

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

Travellers in Sweden soon learn that the Swedes are a musical people. In the many churches of the country music is a prominent feature. The choral singing is equal to anything in Germany, and much of the solo singing is fine. The voices of the people are rich and melodious, and musical education is common. Two of the sweetest singers that have ever delighted the world were natives of Sweden, and an American cannot make a tour in that country without hearing and saying much of Jennie Lind and Christine Nilsson. Of the former, I had something to say, for I had seen and talked with her, as well as listened to her wonderful singing when she visited our country and lived at Northampton.

It was with an almost personal sorrow, therefore, that I heard after my return, a few weeks since, that a stroke of apoplexy threatened her life, and on the second of November, that Jenny Lind was dead. True, she had nearly reached three-score years and ten, and her life had been a full and useful one, but the "Swedish nightingale," whose character was as sweet as her voice, and whose life was ever giving some fresh evidence of the youthfulness and sincerity of her heart, never seemed old or declining.

She was a native of Stockholm, the "Venice of the North" and first appeared in public there when eighteen years old. Her voice continued to improve, and she went to Paris and Berlin for vocal training, and sang in many of the cities of the European Continent. It was in 1847, nine years after her first appearance, that she created a decided sensation during the London "season." She was then singing in opera, and the fashionable world was wild with excitement about her; immense sums were paid for tickets to hear her, and the audiences filled even the halls and stairways of Her Majesty's Theatre, where she sang.

But although trained for the stage, she had no taste for theatrical life. She was a modest and unassuming woman, with no pretensions to personal beauty, though her face and form were pleasing. After a few seasons she withdrew from the stage, and during the remainder of her public career was satisfied with oratorio and concert singing. On a few special occasions she sang in opera, but she had virtually left the stage before she came to America. She crossed the ocean in 1850, having made an engagement with Mr. P. T. Barnum for a tour in the United States, and here she remained for three years, giving concerts in all of the principal cities of this country.

Her singing in America created greater enthusiasm than has ever been displayed towards any orator, or actor, or musician. Crowds flocked to hear her, and in New York, Tripler Hall and Castle Garden were thronged to hear her sing. The tickets were sold at auction, and the first choice was purchased by Genin the latter, for \$600. It was my good fortune to hear her sing in Castle Garden on the Battery, which was then a great concert-hall with balconies overlooking the harbor, and also in Tripler Hall. Her voice was pure and sweet, and of great compass, and she sang with a sincerity and expression that entranced the listener. There was no straining for effect, there were no musical gymnastics in her vocalization; the rich melody seemed to flow forth without effort, save as that was revealed by the rise and fall of the broad and full chest. Whether it was a Scotch ballad, an English song, or some sublime oratorio, she entered heartily into the sentiment of the poet and the idea of the composer, and emphasized both. She did much to form and elevate musical taste in this country, and to encourage and stimulate musical education.

I was a student in college when she retired to Northampton, and learning from a relative that Jenny Lind was to sing in the town hall at that place to gratify the hospitable people among whom she had been residing, I walked over Florida Mountain, which is now pierced by the Hoosac tunnel, through Charlemont and Deerfield and Greenfield to Northampton. Two companions, who lived in the Connecticut Valley, took the same walk on their way home, for vacation had begun, and none of us will ever forget that concert. It was while resting some days in that beautiful

town, that I had the opportunity to meet Jenny Lind in a circle of choice friends, and to note the sweetness of her character and the unaffected simplicity of her manners. The impressions of youth are deep and lasting, and she made the impression of kindness and goodness upon all who met her here. Here benevolence was well known. She gave her earnings to the establishment of schools and hospitals, and to help worthy students in her native country and in England, and wherever she sang she devoted a large portion of the profits, and sometimes the whole of them, to local charities. During her concert-tour in the United States, she became interested in Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist of

can say, that I should still be remembered in your great country, America, and so long as my life lasts will I continue to feel grateful for such faithfulness. I gave the best I had to her world, but I have received back the best gifts human hearts can give—that of enduring friendship." Her voice was a divine endowment, and she devoted it to loving and noble uses. She made the world happier and better by a wise and charitable employment of her great gift of song, and she has left rare and precious memories of sacred words married to sublime music, in many souls. The "Swedish nightingale" is silent, the voice of matchless sweetness is hushed. Never again shall we hear on earth such exquisite



JENNY LIND AT THE HEIGHT OF HER VOCAL FAME.

the company, and was married to him at Boston in 1852. With him she returned to Europe, and after a Continental tour they settled in London, where she has lived happily with her husband and three children. For many years she has not sung in public, but she never ceased to sing, and the children and grandchildren of Queen Victoria have all been her pupils while she lived in South Kensington, London. The feelings which Jenny Lind cherished towards America to the end of her life are expressed in a letter written in 1882 and published in the *Springfield Republican*: "I am more touched than words

melody as when she sang from Handel's noble oratorio, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; but may we not believe that she has gone to that holy place where the worship of faith will give place to the worship of a visible and enthroned Redeemer, and where the highest and noblest praise will be the duty and delight of the redeemed? —Augustus, in the *N. Y. Observer*.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE TEACHING.

I wonder if any other mother has two boys who are such walking interrogation

points as mine are. They come home from school bubbling over with information, which they proceed to impart to me in the Socratic fashion.

"Mamma, who killed the Gorgon?" said Arthur—who is reading Charles Kingsley's "Greek Heroes"—one day last week, when I was busy making a cottage pudding for dinner. I tried to remember whether it was Perseus or Theseus, and, on the Irishman's principle that if it was not one it was the other, managed to answer it right.

The next question proved not so easy: "Mamma, where are the Eastern Highlands?"

"Oh, a part of Boston, I suppose," I answered, absently, trying to remember whether I had put any salt into the pudding sauce.

"Not right!" said my young mentor; "the Eastern Highlands extend from the Appalachian system to the Great Atlantic Plain."

"Well," I said, "you can see the great Atlantic plain in Boston; that is, if you stand on high enough ground and use your eyes."

"Oh, you mean the great Atlantic Ocean; that isn't it at all," said my disgusted young teacher.

The new temperance text-books have just been introduced into our schools, so, now, my teaching is all on the line of the physical effects of alcohol on the human system.

"Mamma, what does alcohol do to the muscles?" said Eddie, the younger and more fervid apostle of temperance, the other day.

"I suppose it weakens them," I said doubtfully.

"No, it don't, it changes the muscles into fat," said Master Eddie, and both boys looked suspiciously at my plump self.

"Oh, well," I answered quickly, in self-defence, "it doesn't make good, solid fat, but soft and flabby."

Both boys gave my arm a reassuring pinch, and confidence was restored to their young bosoms.

"What does alcohol do to the human stomach?" was the next question.

"It causes dyspepsia," said I, taking refuge in a long word.

"Worse than that," said both boys in chorus, "it takes the coat all off a man's stomach."

"I have known it to take the coat off his back, too," I answered, jocosely; but they were in no joking mood. "That is nothing, mamma; a man might stop drinking, and earn money and buy a new coat for his back, but he could never get his coat for his stomach back again."

Another time, when we had boiled eggs for breakfast, the boys took occasion to explain how the brain becomes cooked in alcohol until it is almost like the hard-boiled egg, till at last I said: "Well, boys, how do you suppose a man feels with his muscles turned to fat, the coat of his stomach all gone, and his head full of hard-boiled eggs instead of brains?"

"I think he didn't know what it was going to do to him, or he wouldn't have used it," said Eddie. "You won't get any of the school boys to use it, not if they were a-dying," he protested, forgetting his grammar in his earnestness.

After the boys had gone to school, I kept thinking of Eddie's words, and thanking God for scientific temperance teaching in the schools. Will boys with such teaching as that grow up and vote to license a rum-seller? Never; not even if, as some one may suggest, they find that their early teaching was too broad, and that drinking men do sometimes manage to live, in spite of all these deadly dangers, to a bad old age. They will see enough, in the army of drunkards yearly marching to the grave, to assure them that the dangers of alcohol were not overdrawn, and in ten years more we will have an army of intelligent temperance young men who may be depended upon to vote "no" on the liquor question. —*Zion's Herald*.

A LITTLE BOY belonging to the children's missionary society in Northfield, and who had learned the blessedness of giving, remarked to a comrade, "Before I went to these meetings I was a stingy, mean sort of a fellow, but now I think I'm coming out all right!"