Self-Command.

The great business of life is that of self-control, since without it every other advantage is lost. The conqueror of empires, if not master of his ambition, if he has not learned self-command, is but a slave.

Alexander, Xerxes, Napoleon, expert in military tactics and successful in their application, were captives beneath the iron sceptre of their pampered love of power, which they never sought to restrain. Origen, Tertullian and Lамmmenais, mighty in eloquence, erudition and theological knowledge, were weak because under the dominion of pride; whilst the list of literary celebrities who have electrified the world with "thoughts that glow and words that burn" of politicians who have outwitted the wisest of artists, who have infused the cold canvas and marble with the grandeur of their genius, is almost endless; and yet of this vast number—who though enviied for their skill in commanding the passions of others—how many were in adjunct servitude to their own!

Since, then, genius, learning, influence, are worse than useless without the power of self-control, every youth with an upright conscience will not fail to exert himself to obtain this power. Imagination, passion, at every moment assuring him power over others, shows itself to the one and himself to the other, as a chief means of proving his qualities; but the young person who is in earnest to make the most of life, will accept no such easy rule.

We know it is the custom to regard whatever fails to exert himself to obtain this power. Imagination, passion, at every moment assuring him power over others, shows itself to the one and himself to the other, as a chief means of proving his qualities; but the young person who is in earnest to make the most of life, will accept no such easy rule.

To succumb to our own inclinations takes away the vigor of the soul; and the more debased those inclinations, the more effeminate and helpless does the spirit become; whilst to triumph over ourselves gives soundness to principle and renders us superior to our surroundings. In this world of changing fortunes, where a man is to-morrow a prince and to-morrow a beggar, this is in event as it is in object to recommend.

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The spiritual life is superior to the temporal; and the Christian, who has discovered the secret of happiness and is in possession of the surest passport to eternal bliss.

The Law.

In the mind of the ignorant and unthinking man, the Law is a thing of terror, a sort of cyclopean cave where nothing but vengeance and torture is manufactured, with the special view to entrapping and punishing, for any cause or for no cause, when the opportunity occurs. Ideas similar to these we have often heard asserted by persons claiming to be intelligent and educated, as well as by those whose misconduct had well deserved punishment.

Yet, without Law, society would be a body without a soul: a rudis indisputatae noles without order. Left to themselves, and held together by no constraining power, men would be constantly arrayed in hostility against each other; and in such a contest, it is easy to see that the strong man would always be in the right, and the weak man always in the wrong. But, happily for justice, physical force is not the arbiter of right and wrong; and neither can the vindication of the one nor the punishment of the other be left to the whims of the individual. Every nation, and every independent community, or even the individual himself, is provided with laws, and administers justice suitably to the genius and wants of its people; and the law, as a rule of justice, is a panacea suitable to all cases.

We have said that to triumph over ourselves gives soundness to principle and renders us superior to our surroundings. In this world of changing fortunes, where a man is to-morrow a prince and to-morrow a beggar, this is in event as it is in object to recommend.

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for this. That bad men, and incompetent men—neither the law nor lawyers can be fairly blamed—men should ever be admitted to the Bar. But his head. It is certainly a misfortune that such a cass in the vicinity of the vultures circling above.

let us remove the cause. The cause is twofold: able fact. But, while this is true, let the blame be put where it belongs; and, to remedy the evil, its pettifoggers, or its hangers-on, who under the profession has its quacks, and so the law too has had its camp-followers who robbed and plundered while the soldiers fought; the medical profession too often succeed in bringing the sufferings of the Irish people.

A Hero.

BY PATRIC.

"ANNA VIVACIEOS CAED.",

In negged Spintown lived a right Renowned in many a windy fight; 
A nimble Nero, skilled to flee 
The face of every enemy.

"Knights of the shears," by heralds styled, 
What tho' his blade was never defiled 
The face of every enemy.

His craft, and all the world defied. 
Retailing, too, he bought and sold 
Of that of how his sires evcelled

And trained his warlike " goose" to prance!

"Quas ego". 

But the lawyer too has its hangmen-on, who under the garb of the lawyer too often succeed in bringing disgrace on the profession around whose skirts they hover. It would certainly be difficult to imagine a more desirable class of humanity than that which is known by the sinister names of shyster, or pettifogger; he feasts on the misfortunes of Patrick Henry laid beneath the power of England this country, and the memories of Curran, Grattan and O'Connell shall live in the hearts of Irishmen so long as history shall record the sufferings of the Irish people.

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"So did ma; and I guess it isn't any harm to say that,—is it, ma?"

The Professor, "mathematics—mathematics—still mathematics, teaches us that the product of the egg-streams is always equal to the product of the means—that is of the meanness by which they are divided and have drawn upon themselves so severe an expression of general odium. The punishment is therefore proportionate to the guilt, and what a gratification that must be!

Here the conversation was interrupted by another crash.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dr. Boggsley, waking up again. "That must be the Bear."

And it was the Bear!!!

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY, LA PORTE.

REV. MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent has the honor to report to you that the institution above-mentioned is in the most flourishing condition now that it has been for three years, the term of its existence under the same title of St. Rose. Previous to that time, the boys and girls had been indiscriminately mixed in school, but for the said term it has been determined to make a young ladies' academy exclusively; such it has been, and this year more ladylike, if possible, than ever. As a body, you, Reverend Sir, with all your experience, have never seen better-behaved pupils. Among those who more particularly deserve "honorable mention," I have been requested by the good Sisters of Holy Cross here to name the following:

Senior Department.—Misses Emma Webber, Elizabeth Conlin, Margaret Hall, Caroline Hall, Eliza Boyko, Eliza Williams, Mary Lynch, Sarah Woodward, Henriette Ingram, Nettie Wile, Catheline Marin, Edomhora Archibald.

Intermediate Department.—Misses Mary Ingram, Margaret Everhart, Alice Everhart, Mary Cavanaugh, Susan Blakeman, Benadina Steinfield, Louisa Forrester, Louisa and Emily Gnuchtel.

Primary Department.—Miss Mary Graf, Sarah Lynch, Annie Lynch.

By giving the foregoing a place in your excellent journal, you will do justice to the good and deserving, a favor to them in particular, and to the community generally, while at the same time you will oblige the Sisters of Holy Cross, and

Yours very sincerely,
D. J.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY, LA PORTE.

REV. FATHER: Much gratified as I was to have heard from you, your intimation that I would forget you struck me no less with surprise than the receipt of your letter. received last Friday.

I trust that you are in the enjoyment of the best of health, such for instance as I now enjoy. My health actually was never better, while at the same time I am having, in the very expressive language of the day, a "bally" time. If at all possible for me to come down before two weeks, it will assuredly give me very much pleasure.

I was very sorry indeed that I could not return to the University at the beginning of the session, more so perhaps from the fact of losing so much time, as well as of being deprived of the pleasure of seeing and mingling with my friends.

"The ancient pickets
Upon the contested field;"

but since the beginning of the year is passing away, and seeing that there is no possibility of my returning before February, I merely say with Coleridge:

"Since 'twas past, 'twas past recall,
And since 'twas past, recall Must be forgotten."

The copy of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, the Scholastic Year deaconed, was received last evening, and perused very eagerly by our whole family. Permit me to congratulate you upon the very elegant appearance which it now presents, and upon the very auspicious commencement which it has made with its third volume.

Thank you very much for your kind offer to publish "any correspondence" which will be sent to you from here! I will try and send you some "copy" this week, though I know of nothing much to send besides the report of St. Rose's Academy here. In about two weeks I intend going to Pittsburgh, to keep books until I return in February; while there, I shall pick up notes of interest (I don't mean commercial paper, but interesting facts) and endeavor to let you have reports regularly from there, about the mines, glass and iron works, etc., etc.

I am here a member of a new boating organization, known as the "Star of the West Rowing Club." We have forty members, possessing four outrigged boats, each thirty-eight feet in length and capable of holding four persons and a crewman. Besides these, we have eight sculling boats, single person's boats. Our uniform consists of white flannel, with the letters S. W. in white velvet in front; cuffs and collars of the same material; pants, regulation blue, with broad gold band on sides; cap of light blue silk, with gold band one inch broad. Our flag and colors are both blue, with single star in the center; blue, with gilt black letters raised on back, and position in the boat emblazoned on clasp in front. Such a uniform costs from forty to fifty dollars. We are all disciplined both in military and naval ways, under the superintendence of an old colonel of the Ninth Indiana Volunteers.

But I see my letter is coming to an unreasonable length, so I will close.

Please give my best regards to Very Rev. Fa­thers Sorin and Granger, and to Rev. Fathers Corby, Spillard, Battista, Carrier, Vagner, D'Arcy and Lauth; to Brothers Florentius and Benoit; to Profs. Lyons, Von Weller, Ivers, Stace, Tong, Corby and Olme, and especially to the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathian Association, more particularly to the incumbent of my old of­fice, and to Messrs. Stanely and Mahony for their advancement. (Don't forget J — E — please)

Accept best wishes for your welfare and hospitality, from Yours very sincerely,
D. J.

LA PORTE, INDI., Sept. 26, '69.

REV. FATHER:

Notre Dame last Thursday, and stayed only a few hours. He is in excellent health.
ACT II.—Scene 1st.—Room in Lord Aubrey's Castle. Lord Aubrey prevails upon Aloysius to aid him in his design. Scene 2d.—Room in the Hostelry. The Seven Travelers go through their military drill. Scene 3d.—The Road near the Hostelry. Lord Aubrey constructs Aloysius to be obedient to his directions. Scene 4th.—The same road as in last Scene. Aloysius is at last ensnared into the Hostelry by Mysticus.

ACT III.—Scene 1st.—Room in the Inn. Melancardios discovers that Mysticus has become Myrmecides, and that the latter has been subdued. Scene 2d.—Another Room in the Inn. Lord Aubrey meets Aloysius and restores him to his senses. Scene 3d.—The same room as in scene first, act third. Melancardios meets his just fate. All the travelers are rescued and restored.

During the play the following pieces will be performed by the Orchestra:

Waltz—Lanner.
 foremost Grosz—Bibie.
 Grand Quickstep—Bibie.
 Celestial Waltz—Lambatzky.

And Heaven's eternal rounds begin.

As all this goodness you beheld;
 How your great heart within you swelled,
 To unfold yet more His great design.

The widening orbits of God's plan;
 More vast His work than you could scan;
 But grand as was your primal thought,
 Like that great priest, Copernicus,
 His march is onward from the olden,
 The daily round was silvery time,
 When science grew more old and wise
 But knowledge, as the poets sing.
 A wider orbit then was found.
 When God shall call their motions in,
 The science, thus, which had withdrawn
 Since modern science first began.
 Since first the priest, Copericus,
 Scenery and instrumental, addresses, and a dramatic representation. The members of the Beau Band, under the leadership of Prof. M. F. Bayne, did what was not expected from them at this time of the year. The instruments were well tuned, and the pieces played were selected with much good taste, and were very creditably performed. Judging from the decided effects produced on this occasion, and from the untried energy and good musical appreciation of the leader, we may expect from the Band this year music worth hearing. The Orchestra, as usual, took a conspicuous place in the evening's program, and rendered valuable assistance. The Choir took part in the song, "Founder of Notre Dame," which was well rendered with the assistance of an orchestral accompaniment. Mr. James Dickinson sang the solo with exactness as to time and pitch, and the chorus was effective throughout, with the exception of a little roughness and lack of power in the high notes of the trebles, which is to be ex-

As good to better ever ran,
 And best was found where good began,
The new came ever from the old
 As silver glorified to gold.
 And as the sun, more grand and calm,
 Sweeps on his way, so Notre Dame—
 Her march is onward from the olden,
 From the silvery to the golden.
 Forever be her march thus on
 Till suns and systems shall be gone
 Will God shall call their motions in
 And Heaven's unending rounds begin.
 And may thy years, now staid ever,
 Stretch out unto the golden shore.
 Thy child, now passeth her silvery time
 Moves proudly on to golden prime;
 Then art the Moses led her on,
 Till, lo! the wilderness is gone;
 Thou too the Jophine, for the Land
 Of Promise waits on thy command.
 And make more than Moses, Japhiel, or
 Copericus, thy fathers are:
 Thine were the clouds when day began,
 Thine too the glow of noonday sun.
 O may the Queen of heaven and earth,
 Thy guide and patroness since birth,
 Still guard this shrine which they last built
 To honor her and God in Heaven;
 Still shield thy honored head from ill,
 Still keep thee here to guide us still,
 And when the angels come for thee,
 A blest patron mayst thou be,
 Protecting from the throne above
 This dear retreat, which still must prove
 The tender object of thy love.

The Twentieth Annual Festival of St. Edward, at Notre Dame, Ind.


PROGRAMME.

Grand Opening March....Notre Dame Band Overture—Quartette (Messrs. . . . .).....Orchestra Song and Chorus—" Founder of Notre Dame," which was well sung on St. Edward's day. On Tuesday evening the bells announced the opening of an entertainment in Washington Hall. On repairing thither we found that Father General had just entered and was taking his seat amid loud acclamations.

The entertainment consisted of music—vocal and instrumental, addresses, and a dramatic representation. The members of the Beau Band, under the leadership of Prof. M. Bayne, did what was not expected from them at this time of the year. The instruments were well tuned, and the pieces played were selected with much good taste, and were very creditably performed. Judging from the decided effects produced on this occasion, and from the untried energy and good musical appreciation of the leader, we may expect from the Band this year music worth hearing. The Orchestra, as usual, took a conspicuous place in the evening's program, and rendered valuable assistance. The Choir took part in the song, "Founder of Notre Dame," which was well rendered with the assistance of an orchestral accompaniment. Mr. James Dickinson sang the solo with exactness as to time and pitch, and the chorus was effective throughout, with the exception of a little roughness and lack of power in the high notes of the trebles, which is to be ex-
The New Church.

Since the building of a new church was determined upon by the authorities of Notre Dame, generous donations have been forwarded from various parts to the Secretary of the Association of "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," under which title the new church is to be erected. These donations were the result of an appeal made in the pages of the AVE MARIAS to all its subscribers. We have often thought that we should also take a vigorous part in helping to forward the noble scheme, and deem it our duty to open a subscription list in the columns of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. We have received from Rev. Father Corby, President of the University, and from Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Order, the encouragement desired before opening our list of subscriptions and publish below the letter which Very Rev. Father Sorin has kindly written us on this matter:

NOTRE DAME, October 13, 1869.

To the Editors of the Scholastic:

REV. DEAR FRIENDS: You wish me to state what part you should take in the greatest and most sublime scheme now forming the chief object of interest here, viz. : the building of the new church.

I do not hesitate a moment to say that you should strive, by all means, to create among your readers—of whom there are the deepest and warmest interest in this momentous enterprise. You should not imagine that because a number of them are non-Catholics they are forsworn indifferent towards beautifying Notre Dame. My experience of many years standing here has long since convinced me that Notre Dame has been encouraged and helped, and materially and substantially assisted, by non-Catholic friends, even more than by those of our own Church. A glance over your tableaux of donors on the walls of the University, and lastly around your large Bourdon,—will bear me out in my assertion which, I well know, to be a fact.

Your new church, less than anything else ever undertaken at Notre Dame, is to mark out his glorious future. The model adopted,—that of the "Jesuit" which the sympathies and heartfelt support of all your patrons and well-wishers, regardless of their religious or political creeds. It is a need for the comfort of your increasing students and your Faculty, and alike for your numerous visitors, who should certainly be accommodated in suitable seats, a thing almost out of the question in the small chapel.

The sight alone of that poor shabby barn, or ruin-looking church, strikes every eye as a building of houses towering over it; it seems to stand here to excite pity and call the louder for the monument now intended in its place.

I have said proper honor to Notre Dame and every one should know that the call is made for no common object (who cares for a common object?); but, of a truth, for a monument of which not only the Institution, but all its friends and the country itself, should be justly proud.

The model adopted,—that of the "Jesuit" which is no mean church in Rome, while the same heads off all others in Canada; the architect selected, Keely of New York, unquestionably the first one in our States for religious edifices,—will be a monument of which the most important, but the most honorable, is also, in point of study, the most exacting into which a young man can enter. The old chapel, which liberality and devotedness to the cause of education and religion will place at your disposal, will show to the best advantage in the grand structure.

We congratulate the young Senator on his elevation. He had long since predicted for him a brilliant career. Mr. Corcoran was an earnest student whilst at Notre Dame, and began here to mark out his glorious future.

T. A. CORCORAN, A. M., graduate of the Class of 1855 has been elected by the people's ticket Senator of the State of Ohio. The sight alone of that poor shabby barn, or ruin-looking church, strikes every eye as a building of houses towering over it; it seems to stand here to excite pity and call the louder for the monument now intended in its place.

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I am fully convinced you will meet with gener-
Arrival of Students.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

OCTOBER 4th.

James A. Murphy, Keokuk, Iowa.
Edward Forrester, Laporte, Ind.

OCTOBER 5th.

Henry H. Graves, Chicago, Ill.
Robert L. Long, Burlington, Iowa.

OCTOBER 6th.

Virgil McKinney, Chicago, Ill.
James B. McElvain, Henderson, Ky.
Charles W. Palmer, Indianapolis, Ind.

OCTOBER 9th.

William Ryan, New Orleans, La.
John Moon, Rochester, Minn.
Edward Raymond, Yorktown, Iowa.

OCTOBER 11th.

Hugh Beam, Westerville, Ohio.
Frank Troutman, Chicago, Ill.
Eddie De Graff, Winona, Minn.

OCTOBER 12th.

Albert Armstrong, Chicago, Ill.
Charles H. Ehrigten, Clarionsville, Iowa.
Rufus H. McCarty, Motiville, Mich.

OCTOBER 14th.

William Evans, Lincoln, Illinois.
Frank Morris, Grand Rapids, Mich.

TABLES OF HONOR.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.


OCT. 8th.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.


OCT. 8th.


MINN. DEPARTMENT.


HONORABLE MENTION.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

First Greek.—M. Mahoney, J. McClain.
Second Greek.—W. Waldo, J. R. Garrity, T. Johnson.
Third Greek.—Sohn Zahn.

Fourth Greek.—J. Dickison J. McElvain, T. Watson.


First Latin, Translation.—W. Waldo, A. W. Arrington, J. E. Garrity.

Second Latin, Translation.—J. Zahn, M. Mahoney, J. Edwards.

Theme.—J. Johnson.

PROFESSOR.—J. Edwards, M. Mahoney.


SECOND FRENCH.—A. Reilly, J. Garrard.

THIRD FRENCH.—W. Clarke, G. Brennan, O. Baker.


THIRD GERMAN.—D. Dillon, J. Broderich, T. H. Grier, J. A. Fox, L. Hurst, J. Penry.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


"I Want to go Home.".

Mr. Enron: I'm indignant, so I am, and therefore, I put this indignant question to you: Have you, in the stillly night, ever heard a homesick urchin wailing over departed joys? So have I. It's not a thing of beauty, and neither is it a joy forever; I don't like it. I guess no one else would, under the circumstances, nor under his window either. A few nights ago my samblers were ruthlessly invaded by the most unearthly lamentations I ever heard. I could no longer sleep; so I got up and went to the window, through which I peered into the outer darkness. It was a trying moment, but I mustered up sufficient courage to ask:

"Who is there?"

Silent, homely—aye, despairingly—came the answer:

"I want to go home!"

"Who are you?" I said.

"Who is there?"

"I want to go home!"

"Where is your home?"

"I want to go home!"

"What's your name?"

"I want to go home!"

"Is 'I want to go home' your name?"

"I want to go home!"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, so I said with great indignation:
The reorganization and election of officers of the Quickstep B. B. C. took place at the first regular meeting held, Oct. 5th, 1869. The election resulted as follows:

**MINORS.**
- Trentman, p. . . 2
- Hatton, a. . . 1
- Smith, c. . . 3

**JUNIORS.**
- Zoebisch, o . . 2
- Dooley, c. . . 3
- Dooley, a. . . 3
- Mulaterre, a. . . 1
- Smith, s. . . 1
- Smith, b. . . 1
- Murphy, c. . . 2
- Murphy, a. . . 1
- Smith, k. . . 1
- Shephard, 3d b. . . 1
- Smith, f. . . 1
- Smith, t. . . 1

Total: 27 31

Notre Dame, Oct. 3, 1869.

Rev. Mr. Editor: Although a short time since we troubled you for space in the columns of your accommodating paper, we are again necessitated, on account of our defending the Juniors, who, as yet, have every year taken the championship from us. As we told you before, we do not despair of the championship, but on the contrary feel more confident of success.

Notre Dame Scholastica.
black buttons, and a long black coat, made something like a woman's poloness—the orthodox Abbé dress.

Liszt's hair is thick and long, as in his picture, but streaked with grey; his eyes are a deep, brilliant gray, and his eyes are a bright, keen gray. The wild, melancholy look, and defiant expression of the mouth and long firm jaw, which can be observed in early pictures of this remarkable man, have disappeared entirely, if they ever existed. He is called homely by a great many; but when I admire a gifted person I never think of good or bad looks; to me, such faces as his justify the ones that ought to belong to their owners. "It must be admitted," said a friend to me, "that Liszt has six huge warts on his face."

Yes, I remember noticing them—a superb one on the forehead, just above the nose—and I thought when I looked at them how well they agreed with his face; they added to the individuality. But, after all, in the expression of Liszt's face lies, the charm: it is kind, courteous, gentle, and yet dignified. He is accused of being haughty and conceited. I saw nothing of it. I did notice a high air of poetic exaltation—a happy, free, independent expression, which was extremely attractive.

Liszt's manners are easy, quiet, and genial, and he converses freely in French, German and Italian; English he speaks slowly, but well. After his visitors had left, he rubbed his hands and said gaily: "Now we will have the music while it is fresh."

"But as just as said this the door opened; a new visitor entered who had to be attended to, and we waived another ten or fifteen minutes. During that time I noticed his hands. They are slender; the fingers long and thin; well-kept, good shaped nails; but the thumb was the wonder. We have been amusing ourselves over Desbordes' "Mystere de la Mort" this winter, and we carried on this conversation as we played the marvelous thumbs. They are the longest I ever saw, and reach up to the first joint of the forefinger. "The thumb is the whole of life," all old chiromantists have said, and Liszt's certainly seems to be one proof at least of this. "We have been discussing them, and all our superfluous knowledge. The result was that of most fortune-tellers who know the fate they prophesy. Liszt's fingers are finely formed. They express idealism and poetry, susceptibility, analytic order. They are smooth and flexible, which implies inspiration, tact, and economy. But every quality is balanced and spoiled by these long thumbs—powerful will speaks in the first joint, and logic in the second; and these, united to the fine fingers and firm hand, according to Desbordes, give activity, power of execution, and lead on to fortune."

The second visitor left, and Liszt said, as he took a seat at the piano. "Since you are interested in Chopin, I will give you something of his."

To see Liszt playing is as fine as to hear him. The expression of the music went with the same keen sweep as the bird-note does. I could not analyze or note any way or manner of his playing while I listened, except this,—his perfect stillness, his quiet pose. That firm hand, long, long, those gentle, smooth fingers, and powerful thumbs, drew out the music as if it had been harmonious breadth; and the face was lofty, smiling, gentle, serious, just as the music came. It was not simply the expression, not overpowered; but his music made me perfectly happy; it seemed to be full and satisfactory.

"What did he play?" I have been asked very often since. If he had not told me I should not have known. Two or three gleams of some of the Chopin Etudes peeped out here and there, but Blitzen off just as my memory tried to seize on them. After a while a mystery confusion began, and a ma­ozurka glided swiftly by. It was a beautiful shadowy dramatic fantasia, and sometimes Liszt looked as if he does in the popular picture which almost every American music-loving girl has hanging over her piano—"Melodie with Liszt"—in which Czerny, Berlioz, and Ernst are listening to this king of pianists.

"But what did he play?" my friends repeat. "Three etudes and a maazarouka of Chopin, arranged by myself as a fantasia," was Liszt's reply when asked.

I thanked him after he was through, and we took our leave. He accompanied our little party through his ante-room to the head of the stairs, shushing us by the hand cordially many times, and repeating his courteous invitation to come again to see him; and so ended my "Melodie mit Liszt."—Cora.