

numbers in our flourishing town.

Grace Greenwood who sailed in the Atlantic for Liverpool, with Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and husband, writes thus of the Swedish Nightingale, in a letter to the "National Era:"

"For the first few days of our voyage, she seemed singularly shy and reserved. I have seen her sit hour after hour by herself, in some unfrequented part of the vessel, looking out over the sea. I often wondered if her thoughts were then busy with the memories of her glorious career—if she were living over her past triumphs, the countless times when the cold quiet of the highest heaven of fashion broke into thunders of acclamation above her, and came down in a rain of flowers at her feet. Was it of those perishable wreaths, placed on her brow amid the glare and tumult of the great world, she mused—or of that later crowning of her womanhood, when softly and silently her brow received from God's own hand the crown of a holy and enduring love? Was it the happy, loving wife, or the great world renowned artiste, who dreamed there alone, looking out over the sea."