

pression of grief; and variety of vocal effect—now an unassuming melody, now a dazzling display of *bravura*, combined in one part—left no room for criticism.

On renouncing the glories of the stage, Miss Lind had formed a project to devote herself henceforth entirely to a branch of the art hardly less important, but not exacting the same amount of self-abnegation, viz: oratoria and concert singing. This decision was confirmed by an event which entirely changed her sphere of action, and led ultimately to her complete withdrawal from public life. The unexampled impression she had created in Europe had excited the greatest interest among lovers of music in the United States, and an indefatigable caterer for novelties of more than common attraction, Mr. P. T. Barnum, conceived the idea of tempting the young artist by a proposal—which thirty years ago seemed of almost gigantic dimension—for a series of one hundred and fifty concerts. The conditions were one thousand dollars (more than two hundred pounds) for each concert, which was subsequently increased by one-half of all the sums exceeding the nightly receipt of five thousand five hundred dollars.

After a lengthened correspondence, the agreement to that effect was signed, and Jenny Lind, accompanied by her friend and companion, Miss Ahlmanzon, her secretary, Mr. Max Hjortsberg, Signor Giovanni Belle'ti (an excellent baritone who had already been singing with her at Stockholm and at Her Majesty's Theatre), and myself, as conductor, started from Liverpool on August 21, 1850. The leave-taking on that morning was of the most imposing character. Though the departure was fixed for an early hour, the roadsteads, and every available spot whence a glance of the steamship *Atlanti*s and its precious freight could be obtained, were filled with a vast multitude, who bid a hearty and touching farewell to this favorite queen of song.

The journey was of the pleasantest imaginable, and friendships were formed on board, on the spur of the moment, with some charming American ladies, which predisposed Miss Lind in favor of the new country more than any description could have done. Mr. Barnum met us on our arrival at New York, September 1st, and nothing could exceed the completeness of the arrangements he had made with so much care and attention: an admirable orchestra, including the *élite* of the profession, had been secured, every comfort in the accommodation of the great artist and her party provided. September 10th, the day of the general rehearsal, almost equally momentous of her future in the States with her first performance, arrived. None but the staff of the principal newspapers and those prominent by their musical or literary merit, or by their social position, were admitted in the vast area of Castle Garden, thus forming at once a most discriminating but one easily to be pleased public. After the overture to "Oberon," played with as much delicacy as power, and an *aria* from Rossini's "Maometto," sung to perfection by signor Belletti, the *diva* stepped forward.

She was then in her thirtieth year, her features were irregular and could not be termed handsome, but her figure was well proportioned and equally balanced between grace and dignity; in her eyes flashed the fire of genius, and when singing even the most difficult passages, there was a total absence of effort and of those distorting grimaces which so often impair the influence of the best vocal power. When thus inspired, her whole face lighted up and became perfectly beautiful. She was greeted with an immense outburst of applause. Silence being at last restored she began the grand scene from "Norma," "*Casta Diva*," commencing with the recitative "*Sediziose voci, voci di guerra*" ("Seditious voices; voices of war.") Scarcely had she uttered these words when the very warlike voices of a triple salute of guns shook the building and increased the already feverish excitement of the audience. She faltered and stopped, the orchestra became mute and motionless. The mystery, how-

ever, was soon solved: A new constellation had been added to the star-spangled banner—the admission of the State of California into the Union was being celebrated. This news was greeted with mingled cheering and merriment, and only after it had subsided the fair songstress resumed her task.

It was highly interesting to note first the breathless attention of this unique assembly and to follow the gradual phases of surprise, wonder, and delight created and developed by the magic of the singer's power. Not like many other celebrities on such occasions, who consider it *infra dig.* and not worth their while to employ more than half-steam when before a non-paying audience, Jenny Lind rehearsed as she always did, taking the matter seriously; working as it were, with the orchestra, electrifying the musicians with her ardor, scattering the treasures of her voice, and identifying herself with the composer. And what a result! It was touching to see those severe judges carried away by their ecstasy at having their anticipations so far surpassed. From that moment if any doubts could have been entertained they vanished, and the first concert, given on the next evening, September 11th, and the unheard of ovation offered to Jenny, were reported, on the morning of the 12th, in every daily newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the American continent.

To enumerate the details of one hundred concerts, given with unvarying success in different parts of the States, would exceed by far the limits of this paper, nor can I do more than glance at the various sensations experienced by us all in this surprising succession of new and wonderful cities, of fresh and eager audiences, contrasting with the so often used-up and *blasés* frequenters of European concert-rooms. With that bee-hive of the world, the home of all nationalities, New York, where thirty-five concerts scarcely satisfied the craving for the Swedish idol, how many ineffaceable recollections are connected! It was there the fact was recognized that the welcome given to the great artist was one of an entire people.

JULIUS BENEDICT.

—Scribner.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

Judas Maccabeus was the work performed at the last concert this season of the Philharmonic Society, which event took place in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, on Tuesday evening, June 7th. The floor and galleries of the spacious building were packed with a fashionable and appreciative audience.

The Oratorio "Judas Maccabeus" is one of Handel's greatest Oratorios, abounding in Canonic and Fugal forms, thus presenting difficulties to the orchestra, chorus and concerted parts generally of no light order, and which to render, with clearness and precision, require an amount of patience and skill on the part of the least of the participants that only those who have tried can form any idea.

The production of such a work deserves the highest commendation. The influence which it exerts for good, not only upon those who take part in its performance, but upon the audience who listen, is beyond computation. To say that the performance was a perfect one would be a piece of absurd flattery, to cavil with small defects, which are not in themselves radical faults, would be hypercritical and conducive of no good. Our criticism will deal with such defects as appeared in the methods of the soloists, (who by reason of their prominence are expected to exhibit a higher excellence of art culture) on one hand, and the concerted work of orchestra and chorus on the other. Taking the latter, first; and