

However that may be its ability to cope with following beautiful lines:—  
 I stood in Venice, on the lagoon  
 A palace and prison on the same  
 I saw from out the waves  
 As from the stroke of an enchanter  
 A thousand years their cloudy morning  
 Around me, and a dying glory  
 O'er the far times, when many a subject  
 Looked to the winged lion's marble  
 Where Venice sale in state, thronged on  
 hundred isles.

A late number of Harpers Weekly gives a  
 notes of Wilhelm Richard Wagner, the  
 composer, which are quite characteristic  
 He has obtained great eminence in  
 founder of an entirely new school of  
 and by us, as Americans, he also deserves  
 mention and grateful remembrance,  
 composed our grand Centennial march.  
 favor he received, to him, the trifling  
 five thousand dollars. It may be well,  
 few facts concerning his early life. He was  
 Leipzig, in 1813. His father was a man of considerable  
 able talent, but died during the child's infancy. The  
 widow married again. Wagner's step-father was  
 a painter, an actor and an author of several comedies.  
 He wished to make a painter of Richard, but he  
 had no talent for drawing, so the project was finally  
 given up. When Richard was only seven years old  
 he lost his second father, and the day before his  
 death he asked Richard to play some pieces which  
 he had learned to play upon the piano. After lis-  
 tening a while he said—"It is possible that Richard,  
 who is good for nothing else, may make something of  
 himself in music yet." From this time he was left to  
 himself without special advantages; and for quite a  
 length of time he learned only by imitation.

If he heard a symphony of Beethoven, he immedi-  
 ately set about writing a symphony, and thus he was  
 guided by no fixed principles of art, but was always  
 vacillating from one point to another. His present  
 eminence has not been gained without encountering  
 many obstacles, and struggling to overcome adverse  
 criticism, and lack of recognition. He has ever  
 maintained those principles, which he believed to be  
 the true and beautiful in music, and he has said,  
 "art is not created by money, but by artists."

As a man, he was haughty and violent, and almost  
 sublime in extravagance; he was nervous and passion-  
 ate—a perfect volcano. Despotism and love of  
 power were the leading elements in his warm and con-  
 tradictory nature. He quarreled with his best friend.  
 He could not compose without complete silence,  
 but when he accomplished his work, and the ob-

which he was born; and his associates, the generous  
 Cannynges, the gifted Rowley, valorous knights and beau-  
 tiful maids who lived and loved in a nobler age. With  
 these ideal beings of the fourteenth century he toiled  
 night and day, and to them he gave real existence in numer-  
 ous lyrics and tragedies, antique in form but exhibiting  
 a luxuriance and energy of thought that would have done  
 credit to Dryden and a grace and harmony of numbers of  
 which Pope might well have been proud.

His three long years of servitude as a lawyer's clerk,  
 his indomitable energy in the prosecution of his plans,  
 his repeated attempts to break the chains that bound him  
 and to gain recognition from the public, his final release  
 and his journey to London have all the breathless interest  
 of a romance; while his four months life in the metrop-  
 olis seems like the last act of tragedy in its climax of suf-  
 fering, in its agony of death.

Observe him now alone in the cold, selfish world. The  
 visions of beauty that were wont to float before his eyes  
 have been dispelled. The pale cheek, the haggard fea-  
 tures show that he has been without food for several days,  
 and the wild desperation in those intelligent but sunken,  
 languid eyes indicates that the fatal hour has come; and  
 he has no friend—never had he one in all this world—to  
 rescue him from the enthrallment of deep, dark gloom.  
 On the 25th of August 1770 he failed to appear at the ac-  
 customed time and his door was found to be locked.  
 This was soon broken in. The floor was strewn with  
 manuscripts and the lifeless body of the child genius lay  
 stretched upon his bed. A pinch of arsenic in a glass of  
 of co-education, work. The ephemeral voyage was  
 put a stop to hazing and other, never accomplished. The  
 talent before the advent of the co-eds. The author  
 at last concluded that this result was to be desired,  
 and many will be surprised to learn that any one  
 should have doubted that it is desirable for college  
 boys to quit getting into "scrapes," and to settle  
 down to quiet lives of hard work, stagnation, and  
 dyspepsia. Yet many a man will remember some  
 trick which he helped to execute while at school long  
 after he has forgotten what the professors tried to  
 teach him. It seems to us entirely possible that a  
 man may draw valuable elements of virility from  
 those escapades of which he delights to tell, but  
 whose counterparts so often lead him to think that  
 the rising generation is going to the dogs. Some of  
 the boys in this institution have expressed a wish  
 that the regents would give us a good old fashioned  
 gold-headed-cane-chancellor who would do some-  
 thing to furnish us with good excuses for insubordi-  
 nation and pranks of all kinds. There seems how-  
 ever to be no hope of such a catastrophe, and in the  
 meantime the gentlemanly way in which the profes-  
 sors treat the students seems to necessitate like con-  
 duct on the part of the latter, while the presence of  
 ladies compels the boys to repress all the promptings  
 of their semi-latent barbarism, circumstances and  
 the state papers will probably prevent us from being  
 ruffians and we sincerely hope that our own instincts  
 will keep us from becoming milk-sops.