground and the President having loaded the carbine, paced off ~~thax~~ a distance of about eighty or a hundred feet, , raised the rifle to a level, took a quick aim and drove the round of seven shots (the Spencer carbine is a seven barreled revolver) in quick succession, the bullets shooting all ~~th~~ around the target like a Gatline gun and one striking nearly the centre.

I believe I can make this gun shoot better, said Mr. Lincoln, after they had looked at the result of the first fire. With ~~tj~~ he took from his vest pocket a small wooden sight, which he had whittled from ~~him~~ a pine stick, and adjusted it over the side of the carbine. He then shot two rounds and of the fourteen bullets nearly a dozen hit the paper. Mr. Lincoln then wanted Mr. S. to shoot, but as that gentleman was not proud of his marksmanship, he declined and the two walked across the lot to the White House, Mr. Lincoln with the cartridge box and carbine on his shoulder, chatting like a boy home from hunting and Mr. S. with the target in his pocket, getting in a word edgewise when he could. At the White House door they parted, with a cheery "good-night" from Mr. Lincoln, and the ~~whirl~~ whirligig of

time yesterday brought the target into the hands of a "Sentinel" reporter. It is now a faded piece of paper about four inches square. Near the centre is a black hole through which Mr. S. said the President, having got the range, sent five or six bullets in succession. A little to the right is another spot pierced by two bullets and just below a third perforation. This within a radius of about two inches. At the left lower corner a piece of the paper is chipped off and another at the right centre, while the post all around the paper, Mr. S. said, looked as if it had the small-pox.