GOLDBERG ISAAC

BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

Isaac Goldberg
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Содержание

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FOREWORD

Brazil is preparing to commemorate worthily the centenary of her independence. The world outside is bidden to the feast, and to beautiful Rio de Janeiro many nations are sending their envoys with felicitations and gifts. Our own country, the United States of North America, is mindful of her duty and her privilege on this occasion, and accredited delegates are bearing her congratulations to her ever-faithful associate in the promoting of peace and fraternity throughout the Western Hemisphere. Perhaps it will not be taken amiss, if the scholar and critic add his testimonial to the expressions of good-will coming from all sides. What more fitting than that a scholar and critic of our United States should join the chorus and voice an honest appreciation of Brazilian letters?

Dr. Goldberg, who has already paid ample tribute to the literary output of Spanish-speaking America, gives proof now of the catholicity of his interest by surveying the whole course of literature in Portuguese-speaking America, the vast land of Brazil, and by analyzing the compositions of certain outstanding figures among the writers of the region. He knows at first hand

the authors and the works that he treats; he knows what native and foreign critics have to say about them; he expresses unreservedly his own opinion about them. He gives praise where praise is due, and, in kindly fashion, he puts stricture upon that which calls for stricture. On the whole, his pages contain more laudation than censure; and this is as it should be, for very many of the literary achievements of colonial, imperial and republican Brazil are unquestionably of lasting worth. His laudation, moreover, is uttered without any tinge of that condescension which European critics deem it incumbent upon them to manifest when they pass judgment on the culture of North or South America.

To his fellow-citizens of the United States of North America Dr. Goldberg now presents an opportunity of viewing aspects of the soul of a noble Southern land, their constant ally. Brazil's political and commercial importance they know well, but her literary significance has not been so evident to them. If, reading his words, they conceive respect for Brazilian effort and accomplishment in the world of letters, his reward will be truly great; and that reward is truly deserved.

J. D. M. Ford.

PREFACE

The plans for this book, as well as for my *Studies in Spanish-American Literature*, were conceived during the years 1910-1912 while I was engaged in research work under Professor J. D. M. Ford, head of the Department of Romance Languages, Harvard University. It was not merely that text-books were lacking in both the Spanish-American and the Brazilian fields, for my interest is centred upon aesthetic pleasure rather than upon the depersonalized transmission of facts. A yawning gap of ignorance separated us then from the America that does not speak English, nor was the ignorance all on our side. Commercial opportunities, more than cultural curiosity, served to impart an impetus to the study of Spanish and soon we were reading fiction not only from Spain but from Spanish America. In so far as the mercantile spirit was responsible for this broader literary interest, it performed an undoubted service to art by widening our horizons, but one should be wary about overestimating the permanent gain. Unfortunately, the phonographic iteration of diplomatic platitudes brings continents no nearer, unless it be for the mad purposes of war. If, then, we are, as a people, quite as far as ever from Spanish America, what shall we say of our spiritual distance from the United States of Brazil?

I may be pardoned if I indicate, for example, that the language of Brazil is not Spanish, but Portuguese. And should

this simple fact come as a surprise to any reader, let him not be unduly overwhelmed, for he errs in distinguished company. Thus, Gustave Le Bon, – he of crowd-psychology fame, speaks of South America in his *Lois psychologiques des peuples* (p. 131, 12th ed., 1916) as being predominantly of *Spanish* origin, divided into numerous republics, of which the *Brazilian* is one. As late as 1899, Vacher de Lapouge, in his book on *L'Aryen* could describe Brazil as a "vast negro state returning to a state of savagery," important, like Mexico, only in a numerical way.[1] A small return, it seems, for Brazil's intellectual adherence to France, yet indicative of inexcusable ignorance not only of Brazil, but of Mexico, where the cultural life, though concentrated, is intense and productive of results that would repay examination. By 1899 Brazil had already produced a fairly respectable array of original creative writers, while Mexican poetry was adding to the wealth of new Spanish verse. Where specialists stray, then, who shall guide the innocent layman? Nor are the Brazilians without their case against the English, as we shall presently note in the discussion of a mooted section of Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, though they owe to more than one earlier Englishman a history of their land. Robert Southey, for notable example, after the collapse of the "pantisocratic" plans harboured by him and Coleridge, found the

[1] I take these examples from Senhor De Carvalho. Students of Brazilian letters will not find it difficult to multiply instances from their personal experience with educated friends.

time to write a *History of Brazil* that is read today only somewhat less frequently than his poetry.

The history of Brazil, like Cæsar's unforgettable Gaul, is generally divided into three parts: (1) from the discovery by the Portuguese in 1500 to the Independence in 1822; (2) the independent monarchy, which lasted until 1889; (3) the republic, 1889 to the present. This, then, is the centenary year of Brazilian independence and, as no English book has yet sought to trace the literary history of the nation, the occasion seems propitious for such a modest introductory one as this. The fuller volume which it precedes I hope to have ready in a few years, as a contribution to the study of the creative imagination on this side of the Atlantic.

If, in any part, I seem dogmatic, I can but plead the exigencies of space, which permit of little analytic discussion. I am no believer in clear-cut formulæ as applied to art; where facts are presented, they are given as succinctly as possible, while opinions are meant to be suggestive rather than – ugly word! – definitive. The first part of the book is devoted to an outline history of Brazilian literature; this is meant to provide the background for a proper appreciation of the representative figures treated in the second part. Since the first part deals largely with facts, I have aimed to give the reader not solely a personal view – which belongs more properly among the essays of the second – but also a digest of the few authorities that have treated the subject. It thus forms a reasonably adequate introduction to the deeper study of

Brazilian literature that may some day interest a portion of our student body, and will, moreover, be of aid in rounding out the sharp corners of a general knowledge of letters. More important still, it should help to an appreciation of the Brazilian national personality. As to the representative figures chosen for more individual treatment, through one trait or another they emerge from the background as Brazil's contributions to something more than an exclusively national interest, or else afford striking opportunity for studying phases of the national mind.

Though none of the text as it here appears has been printed elsewhere, some of the matter has formed the substance of articles that have been published, between 1914 and the present, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, the *Bookman*, the *Stratford Journal* and other periodicals, to the management and editors of which I am indebted not only for permission to reprint, but for their readiness to accept such exotic material. For bibliographical aid and other favours I am also thankful to the Brazilian Academy of Letters, Carlos de Laet, President; to Manoel de Oliveira Lima, of the Brazilian Academy; Gilberto Freyre; C. J. Babcock, Librarian of the Columbus Memorial Library, Washington, D. C.; C. K. Jones; Prof. H. R. Lang, Yale; Dr. A. C. Potter and the Harvard Library; to Sr. Helio Lobo, Consul General in New York for Brazil; and to my friend Professor J. D. M. Ford of Harvard. For the index I am indebted to my wife.

Isaac Goldberg.
Roxbury, Massachusetts.

PART ONE
AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTORY

The Milieu and the Racial Blend – Portuguese Tradition, African and Native Contributions – Linguistic Modification – Nationalism and Literature – Problems of the Future – Phases of Brazilian Literature.

I

Although Brazil was not discovered until the opening year of the sixteenth century, the name had long hovered in the mediaeval consciousness together with that of those other mysterious islands which peopled the maps and the imaginations of the dark, fantastic days. Down from the Greeks had come the legend of an Atlantis, which, through the centuries assumed changing shapes, losing soon its status as continent and becoming an island. Thus, in a map of the Atlas Medicis, dating back

to 1351, there is registered a Brazil. The name varied from Braçir, Brazil, Brazylle to O'Brasile, and the position shifted with equal instability; now the mythical island was near the Azores, now near the western coast of the British Isles. Charles Squire, in his *The Mythology of the British Islands*,[2] relates that according to legend, the gods having lost their celestial dwelling, deliberated upon some earthly substitute. Into their discussion came a paradise beyond the sea, – a western island variously described as a land of promise, of felicity and of youth, and as the "island of Breasal" or "Hy-Breasail." It is supposed that some of the early discoverers, imagining that they had come upon the island Eden, named it Brazil in much the same way that Columbus named the Indies, considering his quest for India at last successful.

However this may be, the first name officially given to Brazil was The Land of the True (or Holy) Cross; only later did the name Brazil, said to have been bestowed by King Emanuel of Portugal, replace the pious title. There is something symbolic in the change; brazil[3] is the name of the reddish dyewood which became so important commercially that it caused naval combats and Portuguese-French rivalry, leading to the effective occupation of the land by the Portuguese. The beam of the cross yielded to a humbler wood as the national designation, just as the pious pretensions of the early colonizers quickly vanished before

[2] London, 1905. Page 113.

[3] Cf. Spanish and Portuguese *brasa*, a live coal. Also, English brazier.

their impious greed.

The early reports of the newly discovered land lived up to the paradisical visions that had partly inspired the quest. Truly here was a land of promise, a terrestrial paradise that made men dip their pens in milk and honey when they wrote of its wonders. Vaz de Caminha, in what has been called the nation's "baptismal certificate," grew rhapsodical in vain; Vespucci, – he for whom the American continent was named, – actually termed it an earthly paradise, but the Portuguese were slow to value the new possession; the cross was not a cross of gold. Nobrega, in 1549, exaggerated the extent of the new discovery even as others were to exaggerate the variety and magic of its fauna and flora; he considered that it occupied no less than two-thirds of the world's area. Padre Anchieta, the noble leader of the Jesuits, repeated (1585) Vespucci's glorification and thought the new land not inferior to Portugal, and thus ran the litany of adoration from the topographical pen of Gabriel Soares to the chronicler Cardim, to the pompous Rocha Pitta, and – now with realistic modifications aplenty – down to our own day, when Graça Aranha, by the very title of his novel *Chanaan*, reveals his conception of his native country as the Land of Promise. From the very beginning the new discovery had captivated the imaginations of the Europeans; to this day its chief quality is the imagination which Senhor Aranha, in a speech at the Sorbonne (1913) has distinguished from the imagination of other peoples. "In Brazil," he explained, "the collective trait is the imagination. It is not the faculty of

idealization, nor the creation of life through esthetic expression, nor the predominance of thought; it is rather the illusion that comes from the representation of the universe, the state of magic, in which reality is dissipated and is transformed into an image… The distant roots of this imagination may be found in the souls of the various races that met amidst the lavishness of tropical nature. Each people brought to the fusion its own melancholy. Each, having arrived with a spirit full of the terror of several gods, with the anguish of memories of a past forever lost, was possessed by the indefinable uneasiness of the foreign land. Thus was developed that implacable sensibility which magnifies and distorts things, which alternately exalts and depresses the spirits, which translates anxieties and desires; a troubled source of poetry and religion, through which we aspire to the possession of the Infinite, only to lose ourselves at once in the Nirvana of inaction and day-dreaming." Benedicto Costa[4] has likened this same imagination to the Brazilian forest, with its "disorder and opulence, its vigour and languor; trees that last for centuries and flowers that bloom but a few moments; lianas that live upon the sap of other growths; the brilliancy of orchids, the voices of birds of iridescent coloration, the heat… There is in the soul of every Brazilian the same contrasts that characterize the tropical forest."[5]

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[4] Le Roman au Brésil. Paris, 1918.

[5] Sylvio Romero (See *Litteratura Contemporanea*, Rio de Janeiro, no date, pages 45-46, chapter upon the poet Luiz Murat) refers in characteristic fashion to the

Brazil, however, is not all forest any more than, intellectually, it is all tropical confusion. There are mountains and valleys and extensive coasts, and each region has a distinguishing influence upon the inhabitant. Thus the climate of the sertão[6] (interior highlands) is less variable and far more salubrious than that of the littoral. "Man here represents perfectly the traits of the surroundings into which he is born and where he dwells: the *sertanejo* (i. e., the inhabitant of the sertão) is sombre, thin, mistrustful and superstitious, rarely aggressive, rash in his impulses, as silent as the vast plains that surround him, calm in gesture, laconic in speech, and, above all, sunk in an inexpressible melancholy that is in his eyes, in his mysterious countenance, in all the rough curves of his agile body, which is rather slender than muscular. The man of the coast is nervous, of acute sensibility; he can smile and laugh, he has a brilliant imagination and is a

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Brazilian habit of overstating the case of the native imagination. There is no audacious flight, he declares; no soaring of eagles and condors. "Whether we examine the popular literature or the cultured, we find overwhelming proof of this assertion. Our popular novels and anonymous songs are scant in plot, ingenious imaginings, marvelous imagery, which are so common in their Slavic, Celtic, Greek and Germanic congeners. And the contribution brought by the negroes and indigenous tribes are even poorer than the part that came to us from the Portuguese. Cultivated literature … is even inferior to the popular productions from the standpoint of the imagination… Our imagination, which is of simply decorative type, is the imagination of lyric spirits, of the sweet, monodic poetry of new souls and young peoples."

[6] Sertão. Literally, interior, midland part. It refers here to the plateau of the Brazilian interior. In the opening pages of his excellent *A Brazilian Mystic*, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham suggests as a periphrasis, "wooded, back-lying highlands." The German *hinterland* conveys something of the idea.

boisterous, turbulent thinker; he is an artist, preferring colored images to abstract ideas; he is slender, of well-proportioned lines, speaks at his best when improvising, discusses affairs with the utmost ease, and at times with daring, and generally respects only his own opinions; he is almost always proud and bold. The man of the sertão, for example, is Euclydes da Cunha; the man of the coast, Joaquim Nabuco."[7]

It is in connection with the climate of Brazil that her writers have taken Henry Thomas Buckle to task; the passages responsible for the trouble occur in Chapter II of the famous *History of Civilization in England*, wherein the investigator considers the "influence exercised by physical laws over the organization of society and over the character of individuals." I quote the original passages from Buckle, and give the refutation, which was originally made by the indefatigable polemist Sylvio Romero.

> The trade wind, blowing on the eastern coast of South America, and proceeding from the east, crosses the Atlantic ocean, and therefore reaches the land charged with the vapours accumulated in its passage. These vapours, on touching the shore, are, at periodical intervals, condensed into rain; and as their progress westward is checked by that gigantic chain of the Andes, which they are unable to pass,

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[7] Ronaldo de Carvalho. *Pequena Historia da Literatura Brasileira*. Rio de Janeiro, 1919. Pp. 13-14. For Euclydes da Cunha, see the special chapter devoted to him in part two. Joaquim Nabuco (1849-1910) was a distinguished publicist and writer, born in Pernambuco. In 1905 he was ambassador to the United States.

they pour the whole of their moisture on Brazil, which, in consequence, is often deluged by the most destructive torrents. This abundant supply, being aided by that vast river-system peculiar to the eastern part of America, and being also accompanied by heat, has also stimulated the soil into an activity unequalled in any other part of the world. Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed, so rank and luxuriant is the growth, that Nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of its power… Such is the flow and abundance of life by which Brazil is marked above all other countries of the earth. But, amid this pomp and splendour of Nature, no place is left for Man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable, that he has never been able to make head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized, its inhabitants, wandering savages, incompetent to resist these obstacles which the very bounty of Nature had put in their way… The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers are too wide to bridge; everything is contrived to keep back the human mind, and repress its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of Nature have hampered the spirit of Man. Nowhere else is there so painful a contrast between the grandeur of the external world and the littleness of the internal. And the mind, cowed by this unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but without foreign aid it

> would undoubtedly have receded. For even at present, with all the improvements constantly introduced from Europe, there are no real signs of progress… These considerations explain why it is, that in the whole of Brazil there are no monuments even of the most imperfect civilization; no evidence that the people had, at any period, raised themselves above the state in which they were found when their country was first discovered.

In his *Historia da Litteratura Brasileira*,[8] Romero devotes his third chapter to setting Buckle right. Brazil, he declares, far from suffering excessive rainfall, is subject to calamitous and destructive droughts. The Englishman, who never visited Brazil, errs likewise in his conception of the country's natural wonders, which he exaggerates in the traditional fashion that was handed down by the earliest comers. Despite the presence of the Amazon, the rivers in general are small, not the largest in the world; the mountains, similarly, far from rearing their crests into unattainable cloudy heights, are of the fourth and fifth order when compared with their fellows of the old world or the new. Neither are the animals in Brazil more gigantic and ferocious than elsewhere. "Our fauna," writes Romero, "is neither the richest nor the most terrible in the world. We haven't the elephant, the camel, the hippopotamus, the lion, the tiger, the rhinoceros, the zebra, the giraffe, the buffalo, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the condor and the eagle." Buckle speaks of

[8] Rio. 1902. (2a Edição, melhorada pelo auctor.)

Brazil's unrivalled fertility as an impediment; the truth is that her fertility is not unrivalled, nor is it an impediment. In conclusion, "Buckle is right in the picture he draws of our backwardness, but wrong in the determination of its causes." According to Romero, three chief reasons are to be adduced; these are (1) natural, (2) ethnic and (3) moral. To the first belongs the excessive heat, in conjunction with the droughts in the major part of the country, as well as the malignant fevers prevalent on the coast. Chief among the second is the "relative incapacity" of the three races that comprise the population. To the last belong the "historic factors called politics, legislation, habits, customs, which are effects that afterward act as causes."

Ronaldo de Carvalho[9] considers Romero's reply somewhat timid, inasmuch as he accepts, erroneously, many of Buckle's conclusions. Buckle's passage "is not, as it appeared to the illustrious Brazilian writer, 'true in a general sense.' Yet it should 'be meditated upon by all Brazilians', that they may see what a dangerous snare it is to rely so much, in our inveterate fondness for things foreign, upon the notions imported from the intellectual markets on the other side of the Atlantic… Buckle's error consisted in considering the evolution of peoples solely under the influence of physical and geographical factors; more enduring than these are the ethnico-historical factors, which are much more important and far more powerful than the first." De Carvalho adds little to Romero's refutation, which, in substance,

[9] Op. Cit. 16-17.

he repeats. At the time that Buckle's first volume was originally published (1857), Brazilian literature had long entered upon an autonomous career and was in the throes of Romanticism, which in Brazil was an era of intense and highly fruitful production. He can hardly be blamed for his ignorance on this score, when an authority like Ferdinand Wolf, writing his *Le Brésil Litteraire* some six years later, is accused by the querulous Romero of setting down many laughable exaggerations.

II

Three ethnic strains have combined to produce the Brazilian of today: (1) the Portuguese, (2) the native Indian, (3) the African Negro, who was brought in as a slave by the Portuguese.

The native element, known as the Brazilian-Guarany, at the time of the discovery knew no metals; they possessed a rudimentary knowledge of weaving, and some of them practised ceramics; their instruments were of polished stone, and their fishing and hunting implements were of the most primitive. The form of organization was rough. "Some spoke a rich language of delicate accents and varied expression; they had traditional customs and were skilful in the arts of war and peace; others, however, were coarse, deficient in culture, roaming in nomadic bands along the coast or amidst the high sertões. Some respected certain rules of morality and religion, in which, for example, the

family ties were sacred…"[10] Others dwelt in a certain "embryonic socialism" which permitted free love and the participation of woman in masculine pursuits. Ethnologists are not agreed upon the religious status of the tribes, hovering between the hypotheses of polytheism and anthropomorphic animism; the latter is more likely.

The Portuguese came at the height of their national glory. The sixteenth century, famed among them for its physical prowess, is also the epoch of Camões, Sá de Miranda, Bernardim Ribeiro and Gil Vicente. As to the Negro, his history in Brazil is much the same as that of the black slave in the United States, except that, owing to the proportions of interbreeding, the "color line" is less tightly drawn in the southern republic.

Two chief ethnic periods of formation have been distinguished in Brazil's development, the first from the XVIth century to the end of the XVIIIth; the second, from the opening of the XIXth century to the present day. In the first period there was, chiefly, a crossing of the Portuguese with the Indian (*mameluco*), of the Portuguese with the Negro (*mulato*) and of the Indian with the Negro (*cafuso*). Later interbreeding becomes more complex, owing to the influx of new immigrants from Europe (Italians and Germans in particular, and Slavs in the south), and to the abolition of black slavery. So that the question has arisen whether the future of the land will be in the hands of the Luso-Brazilian or the Teuto-Italo-Brazilian.

[10] De Carvalho. Op. Cit. P. 27.

Brazilians naturally favour the former eventuality and in order to insure dominance by the Portuguese-Brazilian element propose new systems of colonization as well as immigration zones. Romero reached the conclusion that the Brazilian people did not constitute a race, but rather a fusion. As to whether this was a good or an evil he answered, in his "scientificist" way, that it was a fact, and that this should be sufficient. Since the Indian is fast disappearing and as traffic in blacks was abolished in 1851, and slavery in 1888, white predominance seems assured. "Every Brazilian," said Romero, "is a mestee, if not in blood, in ideas." So that white supremacy, never an unmixed blessing, does not, and cannot under the circumstances, imply an unmixed mentality.

III

What of the effect of this milieu and this racial blend upon the nation's tongue and its creative output? The Brazilian is by nature melancholy, for melancholy is an attribute of each of the three streams that flow in his blood. The peculiar, haunting sadness of the Portuguese lyric muse is summed up in their untranslatable word "saudade";[11] both the conquered native and the subjected black are sad, the first through the bepuzzled contact with superior natural forces, the second through the wretchedness of

[11] Saudade. Compare English *longing*, *yearning*, or German *Sehnsucht*.

his economic position. It has been recognized that the climate of Brazil has resulted in a lyrism sweeter, softer and more passionate than that of the Portuguese. “Our language,” says Romero, “is more musical and eloquent, our imagination more opulent.” So, too, De Carvalho: “Brazilian prosody has more delicate accents than the Portuguese and numerous interesting peculiarities.”

In the matter of linguistic modification, as of racial blend and national psychology, we of the North have problems similar to those of the Brazilians, – problems often enough obscured by unscientific, sentimental fixations or political dogma. The simple fact is that life, in language as in biology, is change. Whether we are concerned with the evolution of English in the United States, of Spanish in the cluster of Spanish-American republics, or of Portuguese in Brazil, change is the inevitable law. For the Spanish of Spanish-America, Remy de Gourmont, with his insatiable appetite for novelty, originated the term neo-Spanish. It met with much opposition from the purists, yet it recognizes the ineluctable course of speech. The noted Colombian philologist Rufino Cuervo, in a controversy with the genial conservative Valera, voiced his belief that the Spanish of the new world would grow more and more unlike the parent tongue.[12] In the same spirit, if with most unacademic

[12] Rufino José Cuervo (1842-1911) was called by Menéndez y Pelayo the greatest Spanish philologist of the Nineteenth Century.A species of national pride finds vent in philological channels through the discovery of “localisms” in each of the Spanish-American republics. At the most this is of dialectic or sub-dialectic importance, but it

hilariousness, Mencken has, in *The American Language*,[13] indicated the lines of cleavage between English and "American." Brazilian scholars have naturally assumed a similar attitude toward their own language and have, likewise, met with the opposition of the purists. It does not matter, for the purpose of the present discussion, whether the linguistic cleavage in any of the instances here given will eventually prove so definite as to originate new tongues. Such an outcome is far less probable today than it was, say, in the epoch when Latin, through its vulgar form, was breaking up into the Romance languages. Widespread education and the printing press are conserving influences, acting as a check upon capricious modification.

One of the soundest and most sensible documents upon the Portuguese language in Brazil comes from the pen of the admirable critic José Verissimo.[14] "As a matter of fact," he writes, "save perhaps in the really Portuguese period of our literature, which merely reproduced in an inferior fashion the ideas, the composition, the style and the language of the Portuguese (already entered upon its decadence), authors never wrote in Brazil as in Portugal; the masters of language abroad never had disciples here to rival them or even emulate them… It would be a pure absurdity, then, to expect the Brazilian, the North American or the Spanish-American to write the classic

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illustrates an undoubted trend and supports Cuervo's contentions.

[13] New York, 1921. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

[14] Estudos de Literatura Brazileira. Sexta serie. Rio de Janeiro, 1907. Pp. 47-133.

tongue of his mother country."

Chaucer wrote "It am I" where we would say "It is I" and where current colloquial usage, perhaps foreshadowing the accepted standard of tomorrow, says "It's me." English changes in England; why shall it cease to change in the United States? And justly, Verissimo asks a similar question for Brazil. "I have always felt," he remarks somewhat farther on, "that the Portuguese tongue never attained the discipline and the relative grammatical and lexical fixity that other languages arrived at. I do not believe that among cultured tongues there is one that has given rise to so many controversial cases, or to so many and so diverse contradictions among its leading writers." The fight about the collocation of personal pronouns is waged so earnestly in Brazil that it has become as funny, in some of its aspects, as the quarrel of the "lo-istas" and the "le-istas" in Spain. And so true are Verissimo's words that as late as March, 1921, a writer could complain in the *Revista do Brazil*[15] that "we are at the very height of linguistic bolshevism"; the very next month, indeed, the editorial board of the same representative intellectual organ found it necessary to comment upon the various systems of orthography employed by its contributors and to designate a choice.[16] Verissimo, in accordance with A. H. Sayce, takes as

[15] An important monthly published at São Paulo, then under the editorship of Srs. Afranio Peixoto and Monteiro Lobato.

[16] Note, for example, the various spellings of the word *literature* here used as in the originals.

his standard of grammatical correctness that which is "accepted by the great body of those who speak a language, not what is laid down by a grammarian." Still more to the point, Verissimo, who was a man of exemplary honesty and fearlessness in a milieu that easily tempts to flattery and the other social amenities, declares that "if we are by language Portuguese, if through that tongue our literature is but a branch of the Portuguese, we have already almost ceased to be such … because of our fund of ideas and notions, which were all constituted outside of Portuguese influence." The important thing, then, is "to have something to say, an idea to express, a thought to transmit. Without this, however deep his grammatical knowledge of the language, however perfectly he apes the classics, no man is a writer." Platitudinous, perhaps, but how often some platitudes bear repetition!

The language of Brazil, then, is not the Portuguese of Lisbon. From the phonological viewpoint there is less palatalization of the final *s* and *z* than is customary in Portugal; Brazil has a real diphthong *ou*, which in Lisbonese has become a close *o* or the diphthong *oi*. Its pronunciation of the diphthong *ei* is true, whereas in Lisbon this approximates to *ai* (with *a* as in English *above*, or like the *u* of *cut*). Neither is the grammar identical with that of Portugal. "The truth is, that by correcting ourselves we run the danger of mutilating ideas and sentiments that are not merely personal. It is no longer the language that we are purifying; it is our spirit that we are subjecting to inexplicable servility. To speak

differently is not to speak incorrectly… To change a word or an inflexion of ours for a different one of Coimbra[17] is to alter the value of both in favor of artificial and deceptive uniformity."[18]

Brazilianisms, so-called, make their appearance very early; they are already present in the letters sent by the Jesuits, as well as in the old chronicles. New plants, new fruits, new animals compelled new words. Native terms enriched the vocabulary. Of course, as has happened with us, often a word for which the new nation is reproached turns out to be an original importation from the motherland. One of the oldest documents in the history of Brazilianisms appeared in Paris during the first quarter of the XIXth century and is reprinted by João Ribeiro as a rarity little known to his countrymen; it formed part of the *Introduction à l'Atlas ethnographique du globe*, prepared by Adrien Balbi and covering the races and languages of the world. The Portuguese section was entrusted to Domingos Borges de Barros, baron and later viscount de Pedra Branca, a warm advocate of Brazilian independence, then recently achieved. This, according to Ribeiro, is supposed to constitute the "first theoretical contribution" to the study of Brazilianisms. It is written in French, and because of its documentary importance I translate it in good measure:

"Languages reveal the manners and the character of peoples. That of the Portuguese has the savor of their religious, martial

[17] The famous Portuguese seat of learning at Coimbra.

[18] João Ribeiro. A Lingua Nacional. São Paulo. 1921.

traits; thus the words *honnête*, *galant*, *éate*, *bizarre*, etc., possess a meaning quite different from that they have in French. The Portuguese tongue abounds in terms and phrases for the expression of impulsive movements and strong actions. In Portuguese one strikes with everything; and when the Frenchman, for example, feels the need of adding the word *coup* to the thing with which he does the striking, the Portuguese expresses it with the word of the instrument alone. One says, in French, *un coup de pierre*; in Portuguese, *pedrada* (a blow with a stone); *un coup de couteau* is expressed in Portuguese by *facada* (a knife thrust) and so on…

"Without becoming unidiomatic, one may boldly form superlatives and diminutives of every adjective; this is done sometimes even with nouns. Harshness of the pronunciation has accompanied the arrogance of expression… But this tongue, transported to Brazil, breathes the gentleness of the climate and of the character of its inhabitants; it has gained in usage and in the expression of tender sentiments, and while it has preserved all its energy it possesses more amenity…

"To this first difference, which embraces the generality of the Brazilian idiom, one must add that of words which have altogether changed in accepted meaning, as well as several other expressions which do not exist in the Portuguese language and which have been either borrowed from the natives or imported into Brazil by the inhabitants of the various oversea colonies of Portugal."

There follow some eight words that have changed meaning, such, for example, as *faceira*, signifying lower jaw in Portugal, but coquette in Brazil; as a matter of fact, Ribeiro shows that the Portuguese critics who censured this "Brazilianism" did not know the history of their own tongue. In the XVIIth century *faceira* was synonymous with *pelintra*, *petimêtre*, *elegante* (respectively, poor fellow, dandy, fashionable youth); it became obsolete in Portugal, but in Brazil was preserved with exclusive application to the feminine. The Brazilian words unknown in Portugal are some fifty in number upon the Baron's list.

Costa finds that Portuguese, crossing the Atlantic, "almost doubled its vocabulary, accepting and assimilating a mass of words from the Indian and the Negro. Through the influence of the climate, through the new ethnic elements, – the voluptuous, indolent Negro and Indian, passionate to the point of crime and sacrifice, – the pronunciation of Portuguese by the Brazilian acquired, so to say, a musical modulation, slow, chanting, soft, – a language impregnated with poesy and languor, quite different from that spoken in Portugal."[19]

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[19] Varnhagen, in his Introduction to the *Florilegio da Poesia Brazileira* (Vol. I of the two volumes that appeared in Lisbon in 1850, pages 19-20), has some interesting remarks upon the early hispanization of Portuguese in Brazil. Among such effects of Spanish upon Brazilian Portuguese he notes the transposition of the possessive pronouns; the opening of all vowels, thus avoiding the elision of final *e* or converting final *o* into *u*; the pronunciation of *s* at the end of a syllable as *s* instead of as *sh*, which is the Portuguese rule.

IV

A new milieu and a racial amalgamation that effect changes in speech are bound soon or late to produce a new orientation in literature. The question whether that literature is largely derivative or independent is relatively unimportant and academic, as is the analogous question concerning the essential difference of language. The important consideration for us is that the law of change is operating, and that the change is in the direction of independence. Much has been written upon the subject of nationalism in art – too much, indeed, – and of this, altogether too large a part has been needlessly obscured by the fatuities of the narrowly nationalistic mind. There is, of course, such a thing as national character, though even this has been overdone by writers until the traits thus considered have been so stencilled upon popular thought that they resemble rather caricatures than characteristics. True nationalism in literature is largely a product of the writer's unconscious mind; it is a spontaneous manifestation, and no intensity of set purpose can create it unless the psychological substratum is there. For the rest, literature belongs to art rather than to nationality, to esthetics rather than to politics and geography.[20] The consideration of

[20] The wise Goethe once said to Eckermann: "The poet, as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his poetic powers and poetic action is the good, noble and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and

literature by nations, then, is itself the province of the historian of ideas; it is, however, a useful method of co-ordinating our knowledge and of explaining the personality of a country. If I bring up the matter here at all it is because such a writer as Sylvio Romero, intent upon emphasizing national themes, now and again distorts the image of his subject, mistaking civic virtue and patriotic aspiration for esthetic values, or worse still, deliberately exalting the former over the latter. The same Romero, for example, – a volcanic personality who never erred upon the side of modesty, false or true, – speaks thus of his own poetry: "… I initiated the reaction against Romanticism in 1870…" And how did he initiate it? By calling for a poetry in agreement with contemporary philosophy. Now, it is no more the business of poetry to agree with contemporary philosophy than for it to "agree" with contemporary nationalism. Goethe, reproached for not having taken up arms in the German War of Liberation, "or at least co-operating as a poet," replied that it would have all been well enough to have written martial verse within sound of the enemy's horses; however, "that was not my life and not my business, but that of Theodor Körner. His war-

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which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it. Therein is he like the eagle, who hovers with free gaze over whole countries, and to whom it is of no consequence whether the hare on which he pounces is running in Prussia or in Saxony… And then, what is meant by love of one's country? What is meant by patriotic deeds? If the poet has employed a life in battling with pernicious prejudice, in setting aside narrow views, in enlightening the minds, purifying the tastes, ennobling the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen, what better could he have done? how could he have acted more patriotically?"

songs suit him perfectly. But to me, who am not of a warlike nature and who have no warlike sense, war-songs would have been a mask which would have fitted my face very badly… I have never affected anything in my poetry… I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced, and which has not urged me to production. I have only composed love-songs when I have loved. How could I write songs of hatred without hating!" Those are the words of an artist; they could not be understood by the honourable gentleman who not so long ago complained in the British parliament because the poet laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, had not produced any appropriate war-verse in celebration of the four years' madness.

If, then, we note the gradual resurgence of the national spirit in Brazilian letters, it is primarily as a contribution to a study of the nation's self-consciousness. The fact belongs to literary history; only when vitalized by the breath of a commanding personality does it enter the realm of art. The history of our own United States literature raises similar problems, which have compelled the editors of *The Cambridge History of American Literature* to make certain reservations. "To write the intellectual history of America from the modern esthetic standpoint is to miss precisely what makes it significant among modern literatures, namely, that for two centuries the main energy of Americans went into exploration, settlement, labour for sustenance, religion and statecraft. For nearly two hundred years a people with the same traditions and with the same intellectual capacities as

their contemporaries across the sea found themselves obliged to dispense with art for art."[21] The words may stand almost unaltered for Brazil. It is indicative, however, that where this condition favoured prose as against verse in the United States, verse in Brazil flourished from the start and bulks altogether too large in the national output. We may take it, then, as axiomatic that Brazilian literature is not exclusively national; no literature is, and any attempt to keep it rigidly true to a norm chosen through a mistaken identification of art with geography and politics is merely a retarding influence. Like all derivative literatures, Brazilian literature displays outside influences more strongly than do the older literatures with a tradition of continuity behind them. The history of all letters is largely that of intellectual cross-fertilization.

From its early days down to the end of the XVIIIth century, the literature of Brazil is dominated by Portugal; the land, intellectually as well as economically, is a colony. The stirrings of the century reach Brazil around 1750, and the interval from then to 1830, the date of the Romanticist triumph in France, marks what has been termed a transitional epoch. After 1830, letters in Brazil display a decidedly autonomous tendency (long forecast, for that matter, in the previous phases), and exhibit that diversity which has characterized French literature since the Romantics went out of power. For it is France that forms the chief influence over latter-day Brazilian letters. So true is this that Costa,

[21] New York, 1917. P. X.

with personal exaggeration, can write: "I consider our present literature, although written in Portuguese, as a transatlantic branch of the marvellous, intoxicating French literature."[22] There can be no doubt as to the immense influence exercised upon the letters of Spanish and Portuguese America by France. A Spanish cleric,[23] author of an imposing fourteen-volume history of Spanish literature on both shores of the Atlantic, has even made out France as the arch villainess, who with her wiles has always managed to corrupt the normally healthy realism of the Spanish soul. Only yesterday, in Brazil, a similar, if less ingenious, attack was launched against the same country on the score of its denationalizing effect. Yet it is France which was chiefly responsible for that modernism (1888-) which infused new life into the language and art of Spanish America, later (1898) affecting the motherland itself. And if literary currents have since, in Spanish America, veered to a new-world attitude, so are they turning in Brazil. From this to the realization that Art has no nationality is a forward step; some day it will be taken. As in the United States, so in Brazil, side by side with the purists and the traditionalists a new school is springing up, – native yet not necessarily national in a narrow sense; a genuine national personality is being forged, whence will come the literature of the future.

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[22] Op. cit. P. 48.

[23] Julio Cejador y Frauca. *Historia de la Lengua y Literatura Castellana*, Madrid, 1915 to the present.

As to the position of the writer in Brazil and Spanish America, it is still a very precarious one, not alone from the economic viewpoint but from the climatological. "Intellectual labour in Brazil," wrote Romero, "is torture. Wherefore we produce little; we quickly weary, age and soon die… The nation needs a dietetic regimen … more than a sound political one. The Brazilian is an ill-balanced being, impaired at the very root of existence; made rather to complain than to invent, contemplative rather than thoughtful; more lyrical and fond of dreams and resounding rhetoric than of scientific, demonstrable facts." Such a short-lived, handicapped populace has everything to do with literature, says this historian. "It explains the precocity of our talents, their speedy exhaustion, our facility in learning and the superficiality of our inventive faculties."

Should the writer conquer these difficulties, others await him. The reading public, especially in earlier days, was always small. "They say that Brazil has a population of about 13,000,000," comments a character in one of Coelho Netto's numerous novels. "Of that number 12,800,000 can't read. Of the remaining 200,000, 150,000 read only newspapers, 50,000 read French books, 30,000 read translations. Fifteen thousand others read the catechism and pious books, 2,000 study Auguste Comte, and 1,000 purchase Brazilian works." And the foreigners? To which the speaker replies, "They don't read us. This is a lost country." Allowing for original overstatement, the figures do not, of course, hold for today, when the population is more than

twice the number in the quotation, when Netto himself goes into edition after edition and, together with a few of his favoured confrères, has been translated into French and English and other languages. But they illustrate a fundamental truth. Literature in Brazil has been, literally, a triumph of mind over matter. Taken as a whole it is thus, at this stage, not so much an esthetic as an autonomic affirmation. Just as the nation, ethnologically, represents the fusion of three races, with the whites at the head, so, intellectually, does it represent a fusion of Portuguese tradition, native spontaneity and modern European culture, with France still predominant.

We may recapitulate the preceding chapter in the following paragraph:

Brazilian literature derives chiefly from the Portuguese race, language and tradition as modified by the blending of the colonizers with the native Indians and the imported African slaves. At first an imitative prolongation of the Portuguese heritage, it gradually acquires an autonomous character, entering later into the universal currents of literature as represented by European and particularly French culture. French ascendency is definitely established in 1830, and even well into the twentieth century most English, German, Russian and Scandinavian works come in through the medium of French criticism and assimilation.[24]

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[24] In their *Compendio de Historia da Literatura Brasileira* (1909, Rio, 2a edição refundida) Sylvio Romero and João Ribeiro point out the existence of a certain

V

No two literary historians of Brazil agree upon a plan of presentation. Fernandez Pinheiro (1872) and De Carvalho (1919) reduce the phases to a minimum of three; the first, somewhat too neatly, divides them into that of the Formative Period (XVIth through XVIIth century), the Period of Development (XVIIIth century), the Period of Reform (XIXth century); the talented De Carvalho accepts Romero's first period, from 1500 to 1750, calling it that of Portuguese dominance, inserts a Transition period from 1750 to the date of the triumph of French Romanticism in 1830, and labels the subsequent phase the Autonomous epoch. This is better than Wolf's five divisions (1863) and the no less than sixteen suggested by the restless Romero in the résumé that he wrote in 1900 for the *Livro do Centenario*. I am inclined, on the whole, to favour the division suggested by Romero in his *Historia da Literatura Brasileira* (1902).[25]

Germanism from 1870 to 1889, due chiefly to the constant labours of Tobias Barreto. Italian influence is very strong in law, and that of the United States in political organization. As will be seen in a later chapter, the United States had, through Cooper, a share in the "Indianism" of the Brazilian Romanticists. Our Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whitman and Poe are well known, the latter pair through French rather than the original channels.

[25] Rio. Second edition, Revised

Period of Formation:	1500-1750
Autonomous Development:	1750-1830
Romantic Transformation:	1830-1870
Critical, Naturalist Reaction, followed by Parnassians, Symbolists, etc.:	1870-

The fourth division allows for the decidedly eclectic tendencies subsequent upon the decline of Romanticism.

Accordingly, the four chapters that follow will deal succinctly with these successive phrases of the nation's literature. Not so much separate works or men as the suffusing spirit will engage our attention; what we are here interested in is the formation and development of the Brazilian imaginative creative personality and its salient products.[26]

[26] This by no means implies acceptance of Romero's critical standards. See, for details, the Selective Bibliography at the back of the book.

CHAPTER II
PERIOD OF FORMATION (1500-1750)

The Popular Muse – Sixteenth Century Beginnings – Jesuit Influence – Seventeenth Century Nativism – The "Bahian" school – Gregorio de Mattos Guerra – First Half of Eighteenth Century – The Academies – Rocha Pitta – Antonio José da Silva.

I

It is a question whether the people as a mass have really created the poetry and legends which long have been grouped under the designation of folk lore. Here, as in the more rarefied atmosphere of art, it is the gifted individual who originates or formulates the central theme, which is then passed about like a small coin that changes hands frequently; the sharp edges are blunted, the mint-mark is erased, but the coin remains essentially as at first. So that one may agree only halfway with Senhor De Carvalho,[27] when he writes that "true poetry is born in the mouths of the people as the plant from wild and virgin soil. The people is the great creator, sincere and spontaneous, of national epics, the inspirer of artists, stimulator of warriors,

[27] Op. Cit. P. 51.

director of the fatherland's destinies." The people furnishes rather the background against which the epics are enacted, the audience rather than the performers. Upon the lore and verses of their choosing they stamp the distinguishing folk impress; the creative inspiration here, as elsewhere, is the labour of the salient individual.

The study of the Brazilian popular muse owes much to the investigations of the tireless, ubiquitous Sylvio Romero, whom later writers have largely drawn upon.[28] There are no documents for the contributions of the Africans and few for the Tupys, whom Romero did not credit with possessing a real poetry, as they had not reached the necessary grade of culture. The most copious data are furnished, quite naturally, by the Portuguese. Hybrid verses appear as an aural and visible symbol of the race-mixture that began almost immediately; there are thus stanzas composed of blended verses of Portuguese and Tupy, of Portuguese and African. Here, as example, is a Portuguese-African song transcribed by Romero in Pernambuco:

> Você gosta de mim,
> Eu gosto de você;
> Se papa consentir,
> Oh, meu bem,

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[28] See his *Cantos Populares do Brasil*, *Contos Populares do Brasil*, *Estudos sobre a Poesia Popular Brasileira*. These works he summarizes in Chapter VII, Volume I, of his *Historia da Litteratura Brasileira, 2a Edição melhorada pelo auctor*. Rio de Janeiro, 1902.

Eu caso com você…
Alê, alê, calunga,
Mussunga, mussunga-ê.

Se me dá de vestir,
Se me dá de comer,
Se me paga a casa,
Ob, meu bem,
Eu moro com você…
Alê, alê, calunga,
Mussunga, mussunga-ê. [29]

On the whole, that same melancholy which is the hallmark of so much Brazilian writing, is discernible in the popular refrain. The themes are the universal ones of love and fate, with now and then a flash of humour and earthy practicality.

Romero, with his excessive fondness for categories (a vice which with unconscious humour he was the very first to flagellate), suggested four chief types of popular poetry, (1) the *romances* and *xacaras*, (2) the *reisados* and *cheganças*, (3) the *oraçoes* and *parlendos*, (4) *versos geraes* or *quandrinhas*. In the same way the folk tales are referred to Portuguese, native and African origin, with a more recent addition of *mestiço* (hybrid, mestee) material. "The Brazilian Sheherezade," writes

[29] The frank, practical song, minus the African refrain, runs thus: "You like me and I like you. If pa consents, oh my darling, I'll marry you… If you'll give me my clothes and furnish my food, if you pay all the household expenses, oh, my darling, I'll come to live with you."

De Carvalho,[30] "is more thoughtful than opulent, she educates rather than dazzles. In the savage legends Nature dominates man, and, as in the fables of Æsop and La Fontaine, it is the animals who are charged with revealing life's virtues and deficiencies through their ingenious wiles… To the native, as is gathered from his most famous tales, skill was surely a better weapon than strength." Long ago, the enthusiastic Denis, the first to accord to Brazilian letters a treatment independent of those of Portugal,[31] had commented on the blending of the imaginative, ardent African, the chivalrous Portuguese, and the dreamy native, and had observed that "the *mameluco* is almost always the hero of the poetic tales invented in the country." For, underneath the crust of this civilization flows a strong current of popular inspiration. At times, as during the Romantic period, this becomes almost dominant. "We all, of the most diverse social classes," avers De Carvalho, "are a reflection of this great folk soul, fashioned at the same time of melancholy and splendour, of timidity and common sense. Our folk lore serves to show that the Brazilian people, despite its moodiness and sentimentality, retains at bottom a clear comprehension of life and a sound, admirable inner energy that, at the first touch, bursts forth unexpected and indomitable." This is, perhaps, an example of that very sentimentality of which this engaging critic has been speaking, for the folk lore of

[30] Op. Cit. P. 58.

[31] *Résumé de l'histoire Littéraire du Portugal suivi du Résumé de l'histoire littéraire du Brésil.* Ferdinand Denis. Paris, 1826. The Brazilian section occupies pages 513-601.

most nations reveals precisely these same qualities. For us, the essential point is that Brazilian popular poetry and tale exhibit the characteristic national hybridism; the exotic here feeds upon the exotic.[32]

II

The sixteenth century, so rich in culture and accomplishment for the Portuguese, is almost barren of literature in Brazil. A few chroniclers, the self-sacrificing Father Anchieta, the poet Bento Teixeiro Pinto, – and the list is fairly exhausted. These are no times for esthetic leisure; an indifferent monarch occupies the throne in Lisbon for the first quarter of the century, with eyes turned to India; in the colony the entire unwieldy apparatus of old-world civilization is to be set up, races are to be exterminated or reconciled in fusion, mines lure with the glitter of gold and diamonds; a nationality, however gradually and unwittingly, is to be formed. For, though the majority of Portuguese in Brazil, as was natural, were spiritually inhabitants of their mother country, already there had arisen among some a fondness for a land of so many enchantments.

José de Anchieta (1530-1597) is now generally regarded as the earliest of the Brazilian writers. He is, to Romero, the

[32] For an enlightening exposition of the Portuguese popular refrain known as *cossantes*, see A. F. G. Bell's *Portuguese Literature*, London, 1922, pages 22-35. Their salient trait, like that of their Brazilian relative, is a certain wistful sadness.

pivot of his century's letters. For more than fifty years he was the instructor of the population; for his beloved natives he wrote grammars, lexicons, plays, hymns; a gifted polyglot, he employed Portuguese, Spanish, Latin, Tupy; he penned the first *autos* and mysteries produced in Brazil. His influence, on the whole, however, was more practical than literary; he was not, in the esthetic sense a writer, but rather an admirable Jesuit who performed, amidst the greatest difficulties, a work of elementary civilization. The homage paid to his name during the commemoration of the tercentenary of his death was not only a personal tribute but in part, too, a rectification of the national attitude toward the Jesuit company which he distinguished. It was the Jesuits who early established schools in the nation (in 1543 they opened at Bahia the first institution of "higher education"); it was they who sought to protect the Indians from the cruelty of the over-eager exploiters; Senhor Oliveira Lima has even suggested that it was owing to a grateful recollection of the services rendered to the country by the Jesuits that the separation between Church and State, decreed by the Republic in 1890, was effected in so dignified and peaceful a manner. Lima quotes Ribeiro to the effect that the province of Brazil already possessed three *colegios* in Anchieta's time, and that the Jesuits, by the second half of the sixteenth century had already brought at least 100,000 natives under their guidance.[33] Romero, "scientifist"

[33] Oliveira Lima. *Formación Historica de la Nacionalidad Brasileña.* Madrid, 1918. This Spanish version, by Carlos Pereyra, is much easier to procure than the original.

critic that he was, considered the Jesuit influence "not at all a happy one in the intellectual and esthetic formation of the new nationality." Of one thing we may be quite certain, in any event: Anchieta's position as precursor is more secure than his merits as a creative spirit. His chief works are *Brasilica Societatis Historia et vita clarorum Patrum qui in Brasilia vixerunt*, a Latin series of biographies of his fellow-workers; *Arte da grammatica da lingoa mais usada na costa do Brasil*, a philological study; his *Cartas* (letters); and a number of *autos* and poems.

Next to Anchieta, Bento Teixeira Pinto, who flourished in the second half of the sixteenth century, is Brazil's most ancient poet.[34] Much ink has been spilled over the question as to whether he was the author of the entertaining *Dialogo das Grandezas do Brazil* and the scrupulous Varnhagen, who at first denied Bento Teixeira's authorship of that document, later reversed his position. Similar doubt exists as to the real author of the *Relação do Naufragio que passou Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho, vindo do Brasil no anno de 1565*, a moving prose account of a shipwreck in which figures the noble personage of the title, but wherein the supposed author nowhere appears.

To that same noble personage, governor of Pernambuco, is dedicated the *Prosopopéa*, undoubtedly the work of Bento Teixeira, and just as undoubtedly a pedestrian performance in

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Pp. 35-38.

[34] See, however, on the matter of priority, José Verissimo's *Estudos de Literatura Brazileira, Quarta Serie*. Pp. 25-64.

stilted hendecasyllabic verses, ninety-four octaves in all, in due classic form. There is much imitation of Camões, who, indeed, entered Brazilian literature as a powerful influence through these prosaic lines of Bento Teixeira. "His poem (i. e., the *Lusiads* of *Camões*) is henceforth to make our epics, his poetic language will provide the instrument of our poets and his admirable lyrism will influence down to the very present, our own in all that it has and preserves of sorrow, longing, nostalgia and Camonean love melancholy."[35]

In the *Prosopopéa* occurs a description of the *recife* of Pernambuco which has been looked upon as one of the first evidences of the Brazilian fondness for the native scene. The passage is utterly uninspired; Neptune and Argos rub shoulders with the *barbaros* amid an insipid succession of verses. Verissimo sees, in the entire poem, no "shadow of the influence of the new milieu in which it was conceived and executed." The earliest genuine manifestation of such nativism in poetry he does not discover until *A Ilha da Maré*, by Manoel Botelho de Oliveira, which, though published in the eighteenth century was, most likely, written in the seventeenth.[36]

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[35] Ibid. P. 54. Also pp. 63-64. "To be the first, the most ancient, the oldest in any pursuit, is a merit… This is the only merit that Bento Teixeira can boast."

[36] Verissimo, always a suggestive commentator, presents an interesting reason for these early national panegyrics. See the essay cited in the preceding notes, pages 50-51. He attributes the swelling chorus of eulogies to what might today be called a national "inferiority complex." "Having no legitimate cause for glory, – great deeds accomplished or great men produced, – we pride ourselves ingenuously upon our

The chroniclers of the early colonial period present chiefly points of historic, rather than literary, interest. Pero de Magalhães Gandavo, with his *Historia da Provincia de Santa Cruz a que vulgarmente chamamos Brasil* (with a verse-letter by Luiz de Camões as preface), published in 1576 in Lisbon, is regarded as the first in the long line of historians; even today he is valuable as a source. Gabriel Soares de Souza, is far better known for his *Tractado descriptivo do Brasil em 1587*, printed in 1851 by Varnhagen and highly praised by that voluminous investigator for its "profound observation." … "Neither Dioscorides nor Pliny better explains the plants of the old world than Soares those of the new… It is astonishing how the attention of a single person could occupy itself with so many things … such as are contained in his work, which treats at the same time, in relation to Brazil, of geography, history, typography, hydrography, intertropical agriculture, Brazilian horticulture, native materia medica, wood for building and for cabinet-work, zoology in all its branches, administrative economy and even mineralogy!"

Of less importance is the Jesuit Father Fernão Cardim (1540-1625), whose work was made known in 1847 by Varnhagen under the geographic title *Narrativa epistolar de uma viagem e missão jesuitica pela Bahia, Ilheos, Porto Seguro, Pernambuco, Espirito Santo, Rio de Janeiro, etc.* It consists of two letters, dated 1583 and addressed to the provincial of the Company in Portugal. Father Cardim was translated into English

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primitive Nature, or upon the opulence, – which we exaggerate – of our soil."

as early as 1625, being thus represented by the manuscript called *Do Principo e origem dos indios do Brasil e de seus costumes, adoração e ceremonias*, if this is, as Capistrano de Abreu has tried to prove, really the work taken in 1601 by Francis Cook from a Jesuit bound for Brazil. For, "it was exactly in this year … that Father Fernão Cardim, who was returning to Brazil from a voyage to Rome, was taken prisoner by English corsairs and brought to England."

There is little profit in listing the men and works of this age and character. According to Romero the chroniclers exhibit thus early the duplex tendency of Brazilian literature, – description of nature and description of the savage. The tendency grows during the seventeenth century and in the eighteenth becomes predominant, so that viewed in this light, Brazilian nativism, far from being the creation of nineteenth century Romanticism, was rather a historic prolongation.

III

The sporadic evidences of a nascent nativism become in the seventeenth century a conscious affirmation. The struggle against the Dutch in Pernambuco and the French in Maranhão compelled a union of the colonial forces and instilled a sort of Brazilian awareness. The economic situation becomes more firm, so that Romero may regard the entire century as the epoch of sugar, even as the succeeding century was to be one of gold,

and the nineteenth, – as indeed the twentieth, – one of coffee. Agriculture even before the mines, – as Lima has pointed out, – was creating the fortune of the land.[37] "The new society of the prosperous American colony is no longer essentially Portuguese; the mill-owners, well off and intelligent, forming a sort of rural aristocracy, similar to that of the feudal barons, are its best-read and most enlightened representatives. Around this tiny but powerful nucleus revolve all the political and economic affairs of the young nationality. Two profoundly serious factors also appear: the Brazilian family, perfectly constituted, and a hatred for the foreigner, nourished chiefly by religious fanaticism. The Lutheran, English or Flemish, was the common enemy … against whom all vengeance was sacred, all crime just and blessed."[38]

In Brazilian literature, the century belongs mainly to Bahia, which during the second half became a court in little, with its governor as the center of a luxurious entourage. Spanish

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[37] Oliveira Lima, op. cit. pages 45-46, comments interestingly upon Brazil's lack of a national poet during the sixteenth century. "Brazil did not possess, during the XVIth century a national poet who could express, with all the sincerity of his soul, the passion of the struggle undertaken by culture against nature… And this absence of a representative poet is evidenced throughout our literature, since, after all, the Indianism of the XIXth century was only a poetic convention grafted upon the trunk of the political break with the Portuguese fatherland… The fact is that the exploits of yesterday still await the singer who shall chant them. The Indians were idealized by a Romanticism in quest of elevated souls; the Africans found defenders who rose in audacious flight, but the brave pioneers of the conquest, men of epic stature, have not received even the same measure of sympathy."

[38] Ronald de Carvalho. Op. Cit. P. 87-88.

influence, as represented in the all-conquering Góngora, vied with that of the poets of the Italian and Portuguese renaissance; Tasso, Lope de Vega, Gabriel de Castro and a host of others were much read and imitated. And in the background rose a rude civilization reared upon slavery and greed, providing rich material for the satirical shafts of Gregorio de Mattos Guerra, well-named by his contemporaries the "hell-mouth" of Bahia. In Antonio Vieira and Gregorio Mattos, Romero discovers the two antagonistic forces of the epoch: Vieira, the symbol of "Portuguese arrogance in action and vacuity in ideas"; Gregorio Mattos, the most perfect incarnation of the Brazilian spirit, "facetious, informal, ironic, sceptical, a precursor of the *Bohemios*." As we shall presently note, opinion upon the "hell-mouth's" Brazilianism is not unanimous.

The salient chroniclers and preachers of the century may be passed over in rapid review. At their head easily stands Frei Vicente do Salvador, (1564-1636/39) author of the *Historia da Custodia do Brasil*, which was not published until 1888, more than two hundred and sixty years after it was written (1627). His editor, Capistrano de Abreu, has pointed out his importance as a reagent against the dominant tendency of spiritual servitude to Portugal. "To him Brazil means more than a geographical expression; it is a historical and social term. The XVIIth century is the germination of this idea, as the XVIIIth is its ripening." The *Historia* possesses, furthermore, a distinct importance for the study of folk lore. Manoel de Moraes (1586-1651) enjoys

what might be called a cenotaphic renown as the author of a *Historia da America* that has never been found. Little more than names are Diogo Gomes Carneiro and Frei Christovão da Madre de Deus Luz.

Of far sterner stuff than his vagrant brother Gregorio was the preacher Eusebio de Mattos (1629-1692) who late in life left the Company of Jesus. There is little in his sermons to fascinate the modern mind or rejoice the soul, and one had rather err in the company of his bohemian brother. As Eusebio was dubbed, in the fashion of the day, a second Orpheus for his playing upon the harp and the viola, so Antonio de Sá (1620-1678) became the "Portuguese Chrysostom." Yet little gold flowed in his speech, which fairly out-Góngora-ed Góngora himself. "His culture, like that of almost all the Jesuits was false; rhetorical rather than scientific, swollen rather than substantial."[39]

The poets of the century narrow down to two, of whom the first may be dismissed with scant ceremony. Manoel Botelho de Oliveira (1636-1711) was the first Brazilian poet to publish a book of verses. His *Musica do Parnaso em quatro coros de rimas portuguezas, castelhanas, italianas e latinas, com seu descante comico reduzido em duas comedias* was published at Lisbon in 1705. Yet for all this battery of tongues there is little in the book to commend it, and it would in all likelihood be all but forgotten by today were it not for the descriptive poem *A Ilha da Maré*, in which has been discovered, – as we have seen in our citation

[39] De Carvalho. Op. P. 96-97.

from Verissimo, – one of the earliest manifestations of nativism; Botelho de Oliveira's Brazilianism, as appears from his preface, was a conscious attitude, and the patient, plodding cataloguing of the national fruit-garden precedes by a century the seventh canto of the epic *Caramurú*; but for all this, there are in the three hundred and twenty-odd lines of the poem only some four verses with any claim to poetic illumination. The depths of bathetic prose are reached in a passage oft quoted by Brazilian writers; it reads like a seed catalogue:

> Tenho explicado as fruitas e os legumes,
> Que dão a Portugal muitos ciumes;
> Tenho recopilado
> O que o Brasil contém para invejado,
> E para preferir a toda terra,
> Em si perfeitos quatro AA encerra.
> Tem o primeiro A, nos arvoredos
> Sempre verdes aos olhos, sempre ledos;
> Tem o segunda A nos ares puros,
> Na temperie agradaveis e seguros;
> Tem o terceiro A, nas aguas frias
> Que refrescam o peito e são sadias,
> O quarto A, no assucar deleitoso,
> Que é do mundo o regalo mais mimoso;
> São, pois, os quatro AA por singuares
> *Arvoredos*, *assucar*, *aguas*, *ares*.[40]

[40] "I have explained the fruits and the vegetables that cause so much jealousy on Portugal's part; I have listed those things for which Brazil may be envied. As title

All of which bears almost the same relation to poetry as the grouping of the three B's (Bach, Beethoven and Brahms) to musical criticism. Romero found the poet's nationalism an external affair; "the pen wished to depict Brazil, but the soul belonged to Spanish or Portuguese cultism." So, too, Carvalho, who would assign the genuine beginnings of Brazilian sentiment to Gregorio de Mattos.

Gregorio de Mattos Guerra (1633-1696) is easily the outstanding figure of his day. Romero, who considered him the pivot of seventeenth-century letters in Brazil, would claim for him, too, the title of creator of that literature, because he was – though educated, like most of the cultured men of his day, at Coimbra – a son of the soil, more nationally minded than Anchieta and in perfect harmony with his milieu. He reveals a Brazilian manner of handling the language; indeed, he "is the document in which we can appreciate the earliest modifications undergone by the Portuguese language in America…" He reveals a consciousness of being something new and distinct from Europe's consideration of the new-world inhabitants as a species of *anima vilis*. He represents the tendency of the various races

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to preference over all the rest of the earth it enfolds four A's. It has the first A in its *arvoredos* (trees), ever green and fair to gaze upon; it has the second A in its pure atmosphere (*ares*), so pleasant and certain in temperature; it has the third A in its cool waters (*aguas*), that refresh the throat and bring health; the fourth A in its delightful sugar (*assucar*), which is the fairest gift of all the world. The four A's then, are *arvoredos*, *assucar*, *aguas*, *ares*."

to poke fun at one another. More important still, he betrays a nascent discontent with the mother country's rule. He is "the genuine imitator of our lyric poetry and of our lyric intuition. His *brasileiro* was not the caboclo nor the Negro nor the Portuguese; he was already the son of the soil, able to ridicule the separatist pretensions of the three races." Thus far Romero. Verissimo however – and the case may well be taken as an instance of the unsettled conditions prevailing in Brazilian literary criticism – takes a view antipodally apart. "The first generation of Brazilian poets, Gregorio de Mattos included, is exclusively Portuguese. To suppose that there is in Gregorio de Mattos any originality of form or content is to show one's ignorance of the Portuguese poetry of his time, and of the Spanish, which was so close to it and which the Portuguese so much imitated, and which he, in particular, fairly plagiarized."[41] Long ago, Ferdinand Wolf, in the first history of Brazilian letters that made any claims to completeness,[42] noted the poet's heavy indebtedness to Lope de Vega and Góngora, and his servile imitation of Quevedo.

Verissimo, I believe, overstates his case. That Gregorio de Mattos was not an original creative spirit may at once be admitted. But he was an undoubted personality; he aimed his satiric shafts only too well at prominent creatures of flesh and

[41] *Estudos, quarta serie.* P. 47-48.

[42] *Le Brésil Litteraire. Histoire de la Littérature brésilienne suivie d'un choix de morceaux tirés des meilleurs auteurs b(r)ésiliens par Ferdinand Wolf. Berlin, 1863*. See, for a discussion of this book, the Selective Critical Bibliography at the back of the present work.

blood and vindictive passions; he paid for his ardour and temerity with harsh exile and in the end would seem even to have evinced a sincere repentance. The motto of his life's labours, indeed, might be a line from one of his most impertinent poems:

> "Eu, que me não sei calar" …
> I, who cannot hold my tongue …

Nor did Gregorio de Mattos hold his tongue, whether in the student days at Coimbra – where already he was feared for that wagging lance – or during his later vicissitudes in Brazil. In 1864 he married Maria dos Povos, whose reward for advising him to give up his satiric habits was to be made the butt of his next satire. It would have been a miracle if he were either happy with or faithful to her; he was neither. He slashed right and left about him; argued cases – and won them! – in rhyme; poverty, however, was his constant companion, so that, for other reasons aplenty, his wife soon left him. Now his venom bursts forth all the less restrained. Personal enmities made among the influential were bound soon or late to recoil upon him and toward the end of his life he was exiled to the African colony of Angola. Upon his return to Brazil he was prohibited from writing verses and sought solace in his viola, in which he was skilled.

Gregorio de Mattos's satire sought familiar targets: the judge, the client, the abusive potentate, the venal religious. "Perhaps without any intention on his part," suggests Carvalho, "he was

our first newspaper, wherein are registered the petty and great scandals of the epoch, the thefts, crimes, adulteries, and even the processions, anniversaries and births that he so gaily celebrated in his verses."[43] His own countrymen he likened to stupid beasts of burden:

> Que os Brasileiros são bestas,
> E estão sempre a trabalhar
> Toda a vida por manter
> Maganos de Portugal.[44]

There is a tenderer aspect to the poet, early noted in his sonnets; despite the wild life he led there are accents of sincerity in his poems of penitence; no less sincere, if less lofty, are his poems of passion, in which love is faunesque, sensual, a thing of hot lips and anacreontic abandon. He can turn a pretty (and empty) compliment almost as gracefully as his Spanish models. But it is really too much to institute a serious comparison between him and Verlaine, as Carvalho would do. Some outward resemblance there is in the lives of the men (yet how common after all, are repentance after ribaldry, and connubial infelicity), but Carvalho destroys his own case in the very next paragraph. For, as he indicates, the early Brazilian's labours "represent in the history of our letters, it is needful to repeat, the revolt

[43] Op. Cit. P. 109.

[44] The Brazilians are beasts, hard at work their lives long, in order to support Portuguese knaves.

of bourgeois common sense against the ridiculousness of the Portuguese nobility." How far from all this was the nineteenth century Frenchman, with a sensitive soul delicately attuned to life's finer harmonies!

I am surprised that no Brazilian has found for Gregorio de Mattos Guerra a parallel spirit much nearer than Verlaine in both time and space. The Peruvian Caviedes was some twenty years younger than his Brazilian contemporary; his life has been likened to a picaresque novel. He was no closet-spirit and his addiction to the flesh, no whit less ardent than Gregorio's, resulted in the unmentionable affliction. He, too, repented, before marriage rather than after; his wife dying, he surrendered to drink and died four years before the Brazilian, if 1692 is the correct date. As Gregorio de Mattos flayed the luxury of Bahia, so Caviedes guffawed at the sybarites of Lima.[45]

He castigated monastic corruption, trounced the physicians, manhandled the priests, and his snickers echoed in the high places. He knew his Quevedo quite as well as did Gregorio and has been called "the first revolutionary, the most illustrious of colonial poets."[46] And toward his end he makes his peace with the Lord in a sonnet that might have been signed by Gregorio.

Of Gregorio de Mattos I will quote a single sonnet written in

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[45] For a good résumé of Caviedes' labours, with valuable biographical indications, see Luis Alberto Sánchez, *Historia de la Literatura Peruana, I. Los Poetas de la Colonia*, Pp. 186-200.

[46] Ibid. P. 190.

one of his more sober moods. There is a pleasant, if somewhat conventional, epigrammatical quality to it, as to more than one of the others, and there is little reason for questioning its sincerity. Every satirist, at bottom, contains an elegiac poet, – the ashes that remain after the fireworks have exploded. If here, as elsewhere, only the feeling belongs to the poet, since both form and content are of the old world whence he drew so many of his topics and so much of his inspiration, there is an undoubted grafting of his salient personality upon the imported plant.

Nasce o Sol; e não dura mais que um dia,
Depois da luz, se segue a noite escura,
Em tristes sombras morre a formosura,
Em continuas tristezas a alegria.

Porém, se acaba o sol, porque nascia?
Se formosa a luz é, porque não dura?
Como a belleza assim se trasfigura?
Como o gosto, da pena assim se fia?

Mas no sol, e na luz, falte a firmeza,
Na formosura não se da constancia,
E na alegria, sinta-se a tristeza.

Comece o mundo, emfim, pela ignorancia;
Pois tem qualquer dos bens, por natureza,
A firmeza somente na inconstancia.[47]

[47] The sun is born and lasts but a single day; dark night follows upon the light; beauty

IV

The first half of the eighteenth century, a review of which brings our first period to a close, is the era of the *bandeirantes* in Brazilian history and of the Academies in the national literature. The external enemies had been fought off the outer boundaries in the preceding century; now had come the time for the conquest of the interior.[48] The *bandeirantes* were so called from *bandeira*, signifying a band; the earliest expeditions into the hinterland were called *entradas*, and it is only when the exploring caravans grew more numerous and organized that the historic name *bandeirantes* was bestowed. Men and women of all ages, together with the necessary animals, composed these moving outposts of conquest. This was a living epic; the difficulties were all but insurmountable and the heroism truly superhuman. No literature this, – with its law of the jungle which is no law, – with its immitigable cruelty to resisting indigenous tribes, and finally, the

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dies amidst the gloomy shadows and joy amid continued grief. Why, then, if the sun must die, was it born? Why, if light be beautiful, does it not endure? How is beauty thus transfigured? How does pleasure thus trust pain? But let firmness be lacking in sun and light, let permanence flee beauty, and in joy, let there be a note of sadness. Let the world begin, at length, in ignorance; for, whatever the boon, it is by nature constant only in its inconstancy.

[48] "The story of Xenophon's Ten Thousand is but a child's tale compared with the fearless adventure of our colonial brothers." Carvalho. Op. Cit. P. 127.

internecine strife born of partial failure, envy and vindictiveness.

While the *bandeirantes* were carrying on the tradition of Portuguese bravery – evidence of a restlessness which Carvalho would find mirrored even today in the "intellectual nomadism" of his countrymen, as well as in their political and cultural instability – the literary folk of the civilized centers were following the tradition of Portuguese imitation. At Bahia and Rio de Janeiro Academies were formed, evidencing some sort of attempt at unifying taste and aping, at a distance, the favourite diversion that the Renaissance had itself copied from the academies of antiquity. The first of these, founded in 1724 by the Viceroy Vasco Fernandez Cezar de Menezes, was christened *Academia Brazilica dos Esqueçidos*, – that is, the Brazilian Academy of those Forgotten or Overlooked by the *Academia de Historia* established, 1720, at Lisbon. A sort of "spite" academy, then, this first Brazilian body, but constituting at the same time, in a way, a new-world affirmation. Among the other academies were that of the *Felizes* 1736 (i. e., happy), the *Selectos*, 1752, and the *Renascidos*, 1759, (reborn) none of which continued for long. Although the influence of Góngora was receding, Rocha Pitta's *Historia da America Portugueza* is replete with pompous passages, exaggerated estimates and national "boostings" that read betimes like the gorgeous pamphlets issued by a tourist company. Pride in the national literature is already evident. The itch to write epics is rife; it bites João de Brito Lima, who indites a work (*Cezaria*) in 1300 octaves praising the Viceroy. Gonzalo

Soares de França exceeds this record in his *Brazilia*, adding 500 octaves to the score. Manoel de Santa Maria Itaparica composes a sacred epic, *Eustachidos*, on the life of St. Eustace, in six cantos, each preceded by an octave summary; the fifth canto contains a quasiprophetic vision in which posterity, in the guise of an old man, requests the author to celebrate his native isle. This section, the *Ilha da Itaparica*, has rescued the poem from total oblivion. But the passage possesses hardly any transmissive fervor and the native scene is viewed through the glasses of Greek mythology.

Some wrote in Latin altogether upon Brazilian topics, as witness Prudencio do Amaral's poem on sugar-manufacture (no less!) entitled *De opifichio sacchario*; the cultivation of manioc and tobacco were equally represented in these pseudo-Virgilian efforts.

It is a barren half century for literature. Outside of the author of the *Eustachidos* and the two important figures to which we soon come only the brothers Bartholomeu Lourenço and Alexandre de Gusmão are remembered, and they do not come properly within the range of literary history. The one was a physicist and mathematician; the other, a statesman. The latter in his *Marido Confundido*, 1737, wrote a comedy in reply to Molière's *Georges Dandin*, much to the delight of the Lisbonese audiences.

The two salient figures of the epoch are Sebastião da Rocha Pitta (1660-1738) and Antonio José da Silva (1705-1739).

Brazilian critics seem well disposed to forget Rocha Pitta's mediocre novels and sterile verses; it is for his *Historia* that he is remembered, and fondly, despite all the extravagances of style that mark the book. Romero regards it as a patriotic hymn, laden with ostentatious learning and undoubted leanings toward Portugal. Oliveira Lima's view, however, is more scientific and historically dispassionate. One could not well expect of a writer at the beginning of the eighteenth century a nationalistic sentiment, "which in reality was still of necessity embryonic, hazy, or at least, ill-defined… In our historian, none the less, there reigns a sympathy for all that is of his land."[49] And, indeed, the *Historia*, as Romero wrote, is more a poem than a chronological narrative, cluttered with saints and warriors, prophets, heroes of antiquity and mediaeval days.

"In no other region," runs one of the passages best known to Brazilians, "is the sky more serene, nor does dawn glow more beautifully; in no other hemisphere does the sun flaunt such golden rays nor such brilliant nocturnal glints; the stars are more benign and ever joyful; the horizons where the sun is born or where it sinks to rest are always unclouded; the water, whether it be drunk from the springs in the fields or from the town aqueduct, is of the purest; Brazil, in short, is the Terrestrial Paradise discovered at last, wherein the vastest rivers arise and

[49] Oliveira Lima. *Aspectos da Litteratura Colonial Brazileira.* Leipzig, 1896. This youthful work of the eminent cosmopolite furnishes valuable as well as entertaining collateral reading upon the entire colonial period in Brazil. The standpoint is often historical rather than literary, yet the proportions are fairly well observed.

take their course."

I am inclined to question whether Antonio José da Silva really belongs to the literature of Brazil. Romero would make out a case for him on the ground of birth in the colony, family influences and the nature of his lyrism, which, according to that polemical spirit, was Brazilian. Yet his plays are linked with the history of the Portuguese drama and it is hard to discover, except by excessive reading between the lines, any distinctive Brazilian character. Known to his contemporaries by the sobriquet *O Judeu* (The Jew), Antonio José early experienced the martyrdom of his religion at the hands of the Inquisition. At the age of eight he was taken to Portugal by his mother, who was summoned thither to answer the charge of Judaism; in 1726 he was compelled to answer to the same charge, but freed; hostile forces were at work against him, however, not alone for his religious beliefs but for his biting satire, and chiefly through the bought depositions of a servant he was finally convicted and burned on October 21st, 1739. The strains of one of his operettas fairly mingled with the crackling of the flames. This fate made of him a national figure in Brazil; the first tragedy written by a Brazilian makes of him the protagonist (*O Poeta e a Inquisição*, 1839, by Magalhães); the second of Joaquim Norberto de Sousa's *Cantos Epicos* is dedicated to him (1861). Still another literature claims Antonio José, who occupies an honoured place in the annals of the Jewish drama.[50] And it is not at all impossible that the melancholy which

[50] See, for just such inclusion, B. Gorin's *Die Geshichte vun Yiddishen Theater*, New

Romero discovers amidst the Jew's gay compositions is as much a heritage of his race as of the Brazilian *modinhas*.[51] Already Wolf had found in Antonio José's musical farces a likeness to the opera bouffe of Offenbach, a fellow Jew; the Jew takes naturally to music and to satire, so that his prominence in the history of comic opera may be no mere coincidence. Satire and melancholy, twin sisters with something less than the usual resemblance, inhere in the race of Antonio José.

Antonio José da Silva had in him much of the rollicking, roistering, ribald, rhyming rogue. For long, he was the most popular of the Portuguese dramatists after Gil Vicente. He studied Rotrou, Molière and the libretti of Metastasio to good advantage, and for his musical ideas went to school to the Italians. Sr. Ribeiro has repudiated any connection between these conventionalized airs – the form of the verses is just as conventional – and the distinctive Brazilian *modinha*; the truth is that Romero, eager to make as good an appearance for the national literature as possible, and realizing that the eighteenth century in Brazil needed all the help it could receive, made an unsuccessful attempt to dragoon Antonio José into the thin ranks.[52] As it is, his reputation in Portugal has suffered a

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York, 1918, 2 vols. (In Yiddish.) Page 33, Volume I. With reference to the Jew and comic opera, rumours of Sir Arthur Sullivan's partial Jewish origin still persist.

[51] Diminutive of *moda*, and signifying, literally, a new song. The *modinha* is the most characteristic of Brazilian popular forms, a transformation of the troubadors' *jácara* and the Portuguese *fado*. It is generally replete with love and the allied feelings.

[52] The chief works of Antonio José da Silva are *Vida do Grande D. Quixote de*

decline, merging into the obscurity of the very foibles it sought to castigate. The martyred Jew has had no creative influence upon Brazilian literature.

The first phase of Brazilian letters is, then, a tentative groping, reflecting the numerous influences across the ocean and the instability of a nascent civilization at war on the one hand with covetous foreigners and on the other with fractious, indigenous tribes. The chroniclers are in the main picturesque, informative, rambling rather than artistic; the poets are either vacuous or swollen with the pomp of old-world rhetoric. Even so virile a spirit as Gregorio de Mattos conducts his native satire with the stylistic weapons forged in Europe, and the dawn of a valid nativism is shot through with gleams of spiritual adherence to Portugal and intellectual subjection to the old continent. Yet, as the child is father to the man, so even in these faltering voices may be detected the dominant notes of the later literature, – its imagination, its fondness for rotund expression, its pride of milieu, its Oriental exuberance, its wistful moodiness, its sensual

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la Mancha e do gordo Sancho Pança (1733); *Ezopaida* ou *Vida de Ezopo* (1734); *Os Encantos de Medea* (1735); *Amphytrião* ou *Jupiter e Alcmena* (1736); *Labyrintho de Creta* (1736); *Guerras do Alecrim e da Manjerona* (1737); a highly amusing Molièresque farce, considered by many his best; *As Variedades de Proteu* (1737); *Precipicio de Faetonte* (posthumous).The latest view of Antonio José (See Bell's *Portuguese Literature*, pages 282-284); whom Southey considered "the best of their drama writers," is that his plays would in all likelihood have received little "attention in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries had it not been for the tragedy of the author's life." This probably overstates the case against *O Judeu*, but it indicates an important non-literary reason for his popularity.

ardor.

CHAPTER III
PERIOD OF AUTONOMOUS DEVELOPMENT (1750-1830)

Stirrings of Revolt – The Inconfidencia – Two Epics: *Uraguay* and *Caramurú*– The Lyrists of Minas Geraes: Claudio da Costa, Gonzaga, Alvarenga Peixoto, Silva Alvarenga – Minor figures – Political Satire – Early Nineteenth Century – José Bonifacio de Andrade e Silva.

I

Struggle for the territory of Brazil had bred a love for the soil that was bound sooner or later to become spiritualized into an aspiration toward autonomy. The *brasileiros* were not forever to remain the *bestas* that the hell-mouth of Bahia had called them, nor provide luxury for the *maganos de Portugal*. The history of colonial exploitation repeated itself: Spain with Spanish-America, Portugal with Brazil, England with the future United States. Taxes grew, and with them, resentment. Yet, as so often, the articulation of that rebellious spirit came not from the chief sufferers of oppression, but from an idealistic band of poets whose exact motives have not yet been thoroughly clarified by historical investigation. Few less fitted to head a separatist

movement than these lyric, idealistic spirits who form part of the *Inconfidencia* (Disloyalty) group immortalized in Brazilian history through the hanging of *Tiradentes* and the imprisonment and exile of a number of others. These men were premature in their attempt, and foredoomed to failure, but they lived, as well as wrote, an ideal and thus form at once an epoch in the national history and the nation's letters. The freedom won by the United States, the foreshadowing of the French revolution, inspired in them ideas of a Brazilian republic; how surely idealistic was such an aim may be realized when we recall that Brazil's emancipation was initiated with a monarchy (1822) and that, although it has been a republic since 1889, there are a number of serious thinkers who consider the more liberal form of government still less a boon than a disadvantage.

In 1783, Luis da Cunha de Menezes, a vain, pompous fellow, was named Captain-General of the Province of Minas. It was against him that were launched the nine satirical verse letters called *Cartas Chilenas* and signed by the pseudonym *Critillo* (1786). Menezes was succeeded by Barbacena (1788) who it was rumoured, meant to exact the payment of 700 *arrobas* of gold, overdue from the province. It was this that proved the immediate stimulus to an only half-proved case of revolt, which, harshly suppressed, deprived Brazil of a number of its ripest talents.

From the name of the province – Minas Geraes – these poets have been grouped into a so-called Mineira school, which includes the two epicists, Frei José de Santa Rita Durão and José

Basilio de Gama, and the four lyrists, Claudio Manoel da Costa, Thomas Antonio Gonzaga, Ignacio José de Alvarenga Peixoto and Manoel Ignacio da Silva Alvarenga.

II

Critics are not agreed upon the relative non-esthetic values of Basilio da Gama's *Uraguay* (1769)[53] and Santa Rita Durão's *Caramurú* (1781). Wolf, with Almeida-Garrett, finds the first a truly national poem; Carvalho calls it "the best and most perfect poem that appeared in Brazil throughout the colonial period"; the early Denis found it not very original, for all its stylistic amenities; Romero, conceding its superiority to *Caramurú* in style and form, finds it inferior in historical understanding, terming the latter epic "the most Brazilian poem we possess." Verissimo, who has written an extended comparison of the two poems,[54] is, to me, at least, most satisfying of all upon the problems involved and the esthetic considerations implied. In both the epics he discerns the all-pervading influence of Camões, the emulation of whom has seemed to cast upon every succeeding poet the obligation of writing his epic. Thus the chief initiators of Brazilian Romanticism, Porto Alegre and Magalhães, had to indite, respectively, a *Colombo* and

[53] The original title was spelled *Uraguay*. Later writers either retain the first or replace it with the more common *u*.

[54] *Estudos.* Segunda Serie, pp. 89-129.

a *Confederação dos Tamoyos*, and Gonçalves Dias began *Os Tymbiras*, while José de Alencar, romantic of the Romantics, started a *Filhos de Tupan*, "which happily for our good and his own, he never completed." But what renders both the *Uruguay* and the *Caramurú* important in the national literature is the fact that they stand out from the ruck of earlier and later Camonean imitations by virtue of a certain spontaneity of origin and an intuitive, historic relation with their day. It is not known whether the authors, though contemporaries, knew each other or read their respective works. Yet both instinctively employed indigenous material and revealed that same "national sentiment which was already stammering, though timorously, in certain poets contemporaneous with them or immediately preceding, such as Alvarenga Peixoto and Silva Alvarenga, with whom there enter into our poetry, mingled with classical images and comparison, names and things of our own. Though like Basilio and Durão, loyal Portuguese, these poets speak already of fatherland with exaltation and love. The idea of the fatherland, the national thought, which in Gregorio de Mattos is as yet a simple movement of bad humour, vagrant spite and the revolt of an undisciplined fellow, becomes in them the tender affection for their native land…"

The *Uruguay* especially reveals this nascent nationalism as it existed among the loyal Portuguese in the epoch just previous to the *Inconfidencia*. "We must remember that the work of the Mineira poets" (and here Verissimo includes, of course, the

lyrists to which we presently come) "abound in impressions of loyalty to Portugal… Let us not forget José Bonifacio, the so-called patriarch of our Independence, served Portugal devotedly first as scientist in official intellectual commissions and professor at the University of Coimbra, and then as volunteer Major of the Academic Corps against the French of Napoleon, and finally as Intendente Geral, or as we should say today, Chief of Police, of the city of Porto. And José Bonifacio, like Washington, was at first hostile, or at least averse, to independence."

The *Uruguay* is certainly less intense than the Caramurú in its patriotism. The author of the first wrote it, as he said, to satisfy a certain curiosity about Uruguay; also, he might have added, to flatter his patron, the then powerful Pombal, who, it will be recalled, at one time harboured the idea of transplanting the Portuguese throne to the colony across the sea. It would be an error, however, to see in the small epic (but five cantos long) a glorification of the native. The real hero, as Verissimo shows, is not Cacambo, but the Portuguese General Gomes Freire de Andrade. The villains, of course, are the Jesuits out of whose fold the author had come, – the helpers of the Indians of Uruguay who revolted against the treaty between Portugal and Spain according to which they were given into the power of the Portuguese. The action, for an epic, is thus restricted in both time and space, let alone significance, yet thus early the liberating genius of Basilio da Gama produced, for Portuguese literature, "its first romantic poem." Here is the first – or surely one of the first –

authentic evidences of what the Spanish-American critics call "literary Americanism," – all the more interesting because so largely unpremeditated.

The "romanticism" of the *Uruguay* is worth dwelling upon, if only to help reveal our long-tolerated terminological inadequacy.[55] It begins, not with the regular invocation, but with a quasi-Horatian plunge *in medias res*. It does not employ the outworn octave, but sonorous blank verse. The freedom of its style and the harmony of its verse "announce Garrett, Gonçalves Dias[56] and the future admirable modellers of blank verse, in the distribution of the episodes and the novelty of language and simile." The language is not the Gongoristic extravagance of the Academicians; it is modern, even contemporary, grandiloquent in the Spanish style. The "Indianism" of the poem, in which

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[55] In Portuguese literature, as Verissimo points out in his interesting parallel between the two epics, it is no easy matter to indicate the exact line between classic and romantic styles. A Frenchman has even spoken of the romanticism of the classics, which is by no means merely a sample of Gallic paradox. The Brazilian critic considers France the only one of the neo-Latin literatures that may be said to possess a genuinely classic period. As I have tried to suggest here and elsewhere, we have need of a change in literary terminology; classic and romantic are hazy terms that should, in time, be supplanted by something more in consonance with the observations of modern psychology. The emphasis, I would say, should be shifted from the subject-matter and external aspects to the psychology of the writer and his intuitive approach. The distinctions have long since lost their significance and should therefore be replaced by a more adequate nomenclature.

[56] Long before Verissimo, Wolf (1863) had written in his pioneer work already referred to, "Thus José Basilio da Gama and Durão only prepared the way for Magalhães and Gonçalves Dias."

Basilio da Gama forecasts the later Indianism of the Romantics, is not to be confused with that later type; for it must be recalled that Basilio da Gama did not look upon his Indians with that sentimental veneration characteristic of the nineteenth century Brazilians. As they were secondary to his purpose, so were they in his conception. "Two and distinct are the features of this aspect of our literature. The first Indianism, initiated by Basilio da Gama, continued by Durão and almost limited to the two epics, is hardly more than a poetic artifice; the Indian enters as a necessity of the subject, a simple esthetic or rhetorical means. He is not sung, but is rather an element of the song. In the second Indianism, that of the Romantics, – the loftiest representative of which is Gonçalves Dias, – the Indian advances from the position of an accessory to that of an essential element; he is the subject and the object of the poem. In this first phase of Indianism the sympathy of the poet is transferred only incidentally to the savage… The contrary case obtains in the second phase; the sympathy of the poet is his entirely. So that, in the main, it is the attitude of the poet that distinguished the two Indianisms: indifferent in the first, sympathetic in the second." And since choices must be made, Verissimo is right when he finds the earlier poets nearer to the sociological truth in preferring Portuguese civilization, with all its defects, to the imaginary charms of indigenous life. Yet sociological error of the Romantic Indianists proved more than poetic truth, for it was fecund "not only for literature, but even for the development of

the national sentiment." … "*O Uruguay* possesses in Portuguese literature the value of being the first poem of a freer, newer, more spontaneous character after the series of epics derived from *Os Lusiadas*, and in Brazilian literature that of being the initiator of the movement which, whatever its aberrations, contributed the most to the independence of our letters…"

There is far less artistic pleasure in reading *O Caramurú*; it may well be, as most agree, that it, rather than *O Uruguay*, is the national poem, but such a distinction pertains rather to patriotism than to poetry. The better verses of the earlier epic are a balm to the ear and a stimulus to the imagination; those of the later lack communicative essence. Santa Rita Durão, proclaiming in his preface the parity of Brazil with India as the subject of an epic, thus places himself as a rival of Camões; instead, he is an indifferent versifier and an unconscionable imitator; his patriotism, as his purpose, is avowed. The subject of his epic is the half-legendary figure of Diogo Alvares Correa,[57] a

[57] The natives named him *Caramurú*, whence the name of the epic. The word has been variously interpreted as signifying "dragon risen out of the sea" (Rocha Pitta) and "son of the thunder" (Durão's own version), referring in the first instance to the man's rescue from the wreck and in the second to his arquebuse. Verissimo rejects any such poetic interpretation and makes the topic food for fruitful observation. He considers the Brazilian savage, as any other, of rudimentary and scant imagination, incapable of lofty metaphorical flights. "The Indians, infinitely less poetic than the poets who were to sing them, called Diogo Alvares as they were in the habit of calling themselves, by the name of an animal, tree or something of the sort. They named him Caramurú, the name of a fish on their coast, because they caught him in the sea or coming out of it. And to this name they added nothing marvellous, as our active imagination has pictured." And "this very sobriquet as well as the epoch in which it was applied, are

sort of Brazilian John Smith, who, wrecked upon the coast, so impressed the natives with the seeming magic of his firearms that he was received as their chief. His particular Pocahontas was the maiden Paraguassú, whom he is supposed to have taken with him to France; here she was baptized – as the disproved story goes – and at the marriage of the pair none less than Henry II and Catherine de Medicis stood sponsor to them.

Paragussú's chief rival is Moema, and the one undisputed passage of the poem is the section in which, together with a group of other lovelorn maidens, she swims after the vessel that is bearing him and his chosen bride off to France. In her dying voice she upbraids him and then sinks beneath the waves.

> Perde o lume dos olhos, pasma e treme,
> Pallida a côr, o aspecto moribundo,
> Com a mão ja sem vigor soltando o leme,
> Entre as salsas espumas desce ao fundo;
> Mas na onda do mar, que irado frema,
> Tornando a apparecer desde o profundo:
> "Ah! Diogo cruel!" disse com magua.
> E sem mais vista ser, sorveu-se n'agua.[58]

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still swathed in legend."

[58] The light of her eyes is extinguished, she swoons and trembles; her face grows pale, her look is deathly; her hands, now strengthless, let go the rudder and she descends to the bottom of the briny waves. But returning from the depths to the waves of the sea, which quivers in fury, "Oh, cruel Diogo!" she said in grief. And unseen ever after, she was engulfed by the waters.

Yet there is a single line in *O Uruguay* which contains more poetry than this octave and many another of the stanzas in this ten-canto epic. It is that in which is described the end of Cacambo's sweetheart Lindoya, after she has drunk the fatal potion that reveals to her the destruction of Lisbon and the expulsion of the Jesuits by Pombal, and then commits suicide by letting a serpent bite her.

> Tanto ere bella no seu rostro a morte!
> So beautiful lay death upon her face!

Like *O Uruguay*, so *O Caramurú* ends upon a note of spiritual allegiance to Portugal. It is worth while recalling, too, that the Indian of the first is from a Spanish-speaking tribe, and that the Indian of the second is a native Brazilian type.

And Verissimo points out that if the Indian occupies more space in the second, his rôle is really less significant than in *O Uruguay*.

III

The four lyrists of the Mineira group are Claudio Manoel da Costa (1729-1789); Thomas Antonio Gonzaga (1744-1807-9) the most famous of the quartet; José Ignacio de Alvarenga Peixoto (1744-1793), and Manoel Ignacio da Silva Alvarenga (1749-1814). Examination of their work shows the inaccuracy of

terming them a "school," as some Brazilian critics have loosely done. These men did not of set purpose advance an esthetic theory and seek to exemplify it in their writings; they are children of their day rather than brothers-in-arms. Like the epic poets, so they, in their verses, foreshadow the coming of the Romanticists some fifty years later; the spirits of the old world and the new contend in their lines as in their lives. They are, in a sense, transition figures, chief representatives of the "Arcadian" spirit of the day.

Claudio de Costa, translator of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," was chiefly influenced by the Italians and the French. Romero, in his positive way, has catalogued him with the race of Lamartine and even called him a predecessor of the Brazilian Byronians. A certain subjectivity does appear despite the man's classical leanings, but there is nothing of him of the Childe Harold or the Don Juan. Indeed, as often as not he is a cold stylist and his influence, today, is looked upon as having been chiefly technical; he was a writer rather than a thinker or a feeler, and one of his sonnets alone has suggested the combined influence of Camões, Petrarch and Dante:

> Que feliz fôra o mundo, se perdida
> A lembrança de Amor, de Amor e gloria,
> Igualmente dos gostos a memoria
> Ficasse para sempre consumida!
>
> Mas a pena mais triste, e mais crescida

He vêr, que em nenhum tempo é transitoria
Esta de Amor fantastica victoria,
Que sempre na lembrança é repetida.

Amantes, os que ardeis nesse cuidado,
Fugi de Amor ao venenozo intento,
Que lá para o depois vos tem guardado.

Não vos engane a infiel contentamento;
Que esse presente bem, quando passado,
Sobrará para idéa de tormento.[59]

The native note appears in his work, as in *A Fabula do Riberão do Carmo* and in *Villa-Rica*, but it is neither strong nor constant. He is of the classic pastoralists, "the chief representative," as Carvalho calls him, of Arcadism in Brazil.

Of more enduring, more appealing stuff is the famous lover Thomas Antonio Gonzaga, termed by Wolf a "modern Petrarch" (for all these Arcadians must have each his Laura) and enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen as the writer of their Song of Songs. For that, in a sense, is what Gonzaga's poems to *Marilia* suggest. No other book of love poems has so appealed

[59] How happy were the world, if, with the remembrance of love and glory lost, the recollection of pleasures would likewise be consumed forever! But worst and saddest grief of all is to find that at no time is this fantastic victory of love transitory, for always it is repeated in remembrance. Lovers, you who burn in this fire, flee Love's venomous assault that it holds for you there in later days. Let not treacherous contentment deceive you; for this present pleasure, when it has passed, will remain as a tormenting memory.

to the Portuguese reader; the number of editions through which the *Marilia de Dirceu* has gone is second only to the printings of *Os Lusiadas*, and has, since the original issue in 1792, reached to thirty-four. Gonzaga's Marilia (in real life D. Maria Joaquina Dorothea de Seixas Brandão) rises from the verses of these *lyras* into flesh and blood reality; the poet's love, however much redolent of Petrarchian conventions, is no imagined passion. His heart, as he told her in one of his most popular stanzas, was vaster than the world and it was her abode. Gonzaga, like Claudio, was one of the *Inconfidencia*; he fell in love with his lady at the age of forty, when she was eighteen, and sentimental Brazilians have never forgiven her for having lived on to a very ripe old age after her Dirceu, as he was known in Arcadian circles, died in exile. Yet she may have felt the loss deeply, for a story which Verissimo believes authentic tells of D. Maria, once asked how old she was, replying: "When *he* was arrested, I was eighteen…" It is sweet enough not to be true.

As Antonio José, despite his Brazilian birth, is virtually Portuguese in culture and style, so Gonzaga, despite his Portuguese birth, is Brazilian by virtue of his poetic sources and his peculiar lyrism, – a blend of the classic form with a passion which, though admirably restrained, tends to overleap its barriers. If, as time goes on, he surrenders his sway to the more sensuous lyrics of later poets, he is none the less a fixed star in the poetic constellation. He sings a type of constant love that pleases even amid today's half maddened and half maddening erotic

deliquescence. Some poets' gods bring them belief in women; his lady brings him a belief in God:

> Noto, gentil Marilia, os teus cabellos;
> E noto as faces de jasmins e rosas:
> Noto os teus olhos bellos;
> Os brancos dentes e as feições mimosas:
> Quem fez uma obra tão perfeita e linda,
> Minha bella Marilia, tambem pôde
> Fazer o céo e mais, si ha mais ainda.[60]

The famous book is divided into two parts, the first written before, the second, after his exile. As might be expected; the first is primaveral, aglow with beauty, love, joy. Too, it lacks the depth of the more sincere second, which is more close to the personal life of the suffering artist. He began in glad hope; he ends in dark doubt. "The fate of all things changes," runs one of his refrains. "Must only mine not alter?" One unconscious testimony of his sincerity is the frequent change of rhythm in his lines, which achieve now and then a sweet music of thought.

"*Marilia de Dirceu*," Verissimo has written, "is of exceptional importance in Brazilian literature. It is the most noble and perfect idealization of love that we possess." (I believe that the key-word

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[60] I gaze, comely Marilia, at your tresses; and I behold in your cheeks the jessamine and the rose; I see your beautiful eyes, your pearly teeth and your winsome features. He who created so perfect and entrancing a work, my fairest Marilia, likewise could make the sky and more, if more there be.

to the critic's sentence is "idealization.") "Despite its classicism, it is above all a personal work; it is free of and superior to, the formulas and the rivalries of schools… It is perhaps the book of human passion, such as the many we have now in our literatures that are troubled and tormented by grief, by doubt or despair. It is, none the less, in both our poetry and in that of the Portuguese tongue, the supreme book of love, the noblest, the purest, the most deeply felt, the most beautiful that has been written in that tongue since Bernardim Ribeiro and the sonnets of Camões."[61]

Of the work of Alvarenga Peixoto, translator of Maffei's *Merope*, author of a score of sonnets, some odes and *lyras* and the *Canto Genethliaco*, little need here be said. The *Canto Genethliaco* is a baptismal offering in verse, written for the Captain-General D. Rodrigo José de Menezes in honour of his son Thomaz; it is recalled mainly for its "nativism," which, as is the case with the epic-writers, is not inconsistent with loyalty to the crown. There is a certain Brazilianism, too, as Wolf noted, in his *Ide to Maria*.

As Gonzaga had his Marilia, so the youngest of the Mineira group, Silva Alvarenga, had his Glaura. In him, more than in any other of the lyrists, may be noted the stirrings of the later romanticism. He strove after, and at times achieved a *côr americana* ("American color"), and although he must introduce mythological figures upon the native scene, he had the seeing eye. Carvalho considers him the link between the Arcadians and

[61] *Estudos.* Segunda Serie, pp. 217-218.

the Romantics, "the transitional figure between the seventeenth-century of Claudio and the subjectivism of Gonçalves Dias." To the reader in search of esthetic pleasure he is not such good company as Gonzaga and Marilia, though he possesses a certain communicative ardour.

IV

The question of the authorship of the *Cartas Chilenas*, salient among satirical writings of the eighteenth century, has long troubled historical critics. In 1863, when the second edition of the poem appeared, it was signed Gonzaga, and later opinion tends to reinforce that claim. If the query as to authorship is a matter more for history than for literature, so too, one may believe, is the poem itself, which, in the figure of *Fanfarrão Minezio* travesties the Governor Luis da Cunha Menezes.[62]

Like Gregorio de Mattos, the author of the *Cartas* is a spiteful scorpion. But he has a deeper knowledge of things and there is more humanity to his bitterness. "Here the Europeans diverted themselves by going on the hunt for savages, as if hot on the chase of wild beasts through the thickets," he growls in one part. "There was one who gave his cubs, as their daily food, human flesh; wishing to excuse so grave a crime he alleged that these savages, though resembling us in outward appearance, were not

[62] For Romero's strenuous attempt to prove the *Cartas* the work of Alvarenga Peixoto, see his *Historia*, Volume I, pages 207-211.

like us in soul." He flays the loose manners of his day – thankless task of the eternal satirist! – that surrounded the petty, sensuous tyrant. There is, in his lines, the suggestion of reality, but it is a reality that the foreigner, and perhaps the Brazilian himself, must reconstruct with the aid of history, and this diminishes the appeal of the verses. One need not have known Marilia to appreciate her lover's rhymes; the *Cartas Chilenas*, on the other hand, require a knowledge of Luiz de Menezes' epoch.

The lesser poets of the era may be passed over with scant mention. Best of them all is Domingos Caldas Barbosa (1740-1800) known to his New Arcadia as Lereno and author of an uneven collection marred by frequent improvisation. The prose of the century, inferior to the verse, produced no figures that can claim space in so succinct an outline as this.

V

On January 23, 1808, the regent Dom João fled from Napoleon to Brazil, thus making the colony the temporary seat of the Portuguese realm. The psychological effect of this upon the growing spirit of independence was tremendous; so great, indeed, was Dom João's influence upon the colony that he has been called the founder of the Brazilian nationality. The ports of the land, hitherto restricted to vessels of the Portuguese monarchy, were thrown open to the world; the first newspapers appeared; Brazil, having tasted the power that was bestowed by the mere

temporary presence of the monarch upon its soil, could not well relinquish this supremacy after he departed in 1821. The era, moreover, was one of colonial revolt; between 1810 and 1826 the Spanish dependencies of America rose against the motherland and achieved their own freedom; 1822 marks the establishment of the independent Brazilian monarchy.

Now begins a literature that may be properly called national, though even yet it wavered between the moribund classicism and the nascent romanticism, even as the form of government remained monarchial on its slow and dubious way to republicanism. Arcadian imagery still held sway in poetry and there was a decline from the originality of the Mineira group.

Souza Caldas (1762-1814) and São Carlos (1763-1829) represent, together with José Eloy Ottoni (1764-1851), the religious strains of the Brazilian lyre. The first, influenced by Rousseau, is avowedly Christian in purpose but the inner struggle that produced his verses makes of him a significant figure in a generally sterile era, and his *Ode ao homen selvagem* contains lines of appeal to our own contemporary dubiety. São Carlos's mystic poem *A Assumpção da Santissima Virgem* possesses, today, merely the importance of its nativistic naïveté; for the third Canto, describing Paradise, he makes extensive use of the Brazilian flora. There is, too, a long description of Rio de Janeiro which describes very little. José Eloy Ottoni, more estimable for his piety and his patriotism than for his poetry, translated the Book of Job as Souza Caldas did the Psalms, and with great

success.

Though these religious poets are of secondary importance to letters, they provided one of the necessary ingredients of the impending Romantic triumph; their Christian outlook, added to nationalism, tended to produce, as Wolf has indicated, a genuinely Brazilian romanticism.

Head and shoulders above these figures stands the patriarchal form of José Bonifacio de Andrade e Silva, (1763-1838) one of the most versatile and able men of his day. His scientific accomplishments have found ample chronicling in the proper places; quickly he won a reputation throughout Europe. "The name of José Bonifacio," wrote Varnhagen, " … is so interwoven with all that happened in the domains of politics, literature and the sciences that his life encompasses the history of a great period…" His poems, in all truth but a small part of his labours, were published in 1825 under the Arcadian name of Americo Elysio. They are, like himself, a thing of violent passions. In *Aos Bahianos* he exclaims:

> Amei a liberdade e a independencia
> Da doce cara patria, a quem o Luso
> Opprimia sem dó, com risa e mofa:
> Eis o meu crime todo![63]

Yet this is but half the story, for the savant's political life

[63] I loved the liberty and independence of my dear sweet fatherland, which the Portuguese pitilessly oppressed with laughter and scorn. This is my sole crime!

traced a by no means unwavering line. Two years before the publication of his poems he who so much loved to command fell from power with the dissolution of the Constituinte and he reacted in characteristic violence. Brazilians no longer loved liberty:

> Mas de tudo acabou da patria gloria!
> Da liberdade o brado, que troava
> Pelo inteiro Brasil, hoje enmudece,
> Entre grilhoes e mortes.
>
> Sobre sus ruinas gemem, choram,
> Longe da patria os filhos foragidos:
> Accusa-os de traição, porque o amavam,
> Servil infame bando.[64]

A number of other versifiers and prose writers are included by Brazilians in their accounts of the national letters; Romero, indeed, with a conception of literature more approaching that of sociology than of belles lettres, expatiates with untiring gusto upon the work of a formidable succession of mediocrities. We have neither the space nor the patience for them here.

It is during the early part of the period epitomized in this chapter that Brazilian literature, born of the Portuguese, began

[64] The glory of the fatherland is wholly gone. The cry of liberty that once thundered through Brazil now is mute amidst chains and corpses. Over its ruins, far from their fatherland, weep its wandering sons. Because they loved it, they are accused of treason, by an infamous, truckling band.

to be drawn upon by the mother country. “In the last quarter of the eighteenth century,” quotes Verissimo from Theophilo Braga’s *Filinto Elysio*, “Portuguese poetry receives an impulse of renovation from several Brazilian talents… They call to mind the situation of Rome, when the literary talents of the Gauls, of Spain and of Northern Africa, enrich Latin literature with new creations.”

The period as a whole represents a decided step forward from the inchoate ramblings of the previous epoch. Yet, with few exceptions, it is of interest rather in retrospection, viewed from our knowledge of the romantic movement up to which it was leading.

CHAPTER IV
THE ROMANTIC TRANSFORMATION (1830-1870)

New Currents in Brazilian Poetry – Gonçalves de Magalhães, Gonçalves Dias, Alvarez de Azevedo, Castro Alves – Lesser Figures – Beginnings of the Brazilian Novel – Manoel de Macedo, José de Alencar, Taunay and Others – The Theatre.

I

Though usually associated with French literature, the Romanticism of the first half of the nineteenth century, like that later neo-romanticism which nurtured the Symbolist and the Decadent schools of the second half, came originally from Germany, and was in essence a philosophy of self-liberation.[65] In

[65] "True Romanticism," says Wolf, "is nothing other than the expression of a nation's genius unrestrained by the trammels of convention." He would derive the name through the same reasoning that called the *lingua romana rustica* (country Roman speech) Romance, as in the phrase Romance Languages, in opposition to the learned Latin known as the *sermo urbanus*, or language of the city. Such liberation as Wolf points out, was the work of German criticism. "The Germans avenged themselves for the double servitude, political and literary, with which the French had so long oppressed them, by at last delivering the people from the pseudo-classic fetters." A service

Brazil it is thus in part applied suggestion rather than spontaneous creation. But national creative production thrives on cross-fertilization and self-made literatures are as unthinkable as self-made men. There is marked difference between mere imitation

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they performed a half-century later, as we have suggested, bringing a new breath to the later pseudo-classicism of the Parnassians. The real contribution of the so-called Romantic movement, then, was one of release from academically organized repression, – repression in form, in thought, in expression, which are but so many aspects of the genetic impulse, and not detachable entities that may be re-arranged at will. The measure of literary repression may be taken as one of the measures of classicism; the measure of release from that repression may be taken as one of the measures of romanticism. To argue in favour of one or the other or to attempt to draw too definite a line between them is a futile implication of the possibility of uniformity and, moreover, is to shift the criteria of art from an esthetic to a moralistic basis. There are really as many "isms" as there are creative individuals; classic and romantic are aspects of all creative endeavour rather than definite and opposing qualities. The observation which I translate herewith from Wolf relates Romanticism to its originally individualistic importance as applied to nations. "The accessory ideas that have been grafted upon that of Romanticism as a result of its decadence," writes the German critic, "serve only to confuse the etymological and historical truth of this definition. It is for the same reasons that the art of the Middle Ages, proper to modern peoples and opposed to antiquity, has been named Romantic, or rather, Roman. In order to re-establish the continuity of their spontaneous development and to paralyze the modern influence of the humanists, the reformists, classicism and rationalism, these same peoples had to turn back and drink from the ever abundant springs of the Middle Ages, – a brilliant epoch of development which was more in conformity with their genius. This is another reason why the two terms Middle Ages and Romanticism have been confused. But as this poetry and art of the Middle Ages are bigoted, excessively idealistic, taking pleasure in mysticism and the fantastic, these diverse acceptations have been wrongly given to romanticism. Taking the accessory for the central nucleus, modern romanticism has caricatured all this and discredited true romanticism, so that the name in the realms of art has been applied to everything that is subjective, arbitrary, nebulous, capricious and without fixed form."

and subjection to valid influence, and few literary phenomena in the history of the new-world literature, north or south of Panama, attest the truth of this better than Brazil's period of Romanticism; this is the richest – if not the most refined – of its intellectual epochs. Brazilian culture is thrown open to the currents of European thought, as its ports with the advent of João VI had been thrown open to European commerce, and receives from romanticism, in the words of Wolf, the "ideal consecration" of its nativism. And herein, of course, lies the great distinction between the mere nativism which is so easily taken for a national note, and that nationalism which adds to the exaltation of the milieu the spiritual consciousness of unity and independence. A national literature, in the fuller sense, is now possible because it is the expression not solely of an aspiration but of partial accomplishment, with a historic background in fact. Poetry becomes more varied; the novel takes more definite form; genuine beginnings are made in the theatre, though, despite valiant attempts to prove the contrary, the Brazilian stage is the least of its glories.

Carvalho, selecting the four representative poets of the period, has characterized each by the trait most prominent in his work. Thus Gonçalves de Magalhães (1811-1882) stands for the religious phase of Brazilian romanticism; Gonçalves Dias (1823-1864) for the naturistic; Alvarez de Azevedo (1831-1852) for the poetry of doubt, and Castro Alves (1847) for the muse of social reclamation, particularly the abolition of black slavery.

This group is but a solo quartet in a veritable chorus of singers that provides a variegated setting. The individual songs resound now more clearly, like so many strains in the polyphonic hymn of national liberation. The salient four are by no means restricted to the style of verse indicated by their classification, but such a grouping helps to emphasize the main currents of the new poetry.

II

In 1832, when Magalhães published his first collection, *Poesias*, he was a conventional worshipper of the Portuguese classics. A visit to Europe in 1833 converted him thoroughly to French Romanticism and when, three years later, he issued the *Suspiros poeticos e Saudades* (Poetic Sighs and Longings), the very title proclaimed the advent of a new orientation. His invocation to the angel of poesy is in itself a miniature declaration of poetic independence:

> Ja nova Musa
> meu canto inspira;
> não mais empunho
> profana lyra.
>
> Minha alma, imita
> a natureza;
> quem vencer pode
> sua belleza?

De dia, de noite
Louva o Senhor;
Canta os prodigios
Do Creador.[66]

The chaste virgins of Greece, as he announces in the lines preceding this virtual, if distinctly minor *ars poetica*, have fascinated his childhood enough. Farewell Homer; the poet will dream now of his native land and sigh, amid the cypress, a song made of his own griefs and longings. Nature, fatherland and God guiding humanity are the trinity of his emblem. They are his constant thought at home and abroad. "Nothing for me," he exclaims in his *Deos e o Homem*, written in the Alps in 1834, "for my fatherland all." In these *Suspiros* form becomes fairly free, rhythm alters with change in the thought; it is difficult to point to anything in them that has not already appeared in Brazilian poetry from the earliest days, but the same outward elements of religion, patriotism and subjectivity have been fused into a more personal, more appealing product. *Os Mysterios*, a funereal canticle in memory of his children, published in Paris in 1858, is in eight cantos that sing the triumph of faith. As he wrote in his philosophical work issued in this same year, *Factos de Espiritu Humano*: "This world would be a horrible comedy,

[66] A new Muse now inspires my song. No more do I grasp the pagan lyre. My soul, imitate nature. Who can surpass her beauty? By day, by night, sing praises to the Lord; chant the wonders of the Creator.

a causeless illusion, and human existence a jest perpetrated by nothingness, – all would be but a lie, if there were not a just and kind God!.. That which is absurd cannot be true. God exists and the human spirit is immortal in that knowledge." There is the kernel of his poetry. *Urania*, Vienna 1862, chants love through the symbol of his wife. The epic attempt, *A Confederação dos Tamoyos*, in ten cantos, is noteworthy not so much for lofty flights as for its evidence of the author's blending of the patriotic and the religious motives. The attitude toward the Jesuit missionaries is the opposite to the stand taken by Basilio da Gama in the *Uruguay*; they alone among the Portuguese are worthy; the Indians yield at last to civilization, but they are idealized into defenders of justice against the Portuguese exploiters.

In his epic he underwent the influence of Gonçalves Dias, as did Manoel de Araujo Porto-Alegre (1806-1879) in his *Brazilianas* (1863). This noted painter was also affected by the free metrical structure of the *Suspiros* of Magalhães, as he revealed in *A voz da Natureza* of 1835. The boresome epic *Colombo*, seeking inspiration in the great discoverer, is commendable for imagination rather than truly creative poetry.

Gonçalves Dias is more lyrical in spirit than Magalhães, who was rather the meditative worshipper. The poet of nature was the first to reveal to Brazilians in its full significance the pride of nationality, to such an extent, indeed, that his "Americanism" became a blind hostility toward Europe as being only a source of evil to the new continent. In him flowed the blood of all three

races that make up the Brazilian blend and he has celebrated each of the strains, – the Indian in *Os Tymbiras*, *Poema Americano*, the African in *A Escrava*, the Portuguese in the *Sextilhas de Frei Antão*. To this blend Carvalho, not without justice, attributes the inner turmoil of the poet's soul. He is religious in his patriotism, just as Magalhães is patriotic in his religion, but if his aversion to Europe is unreasoning, his patriotism is not a blind flag-waving:

> A patria é onde quer a vida temos
> Sem penar e sem dor;
> Onde rostos amigos nos rodeam,
> Onde temos amor;
>
> Onde vozes amigas nos consolam,
> Na nossa desventura,
> Onde alguns olhos chorarão doridos
> Na erma sepultura.[67]

It is with the name of Gonçalves Dias that "Indianism" in Brazilian poetry is most closely associated. As we have already seen, Verissimo indicates an important difference between this "second" type and the first that appeared in the epics of the Mineira poets. The native was exalted not so much for his own sake as by intense reaction against the former oppressors

[67] Our fatherland is wherever we live a life free of pain and grief; where friendly faces surround us, where we have love; where friendly voices console us in our misfortune and where a few eyes will weep their sorrow over our solitary grave.

of the nation. As early as the date of Brazil's declaration of Independence (September 7, 1822), numerous families had foresworn their Portuguese patronymics and adopted indigenous names; idealization in actual life could not go much farther. In literature such Indianism, as in the case of Gonçalves Dias, could serve the purpose of providing a highly colourful background for the poetic exploitation of the native scene.

Verissimo would call Gonçalves Dias the greatest Brazilian poet, though the noted critic discovers more genius in Basilio da Gama and in Alvares de Azevedo and even Laurindo Rabello, – more philosophical emotion in Junqueira Freire. And before the national criticism had awarded Gonçalves Dias that place of honour, the people had granted it. "The history of our Romanticism will recognize that the strength of this spiritual movement came not alone from the talent of its chief authors, but from their communion with the milieu, from the sympathy which they found there. Our literature was then for the first time, and perhaps the last, social." Gonçalves Dias, in his *Canção de Exilio*

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