

ton, a special car was provided for the conveyance of the party between Albany and New York, and a special time table was printed showing the train route and the hours of passing the stations by the way. This was supposed to be a very fast train at that time, but you will observe that it took five hours to cover a distance now easily made in three.

"I was then a girl in my teens, and eager to see the man of the hour. My father and I, together with my uncle and aunt, were in the car when the Presidential party arrived. Besides the President's own party were his secretaries, John Hay and Mr. Nicolay, with Colonel Ellsworth, the first officer to be killed in the war. Mr. Lincoln expressed himself as pleased to meet my father, of whom he knew, and he invited us to accompany him as far as New York City; but as my father was holding court in Albany at the time, we could not accept.

"Never shall I cease to remember the impression Mr. Lincoln made upon me. That wonderful face and eyes could never be forgotten. As I rose to say good-bye the President-elect looked down at me and said, 'You are not too old to be kissed,' and, stooping down, he kissed my forehead in a manner which has always seemed to me like a benediction."

Mrs. Lincoln came later to live in Washington, where her husband, the late Dr. Nathan Smith Lincoln, was in charge of five of the war hospitals established at the Capital during the war.

It was a friend of Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. George H. Butler, whose late husband was a nephew of General Benjamin F. Butler, who related another Lincoln anecdote. Mrs. Butler, in her youth the beautiful and sprightly society belle, Miss Josephine Chesney, of Alabama and Washington, went to President Lincoln one day to ask his endorsement for a position in the Government service for a man in whom Miss Chesney was interested. The girl, with the assurance of youth and beauty, took the liberty of looking over the shoulder of Mr. Lincoln as he signed the paper.

"You are not dotting your 'i,' Mr. President," said she. He laughed heartily, and, taking up his pen, made a series of dots above his signature. "I think that will do," he said, as he handed the girl the document.

The pleasing memories of these two women bring to mind that of another, who has told before of the charming manner in which she met Mr. Lincoln.