

## CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,  
Went out to thee in days of yore!  
What dreams romantic filled my brain,  
And summoned back to life again  
The Paladins of Charlemain,  
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,  
In the dim twilight half revealed:  
Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
The Roman camps like hives of bees,  
The Goth uplifting from his knees  
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,  
From annals of remotest eld,  
That lent the colors of romance  
To every trivial circumstance,  
And changed the form and countenance  
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid  
In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —  
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,  
Zamora and Valladolid,  
Toledo, built and walled amid  
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,  
The distant town that seems so near,  
The peasants in the fields, that stay  
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,  
When from the belfry at midday  
The Angelus they hear;

The crosses in the mountain pass,  
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din  
Of muleteers, the tethered ass  
That crops the dusty wayside grass,  
And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,  
White cities slumbering by the sea,  
White sunshine flooding square and street,  
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet

The river-beds are dry with heat,  
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe  
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;  
A terror in the atmosphere  
As if King Philip listened near,  
Or Torquemada, the austere,  
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies  
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;  
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
Making the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Córdoba is hidden among  
The palm, the olive, and the vine;  
Gem of the South, by poets sung,  
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung  
As lamps the bells that once had rung  
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,  
The star of stars, the cynosure,  
The artist's and the poet's theme,  
The young man's vision, the old man's dream, —  
Granada by its winding stream,  
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls  
Aladdin's palace of delight:  
Allah il Allah! through its halls  
Whispers the fountain as it falls;  
The Darro darts beneath its walls,  
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,  
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;  
But in the happy vale below  
The orange and pomegranate grow,  
And wafts of air toss to and fro  
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,  
The fascination and allure  
Of the sweet landscape chain the will.  
The traveller lingers on the hill,  
His parted lips are breathing still  
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown  
 With flowers that hide the rents of time  
 Stands now the Past that I have known;  
 Castles in Spain, not built of stone,  
 But of white summer cloud, and blown  
 Into this little mist of rhyme!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### THE WAGNER MUSIC-DRAMA.

WHETHER we admit or not the first dogma of the Wagner creed, that the individual arts have in past times reached their highest possible degree of development, and that the highest art-work of the future is to consist in a union of the arts, we must all agree that the occasion on which this doctrine was first brought to a fair trial at Bayreuth last summer, in full accordance with the ideal of its author, is to be regarded as the most important musical event in this age of festivals, if not in all the history of music.

It was evident that if the Bayreuth Festival should fail, it could not be because the composer did not have his own way in everything. The choice of the city for the performance of his stage-play, the situation, architecture, and internal arrangements of the theatre, the selection of the vocal and instrumental artists from the best that the German stage affords, and the supervision at the rehearsals of the whole performance, down to the smallest details, were all subject to his own will and control; and when we consider the character of the audience that had gathered from all quarters of the globe, from Egypt and St. Petersburg to New York and San Francisco, — Germany, America, England, France, Russia, and Italy being represented in the order given, — an audience headed by two emperors and one king, a whole host of dukes and grand dukes, about one hundred *capellmeisters*, and as many critics and authors,

the list of *literati* and artists including such names as Mosenthal, Frenzel, Bodenstedt, Menzel, Leubach, Joseph and Nicolas Rubinstein, Marianne Brandt, Anna Mehlig, and so on, *ad libitum*, we must admit the truth of the remark of Hanslick, that this time the mountain had to go to the prophet.

Of the difficulties which stood in the way of the Bayreuth Festival we can form some idea from the fact that in 1862 Wagner had given up all hope of surviving the performance of his Tetralogy, as he tells us in the preface to the first edition of the poems of the Ring. Many were the hostile factors that had to be overcome, for he appeared in the character of a reformer; and next to religion art is the domain of human interests in which proposed reforms and innovations are most vigorously opposed and resented. To bring these reforms before the eyes of the public under the most favorable circumstances possible, or, in other words, to show the difference between the old opera and the new music-drama, may be regarded as the principal object of the Bayreuth Festival of last year. In consideration also of the incomplete manner in which Wagner's works had previously been brought on the stage, and of the defective style of their performance, it was desirable that of his *chef-d'œuvre*, at least, there should be a series of *model performances*. Not to speak of America and England, where Lohengrin and Tannhäuser are

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