e quando for sua vontade, ireis morrer socegado nos braços de vossos filhos.

R. Eu não tenho filhos, padre.

F. No seio da vossa familia. . . .

R. A minha familia. . . . Já não tenho familia.

M. Sempre ha parentes, amigos . . .

R. Parentes ! . . . Os mais chegados, os que eu me importava achar . . . contaram com a minha morte, fizeram a sua felicidade com ella ; hãode jurar que me não conhecem.

M. Haverá tam má gente . . . e tam vil que tal faça ?

R. Necessidade póde muito.—Deus lh'o perdoará, se podér !

M. Não façais juizos temerarios, bom romeiro.

R. Não faço.—De parentes, já sei mais do que queria : amigos tenho um ; com esse, conto.

F. Já não sois tam infeliz.

M. E o que eu podér fazer-vos, todo o amparo e agasalhado que podér dar-vos, contae commigo, bom velho, e com meu marido, que hade folgar de vos proteger . . .

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fathers ; and when it is His will you will die quietly among your children.

P. I have no children, *padre.*

F. Amid your family . . .

P. My family . . . I have no family now.

M. There are always relations, friends.

P. Relations ! Those nearest to me, those whom I looked to find have counted upon my death, they have built their happiness upon it ; they will swear that they do not know me.

M. Can there be people wicked and vile enough for that ?

P. Necessity has great power.—God will forgive them, if He can.

M. Form no rash judgments, good pilgrim.

P. I do not.—Of my relations I know more than I could wish, of friends I have one ; on him I can depend.

F. Then you are not so miserable.

M. And for what I can do for you, for any help and comfort I can give you, count upon me, good old man, and on my husband, who will have pleasure in protecting you . . .

R. Eu já vos pedi alguma coisa, senhora ?

M. Pois perdoae, se vos offendi, amigo.

R. Não ha offensa verdadeira senão as que se fazem a Deus.— Pedi-lhe vós perdão a Elle, que vos não faltará de qué.

M. Não, irmão, não decerto. E Elle terá compaixão de mim.

R. Terá . . .

J. (*cortando a conversação*). Bom velho, dissestes trazer um recado a esta dama : dae-lh' o já, que havereis mister de ir descançar.

R. (*sorrindo amargamente*). Quereis lembrar-me que estou abusando da paciencia com que me tem ouvido ? Fizestes bem, padre : eu ia-me esquecendo . . . talvez me esquecesse de todo da mensagem a que vim . . . estou tam velho e mudado do que fui !

M. Deixae, deixae, não importa ; eu folgo de vos ouvir : dir-me-heis vosso recado quando quizerdes . . . logo, ámanhan . . .

R. Hoje hade ser. Ha tres dias que não durmo nem descanço, nem pousei esta cabeça, nem pararam estes pés dia nem noite, para chegar aqui hoje, para vos dar meu recado . . . e morrer

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P. Have I asked you for aught, *senhora ?*

M. Forgive me, then, friend, if I have offended you.

P. There are no true offences but those towards God. Ask forgiveness of Him, since you surely have sins to be forgiven.

M. Yes, brother, assuredly. And He will have mercy on me.

P. He will . . .

J. (*breaking off the conversation*). Good old man, you said you brought a message to this lady : give it her now, since you will have need of rest.

P. (*smiling bitterly*). You would remind me that I am abusing the patience with which she has listened to me ? You do well, *padre :* I was forgetting. . . . Perhaps I might have quite forgotten the message on which I came . . . so old I am and changed from what I was.

M. Let be ; it is no matter. I take pleasure in listening to you : you will give me your message when you will . . . now, to-morrow . . .

P. It must be to-day. For three days I have not had sleep nor repose ; I have not laid my head to rest nor stayed my feet night or day, that I might arrive here and give you my message . . .

depois . . . ainda que morresse depois ; porque jurei . . . faz hoje um anno . . . quando me libertaram, dei juramento sobre a pedra sancta do Sepulchro de Christo . . .

M. Pois ereis captivo em Jerusalem ?

R. Era : não vos disse que vivi lá vinte annos ?

M. Sim, mas . . .

R. Mas o juramento que dei foi que, antes de um anno cumprido, estaria deante de vos e vos diria da parte de quem me mandou . . .

M. (*aterrada*). E quem vos mandou, homem ?

R. Um homem foi,—e um honrado homem . . . a quem unicamente devi a liberdade . . . a *ninguem* mais. Jurei fazer-lhe a vontade, e vim.

M. Como se chama ?

R. O seu nome, nem o da sua gente nunca o disse a ninguem no captiveiro.

M. Mas enfim, dizei vós . . .

R. As suas palavras, trago-as escriptas no coração com as lagrymas de sangue que lhe vi chorar, que muitas vezes me cahiram n'estas mãos, que me correram por estas faces. Ninguem o

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and then die . . . even though I should then die ; for I swore . . . a year ago to-day . . . when they set me free, I swore an oath upon the holy stone of Christ's Sepulchre . . .

M. Were you then captive in Jerusalem ?

P. I was. Have I not told you that I lived there twenty years ?

M. Yes, but . . .

P. But the oath I swore was that before a year had passed, I would stand before you and say to you from him who sent me . . .

M. (*in dismay*). And who sent you, man ?

P. It was a man, an honourable man . . . to whom alone I owe my freedom ; to *no one* else. I swore to do his will, and came.

M. What is his name ?

P. His name he told to no one in captivity, nor that of his family.

M. But speak then, you.

P. His words I have written upon my heart in the tears of blood which I saw him shed, which often fell upon my hands,

consolava senão eu . . . e Deus! Vêde se me esqueceriam as suas palavras.

J. Homem, acabe.

R. Agora acabo: soffrei, que elle tambem soffreu muito.—Aqui estão as suas palavras: "Ide a D. Magdalena Vilhena, e dizei-lhe que um homem que muito bem lhe quiz . . . aqui está vivo . . . por seu mal . . . e d'aqui não pôde sahir nem mandar-lhe novas suas de ha vinte annos que o trouxeram captivo."

M. (*na maior anciedade*). Deus tenha misericordia de mim! E esse homem, esse homem. . . . Jesus! esse homem era . . . esse homem tenha sido . . . levaram-n'o ahi de donde! . . . de Africa?

R. Levaram.

M. Captivo? . . .

R. Sim.

M. Portuguez? . . . captivo da batalha de . . .?

R. De Alcacer-Kebir.

M. (*espavorida*). Meu Deus! meu Deus! Qué se não abre a terra

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ran down my cheeks. I was his only comfort . . . I and God! You see, then, I would not easily forget his words.

J. End now, good man.

P. I make an end even now: suffer me, for he, too, greatly suffered.—These are his words: "Go to Dona Magdalena de Vilhena and tell her that a man who loved her dearly . . . is here alive . . . for his misfortune . . . and has been unable to leave this place or send her word since they brought him here, a captive, twenty years ago."

M. (*in the greatest distress*). Heaven have mercy upon me! This man, this man—O God!—this man, was he . . . had he been . . . had they brought him, from where . . . from Africa?

P. Africa.

M. A captive?

P. Yes.

M. A Portuguese? . . . a captive from the battle of . . .?

P. Alcacer-Kebir.

M. (*horrified*). My God! my God! Why does the ground not

debaixo dos meus pés? . . . Qué não cahem estas paredes, qué me não sepultam já aqui? . . .

J. Callae-vos, D. Magdalena: a misericordia de Deus é infinita; esperae. Eu duvido, eu não creio . . . estas não são cousas para se crerem de leve. (*Reflecte, e logo como por uma idea que lhe acudiu de repente*) Oh inspiração divina . . . (*chegando ao romeiro*). Conheceis bem esse homem, romeiro: não é assim?

R. Como a mim mesmo.

J. Se o vireis . . . ainda que fôra n'outros trajos . . . com menos annos—pintado, digamos—conhecê-lo-heis?

R. Como se me visse a mim mesmo n'um espelho.

J. Procurae n'estes retrattos, e dizei-me se algum d'elles póde ser.

R. (*sem procurar, e apontando logo para o retratto de D. João*). É aquelle.

M. (*com um grito espantoso*). Minha filha, minha filha, minha filha! . . . (*Em tom cavo e profundo*) Estou . . . estás . . . perdi-

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open beneath my feet? Why do these walls not fall and bury me here now?

J. Silence, Dona Magdalena: the mercy of God is infinite; have hope. I still doubt; I cannot believe . . . these things are not to be believed lightly. (*He considers, and then as on some sudden thought*) A Heaven-sent inspiration . . . (*advancing to the pilgrim*). You know this man well, pilgrim: is it not so?

P. Well as myself.

J. Were you to see him, although in different dress, in other years—a picture, say—you would know him?

P. Even as if I were to see my own self in a glass.

J. Search among these portraits, and tell me if it could be one of them.

P. (*without searching, and pointing immediately to the portrait of Dom João*). He.

M. (*with an awful cry*). My daughter, my daughter, my daughter! . . . (*In deep and hollow tones*) I am . . . you are . . . lost . . . dishonoured . . . infamous! (*With another deep*

das . . . deshonradas . . . infames! (*Com outro grito do coração*) Oh minha filha, minha filha! (*Foge despavorida e n'este gritar.*)

SCENA 15.—*Jorge, e o Romeiro, que seguia Magdalena com os olhos, e está alçado no meio da casa com aspecto severo e tremendo.*

J. Romeiro, romeiro! quem es tu?

R. (*apontando com o bordão para o retratto de D. João de Portugal*). Ninguem. (*Frei Jorge cae prostrado no chão, com os braços estendidos, deante da tribuna. O panno desce lentamente.*)

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cry) O my daughter, my daughter! (*She flees terror-stricken, still crying out these words.*)

SCENE 15.—*Jorge, and the Pilgrim, who has followed Magdalena with his eyes, and stands erect in the centre of the room, with a look severe and terrible.*

J. Pilgrim, pilgrim! who are you?

P. (*pointing with his staff at the portrait of Dom João de Portugal*). No one. (*Frei Jorge falls prostrate on the ground, his arms extended. The curtain descends slowly.*)

Dona Philippa de Vilhena (1846) is a powerfully described episode in the revolt of Portugal from Spain in 1640. Dona Philippa arms her two sons for the fight on the night of the conspiracy which is to bring them victory or death. Again the play holds the reader's attention from the first scene, when the old porter appears muttering and murmuring in the house of his master, Rui Galvão, friend of Castille, to the last *vivas* of the victorious Portuguese people. The interest of *A Sobrinha do Marquez*, sketching the position of the famous Minister, the Marquez de Pombal, during the last days of King José I., is equally well sustained. It would appear paradoxically that Garrett, as a rule, had not the time to write briefly and with concentration, but from time to time he retired

into a subject for a few weeks (*Frei Luiz de Sousa* was written in two or three weeks, when the author was laid up in March and April, 1842), and his impressionable nature then received and reproduced with great truth the character of the times and persons depicted. The characters of Cato and Brutus (in *Catão*), of Dona Philippa and Dona Leonor (in *Dona Philippa de Vilhena*), of Marianna and the Marquez de Pombal (in *A Sobrinha do Marquez*), are all excellently drawn. Equally skilful are the sketches of popular or minor persons—the buffoon D. Bernabé; the servants Zé Braga, *minhoto cerrado*, and Zephirino, complacently vain; the old *aio* in *Frei Luiz de Sousa*, representing the wistful *saudade* of the Portuguese people, watching for the return of King Sebastian, "*que ha de vir um dia de nevoa muito cerrada*, who will come on a day of thickest mist." In these four later plays the influence of *Egmont* and other of Goethe's works is clearly seen.[1] The style in all of them, as in all Garrett's prose, is flexible and graceful, capable of striking many notes and voicing many moods with a clear simplicity and insinuating charm. "The reading of many French books," wrote Herculano in 1837, "has so corrupted our language that it is now impossible to free it from Gallicisms." Garrett led a forlorn hope against these corrupt practices, and he gave so national an impulse to every department of Portuguese literature that he has been described as "uma nacionalidade que resuscita."

[1] In the autobiography he acknowledges this influence of German literature, and especially of Goethe, on all his work after his stay at Brussels (1834-1836).

CHAPTER VII

THREE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

In the sixteenth century the Portuguese poets had flocked from the provinces to Lisbon—Gil Vicente from Minho (or possibly Beira Baixa), Sá de Miranda from Coimbra, Bernardim Ribeiro from Alemtejo.[1] In the nineteenth century Lisbon absorbed Portuguese talent even to a greater degree, but João de Deus Ramos (1830-1896), a native of Algarve, perhaps more than the other poets of his time withstood its influence, and remained at heart a provincial, a poet of the soil. Born at Messines in 1830, he took his degree at Coimbra University in 1859, and continued at Coimbra until 1862, afterwards spending five years in Alemtejo and Algarve, chiefly at Villanova de Portimão. When he came permanently to Lisbon he was thirty-eight years old. He was returned as deputy for Silves (Algarve), but he took little part in politics, and the last twenty years of his life were occupied largely in founding and perfecting a system of education throughout Portugal (*Methodo João de Deus*). Although he studied and translated from French and Italian, he did not profess to be a thinker nor deeply learned, but

[1] He was born at Torrão, a little village of low, white houses and narrow, cobbled streets on a hill near the frontier of Estremadura.

simply a poet. He showed throughout his life that he possessed an inexhaustible fund of lyrical poetry and an astonishing facility of rhyming. Whether he was making a conventional birthday compliment, or criticizing a new book, or threatening to stop the eternal cry of the *maldito cauteleiro*, the Lisbon seller of lottery tickets, with an inkpot thrown from a fifth-story window, it was still in verse that he wrote; always with great naturalness, often with inimitable charm. His theory of poetry was diametrically opposed to that of Charles Baudelaire—that poetry was essentially not an art, but something entirely spontaneous: *a poesia não tem conta e medida*.[1] What he evidently valued was a perfect clearness and natural flow in verse, and this he found in the popular poetry of Portugal, which he took for the basis and inspiration of his own. He improvised continually, and some of his unpremeditated art shows the fairy lightness and grace of Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*, as of words flowing from a perennial spring, crystally clear. In all his work there is no line of rhetoric. If the theme of his verses is sometimes commonplace and the thought non-existent, there is still an unfailing freshness, whether the verse be passionate and intense or lightly satirical. He would tell younger poets who sent their works to him that he was no critic, but that time would show whether their poems were gold or tinsel. The secret and value of his own poetry lies in the fact that he did not seek to belong to any school, but was content to be direct and simple with the directness and simplicity of the popular *cantigas*:

[1] João de Deus, *Prosas coordenadas por Theophilo Braga. Lisboa.* 1898.

"Quando vejo a minha amada
Parece que o sol nasceu ;
Cantae, cantae alvorada
Oh avesinhas do ceo."

(When I see my love
It seems the sun doth rise ;
Sing, sing to the dawn,
Sing, birds in the skies.)

So in his longer poem *Enlevo*, of which these are the first two of eight verses :

"Não brilha o sol
Nem pode a lua
Brilhar na sua
Presença d'ella !
Nenhuma estrella
Brilha deante
Da minha amante
Da minha amada !

"A madrugada
Quanto não perde !
O campo verde
Quanto esmorece !
Quanto parece
A voz da ave
Menos suave
Que a sua falla !"

(When she doth appear
The sun hides its light,
The moon no longer bright
Shines when she is near !
In the heavens above
Not a star may shine
In presence of my love,
Before her who is mine !

When my love is seen
Dawn in beauty yields,
And from out the fields
Fades the glow of green!
And there is no bird
But the song it sings
When her voice is heard
Less divinely rings!)

One of his finest and longest poems, the elegy *A Vida*, may remind some readers of Victor Hugo's *À Villequier*, but it is more purely lyrical, and without a trace of rhetoric. It soon breaks into lyrics as light and exquisite as any that João de Deus wrote:

"A vida é o dia de hoje,
A vida é ai que mal soa,
A vida é sombra que foge,
A vida é nuvem que voa;
A vida é sonho tam leve
Que se desfaz como a neve
É como o fumo se esvae:
A vida dura um momento
Mais leve que o pensamento,
A vida leva-a o vento,
A vida é folha que cae!

"A vida é flor na corrente,
A vida é sopro suave,
A vida é estrella cadente,
Voa mais leve que a ave:
Nuvem que o vento nos ares,
Onda que o vento nos mares
Uma apoz outra lançou,
A vida—penna cahida
Da aza de ave ferida—
De valle em valle impellida,
A vida o vento a levou."

(Life is this day we live
Life is a wailing cry,
A shadow fugitive,
A cloud that floats on high;
Life is but fleeting show
Fading as fades the snow,
And swift as smoke is thinned:
Lighter than thought, one brief
Instant set in relief,
Life is a falling leaf
Borne on wings of the wind!

Life is a flower by stream
Borne onward, zephyr light,
Of falling star the gleam,
Swifter than bird's swift flight:
As cloud on cloud in heaven,
As wave on wave wind-driven,
With ever more behind,
As feather falls from wound
Of bird on wing to the ground,
Life from vale to vale is bound
On the wings of the wind.)

João de Deus is the most Portuguese of the modern poets, unfailingly natural. His poetry is an excellent proof of the value of Wordsworth's precept that one should turn to common rustic speech in order to obtain poetic diction. His first published work was rather more artificial, a poem of sixty stanzas like those of the *Lusiads: A Lata* (*Coimbra*, 1860). In 1868 appeared *Flores do Campo* (*Lisboa*), a slight volume on which his fame chiefly rests, and in 1876 *Folhas soltas* (*Porto*). In 1893, three years before his death, he published, with the help of Senhor Theophilo Braga, a complete edition

of his poems[1] in a single volume, containing much occasional verse.

A poet of a very different order is his contemporary, Thomaz Antonio Ribeiro Ferreira (1831-1901). In his poetry the lightness and airy grace of Algarve is replaced by a certain solidity and heaviness belonging to Beira, his native province. He belonged, moreover, to the romantic school, and much of his poetry is probably now little read. His best-known verses are the stanzas *A Portugal*, with which opens his first long poetical romance, *D. Jayme* (1862), woven round the revolt of Portugal from Spain in 1640, on the publication of which he awoke to find himself famous:

"Jardim da Europa, á beira-mar plantado
De loiros e acacias olorosas,
De fontes e de arroios serpeado,
Rasgado por torrentes alterosas;
Onde num cerro erguido e requeimado
Se casam em festões jasmins e rosas:
Balsa virente de eternal magia,
Onde as aves gorgeiam noite e dia.

"Porque te miras triste sobre as aguas,
Pobre—d'aquem e d'alem mar senhora?
E te consomes nas candentes fragoas
Das saudades crueis que tens d'outrora?
Por tantos loiros qué te deram? Magoas?
Foste mal paga e mal julgada? Embora!
Has-de cingir o teu diadema augusto;
São teus filhos leaes, e Deus é justo."[2]

(Garden of Europe, planted by the sea,
With, amid springs and streams' meandering flow,

[1] *Campo de Flores.* Lyricas completas. *Lisboa*, 1893.
[2] These are Verses 3 and 6 out of fifteen.

The scent of laurel and acacia-tree,
And rush of mountain-torrents dashed below,
Jessamine and roses inextricably
High in thy sun-kissed hills at random grow;
Fountain of magic ever freshly springing,
Where still in night- and day-time birds are singing!

Why by the waters dost thou mourn and brood,
Poor—mistress thou of lands beyond the sea,
Dreaming for ever in sad wistful mood
Of days that were? Thy victories to thee
What guerdon brought but woe, misunderstood
And unrewarded still? Well, let it be!
Yet shalt thou raise thy crown from out the dust,
Since loyal are thy sons, and God is just!)

A Delfina do Mal is another long poetical romance, similar to *D. Jayme*, in ten cantos. Both contain some fine poems, in many different metres, and a few striking scenes. He also published volumes of shorter poems—*Sons que passam* (1867), *Vesperas* (*Porto*, 1880), *Dissonancias* (*Porto*, 1890)—and wrote pieces for the theatre, besides political treatises—*Historia da legislação liberal portugueza* (of 1820), and *O Emprestimo de D. Migoel.* Born at Parada de Gonta (Tondella) in 1831, he took his degree in 1855 at Coimbra, and practised as an advocate at Vizeu. In 1862 he was elected deputy for Tondella, and in 1870 became Secretary to the Administration of India. He returned to Portugal two years later, and became Civil Governor of Oporto and of Braganza, Minister of Marine in 1878 (in a *Regenerador* ministry), Minister of the Interior in 1881, and of Public Works in 1890. He was created a peer of the realm in 1882. He was also the editor of various newspapers. All this does not seem the life of a poet;

but his deep patriotism and his love of Beira Baixa and the Serra da Estrella inspired him:

"Ó moradores dos plainos
Que não conheceis a Estrella!"

The Serra da Estrella forms the background of his poems:

"Aqui, sim! o inverno é inverno
E este é o paiz da procella!
Aqui vive o gelo eterno;
Aqui suzerana a Estrella
Espera o feudo que o oceano
Em mil aereas galeras
Lhe deve e manda cada anno
Desde o principio das eras!
E cada nuvem pejada,
Galeão sombrio e tardo,
Cá vem depôr o seu fardo
E descançar da jornada!"[1]

His verse is smooth and sonorous, often a little too smooth and sonorous, and at times, under the influence of Lamartine, somewhat insipid in its perfection. He also shows a tendency (especially in *Vesperas*) to end his lines in dactyllic *esdruxulas*, the mannerism of which modern Spanish poets are so fond. But Thomaz Ribeiro will always live in his verses addressed to Portugal, which will continue to be read with enthusiasm by his countrymen.

Of all modern Portuguese writers, with the exception of Almeida-Garrett, the name best known abroad is probably that of Anthero de Quental (1842-1891). He was born at Ponta Delgada (Ilha de S. Miguel, Azores) in 1842, and was at Coimbra with João de Deus,

[1] *Sons que passam.*

Thomaz Ribeiro, and others celebrated later in literature and politics—the Coimbra to which he refers in 1872 as "aquella encantada e quasi phantastica Coimbra" of ten years ago. He took his degree in 1864. His was the most restless spirit of all these students, and in 1865, in a famous letter to Antonio Feliciano de Castilho entitled *Bom senso e bom gosto*, he voiced their revolt from the influence of Castilho and the romantic school in favour of *Germanismo* (Goethe and Hegel). The battle was strenuous. Quental himself became involved in a duel with Ramalho Ortigão. In the same year appeared his *Odes Modernas*, four years after his first volume, *Sonetos de Anthero* (*Coimbra*, 1861). Later, with, among others, Manoel de Arriaga[1] and Theophilo Braga,[2] he drew up a programme of *Conferencias democraticas* (democratic lectures), which were, however, suppressed by order of the authorities. He travelled in France and Spain, and visited the United States of America. Returning to Portugal, he lived for some time at Villa do Conde, in the north. His deep pessimism, however (produced partly by an inherited neurotic temperament, partly by the study of German philosophy), from which he had seemed during some years to have succeeded in freeing himself, closed in upon him again, and he died by his own hand at Ponta Delgada in 1891. He was essentially a man of action. Had he lived in the thirteenth century, says the critic and historian Oliveira Martins (1835-1894), he would have been a follower of St. Francis of Assisi. Perhaps he might have found even

[1] First President of the Portuguese Republic.
[2] President of the Provisional Republic.

this too peaceful. He wished to "fall radiantly, shrouded in the gleam of swords":

"Cahira radioso, amortalhado
Na fulva luz dos gladios reluzentes."[1]

And indeed his famous sonnets[2] are as gleaming swords. They are written *em letra ardente*, and reveal a spirit intense as that of Dante. Many of them ring like a splendid battle-cry. His work, says Senhor Theophilo Braga, is "rather a psychological document than an æsthetic product."[3] In other words,

[1] From the sonnet *Emquanto outros combatem*.

[2] *Os Sonetos completos de Anthero de Quental*, publicados por J. P. Oliveira Martins. Segunda edição, augmentada com um appendice contendo traducções em allemão, francez, italiano e hespanhol. *Porto*, 1890. The German translations are from *Anthero de Quental: Ausgewählte Sonette* aus dem Portugiesischen verdeutscht von Wilhelm Storck. *Münster*, 1887. Some of Quental's sonnets have been translated into English by Mr. Edgar Prestage (*Sixty-four Sonnets*. Englished by Edgar Prestage. *London: David Nutt*, 1894) and the late Dr. Richard Garnett. The works of Anthero de Quental are: *Sonetos de Anthero* (*Coimbra*, 1861); *Beatrice* (*Coimbra*, 1865; 40 pp.); *Fiat Lux* (*Coimbra*, 1864; 16 pp.); *Odes Modernas* (*Coimbra*, 1865); *Primaveras Romanticas* (Versos dos vinte annos) (*Porto*, 1871); *Sonetos* (*Porto*, 1881); *Os Sonetos completos* (first edition; *Porto*, 1886). In the year after his death appeared *Raios de extincta luz*. Poesias ineditas (1859–1863) . . . publicadas e precedidas de um escorso biographico por Theophilo Braga (*Lisboa*, 1892).

[3] "A critic alternating with a mystic," said Oliveira Martins of Quental (*Revista Illustrada*. Anno 1: 1890). In Eça de Queiroz' *Notas Contemporaneas* (1909) there is a study of Anthero de Quental, pp. 349-404. The writer records his charm, the brilliance of his conversation, his unaffected simplicity, charity, and goodness: "Por mim penso e com gratidão que em Anthero de Quental me foi dado conhecer, n'este mundo de peccado e de escuridade, alguem, filho querido de Deus, que muito padeceu porque muito pensou, que muito amou porque muito comprehendeu, e que, simples entre os simples, pondo a sua vasta alma em curtos versos, era um Genio e era um Santo." On the other hand, the remark that "A alma de Anthero

his poems were the almost serene and effortless products of a spirit extraordinarily intense, tortured in a vain search after truth—sparks from an inner fire. In a letter addressed to Dr. Wilhelm Storck in 1887 he says: "Writing verses with me was always perfectly involuntary; with the advantage, at least, that they are always perfectly sincere."[1] In the sonnets there is clear evidence of his progress from empty pessimism and despair to a certain measure of peace:

"Já socega depois de tanta lucta,
Já me descança em paz o coração."[2]

So in *Solemnia Verba*, another of the later sonnets, he says:

"D'esta altura vejo o Amor:
Vivir não foi em vão se é isto a vida
Nem foi de mais o desengano e a dôr."

(Love from this height I see:
If this is life, then life was not in vain,
Nor all its disillusionment and pain.)

Very different is the spirit in *Ad amicos*, one of the sonnets written between 1860 and 1862:

"Em vão luctamos. Como nevoa baça
A incerteza das cousas nos envolve,
Nossa alma em quanto cria, em quanto volve
Nas suas proprias redes se embaraça."

(In vain our strife. For still, like a low mist,
The uncertainty of all things hems us in;

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foi sempre superiormente elegante" seems to reveal Eça de Queiroz rather than Anthero de Quental.

[1] "Fazer versos foi sempre em mim cousa perfeitamente involuntaria; pelo menos ganhei com isso fazel-os sempre perfeitamente sinceros."

[2] *Transcendentalismo.*

Our soul in all that it creates and plans
Is chained by its own fetters.)

This is the spirit of all the earlier sonnets. Like Musset, he was ever haunted by

" cette amère pensée
Qui fait frissonner l'homme en voyant l'infini."

But while Musset's poetry is of velvet and the dusk, Quental's is of bronze and granite, flashing light. In their thought and revelation of suffering his sonnets are as those of Baudelaire, but in execution they are less grey, more full of sound and light, and resemble, rather, those of José Maria de Hérédia, although Quental's are less coloured (for he had a horror of picturesque description) and more intense. Behind even those of his poems "qui sont de purs sanglots" seems to lie a certain strength and hope:

" Eu amarei a santa madrugada ;"

and he looks to

" A região distante
Onde ainda se crê e se ama ainda,
Onde uma aurora igual brilha constante."

(The distant land
Where faith and love still in men's hearts may stand,
And, still unchanging, dawn serenely shines.)

So in *Tentanda Via* he writes:

" Sim ! que é preciso caminhar ávante !
Andar ! passar por cima dos soluços !
Como quem n'uma mina vae de bruços,
Olhar apenas uma luz distante "

(Yes! we must march still forward, ever go
With resolute feet passing the stream of tears,
And, as to one in dark mine bent appears
A distant gleam, so watch for light's dim glow)

—until the future opens its doors of gold:

"Abrir-se, como grandes portas de ouro,
As immensas auroras do Futuro."

His dream was ever of light, *radiante luz, luz gloriosa,* whether it was of the heavens and infinite space—

"Lá por onde se perde a phantasia,
No sonho da belleza; lá aonde
A noite tem mais luz que o nosso dia"

(There where in dreams of beauty thought is lost
And night more luminous than is our day)

—or of some earthly paradise:

"Sonho-me ás vezes rei, nalguma ilha,
Muito longe, nos mares do Oriente,
Onde a noite é balsamica e fulgente
E a lua cheia sobre as aguas brilha."

(In some far island of the Eastern seas
I dream myself a king, where fragrant night
Resplendent gleams, and the full moon shines bright
Upon the waters.)

And light is the dominant impression left by his work. The life of this man of action was spent for the most part in a mystic forest of dreams:

"Na floresta dos sonhos dia a dia
Se interna meu dorido pensamento."[1]

But "Nem sempre o sonho é cousa vã."[2]

[1] *A Ideia.* [2] *Sonho*

Certainly his life of dreams was not ineffectual, not a life of inaction, but of striving, and striving to some purpose. He can never lose his place among the greater European poets of the nineteenth century. His epitaph by João de Deus does honour to both poets :

"Aqui jaz pó ; eu não ; eu sou quem fui :
Raio animado de uma luz celeste,
Á qual a morte as almas restitue,
Restituindo á terra o pó que as veste."

(Here lieth dust ; but I—I as before
Am now, a living ray of light divine,
To which death coming doth the soul restore,
And unto earth its outward dust consign.)

CHAPTER VIII

TWO MODERN NOVELISTS

DURING the last half-century the novel has attained a very prominent place in Spanish literature, in which it fascinates by its regional and indigenous character and by its keen impression of life and reality. In Portugal, although the novel was revived there by Camillo Castello Branco (1825-1890)[1] at precisely the same time as by Fernán Caballero (1796-1877) in Spain, it has not prospered to the same extent, and Algarve still awaits its Valera, Minho its Emilia Pardo Bazán, Beira Baixa its Pereda. Camillo Castello Branco ("o Camillo") has been for two generations, and will probably long remain, a favourite novelist among Portuguese readers. It is easy to understand the enthusiasm provoked by the appearance of his novels, for, when he began to write, novel-reading in Portugal was for the most part confined to indifferent translations of indifferent French works.

Castello Branco was born in Lisbon in 1825, but his father was of Traz-os-Montes, and when left an orphan in 1834 Camillo went to live with an aunt at Villa Real, capital of Traz-os-Montes, and later with a sister

[1] His first novel appeared two years after Fernán Caballero's *La Gaviota*.

in the transmontane village of Villarinho de Samardan. Before he was twenty he had married a girl of Ribeira da Pena, and when he went as a medical student to Oporto he was already a widower. During 1856-1857 he lived at Vianna do Castello (Minho), where he wrote his *Scenas Contemporaneas*. He had published verses in 1845, written a drama in 1847, and his first novel, *Anathema*, had appeared in 1851. For the next forty years he continued to write with great industry (his complete works comprise some 150 volumes), and two or three novels sometimes appeared from his pen during a single year. In 1885 he was created Visconde de Correia Botelho, and was granted a pension of a *conto* of *réis* (about £200). He had inherited from his father a tendency to a suicidal pessimism, and his life ended by suicide in the year 1890. His novels were the sincere expression of a temperament singularly restless and nervous, and at the same time impressionable as wax with regard to his surroundings and his reading. With this power of assimilation he wrote, under the influence of Octave Feuillet, *O Romance de Um Homem Rico*, while later, under the influence of Zola, he produced *Eusebio Macario*. But he was essentially an ultra-romantic.[1] If he desired to be the Portuguese Balzac, he failed through lack of psychological insight. His novels are all action and emotion. His personages pass rapidly from one passionate sensation to another, and end for the most part—since their paroxysms of

[1] Senhor Fidelino de Figueiredo considers that his object in writing *Eusebio Macario* was less to prove that he could excel in the new realistic fiction than to reduce it to absurdity by caricaturing it; and he remarks wittily that the society presented in this novel is "absolutely ideal in its shamelessness" (*Hist. da. litt. rom. port.*, pp. 223-24).

tragic sentimentality could no further go—in death. This is the ending of the principal characters in the most celebrated of his novels, *Amor de Perdição* (1862), and the novel which he himself preferred, *Livro de Consolação*, is not more cheerful.[1] The reader is nformed that the title is due to the fact that, however great his sorrow, he will find greater sorrow in the book. His vein of invention was inexhaustible. He wished, he said, to show foreigners and Portuguese that the lack of novels in Portuguese literature had been wrongly attributed to poverty of invention.[2] All kinds of strange and strained fatalities throng his pages—sudden reversals of fortune, *brazileiros* returning rich to their country, noblemen disguised as *almocreves*, masked figures, plumes and swords and galloping steeds, the feuds of petty Montagues and Capulets, of Liberals and Miguelists, midnight murders, scaffolds, scaled convent walls:

"L'enlèvement en poste avec deux chevaux, trois,
Quatre, cinq.
L'enlèvement sinistre aux lueurs des éclairs,
Avec appels de pied, combat, bruit de ferraille,
Chapeaux à larges bords, manteaux couleur muraille."

[1] In a letter to the poet Thomaz Ribeiro, he complains that, while a second edition of the least ordinary of his works, *Livro de Consolação*, was not called for until thirteen years after the first, of his more commonplace novels, *Os Mysterios de Lisboa* and *Amor de Perdição*, seven editions were necessary in under ten years. Of *Amor de Perdição* he says in the preface to the fifth edition (1879) that "under the electric light of modern criticism it is a romantic, declamatory novel with many lyrical defects and criminal ideas which reach the limit of sentimentalism."

[2] "Desaffrontar a litteratura patria de injurias com que estrangeiros e nacionaes a desconceituam, desairando-a como pobre de romances pela sua incapacidade inventiva."

His work is related rather to the Spanish romantics of the seventeenth century than to modern novels, and his stories sometimes resemble the more sentimental interludes of *Don Quixote*. "Épater le bourgeois" was his constant aim, and the most fantastic episodes were legitimate means to this end. When he leaves this high-flown romanticism there is an air of truth and naturalness about his writing, especially in scenes of humble life. All that part of *Amor de Perdição* which has for scene the farrier's cottage might have come out of one of Fernán Caballero's *Relaciones*. Many of his short stories, as *Morrer por capricho* in *Scenas contemporaneas*, are evidently sketches of his own experiences and adventures; and generally his novels represent his own impetuous, almost hysterical emotions, and are thoroughly sincere. His style has been called "the voice of a spirit."[1] "I do not belong," he wrote, "to our word-chisellers";[2] but his style is clear and fluent (*linguagem san*), true Portuguese, and has in fact also been described[3] as "pure marble from the national quarry." His vocabulary was extraordinarily extensive, but neither in style nor subjects had he any leaning towards the exotic. Camillo Castello Branco may still be read with pleasure on account of his style and on account of his portrayal of life at Oporto half a century ago, or of life in some village of Minho or Traz-os-Montes ruled by the mayor, the priest, and the apothecary, with wolves coming down in winter from the hills—some village in which the more prosperous peasants hid their savings

[1] Fialho d'Almeida in the *Revista Illustrada* (1890).

[2] "Não pertenço á escola dos nossos lapidarios de palavras." (*Scenas contemporaneas. Uma paixão bem empregada*).

[3] By Manuel Pinheiro Chagas.

under the flagstones of their *lareira*. In his choice of Portuguese themes and in the purity of his prose he set an admirable example—an example unhappily not always followed by subsequent Portuguese novelists.

Totally different in nearly every way was his junior by some twenty years, Eça de Queiroz (1843-1900). The two were alike in being destructive rather than creative, and in their love of satire, but in other respects scarcely seem to belong to the same nation. José Maria Eça de Queiroz was born at Povoa de Varzim (entre Douro e Minho) in 1843. He took his degree at Coimbra in 1866, and in that year came to stay at Lisbon, where his father, a magistrate, then lived (in a house in the *Rocio*). During 1866 and 1867 he contributed *Folhetins* to the *Gazeta de Portugal*. The first half of 1867 he spent in Alemtejo, and in 1869 he travelled in Egypt and Palestine. Later he became Portuguese Consul at Havanna, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in Paris, where he died in August, 1900. His first stories (the *Folhetins*), reprinted in volume form after his death (*Prosas Barbaras*), had attracted some attention and a certain amount of ridicule. They are very various in character, according as the influence of Victor Hugo, Michelet, Heine, Baudelaire, or E. A. Poe (in Baudelaire's translation) prevailed. He is said to have written at this time with extreme facility, whereas later he erased and emended with a care that would have contented Boileau. The titles of some of these stories in themselves indicate a striving after the unusual, the sinister, the romantic—*O Senhor Diabo*, *O Milhafre* (The Kite), *Memorias d'uma Forca* (Reminiscences of a Gallows). Others are in simpler mood;

one, *Entre a Neve* (*Gazeta de Portugal*, November 13, 1866), telling of the death of a woodcutter in the snow, has a Tolstoian air:

"A neve riscava a noite de branco. Ao longe uivavam os lobos, e a neve descia. As sombras dos corvos sumiram-se para além das ramas negras. Os cabellos desappareceram. Só ficou a neve."

(The snow lined the night with whiteness. In the distance wolves howled. And the snow fell. The shadows of the crows were lost beyond the dark branches. His hair disappeared. Nothing remained but snow.)

In 1870 appeared *O Mysterio da Estrada de Cintra*,[1] in the form of letters to the *Diario de Noticias*, written by Eça de Queiroz in collaboration with Ramalho Ortigão. "It is execrable," said the authors in their preface to the second edition (1884), written "without plan or method, school or documents or style." It is in fact a sensational story of passion and crime told by the various actors and spectators, with little realism or power of observation, but with masked men carrying pistols, with murder and mystery, dagger-thrusts and fatal potions. In 1874-1875 Eça de Queiroz' first important novel, *O Crime do Padre Amaro*, was published in the *Revista Occidental* of Lisbon and as a volume in 1876.[2] The author describes it as "an intrigue of priests and devout women, hatched and murmured in

[1] *O Mysterio da Estrada de Cintra.* Cartas ao Diario de Noticias. *Lisboa*, 1870.

[2] *Lisboa.* Second edition, *Porto*, 1880. Third edition, *Porto*, 1889. Fourth edition, *O Crime do Padre Amaro.* Scenas da vida devota. Quarta edição inteiramente refundida, recomposta e differente na forma e na acção da edição primitiva. *Porto*, 1891.

the shadow of an old Portuguese provincial cathedral."[1] The author's note (Bristol, January 1, 1880) to the second edition protests, moreover, against the criticism that the novel is an imitation of Zola's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, since the former was written in 1871 and published in 1874, whereas the latter was published in 1875. (The same applies to Leopoldo Alas' *La Regenta*, also of later date.) Nevertheless, *O Crime do Padre Amaro* gives the impression of a French naturalistic story superimposed upon the delightful old cathedral town of Leiria, lying in its "wide, fertile plain, with its look of many waters and full of light." It would appear from this novel that the Canons of Leiria had sadly degenerated since the days when fear of the Sarrazin was in their hearts.[2]

It is of small importance whether Eça de Queiroz imitated this or that novel, but the influence of the French naturalistic school is clear. Never was that influence more disastrous, for Eça de Queiroz, with his undoubted gifts, might have written novels as

[1] "Intriga de clerigos e beatas tramada e murmurada á sombra de uma velha Sé de provincia portugueza."

[2] In the *Chronicas Breves*, published in *Portugaliæ Monumenta Historica*, we read that "O castello de leyrea era dos sarraziis, e corriam a terra ataa coimbra. E faziam muyto mal aos christaaos em soyre e em pombal. E o arcediago dom tello, temendo se que assy o podiam fazer aos coonigos religiosos, mandou fazer huum muro em caramanchões a redor da igreja e claustro." (The Castle of Leiria was in the hands of the Sarrazins, and they overran the land as far as Coimbra. And they did grievous harm to the Christians in Soyre and Pombal. And the Archdeacon Dom Tello, fearing that they might so do to the Canons, ordered a fortified wall to be built round the church and cloister.) For all the Archdeacon's foresight, later comes the news, laconic and lugubrious, that the Moors had carried off a Canon at Leiria.

essentially Portuguese as Spain possesses novels essentially Spanish, instead of producing French imitations. It is characteristic of the mutual ignorance in literary matters existing between Spain and Portugal that, when José María de Pereda (1833-1906) was writing his masterpieces not far from the Portuguese frontier, Eça de Queiroz, completely ignoring, probably completely ignorant of, his work, should have gone to Paris for his literary models. Yet in Pereda he would have found a truer realism, greater impression of reality, and work immensely powerful without being sordid.

His next novel was *O Primo Bazilio*.[1] It is a sordid story sordidly told, in spite of all its fine irony; but it is redeemed by its remarkable character sketches. The servant Juliana—the sinister, snakelike, envious, malicious, merciless Juliana, a figure that in a Spanish novel would seem a grotesque exaggeration—dominates the book. Beside her Jorge, Luiza, and Bazilio are vague and colourless. There are, however, many secondary characters drawn with equal skill—Julião Zuzarte, who prefers penury at Lisbon to comfort in the provinces (*Toda a provincia o aterrava*); Dona Felicidade de Noronha; the solemn fool Accacio, *o Conselheiro*, closely related to the immense talent of José Joaquim Alves Pacheco in *A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes;* the Visconde Reynaldo, who considers the heat of Lisbon vulgar (*Que abjecção de paiz!*).

[1] *O Primo Bazilio* (Episodio domestico). *Porto*, 1878. (Written from September, 1876, to September, 1877). Moniz Barreto, in *A Litteratura portugueza contemporanea* (*Revista de Portugal; Porto*, 1889; pp. 1-40), describes *O Primo Bazilio* as a "masterly, almost perfect book—*livro magistral e quasi perfeito*." He considered Eça de Queiroz "a maior vocação d'artista que tem surgido em Portugal desde Garrett."

And we have Lisbon as the background, with the slow rumour of its streets at night, the dilatory *tipoias*, the rumbling of ox-carts, the cries of the street-sellers. But from the general atmosphere of the book, from the empty life portrayed, with its natural reaction upon those whom the *Conselheiro* would call "*pessoas de baixa extracção*," the reader escapes with relief to occasional glimpses of a different order:

"Ou então seria outra existencia mais regalada, no convento pacato d'uma boa provincia portugueza. Alli os tectos são baixos, as paredes caiadas faiscam ao sol, com as suas gradesinhas devotas; os sinos repicam no vivo ar azul; em roda, nos campos d'oliveiras que dão azeite ao convento, raparigas varejam a azeituna cantando; no pateo lageado d'uma pedra miudinha as mulas do almocreve, sacudindo a mosca, batem com a ferradura; matronas cochicham ao pé da roda; um carro chia na estrada empoeirada e branca; gallos cacarejam, brilhando ao sol; e freiras gordinhas, d'olho negro, chalram nos frescos corredores."

(Another life, of more comfort, in the peaceful convent of some pleasant Portuguese province. There the roofs are low, and the whitewashed walls gleam in the sun, with their devout little gratings; the bells ring out in the clear blue air; in the surrounding olive-yards, which provide the convent with oil, girls are beating down the olives, singing; in the courtyard, paved with small cobbles, the carrier's mules are stamping as they shake off the flies; matrons whisper by the store-room; a cart creaks along the white and dusty road; cocks crow in the bright sunshine; and plump, black-eyed sisters chatter in the cool galleries.)

In 1887 was published *A Reliquia*, an extraordinary book—vulgar, repulsive, blasphemous, fan-

tastic, amusing, sordid, horrible. The characters of the paltry, ill-tempered, and narrowly devout D. Patrocinio das Neves (a Portuguese Doña Perfecta), and of the cynical hypocrite her nephew (far more brutally cynical, if not more hypocritical, than Julien in *Le Rouge et le Noir*), are both exaggerated and soon pall on the reader. The whole book conveys an impression of cleverness and imagination, but of little feeling or sincerity. More than a third of it consists in a reconstruction of the last scenes of the Gospels, very different in treatment from the soberly drawn account, earlier in the volume, of a journey from Vianna do Castello to Lisbon about the year 1860 as it appeared to a boy of seven. The later section is vivid, coloured, materialistic; the subject is too great to be dragged down by the author, and upholds him; but his treatment of it is more akin to that of Marie Corelli in *Barabbas* than that of Gustav Frenssen in *Hilligenlei*. He had already written a similar fragmentary sketch in *A Revolução de Setembro* in 1870.[1]

Os Maias (Episodios da vida romantica) is the longest of Eça de Queiroz' novels (1888). The story is more than ordinarily unpleasant, its clinging vulgarity rarely lifts from the first page to the last, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that nothing in life, with the possible exception of a good dinner, is worth an effort. The scene is Lisbon. The characters are clearly marked—the paradoxical, trenchant Ega; the eccentric, impassive Craft; the fatuous Damaso; Carlos da Maia, whose motto in life is "*Deixar-se ir*—drift," totally incapable of concentrating his energy or intellect.

[1] *Prosas Barbaras*, pp. 173-246.

There is the inane diplomatist Steinbroken, with his perpetual "C'est grave, c'est excessivement grave"; the *Marquez*, seized at intervals by *terrores catholicos;* the *lisboeta fino* murmuring "*Este é um paiz perdido*"; the old servant with his "sad shrug of the shoulders, as if to imply that nothing in the world was going well." So far as Portugal was concerned, it was the author's object to show that nothing went well. Affonso da Maia's advice to the politicians is, "Less liberalism and more character"; to the men of letters, "Less eloquence and more ideas"; to the citizens in general, "Less progress and more morality." Portugal is but "a little wax" awaiting impression. Lisbon has no soul, and is the grave of souls (*coveira d'almas.* "*Lisboa*," 1867). Lisbon is a city translated from the French into slang (*A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes*). He protested against the "*universal modernisação*" that destroyed the simpler customs of Portugal. In order not to seem backward in education, he says, Portugal introduces into the school-examinations metaphysics, astronomy, philology, Egyptology; and it is the same in all ranks and professions of Portuguese life. "Portugal, impatient to appear very modern and very civilized, orders models from abroad—models of ideas, of clothes, of laws, of art, of cookery"; but she "exaggerates the model, disfigures and distorts it into caricature." Eça de Queiroz' own novels are an example of this. If it was his aim, by an unrelieved presentation of vice and vulgarity, to reduce them to the absurd, he only succeeded at the cost of reality in his work. Zola betrayed how far removed from reality was the naturalism of his school by occasionally introducing

episodes more improbable than the wildest imaginings of the romantics. Eça de Queiroz tended to exaggerate this, especially in *Os Maias* and *O Crime do Padre Amaro*. His weakness is caricature, a leaning towards buffoonery and the burlesque, and some of his characters are grotesquely unreal. In order to show the ignorance prevailing in Portugal, he introduces us to a Lisbon lady listening to the *Sonata pathétique*, and asking if that melancholy thing was the player's own composition, and to a high official in the Department of Education inquiring whether England possesses a literature.[1] Another defect is his love of the exotic, both in subject and in style, which largely counteracted the value of his service in introducing the realistic novel into Portugal. It cannot be denied that his art is often Manueline; indeed, he had that love of splendour and new things which characterized King Manoel I.'s reign. Just as King Manoel gave his courtiers the show of an elephant fighting a rhinoceros, Eça de Queiroz presents his readers with a battle between a plesiosaurus and an icthyosaurus, after thus luxuriantly describing the Garden of Eden (*Adão e Eva no Paraizo*, in *Contos*):

"Ao fundo d'essa encosta onde parára resplandecem vastas campinas (se as Tradições não exaggeram) com desordenada e sombria abundancia. Lentamente, atravez, um rio corre semeado d'ilhas, ensopando em fecundos e espraiados remansos as verduras onde já talvez cresce a lentilha e se alastra o arrozal. Rochas de marmore rosado rebrilham com um rubor quente.

[1] In one of his *Cartas de Inglaterra* he wrote (1880) that, while a bale of merchandise went from London to Lisbon in four days, the names of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne had not reached Portugal in forty years.

D'entre bosques de algodoeiros, brancos como crespa espuma, sobem outeiros cobertos de magnolias, d'um esplendor ainda mais branco. Além a neve corôa uma serra com um radiante nimbo de santidade, e escorre, por entre os flancos despedaçados, em finas franjas que refulgem. Outros montes dardejam mudas labaredas. Da borda de rigidas escarpas pendem perdidamente, sobre profundidades, palmeiraes desgrenhados. Pelas lagoas a bruma arrastra a luminosa molleza das suas rendas. E o mar, nos confins do mundo, faiscando, tudo encerra, como um aro d'oiro."

(At the foot of the slope on which he stood vast plains (if we may trust the traditions) gleam in a dark and riotous luxuriance. Slowly across them a river glides, dotted with islands, drenching in wide back-waters the green and fertile fields, where perhaps already grows the lentil and ricefields ripen. Rocks of rose-coloured marble blush in a warm glow of light. From woods of cotton-trees, white as the foam of the sea, rise hills covered with magnolias, of a still whiter splendour. Beyond, snow crowns a mountain-range with a radiant crown of holiness, and thins on the broken mountain-sides into slender fringes of light. Other heights glint and flame in silence. On the edge of the steep declivities hang desperately, above precipices, dishevelled palm-woods. Over the lakes extends a soft, luminous lace of mist. And the sea on the boundary of the world, flashing, hems in the whole as with a hoop of gold.)

In *O Mandarim* (*Porto*, 1879, 1880, 1889, 1900), as elsewhere, Eça de Queiroz showed that he could combine realism and sobriety with extravagant fancy. His luxuriant imagination, his art that evidently rejoices in the rich imagery of the East, and resembles some heavily ornamented chapel, with here and there a space of pure gold, found scope in descriptions of Asia and

Palestine (*O Suave Milagre*;[1] *Adão e Eva no Paraizo*; *A Reliquia*), of Egypt (*A Reliquia*; *A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes*), China (*O Mandarim*), Spain (*O Thesoiro*; *O Defunto*[2]), Calypso's Island (*A Perfeição*, in which the "ivory stools, rolls of embroidery, jars of worked bronze, shields studded with precious stones," represent the variegated style of these more exotic stories). In three books which appeared after his death—*A Illustre Casa de Ramires* (1900), *A Cidade e as Serras* (1901), and *A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes* (1900)—exist ample proofs that Eça de Queiroz in his later manner tended towards a far saner and higher form of art. *A Illustre Casa de Ramires*, if at times a little tedious, is thoroughly Portuguese, soft as the national *arroz doce*, but still flavoured with sarcasm. It gives an excellent picture of Portuguese life in the provinces, with unending gossip—*infindaveis cavaqueiras á lareira dos campos*—and the inevitable savour of politics, and with glimpses of peasants, simple and ignorant, cringing or insolent towards those in authority. Gonçalo Mendes Ramires—*o maior fidalgo de Portugal*—lives in the old *Torre*, which belonged to his ancestors before Portugal was Portugal,[3] in the village of Santa Ireneia, chiefly in the company of his friend Titó, that *homen-zarrão excellente*, his sister and brother-in-law, the good-natured and placid José Barroso, and the chemist's assistant Videirinha, with his guitar, interminably

[1] The English version, *The Sweet Miracle*, by Mr. Edgar Prestage (*London: David Nutt*), is, unfortunately, now out of print.

[2] Translated into English, under the title *Our Lady of the Pillar*, by Mr. Edgar Prestage (*London: Constable*, 1906).

[3] He denies that the King of Portugal has authority to create him a Marquis.

singing old ballads in the soft, scented evenings; and, more rarely, of the sleek and specious Civil Governor of the district, André Cavalleiro, or of his cousin, Maria Mendonça, even prouder than Gonçalo of the House of Ramires. The veranda, overgrown with honeysuckle, looks out upon orchards and vines and orange-trees and the old tower, since the tenth century the *solar* of the Ramires. Beyond, clumps of elms, cork-trees, and pines, and fields of corn stretch away to the hills. Sluggish, reedy streams, choked with water-lilies, and hedges of honeysuckle and blackberry divide the land; smoke goes up from an isolated farm here and there; coveys of partridges fly up from the stubble; children pass with long goads, driving the cows. With the modern story is interwoven the older chronicle of the House of Ramires, and the account of the vengeance taken by one of Gonçalo's ancestors is, like *O Defunto*, one of the most grim and weirdly horrible episodes ever written. Gonçalo is vain, affable, kindly, irresolute, with noble impulses, but incapable of confronting an obstacle with courage, physical or moral; or so he appears at first. But his character develops, becoming less ineffectual, and he finally leaves the idle life of a deputy at Lisbon to go farming in Africa. One of his friends thus sums up his character and the character of Portugal:

"Aquelle todo de Gonçalo, a franqueza, a doçura, a bondade, a immensa bondade, que notou o Snr. Padre Sueiro. Os fogachos e enthusiasmos que acabam logo em fumo, e juntamente muita persistencia, muito aferro quando se fila á sua ideia. A generosidade, o desleixo, a constante trapalhada nos negocios, e sentimentos de muita honra, uns escrupulos quasi pueris, não é verdade?

A imaginação que o leva sempre a exaggerar, até á mentira, e ao mesmo tempo um espirito pratico, sempre attento á realidade util. A viveza, a facilidade em comprehender, em apanhar. A esperança constante n'algum milagre, no velho milagre d'Ourique que sanará todas as difficuldades. A vaidade, o gosto de se arrebicar, de luzir, e uma simplicidade tão grande que dá na rua o braço a um mendigo. Um fundo de melancolia, apesar de tão palrador, tão sociabel. A desconfiança terrivel de si mesmo, que o acobarda, o encolhe, até que um dia se decide e apparece um heroe que tudo arrasa. Até aquella antiguidade de raça, aqui pegada á sua velha Torre ha mil annos. Até agora aquelle arranque para a Africa. Assim todo completo, com o bem, com o mal, sabem vocês quem elle me lembra? —Quem ?—Portugal."

(Gonçalo as a whole, his frankness, gentleness, and good nature, the immense good nature which Padre Sueiro noticed. The fire and enthusiasm which anon end in smoke, and, nevertheless, a real tenacity and persistence when an idea takes hold of him. Generosity, negligence, constant confusion in business, and a strong sentiment of honour, with scruples that are almost childish. An imagination that is always carrying him into exaggeration and even falsehood, and at the same time a utilitarian spirit, ever attentive to practical reality. A natural quickness and readiness in realizing and understanding. Perpetual hope of some miracle, like the old miracle of the field of Ourique, which will heal all difficulties. Vanity, a fondness for decking himself out, a desire to shine, and a simplicity so great that he will give his arm to a beggar in the street. An essential melancholy, in spite of his talkative and sociable nature. A terrible diffidence which intimidates and dismays him, until one day he makes up his mind, and appears as a hero carrying all before him. Even his ancient house attached to its old *Torre* during a

thousand years. Even this enterprise of his in Africa. Taken thus all altogether, with the good and the bad, do you know whom he reminds me of?—Who?—Portugal.)

The scene of the first part of *A Cidade e as Serras* is Paris, the Mecca of rich Portuguese. But Jacintho, the super-civilized, determines to visit one of the vast estates owned by his family in Portugal since the days of King Diniz, although he considers "leaving Europe" a very serious matter. Soon the *macio azul* of the Portuguese sky appears, and when the stationmaster addresses Jacintho and his friend Zé Fernandes as "my sons," the reader feels that he is indeed in democratic Portugal. The descriptions of the country between Douro and Minho, of the ride up to the ancestral house, the *solar*, in the hills, of the *quinta* (country-house), called *Flor da Malva*, of the *sebastianista* peasant, old João Torrado, are all excellent:

"Espertos regatinhos fugiam rindo com os seixos, d'entre as patas da egua e do burro; grossos ribeiros açodados saltavam com fragor de pedra em pedra; fios direitos e luzidios como cordas de prata vibravam e faiscavam das alturas aos barrancos; e muita fonte, posta á beira de veredas, jorrava por uma bica, beneficamente, á espera dos homens e dos gados. Todo um cabeço por vezes era uma ceara, onde um vasto carvalho ancestral, solitario, dominava como seu senhor e seu guarda. Em socalcos verdejavam laranjaes rescendentes. Caminhos de lages soltas circundavam fartos prados com carneiros e vaccas retouçando; ou, mais estreitos, penetravam sob ramadas de parra espessa n'uma penumbra de repouso e frescura. Trepavamos então alguma ruasinha de aldeia, dez ou doze casebres sumidos entre figueiras, onde se esgaçava,

fugindo do lar pela telha vã, o fumo branco e cheiroso das pinhas. Nos cerros remotos, por cima da negrura pensativa dos pinheiraes branquejavam ermidas. O ar fino e puro entrava na alma e na alma espalhava alegria e força. Um esparso tilintar de chocalhos de guizos morria pelas quebradas."

(Swift streamlets fled, laughing in the stones, between the feet of our mounts; great precipitous torrents leapt crashing from rock to rock; straight, shining threads of water, like cords of silver, quivered and flashed from height to gully; and many fountains, set at the side of the paths, gushed water from their spouts, in kindly readiness for men and cattle. Sometimes a whole hill was covered with corn, and over it a huge ancestral oak stood, solitary lord and sentinel. In levelled spaces grew groves of scented orange-trees. Paved ways of stepping-stones surrounded fertile meadows in which lambs and calves gambolled, or, narrowing, passed beneath thick vine-trellises into a cool and restful shade. Then we would come to a narrow village street, ten or twelve hovels buried in fig-trees, whence floated up through the roof from the hearth the white and scented smoke of pine-cones. On the distant hills, beyond the dark and dreamy pine-woods, white hermitages gleamed. The pure, thin air gave joy and strength at every breath. A sprinkled tinkling of bells sounded faintly on the hill-sides.)

At last they reach the avenue of beech-trees leading to the *solar*, with its veranda under a rough wooden balcony, and boxes of *cravos* (carnations) set along the veranda between the pillars of granite. Huge, empty rooms with blackened walls and heaps of sticks and tools in the corners; the windows, mere dark squares in the granite, protected by shutters; the great gloomy kitchen, with its immense *lareira*, whence the smoke

escaped through the wall and across the branches of a lemon-tree, the only light coming from the door of chestnut-wood or from the fire gleaming upon vessels of copper and iron; the tin forks, the rough, coarse cloth—it was all very different from Paris. (Owing to a mistake, their arrival was unexpected, and their luggage and servants had been lost on the way.) But "a good smell of health and freshness" was everywhere, and through the open, glassless windows came the air of the *serra*. Their meal was of broad beans and rice, the ordinary fare of the farm-servants (*a comidinha dos moços da quinta*), a *louro frango* roasted on the spit, and the light wine of the *serra*. Immediately beneath the windows was a garden of vegetables, a fountain among climbing roses, a cherry-tree laden with cherries, and on the other side, enveloping a corner of the house, the orangery or *laranjal*. Beyond, pine-woods and hills and maize-fields (*milheiraes*), a river-valley and purple *serras*. In the evening a mist comes up from the valley, there is a whispering of trees, the sound of many waters, and the forlorn voice of a shepherd singing: "E lá debaixo, dos valles, subia desgarrada e melancolica uma voz de pegureiro cantando." Some of the scenes recall Pereda's *Peñas Arriba* (1895), and the themes of both books are the same. Jacintho leaves Paris and arrives at Tormes exactly as Marcelo leaves Madrid and rides across the mountains to Tablanco; both are repelled at first, but both end by marrying and settling happily in the uncivilized mountain-country. Further comparison can only show the superiority, above all the greater sincerity, of Pereda; but whether the imitation was

direct or not, Eça de Queiroz' *A Cidade e as Serras* was a book of good promise for the future, the author dying, unfortunately, before he had even finished correcting the proofs.

A Correspondencia de Fradique Mendes (Memorias e notas) is not a novel, but contains some of Eça de Queiroz' most delightful and most finished work. Carlos Fradique Mendes had appeared already in *O Mysterio da Estrada de Cintra* as an ex-pirate, poet, and musician, the friend of Baudelaire, and is now shown further to be the friend of Victor Hugo, to have fought under Napier in Abyssinia, to have accompanied Garibaldi on his Sicilian expedition, and to have corresponded with Mazzini. His letters show that he combined a true love of Portugal with appreciation of what is conventionally called civilization.[1] One of them describes life in a Minho *quinta*—the *pateo* with its "*fonte de boa agua*," the jessamine and roses, vine-trellis and olives, the *horta* brimmed with flowers, the granite threshing-floor and granary, the clear and duskier golds of the waving corn, the hills and streams and *matto florido.* Life there is all pleasantness (*deslisa com incomparavel doçura*), from the first crowing of the cocks, when the shepherd takes up his staff, and the work begins—

"Esse trabalho que em Portugal parece a mais segura das alegrias e a festa sempre incansavel, porque é todo feito a cantar. As vozes vêm altas e desgarradas, no fino silencio, d'além, d'entre os trigos ou do campo em sacha, onde alvejam as camisas de linho crú e os lenços de largas franjas vermelhejam mais que papoulas"

[1] They appeared originally in *A Revista de Portugal* (1889-1892).

(Work which in Portugal seems the surest of pleasures and an untiring holiday, since it is ever accompanied with song. The voices come loud, breaking the delicate silence, from beyond, among the corn, or from a field that is being hoed, where the shirts of unbleached linen gleam white and the long-fringed kerchiefs show redder than poppies)

—to the return at evening :

"No piar velado e curto dos passaros ha um recolhimento e consciencia de ninho feliz. Em fila, a boiada volta dos pastos, cançada e farta, e vai ainda beberar no tanque, onde o gotejar da agua sob a cruz é mais preguiçoso. Toca o sino a Ave-Maria. Em todos os casaes se está murmurando o nome de Nosso Senhor. Um carro retardado, pesado de matto, geme pela sombra da azinhaga."

(The notes of the birds are brief and quiet as they think of the shelter of their happy nests. The oxen return in single file tired from the pasture, having fed their fill, and go for one last drink from the tank where the water flows more sluggishly beneath the cross. The Angelus rings, and in all the farms is murmured the name of the Lord. A belated cart, with heavy load of brushwood groans along the path in shadow.)

The other posthumous works of Eça de Queiroz are—*Contos* (*Porto*, 1902), *Prosas Barbaras* (*Porto*, 1903), *Cartas de Inglaterra* (1905), *Echos de Paris* (1905), *Cartas Familiares e Bilhetes de Paris* (1893-1896 ; *Porto*, 1907), *Notas Contemporaneas* (*Porto*, 1909), and *Ultimas Paginas* (*Porto*, 1912).

In *Contos* we have some of his most characteristic work, and examples of his peculiar combination of realism and fantasy (*Frei Genebro ; O Thesoiro ; A Aia ; O Defunto ; As Singularidades de uma rapariga loura ; Um*

poeta lyrico, telling of the Greek poet Korriscosso, waiter in a London hôtel; *Civilisação*, afterwards expanded into *A Cidade e as Serras;* etc.). In *Ultimas Paginas* the stories are longer; that of *S. Frei Gil* is perhaps the best, breaking off, probably not unfortunately, when Dom Gil was about to leave Portugal. In one of the articles contained in this volume, *O Francezismo*, Eça de Queiroz writes in his own defence that from his birth France was all around him—at home, at college, at Lisbon—*em torno do mim só havia a França;* and he repeats that Portugal is "a country translated from French into slang." He himself, unhappily, contributed to carry the translation still further. It is not only that his style often reads like translated French (and what are we to say to the brazen use of such words as *gôche* (*gauche*), *gôchemente*, *bonhomia!*), but that in his whole art he suffered himself to be carried away by the prevailing current. Every phenomenon has a reality, writes Fradique Mendes in one of his letters, but this reality is obscured by a mist of error, ignorance, prejudice, routine, and illusion: "rare are the intellects keen and powerful enough to break through the mist and catch the exact line, the true shape of reality." Eça de Queiroz, rather, remained, as in another letter Fradique Mendes describes himself, "a man who passes through ideas and facts with infinite curiosity and attention." But the true artist is something more: he is "*um homem que passa infinitamente curioso*"; but he knows that nothing exists, and that it is for him to give reality to the motley array of "*figures et choses qui passent*," a reality of new shades and colours unrecognized till he presents it in his art.

He describes things sincerely as he sees them, not as they commonly appear, and in the crucible of his style they are transformed and made more real. A consummate artist, Anatole France or Gustave Flaubert, would take the theme of *O Primo Bazilio* or *Os Maias* and, without apparently omitting any detail, yet through the magic of his style entirely change the atmosphere.

Passages here and there in Eça de Queiroz' works seem to show that, had he lived, he would have succeeded in freeing himself from falseness and imitations, and would have taken his place among the greatest of modern writers. As it is, he must rank rather with the Palacio Valdés of *Maximina* than with the Palacio Valdés of *Marta y María*, and appears as the author of striking fragments and powerful character sketches, still feeling his way towards work more sincere and enduring.

CHAPTER IX

PORTUGUESE POETS OF TO-DAY

With the nineteenth century disappeared several celebrated poets of Portugal. The unquiet spirit of Anthero de Quental found its rest in 1891, Francisco Gomes de Amorim died in the following year, João de Deus in 1896, Thomaz Ribeiro in 1901. Ribeiro was the oldest of these poets, and he was but seventy at the time of his death; yet in spite of these losses, Portuguese literature continues at the present day to live principally in its poets. Its novelists cannot compare for charm or originality with those of Spain, but its poets are on a higher level, and it is chiefly owing to their merits that a Spanish critic, Don Miguel de Unamuno, has been emboldened to call the present the golden age of Portuguese literature. It is worth while to examine the work of some of these poets of to-day, for although none will be found so exquisite as João de Deus nor so passionately ardent as Quental, a study of their poetry amply proves that the vein of lyricism which runs through Portuguese literature from the thirteenth century is by no means exhausted at the present day.

The first place among Portugal's contemporary poets is generally accorded to Abilio Guerra Junqueiro,

who was born in 1850. He may be called the Portuguese Victor Hugo. He has not only many of the weaknesses of the great French poet, but also a fraction of his genius. Too often he has allowed his political revolutionary ideas to drown his genuine gift of lyricism in a yawning pit of rhetoric. He declaims against the "brigand called the Law," against the "crass *bourgeoisie*," against priest and King. At such times no word or expression is too ugly, too vulgar, to be admitted by his undiscerning Muse. *Um frak* (a frock-coat), *um biffe* (a beefsteak), *debochado* (debauched)—these and similar words are the dreadful signs of the invasion of politics. But, when least expected, true poetry breaks once again into being, as a flowering almond-tree in a grey February. Occasionally this is so even in a long satire, such as *A Velhice do Padre Eterno*, and in the gloomy political play *Patria* we have suddenly a noble description of Portugal:

> "Campos claros de milho moço e trigo loiro
> Hortas a rir, vergeis noivando em fructa d'oiro,
> Trilos de rouxinoes, revoada de andorinhas,
> Nos vinhedos pombaes, nos montes ermidinhas," etc.
>
> (Bright fields of springing maize and yellow corn,
> And happy gardens, orchards of golden fruit,
> The song of nightingales, the flight of swallows,
> Doves in the vines, hermitages on the hills.)

Especially frequent are these gleams of poetry in *Finis Patriæ*, for all its stern denunciations. This short volume is in fact the real claim of the author to be considered great, although other volumes—*A Musa em Ferias*, *A Morte de Dom João*, *Os Simples*—contain several excellent lyrics.

"É negra a terra, é negra a noite, é negro o luar,
Na escuridão, ouvi! ha sombras a fallar."

These are the two prefatory lines of *Finis Patriæ*, and the voices thus introduced speak in turn throughout the volume—voices of peasant and workman, fishermen, prisoners, hospitals, crumbling fortresses, overthrown monuments, ruined schools. Victor Hugo's great love and pity towards children and the poor and weak inspired him with few more beautiful lyrics than *A alma da infancia*. Here poetry and the spirit of reform are happily united, and although the poet's bitter invocation would seem to have produced no appreciable improvement in the schools of Portugal, the lyric itself retains its freshness and charm after many years. Beautiful also are the last lines of *A Morte de Dom João*:

"Parou a ventania.
As estrellas, dormentes, fatigadas,
Cerram á luz do dia
As mysteriosas palpebras doiradas.
Vae despontando o rosicler da aurora;
O azul sereno e vasto
Empallidece e córa,
Como se Deos lhe desse
Um grande beijo luminoso e casto.
A estrella da manhã
Na altura resplandece;
E a cotovia, a sua linda irmã,
Vae pelo azul um cantico vibrando,
Tão limpido, tão alto que parece
Que é a estrella no ceo que está cantando."

(The wind has ceased. The tired stars asleep
At the approach of light

All their mysterious golden eyelids close.
Slowly from out the night
Across the sky the hues of dawn now creep;
And soon from pale to rose
Blushes at heaven's kiss
The blue serene's unfathomable abyss;
While gleaming there afar
Still shines the morning star.
The lark, its sister fair,
Flies up through heaven's blue, its song far ringing,
So clear, so high in air,
That in the sky, it seems, the morning star is singing.)

The grim weirdness of the introductory lines of *Finis Patriæ* recurs in several poems of the same work, like the old gardener's bell among the melons at midnight in *Les Misérables*, and probably no other living poet can convey so poignant a note of misery and despair. Thus we have the life of the peasants, with fireless hearths, old mattresses, and black cupboards without bread, so that

"Old and young to the earth they are bringing,
And the bells toll, toll; and the bells toll,
And the grave-digger is singing":

"Na enxerga fria tremem azas,
No lar extinto faltam brazas,
Nas arcas negras não ha pão. . . .
Enterram velhos e meninos,
Dobram os sinos, dobram os sinos,
Canta o coveiro."

The description of the workmen's lot follows:

"A fome e o frio, a dôr e a usura,
O vicio e o crime . . . ignobil sorte!
Oh vida negra! oh vida dura!

Deus, quem consola a desventura?
A Morte."

(In hunger and cold and usury and grief
And vice and crime they sadly draw their breath.
To life thus black and hard beyond belief
Is there no happiness to bring relief?
Death.)

That of the fishermen gives an impression almost of terror; the angry sea and cries of distraught sorrow surge and sway and mingle in the rhythm of the verses:

"Mar de tormenta, mar que rebenta,
Convulso mar!
Noites inteiras, noites inteiras,
Nas praias tristes ha lareiras
Com mães e noivas a resar."

(Sea of unrest, sea storm-oppressed,
Unquiet sea!
Night after night, night after night,
In homes on thy shores bereft of light
There are mothers and wives praying ceaselessly.)

Eugenio de Castro's poetry, unlike that of Guerra Junqueiro, is cold and artificial, far removed from questions of the present day. His first poems were published in 1884, *Canções d'Abril* and *Crystallisacões da Morte*, and since then nearly every year has seen the advent of a tiny volume of his verses, containing more blank pages than print, so that the full catalogue of his works is imposing.[1] He began to write verses almost

[1] *Jesus de Nazareth* (1885), *Per umbram* (1887), *Horas Tristes* (1888), *Oaristos* (1890), *Horas* (1891), *Sylva*, *Interlunio*, and (prose) *Belkiss* (1894), *Tiresias* and *Sagramor* (1895), *Salomé e outros poemas* and *A Nereide de Harlem* (1896), *O Rei Galaor* (1897), *Saudades do Ceo* (1899), *Constança* (1900), *Depois da Ceifa* (1901), *Poesias escolhidas* (1901), *O melhor retrato de*

before he could spell. Some of the poems in *Canções d'Abril* (dated 1882, 1883, and 1884) were written at the age of fifteen (a letter from João de Deus appeared as preface), and sometimes in these early poems poetry and rhyme and spelling are thrown to the winds, as in the lines—

> "Nisto eis que os labios seus, esboço de Wateau [*sic*],
> Um sorriso gentil de manso lhes poisou."[1]

Eugenio de Castro is the chief of the Portuguese Decadents, also called in Portugal the "cloud-treaders—*nephelibatas*." His verses are often sensuous, vibrating with passion, but they are often at the same time clear cut, chiselled with the precision of a Théophile Gautier. In their Greek purity of form and cold perfection they are

> "De narcissos de neve um cheiroso festão,"

but, in a phrase of *Salomé e outros poemas*, "ha neve que incendeia"—the snow is sometimes afire. We are not surprised when we find that Eugenio de Castro translates Greek epigrams and also many poems of Goethe. In *Constança* (*Poema*) the heavy hendecasyllabic lines, with their monotonous endings, like the tolling of a bell, continually recall those of Goethe's *Iphigenie*,

> "Und auf dem Ufer steh' ich lange Tage
> Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend,"

João de Deus and *A Sombra do Quadrante* (1906), *O Annel de Polycrates* (1907), *A Fonte do Satyro e outros poemas* (1908), *Poesias de Goethe* (1909), *O Filho Prodigo* (1910).

[1] Anthero de Quental had in the sixties rhymed "rondó" (rondeau) with "Watteau" (*A Carlos Baudelaire* in *Primaveras Romanticas*).

and are well suited to the theme of Constança's grief at witnessing the love of her husband, the Infante Dom Pedro, and Inés de Castro :

" A noite é fria e escura,
Constança vae morrer.
Ninguem a véla :
Fingindo-se melhor, pediu a todos
Que a deixassem á sos, que se deitassem,
E apenas consentiu que um pagem moço,
Que de ha muito a servia lealmente,
Ficasse á porta da gelada camara.
No vasto leito, sob a cobertura
De rija tela onde se fanam lirios
Que ella bordou em dias venturosos,
Mal se adivinha o vulto do seu corpo."

(The night is cold and dark,
And Constança is dying.
No one watches,
For, feigning to be better, she had bidden
Them leave her thus alone and take their rest.
Only one page, who long and faithfully
Had served her, had she suffered to remain
In waiting at the door of the icy room.
In the vast bed beneath the coverlet,
The heavy cloth of fading lilies by her
Embroidered during days of happiness,
The outline of her form is scarcely marked.)

The following is a description, from the same poem, of the *Choupal* of Coimbra along the river Mondego in spring :

" Pela relva
Entresachada de aprilinas flores,
Das aves que do exilio regressavam
Azues corriam as ligeiras sombras ;
Em baixo o rio, gemedoramente,

Ao sol brilhava, como se arrastasse
Fulgidas cotas de argentina malha,
E do seu crystal puro e marulhante
Saltavam no ar de quando em quando os peixes,
Faiscantes, vivos como lingoas d'agoa;
Zumbiam vespes sobre as laranjeiras
Carregadas de flor; as borboletas
Eram pétalas soltas procurando
Anciosissimamente os caules verdes
D'onde a brisa inconstante as arrancára;
Nas altas ramas perpassavam echos
D'embalador oceano, e muito ao longe
O som das flautas pastoraes unia-se
Ao balar infantil dos cordeirinhos."

(Across the grass, with April flowers enamelled,
From time to time blue shadows lightly sped
Of birds returning from their winter exile.
Below, the river flowing plaintively
Shone in the sun, as sheathed in gleaming silver,
And from its crystal surface fishes leapt,
Glittering in the air as living tongues of water.
Wasps hummed above the flowered orange-trees,
And butterflies, stray petals, sought longingly
The green stems whence the inconstant wind had
torn them.
In the high poplar branches came and went
Echoes of murmuring seas, and distantly
Came sound of bleating lambs and shepherds' pipes.)

In the preface to *Oaristos* (1890) Castro deplored the commonplaces of modern Portuguese poetry, the thinness of its themes, the "Franciscan poverty" of its rhymes. He was determined, he said, to exchange vulgarity for originality: "Mon verre est petit mais je bois dans mon verre." He claimed to be the first in Portugal to free the Alexandrine from the tyranny of

the cæsura, to adapt the French *rondeau*, and to introduce alliteration and rare rhymes—"rimas raras rutilantes." His innovations in *Oaristos* were perhaps not very happy. Some of his lines make the reader wish that alliteration had recrossed the Portuguese frontier, while the following *tour de force* is rather clever than poetical:

"Acorda, Flor, meu coração freme em ardentes
Delirios,
Vão-se estrellando os ceos azues, jardins florentes
De lyrios," etc.

Other poems in *Oaristos* are evidently due to the influence of Baudelaire, as certain others among his poems—*e.g.*, the sonnet in *A Sombra do Quadrante* beginning:

"Não peço para mim! Foram baldadas
Foram vãs minhas supplicas, Senhor."

(Not for myself I ask: useless and vain,
Lord, then were all my prayer.)

There are lines in *Oaristos* which are pure Baudelaire:

"Sonho uma casa branca á beira d'agoa, um palmo
De terreno onde eu, campestremente calmo,
Cultivasse rozaes e compozesse idyllios,
Celebrando em abril os alados concilios
Das vespas no estellar Vaticano das flores,
Sob um irideo ceo colmado de fulgores;
Sonho contigo, ó nobre e pallida insubmissa,
Pallida e triste como uma ingenua noviça,
Sonho o grande tormento amargo e delicioso
De n'um verso imitar, n'um verso glorioso,
A tua lenta voz, de accentos longos, lentos,
Voz somnolenta, lenta, e cheia de lamentos,

Voz somnolenta que é, morena que me ennervas,
Como os lamentos dos arroios sob as hervas."

(Of white house by the water's edge I dream
And plot of land where, rustically calm,
I might my roses grow and idylls write,
Singing in April of the wasps' winged councils
Held in their starry Vatican of flowers
Beneath a blue sky filled and thrilled with light.
Of thee I dream, noble and pale and cruel,
Pensive and pale as an ingenuous novice,
And of the torment bitter-sweet I dream
To imitate in verse, in wondrous verse,
The long, slow accents of thy trailing voice,
Thy somnolent, slow voice full of laments,
Somnolent voice, fair one that torturest me,
As plaintive voice of streams beneath the grass.)

But while Baudelaire, however exotic, ever weaves his verses as it were in a soft, continuous veil of opal, and casts over them a soothing magic of opium, so that they vibrate greyly in a minor key,

" Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,"

the rare words in the verses of Castro sometimes seem to stand out a little clumsily, like the huge precious stones on some ancient missal—the following lines, for instance, of a sonnet written at Biarritz in 1889:

" Na estufa lendo um livro de botanica
Uma das mãos afaga uma begonia
Com a outra lacera uma tacsonia
Nervosamente frigida, tyranica," etc.

Depois da Ceifa, an aftermath of poems written between 1894 and 1896, and published in 1901, and *Sagramor* (*Coimbra*, 1895) contain some fine poetry. We feel that in the intensity of these poems the author has

forgotten all about the decadent style and "rimas raras rutilantes":

"Quando as almas são novas,
Velhos poços cobertos de jasmins,
Quando as futuras covas
Parecem jardins,
Quando a aranha do desengano
Nos corações não tece ainda,
São quatro as estações do anno,
Qual a mais linda.

"Primavera, verão, outomno e inverno
São quatro meninas
De olhar bem terno,
De mãos bem finas.

"Os olhos d'uma são ingenuos firmamentos,
Os da segunda ruivos como a valeriana,
Os olhos da terceira são cinzentos,
E os da quarta são negros, de cigana.

"A primeira usa flores rosadas,
A segunda flores de escarlata,
A terceira flores d'oiro, desbotadas,
E a quarta flores de prata.

"E todas ellas,
Com mãos mais finas que as suas flores,
Derramam estrellas,
Estrellas e amores."

(When souls are young, old wells covered with flowers, and seem to be gardens, although soon they will be dark pits, when the web of disillusion is not yet woven in the heart, four are the seasons of the year, and all of them are fair. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter are four maidens of delicate hands and tender eyes. Of the first the eyes are ingenuous worlds, the eyes of the second are red as valerian, of the third

the eyes are ashen-grey, and of the fourth black, as eyes of gipsies. The flowers of the first are rose of hue, the second has scarlet flowers; the flowers of the third are blown flowers of gold, of the fourth the flowers are silver. And all of them from hands fairer than their flowers go scattering stars, stars and love.)

Sagramor strives, in love and gold, in travels, fame, knowledge, faith, love of Nature, to escape his enemy *Ennui*, but

> "O Tedio cobre todas as cousas."
> "Nem sequer uma sensação nova!
> Julgo ter visto tudo o que vejo."

The phantoms of Sardanapalus, Solomon, Caligula, Baudelaire, and many others, confirm him in the opinion that vanity of vanities, all is vanity, and that *Tedio* cannot be evaded; and the poem ends with the offers of many voices:

> "Pede os mais raros, doces prazeres,
> Queres ser estrella, queres ser rei?
> Vamos responde, dize, o que queres.
> *Sagramor.* Não sei, não sei." (*Silence and darkness.*)

> (Ask thou for pleasures the rarest, divinest,
> Wouldst thou be king or a star in the sky?
> Come, answer, tell us, for what then thou pinest.
> *Sagramor.* I know not, know not, I.)

Curiously, in all his attempts to cheat the hours he made no trial of two very simple expedients: a spell of hard manual labour, or a return to his original shepherd's state.

A Portuguese poet perhaps not very widely known, certainly at least out of Portugal, is Teixeira de

Pascoaes.[1] He has the immense distinction in modern times of being a poet who is content to feel the poetry of Earth and Heaven without being haunted by the fear that he will be found deficient in rhymes and metres sufficiently clever to express it. He does not strain at originality; for him life is poetry, and hence his poetry is living. Those who demand of poets that their works should be of polished marble or a-glitter with gems should beware of reading Teixeira de Pascoaes; those who can appreciate true poetry, the poetry of Wordsworth and William Barnes, of the *Imitatio* and the *Fioretti*, will probably read his poems and return to them with delight. In his sadness and *saudade* he is very Portuguese, singing of love and sorrow and death, the chief themes of Portuguese poetry since the time of King Diniz:

"O Amor
É irmão da Dôr, e a Morte é irmã da Vida."

(For Love
Is brother of Sorrow, and Death to Life is sister.)

In the perfection of form in which this sadness at times, albeit rarely, finds expression he recalls Leopardi; in his quiet love of Nature and of animals he resembles the Spanish poet Gabriel y Galán. He lives in remote Traz-os-Montes, in the valley of the Tamega, far from cities and

"Essa vida de cega maldição
Entre as turbas vivida e na cidade;"

[1] Joaquim Pereira Teixeira de Vasconcellos. His first book of poems was *Sempre* (1897), followed by *Terra prohibida* (1899), *Jesus e Pan* (1903), *Para a Luz* (1904), *Vida Etherea* (1906), *As Sombras* (1907), *A Senhora da Noite* (1909), *Marános* (1911), *Regresso ao Paraiso* (1912).

and the quiet charm of streams and woods and misty mountain spaces has entered into his soul. He has woven a magic web of mists and shadows till each of his poems becomes

> " Um idyllio de sombras, muito além,
> Nas distantes florestas "
>
> (An idyll made of shadows there afar
> In distant forests),

and even love is no radiant apparition, but

> " Amor que tudo vae annuviando."
>
> (Love that in mist all things o'ershadoweth.)

His own spirit becomes a shadow in a world of shadows:

> " Sombras que vejo em mim
> E em tudo quanto existe."
>
> (*Sempre.*)

His philosophy is vaguely pantheistic. The Kingdom of Heaven is in the heart of man, and so, too, is the Kingdom of Earth. God is in everything, and everything is one and one is everything:

> " Por isso, se quero vêr-te,
> Olho as aves e as estrellas,
> As montanhas e os rochedos,
> Coração."
>
> (To see my heart I look
> Upon the birds and stars,
> Upon the hills and rocks.)
>
> (*As Sombras.*)

In spirit man can stay the sun and stars in their courses, and transform a stone into a sentient thing:

"Sim, a vida do espirito domina
O proprio sol; um gesto, uma palavra
O fez parar no ceo! . . . E a luz divina
Ante o sonho dos homens anoitece."

(Yes, for the living spirit's force can master
The very sun; a single word or gesture
Can stay the sun in heaven, and the light divine
Before the dream of men is turned to darkness.)

"Tudo é milagre e sombra, ó Natureza." The river is not divided from the sea, nor the valley from the mountain:

"Um valle vae subindo e, enfim, é serra,
Uma fonte vae chorando e, enfim, é mar."

(A valley climbs and climbs, and now is hill,
A spring flows on and on, and now is sea.)

Eternity is embraced in one Heaven-sent moment; the sun is reflected in a drop of dew:

"Ás vezes, n'uma hora consagrada,
Para nós se contem a eternidade,
Da mesma forma o sol por um instante
N'uma gotta de orvalho se resume
E n'ella é viva imagem radiante
De viva luz acêsa em sete-côres."

Thus Heaven and Earth exist in the spirit of man, and in this pragmatism God is man's creature:

"O nosso Deus é nossa creatura;
E só nas minhas obras posso crêr.
Cada homem é um mundo de ternura;
E Deus é a eterna flor que d'elle nasce,
Que o inspira, perfuma e eleva aos astros;
Sua expressão perfeita, a sua face
Eterna e projectada no Infinito.

Ama o teu Deus; isto é, adora em ti
A creatura ideal que concebeste."

(Our God is our own creature, and alone
In my own works can I believe: each man
Can be a world of tenderness, and God
Is the eternal flower that from it springs,
Upholds and sweetens, and guides it to the stars;
Its perfected expression, undying form
Projected thence into infinity.
Love then thy God, that is, adore in thee
The creature of thy dreams and thy ideals.)

The chief defect of Teixeira de Pascoaes is a constant tendency to diffuseness. The philosophy which sees no distinction between stone and flesh, Earth and Heaven, seems to have affected his poetry, depriving it of sharp divisions and definite shape. It is characteristic that a sonnet in *As Sombras* (*Uma Ave e o Poeta*) extends to a poem of four sonnets, fifty-six lines. His long poem in eighteen cantos, *Marános* (1911), may be likened to a grey shadowland, a mountain mist, often lifting to reveal fair regions of noble verse,

"altas serras coroadas
De neve e de silencio"

(High mountain-ranges crowned with silence and with snow),

and "Os longes do ceo indefinivel,
Onde em segredo e sombra os astros nascem"

(Vague distances of sky, where in secret and in shadow stars are born),

or crystallizing into exquisite single lines, now limpidly clear as running waters, now gleaming as a sun-glint

through the mist. Then his poetry is as in *As Sombras* are the songs of birds:

"Meu canto é luz do sol em mi filtrada:
Vou a cantar . . . e canta a luz do ceo."

(My song is light of the sun in me distilled:
My song begins and lo! 'tis heaven's light singing.)

Then we hear the birds singing to the sun,

"Os canticos ao sol dos passarinhos,"

and the song of half-awakened larks,

"Canções de cotovias adormecidas."

A voice sounds distantly, misty as is the voice of the sea,

"Nevoenta como a voz que tem o mar,"

or shepherds sing in the whispering dusk,

"As canções dos pegureiros
E os sussurros dormentes do crepusculo,"

when the shepherd's star brings in mysterious night,

"Á tarde quando a estrella do pastor
Surge trazendo a Noite com seus mysterios."

Or the mist at dawn is threaded with rifts of gold,

"Nevoa d'ante-manhã molhada en oiro,"

till horizon and trees grow golden,

"e o horizonte
Uma montanha d'oiro, e d'oiro as arvores."

Then the mist closes in again, rendering the shepherds invisible:

"Era tão densa a nevoa e tão cerrada
Que os pastores fallando mal se viam."

The poet has Wordsworth's power of giving vivid relief to things vague and grey and indefinite, the slow motion of clouds heavy with rain ("And with what motion moved the clouds"), or night's immeasurable silence:

"Que solidão! que noite! que silencio!
Dormia sobre os pincaros o vento.
Era quasi sensivel o gemido
Do luar sobre as arestas dos rochedos.
Quasi se ouvia a noite caminhar
N'um murmurio de sombras e de medos."

(What solitude, what silence of the night!
The wind upon the mountain-tops was sleeping.
And one might almost feel upon the rocks
The moonlight's plaintive radiance, and hear
Night moving in a murmur of fears and shadows.)

Marános is, in the phrase of Francisco de Mello, a quiet poem—"poema quieto." Throughout the poem the reader is reminded of the way in which, in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, some beautiful word-image or thought continually occurs to belie any feeling of weariness. In several beautiful passages (as in *Sempre* and *As Sombras*) the poet sings his home and the valley of the Tamega and the mountains of Traz-os-Montes:

"Ó valle das saudades, onde a terra
Idyllica do Minho se transforma
No ascetismo granitico da serra,
No elegiaco drama transmontano!"

the mist-white river,

"Rio Tamega
Tudo mudado em branco nevoeiro,"

and the bronze-hued soil of Traz-os-Montes,

"A terra
Sombria, em bronzea côr de Traz-os-Montes."

The beauties of the poem are many and undeniable, but it is a pity that the author has allowed it to trail inordinately. Not only does this prolixity frighten away readers, to their own loss, but the effect is often inartistic, causing his Muse to crawl with broken wing. Were he to correct this failing, Teixeira de Pascoaes might easily claim the first place among the living poets of Portugal, and a high place among the living poets of the world, for he has in him the true spirit of poetry, which disdains little ingenuities and rhymed clevernesses. An expression in *Marános*—"*estupidez divina e intelligente*, a divine, intelligent stupidity"—may be applied to his poetry as it may be applied to the poetry of Wordsworth and of Virgil, and could not possibly be applied to the poetry of Byron or of Gautier.

Portugal has many other singers now living,[1] and indeed the lovely provinces of Portugal should unfailingly beget many true poets. A University education and the influence of the capital too often, however, direct poetic talent into the muddy channel of foreign imitations. Here, too, Teixeira de Pascoaes sets an excellent example, for he is thoroughly Portuguese and regional, wrapped in the life of Traz-os-Montes,

"Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

[1] Especially Antonio Duarte Gomes Leal, born at Lisbon in 1848, author of *Claridades do Sul* (*Lisboa*, 1875; second edition, 1901), *O Anti-Christo* (*Lisboa*, 1884), *O Fim d'um Mundo*, etc., who now stands with Guerra Junqueiro at the head of the older living poets of Portugal.

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