

a soul full of sentiment, full of music. Her touching notes have died away, but many hearts who have felt their influence still beat with pleasure at the remembrance of the sweet melodies that once brought tears to their eyes. Her beautiful voice could well compare with the Swedish nightingale who sang in Baltimore to spell-bound listeners, in 1850, and who produced more excitement and applause than any vocalist who ever visited this country. "Her concert tickets sold at exorbitant prices, and the people were roused to a state of admiration and excitement never before experienced. The cultivation of the voice became general and many aspired to be a 'Jenny Lind.'"—*Copied.*

I can never forget my emotion when the last notes of "Home, Sweet Home" died away. Although I was honored by having a "Prince" for my escort at her concert, her bird-like voice charmed me. I cared not for titles, but I loved "music," and her sweet notes touched my heart, while the chivalrous "Prince" failed to make the slightest impression. Mrs. Hemsley's style of singing was her own. The pathos of her lovely voice impressed everyone who listened to her well-selected songs, causing an emotional feeling that could not be suppressed. This beautiful gift of nature, combined with Mrs. Hemsley's conversational powers, contributed greatly to the pleasure of her many friends. Mr. Wm. Hemsley, her husband, used to say that he won his accomplished wife by presenting her with the pretty, old song:

"Oh! share my cottage, gentle maid,  
It only waits for thee  
To add fresh beauty to its shade,  
And happiness, happiness to me."

Mr. Hemsley had a beautiful home on the Easton Road, "Woodbury." He was a widower with a lovely daughter, Mary, now Mrs. Sterrett, of Baltimore; who fully appreciated her step-mother's kindness. One of Mrs. Hemsley's favorite airs was the sweet, little Scotch ballad, "Annie Laurie." Another, "Oh! the Ingleside for Me." Still another, "Where's the Snow?" And now she lies under the snow, at rest—

"May the grass grow green above her,  
Sweet clover 'round her tomb,  
Bright purple pansies 'bove her,  
Blossom, with a sweet perfume."

"Her spirit is loose from mortal bars,  
Somewhere away, among the stars,"—  
where she will sweetly sing "forever and forever."