

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA

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Jenny Lind in America by C. G. Rosenberg

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C. G. ROSENBERG

**JENNY LIND
IN AMERICA**



Jenny Lind

JENNY LIND

IN
AMERICA.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE," "GLASS BEADS,"
"THE PRINCE-DUKE AND PAGE," &c. &c.

NEW YORK:
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TO L. C. STUART, ESQ.

MY DEAR STUART:

In inscribing this volume to you, I would, in the first place, pay some portion of the debt you will find, I in many places owe you for details, which, but for your ready and kind assistance, I should have found some difficulty in obtaining. In the second place, I trust, you will not be annoyed at my prefixing your name to it, as a slight mark of that friendly feeling we have for each other, and which, I hope, will not speedily be forgotten.

Believe me, my dear Stuart,

Yours, most truly and obediently,

CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1851.

NEW YORK.

THE arrangements which had been entered into by Mademoiselle Lind, with P. T. Barnum, for her visit to the United States, had been well canvassed on both sides of the Atlantic when she first left Liverpool; nor were there a few who predicted a great loss to the speculator in her unrivaled attractions as the principal and most popular of living songstresses. These, however, were for the most part Englishmen residing in the old country. From their experience in its modes of doing business and insuring success in such matters, they could not imagine that any vocalist would have sufficient attraction to draw money for one hundred and fifty nights, out of the three hundred and sixty into which the year is divided—for such, I believe, was the original limit of the duration of the engagement and the number of concerts which it was proposed that she should give.

Their doubts had happily little or no effect upon the fair vocalist, and her companions in the engagement she had entered into, M. Jules Benedict and Signor Belletti. On the 19th of August they left Liverpool in the fine American steamer, the *Atlantic*, which had but recently been launched, and it was on Sunday, the first of September, that this vessel approached New York.

About one o'clock, two guns were heard in the direction of Sandy Hook, and it was but shortly after that a signal flag was run up at the Telegraph Station, below Clifton, which intimated to those who had been drawn down to Staten Island by the desire to see the *Nightingale*, that a steamer was in sight. A few minutes more had passed when the *Atlantic* was seen cutting its path through the blue and laughing waves, and looming through the gray and fleecy mists which lay in scattered and broken masses, like wandering clouds, upon the bosom of the outer bay. Unfortunately, Dr. A. Sidney Doane, who was the health officer of the port of New York, thought it would be advisable to hoist the Swedish flag at the quarantine ground. None was to be found. Had they only had half an hour, one could have been arranged. Now, however, there was not even time to think of this. Genius, nevertheless, delights in conquering difficulties, and I rejoice to say this difficulty was conquered, inasmuch as the German Republican Tri-color was run up the staff, as next akin to the Royalist flag of Sweden. Possibly Mademoiselle Lind may have been blind to the compliment, inasmuch as it may naturally be doubted whether she had ever seen the flag before. And of one thing else I am perfectly certain, that is, of my own most perfect ignorance of the nation to which the said flag belonged, until I saw it mentioned in unmistakable black and white in the able columns of the *Tribune* the following morning.

On passing the Narrows, the *Atlantic* fired a second salute. Then were her paddles stopped, and the immense vessel heaved slowly onward with the tide until it was very nearly opposite the Quarantine Ground.

Mr. Barnum had now hurried on board the steamer and was presented to Mademoiselle Lind, who was at this moment seated on the top of a deck-house, erected over the forward companion-way. As I heard, for at this time I was on Staten Island, she was looking fresh, rosy, and in the best of spirits. Old Neptune had paid her the compliment of