

pleased with it. She is not only a wonderful child, but a real genius. As soon as I am in New York, settled down and at leisure, I intend to devote myself to her musical instruction. She *must* be something great and shall be." Gottschalk was true to his promise, and not only gave the child lessons constantly, but played duets with her in public and devoted himself to her advancement. Under his tuition and the watchful care of her father she continued to study in this country till the spring of 1866, when she went with her parents to Paris. She first played at the house of Rossini, whose estimation of the young girl, then scarcely thirteen years old, was expressed as follows: "You are a great pianist, and as you will be running off to England, to put your talents to account, I will give you some letters of recommendation." The letters he wrote were addressed to Mme. Puzzi and Signor Arditì, and bear date of June 6, 1866. To Mme. Puzzi the great composer wrote:

"Mme. Puzzi:

"I begin by telling you that I am not in the habit of praising mediocrities. The person who will give you this letter, Teresa Carreno (who has been blessed by nature with all gifts) is a charming pianist, a pupil of the famous Gottschalk. She is going to London with her parents, very cultured people, in the hope of making herself heard, and, *as she merits*, admired. Teresa will there need good support, and I beg from you all you can do for this already celebrated artist, who, notwithstanding the deluge of pianists who flow from all parts of the world, has excited great enthusiasm in Paris. Be friendly to her, Mme. Puzzi, and count on the gratitude of your devoted servant,
"G. ROSSINI."

His letter to Signor Arditì was as follows:

"My Very Dear Colleague;

"Let me warmly recommend to you the bearer of these few lines, Mlle. Teresa Carreno, a pianist already famous and of talents beyond words. She is accompanied by her parents (distinguished people). Have the goodness to hear my very dear Teresa and give her your powerful support. She will well deserve it in all respects. She is a pupil of Nature, *who will ever be the mother of Beaux Arts*; and she has been perfected by the celebrated Gottschalk. Be good to her, and thus keep ever a right to the gratitude of your friend and devoted servant,
"ROSSINI."

The European career of the young pianist was a brilliant success, and her further visits abroad have invariably been a repetition of her first triumphs. She has enjoyed the acquaintance of some of the most distinguished composers and performers of the world, like those during her childish career; and of later years she has been warmly praised by Liszt, Gounod, Saint-Saens and other prominent musicians. Indeed, it is doubtful if any artist of her years has had a more varied and distinguished acknowledgment of her talents than Mme. Carreno.

The characteristics of her playing, as shown of late, are power, which seems masculine as compared with most of the *pianistes*; clear and finished technique; accuracy; and above all, admirable masculine intelligence. Her performance has often been marred by the inferior character of the instruments with which she has been supplied; and considering this fact, it has been quite wonderful that she could make her work so effective. As an artist, however, Mme. Carreno holds no uncertain position. She is at the best of her power; and with the industry and zeal she has shown from

the beginning of her artistic life, her hold on the public opinion may be expected to grow stronger.

Though it does not belong to any article in a review devoted exclusively to music, it may be added that Mme. Carreno is a lady of remarkable cultivation, speaks five languages, and is, moreover, one of the most beautiful of her sex.—*N. Y. Musical Review.*

ANECDOTES.

A DAY IN JENNY LIND'S LIFE.

It was half-past nine in the morning, and three servants of the hotel, and two of her own servants had been ordered to guard her rooms till she could eat her breakfast. Well dressed ladies cannot be stopped by servants in this country, however, and her drawing room was already half full of visitors "on particular business," who had crowded past insisting on entrance. Most of them were applicants for charities, some for autographs, some to offer acquaintance, but none of course with the least claim whatever on her pocket or her time. A lady friend, who was admitted by her servant, saw the onslaught of these intruders as she arose from her breakfast (fatigued and dispirited as she always is after the nervous excitement of a concert,) and this friend was not a little astonished at her humble and submissive endurance. First came a person who had sent a musical box for her to look at, and "as she had kept it," he wanted the money immediately. Jenny knew nothing of it; but the maid was called, who pointed to one which had been left mysteriously in the room, and the man was at liberty to take it away, but would not do it, of course, without remonstrance and argument. Then advanced the lady beggars, who in so many instances "have put the screw to her" in the same way, that without particularizing, we must describe them as a class. To such unexamined and unexpected applications Miss Lind has usually offered twenty or thirty dollars as the shortest way to be left to herself. In almost every instance she has had this sum returned to her with some reproachful and disparaging remark, such as: "We did not expect this pittance from you?" "We have been mistaken in your character, madam, for we have heard you were generous." "This from Miss Lind is too little to accept, and not worthy of you." "Excuse us—we came for a donation and not for alms." These and similar speeches of which we are assured Jenny Lind has had one or more specimens every day of her visit to New York. With one or two such visitors on the morning we speak of, were mingled applicants for musical employment, passionate female admirers who had come to express their raptures to her. A dozen ladies with albums; one or two with things they had worked for her, for which by unmistakable tokens they expected diamond rings in return; one who had come indignantly to know why a note containing a poem had not been answered; and constant messages meantime from those who had professional and other authorized errands requiring answers. Letters and notes came in at the rate of one every other minute. This sort of "audience" lasted at Miss Lind's rooms *all day*. To use her own expression she was "torn to pieces;" and it was by those whom nothing could keep out. A police force would have protected her, but while she habitually declined the calls and attentions of fashionable society, she was in constant dread of driving more humble claimants from her door. She