Garden, it will be remembered, the hatter Genin made himself famous, and later, rich, by paying $225 for the choice of seats, described as "a very handsome spring cushion, crimson velvet chair, placed right against the front of the centre post, and just opposite to Jenny Lind," in order that he might ever after be thus visualized to the purchaser of hats. And the singer Ossian F. Dodge outdistanced Genin by paying $625 for a similar choice in Boston. But so far was Jenny Lind from mercenary intent, that during the first eight weeks of her American tour she gave more than $18,000 to charities—a magnificent scale of benevolence kept up during her two years' tour in this country.

December found her in Richmond, and her next engagement was in Charleston, S. C., for the 26th and 29th of that month. Wilmington was in feverish excitement, especially as the diva must pass through this town. Should her neighbors, Richmond and Charleston, so far o'ertop her? Not without supreme effort on her part. Accordingly, at a meeting of prominent ladies and gentlemen, a committee was appointed, and when the train from Richmond arrived at Wilmington this committee appeared at the depot with smiling countenances and a cart-load of flowers. The elegant and genial spokesman, Mr. James S. Green, presented a bouquet in a gracious speech of welcome, and the charming Jenny smiled her appreciation. The journey from the Virginia city to Wilmington is described as the most uncomfortable she had made thus far in America, the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad having the reputation of being the worst in the United States. A traveling companion of the famous singer, however, described it as being newly laid, and, save for a short distance over which the old timbers of the road were plainly felt, remarkably easy. The car the party occupied as far as Weldon he described as new, approximating somewhat the style in vogue on other roads, but from Weldon to Wilmington they are said to have been stowed away in a sort of caravanserai, described at one time as "a huge and comfortless box with shelves for bedsteads, something like the cabin of a Dutch sloop," and at another as "a gigantic clothes press." With these and other discomforts graphically named by her biographer freshly in mind, it is likely that Jenny Lind valued all the more the compensation of a gracious reception at the end of her journey and that she listened with gratifying interest to the momentous question of the committee. Would she sing for Wilmington? She would gladly if Mr. Barnum could arrange it, and Mr. Barnum pleasingly acquiesced. "But, gentlemen," said he, "what is the capacity of your opera house?" "About one hundred and fifty seats, but by utilizing the aisles two hundred can be provided," they told him, to which the showman laughingly replied, "Gentlemen, my orchestra would fill a large part of that space!" They withdrew to consider possible adjustments and shortly returned with complaisancy, saying it was all arranged, they would erect a platform in the centre of the street immediately in front of the theatre, so that everybody might hear! The idea was diverting and the fair Swede laughed uncontrollably at being asked to sing to an open-air audience in the public streets, but her warm heart quickened its beats at the thought of the simplicity that conceived the plan. Her contract with Mr. Barnum stipulated that she be allowed to hold concerts for charity when she saw fit. If they had only told her that Wilmington had its orphans, its poor, and its sick, no doubt the open-air performance would have received serious consideration.

They did not hear her sing, but they heard that marvelous voice in speech and they saw her. And she—she saw them, a people whose hospitality, simplicity, and inherent kindliness have never been surpassed. She declined an invitation by Queen Victoria to sing at a festival at court to come to America, largely, as she said, to see the American people, and we fancy that in the *potpourri* of precious impressions she carried away went a bit of fragrance from Wilmington. Perhaps, too, she regretted not accepting the open-air suggestion and waiting over a day, for on the night she sailed south on the steamer *Gladiator* from the Cape Fear city, there occurred one of the worst storms ever known along these shores. Three ships were lost on the Carolina coast about that time, and it was rumored that the *Gladiator* had grounded on Cape Romain. She was thirty-four hours making the trip to Charleston, which then took but seventeen under ordinary weather conditions. She was reported lost, and the news was telegraphed to New York, but corrected a dozen hours later; for, notwithstanding wind and weather, the exceptional seamanship of Capt. J. B. Smith took her at last into port at Charleston. Her tiller ropes were broken and she was sweeping in on shore. Another half hour, it is said, would probably have effected her complete destruction with all on board, but Captain Smith steered her safely in and deposited Jenny Lind and two hundred other passengers on shore, where they were in a position to feel that seasickness is, after all, a little better than drowning.