

**REFLECTIONS ON BRAZILIAN LITERATURE
AT THE PRESENT MOMENT: THE NATIONAL INSTINCT¹****Machado de Assis**translated by
Robert Patrick Newcomb

When one examines Brazilian literature at the present moment, one quickly recognizes a certain national instinct as one of this literature's most salient aspects. Poetry, the novel – ideas manifested in all literary forms seek to clothe themselves in the nation's colors, and there is no denying that this preoccupation is evidence of vitality and that it bodes well for the future. The traditions of Gonçalves Dias,² Porto-Alegre,³ and Magalhães⁴ have in this way been taken up by the generation now in its prime, and by the rising generation, just as these men continued the traditions of Basílio da Gama⁵ and Santa Rita Durão.⁶ It goes without saying that this universal agreement is for the good. Prose writers and poets, in investigating Brazilian life and American nature, will find a rich source of inspiration and will help grant national thought its own unique form. This other independence lacks a Seventh of September and a field of Ipiranga.⁷ It will not be achieved in a day, but gradually, so that it might last all the longer. It will not be the work of one generation, nor of two. Many will contribute until it is achieved in full.

One perceives this instinct even in the views expressed – which, incidentally, are still poorly formed, quite limited, and made with little

forethought and even less feeling – regarding poetic and literary questions. There is an instinct in this opinion the consequence of which is that for the most part, those works that are praised are those that have national touches. The literary youth, above all, legitimately view this as a question of self-interest. Not all of these writers have studied the poems *O Uruguai* and *Caramuru* with the attention that these works require, though Basílio da Gama and Durão are cited and beloved as precursors of Brazilian poetry. This is because these men sought out the elements of a new poetry in their surroundings, and delineated the first features of our literary physiognomy, while others, such as Gonzaga,⁸ who likewise breathed the country's air, could not manage to free themselves from the hold of Arcadia, or from the ideas of their time. One admires their talent, but one cannot forgive the shepherd's staff and the shepherdess, and here the negative outweighs the positive.

Even if the format of this piece permitted, I would not take it upon myself to defend the poor taste of the Arcadian poets, nor the fatal damage done by this school to Portuguese and Brazilian literature. However, it does not seem fair to me to censure our colonial poets, who were caught up in this. Neither is it fair to charge that they did not contribute to achieving our literary independence, given that our political independence was as yet unachieved, and above all given that history had created traditions, customs, and education that were shared by the metropolis and the colony. Basílio da Gama and Durão's works sought to display a certain local color rather than grant independence to Brazilian literature, a literature that at the time did not exist, and which is only now coming into being.

Having recognized the presence of a national instinct in literary works produced in recent years, we must now examine whether we possess all of the conditions and historical motifs proper to a national literature. Answering this question (on which men of letters differ)

would both exceed my abilities and take me far beyond the boundaries of this piece. My principal objective, instead, is to attest to a present-day reality – that is, the reality of the instinct I have discussed, a shared desire to create a more independent literature.

Gonçalves Dias's arrival brought indigenous history and customs to the attention of the Brazilian muses. *Os Timbiras*, *I-Juca Pirama*, *Tabira* and other poems by this distinguished poet fired imaginations. The lives of tribes long since vanquished by civilization were studied through the accounts left by the chroniclers, and were explored by poets, who gave them a certain idyllic or epic quality.

What followed was something of a reaction. The opinion that became prevalent was that poetry should not be confined to the customs of the semi-barbarous peoples who lived before the birth of our civilization. The view soon followed that poetry had nothing to do with an extinct race so different from the victors. This was an error.

It is true that Brazilian civilization is not connected to the Indian element, and that it received no contribution from it whatsoever. This being the case, we should not look to vanquished tribes for the elements of our literary personality. But if this is true, it is equally true that all things are the proper material of poetry, assuming they possess beauty or those elements that constitute beauty. Those who, like Mr. Varnhagen,⁹ concede nothing to this country's first peoples – these men logically exclude them from today's poetry. However, it appears to me that in the wake of the contributions made by Mr. Magalhães and Mr. Gonçalves Dias on this question, we must not exclude the indigenous element from our intellectual efforts. It would be a mistake to make this the sole concern of Brazilian literature, but its absolute exclusion would be an error of the same magnitude. It is true that the indigenous tribes, whose habits and customs João Francisco Lisboa¹⁰ compared to Tacitus's book¹¹ and found so similar to those of the ancient Germans,

disappeared from the land that for so long was theirs. But the victorious race that made contact with them collected valuable information, which it transmitted to us in truly poetic form. Piety, at minimum, must have inclined the poets' imagination toward those peoples who first breathed the air of these lands, such that they brought together in literature what the fatality of history had kept apart.

Today this opinion carries the day. Whether in purely indigenous customs, as we see in *Os Timbiras*, by Gonçalves Dias, or in the struggle of the barbarous element against civilization, the literary imagination of our time has sought out some singular scenes, of which we may cite, for example, *Iracema*, one of the first works by Mr. José de Alencar,¹² that prolific and brilliant writer.

Our writers understand that the patrimony of Brazilian literature does not reside exclusively in Indian life, and as such, they do not limit themselves to this as their one source of inspiration. Rather, we encounter a legacy that is as much Brazilian as it is universal. Civilized customs, which we find in both the colonial period and the present time, offer the imagination a great amount of material for study. Likewise we find American nature, the magnificence and splendor of which naturally call out to and challenge poets and prose writers. Above all, the novel has made use of these imaginative elements, and this has given us, among other works, the books of Mr. Bernardo Guimarães,¹³ who brilliantly and simply paints for us the customs of the region of his birth, as well as J. de Alencar, Macedo,¹⁴ Sílvio Dinarte (Escragnolle Taunay),¹⁵ Franklin Távora,¹⁶ and others.

I should add that one sometimes hears an opinion regarding this topic that I consider erroneous. This is that the only works of true national spirit are those that describe local subjects, a belief that if correct, would greatly limit the resources available to our literature. Consider which poems by Gonçalves Dias would be admitted to the

national pantheon. Excepting *Os Timbiras*, his other American poems and a certain number of other compositions, his remaining verses on other topics belong to the whole of humanity, of whose aspirations, energy, weaknesses, and pain they sing. I would also have to exclude the lovely *Sextilhas de Frei Antão*, as these verses belong exclusively to Portuguese literature, not only because of their topic, which the poet took from the Lusitanian historians, but also because of his skillful reproduction of antique style. The same is true of his dramas, none of which is set in Brazil. It would take me far afield if I were to cite other local examples, and the process would be endless if it were necessary to refer to foreign texts. But in the event that this happens to be printed in the United States or England, I would simply ask if the author of the *Song of Hiawatha* did not also write the *Golden Legend*,¹⁷ which has nothing to do with the land that gave birth to it, nor with its admirable composer. And I would ask further if *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Romeo and Juliet* have anything to do with English history or take place on British soil, and if, Shakespeare is not, in addition to being a universal genius, also an essentially English poet.

There is no doubt that a literature, and especially a literature that is still coming into being, should draw in the main on topics offered by its land. But let us not establish doctrines that are so absolute as to be impoverishing. What we should expect of the writer above all is a certain intimate feeling that renders him a man of his time and country, even when he addresses topics that are remote in time or space. Some time ago, a notable French critic analyzed Masson,¹⁸ a Scottish writer, and said that just as one could be Breton without constantly speaking of the broom, a shrub, so could Masson be a good Scot without ever mentioning the thistle, and he added that there was in Masson a certain inner *Scottishness*, which was distinct and superior for not being merely superficial.

If we had an instructive, broad, and elevated literary criticism, as other countries do, it would fall to this criticism to affirm this and other points. But we lack such a criticism. There are and there have been writings that deserve to be called criticism, but these are few and far between, and have not had the necessary influence, both regular and profound. The lack of this sort of criticism is one of the worst ills suffered by our literature. Analysis must correct and spur invention, doctrinal and historical points must be investigated, beauty must be studied and faults observed, so that taste may be refined and educated, so that literature might spring forth healthier and in fuller bloom, and so that it might develop and move toward the lofty destiny that awaits it.

The Novel

Of all of the literary forms, those that are the most cultivated in Brazil today are the novel and lyrical poetry, and the most valued is the novel, which to my mind is always the case. The causes of this preference are easily perceived, and as such I will not delay myself in enumerating them. Speaking in general terms, here we do not write books on philosophy, linguistics, historical criticism, high politics, and other similar topics, which in other countries are positively received and productively applied. Here these books are rare and the market for them is quite small. One can say that the novel dominates almost entirely. In making this observation I neither applaud nor censure a country that has just entered the first phase of its youth, and has not yet been nourished by solid studies. I do not belittle the novel, which is a work of art like any other, and which requires certain positive qualities of the writer.

Here the novel, as I have had the occasion to state, invariably seeks out local color. In general, its substance and accessory elements

depict the various aspects and situations of Brazilian life. Naturally the customs of the interior are those that best preserve national tradition, whereas those of the nation's capital, and in part, those of certain other cities, display much greater European influence, and are mixed in their appearance and affected in their manners. On the other hand, if we return to colonial times we will find a different sort of society, and some of the books that depict this society have true merit.

Certain of our novelists possess qualities of observation and analysis, and a foreigner unfamiliar with our customs will find many instructive pages written by them. We have very few examples of the purely analytical novel, perhaps because our way of being does not incline us toward this sort of novel, or because it is not possible given our adolescent literary state.

The Brazilian novel distinguishes itself in particular for its displays of feeling, its portraits of nature and customs, and a certain vivacious style that is very much in keeping with the spirit of our people. In truth, there are occasions in which these qualities do not appear to correspond to their natural environment, but as a rule they are not deserving of censure. Indeed, much has been produced that is interesting, and much that is truly beautiful. When the topic demands it, the spectacle of nature occupies a noteworthy place in the novel, and has produced lively and picturesque pages. I will not quote from them so as not to depart from the singular object of this piece, which is to give an overall indication of both achievements and defects, without entering into details. As I have said, these novelists have produced some good pages, and I believe that they have true affection for this recourse to description, which is doubtlessly praiseworthy, but which (as the masters say) when only partially successful, tends to exclude other essential literary qualities.

Instances in which passions and characters are analyzed, and that would satisfy critics, are much less common, though there are some that are of unquestionable value. This is, in truth, one of the most difficult and also one of the greatest aspects of the novel. Naturally it requires of the writer rare powers of observation that even in more developed literatures are uncommon and are not possessed by the majority.

The moral tendencies of the Brazilian novel are generally positive. Not all of these novels will be found, if read from beginning to end, to be entirely without blemish. A stern critic will always find something to censure. But the general tone is positive. Books from a certain French school,¹⁹ though they are widely read among us, have not contaminated Brazilian literature, nor do I find in Brazilian literature an inclination to adopt its precepts, which is itself worthy of praise. The works to which I refer were welcomed here and fêted like guests, but they have not joined the family or taken on the running of the household, so to speak. For the most part, the writers who our young people find seductive are those of the Romantic period. The men to which our own writers frequently compare themselves – because here these comparisons are frequent – are writers through which our spirit has educated itself, like Victor Hugo, Gautier, Musset, Gozlan, and Nerval.

The Brazilian novel is similarly free from politics, and generally from all social questions – which I declare not in order to give praise, nor to censure, but simply as a statement of fact. Novels, when they are written here, are pure products of the imagination, and are disconnected from the problems of the day and the century, and exist at a distance from social and philosophical crises. Their principal features are, as I have said, the depiction of customs, the clash of passions, descriptions of the natural landscape, and in some instances the study of feelings and characters. We possess a number and in many respects a notable gallery of works that feature these very fertile elements.

In terms of the short story, written in the manner of Henri Murger, or Trueba, or Ch. Dickens, who are so distinct from one another, there have in Brazil been some, albeit rare, more or less felicitous results. Among others, it is worth mentioning the name of Mr. Luís Guimarães Júnior,²⁰ who is also a writer of elegant and spirited feuilletons. Despite the apparent ease of writing a short story, this is a difficult genre, and I believe that this appearance of ease does it a disservice, by causing writers to be disinterested in it, and to my mind preventing it from receiving the public attention that in many cases it merits.

In sum, the novel, a form that is greatly admired and has been widely cultivated, is one of the present literary generation's possessions. I repeat that not all the books that have been published should be spared detailed, severe criticism, and if these were normal circumstances and we possessed such criticism, I believe that these defects would be corrected, and the novels' good qualities would achieve greater distinction. They in general display lively imagination, an instinct for beauty, a sincere admiration of nature, love of country, and above all sharpness of observation. A good and fertile land, Brazil has already produced excellent fruit and will in the future produce this fruit on a much greater scale.

Poetry

The work of the critic would be especially useful for our poetry. Of the poets who appeared during the decade of 1850-1860, some, like Álvares de Azevedo,²¹ Junqueira Freire,²² and Casimiro de Abreu,²³ were taken by death while still in the flower of their youth. These names, along with other no less distinguished names, produce a legitimate and sincere enthusiasm in our young people. The poets who survived quieted their lyres. While some, like Bernardo Guimarães, turned their attention to other literary genres, others get by on past glories,

if they are not busy preparing a longer work, as is said of Varela,²⁴ a poet who belongs to the decade of 1860-1870. In these past few years a number of others have demonstrated a poetic vocation. We may cite Crespo,²⁵ Serra,²⁶ Trajano,²⁷ Gentil-Homem de Almeida Braga,²⁸ Castro Alves,²⁹ Luís Guimarães, Rosendo Moniz,³⁰ Carlos Ferreira,³¹ Lúcio de Mendonça³² and many others, in demonstrating what contemporary poetry is capable of producing. If some of these men, like Castro Alves, belong to eternity, their verses may nonetheless serve, and do serve, to encourage writers to follow their poetic vocation.

In attempting to say what I think of this contemporary poetry, I will speak only of very recent poets, and more specifically, of a school that is now dominant, and whose faults seem to me severe, though its talents are valuable, and may produce much that is worthwhile if the necessary corrective action is undertaken.

Our contemporary poetry lacks neither passion nor vigor. The verses that are published are for the most part passionate and bear the stamp of inspiration. As I said above, I do not insist on local color. Indeed, all forms are revealing of local color, with more or less brilliant effect. I would like to cite two recent works, Gonçalves Crespo's *Miniaturas* and J. Serra's *Quadros*, works of poetry that are strongly marked by the defects I shall presently describe. I should add that contemporary poetry does not lack a sense of exterior harmony. What, then, does it require? In what way does this generation err? This poetry lacks a bit of additional refinement and taste. It errs in its boldness of expression, in the inadequacy of the images it uses, and in its obscurity of thought. Imagination, which it has in spades, frequently strays from the path and loses itself in obscurity, in hyperbole, when it is merely searching for novelty and grandiosity. We see this in high lyrical poetry – that is, in the ode, if the old poetics still applied. In intimate and elegiac poetry the same errors are found, in addition to a certain overly

mannered way of speaking and feeling, which is a sign of a grave malady in contemporary poetry that we must combat.

I well know that the majestic scenes of American nature require of the poet adequate images and expressions. The condor that screams down from the Andes, the man of the pampas who clears a path through the Southern ranges, the virgin forest with all of its magnificent foliage – there is no doubt that these are scenes that prompt an energetic response, but for the very reason that they are great, they should be described correctly and expressed simply. Contemporary poetry fails to meet these requirements, and not for lack of poetic models, which do exist. To cite only three names, we may refer to the verses of Bernardo Guimarães, Varela, and Álvares de Azevedo. A single example suffices to demonstrate that correctness and simplicity are vital in depicting a great image or expressing a great idea. In *Os Timbiras*, there is a passage in which the elder Ogib hears his son being censured because he has distanced himself from the other warriors and lives alone. The old man's speech begins with these lovely verses:

*São torpes os anuns, que em bandos folgam,
São maus os caititus que em varas pascem:
Somente o sabiá geme sozinho,
E sozinho o condor aos céus remonta.*

Base are the cuckoos, who cavort in groups,
Vile are the peccaries, who graze on sticks:
Only the thrush flies alone,
And alone the condor soars to the heavens.

These verses in no way lack correctness or simplicity. The school to which I have alluded would not express this idea in such simple terms, and errs in doing so, because the sublime is simple. Would that they would attentively study and ponder this and other models which Brazilian literature offers to them. As I have said, they certainly do not lack imagination, but this has its rules, and vigor has its

laws, and if there are cases in which certain writers break the laws or the rules, this is so that they can refashion them, and these men are called Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, and Camões.³³

I have indicated the general characteristics. There are some defects that are peculiar to certain books, as, for example, the antithesis, which I believe is used in imitation of Victor Hugo. This does nothing to ameliorate the abuse of a figure that, though it can produce great effects in the hands of a great poet, should not be an object of imitation, much less a precept of a literary school.

There is also a segment of our poetry that, justifiably preoccupied with local color, frequently becomes subject to a fatal illusion. A poet is not national simply because he includes in his verses a plethora of names of local flowers and birds. This produces a nationhood of vocabulary and nothing more. One appreciates local color, but the imagination must make its contributions, and these should be natural and not imitative. I do not believe that the defects that I have pointed out in summary fashion are incapable of being corrected. Criticism may rectify them, and lacking this criticism, time will impose better laws on the poets. Given the good qualities that are easily recognized in the new school of which I speak, time is all that is needed to bring about a great poet who, if he is a reformer, will place the positive elements on a more certain path, and national poetry will be left with the traditions of the Romantic period.

Theater

This section could be reduced to a single reservation. At present there is no Brazilian theater. No national productions are being written, and it is very rare that a national production is staged. The lifeblood of this country's theater has always been found in translations, which is

not to say that the rare play by a Brazilian is excluded when it appears. Now, with the public taste having descended to the lowest degree of decadence and perversion, those inclined to compose serious works of art are left without hope. Who would view them, if what is popular now are burlesque or obscene songs, the can-can, and showy magic tricks, all of which appeal to the baser senses and instincts?

In granting continuity to the theater, writers may look to recent, quite inspirational authors. I do not speak of the comedies of Pena,³⁴ a sincere and original talent who, if he had only lived longer, would have perfected his craft and produced works of greater merit, nor of Magalhães's tragedies, nor of Gonçalves Dias, of Porto-Alegre, or of Agrário's³⁵ dramas. More recently, in the past twelve or fourteen years, there have been rare noteworthy efforts. During this period, the dramas and comedies of Mr. José de Alencar, who was first among those of our realist school and whose works *O Demônio Familiar* and *Mãe* are of notable worth, appeared. Shortly thereafter, there appeared a series of other compositions worthy of the applause they received, such as the dramas of Mr. Pinheiro Guimarães,³⁶ Quintino Bocaiúva³⁷ and others, but none of this was carried forward. Writers quickly tired of a scene that was decaying little by little, until we arrived at what we have now, which is nothing.

The provinces have as yet not been entirely overrun by popular spectacles, and there dramas and comedies are still staged. But as far as I know, no new and original works have appeared in the provinces. And with these few lines, I conclude this point.

Language

Purity of language does not always figure among the many merits of our books. It is common that proper style is interrupted by

the solecisms of common speech. This is a grave defect, to which we can add that of the French language's excessive influence. Our writers are divided on this point, for if some of them fall victim to this error through ignorance or laziness, others adopt it as a matter of principle, or rather through an exaggerated sense of principle.

It is doubtlessly true that languages grow and change over time and with the necessities imposed by habits and customs. To wish that ours had become frozen in time in the sixteenth century is the same error as affirming that its transplantation to America did not open it up to new riches. In this sense the people have a decisive influence. There are, however, certain ways of speaking, new locutions, which enter into style and gain national citizenship.

Even if this is an incontestable fact, and if the principle from which we have deduced it is true, we should nonetheless reject the opinion that all linguistic changes, even those that violate the laws of syntax and destroy the essential purity of the language, should be permitted. The people's influence has its limits, and the writer is not obliged to receive and perpetuate that which abuse, caprice, or fashion have conjured up and placed into circulation. On the contrary, he also exerts a great deal of influence, by purifying the people's speech and allowing his reason to perfect it.

It is the prevailing opinion that the classics are not much read in Brazil. Of those who diverge on this point, I could cite certain writers whose views are different than my own, but who are perfectly knowledgeable of the classics. In general, however, they are not read, and this is not good. To write today like Azurara³⁸ or Fernão Mendes³⁹ would be unbearably anachronistic. Each period has its style. But I do not think that we should diminish the importance of studying their more refined language, of taking from them a thousand old gems that can be made new again. The ancients did not have it all and neither

do the moderns. The possessions of one and all contribute to the enrichment of the common treasury.

One other thing of which I would like to persuade the youth is that haste does not bode well for the life of what is written. There is a hasty tendency to write voluminously and quickly. Writers take pride in this, and I cannot deny that this wins applause. Creations of the spirit are equated with those of matter, as if they were not irreconcilable. Let a man travel around the world in eighty days,⁴⁰ but more time is needed to create a masterpiece of the spirit.

Here I conclude these reflections. A lively imagination, delicacy and force of feeling, graceful style, talent for observation and analysis, at times a lack of taste, at times a lack of reflection and stillness, a language that is not always pure and not always plentiful, a great deal of local color: these are, in sum, the present-day defects and strengths of Brazilian literature, which has thus far contributed much and has a very secure future.

NOTES

¹ Originally published as “Notícia da atual literatura brasileira. Instinto de nacionalidade,” in *O Novo Mundo*, Rio de Janeiro, March 24, 1873.

² Antônio Gonçalves Dias (1823-1864): One of Brazil’s most important Romantic poets, notable for his lyricism and celebrations of Brazilian nature and indigenous life and traditions.

³ Manuel de Araújo Porto-Alegre (1806-1879): Romantic writer, painter, and critic. Co-founder of the publications *Niterói* and *Guanabara*.

⁴ Domingos José Gonçalves de Magalhães (1811-1882): Poet and dramatist, credited with introducing Romanticism to Brazil. Co-founder of the publication *Niterói* and author of the epic poem *A Confederação dos Tamoios* (1856).

⁵ Basílio da Gama (1740-1795): Luso-Brazilian Neoclassical poet, author of the epic poem *O Uruguai* (1769), an account of the joint Portuguese-Spanish expedition against the Jesuit missions.

⁶ José de Santa Rita Durão (1722?-1784): Luso-Brazilian Neoclassical poet best known for the epic poem *Caramuru* (1781), based on the story of Portuguese sailor Diogo Álvares Correia, shipwrecked in Brazil.

- ⁷ Brazil's independence dates from September 7, 1822, when D. Pedro, Prince Regent of Brazil, made the "Grito do Ipiranga" (Cry of Ipiranga), in which he declared "Independência ou morte!" (Independence or death!) on the banks of the Ipiranga stream in São Paulo.
- ⁸ Tomás Antônio Gonzaga (1744-1810): Luso-Brazilian Neoclassical poet, best known for the poetic works *Marília de Dirceu* (1792-1812) and the satirical, anonymous *Cartas Chilenas*.
- ⁹ Francisco Adolfo de Varnhagen (1816-1878): Historian, philologist, geographer, and biographer. Author of the *Florilégio da Poesia Brasileira* (1st ed., 1850).
- ¹⁰ João Francisco Lisboa (1812-1863): Journalist, critic, historian, orator, and politician.
- ¹¹ Machado refers to *Germania*, written by Roman historian Tacitus (56-c.120 AD).
- ¹² José de Alencar (1829-1877): Novelist, dramatist, journalist, and politician. Commemorated Brazilian indigenous life and colonial history in novels like *O Guarani* (1857) and *Iracema* (1865). Considered Brazil's greatest Romantic prose writer and most notable exponent of *indianismo* in prose fiction.
- ¹³ Bernardo Joaquim da Silva Guimarães (1824-1885): Magistrate, novelist, poet and journalist born in Ouro Preto (Minas Gerais). His prose writing includes *Histórias e Tradições de Minas Gerais* (1872) and *A Escrava Isaura* (1875).
- ¹⁴ Joaquim Manuel de Macedo (1820-1882): Novelist, poet, dramatist, memorialist, and journalist. His most famous novel is *A Moreninha* (1884).
- ¹⁵ Alfredo Maria Adriano d'Escagnolle Taunay (1843-1899): Nobleman who wrote under the pen name Sílvio Dinarte. His most famous work is the novel *Inocência* (1872).
- ¹⁶ João Franklin da Silveira Távora (1842-1888): Brazilian novelist, dramatist, and poet. He wrote *Os Índios do Jaguaribe* (1862), among other novels.
- ¹⁷ Both were written by American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882). *The Golden Legend* and *The Song of Hiawatha* date from 1851 and 1855, respectively.
- ¹⁸ Machado presumably refers to Scottish historian and critic David Mather Masson (1822-1907).
- ¹⁹ Here Machado refers to realism-naturalism, which he rejected. See his early criticism on Portuguese writer Eça de Queirós.
- ²⁰ Luís Caetano Guimarães Júnior (1845-1898): Prose writer, poet and dramatist. As a diplomat in Lisbon, he befriended several prominent Portuguese writers.
- ²¹ Manuel Antônio Álvares de Azevedo (1831-1852): Poet, short story writer, and essayist.
- ²² Luís José Junqueira Freire (1832-1855): A Benedictine monk, priest, and poet. His work bridges the Neoclassical and Romantic schools. He also authored the didactic *Elementos de retórica nacional* (1869).
- ²³ Casimiro José Marques de Abreu (1839-1860): Poet, novelist, and dramatist. His volume of poetry *As Primaveras* (1859) was published shortly before his premature death.
- ²⁴ Luís Nicolau Fagundes Varela (1841-1875): A Romantic poet whose work touched on patriotic, amorous, lyrical, environmental, mystical and religious themes. His publications include *Noturnas* (1861), *Vozes da América* (1864), and *Cantos e Fantasias* (1865).
- ²⁵ Antônio Cândido Gonçalves Crespo (1846-1883): Brazilian-born Portuguese poet credited with introducing Parnassianism to Portugal.

- ²⁶ Joaquim Maria Serra Sobrinho (1838-1888): Poet, dramatist, and journalist. As a parliamentarian for Maranhão, Serra advocated for the abolition of slavery.
- ²⁷ Trajano Galvão de Carvalho (1830-1864): Brazilian poet of abolitionist sympathies.
- ²⁸ Gentil Homem de Almeida Braga (1835-1858): Brazilian poet. Among his most famous compositions is “Clara Verbena.”
- ²⁹ Antônio Frederico de Castro Alves (1847-1871): Romantic poet of both lyrical and socially engaged inclinations. The only poetic volume published during his life was *Espumas Flutuantes* (1870). Perhaps best known for the anti-slavery poems “O Navio Negroiro” and “Vozes d’África.”
- ³⁰ Rosendo Moniz Barreto (1845-1897): Poet and writer. Author of the volumes *Cantos d’Aurora* (1860) and *Vôos Ícaros* (1877), and a friend of fellow Bahian Castro Alves.
- ³¹ Carlos Augusto Ferreira (1846-1913): Brazilian poet, writer, and journalist.
- ³² Lúcio Eugênio de Meneses e Vasconcelos Drummond Furtado de Mendonça (1854-1909): poet, short story writer, and journalist. A founder of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, Mendonça’s poetic volumes include *Névoas Matutinas* (1872) and *Alvoradas* (1875).
- ³³ Luís de Camões (1524/25-1580): Portugal’s national poet. A product of the Renaissance and witness to Portugal’s maritime empire, Camões published the epic *Os Lusíadas* (1872), and posthumously, a good deal of lyrical poetry.
- ³⁴ Luís Carlos Martins Pena (1815-1848): Dramatist and theater critic. Played a foundational role in the development of the comedy of manners in Brazil.
- ³⁵ Agrário de Menezes (1834-1863): Romantic-era playwright, author of the historical drama *Calabar* (1858).
- ³⁶ Francisco Pinheiro Guimarães (1832-1877): Dramatist and critic.
- ³⁷ Quintino Antônio Ferreira de Souza (1836-1912), also known as Quintino Bocaiúva. A signatory of the 1870 “Manifesto Republicano” and a politically engaged journalist.
- ³⁸ Gomes Eanes de Zurara (1410-1474): official chronicler of Portugal, after Fernão Lopes.
- ³⁹ Fernão Mendes Pinto (c.1509/10-1583): Portuguese adventurer and writer, best known for his colorful travel account *Peregrinação*.
- ⁴⁰ A reference to the novel *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1873), by Jules Verne (1828-1905).