

notes against the piano, were
most beautifully represented,
The song of the Dryads, the
sound of wind in the cups,
and a funeral march, and
lament of the night wind,
the real scenery of which made
me shiver, and other pieces,
He is a composer, and played
some of his own productions,
but in general they were not
equal to the compositions
of others. One however, a
fantasia for the left hand
was remarkable. He is a
blind man, about 30,

But my letter is getting
to be huge.

I suppose you have heard
of the fiery wind up of
the volcano here - 20.
850, or in ashes, the volcano
among them. Some excite-
ment. Probably in Ecuador.

though it has not been
proved so; or at least
the incendiary has not been
detected. I hold I
neglected to mention it. It
occurred some three weeks
ago.

I spent a little time
Saturday in looking over
some of the works, yet
unpublished, and was occasionally
startled by some brightness, of-
ten amused by some oddity,
frequently disgusted by some
weakness, in these mental
deposits. Well, I am yet young,
and if my heart holds out
may do some thing notable!!!
If my brain were only about
ten times heavier!

Veritas conitatum, curis
conitatum.

Good Bye,

My apprenticeship is about over.

More!!!
I send in your letters.