The Literature of Spanish South America: Its Background, Development and Characteristics

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THE LITERATURE OF SPANISH SOUTH AMERICA:
Its Background, Development and Characteristics.

by

Catherine E. Lewis, B.S. (F.H.K.S.C.)

being

A THESIS

Presented to the Department of English in the Graduate Division of the Fort Hays Kansas State College in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Science.

Approved

Major Department.

Chairman Graduate Council.

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FORT HAYS KANSAS STATE COLLEGE.
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INTRODUCTION

The scope of this work is to be confined to those nations on the continent of South America which use as their national tongue the Spanish language. This excludes consideration of Brazil, whose language is Portuguese and which possesses a rich literature of its own. Another country is omitted, Paraguay, not from oversight, but because this inland republic is so backward in culture and development that it possesses nothing which can be dignified with the term national literature. Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela—these are the countries of Spanish America with which this discussion will be concerned.

In an attempt will be made to bring out the striking characteristics, the individualities of the literature of the country under discussion. The important factors of geographical environment, political and social development, and racial inheritance must all be taken under consideration. Perhaps it will be apparent that the qualities inherent in the literature of Spanish South America today are an inevitable result
The Sociological and Geographical Forces Which Have Shaped South American Literature

The question has been often discussed as to whether Spanish America has a literature. Too many times its productions have been considered as merely a branch of the literature of Spain. If one carefully considers the prose and poetry which have been produced in South America up to the present time, weighing its merits in the light of environment and social development, it would seem that as a whole Spanish South America has achieved that which might be deemed worthy of the name literature. For the purposes of this discussion it will be assumed that there is a literature of Spanish South America.

A criticism that has sometimes been made of Spanish American literature is that it is simply imitation of European writers. It is true that the Spanish Americans have many times slavishly copied European styles and schools, but a strong note of originality has been struck in the subject matter of South American Poetry and prose. The finest and most valuable that have been produced there are those efforts of the pen which accent strongly the unique characteristics of South America and its inhabitants.

An attempt will be made to bring out the striking characteristics, the individualities of the literature of the country under discussion. The important factors of geographical environment, political and social development, and racial inheritance must all be taken under consideration. Perhaps it will be apparent that the qualities inherent in the literature of Spanish South America today are an inevitable result
of the factors mentioned.

European civilization on the continent of South America antedates that of English North America by almost a century. The first great piece of South American literature had been produced before the settlement of the first permanent English colony. That the literary development of North America outstripped her southern neighbor is due to the differing character of Spanish colonial settlement, which delayed the beginning of an indigenous culture until the close of the eighteenth century. Spanish colonization began about 1533 when Francisco Pizarro was successful in seizing control of the Inca empire at its capital in Cuzco. The Conquistador founded the city of Lima for his headquarters and from this center Spanish colonization spread north and south over the continent.

Spain was not eager to civilize and populate the New World. She looked on her new possessions as likely sources of revenue and was more interested in the encouragement of mining than in the encouragement of permanent settlements. The progress of civilization, that part at least which had to do with raising the level of the aboriginal population, was due rather to a feverish zeal for the propagation of the Christian religion through the labors of the Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and other monastic orders—an inheritance from Spain's seven hundred years' war against the infidel—than to any idea on the part of the government of establishing permanent colonies. Emigration to the New World was closely restricted. Inhabitants of that part of southern Spain known as Andalusia were especially favored by the crown with permits of emigration and the majority of the early settlers who
The predominance of Andalusian blood in the Americas had a decided effect on the characteristics of that new personality called the Spanish American. Seven hundred years of Moorish occupation in Andalusia inevitably brought into the blood stream of that province traits distinctly Arabic in character as well as in appearance. To this personality Andalusian blood brought a fondness for song and dance, a delight in jest and witticisms, an almost Oriental sensualism and morality, and a very Arabic disinclination for physical labor.

In the New World the Spanish immigrant found easy wealth and a slave caste of Indians, later of negroes. The innate indolence of the new settler was fostered and developed by the absence of any need to exert himself. The aloof pride and self-respect that was the gift of his Spanish forebears was intensified into extreme individualism by a society in which his word was life or death to a group of human beings under his power. A crossed will or a disputed word became reason enough for the shedding of blood in this social organization where every white man was God on his own plantation. The phenomenon bears resemblance to that of our North American slave-holding society before the Civil War. The result has been nearly disastrous in republican times, for extreme individualism and democracy do not mix well, and so South America suffers from one revolution after another.

Nowhere has the influx of Andalusian blood been more apparent in the characteristics of the people than in Peru. Since Lima was the capital of the South American possessions, the home of the Inca, and
capital of the South American possessions, the home of the viceroy, and
of the audiencia or royal court of appeals, it became the social center
of colonial life early in the history of the colonies. Here the people
from southern Spain found a congenial climate and an easy, gay existence.
Here many of them remained to give to their descendants, the Peruvians,
the ancestral love of song and laughter, salty witticisms and sparkling
jest, and an insouciant gayety that refuses to take anything seriously.

Restrictions placed on early emigration had another far-reaching
effect on the character of the Spanish American. Those who were permit-
ted to leave Spain for the Americas were almost exclusively men. Only
in rare instances were women allowed to share the hardships of colonial
life, the exceptions generally the wives of colonial officials with in-
fluence at court. The inevitable result of such masculine predominance
in settlement was the widespread existence of various kinds of alliances
between white men and Indian women, giving rise to a constantly increas-
ing class of mestizos, or persons of mixed blood. European civilization
in North America settled its Indian problems by extermination and segre-
gation. South America is trying to cope with her Indian problems by
assimilation, a process that demands many generations of experimentation
before it can be successful.

Indian traits are definitely in the blood stream of the average
South American. Indeed there are few second-generation Spanish Americans
whose ancestry is free of Indian blood, in spite of the repeated claims
made to pure Spanish descent. Indian physical characteristics have
tended to breed out in mixture with white blood. Concerning mental
characteristics, it is not so easy to decide. Certainly, Indian inheritance has colored the character of Spanish Americans in varying degrees.

The differences in the various tribes of aborigines which the Spaniards found are of course transmitted to their descendants. In Peru the Indians in the empire of the Incas had developed a civilization of their own. The government was well organized; taxation, census-taking, road-building, division of land by the government—all these were practiced. The Quichuans had built cities of stone, had developed a religion of sun worship with priests and virgin priestesses, and even had a form of the drama. When the Spaniards came they found a peaceful, well-ordered country, so used to pacific obedience to an absolute monarch that it did not actively resist the foreign invaders.

Almost as highly developed as the Indians of the Inca empire were the Chibchas of the high table lands of what is today Colombia. These two, with the Aztecs of Mexico, represent the three highest civilizations found by Europeans in the New World.

Of a different type is the inheritance of the Chileans of today from the Araucanian Indians native to the territory. A savage, primitive people never wholly subdued by the white man, they are disappearing today only through interbreeding with the whites and the inroads of white man's drink and disease. These people were dour and proud, caring nothing for music and laughter, choosing their chieftains by contests of physical strength. The Araucanians are responsible for much of the typical Chilean soberness, and, no doubt, for the proverbial Chilean dryness of throat. The primitive traits of the Araucanians
are typical of some of the inheritance passed on to modern Spanish America from other of the less civilized tribes of South America.

Another racial bloodstream was mixed with those already mentioned when negro slavery was introduced in the Americas. Las Casas, the Dominican friar who championed the cause of the Indians in the New World, was finally successful in his agitation to abolish Indian slavery—at least theoretically—and in his enthusiasm suggested negro slaves to replace the Indians. Negroes were imported from Africa and came to make up a large proportion of the population of South America in that section north of the equator. The inevitable mingling of blood in such a primitive civilization has resulted in frequent negroid characteristics in the population of South America as far south as Peru.

From the earliest period of colonization there were attempts to evade and abolish Spain's policy of restricted emigration. Slowly, very slowly expanding, the field was opened to more Spaniards, and more emigrants from the northern provinces began to trickle into South America. At the period of the wars of independence merchants of other European nations had secured precarious footholds in Spanish America, which they used to advantage in the ensuing years as nuclei for a slow infiltration of foreigners into the new republics of South America. In modern South America Germans, British, and Italians make up considerable proportions of the population, especially in the southern republics. Foreign immigration in Argentina has been predominantly Italian, while the other two nationalities contribute an important part of the population of Chile.

Colonial society was made up of a system of castes. At the top
was the nobility of Spanish birth. The next class in rank was that of the creole nobility—creole being used to denominate the American-born descendants of Spanish blood. The third caste was made up of mestizos, those of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. The fourth class were those of negro and white blood followed by the group of mixed negro and Indian blood. Then came the Indians, and lowest of all the negroes. Naturally these caste lines were not clearly defined and members of each made an effort to rise by merit or purchase into the class above, which he hated cordially, despising the classes below him. The effect of such a caste system when the new republics of South America arose proclaiming democracy can easily be pictured. It is small wonder that until a very recent date a small group of aristocrats politically controlled each country. The voice of the masses is only beginning to be heard in South America. Democracy is still a thing of the future.

The white population of South America was located mostly in its cities. Large land-holders seldom or never visited their holdings, relying on some member of the proletariat to manage their property for them. This has been unfortunately effective in slowing down the development of the country and the homogeneity of the population. Culture has developed only in a few cities. The cities of the various countries have been the countries in a sense that does not exist here in North America. They are the nerve centers of national life.

When the Spanish colonies in South America, from underlying causes mentioned hereafter, threw off the yoke of Spain, there was nothing halfway about their rejection of things Spanish. They repudiated Spain and
styled themselves sons of the Inca, identifying the grievances and rights of the Indians with their own. They also repudiated Spanish culture. Feeling the need of guidance in their culture and models for their literature they turned to France, whose Latin temperament is sympathetic to their own. For that reason, from the days of revolution down to very recent times, French trends in literature determine the course of Spanish American writing. At the time of the wars of independence Romanticism came to America, to have far-reaching effects and a great following, since it offered a type of literature congenial to the Spanish American nature. Decadent romanticism, the Parnassians, the naturalistic school of Zola, all basically affect the literature of the nineteenth century. Even the modernista movement at the turn of the century is rooted in French symbolism. Only in the last decade or two does there seem to be a definite breaking away from French influence, as if at last South American literature is to stand firmly on its own feet.

Creolism is the name given to that quality in the literature of South America which makes it distinctive from all other literature. Creolism has fathered the growing individuality of Spanish American prose and poetry. Creolism is the literary school which seeks to express in verse and fiction the beauties of the continent of South America, the customs and life of her people, and the wealth of legendary and historical tradition which is her gift to her peoples of today.

Followers of creolism have a storehouse of inspiration to draw
upon. Every tribe of Indians had its stock of legends. Three hundred years of Spanish colonial life present a wealth of historical facts that far surpasses the most romantic fiction. The incredible exploits of the conquistadores, the enormous wealth of mines such as the mountain of silver at Potosí, the exploration of an unknown continent, these compose but a portion of the rich inspiration offered by colonial history. The picturesqueness and variety of scenes and types in the life of the different countries, especially rural life, offers a rich field for realistic pictures of local color. This source has only begun to be tapped by writers. As for cause for inspiration in the beauty of nature on the continent, never were people gifted with grander. Trees and flowers make much of the continent a paradise. There are immense, even impenetrable forests still in their primeval beauty. There are great rivers and small, torrential ones, water-falls of unexcelled beauty, lakes like jewels. There is the sea, the desert, or the vast pampa. And dominant over all is the awful grandeur of the Andes, traversing the continent from north to south and towering into the clouds.

Geographical environment has deeply affected the literature of South America, as has racial inheritance and social development. A great part of the differences which characterize the various republics is due to the influence of geography. The tropics of Venezuela are responsible for much of her passionate traits of character. The high altitude at which Bolivians exist contributes to their stolid, enduring character. The level pampa of Argentina has made her a land of great
stock and grain ranches and of the gaucho. Chile's mountain-walled isolation has fostered a sober independence and industry and a peaceful development of distinct nationalism.

Various social forces in the different countries have added their impetus to the development of distinct nationalities. The racial ingredients mentioned earlier have been mixed in varying proportions in the different countries and create still greater differences. Today, from a common source have arisen nine Spanish-speaking republics on the continent of South America, each of which presents a certain individuality and distinctive characteristics. The national personality of each country is reflected in its literature. After a brief review of the common past of these Spanish-American republics let us view in turn the development each nation has had in the field of literature.
II

The Araucana: South American Literature Begins

The literature of Spanish-speaking South America begins with La Araucana, a long poem written by Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, a Spaniard of noble birth.

In 1541 Pedro de Valdivia had founded the city of Santiago in the territory known as the Kingdom of Chile. With this event began a struggle with the natives of the territory, the Araucanian Indians, an indomitable, courageous people, which was to continue fitfully for more than three hundred years. The Araucanians were of sturdier character than the peaceable Incas of Peru and resisted determinedly the Spaniards' attempts to subdue them. Nearly a score of years after Valdivia's arrival he was defeated and killed in an uprising of the Indians. The viceroy at Lima sent an army from Peru in command of his son to put down the uprising. In this army marched Ercilla, fresh from the courts of England and Spain, and eager for adventure.

"Young and impetuous, he came to Chile attracted solely by reports of the heroic deeds of the Araucanians. On viewing them close at hand, he realized that here was an unconquerable people, about whom might be written such a poem as those of Homer or Ariosto; and he began to write from the hour of his arrival.

"He tells us that on bits of paper, on scraps of leather, on whatever materials he found at hand, he wrote at night by the light of the torches of the encampment the strophes which sing of the heroism of the Araucanians and the valour and energy of the conquistadores.

"According to some critics La Araucana does not merit the name of
an epic poem, because it lacks some of the conditions demanded of classical epics. The foremost objection made in this sense is its lack of a principal hero, such as all epics must have.

"In truth, there is in La Araucana no dominant hero, but this is not a fault, for the poet tries to portray here the bravery of a heroic people who filled with admiration the conquistadores, accustomed as they were to fighting with the best armies of Europe. In reality the hero of this poem is the Araucanian people represented by some of their most notable chieftains, or caciques, such as Caupolicán, Tucapel, Colo-Colo, Lautaro, and Rengo, who reach the magnificent proportions of the heroes of Homer."¹

Disappointment was felt among Ercilla's Spanish contemporaries because the hero was not one of their own people. This feeling was somewhat appeased by the submission of the heroic Araucanians to the Spaniards in the end. Many wondered why the dashing, daring Don Garcia de Mendoza, Ercilla's commander, who might logically have been the hero, was scarcely mentioned. During the campaign in Chile there had been a misunderstanding between Ercilla and his commander, in which Ercilla was falsely accused of conspiracy and narrowly escaped execution. This and the chronology of the poem, much of whose action antedates the arrival of Ercilla in Chile, give sufficient reason for the omission. Ercilla's resentment over this trouble with his commander caused his early return to Spain, where he completed and published his poem in three parts, consisting of

¹ Lillo-Lit. Chil.-p. 9 (Translated)
thirty-seven cantos of eight lines each. Because it was written in the New World and on a subject peculiar to its locale, it is considered to be the first piece of South American literature of real merit. In Chile it receives the honor and attention of a national epic.

To modern eyes the poem is somewhat marred by the introduction into the narrative of the poem of classical mythological "machinery" and long accounts of the European wars and political troubles in Spain. But this followed the fashion of the day and added to the poem's popularity in the colonies and in Spain. That the poem was popular is attested to by the numerous editions of it and the many imitations of La Araucana that appeared consequently. Foremost among the latter were Pedro de Oña's Araucania Subdued and Fernando Alvarez' Purén the Unconquerable.

Literature produced during the Colonial period, which extends to the close of the eighteenth century, is made up for the most part of chronicles, written either in prose or in rhymed verse. From the historian's point of view no other period of world settlement has been so thoroughly and so satisfactorily covered by contemporary writing. "The student of the Spanish colonies will find a vast array of materials in histories, diaries, reports, descriptions (of regions, native peoples, languages, and products), and even scientific or literary treatises, although only a small proportion of these works, perhaps, were published by the authors. They constitute an important storehouse of information. But most of the more valuable among them were the writings of Spaniards and foreigners, and they are in no respect to be considered as an index of any general high level of intellectual achievement. The reverse of
that situation was the rule among the creole and other elements of the native born, who contributed very few names to the list of distinguished persons in literature, science, or art." 2

"The most cultivated types in this period were history and narrative poetry. Historical works consisted of histories and chronicles; poetical productions, of poems in imitation of La Araucana, romances 3 upon certain actual happenings, and improvisations by poets of elegant style and language, and by palladores. 4

"Colonial poetry was poor and without originality. It may be said that there were only mediocre poets.

"The principal causes of this meagerness and inferior quality of production were, among others, the backwardness of the colony, the isolated and monotonous life of the inhabitants, and the lack of liberty of thought." 5 The importation of books into the colonies was closely restricted and there was a great scarcity of models for the aspiring writer.

3. Poems in octasyllabic metre, with alternate assonants, in imitation of Gongora or Lope de Vega.
4. Popular poets who improvised upon any theme given them. Sometimes sentimental, sometimes mocking, ready with use of epigram and clever retort. There were three forms of this popular creole poetry: the tonada, recited to the accompaniment of the guitar, joyful, or at times tender; the corrido, which accounted the deeds of some public favorite or described some contemporary event; and the palla, which was a sort of dialogue in verse in which two poets attacked each other and defended themselves before some public gathering.
"The colonial history of Spanish America is faithfully mirrored in its literary productions. The prose narratives and the heroic poems picture the period of discovery and conquest during the sixteenth century. As the viceroys' courts became more important in the seventeenth century, poems of occasion represent the secular side of life, while the friars' interests are revealed in devotional writing in verse and prose, in dramas intended for instruction, and in miscellaneous works in both the vernacular and Latin concerning the activities of their orders. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a profound lethargy descends on colonial life which remains almost unbroken till the great upheaval of the revolutionary period in the early years of the nineteenth century." 6

As a background for the literature of this and succeeding periods, one must review momentarily what was happening in the political arena during the early years of the nineteenth century on the continent of South America.

Spain's attitude toward her colonial subjects was the same of great discontent among them. Continuing her early policy of maintaining the colonies as a source of revenue, the mother country refused to recognize the growing political consciousness of her colonial subjects. Governmental positions were held almost entirely by European-born Spaniards. The latter nearly always received political preference over the creoles regardless of ability.

The Revolutionary Period

Inextricably involved with awakening consciousness of national individuality is the literature of the revolutionary period of South American development.

Before 1800 the first breath of the approaching storm can be seen in a few literary productions that make their appearance. These earlier expressions of political disagreement took the form of satires, cleverly masked criticisms of the prevailing regime. But soon a flood of literature broke forth—ballads and odes of patriotic fervor, stirring oratory, and persuasive prose. This literature was written under great stress of feeling; it came from the very hearts of men. Often its form was crude and unfinished.

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This governmental attitude was reflected in society, where the most ordinary clerk of Spanish birth ranked socially with representatives of
the finest creole families. Government representatives were forbidden to marry daughters of creole families. This discrimination on the part of the Spanish government was quite naturally galling to creole pride and fostered a resentment against the ruler who did not recognize them as just as good and loyal citizens as any born on Spanish soil.

Spain's policy of restriction was evident in her attitude toward education in the colonies. Universities had been founded as early as 1551 in Lima and in Mexico, and later several others were established, but these were primarily schools of theology. However other subjects were taught, such as medicine, mathematics, and law, although the latter was frowned on by the Spanish government as dangerous to the maintenance of Spain's supremacy in the New World. Spain could see no necessity for educating her colonial subjects, looking upon them as inferiors. Moreover, education in Spain had descended to so poor a state in that period that the mother country had little to offer as cultural standards.

Secondary and primary education was carried on largely by the Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and other religious orders. "The more ambitious among the creoles were not to be deprived of a good education, however; some of them went to Spain, including a few who afterward were to be leaders in the wars of independence against Spain. Others developed contacts with citizens of other countries, either by travel and study abroad, or by reading the foreign books, which entered the colonies despite the laws. In consequence, there was a growing desire throughout Spanish America for a more adequate educational system, one
with a broader curriculum and with greater freedom in instruction. The new subjects, already mentioned, were a partial response to these demands, but did not come even close to satisfying the creoles; they were exasperated by what they regarded, not without reason, as a deliberate attempt of the Spanish government to tyrannize over them and check their progress. Foreign propaganda, eager to break down the Spanish monopoly, nourished this colonial irritation with pronouncements which were hostile to Spain. So, all in all, despite advances in intellectual opportunities during the Bourbon era, Spanish America moved a step nearer revolution.2

Printing presses were scarce in the New World. Books were looked on as dangerous to the peace of the Spanish colonies and their importation was restricted. A strict censorship was kept on all books shipped into the colonies by the powers of the Inquisition. Any volume which contained new or foreign ideas which might undermine the faith of the members of the Church was excluded. It took very little to have a book placed on the proscribed list. Printing was not encouraged in the colonies and the Inquisition kept close supervision over those volumes which were published. The officers of the Inquisition might enter a colonial home any hour of the day or night to search for suspicious books, destroying any volumes that were not orthodox in doctrine. However, from the records kept by the Casa de Contratación, the organization in Spain which supervised all commerce with the colonies, it is found that a quantity of novels of chivalry, as well as other forms of light literature, was shipped to the colonies; and restrictions were not so severely enforced

as has been oftentimes inferred by historians.

During the eighteenth century the restrictive policy of Spain induced a state of stagnation in the colonies. The colonies were isolated as much as possible from the main currents of world affairs, due to Spain's great fear of foreign influence and her determination to exclude it. Spain was continuously uneasy for fear that something would happen to cause her to lose her colonies, and in the ideas of such foreign writers as the French Encyclopedists she saw criticism of her colonial government. In spite of vigilance the ideas did get in and nourished the growing feeling of rebellion in creole breasts, as is indicated by numerous small revolts and uprisings during the century.

"The fundamental cause of the Spanish American wars of independence was the oppression of the colonial system, and the growing resentment of the creole class against its restrictions socially, intellectually, economically, and politically....On the other hand, the oppression was never so great as has often been depicted. It was, as a general rule, not harsh or cruel, but merely the accepted thing, and, in keeping with the individualistic Hispanic spirit, it was to be found side by side with an atmosphere of personal liberty greater than the Anglo-American colonials ever had." 3

The creoles received their first injection of self-confidence from a rather isolated event which took place in the Plata region. In 1806, England being then at war with Spain and France, the commander of a

British fleet made an attack on Buenos Aires. The Spanish viceroy, cravenly, fled the city and left it in the hands of the enemy. The French commander of the Spanish fleet gathered together an untrained army of creoles and under his leadership the Spanish colonials retook Buenos Aires and administered a second defeat to the British when they attempted to regain the city. Then a town meeting deposed the Spanish viceroy and elected in his stead the French commander Liniers, which election was later confirmed by the government in Spain. This innovation in the power of appointments and the fact that an army of untrained creoles had defeated the British army with no help from the Spanish gave the creoles a hope that, if the time came when Spain's attention was occupied elsewhere, they could throw off the yoke of the government which had grown too oppressive.

The opportunity came when Napoleon seized the person of Ferdinand VII, legitimate ruler of Spain, and placed on the Spanish throne Joseph Bonaparte. The local uprisings in Spain in protest against French occupation were echoed in the New World. After several preliminary outbreaks, in 1810 almost simultaneously there broke out over South America revolutions against the Spanish government declaring allegiance and loyalty to Ferdinand VII. In 1814 when Ferdinand was restored to the throne the Spanish government refused to make any conciliatory concessions to the colonies politically and economically, and from that time on the wars were wars of independence. These wars continued during a period of years in which it seemed many times that the creole cause was lost. At length
the tide turned against the Spanish and the wars were climaxed by the victory of the creoles at Ayacucho in 1824. However, it was several decades before Spain formally recognized the independence of all her South American colonies.

Argentina

Argentina

The Spaniards were driven out of Argentina, the new republic became independent, and another Argentine should have a centralized government with Buenos Aires as the head or a federal government of the different provinces into which the country was divided. Finally the caudillo, or leader, Juan Manuei Rosas, supported by the gauchos of the rural provinces, defeated the centralized government in power at Buenos Aires and made himself dictator. This occasioned a literary outburst, which continued until after Rosas' fall in 1852, which was composed for the most part of criticism and protest. Rosas high-handedly drove out all who criticized his actions and much of the literature of this period in Argentina's history was written in Uruguay and in Chile, since those two places were favorite scenes of exile for the Argentines. Poetry, drama, novel, history, in all forms, the attention of the world was called to the tyrant in Buenos Aires, and epithets and malodictions were hurled down upon his head.

One of Rosas' bitter enemies was José Hernández, who commenced his literary career by composing vitriolic verses against the gauchito leader while in prison on charges of conspiracy. His poetry made his reputation, but he won world fame with his novel *Juana*. This story has its historical setting in the period during which Rosas and his gauchito lieutenants dominated Buenos Aires and the surrounding territory. It gives a vivid, almost unbelievable, picture of the period, and in spite of its length.

1. Gauchos—Argentinean cowboys.
Argentina

After the Spaniards were driven out of Argentina the new republic became the seat of long-continued conflict. A dispute arose as to whether Argentina should have a centralized government with Buenos Aires as the head or a federal government of the different provinces into which the country was divided. Finally the caudillo, or leader, Juan Manuel Rosas, supported by the gauchos of the rural provinces, defeated the centralized government in power at Buenos Aires and made himself dictator. This occasioned a literary outburst, which continued until after Rosas' fall in 1852, which was composed for the most part of criticism and protest. Rosas high-handedly drove out all who criticized his actions and much of the literature of this period in Argentina's history was written in Uruguay and in Chile, since those two places were favorite scenes of exile for the Argentines. Poetry, drama, novel, history, in all forms, the attention of the world was called to the tyrant in Buenos Aires, and epithets and maledictions were hurled down upon his head.

One of Rosas' bitter enemies was José Mármol, who commenced his literary career by composing vitriolic verses against the gaucho leader while in prison on charges of conspiracy. His poetry made him famous, but he won world fame with his novel Amalia. This story has its historical setting in the period during which Rosas and his gaucho lieutenants dominated Buenos Aires and the surrounding territory. It gives a vivid, almost unbelievable, picture of the period, and in spite of its length

1. Gauchos—Argentinean cowboys.
and political involvements, and its tragic denouement, one puts down the story with a sigh of regret.

Another writer who came into conflict with Rosas and was forced to flee from Buenos Aires was Esteban Echeverría. Just prior to the time of Rosas, Echeverría made his greatest contribution to Spanish-American literature by the introduction of French romanticism through his long poem *Elvira* and the short ones of the collection *Los Consuelos*, after the Byronic manner. In his next collection of poems to be published, he expresses in the long poem *La Cautiva* a doctrine which was destined to be influential in the formation of the literature of Argentina and of other countries of South America as well. In a note to *Los Consuelos* he remarks that poetry does not have the influence in America that it has in Europe. "If it wishes to gain influence, it must have an original character of its own, reflecting the colors of the physical nature which surrounds us, and be the most elevated expression of our predominant ideas and of the sentiments and passions which spring from the impact of our social interests. Only thus, free from the bonds of all foreign influence, will our poetry come to be as sublime as the Andes; strange, beautiful, and varied as the fertile earth which produces it."

"As a preface to *La Cautiva*, he wrote: "The main purpose of the author has been to paint a few outlines of the poetical character of the desert; and in order not to reduce his work to a mere description, he has placed in the vast solitude of the pampa two ideal beings, or two souls united by the double bond of love and misfortune. The desert is our richest patrimony and we ought to try and draw from its breast
not only wealth for our well-being, but also poetry for our moral pleasure and the encouragement of our literature." Thus Echeverría first expressed a doctrine which Spanish Americans have generally felt to be true, and according to which, consciously or otherwise, they have produced in literature, whatever is really valuable. 2

Another long poem by Echeverría, Avellaneda, told the story of the heroism of a man who died fighting against Rosas in the province of Tucumán. The poem describes the beauty of the locality and includes the political struggle as well. "These two peculiarities dominate all Argentine literature, and as Echeverría put them forth as a sort of theory of aesthetics, it may be said that his influence has prevailed during most of the century. The Americanization of literature which he advocated in a note of La Cautiva had a long and varied development in Argentina and found in other countries at the advent of naturalism a responsive echo. And his conception of poetry as a moral or civilizing agent became the literary creed of later romanticists." 3

A third opponent of Rosas, who fought the tyrant with both sword and pen, was Domingo Faustino Sarmiento. While Sarmiento is justly famous for his educational reforms in Argentina, before, during, and after his term of office as president of the republic, our interest at present lies in his literary activities. Although his writings as officially collected fill fifty volumes, his literary fame is due to a few better known productions. Facundo, o la civilización y la Barbarie is

the tale of a gaucho lieutenant of Rosas and political enemy of Sarmiento's. *Recuerdos de Provincia* is a collection of life-like character sketches taken from his own life. *Viajes por Europa, África y América* contains clear-cut pictures in a series of articles written during travel in Europe.

The most original poetry of Spanish America makes its appearance during this early national period in the songs of the gaucho of the Argentine pampas. The gaucho of the plains led a lonely, more than half-savage life. His pleasures consisted of hunting and fighting, fast horses, an occasional fiesta, and his drink. Among the country people arose now and then the legend of some super-gaucho, who excelled in everything. Generally he was an outlaw, since his superiority must be demonstrated over the soldiers and other forces of government as well as over his fellows.

As did their ancestors in Spain, so do the Argentineans love the music of the guitar, an instrument which lends itself so well to accompaniment. There grew up in the pampas country a group of men known as payadores, who passed from community to community reciting to the chording of the guitar the versified adventures of some of these mythical gauchos. Most of the poetry was very bad, but it was popular. Oftentimes there were traces in it of the wit and salt of Audalusia, but in the main it was narrative, redolent of the open country and scenic surroundings of its nativity. The popular poetry of the gaucho caught the imagination of the writers of the period and examples written in cultivated language began to appear. Among the earliest was J. M. Gutiérrez'
Amores del Payador. A little later Bartolome Mitre set in verse the legend of the gaucho Santos Vega, who was beaten in a song contest by the Devil in disguise. Later realism in gaucho poetry appears and the language of the pampas occupies the printed page. Gaucho poetry was made a vehicle for political sentiments and dialogues. Hilario Ascásubi, practising the form of gaucho poetry, found so much success in political writing that he wrote a long story in verse about the aforementioned Santos Vega. Ricardo Gutiérrez and Estanislas del Campo also produced examples of gaucho poetry. Del Campo's best known and most amusing contribution is his poem Fausto in which he portrays the sensations of a simple gaucho who accidentally strays into an opera house and views the performance of Gounod's Faust. The gaucho's version of the tragedy as he relates it to a friend is natural and revealing of gaucho character, as is his superstitious horror at the appearance of the Devil himself amusing. Probably the finest collection of these cowboy ballads was that of Jose Hernández in the story of Martín Fierro. The great popularity of gaucho poetry resulted after a time in the appearance of the gaucho in prose, but in this field not quite so great an excellence is reached.

The more classic forms of poetry continued to flourish side by side with gaucho verse. A member of the "Academia Argentina," a group of writers who took Echeverría as their master, Rafael Obligado produced some excellent poems. El Nido de Boyeros, El Hogar Vacío, are examples of his tender simplicity and his feeling for the beauties of nature.
Perhaps his finest was the poem *Flor del Seibo* with which the *Justa Literaria* was terminated. Calixto Oyuela, one of the foremost exponents of the classic school, won the poetry prize, given each year in Buenos Aires, with his poem *Canto al Arte* and the next year with the beautifully finished *Eros*. Obligado challenged his friend Oyuela to a debate in verse on the relative merits of romanticism and classicism. The debate was referred to Carlos Guido y Spano, a fine poet in his own right and one much beloved by his contemporaries. He counseled a truce and Obligado, in token of Oyuela's victory, sent him his poem *Flor del Seibo*, a reference to the old custom of giving a flower to the victor in a poetic contest.

However, the man considered to be Argentina's greatest poet is Olegario Victor Andrade. Solar Correa characterizes him as follows:

"The pale little man, humble, diffident, with muted voice and lack-lustre eyes, who paints his contemporaries for us, appeared through the columns of the press changed into a robust and clamorous paladin. He wrote," remarks Menendez y Pelayo, "to be read in a loud, resonant voice, and to be applauded by the reports of cannon." He imitated Hugo in his verses, occasionally reaching the lyric greatness of the master, but the poet often succumbed to the bombastic, inane journalist, more attentive to declamatory effectiveness than to correctness and artistic taste. He was seduced—as were many of his compatriots—as by transcendental matters and, supplying with his powerful imagination necessary historical and philosophical knowledge, he sang of the destiny of the
Latin race (La Atlántida), of American independence (El Nido de Cóndores), of freedom of thought (Prometeo), etc."

"Spanish critics are somewhat captious of Andrade's merits because his Americanism is distasteful to them. To Valera the poet's expression 'Latin race' is especially distressing. He thinks, however, that Andrade, given a better and wider education, might have excelled both Bello and Olmedo as he is superior in inspiration. What the Argentines think of Andrade has been well said thus: 'He is the true national poet of the Argentines, because he reflects in his beautiful songs the aspirations of that young and lively democracy which frets itself in supreme longings for liberty, progress, and civilization, while it is the melting pot for the diverse elements of the Latin races from which will spring a new American type, destined to preside over an important evolution of the human species in the new world.'"

The literary activity of the period in Buenos Aires made it the favored center from which a new movement in literature known as the modernista spread over Spanish America and even affected Spain. Rubén Darío, foremost exponent of the modernista school, was a Nicaraguan and his work lies outside the scope of this discussion except insofar as his ideas, first broadcast during a residence in Buenos Aires, influenced the field of modern literature. In 1888 Rubén Darío published a volume of poetry and prose under the title Azul.

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Dario had a peculiar talent for absorbing all the tendencies and forms of other writers, those of his contemporaries and co-patriots as well as of European writers, and fusing their ideas into something peculiarly his own. He had a superb command of Spanish and masterfully handled the purest Castillian diction. But the spirit of his muse crossed swords with the highest tenets of Spanish style.

Rebelling against the school of naturalism, the modernistas turned for inspiration to the Parnassians. Since the political severance of Spain and her colonies, the literature of South America had sought France for guidance, so there was nothing unusual in this latest movement. From the Parnassians this new group chose models of pure metrical form and rhythm and through adapting that form and rhythm to the Spanish language shook Spanish poetry to its foundations and caused revolutionary changes in prose and prosody not only in the New World, but its effects reverberated in Spain itself. In the modeling of Spanish verse after the doctrines of the symbolists and the metrical perfections of the Parnassians was born the new movement in literature which was christened modernista.

The modernista movement began as simple translation of French verse into Spanish, but gradually it drew away from its purely imitative quality, and inspiration from the surroundings in the new world began to take the place of European and classical models. In protest at the popular doctrines of the naturalists, the modernistas maintained that the duty of literature was not to reveal the sordidness of life, but to conceal it. Literature should draw a veil over ugliness and present only beauty to the eye. In the beginning the movement strove to elimi-
nate nationalism and create a bond between European and American literature. Later developments turned this into an effort to establish a universal literature for America.

From the appearance of his little volume of prose and verse entitled Azul began Rubén Darío's amazing influence on Spanish letters. This little work of art disclosed the true genius of the man. In Buenos Aires a group of admiring young writers gathered about him. By them was founded the Revista Latina, a literary periodical which was shortly followed by similar publications in various other of the Latin republics. Only a few of these periodicals survived for any length of time, yet they served to stimulate many young writers to greater effort and presented to the world the products of their pens.

The importance of Darío and others of the modernista school is the far-reaching effect they have had upon Spanish language and literature. The classical Spanish prose style of long, involved, rhetorical sentences was discarded for shorter, more compact, sentence structure, while the influence of symbolism is seen in the greater use of imagery and metaphor. In poetry it revolutionized metrical laws and broke the hold of classicism on Spanish American poetry.

Fiction in Argentina really began with Mármoles's Amalia. Novels of the type of French romanticism became for a time the models of the young writers of the country. Toward the close of the century romanticism began to be replaced by realism, inspired especially by Zola. Eugenio Cambaceres was one of the earlier realists in fiction, writing Sin...
Rumbo, Música Sentimental, En la Sangre. Paul Groussac won notice by the publication of his novel Fruto Vedado, and then devoted himself to the more serious forms of prose, essay and history.

The greatest novelist of Argentina is Carlos María Ocanto, called the Balzac of his country. León Saldívar, his first novel, is the story of life in fashionable Buenos Aires and in the country, in which Ocanto puts into practice Echeverría's doctrine for Argentinian literature. Ocanto has to his credit a long list of novels written around the members of the same family, and portraying many phases of the life of Buenos Aires.

The leading woman novelist is Emma de la Barra, who wrote under the pen name of "César Duayén" the novel Stella. Some writers who have reached prominence in prose, in both the novel and the short story, and who are examples of modern realists in Argentina are Robert J. Payró, Joaquín V. González, Martiniano P. Leguizamón, Leopoldo Lugones--these are but a few of the names that have attained national fame in the last few years.

In poetry some of the newer writers of recognized merit are Leopoldo Lugones, mentioned above, Arturo Capdevila, Alfonso Storni, Luis L. Franco, Fernández Moreno, Miguel A. Camino.

In the literary productions of modern Argentina are to be seen the evidences of the literary inheritance of the country. The character of the land seems to lend itself to realism and today's literature is predominately an unhesitating picture of contemporary life. The pampas, the gaucho, problems of immigration, the metropolitan life of Buenos Aires--
these are some of the phenomena inseparable from Argentinian literature.

The early development of literature in Uruguay is inseparable from that of Argentina. In colonial days Uruguay was considered to be a part of the territory later to become the Argentine Republic. During the period of wars of independence Uruguay was the scene of a struggle between Brazil and Argentina, each endeavoring to annex the territory, but finally the little state achieved independence and began to develop into the most progressive country in South America. Yet even today the social, cultural, and economic characteristics of Uruguay bear great resemblance to its sister state to the south. During the turbulent period following the revolt from Spain, a continuous stream of political exiles crossed the La Plata estuary from Buenos Aires to Montevideo. Many of the exiles were those who fled because of literary disputes against the incumbent government; the group included many of the best literary geniuses of the period. The resultant interchange of literary surnames through such migration, in addition to a background common to both nations served to keep Uruguay's literature parallel in development to that of Argentina.

The father of letters in Uruguay was Francisco Acuña de Figueroa, whose biting wit could turn into lofty sentiments expressed in classical form. Indian legends provide the argument in the poems of Alfredo Barro and the lyrical drama of Pedro R. Berzón. The deeds of the tyrant Rosas were the subject of dramas produced by Francis X. de Ashá, and of the play Cuamora Q'Ormen by Narcisco C. Pájaro. The war for independence was the background for another drama, Empriencias y Realidades, by
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Estenilaso Pérez Nieto, as it was for the historical drama _Artigas_ by Washington P. Bermúdez.

The outstanding figure in the literature of Uruguay is Alejandro Magarinos Cervantes. He published plays, some volumes of verse, and a long poem _Gallego_ which gives a vivid picture of early Uruguayan life and, when published in Madrid, brought the writer fame. His best novel, _Caramurú_, is another picture of the Indians and of the gauchos of Uruguay.

A masterpiece of Uruguayan literature is the long poem _Tabaré_, the tragic love story of a Charrúa Indian for a white woman. The author, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín, a disciple of Adolfo Becquer, weaves the poem from a series of beautiful lyrics. Solar Correa speaks of him thus: "Elegiac singer of the Charrúa race, epic interpreter of Uruguayan independence, picturesque evocator of the untamed state of nature of America, our poet is without question one of the greatest and most genuine of those born on the new continent."¹

Examples of the development from the romantic to the decadent school in Uruguayan poetry are the works of Luis Piñeyro del Campo, Rafael Fragueiro, and Víctor Arreguín. The most prominent exponent of the modernista school in Uruguay was Julio Herrera y Reissig. Two of the outstanding modern poets in the country are women, Dalmira Agustini and Juana de Ibarbourou.

Non-fiction prose was produced by Carlos Roxlo, a poet, whose great

¹ Solar Correa—_Poetas de Hispano - América_—p. 100.
production was Historia crítica de la Literatura Uruguaya, and by Francisco Bauzá, who wrote critical essays on literature and political history. The literary essays of José Enrique Rodó are good examples of the modernista school in this field of prose.

The novel in Uruguayan literature was developed by Carlos María Ramírez, but the greatest novelist was Eduardo Acevedo Díaz. Spending much of his time in exile on account of his political activities Acevedo Díaz wrote a group of semi-historical novels strongly nationalistic in feeling. Isabel, Nativa, El Grito de Gloria, an earlier work Brenda, and Soledad are products of his pen.

Writers in the new field of realism are Manuel Bernárdez, Mateo Margarícos Solsoña, Javier de Viana, and one of the best, Carlos Reyles. The last named wrote the novels Beba and La Raza de Cain, as well as some short stories.

In the field of the drama of the realistic period, two names are outstanding: Samuel Blixen and Víctor Pérez Petit. Blixen wrote three plays named for the seasons: Primavera, Otoño, Invierno. Besides producing essays, poetry, and the short story, Pérez Petit published a number of plays of merit, Cobarde, El Esclavo-Rey, Yorick.

"It is significant of the power and originality of Uruguayan literature that it gave to the modernista movement not only dramatists like Pérez Petit and a review so excellent as Vida Moderna, essentially national, however, in their meaning, but also that it produced a poet like Julip Herrera y Reissig and the critical essayist, José Enrique Rodó. The poet rose so far above his local surroundings that the value of his
work was not fully appreciated until the modernista movement began to be studied as a whole. And Rodo is universally acknowledged by Spanish Americans as an intellectual leader."

Chile

He sold the Chilean temperament when she placed the bulwark of the Andes between this nation and the rest of the world. Cut off from contact with her neighbors except by sea, yet in close communication between her parts through the great central valley and by sea, Chile has developed a freedom of thought and an individuality of character, translating into human flesh the ruggedness of her natural surroundings. The greater part of the Spaniards who reached this outpost of colonization were of Basque and other north-Spanish origin, sober, practical people. Other nations have added their contribution, Anglo-Saxon and German merchants and seamen, whose characteristics have been passed on to modern Chileans. The third great racial influx of sobriety came from the native Araucanian Indians. These sober, proud, untamable aborigines have mixed with the white races of Chile and their characteristics predominate in the upper classes.

It would seem that there is little that is light and merry in the inheritance of the Chilean. In Chilean literature it is the practical, the sober, the realistic that is characteristic. In history and the historic novel Chile has excelled, for this form of expression is especially sympathetic to the Chilean temperament.

Poetry in Chile has been a cultivated flower. There have always been those who followed the European trends in literature, but with the exception of a few there were no poets of rank until modern times. The

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Of all the Latin republics Chile possesses the most individual and homogeneous characteristics. Nature molded the Chilean temperament when she placed the bulwark of the Andes between this nation and the rest of the world. Cut off from contact with her neighbors except by sea, yet in close communication between her parts through the great central valley and by sea, Chile has developed a freedom of thought and an individuality of character, translating into human flesh the ruggedness of her natural surroundings. The greater part of the Spaniards who reached this outpost of colonization were of Basque and other north-Spanish origin, sober, practical people. Other nations have added their contribution, Anglo-Saxon and German merchants and seamen, whose characteristics have been passed on to modern Chileans. The third great racial influx of subriety came from the native Araucanian Indians. These sober, proud, untamable aborigines have mixed with the white races of Chile and their characteristics predominate in the lower classes.

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and stark realism invades the field of poetry.

Probably the most influential man in the field of Chilean letters, Bello was a native of Venezuela, and the account of his early poetic productions belongs to that country. At the age of forty-eight he was invited to Chile where he remained for the rest of his life, more than thirty years. Bello edited the journal El Araucano for a score of years and exerted influence on the development of Chilean literary taste. Even more important was his school, into which were drawn the young men of the country, to sit at the feet of the master and imbibe his knowledge. Bello was individual and original in his pedagogical methods, but very thorough. A follower of classicism, he taught perfection of diction and versification as he practised in his own work.

The stage was now set for the drama of Chilean literature to begin, and the hand that rang up the curtain was that of Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Aires. Driven forth by the victorious Rosas, a band of Argentinian literary exiles came to Chile. Captained by Sarmiento the Argentines criticized the state of Chilean poetry and the classical principles of Bello. Young Chileans rushed to Bello's defense and delivered a counter-attack on romanticism, calling attention to its early decadence. The controversy waxed furious and stimulated literary thought and production. One important result was the establishing of the University of Chile, of which Bello was made the rector. Immediately thereafter Bello published the best poem of his Chilean years and by many considered his finest production, La Oración por Todos, an adaptation of Victor Hugo's La Prière pour tous which excels the original.
One of Bello's ablest disciples was Salvador Sanfuentes, who not only distinguished himself in a long public career, but found time for success in the writing of poetry. An early work, written at the time of the controversy with the Argentines was El Campanario. Besides a drama Juana de Nápoles Sanfuentes wrote several long poems on subjects of legendary history, El Bandido, Inamí or la Laguna de Ranco, based on La Araucana, and Ricardo y Lucia or la Destrucción de la Imperial, composed of 17,626 verses. Sanfuentes excels in the description of primitive nature in the early period of Chilean history.

A woman, Doña Mercedes Marín de Solar, was the best writer of occasional verse of the early national period in Chile. Her sonnets were mainly written on matters of social and family life. She was extraordinary in a period when female education was non-existent for her culture and the classic finish of her poetry.

One member of the liberal society, La Sociedad de la Igualdad, founded by Bilbao under the influence of the French philosopher Quinet, was Eusebio Lillo. Lillo has been called the poet of the flowers and birds, but he is also the author of patriotic verse and his is the beautiful national hymn of Chile. Associated with Lillo in the production of the literary periodical Revista de Santiago was José Victorino Lastarria. On account of his activities in encouraging the practice of belles-lettres, Lastarria has been called the father of literary development in Chile. His own contribution consisted of a group of sketches and essays on literature.

Guillermo Matta, another young poet of the period, came first under the influence of Espronceda, Byron, and Victor Hugo, but later turned to
the German poets, Goethe, Heine, and others for inspiration. He shocked his Chilean public in the beginning, but became very popular and a leader in the new scientific school of thought. He is responsible for the introduction of the German note to Chilean poetry.

Eduardo de la Barra, an able versifier, won a prize for poems in the Bacquer manner, which was divided between two entries, both his own. He invented a form which he named micro-poema that told a story in a few lines, sometimes only a couplet. He wrote parodies on the work of Rubén Darío to which he signed the name Rubén Rubí. De la Barra has shown himself to be the most clever writer of facetious verse in Chile, a country where the waggish muse has never been very flourishing.

In the preface to his anthology of modern Chilean poets Armando Donoso, somewhat prejudiced against anything that is not modern, characterizes the aforementioned development of poetry thus: "If colonial days were poor in literary manifestations, no less miserable appear to us those which preceded over the birth of the republic. Political bombast, fiery journalism, seditious oratory abound, but poetry awaits an hour still far in the future. The story of the entire nineteenth century is but a lengthy essay of undefined character: Literary productions do not pass beyond being imitations of European models...... The true poet, in whom the gift of beauty is not imitation of the romanticism of Lamartine or the Spaniards, was not to be found among the versifiers of the time. Two perhaps, and perhaps only two, Guillermo Blest Gana and José Antonio Soffia, felt what they expressed, the former in three fine elegiac sonnets which reverent Chilean admiration points out as standards of perfection and whose merits need to
be searched out for reason of a contrasting obligato between those discreet strophes and the indigent rhymed oratory of his contemporaries; the latter the least publicized by the critics of the second half of the past century and among the poets of that epoch the most excellent and deserving. Perhaps his foreign residence, which obliged him to live a great part of his life in Colombia (Isaacs, Caro, Cuervo, Marroquín, were his friends) brought on the unjust oblivion in which his contemporaries held Soffia."

Guillermo Blest Gana's poetry falls into two periods, that of his earlier years in imitation of the romantic Esproneda and Musset, and the later period when he reaches his own lyric measure. His mature poems on love and death are often considered to be the finest sonnets by a Spanish-American. Besides collections of his verse, he published two plays, some tales in prose, and several poetic legends. His finest bit of work is the sonnet A la Muerte.

"The most gifted Chilean writer during the seventies, whose real poetic feeling and delicacy of expression place him in the front rank of Spanish-American poets, was José Antonio Soffia. Though his verses attracted attention when he was but twenty years of age, his best work was produced after his appointment as ambassador to Colombia in 1874. The cultivated society of Bogotá was very stimulating to his talents. There were written his poetical romance, Bolívar y San Martín, generally considered his best poem, and the twelve cantos of the epic

4. Donoso--Nuestros Poetas - p. IX - X.
Michimalongo, awarded a gold medal at a literary contest held by the University of Chile, 1877.\textsuperscript{5}

Soffia's friendly, sparkling personality made him popular in Chile and in Colombia, and he achieved what no other did, popularity for his poems. This was especially true of Las Dos Hermanas whose melancholy verses were set to music and are still sung by the public today. Other poems are Las Dos Urnas, Aconcagua, La Campana del Monasterio, Soledad.

What is happening in literature today in Chile is perhaps most authoritatively expressed by Alone in his Panorama of Chilean Literature during the Twentieth Century.

"The poets who open the century still recall Campoamor, Núñez de Arce, Bequer, and even Quintana; but they are already trying to forget them. The majority are orienting themselves toward the modernism of French origin imported by Rubén Darío, a mixture of Romantic, Parnassian, and symbolistic currents, and desire at the same time greater freedom of inspiration, greater looseness of meter, rhyme, and rhythm, and greater refinement of images and diction. They are struggling to "break the mold" and discover new emotions, even "new fears." First prophecies of the approaching social unrest.

"The Flores de Cárdenas of Pedro Prado points out boldly the change, hints at a revolution that will overwhelm; Gabriela Mistral, later, makes her impression with a vibrant and almost delirious breath of passionate love; but we must reach Vicente Huidobro, Pablo de Rokha, and Pablo Neruda,
in the second and third decades, to survey successively the stages that lead to actual chaos, the brilliant dissolution of all traditions, ebullition in which one does not know if a world is being born or the world is dying.

"The future will tell.

"In prose similar events are taking place, with the moderation natural to its kind.

"To the purification of artistic language is added the desire to nationalize productions, seeking motives for inspiration in immediate realities and trying to make distinct our own character.

"Here we again find Pedro Prado; his little poems in prose La casa abandonada and Los pájaros errantes have no predecessors in our literature and offer indubitable beauty. But he is an aesthetic, a purist, and nationalism will never dominate him. On the contrary, Baldomero Lillo, who depicted the coal mines, attends more to matter than to form and is one of the legitimate founders of descriptive creolism. A French critic, resident in Chile, the priest Don Emilio Vaisse, Omer Emeth, pushes vigorously creole attachment and advises sincerity, first-hand observation, and cultivation of writing in the natural manner. Mariano Latorre is one of those who best applies such a formula; his fidelity to the land borders on regionalism and he might be called head of that which in all good will we name a school. Along the same line and prior in date Federico Gana, Guillermo Labarca, Januario Espinosa, Rafael Maluenda surpass him in execution. In the essence all are obedient to our devotion to history minus imagination, and are engaged in
building a sort of literary chat of the country.

"During the last ten years the creolistic current seems to have diminished as much in its original impulse as in general esteem, and another tendency is patterned, less vigorous, which invents light, poetic fiction without much substance; some stories of Halmar, La Reina de Rapa Nui of Prado, and Salvador Reyes' El último pirata represent it worthily and indicate its direction; but "imagism" is scarcely introduced into Chile and runs all the perils of a fragile creature in a land of high infant mortality." ⑥

Some of the names that appear at the turn of the century are Diego Dublé Urrutía, Manuel Magallanes Moure, Francisco Contreras. Urrutía attracted attention with the publication of his early poems in Del mar a la Montaña descriptive of the country and native types. Contreras, a disciple of Rubén Darío and later a symbolist, produced among others Esmaltines and Raúl. Moure, an artist poet, wrote poetry that was serene, peaceful, delicately emotional. The antithesis of Gabriela Mistral, with her he stands as one of the undisputable values of the second decade of the century.

Gabriela Mistral, of whom it has been said no name "rises higher among feminine poets of the Spanish tongue", is a personality who has caught the imagination of not only Chile, but the entire world. A country school teacher, she leaped to fame when her poems won the poetry prize of the year in Santiago. Her verse is religious, tragic,

La Reconquista. To Blest Gana's first period of activity was due the passionate, harsh with a rude harmony, intense and desperate, yet lyric and exalted, a puzzling contradiction to her personal appearance of dignified serenity and resignation. She has received international recognition and honor, not alone for her poetry, but for her service as an educational reformer. Her collection Desolación is poetry and prose torn right from her heart. Some of the better known of her individual productions are La Maestra rural, Piecitos, Poema del hijo, El espino, Arbol Muerto.

Max Jara, Ruidobro, Juan Guzmán Cruchaga, these are some of those who are making the future of poetry in Chile. The most influential of all is Pablo Neruda. "If the new schools are characterized by absolute liberty and a mixture of imagination and sensuality, without heart of intelligence, or without sentimentalism or reasoning, Pablo Neruda falls within their orbit: he is in touch with the fantastic painters and discordant musicians of the vanguard." 7

The first Chilean novel, El Inquisidor Mayor by Manuel Bilbao, was followed shortly by the first work of the greatest Chilean novelist, Alberto Blest Gana. Blest Gana showed great powers of observation and characterization. His novels La Aritmética en el Amor, El Primer Amor, El Ideal de un Calavera and his masterpiece Martín Rivas belong to the first period of his literary activity. After thirty years of diplomatic service for his country he again turned to novels producing Los Transplantados, El Loco Ester, and the best Chilean historical novel Durante

7. Alone--Panorama de Lit Chil. -- p. 118.
la Reconquista. To Blest Gana's first period of activity was due the
possibility to consider here only those writers who have
taste for novels which grew up in Chile.

One of Blest Gana's most successful followers was Martin Palma
with Los Secretos de Pueblo and one entitled in an English translation
Julia Ingrand--A Tale of the Confessional. Other novelists of the per-
iod are Daniel Barroza Grez, author of the excellent historical novel
Pipilos y Pelucones, Liberio Brieba of popular fame for his historical
romances, and Ramon Pacheco some of whose writings are anti-religious
and some historical.

Besides Lastarría mentioned earlier, various others in Chile cul-
tivated the prose tale. The best of the early group were Baldomero Lillo,
who published two collections Sub tera and Sub sole, and Federico Gana,
presenting vivid pictures of Chilean types and customs. The descriptive
sketch was popular, as was the legendary tale like Una Aventura de Ercilla
by Enrique del Solar, son of the poetess Mercedes Marín del Solar.

"From the legend to genuine history is but a step, and in the writ-
ing of their history Chileans have excelled. The striking characteristic
of their historical style, the impartial narrative fortified by citation
of original documents, has been attributed to the influence of Andres
Bello. From the moment of his installation in 1843 as the first rector
of the University of Chile, he superintended the publications of the var-
ious faculties which were obligatory upon their members. It was
voted that one member of each faculty should each year present to the
university a study of some topic in national history.

"Of the vast result of such labor only this cursory mention can be
made. And it is possible to consider here only those writers who have been most prominent by reason of their copiousness. In this respect Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna holds first place not only in his own country but in America. The sum of his published work has been calculated at one hundred and sixty volumes comprising forty-three thousand four hundred and two printed pages. Every epoch of Chilean history seems to have been investigated by him, and the results of his researches narrated in an interesting, almost popular style.

"While the historical researches of other men dealt with separate individuals or periods, that of Diego Barros Arana formed a comprehensive study of the whole. Whatever he published earlier in life found a summary in his final monumental Historia general de Chile. After Bello, Chile's greatest scholar is undoubtedly Barros Arana. Objection has been sometimes made to his dry impartial style, but no reproach can be cast at the historical accuracy of this last word on Chilean history."  

One of the most prolific and thorough of modern historians is José Toribio Medina, whose volumes number hundreds. A late manifestation of the Chilean penchant for history is the work of Aurelio Díaz Meza in Leyendas y Episodios Chilenos, a collection of half-fictionized, half-documentary material from the days of the early Conquistadors up to modern times.

"Concerning the immense amount of historical writing which has been

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produced in Chile no statement could be more precise or illuminating than that of Jorge Juneeus Gana in his Cuadro histórico de la Producción intelectual de Chile. "It is a very interesting circumstance for anybody who tries to investigate the social traits of our people to discover from the very moment of its independent constitution an extraordinary zeal for the patient investigation of our past. Each epoch, each administration, each general, each revolution, has had its special historian. This trait in itself reveals the seriousness of the Chilean character."9

The field of prose writing is well populated today in Chile. Only a few significant and illustrative names can be mentioned beside those quoted in Alone's remarks given above.

Joaquin Edwards Bello has written vigorous novels depicting social abuses and class hatred, and arousing much adverse criticism. He has been hailed as the future great novelist of Chile. He has dabbled in imagism and Dada-ism but his ironic, atavistic, fantastic tendencies predominate. His most popular novel has been El Roto, a novel of social evils. An early production was El Inútil and a late one Valparaiso, Ciudad del Viento.

The journalist Jenaro Prieto has published two novels of value, Un Muerto de Mal Criterio and El Socio, picturing modern Chilean life. Manuel Rojas has written some striking, vigorous tales of the common people besides a volume of verse. Hombres del Sur and El Hombre de los Ojos Azules are two collections of his stories.

Alone makes certain pertinent remarks in the conclusion to his Panorama of Chilean Literature. "A Spanish writer, great in literature of the first class, said that Chile lacked poets, that our republic only produced historians and jurists; and so often has the affirmation been repeated that we ourselves continue to believe it, even now when it has lost at least two thirds its truth."

"The synthetic Panorama, rapidly pointing out essential values, excludes systematically all those who have only accomplished some work of historical, theoretical, or simply cultural literature, and following an aesthetic criticism, mentions only those producers of beauty more or less pure and disinterested."

"Therefore in a period of thirty years we have fifty figures of novelists, critics, short story writers and poets, all worthy of being remembered, many of whom will not perish."

"It is something in a country of four million men and scarcely a hundred years of free intellectual labor. It is much if one considers the history of our formation."

10. Alone--Panorama de la Literatura Chilena -- p. 165-66
For two decades after independence Peru labored in the throes of revolution and anarchy, until an iron-fisted dictator brought peace, and with it, an opportunity for literature to flourish. Since Lima had been the seat of the Spanish government in the new world and the home of the viceroy, it had quite naturally attracted to itself persons of wealth and social position. Lima developed a distinctly urban civilization. Social life became the raison d'être of the people. Here, in a climate very like that of southern Spain, flourished bull-fighting and religious fiestas of great display. Here of all Latin American countries the theater was most popular, and sparkling comedies by Peruvian dramatists entertained the populace. From the Andalusian blood of its ancestry, from the gentle climate and easy life of its environment, the cultured population of Peru developed a frivolity of mind, seldom serious, loving wit for its own sake, delighting in salty jest and satire. So popular was this form of sparkling wit that they gave the name of *chispa* (spark) to the clever epigram which can send a whole group into uproarious laughter.

The Peruvians are very fond of conversation for its own sake, pretty gallantries, the romantic trappings of the serenade under the balcony and the lace mantilla, parties and dancing with all their attendant merriment. A general atmosphere of satirical laughter and clever wit, which seldom penetrates below the surface of human emotions, is characteristic of Peruvian literature and is her inheritance from the past.

"Solely to establish a logical clearness where there is a confused succession of schools, the literature of independent Peru may be divided
into three slightly defined periods: romanticism, naturalism, and modernism.

"But along side of this literature of importation, French and Spanish, there has always existed a certain type which, not for reason of its having a remote origin in Spain, I shall avoid calling Peruvian literature. This creolism—I find the term no more adequate—is scarcely a literary school. It is an expression, the most sincere one, of Peruvian genius. To it we are indebted for the "traditions" of Palma as well as for the comedies of Pardo, the satires of Fuentes, the chispazos of Arona. Throughout such works, conceived in different times and conditions, there pervades a similar jocose cleverness, light and optimistic, which takes nothing seriously, because it feels nothing deeply. Perhaps by the same token it relishes marvelously discovering nonsense, jeering in ridicule, laughing incessantly. If it sings, it does not express itself in poems, but in satires, in quintillas, in brief odes, in madrigals, all in poetry that nimbly leaps and dances. In prose its favorite types are the essay of manners a la Figaro, the pointed, slanderous chronicle, the malicious "tradition." In the theater one does not find violent drama, or if there is any, it is poor. In its place bubbling comedies of happy denouement: a wedding, revelries...........

"Here, however, romanticism, like a brusque epidemic, played havoc. Who can solve the enigma? The most intelligent perspicacity will find no plausible reasons for such unexpected frenzy. For in reality no other people are less romantic than the Peruvians........ The exasperated individualism of the romanticists, characteristic of that violent school, must have seemed unwarranted exaggeration to this tranquil people, where
the robust individualism of the first conquerors had been transformed into slothfulness."

As the Peruvians had copied French political institutions so they gave themselves to imitating French literature. They wept because Lamartine and Musset wept. They wrote verses on the theme of Napoleon. They imitated both form and sentiment. A few among them were sincere. And despite all, creolism flavors Peruvian romanticism and gives even its artificiality a character of its own.

Naturalism, a revolt from romanticism, dates from the time of Mercedes Cabello de Carbonera, as does the Peruvian novel. Following the doctrine of Zola, Señora Carbonera introduces the sciences to the field of literature. Naturalism comes to a close with the novels of another feminine writer, Clorinda Matto de Turner.

After a score of years in which literature was poor and scarce comes a new outburst of literary production which is labeled modernism. At one and the same time the models of young Peru were Rubén Darío, the Italian, D'Annunzio, the Portuguese, Quieroz, and the Frenchman, Maupassant.

Peruvian national literature appears to begin with the work of Felipe Pardo. He wrote clever, amusing, poetical satires both on affairs of importance and things of familiar life. Examples of this type are A Mi Levita and El Ministro. He also wrote comedies typical of Peru, light and humorous, depicting the traits and weaknesses of

society. Such are the plays Frutos de la Educación and Una Huérfana en Chorillos.

In the satire, as well as in the writing of comedies, famous in Peruvian literature, Pardo was followed by Manuel A. Segura. In La Feliz Muertada, according to his introduction, he is going to imitate Ercilla and Tasso and sing an epic in the latest fashion. His plays are more natural than Pardo's. La Moza Mala, El Sargento Canuto, Lances de Amoncaes are some of his comedies of manners.

Another who wrote in satirical vein was Pedro Paz Soldán y Unanue who signed his work Juan de Arona. An amusing example is El Item Más, in which the story of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden is amplified by the additional curse put on them, which paraphrased is:

"wherever you go, be it north or south, at every step of your journey you will be annoyed by an infernal cohort demanding your passport, examining your baggage, and you will see thousands of people, none of whom speak your language." He also produced serious poetry, and translated the Georgics, in spite of an enthusiasm for romanticism.

A fourth one in the field of satire was Manuel Atanasio Fuentes. He became so associated in the public mind with the satirical review which he edited, El Murciélago (The Bat) that he became known as The Bat.

Carlos Augusto Salaverry is one of the best poets Peru has produced. A romanticist, he is yet sincere in his sorrow. His best verses were collected in Albores y Destellos. The poem in which he strikes the highest, most beautiful note is Acuérdate de Mí.
Clemente Althaus, a prolific writer, has imitated many styles, finishing up his period of production with poems in the classic manner. Typical poems are *A Mi Madre* and *Último Canto de Safo*. The last of the romanticists was Ricardo Rossel. His best poem is *En el Cementerio*, after Lamartine. However, he was also devoted to things Peruvian and wrote verses and legends of the creolistic type.

Carlos G. Amezagua may be considered the first of the modern lyricists on account of his dissatisfaction and his desires. *Más Allá de los Cielos* won him a prize in Buenos Aires. *La leyenda del Caucho* is an epic concerning the Indian rubber gatherers.

Epic poetry was written by Luis Benjamin Cisneros, widely known Peruvian poet. His ode *Al Peru* and the long epic *Aurora Amor*, the latter never completed, are two of his finest poems.

Peru's leading modern poet is José Santos Chocano. Having improved greatly since his earlier years of writing, he has threatened rivalry to Rubeén Darío in being called the poet of America. His muse is an intensely American one as is demonstrated in the collection of poems *Alma América*. In *Istmo de Panama* and *El Canto del Porvenir* he gives expression to high hopes for the future of both the Americas.

"The broad outlook of Chocano's poems distinguishes them from those of his predecessors, the criollo poets and novelists of Venezuela and his followers who have been incited to sing the beauties or marvels of their own countries. Especially in Chile young poets who had imitated Darío turned for inspiration to the sea and the mountains, the fertile meadows
and the treasure-laden mines."

Other Peruvian poets of today of the modern school are José Fiansón, José E. Lora, José Gálvez, whose long poem La Conversión de Venus relates a strange version of the story of Mary Magdalene; and Juan del Carpio and Leonidás N. Yerevi who produce modern verse with traditional Peruvian malice.

The first novelist of Peru was a woman, Mercedes Cabello de Carbonera. She produced realistic pictures of contemporary life in her novels El Conspirador, Las Consecuencias, and Blanca Sol, social novels in imitation of Zola. Another popular woman novelist in Peru is Clorinda Matto de Turner. Her best work is Aves Sin Nido, a novel which proved at nearly as much social importance as Uncle Tom's Cabin. In Aves Sin Nido the novelist depicts the miserable life of the Indians in Peru under the domination of white men. It brought to public notice one of the evils of her country which cried aloud for correction. There are a number of minor novelists in Peru, of whom the most unique is Emilio Gutiérrez de Quintanilla, who returns for his models to the Golden Age of Spanish literature and presents novels that are picaresque, Diablo Cojuelo and Peralvillo y Sisbute.

"In Ricardo Palma (born 1833), Peru may claim the inventor of a new form in literature, the tradition, to give it the name which the author himself employed. It is nothing more than the historical anecdote, frequently only a bit of scandal, a sensational or unusual crime,

a practical joke, just such things as appear in the newspapers every day, but Palma's traditions were gleaned from the historical chronicles of Peru. Though he vouched for their accuracy they were written in such a vein of humor with the striking points so skillfully brought out that his critics accused him of falsifying history without succeeding in producing a novel. None of his imitators ever quite caught the trick of style which made his work popular in all the periodicals of Spanish America for thirty years. The inimitable was probably the dash of Peruvian wit. Besides he ransacked so thoroughly both the oral and written traditions of Peru that he left little in that field for anybody else.

"In the first series of traditions, Palma, aiming more at the historian's task, related the acts of the viceroys; but as the number of the series lengthened into nine between 1863 and 1899, any sort of anecdote afforded him material. Consequently he played upon a great diversity of emotion from the thrill of horror to the broad laugh, and introduced members of every class of society from the viceroy to the slave. Being somewhat skeptical himself, he delighted in stories referring to religious superstitions, belief in ghosts, or tales dealing with loose living by friars. At the same time he paid willing tribute to heroism, as in the story of Fray Pedro Marieluz, who died rather than reveal the secrets of the confessional even when his political sympathies would have persuaded him to do so.

"The plastic character of Palma's traditions owes much to his
constant effort to cull the homely phase or the picturesque turn of expression from the speech of the people or from old books. He put together some observations of this sort in his *Papeletas lexicográficas*, a continuation of Paz Soldán's *Diccionario de Peruanismos*. As a result of this careful documentation and Palma's resolve not to inject into the narrative any fancies of his own, the reader of his traditions feels that the vivid picture of colonial times and ideas possesses historic value and is thankful that Palma has wiped from it the dust of ages."

Primarily an essayist is Manuel González Prada. His essays become increasingly radical in thought until he reaches the stage when he wishes to destroy everything. Also a poet, his poems, in contrast to his essays, become more formal and artificial as he develops. As a professor of literature he has been very influential on the young writers of today.

The foremost imitator of the voluminous productions of the master Ricardo Palma was Clorinda Matto de Turner. She gave expression to her love for her home in Cuzco by imitation with the history of her own city the traditions of Palma. She has published two series of *Tradiciones cuzquenas*, but she lacks the light touch of the master.

Clemente Palma, son of Ricardo, in the satirical vein of his father, but with an Anglo-Saxon tinge, produces tales of malice---*Cuentos Malevolos*---, not confining himself to historical or even Peruvian personalities. He shows greater possibilities as a writer than

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he has ever developed. Other modern prose writers are the novelists Felipe Sassone and Enrique A. Carillo, and the dramatist Manuel Bedoya. In the more serious forms of historical and critical prose José de la Riva--Aguero and Francisco García Calderón are prominent names.

The literary development of Bolivia, slight as it is, is closely linked with that of Peru, of which it was for so many years a part. The small percentage of white blood in an Indian population, the mountainous nature and extreme elevation of its topography—averaging about twelve thousand feet above sea level—, the rigours of mere existence in this land are not conducive to the practise of belles-lettres. Few and relatively unimportant are the Bolivian names on the roll of Spanish American writers.

Claimed also by Argentina, the land of her birth, and Peru, where she later resided, Juana Manuela Gorrití de Belzu, whose husband was for a time President of Bolivia, was a remarkable woman writer. She brought forth tales of historical events, some of them laid in Argentina, which caused the Argentinians to hail her as one of their literary glories. After her husband's death she made her residence in Lima where she was most influential in literary circles. Some of her productions are La Quema, and the collection entitled Sueños y Realidades.

Among the earlier poets of the romantic movement are Benjamin Lens, Nestor Galindo, Santiago Vaca Guzmán, and Daniel Calvo. A little later appears Rosendo Villalobos, Bolivia's only outstanding name in poetry is
that of the modernist Ricardo Jaime Freyre, an associate of Rubén Darío.

"Jaimés Freyre is a virtuoso in metre. His innovations, discreet and apt, have exercised considerable influence on the young poets of Argentina, where he has lived a great part of his life. There he is considered to be the one who initiated 'free verse' in America. His poems are published in Gástalia Bárbara and Los Sueños Son Vida." 4

...
The story of the development of Ecuador is really a chapter in that of Peru. Indeed it was several years after independence from Spain was achieved before Ecuador became any more than a province of Peru. Guayaquil on the coast, which with Quito constitutes the cities of importance in this country of the equator, is closely connected in culture and interests with Lima. Quito, on a high mountainous plateau, is more nearly akin to high-lying Bogota in Colombia in culture.

From Guayaquil appears Jose Joaquin Olmedo, who shares with Andres Bello the first rank of Spanish American poets for the first part of the nineteenth century. Because of the late separation of Ecuador from Peru, in which Olmedo himself played a part, both countries claim the honor of calling him citizen. The story of Olmedo's achievement is really the story of Revolutionary days. From Colombia came that marvelous general, hero of South American independence, Simon Bolivar, except for Jose San Martin of Argentina the most glorious name on the continent. Under Bolivar's leadership Colombia, Venezuela, and Peru combined forces and met the Spanish armies in the mountains at Junin. The Spaniards were defeated and Olmedo was requested by Bolivar to compose a poem in honor of the victory. The result was the ode La Victoria de Junin, which won Olmedo everlasting fame and a place in the first rank of poets. The composition of his which ranks second in merit is Al General Flores, Vencedor en Minarica, an ode to another victorious creole general, more finished in form but less interesting in matter than the former.

Olmedo's work is not voluminous for he wrote only when inspired and
with great care. "All are cast in the neo-classic mold and peopled with reminiscences of Homer, Pindar, and Horace. On account of his heroic odes—to which is due his literary fame—he has been given the sobriquet of the American Quintana. In reality he is like the latter in the social and political consequences of his inspirations, in his grandiloquent words, in forcibleness and vehemence; he even surpasses the singer of Trafalgar in certain delicate notes and in his feeling for nature. But he lacks taste and moderation; the excessiveness of his hyperboles are comparable only to the enormous capacity of his poetry; prosiness and false rhetoric swarm in his verses; he is frequently vulgar in grammar and poor in rhyme."¹

The Ecuadorian poet of the last half of the century was Numa Pompilio Llona. Born in Guayaquil, he lived most of his life in Peru and is sometimes called a Peruvian poet. "His style is classic, his intonation robust, in the manner of Núñez de Arce, his strokes energetic, his versification full, well rounded, and sonorous. He possesses vigorous descriptive powers, but lacks sufficient inner life, the delicate tint of sentiment and style. All the thunder and pomp of his verses errs in monotony and often leaves the reader cold. He essays lofty, transcendental themes with noble, philosophic spirit, connecting them with the state of his own soul; but in his performance there is more vigour, pomp, and harmony of phrase than poetic imagination and penetrating emotion."²

Llona has written Los Caballeros del Apocalipsis, Noche de Dolor

¹ Solar Correa—Poetas de Hispano-América - p. 17.
² Oyuela—Antología—V. 6 - p. 1026.
en las Montañas, and his most famous poem La Odissea del Alma.

A few of the minor poets of Ecuador are Julio Zaldumbide, Luis Cordero, Vicente Fedrahita, Quintiliano Sánchez, and the poetess Dolores Veintemilla de Galindo. On a plateau with beautiful mountain scenery and a cool, Gabriel García Moreno, for fifteen years President of Ecuador, wrote journalistic articles in defense of the Church as well as satirical verse. His ardent opponent, although a religious man, was Juan Montalvo, who is the author of one of the most widely known books in South America, Los Siete Tratados, a group of seven essays. His master of style was Montaigne.

He was successful in copying the archaic style and spirit of Cervantes and his Capítulos que se olvidaron a Cervantes is one of the best of the imitations of Don Quixote. He says further:

'...Juan Leon Mera was a versatile writer. He has published volumes of verse, and written the long poem La Virgen del Sol, a legend of the Indians. He wrote a critical history of the poetry of his country, as well as edited the works of famous poets. He published the novel Cumanda, O Un Drama entre Salvajes, also a tale of the Indians, which is excellent for its pictures of life in the wilderness.

Other names among prose writers are Francisco Campos, Carlos R. Tobar and Alejandro Andrade Coello. Modern poets include Emilio Gallegos Marango, Dolores Sucre, Medardo Angel Silva, and the modernista poet Emilio Gallegos del Campo.

After Bolivar's death the latter broke up again into the original three

Colombia is divided as to topography into two districts: one the low-lying, tropical seacoast where white men survive with difficulty, the other an elevated plateau with beautiful mountain scenery and a cool, invigorating climate in spite of its equatorial location. The center of culture in Colombia is Bogotá, a city located in the center of a fertile plain, eight thousand feet in elevation and a week's journey from the seacoast by water and rail. On account of its isolation, Bogotá has been the center of the most purely Spanish culture in South America.

"It is generally conceded that the literary production of Colombia has excelled that of any other Spanish-American country. Menéndez y Pelayo speaks of Bogotá as the 'Athens of South America,' and says further: 'the Colombian Parnassus today excels in quality, if not in quantity, that of any other region of the New World.' And Juan Valera in his Cartas americanas says: 'Of all the people of South America the Bogotanos are the most devoted to letters, sciences and arts'; and again: 'In spite of the extraordinary ease with which verses are made in Colombia, and although Colombia is a democratic republic, her poetry is aristocratic, cultivated, and ornate.' Blanco García characterizes Colombia as one of the most Spanish of American countries."

Under the leadership of Simón Bolívar, the Liberator, New Granada was united with Venezuela and Ecuador to form the Republic of Colombia. After Bolívar's death the latter broke up again into the original three

territories and resumed their old names. In 1861 under a reorganization New Granada became the new republic of Colombia. Her political history has been extremely restless and Colombia has passed from one revolution to another. The insecurity in civil life is reflected in the literature of the country.

In the young republic of New Granada there were four poets who surpassed all others in achievement. One of them was José Eusebio Caro. His poems give expression to the experiences of his life. At his father's death he wrote El Huérfano sobre el Cadaver, on his marriage, Bendición Nupcial, A su Primogenito on the birth of his first son, and El Bautismo, a defense of Christianity, at the baptism of his second son. "The lyrical quality of Caro's poetry is considerable. At the same time his poems are filled with ideas, so that they resemble to some extent brilliant declamatory orations. He was accustomed to use unusual meters and rhyme schemes."² Active in political matters, a characteristic true of many Colombian writers, J. E. Caro was forced into exile for some of his political writings and lived three years in New York. On his journey home he died of a tropical fever.

Caro's political opponent, and a better poet, was Julio Arboleda. A landed proprietor, educated in England, Arboleda was politically active in Colombia and very popular with his countrymen.

"Julio Arboleda, 'Don Julio,' was one of the most polished and inspired poets of Colombia. He was an intimate friend of Caro and, like

him, a journalist and a politician. He was a good representative of the chivalrous and aristocratic type of Colombian writers of the first half of the nineteenth century. His best work is the narrative poem Gonzalo de Qyon which, though incomplete, is the noblest epic poem that a native Spanish-American poet has yet given to the world. After studying in Europe he engaged in journalism and politics. He took part in several civil wars. A candidate for the presidency of the Republic, he was assassinated before the election. 3

Gonzalo de Qyon is based on legendary history of the days of the Conquistadors. The poet worked on this poem during a period of ten years. It was never completed, some of the manuscript, destroyed during a revolution, was only partly rewritten, and some of it was lost. "The style and language of the poem is purely Castilian with only a slight admixture of native words in certain familiar scenes. The narration shows the author's acquaintance with both the Italian poets and Byron and, like the Spanish romanticists, he preferred to write in a variety of meters." 4

Romanticism moved into Colombia with a poem by Gregorio Gutierrez González to the beautiful falls of Tequendama near Bogotá. "He began as an imitator of Espronceda and Zorrilla and is the author of several sentimental poems that are the delight of Colombian young ladies. His fame will doubtless depend on the rustic poem (Georgic), Memoria sobre el cultivo del maíz en Antioquia. This work is an interesting and remarkable poetic description of the homely life and labors of the Antioquian country.

Jose Joaquin Ortiz, the fourth one of the group, combined classicism and romanticism in his poetry. Melendez y Pelayo, eminent Spanish critic called his Los Colonos "one of the finest jewels of American poetry." His countrymen preferred his grandiloquent patriotic poems such as Colombia y España. He is also renowned for a pamphlet written in protest against the expulsion of the Jesuits, which took place in 1863. Ortiz was influential on the literature of Colombia through a school which he established, as well as through a literary society, El Liceo Granadino.

Poetry in the second half of the nineteenth century presents the name of the son of J. E. Caro, Miguel Antonio Caro, the foremost man of letters in the republic. His poems such as A la Estatua del Libertador and La Vuelta a la Patria are classical and pure in form. M. A. Caro is more famous for his edition of Arboleda's works and his translations of the classics. His translation of Virgil is recognized as the best in the Spanish language.

Rafael Nunez, political "strong man" of Colombia for twenty years, was a writer of skeptic verse. Famous for this quality is his best poem Que Sais-Je? in which he questions what is good and what is evil. Philosophically opposed to Nunez is Diego Fallon, who turns to modern science for his arguments in defense of faith. Los Rocas de Suescas, A la Palma del Desierto, La Luna, all are poetic expressions of faith in a higher power through manifestations in nature.


A poet of great skill and learning and an eminent literary critic was Rafael Pombo. During a residence in New York he became so skilled in English that he wrote poems in the language which were published. En El Niagara was written on a visit to the famous falls. The classically beautiful Elvira Tracy also belongs to his foreign sojourn. A popular song was his long poem El Bambuco. He is the author of some short verses of homely content, which are loved and recited by heart by Colombian children. As Pombo grew older his poetry came to have a greater depth and seriousness, as in the poem Angelina on the death of a young girl.

Colombia is well supplied with minor women poets. Doña Agripina Montes del Valle has won fame for her powers of poetic description. Doña Mercedes Álvarez de Flórez has put into poetry her own love story.

Colombia's contribution to the modernista school was José Asunción Silva. "Silva's verses possess the charm of strong personal feeling set forth sincerely in musical language. Though pessimistic in tone there is no pose about them and at times the joy of living shines through the gloom of disillusion. If ever a man has been harassed by bad fortune it was Silva." 6

Solar Correa speaks of Silva as "one of the most aristocratic and beautifully poetic spirits that Spanish America has produced." Pure in diction and style, he introduced into poetry new ideas and impressions. He seemed to be obsessed with thoughts of misfortune and death, and when the grim reaper took away all he held dear, Silva took his own life. His poems include the Nocturnos, Día de Difuntos, Ante la Estatua, and

Foremost in the ranks of Colombian poets today stands Guillermo Valencia. A man of action, Valencia does not write his poems, but dictates them as he goes about his work. His poetry is filled with symbolism, but his style is austere and forceful. *Los Camellos, Cigüeñas Blancas,* and the sonnet *Judith* are examples. However, a long poem *Anarkos* is inspired by modern social problems.

Drama in Colombia was produced by José María Samper, the brothers Felipe and Santiago Pérez, and J. Caicedo Rojas. History provided most of the inspiration, although Samper wrote a comedy of manners. Samper is also author of numerous novels and short sketches.

Another novelist, who possessed great powers of characterization, was Eugenio Díaz. His novel *Manuela* is typical of the realism with which he pictured small town and country life.

The most widely read novel of Colombia, and indeed the most popular work of fiction produced in all Spanish America, is *María* by Jorge Isaacs. It is one of the very few novels which have been translated into English. In it Isaacs presents a realistic picture of the home life and country life of the region where he was born. It presents a pleasing picture of simple, idyllic life.

Colombia has many writers of the more serious forms of prose. José María Vergara y Vergara, though a poet, is more important for his critical history of the literature of New Granada. Well known for his services to language and literature outside of Colombia is Rufino José Cuervo. Critic and journalist, writer of history and of tales, is José
María Vargas Vila, Colombia's best known name in the modernista field of prose. During the colonial period the development of literary culture was slow. Prose writers called forth by the religious controversy which affected Colombia for so many years are Ricardo Carrasquilla, who also composed humorous verses, and Manuel María Madiedo, who included law and social science in the fields covered by his prose, wrote dramas, and was known for his descriptive poetry of the Magdalena River region.

One of the late productions by a Colombian which has aroused indignation and widespread interest is Pax by Lorenzo Marroquín, a novel which caricatures the political conditions of the republic.

Born in Caracas and educated in the schools of his native city, Bello was sent to England in the year of 1810 to further the cause of the revolution, and he remained in that country till 1829, when he was called to Chile to take service in the Department of Foreign Affairs. His life may, therefore, be divided into three distinct periods. In Caracas he studied chiefly the Latin and Spanish classics and the elements of international law, and he made metrical translations of Virgil and Horace. Upon arriving in England at the age of twenty-nine years, he gave himself with enthusiasm to the study of Greek, Italian and French, as well as to English. 1

It is during this time in England that Bello published his most important poetical compositions. As may be considered to belong to Venezuela during this period, while the story of his work after leaving England is discussed under the literature of Chile, which country he made his later

"During the colonial period the development of literary culture was slower in the Capitanía de Caracas than in Colombia, Peru, and Mexico. The Colegio de Santa Rosa, which was founded at Caracas in 1696, was made a university in 1921. Not until 1806 was the first printing-press set up in the colony.

"Poetry in Venezuela begins with Bello, for the works of his predecessors had little merit. Andrés Bello was the most consummate master of poetic diction among Spanish-American poets, although he lacked the brilliancy of Olmedo and the spontaneity of Heredia. Born in Caracas and educated in the schools of his native city, Bello was sent to England in the year of 1810 to further the cause of the revolution, and he remained in that country till 1829, when he was called to Chile to take service in the Department of Foreign Affairs. His life may, therefore, be divided into three distinct periods. In Caracas he studied chiefly the Latin and Spanish classics and the elements of international law, and he made metrical translations of Virgil and Horace. Upon arriving in England at the age of twenty-nine years, he gave himself with enthusiasm to the study of Greek, Italian and French, as well as to English."

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"It is interesting that Andrés Bello, the foremost of Spanish-American scholars in linguistics and in international law, should also have been a preeminent poet. Yet all critics, except possibly a few of the present-day modernistas, place his American Silvas amongst the best poetic compositions of all Spanish America. The Silvas are two in number: the Alocución a la poesía and the Silva a la agricultura de la zona torrida. The first is fragmentary: apparently the poet despaired of completing it, and he embodied in the second poem an elaboration of those passages of the first work which describe nature in the tropics. The Silvas are in some degree imitations of Virgil's Georgics, and they are the best of Spanish imitations. Menéndez y Pelayo, who is not too fond of American poets, is willing to admit that Bello is 'in descriptive and Georgic verse, the most Virgilian of our (Spanish) poets.'

"The Silva a la agricultura de la zona torrida, especially, is an extraordinarily successful attempt to give expression in Virgilian terms to the exotic life of the tropics, and in this it is unique in Spanish literature. The beautiful descriptive passages in this poem, the noble ethical precepts and the severely pure diction combine to make it a classic that will long hold an honored place in Spanish-American letters."

The best known Venezuelan writer beside Bello is Rafael Baralt. His poems are written in the classical manner and are somewhat lacking

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in feeling, although excellent in diction. His most famous poem is the ode to A Colon. Others are La Anunciación, Adiós a la Patria, A España. Baralt is more widely known for his history of Venezuela and his work in lexicography. He removed to Spain and became a citizen of that country.

Fernán Toro offered poems both in the classic and in the romantic tradition. Classic in form are Silva a la Zona Torrida and La Ninfa del Anauco. In the romantic manner he composed Hecatonfonia, a group of elegies, and the stories Los Martires and La Viuda de Corinto.

Two poets were the leaders of romanticism in Venezuela, Maitín and Lozano. José Antonio Maitín found in the natural beauty of his home on the Choroní River the inspiration for his songs, and that beauty lives on in their lines. His Canto Fúnebre was occasioned by the death of his wife. Maitín also wrote narrative poems such as El Sereno and El Máscara.

Although not so fine a poet as Maitín, Abigail Lozano was more popular with his contemporaries for his patriotic verses, which now are almost forgotten. Lozano published two collections of poems in the romantic pose, Horas de Martirio and the subsequent Otras Horas de Martirio.

Another romanticist José Antonio Calcano wrote such lyric poetry that he was said to belong to a "family of nightingales." The delicacy and liquid fluency of language for which he is famous is characteristic of his poems La Hoja, Al Llorar al Río, and La Flor del Tabaco. Others of the romantic type are En Un Cementerio, La Muerte, Amor e Inocencia.

A writer of descriptive poetry rich in local color was José RamónYepes. Although an officer in the Venezuela navy, Yepes has poetic faculties of comprehension, and translates the things he sees about him
into verse. Las Nubes, Las Orillas de Lago, and Santa Rosa de Lima are examples of his ability to turn into poetic fancies the ordinary surroundings of his life.

Not so artistic as Yepes, Domingo Ramón Hernández gave expression to a more popular Venezuelan melancholy in Canto a la Golondrina. No poet of Venezuela has greater tenderness of expression; an instance of this is in the sentimental A Una India.

"Next to Bello alone, the most distinguished poet of Venezuela is José Pérez Bonalde, who was a good German scholar and left, besides his original verses, excellent translations of German poets. His metrical versions of Heine, especially, exerted considerable influence over the growth of literary feeling in Spanish America." Of his original poetry the beautiful Vuelta a la Patria and Flor, the outcry of his heart at the death of his daughter, are overshadowed by the fame of his Poema del Niágara.

Rufino Blanco-Fombona began his career as a poet. He has been called a "modern Benvenuto Cellini." Pretense and convention are abhorrent to him and he is nothing if not sincere. "He speaks and writes whatever he thinks with rude frankness. His works are cast in an agile style, dynamic and flexible, but in its extreme simplicity better adapted to prose than to verse."  

"Political conditions compelled him to leave Venezuela, but he was later Venezuelan consul in Amsterdam. When fortune brought him to Paris he published sketches of travel in Más allá de los Horizontes and a volume of verses, Pequeña ópera lírica. In Paris he was a personal associate of Rubén Darío. As a modernista poet, Blanco Fombona must be reckoned as the foremost representative of Venezuela in the modernista movement; while his tales and his criollo novel El Hombre de Hierro give him a high place as a writer of fiction. This novel is a bitter satire on social conditions in Venezuela written from the fullness of personal knowledge. From an unhappy experience in prison Blanco Fombona produced a volume of verses, Cantos de la Prisión y del Destierro, in which he achieved revenge on his political enemy through the poems included. Blanco Fombona lives in exile in Europe, where he has contributed many critical articles on Spanish American men of letters to various publications. An ardent admirer of Bolívar, he has contributed an annotated edition of that great man's correspondence to the annals of history.

"Everybody familiar with classical Spanish plays knows the part played by the Andalusian gracioso. The ready quip and satirical comment were his stock in trade. In modern literature he is represented by the journalist that grinds out his daily article more or less funny according to circumstances. Of this type of humor Venezuelan literature can show as many successful examples as any other in Spanish America. Of these 'costumbris-

tas' a considerable list of names might be given. The value of what they have written is apparent to anybody in whose hands their articles have fallen, for in them the Venezuelan people live and think.  

Daniel Mendoza, Francisco de Sales Pérez, and Nicanor Bolet Peraza are a few of the authors of these witty prose sketches. Pedro José Hernández wrote some of his in the form of fables and humorous verse. Tales of Venezuela that, by the author's powers of description, present a vivid picture of national life are those of Julio Calcano.

The influence of Zola on the fiction of Venezuela is evident in the appearance of novels and tales in the naturalistic manner. An extreme example is Peonía, a novel written by Manuel Romero García, which is difficult for any but a Venezuelan to understand, due to the use of Venezuelan dialect and terms. This novel was the first of a wave of nationalistic fiction.

The most creolistic novel is El Sargento Felipe by Gonzalo Picón Febres. The author has written poems and tales and a scholarly critical history of Venezuela literature, but his best work is in the realistic pictures of Venezuelan life in his most famous novel. Other creole novels in satirical vein are Todo un Pueblo or Villabrava by Miguel Eduardo Pardo and Idolos Rotos by Manuel Díaz Rodríguez. The latter has written other pieces of fiction which deal with social or psychological problems. Díaz Rodríguez' work in the field of criticism has made him one of the modernista leaders of thought in all Spanish America.

XI

Traits of South American Literature

From this brief résumé of the high lights of South American literature, in which an attempt has been made to point out a few of the characteristic literary productions, some of the most notable writers, and the various trends in literature on our sister continent to the south, a few points may be noted.

There is likely to be a sentiment of surprise for the North American who is able to surmount the barrier of language differences and wander at pleasure through the wealth of literary production of South America. Since the translator has so rarely presented the English reader with the opportunity of enjoying novels, tales, and poems from Latin American pens, as a rule the reader is ignorant of the existence of such literature. Since the future seems to indicate a growing interdependence of North and South America, economically and politically, it would seem to indicate also a necessary growth of cultural understanding. Their literature is the expression of the emotional and intellectual life of a people, and South American literature offers to the Anglo-Saxon mind a better understanding and a finer appreciation of his Latin neighbors.

As it has been remarked, South American writers are lovers of beauty and have sought inspiration time and again in the grandeur of their natural surroundings. In their descriptions of nature and their portrayal of the forces of nature they have sounded the keynote which distinguishes the literature of their continent from that of the rest of the world and which has given some of their productions claim to immortality.
But the Spanish temperament, in addition to being passionately fond of the beautiful, is sternly realistic. So one finds naturalism and realism suited to the mental bent of the South American writer and he produces realistic pictures of the political intrigues and uprisings of the republics, the social inequalities of the classes, the pitiful condition of the Indians, and twentieth century problems of immigration and industrial development. This literature of realism presents a striking, though oftentimes sordid, picture of life on the continent, which rings true, and serves further to individualize the literature of South America.

If the writers of Spanish America have followed too slavishly in the past their European models, it would seem that the turn of the century has marked a change and, pressed by the increased tempo of living and the constant demand for change, they are striking out for themselves and determining their own styles of expression and thought.

In the beginning the cultural development of South America was directly dependent on that of Spain. Since the days of independence Spain and her former colonies have been growing constantly farther apart, and while they share a fascinating past, the present and future of the two have little in common. Even the bond of blood is not so strong as it is often assumed to be, for the admixture of Indian blood in the past and the increasing non-Spanish European immigration today serve to loosen that bond more and more, to bring into the population characteristics foreign to those of Spain. Perhaps it is only in literature that the fiction of a close kinship has been preserved. In social and economic fields the in-
terests of the developing colonies lie quite apart from the interests of Spain.

There is a universal tendency in North America to consider all the republics of South America as one whole. For the purposes of convenience those which employ the Spanish tongue have often been so treated in this discussion. Yet it is erroneous to assume a complete homogeneity of these nine republics, as has been noted in the preceding chapters. From a common beginning each republic has developed along its own lines, acquiring certain characteristics which distinguish it from the rest. For what reason is the literature of Peru so different from that of Chile? Why do the tradition of Palma and the historic legend of Díaz Meza of Chile differ so in tone? The answer lies in the social, economic, and geographical differences in the background of the two nationalities represented.

Would the gauchito element in Argentine letters be possible in the productions of Venezuela? Decidedly not, no more than the exotic, tropical note of Venezuelan poetry would be native to the pampas of Argentina.

Again and again one is impressed by the fact that nature has had such a far-reaching, indisputable influence on the literature of the several republics. Even the important social and economic factors have been indirectly the influence of nature.

Let us in closing review again briefly the particular characteristics of the literature of each country, keeping in mind the forces which have developed those characteristics.

In the poetry and prose of Argentina there is one dominant note which surpasses all others—the pampa. The dry, sunny rolling plains of the
Argentine give us the gaucho, whose songs and deeds provide the theme of so many poems and stories. The pampa too produces the hardy, independent realist whose struggle for existence has given him characteristics similar to those pioneers of the middle west in our own United States.

In contrast to the strong rural note struck by the pampas is the cosmopolitan one of the city of Buenos Aires. This great modern metropolis of the southern hemisphere, with an immense immigrant population, brings to Argentine literature the most distinctly urban tone in any of the republics of South America. Here the social problems and industrial problems call forth literary expression, and metropolitan life adds its note to the productions from this New York of the south.

Uruguay, so similar in its great plains and rural life to that of Argentina, so closely bound to the latter politically and socially, possesses much the same characteristics as the Argentine Republic. The Indian note is quite important in Uruguayan productions, much more so than in those of Argentina, and shares popularity with the gaucho in the poetry, prose, and drama of Uruguay.

The mountainous nature of Chile, where life is a struggle for necessities, the isolation of her terrain, which has attracted only the hardiest of adventurers, and the Araucanian element in the population contribute to make the literature of Chile sober and practical, looking seriously on life and its problems. Poetry does not flourish readily and is likely to be very serious in tone. The light, merry note is almost entirely missing from the prose, poetry, and drama of this country. Instead, literature is prone to deal with hard facts and with social problems and
injustices. Moreover the omnipresent mountains strike a note in most literary productions, with an undertone from the sea.

In contrast to her Chilean neighbor, Peru gives us prose and poetry that is quite consistently merry and light. Her poetry trips and laughs. Her prose is droll and malicious and delights in its cleverness. The peaceful, gay, sunny clime of lower Peru is reflected in her literature, as is the Andalusian blood of her inheritance. Wit, merriment, ridicule of human foibles, biting jest, and malicious innuendo, these are characteristic of Peruvian letters, in which the serious note is seldom struck.

Colombia's literature presents strongly Castillian characteristics due to the isolation of its cultural centers. Political struggles so common in the country provide recurrent theme for the poets and prose writers. The beautiful scenery of the republic appears repeatedly in literature and the picturesque rural life of the country adds a characteristic note.

Venezuela, the most tropical of South American republics, reflects in poetry and prose the passionate, luxuriant nature of its locale. The enervating heat of the tropics is apparent the measures of its poetry, and the typical concern of warm latitudes with mannerisms and gossip is present in its prose. As in Colombia, politica provides a perennially new theme for Venezuela writers. Their literature may become heated and passionate, or idly tolerant of conditions as they are, but the steady, purposeful zeal for ideals and ideas noticeable in literature of cooler climates is missing.

However dissimilar some of the traits of South American literature may be, there is a conscious unity in the literary productions of the continent. Relying on the bonds of common language and similar ancestry, the
writers of South America, in union with those of Central America, have determinedly fostered a consciousness of brotherhood among those who create in the Spanish language in the New World. Subordinating national prejudices, these writers have worked willingly together, joining forces to win the world's attention and appreciation for Spanish-American letters. That, working together, they have accomplished what the individual countries earlier failed to do, is attested to by the growing attention which Spanish-American literature receives in Europe, and the attention which it is belatedly beginning to receive in North America at the present time.

Recognition of South America as a cultural as well as an economic force is at last being forced upon our consciousness. It has been repeatedly stated that South America is a land of the future, that this magnificent continent has only begun to develop. That statement is as true of her literary as of her industrial or social development. South American literature is in its youth. The future holds great promise for the literary world.

Clouds

Clouds that have appeared each day
Are piling up dark in the west,
Thunder surges far away
And flashes in the east.
The mountains tremble from east to west,
And with a moaning heard's torrential gust
The wind begins to rise.

Odor

Odor of rain, divine
Odor in which is foretold
APPENDIX

The following selections are chosen as representative of a few characteristics of the literature of South America and of several national tendencies of the particular country.

They are translated from the Spanish by the writer, and an effort has been made to keep, as much as possible, the original style, and, in the examples of poetry, the original meter and rhyme scheme. The selection of poetry has offered peculiar restrictions, since many types of poetry do not lend themselves to translation. The scarcity of available material in this country has added to the difficulties of the task and hampered a free choice of examples.

ARGENTINA

Luis L. Franco

THE WATER'S BENEVOLENCE

Drouth

Burning and life-blasting sun
That blinds with bright glare
So that the doves come one by one
Seeking in patio's shade
For water. Without there
An ostrich or two ventures near
While the song the locust has made
'Neath the twine
Of the vine
Sounds drear.

Clouds

Clouds that have appeared each day
Are piling up dark in the west.
Thunder bursts far away
And shaken to the base
The mountains rumble from crest to crest.
And with a mounted guard's torrential zest
The wind begins to race.

Odor

Odor of rain, divine
Odor in which is foretold
Aged wine
And bread not cold.

Water, Water, Water...

Water falls on the roof-tiles
Water falls on each leaf
And on the sponge-like, thirsty-ground...
Ah, who can tell the sweet relief,
The profound
Emotion that each breast beguiles?

"Miguel, Narciso, cease your dreaming;
Put that burdle in the shed!
Ave, María! Hear the thunder!
Girls, are the clothes in that we spread?"

Into patio from roof-tree streaming...

"Get those pots and water jars under!"

Those clouds now badly rent
Make a stream of every road
And in ochre-tinted bent
The corrals have overflowed.

The canal by the poplars runs full
With waters bubbling after
Like a joyful mouth spilling plentiful
Laughter.

Welcome this water of heaven, that the fire
Of earth has quenched, and of our desire!
Welcome the tile's fresh crimson hue
And the washed hills' blue!

The clear liquid's virtue glows
Through every facet of the earth.
The tree whispers: health
The mountains: rebirth;
Lightness, gaiety, change--the wind blows
And the valley basin--wealth.

With bursting song invites a bird
To joy in pristine life conferred.
Leopoldo Lugones

TWO FAMOUS LUNATICS

Dramatis Personae:

H. - (unknown, apparently Scandinavian)
Q. - (unknown, seems to be a Spaniard)


H. is light-haired, short, and clean-shaven, tending to obesity, but unusually distinguished looking. He is dressed in a shapeless black suit and his patent leather shoes squeak a great deal. He carries a gold-headed cane which he twirls dizzily in his fingers. He is smoking Turkish cigarettes and lights one right after another. The left corner of his mouth twitches constantly, as well as the eye on the same side. His hands are very white; he hardly moves three steps but what he looks at his nails. He walks back and forth throwing furtive glances at the piles of baggage. From time to time he whirls about abruptly and sends forth a squeal like a rat into the empty shadow, as if there were some one there; then he continues his pacing, once more making a pin wheel of his cane.

Q. appears to be graced with intellectual endowments, tall and austere; an aquiline face, almost fleshless; something of the appearance of one and the same time of the soldier and the student. His gray suit fits him badly; it is almost ridiculous, but not vulgar nor slovenly. Simply a matter of proud penury that is self-respecting. This gives the impression of real modesty, as much as the other one gives an impression of suspicious charlatanism. They pass from one side to the other; but it is to be noticed that they do not converse except to kill time. When the train arrives they will not take the same coach. Nor have they ever seen each other before. Q. knows that his companion is named H. because when he arrived he was carrying in his hand a suitcase marked with that initial. For his part, H. has seen that the other has a handkerchief marked with a Q.

Scene I

H. -- There seems to be a general strike and service is completely cut off. Not a single train will run all week.

Q. -- Then it's madness to have come.

H. -- Greater madness for the workers to declare a strike. The poor devils don't know their history. They are ignorant of the fact that the first general strike was the retreat of the Romans to Mount Aventino.
Q.--The workers do well to struggle for the triumph of justice, two or three thousand years are not an excessive length of time to accomplish such good. Hercules reached the confines of the World, searching for the Garden of the Hesperides. A mountain range stood in his way and placing his hands on two summits, he opened it and let the sea through, like one breaks apart by the horns the roasted head of a sheep.

H.--Beautiful language; but don't forget that Hercules was a fabulous personage.

Q.--For mean spirits the ideal is always fabulous.

H.--(Turning abruptly and saluting the shadows with his walking stick) I don't know if you mean that for me, but I want to advise you that I am not in the habit of eating mutton with my fingers. Your metaphor seems a little crude to me.

Q.--Although I am acquainted with the play with forks at the tables of kings, I have enjoyed more frequently the collation of the poor. From the wild berries of the hermit to the worker's bread, hard and harsh as a clod, my palate knows the savour of fasting well.

H.--I assume you that you have bad taste. For my part I pity the unfortunate, to be sure. I am desirous of equality, but in hygiene, in culture, in comfort--equality going up. While that is impossible, I'll stick to my superiority. Why do we need new crosses, if Christ alone assumed all the sins of human kind?

Q.--It is one quality of virtue to be angered by iniquity, and to hasten to deter or punish it, without remarking what must follow. Wretched and reviled justice, if it depended for succor on irreproachable reasoning or the development of a theorem! As far as I am concerned I do not desire equality nor new laws nor better philosophies. Only I cannot bear to see the weak suffer. My heart rebels and I stake my own suffering and peril without measure, in ransom for their happiness. It matters little if it be with the law or against the law. Frequently justice is a victim of law. Nor could I restrain myself in face of such absurdity. But each monster that is aborted in phantasmagoria, each vain enterprise that consumes my effort, might be at once incentives to intercede for me against bitter reality. Why do you find it bad that these workers struggle at the price of hunger? Is not hunger a price of the ideals, like blood, like tears?

H.--You possess an illusive eloquence which would have carried me away at twenty, when I believed in birds and in maidens.
Q.--I hope that you mean nothing derogatory by your words about maidens and birds.

H.--By no means. Birds have the same mode of walking (makes a little ornithological run on tip-toe) as damsels; and damsels have as much brains as the birds. But getting back to our theme. The workers will never succeed with violence. I advise you, parenthetically, that I am no landed proprietor. The workers must conform to the law; take advantage of their franchise, elect their representatives, gain control of Parliament, commit certain extravagances to throw the rich off the track, such as turning them into ministers, for example, and then later pressing down on them--crack!--the vortex....if it turns out that they do not prefer to become rich in their turn. It is a system.

Q.--An abominable system. Truly, it seems to me that you are somewhat of a socialist.

H.--I don't deny it, but on the other hand I have noticed that you are a little bit of an anarchist.

Q.--I won't hide my preferences in that direction. I have always loved the valiant knight. And I don't know why a vehement desire for rigorous justice, why unusual courage for fighting alone against entire hosts, a sombre generosity with death the inevitable, in fighting for the life that others will enjoy better. -- I find profound resemblances between gentlemen of the sword and gentlemen of the bomb. The great administrators of justice who take upon themselves the hard lot of the future of humanity are like those bees of the autumn time who hoard by thrusts of their stingers future nourishment for a progeny which they will never see. For the welfare of the life they feel germinating in their approaching death, they kill spiders and larvae--or one might say tyrants and useless beings, perhaps quite innocent, always despicable. All the while they lack a mouth, they cannot taste even a drop of honey. Their work for the future ends in death, which, after all, is the only road to immortality.

H.--Are you an idealist?

Q.--In truth; and you?

H.--A materialist. I ceased to believe in the soul when I left off believing in love. (He shakes violently)

Q.--Are you cold?

H.--Not exactly. It's a silly fancy, if you wish, that that ancient trunk gives me. When I go one way it looks like an elephant and when I come back it looks like a whale.
Q.--(Apart) That expression is not unfamiliar. (Aloud) It's my traveling trunk. From its color and shape it does have something pachyderm about it.

H.--There are Scandinavian trunks that look like whales (Shakes again). It is singular that these things possess one's mind. These things one acquires in traffic with ghosts. You will notice that sometimes that when I go to pronounce some word or other my left eye gets down under my nose by mistake. A curious discordance. The sound of an r makes my finger nails vibrate. Do you know why my shoes squeak so much?

Q.--No, of course not.

H.--It's a Hungarian fashion. I have adopted it in order to always remind myself that I must always set my feet in the exact middle of the blocks of pavement and never step on the cracks. A mania which has of course its psychological term.

(Afar off is heard the braying of an ass.)

Oh, that damned lunatic of an ass! I could tear his ears out by the roots with pleasure, in spite of his goodness.

Q.--I love the ass. He is patient and faithful. His distant braying on a clear night, is full of poetry. I knew one, to be sure, as worthy as the one in the Gospels.

H.--Do you ride an ass?

Q.--Oh, no. It was a man-servant's that I had. An excellent man, but as bristling with proverbs as a porcupine with spines.

H.--I never had a faithful man-servant, I don't believe there are any. A maid servant, yes, there is one. But she is invisible--Treachery.

Q.--You might rather say an abominable beast.

H.--"Treachery" is the name of the voluptuousness which crime produces. (Seizing the arm of his companion in a friendly manner.) You were speaking of the bomb. The bomb is imprudent. It proclaims its crime like a drunken strumpet. That is not how one should proceed. Someday you discover that your life has been brutally twisted and broken. You feel your blood curdle at misfortune, like a bog freezing over. No possible pleasure is left you but vengeance. Then you try madness. It is the best safe-conduct. The madman carries absence with him. When reason is dislodged, forgetting comes to dwell with him.
It wouldn't be a bad idea to try talking to some ghost. Attend the sessions of the spiritualists; they're charming and quite compatible with materialism. Then you'll have a mania for whistling loudly when you go out at night in lonely places and a certain intermittent coldness along the backbone. But ghosts give good advice. They are acquainted with the philosophy of life. They speak in the guise of some member of your family who has died.

Little by little you'll get to feeling somewhat at cross-purposes. You'll commit oddities for the pleasure of committing them. You see what's happened to me already. My squeaking shoes and my wind-mill cane are silly, but very agreeable. They are also positive concepts, forms of reasoning somewhat different. But the rule of reason is as effective in them as in the logic of Aristotle.

Then you will acquire a loathing for all that lives and loves. An overwhelming individuality will develop within your being. You will begin breaking mirrors and wiping your muddy feet on tapestries. You will coldly kill your favorite mare with a pistol shot behind the ear. Then you'll want something better. Now you are ready. Next you will do some irremediable hurt to your mother or your wife.

Q.--Sir!

H.--Eh? What the devil! Let me finish!

I'll have you know I've been in love. I loved a blonde, poetical girl, a sort of heavenly aquamarine. She was given to singing and fancy work. She didn't scorn sport. She could ride a bicycle gracefully. But I loved her with an innocence so great that my hands were like ice. But in truth she was a little insipid, like partridge without pickles. I liked to spend long hours lying with my face on her knees, gazing at the horizon which was then level with our eyes. She would bend her head down gently with the familiar intimacy of a cousin. Her blue eyes were young and innocent when one gazed at them fully opened, but she closed them habitually in dreamy disdain. Her nose slightly turned up. Her mouth too large, but still without the slightest tinge of that virginal carmine that stains lips wise in love, with the wine of a cup which has been drained. Her cheek-bones were perhaps a little high and thin. She combed her hair quite nicely, with only two uneven, careless waves in her blond hair. She always wore the nape of her neck bare, exaggerating its bareness by sitting with her head bent forward. This was all of her coquetry. One could not make out her breasts beneath her blouse. Her hands and feet were rather long. Her short skirt let one see her legs, thin and arrogant like a swimmer's. Anyway, swimming was her greatest delight. Swimming when one's life was in
danger. They forbade her in vain. She would go to the river under the pretext of gathering violets and wild flowers to adorn her big hat.

I ceased to love her when I discovered that she belonged to the infamous race of womankind. I don't know whether she died or became a nun. She had a calling for both. Farewell forever, my beloved! (Flipping his cigarette up to the roof.)

Q.--Allow me to refute your errors in regard to woman. I hold her to be the crown of days of labor when one lives under the inclemency of destiny; her garments are the foliage of the palm-trees of every wandering journey; her love is the garden of the journey's end. If a wife, she is the tranquil fountain into which one gazes as he drinks, whose waters are forever at the level of his mouth. If maiden, she is the integral flame at which one may light as many others as he wishes, without its being lessened by it.

I, too, have loved and love a belle unusual in every sense. It will suffice to tell you that one breath alone from her mouth would make all the roses of Trebizond burst into bloom. Were the sea without color and she to enter it to bathe in its waters, it would turn blue to duplicate the firmament for such a star. Her soul has the clarity of crystal in her purity; its timbre in her fidelity; its brilliance in her intelligence; its delicacy in her sensitiveness; its natural fire in her tenderness; its appearance of ice in her discretion. And not just any crystal, but a Venetian vase, such as the Emperor of Constantinople would have won by force of arms to place on his altars.

H.--If I had ever known such a woman, it is likely that I too might love.

Q.--(Drawing arrogantly erect) Think you that I know her or have ever known her? If I love her, it is because mortal eye has never profaned her incredible beauty.

H.--(Smothering a guffaw of laughter) I congratulate you, sir. That's one way of interpreting love which wasn't in my books. Now, my philosophy toward doves is that of a hungry cat. Let them fly away, or I'll eat them. (He gazes suddenly at the sky and noting that the moon is now visible on that side makes a disagreeable grimace.) Here we have the moon, the heavenly body of lyrical lovers. The moon! What a lot of tomfoolery! Each one of its quarters makes me melancholy. (Scolding it) Oh, imbecile old maid, bag of honey, classic rubbish, bayed at by dogs, doctor's pill, egg face! (Clasping his temples) Oof, what a headache!

Q.--My soul is filled with poetry by the moon, like a pool of water lying mid the shade of hemlocks. To her I owe my greatest inspirations. I
have devoted years to contemplating her, ever kind to my love. To me she represents the lamp of fidelity.

H.--A woman it is, and as such, a hopeless imposter.

Q.--(Becoming very serious) Sir, the moon stirs in my brain the ferment of a thousand heroic deeds. Your remarks about woman are certainly unbearable; and for no other reason than to compel you to a decision by arms, I tell you that I take the moon for a forsaken maiden and I will permit no insolence toward her.

H.--(Shaken by a sick quivering) Do not forget, sir, that I have endured many impertinences on my part. The die is cast. The moon is an empty pumpkin and nothing more. I know that he who spits at the sky gets saliva in his face. But I have such a mouthful that it's bursting out of my teeth and I see there a sign that says, "Not permitted to spit on the floor." (Such grammar!) So then, oh moon, oh jade, here you are (he spits toward the moon) and here (he spits again) and here (he spits the third time.)

Q.--(Drawing forth his card) My address, sir.

H.--(Doing likewise) Sir, mine.

Q.--(Gazing at the slip of cardboard in surprise) Prince Hamlet!

H.--(Reading with interest) Alonso Quijote!

Scene Two

Don Quijote, raising his eyes toward his adversary, notices he has disappeared.

Hamlet, looking about for Don Quijote, notes that he is no longer there.

The reader realizes, in his turn, that Don Quijote and Hamlet have both vanished.

Miguel A. Camino

CHACAYALERA

Lovely Chacayalera, gold-bronzied by the sun, just a kiss I pray thee.
"Oh, no, no, my señor! 'Tis a thing ne'er asked for; Not sold, nor to be offered; 'tis for gathering between two. Of the two, here am I only. The other—not yet come, sir, from my lips to harvest the kiss for which you pray me, which I do not wish to give, "Ay! No, no...." Lovely Chacayalera, gold-bronzed by the sun.

Roberto J. Payró,

JEALOUS

Crispin was a poor man: his wife had made him cuckold and his kindred had made him wretched. A humble man in his occupation of shoe-maker, he labored bowed over his bench from early morn until the night to gather together a few centavos. And he gathered them; but a very few centavos, naturally... Three children he had, all three of differing appearance, and his lasts gave him no time to caress the first, the authentic... He smiled at all three over the rims of his spectacles, and allowed himself a couple of minutes to embrace his wife when he could work no more for weariness, after his supper and the great glass of vino carlon... Everyone round about jested because Ernesta was so pretty, blonde and conceited, and comparatively young. The neighborhood, fond of scandals, made fun of his guilelessness and entrusted their old shoes to him to half-shoe. And the months ran on alike; the meek one tacked and sewed and glued, his eyes...
sad behind the thick glasses.

And time passed. Passed..............

II

"Now we are old, and nothing can matter any longer, have you ever been unfaithful to me?"

Ernesta, under her handful of cotton, laughed toothlessly. She might have laughed, sarcastically, for a long while.

"Don Pedro was one.... the most..." he said.

"Ha-ha-ha!" answered arrogantly and mockingly the ancient mouth.

"And Luisito....."

"Ho-ho-ho!" cackled the lips over the sonorous hollow.

And there was no more, for the hammer that softened sole-leather had broken the skull, no longer with its blonde protections, garnished now only by the dispirited and insufficient defense of white locks....

III

"And you killed her", the judge said.

"With these hands, yes, sir."

"And why did you do it?"

"Jealousy, sir," he answered meekly.

"You are eighty-two years old....."

"That is so....."

"And she was sixty....."

"That's true."

"And if such is the case, what were you afraid of?"

Crispin stood a moment in silence, his pupils sparkling under lash-
less lids. He raised his head. A bitter smile wandered over the folds of skin in his face.

"I was not afraid... I was remembering!"

Fernández Moreno

INVITATION TO HOME

I am alone in my house—Well thou knowest it—and sad as always. I am weary of reading and writing And long for the sight of you...

Yesterday when you passed with your sisters, by my house, in your sky-blue dress, going to make some small purchase...

I knew a great desire to stop you, to take you slowly by the hand and say then, very gently: "Come up the stairs to my house now and forever...

Above there is a fire on the hearth; Some lay our supper; spread on the ancient, neglected table its familiar linen cloth, and let us sup.....

The night is very cold, unfriendly winds are blowing. Come up the stairs to my house and stay with me, forever.

And stay with me, in all simplicity, companions, henceforward, on the journey. Now has come the hour to build our nest, I go to seek the feathers and the straws...

"We shall have a home sweet and serene, with flowers in the patio and the windows well closed against the noises of the street, that our souls be not interrupted. . . . You shall have a room for your labors Oh, scissors and little silver thimble! I shall have a room for my custom—quite inoffensive—of spinning phrases. . . .

And so in the late afternoon I shall find you with head bent over a piece of embroidery.
I shall come to you in the perfect quiet
And sit down at your feet;
I shall read you my verses, quite assured
Of drawing from your eyes a tear;
And perhaps they will fondle my locks,
Your little, loving, white hands.

While the sun throws his last reflection
On your scissors and the small silver thimble."

(Intermedio Provinciana)

Rafael Alberto Arrieta

THE GOBLET

Clear, perfect, bell-like,
A wine-glass I keep. Its delicacy
Is flower-like. In hands
Most gentle I would fear
For its fragility of froth and petals.
At lightest contact, slightest touch
Sensitive with music,
It sounds its note of crystal,
Clean and sharp. Then gradually
Its cymbal vibration dies away
Like a faint sigh between my lips.

From what marvelous workshop, oh gods,
Came forth the chased liquid of my goblet?
Divinely miniature like a child's
Clasped hand, a flower's calix...
Not a glass for banquets, nor to appease
With its brief contents
The thirsty traveler. But in it
One may toast an orator or soften
A woman's heart. . . I have seen
The new rose of gentle lips
Upon its border, and a swallow
Once came to peep into its depths...

Crystal jewel, foam-spun, never
Has brutal, shaking hand of one ignoble
Profaned in orgy, nor with impure lips
Blemished the vision
Of thy brilliance. I keep my wine-glass
For the supreme moment
When my lips and a new rose
have nothing else to tell each other
and free now from the kiss' pressure
seek refreshment at the crystal edge... . .
(But I well know thou wilt never cloy me,
0 crimson rose of new lips.)

(El Espejo de la Fuentê)

**URUGUAY**

Javier de Viana

**NOW**

In the little grove of paradise trees which grew in the angle
between the fence of the chacra and that which led to the lot where the
washing was done, Serapio, having dug four holes with his spade, was
experimenting with sinking the first post.

He was in no hurry. Serapio was never in a hurry. Calmly he set
the pole in the hole and began to line it up. When it suited him, he held
it tight with both hands and commenced kicking in the excavated dirt with
one foot.

"That's fine," he said.

He let go the top, now firm, and seizing his spade threw into the hole
all the rest of the dirt. He tamped it down. He straightened the position
of the post.

"That's fine," he said again.

He took out the "makings", rolled a cigarette, lit it, and picked up
another post to set in the next hole. At that moment Eufrasia appeared,
coming from the washing-place with a great bundle of clothes on her head.
She let it fall, rearranged her locks, set her arms akimbo, and observing
Serapio's work, which had not existed when she went out at noon to the
stream remarked, "Huh! You settin' up farming?"

"Looks like it," the fellow answered without looking up, preoccupied
with his work.

"Small house, looks like."

"It's for the pigs."

And she laughed, "You'll be just fine in there."

"Yes, in your company."

The girl made a gesture of disdain, gathered up her bundle of clothes
and exclaimed scornfully, "Go clean yourself up!"

And with quick little steps she went on toward the houses, swaying
in her walk and never deigning to look back.

The youth continued his task and only when she was some distance off
did he raise his head and set himself to studying her.

"Not yet," he remarked aloud, returning calmly to his work.

Four months later sheep-shearing began. A great bustle on the ranch.
More than twenty thousand sheep must be shorn of their fleeces. Forty
sheep-shearers sweated away in the broiling heat under the sheet-iron
roof of the shed, each kneeling astride a prostrate sheep, scissors in
hand. The work to be done by the ranch hands was overwhelming. Serapio,
who had saddled up at dawn to drive in the flocks of sheep allotted for
that day's shearing, was responsible for seeing to it that there was never
a break in the line of animals that occupied the center of the shed,
ready at hand for the shearers.
On her part Eufrasia was frantic with the excess of continuous, exhausting tasks. She had not combed her braids, and locks of hair being obstinately in her face. Her percale skirt was all in wrinkles because she had lain down, nearly every night in her dress, overcome by weariness.

At dusk that evening he came into the patio and went thirstily to the well. He found her making laborious efforts to pull up the rope. He took from her the bucket and drank blissfully from the jug she handed him. He had an inspiration to unburden his soul and... The great fire in the kitchen illumined the face of the girl. Her tanned cheeks were yellow with weariness. There were deep circles under her dark eyes. Her full lips were pallid and half-opened.

"Not yet," thought the gaúcho, and returned in silence to the shed.

When the shearing was finished there was a dance. Eufrasia, an attractive girl, had many admirers and she flirted with them all. But she concentrated her changing favor between Toribio López, sergeant of police, whose authority lent him advantage; the little Indian Martínez, the guitar player who was forever presumptuously singing honeyed vidalitas in her ear; and Serapio, who, with never a word of love on his part, had insinuated himself into the depths of her heart with his burning glances of love.

At the dance Martínez was preferred from the beginning. A powerful dancer, an agreeable conversationalist, he was captivating. The sergeant, forty and vain, chewed his great mustachios and tortured his imagination in search of some excuse for clapping the clever Indian in jail.
Serapio calmly and tranquilly stood at one side hidden in the shadow, concealing his presence.

At midnight, after dancing four numbers consecutively with the Indian guitarrist, Eufrasia went out into the patio and toward the grove of paradise trees, where she stopped to lean on one of the posts of the pig pen Serapio had built. The latter, who had been there for a quarter of an hour sitting on the ground thinking, saw her and kept silent, staying hidden from view.

After a little Martinez appeared. He approached her, seized her hand with the air of a conqueror, and said, "I knew that my little dove must be obedient to her master."

"Obedient?" she replied in some irritation.

"To be sure. Give me a kiss."

"No!" exclaimed Eufrasia slipping away.

"Why not?"

"Because I shall kiss only my husband."

Pursuing her, he exclaimed, "I might be your husband."

"Oh, yes?" she replied pushing him back indignantly. "So the fellow believes that? You saddle up and get out of here."

The pleas of the guitar-player were useless. Offended, the girl passed him by and returned to the house.

An hour later Serapio went back to the hall of the fiesta. Eufrasia was dancing with the sergeant. He remained in the doorway, pretending not to notice the provocative glances the girl sent him every time she whirled near him.
And not once, in all the evening, did he deign to approach her, to speak to her, to beg her for the honor of a dance. The gaucho was studying, waiting.

In the middle of a polka Eufrasia obliged her partner, the sergeant, to sit out. She was furious. She went right to the doorway and gave Serapio a little push.

"When?" she asked him slyly.

"Now," he responded.

Taking her by the hand he advanced to the guitar-players and said in an imperious voice, "Let's have a pretty mazurka to dance to with my sweetheart." He fixed his eyes on hers; and hers answered affirmatively.

The guitars were tuned and broke into the rhythmic music of a languid mazurka.

"Now," he said.

"Now," she answered, surrendering herself.

Juana de Ibarbourou

THE NEST

My bed was once an oak
And in its branches the birds sang.
My bed was once an oak
And the tempest devoured its branches.

I stroke my hands
Over its clear polished wood
And dream that perhaps I touch the very spot
Where some nest once clung.

My bed was once an oak.
I slumber in a tree.
In a tree, the companion of water,
Of the sun and breeze, of sky and lichen,
Of little lizards jewel-eyed.
And plants all emerald-leaved.

I slumber in a tree
Ah, beloved, in a tree we slumber!
Perhaps 'tis why our couch this night
Seems soft and deep as a nest to me.

And I snuggle close like a little bird
Seeking its companion's protection—
How the wind howls and the rain shrieks!—
In the nest with you I know no fear.

(Raiz Salvaje)

CHILE

Gabriela Mistral

DEAD TREE

On the lonely, barren slope
a lifeless tree thrusts up its blasphemy,
A tree that is bleached and broken,
pierced through with wounds
Whence every wind in passing
howls back my desperation.

Of all the burned forest only,
in lonely mockery, this spectre.
A reaching flame licked up its side,
searing—as did love my soul.
The wound now gushes purple moss
like a blood-stained strophe!

Those dear comrades that encircled
like a garland wreathed that last September
all have fallen. Its great roots
seeking them in tortured writhing
thrust up through the grassy carpet
with a human anguish—....

In the plain the full moon lights it
by a more than deathly silver,
tracing forth its measure of bitterness
into the distance, a desolate shadow.
While it flaunts at every passerby
Its fearful blasphemy, a woeful phantom.
Manuel Rojas

THE HUT IN THE MOUNTAINS

Part I

The hut was located to the north of the road along the precipice, the first habitation one came upon on leaving the deep, narrow gorge. To reach it one must climb the slope of the mountain and cross a rocky, gleaming mesa, without a spear of grass or a pebble, bare as the wind which swept it constantly. The mesa passed, and having skirted a red cliff that descended sharply, the road stretched down the mountain at an easy jog.

From there the hut could be seen, screened by rocks. It was an insignificant hovel. The wall that faced the road, as well as that toward the rocks, was of undressed stone, with sharp points and crevices where in winter gusts of the blizzards entered. The other walls and the roof were sheets of zinc, an unsubstantial covering scarcely made fast by small logs, sacks of earth, and great stones.

In its earlier days the building had served as quarters for a couple of frontier guards. But when a house for that purpose was built a mile below, it was abandoned, and the guards used it only when at night they lay in ambush for smugglers or cattle thieves. And travelers passing from one country to the other, reaching there at nightfall, spent the night within its smoked walls. In spite of two stone walls it was flimsy and unstable. If some day the wind should blow contrary to its usual direction not a trace of its existence would remain. When the lash of the wind reached it aslant it shook like a dog coming out of water.
Nevertheless, despite the little security and no comfort that it offered, someone was interested in using it. That person was old Floridor Carmona, a countryman of the region, who possessed, in the shadow of the cordillera, a piece of property consisting of a rude building and a bit of land on which he cultivated wheat, vegetables, and fruit, and raised livestock and chickens. When they made his request they laughed at him. But in old Floridor, behind his appearance of simple shrewdness, trousers scarcely reaching his ankles, short white jacket, and waistcoat with its heavy brass chain from which hung a peso coined in '86, with his mustache like an old dog's whiskers, his little red nose and little, bleary, pale eyes, there was concealed a man who undertook nothing except he were sure of results. During the summer that passed was quite frequented: muleteers, laborers who came and went from Argentina, travelers, cattle buyers, miners, even tourists passed there. And they reached the mouth of the canyon, almost invariably, at the end of the fourth day of travel if they came from the east, and of the first if they came from the west. People reached there tired, hungry, and thirsty, to find no one to provide them the wherewithal to refresh themselves. Why should this advantage be lost, if it was so easy to win? The hut was built, and lacked only an occupant with his merchandise and provisions. One could spend the summer there, and in winter, a time in which not a soul ventured into those parts, return to the old rancho. The matter seemed very clear to old Carmona, who undertook any business that chanced his way, even if it netted him only two or three pesos. "These three pesos weren't in my pocket and now they
are. That's just like finding them."

His wife was, like him, an ant, with the virtues of thrift, initiative and energy, so rare among country people, poor or rich. In spite of her age and her fatness, she worked from dawn till dark. She raised chickens, attended to the orchard and garden stuff; made bread and sold it to her neighbors who had no oven, or who, if they had one, were too lazy to knead the dough. She turned over to the hotel the daily product of her chicken yard. On Sundays, when people came from the cities to spend a few hours in the mountains, she baked two or three batches of empanadas that made the mouth of the passerby water, and he stopped to order other dishes and liquor. What didn't her fat, black hands do! Everything, even to playing the guitar. When people stopping at her house, emboldened by drinking, expressed a desire to hear some girl sing, Doña Mercedes took out an old, greasy guitar, seated herself under the walnut tree in the patio, and facing the curiosity and amusement of the gathering, looked at them, cleared her throat sharply, made excuse for her singing, and at last opened her great mouth. Those who did not know her secretly split their sides with laughter, seeing her in the first pose of singing. What sound would come out of that mouth almost as wide as an oven? A moo, perhaps?

But the smiles of the strangers quickly changed to expressions of surprise, for from that ill-shapen mouth came a voice of sweetness and charm. It seemed the songs were sung by another hidden behind her, so foreign was her voice to her appearance. Simple love songs, mischievous ditties, gaucho style, which she had probably learned from Argen-
time muleteers, flowed from her throat at the call of the guitar.

"La culebra en el espin
se encorsa y desaparece.
La mujer que engaña al hombre
corona de oro merece."

"The snake in the thornbush
Twists himself to disappear.
The woman who deceives a man
A crown of gold should wear."

Thanks to both of them the house prospered.

* * * * * * *

Old Floridor succeeded in renting the abandoned hut, not without it costing him time and argument, since the authorities, considering it ridiculous, paid no attention to him. What did he want the hut for? Old Carmona's explanation caused hilarity.

"But what the devil are you going to do up there?"

Finally the old fellow became irritated, "And what do you care what I am going to do? Am I, by any chance, asking you to loan money? You know I'm an honest man, and if I want to rent a ranch it's for a good reason. I'm not going to turn smuggler. At my age! Collect a little rent and leave the rest to me. What if it does turn out bad for me? Mind your own business, I'll attend to mine. You'll have no reason to lose the price of the rent."

Only to annoy him and see if he would give up his plans they asked thirty pesos a month for rent. Then old Floridor shouted to the skies.

"Thirty pesos a month! Are you crazy? Thirty pesos a month to rent a shack not worth a copper and where I'm sure to lose what I've got?"
No, sir, bring it down."

"Don't rent it then if the price seems too high for you."

"No, no. Come down."

They came down little by little to half, fifteen pesos, and old Floridor, his heart pounding with joy, paid the first month's rent in haste.

"I've rented the hut!" he shouted in the doorway of his house.

And all its inmates set to work. The business did not seem to much purpose to Dora Mercedes, but it would earn something. So she let the old man have his way and helped him a good deal, remembering that each copper penny earned was one more in the house. One must pursue each penny vigorously, she thought. Besides, Floridor was not needed on the place. The oldest daughter and her husband were sufficient to care for the farm and fields.

Early the following morning old Floridor mounted his horse and set off for the hut, leading another horse loaded with the things necessary to clean and fix up his future place of business. He returned after nightfall, tired as a dog and merry as a cricket.

"Everything is ready and clean. The hut is large enough and can be divided into two parts, one to sleep in. Sure, it's a little narrow. The other will be a shop. With a partition of board and sacks it will be all right. I talked with the guards and they told me I would make a lot of money. People come through until April. Did you buy what I told you to do? Good! Tomorrow morning I'm off early."

Floridor was enthusiastic and for several days kept going up and down,
chattering and laughing. On the last trip he took his daughter, Florisa, an unripe and difficult sixteen-year-old, who looked stupid but exciting and malicious as strong liquor, curved of hip and full-breasted.

Dona Mercedes argued a long time, "Take María Inéz."

"Yes, take her there with her mouth open and eyes blinking like the fool she is. No, I want someone to help me."

"All right, but be careful. There are so many rotoos there."

Days afterward, all was installed and open for business with a display of all things necessary for the traveler. Floridor was a little nervous the first day. The solitude bewildered him. He went out to the road and crossed the mesa. His gaze sank into the entrance of the canyon. He watched the red and blue hills, omnipresent, immovable, barren, indifferent to everything, even the wind which shook him like the fraying end of a rope. Sometimes he even doubted the excellence of his plan. No one would pass by there.

Florisa became bored with marmalade jars and wine demijohns; she yawned and slept.

But one afternoon the first customers arrived. A bunch of animals appeared out of the canyon. Then the tense shouts of peons. Old Floridor's soul returned to his body and he was off like a shot to the house.

"People are coming," he shouted to his daughter.

He went out to the road to wait for them, and for a long time he heard only the noise of cattle, the lusty shouts of men, and the barking of dogs. All seemed to float upon the wind. But suddenly like a moving
hill the animals appeared, great heads bent, powerful bodies swaying. And a man, wrapped in a black poncho and mounted on a strong bay mule, passed near Floridor, shouting like a demon and making his long whip whistle over his head.

"That must be the foreman," thought Floridor.

But the man turned to him smiling, "What are you doing here, Floridor?"

"Caramba! It is my old pal Aniceto!"

He was a man like a mountain. His teeth shone out from a beard black and dense as a bramblebush. He whirled his mount and shouted, "Boys! Bring those beasts over on this side. We are going to visit the chincel of my old friend Floridor."

His thundering voice rose above the roaring of the wind. The muleteers shouted, the beasts moved about, the horses reared in the air showing mottlesome heads, foam-flecked mouths. The noisy, undulating mass was quieted and the last shouts fled away and were lost like birds in the air.

Until midnight, seated on boxes or on the floor, the men ate, talked, drank, and sang, slyly pinching Florisa's arms and legs, filling Floridor's pockets with Chilean pesos and Argentine bank notes. They slept in the open air, wrapped in their blankets and ponchos, and at dawn went away with shouting, cursing, and lowing of cattle, and the racing about of horses.

The mountains were left silent and desolate. But from that day the stream of customers through Floridor Carmon's place of business was never interrupted. Travelers passed in pairs or in groups, muleteers, tramps,
merchants; and coins fell with a continuous, slow dropping into the eager hands of the old man.

"This is going very, very well," he'd often say, licking his lips in relish.

Some nights, moonless or cloudy ones, the pair of guards spent a few hours with the old man and his daughter. The reserve garrison was made up of five men, a sergeant and four soldiers, the first a man now aged, but hard and robust, dried with the mountain air, with bristling mustache and a voice as strong and as hard as his sabre. The others were tall, jolly youths, who looked at Florisa as a parched man looks at fruit that, though green, may be juicy. They talked, marking the time drink by drink, telling adventures and fantastic tales, while the wind went crazy beating against the mountains, sounding like a drunkard pounding on the rocks. On starry nights the wind blew and blustered stronger than ever. It climbed the slope of the mountain in the dark, puffing like a tired beast; it passed the mesa almost without touching it, and hurled itself into space, rolling down the mountain in a rattle of bits of stone and stentorian shrieks of lashed rocks. When it ceased for an instant there was a great silence and a great emptiness in the world. And the twinkling stars, caught in the blue-black blanket of the night, threatened to fall, as if the wind had upheld them with its cold, bare body, and, falling, had left them to their fragile fate.

At the hut the wind was scarcely felt and only a few gusts lashed it occasionally, like fagots loosed from their bundle. After it crossed the mesa, carried by its own impetus, the wind was caught in the rocks
that guarded the building like a diver on a springboard, and it passed over in space in a howling, fatal leap.

Thus passed one month, and two; and old Carmona's pockets were stretched tight, so that he had to resort to a can to keep his money in, for the muleteers kept coming and going, carrying the news, back and forth. Now there was no one who did not stop of a late afternoon in front of his establishment asking for food and drink. Florisa, enthused by the constant siege of young men, woke up and waited on them with friendly cheerfulness. As the father was no less diligent than his daughter, travelers went away pleased.

Floridor Carmona was happy. At night, stretched on his miserable bed, he made lengthy calculations; in two months he had earned so much; in the remaining months of good weather he would earn so much; total, so much—a pretty sum. He was not greedy or covetous, but business enthused him, the passing in and out of people, the coming and going of centavos and pesos, all movement. If at the end of the season there remained only a scanty gain, he would submit. And if there were a loss he would not upbraid himself. But if he profited somewhat, so much the better.

But the calculations of old Floridor were not to be fulfilled as planned.

One afternoon when, as was his custom, he was lurking at the edge of the precipice, while the wind strained at him as at a kite, he saw a man appear, mounted on a handsome black mule, a vigorous, tractile
animal with gleaming flanks and fine head. The man wore a poncho and
dark hat, the front brim turned back from his face in the style of Men-
doeza and a chin-strap that crossed his cheek like a black scarf. To
judge by his posture on the animal he was young. On a mule that he drove
before him jangled two bundles of clothing or merchandise.

"I know this fellow," murmured old Floridor, sharpening the gaze
of his watery eyes.

The man began to climb the hill, and as he drew nearer stronger
beat the heart of the old man. And when the traveler reached halfway
up the hill he exclaimed:

"That mule is Pancho."

And a little later:

"That pack mule is la Florisa."

And at last:

"And that is my son!"

An instant afterwards he cried out in a voice trembling and drenched
with tenderness, "Davy!"

Between one beating and another of the wind the cry rolled down the
mountain like a transparent pebble, and he who was climbing stopped,
raising his head. He saw the old man at the edge of the mesa and raised
his arm in a gesture of greeting.

"It is David!" wailed the old man, almost in tears, dancing in an
abandonment of joy, aided by the broad sweep of the wind. "It is David!"

When the man reached the mesa he leaped down and received the with-
ered old body of Floridor in his arms, that opened under his poncho like
the wings of a great condor. The old man was lost in the warm folds of the poncho and David Carmona had to stoop to receive on his rosy cheeks the drooling, tear-wet kisses of his father.

"Well, old man, don't cry," David exclaimed, his wide, fresh mouth opening in a smile that showed teeth even as grains of new corn.

"How can I help crying, bandit? So long since I've seen you. You lose yourself in the mountains like a lizard. Did you know I was here?" questioned Floridor, wiping away the tears greater than his eyes.

"Godfather Cheto told me."

"Did you see Aniceto along the way?"

"I met him day before yesterday in Laguna."

"And where do you come from?"

"From San Rafael."

"And the gentlemen you brought?"

"They went down to Mendoza."

"Well, let's go to the hut. Are you hungry?"

"I'm a little of everything."

"And money?"

"A fist-full."

"A large fist-full or a small one?"

"Oh, middling, middling," smiled David, opening a hand like a shovel.

David Carmona was a magnificent youth, tall and lean, straight and solid as a coihue tree, with rosy face, childlike eyes, and a wide, sweet mouth, from which smiles fell like ripened grain, shadowed lightly by a thin mustache. He was dressed, as was the custom of the region, in boots,
coarse trousers, short jacket, and white kerchief at his throat. Beside
him old Floridor looked like a little billygoat. He was a roving man, so
his father said, who was bored in his father's house and loved the solitude
of the mountains. He was only ten when he made his first trip with his god-
father Aniceto's muleteers, and from that age on he spent his time wander-
ing about the vast world of the mountains. At twenty he knew the range
like his own teeth and could tell by the whistle or bleat of the wind in
which part he was. Slowly he had drifted away from his home and family.
Guanaco hunters, cattle rustlers, travelers sought him as guide. He never
refused them and sometimes journeyed alone for the pleasure of traveling,
forming thus for himself, little by little, a world apart from his home,
to the great sorrow of the old folks, who, nevertheless loved him for
precisely that reason and because he cost them little and prospered by his
own intelligence, by his own fists. To them he was a man, a real man,
clean and sober as a lone, wild beast.

Until the middle of the afternoon he visited with his father and
sister and on leaving said to his father, secretly, "I shall return day
after tomorrow. I am carrying on an immense business and I need to talk
with you. But don't tell a soul. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .'

Floridor Carmona was left blinking.

Part II

Three days later in the middle of the night a man climbed the
mountainside road, leading a mule loaded with two bundles, behind which
followed another equally loaded; then came another man and behind him four
other mules in the same condition. And a final man brought up the rear. The caravan faded into the darkness of the moonless, windy night and climbed step by step, with a sense in the silence of the hurried pounding of hearts. They reached the mesa and turned to the right without hesitation, each man leading a pair of mules by the reins. They did not speak, and their spent breathing was like a gentle whisper that the wind magicked away with lightning-like hand, scarcely had it left their half-opened mouths. They seemed more like shadows than men and beasts, shadows of the high mountains that had been gifted with movement by the night. They advanced at random, as if in search of something, and crossed the mesa to where the road began to descend. There a shadow separated itself from the rocks and the man who walked ahead stopped, bending forward, striving with fearful, though determined look, to penetrate the gloom. But the shadow murmured, "It is I."

"Davy."

"Pass on quickly and without fear. The soldiers are dancing."

The shape mingled with the shadow, and men and beasts resumed their way with greater speed and security. At the end of the first curve the hut appeared some fifty paces distant. There was light within and the wind brought sounds of a guitar, the echo of a woman's voice singing, and the snapping of agile fingers. A shadow wavered on the piece of sackcloth that made a door for the hut.

They passed hastily, pushed on by the wind. At the right the precipice yawned toothlessly and the road, fearful of falling into it, strained to hug the wall of the mountain. All marched Indian file, and when a mule
stopped or hesitated because some jutting of rock scratched the covering of its pack, all halted, the beasts restless, the men anxious, encouraging the animal in danger with kindly words. But the pass was accomplished skillfully, the road widened, and for a long while the convoy of smugglers traveled without a stop. At last the man ahead called a halt.

"It is this way," he murmured, reckoning the ground with his hands, "Yes, this is the way."

He pushed a mule on, but the animal snorted in fright, backed up, and forced back the others.

"You tricky mule," the man growled and, letting it go, took the reins of the one following. Led to the edge of the road it stretched its neck haughtily, sniffed the ground, patted the earth with a gentle hoof, and slid down a little path that descended to the ravine. One after another the other mules followed, and after them all the men who brought up the rear in the march. The others, on the edge of the road, listened a moment to the noise of foot-steps fading away, then turned about and retreated, skirting the precipice and stopping in front of the hut.

"The dear little boys are dancing," said one of them.

"How do they manage to dance here?"

"Guards are capable of dancing on the point of a bayonet. Don't you see that they dance marking time?"

Around the curve they appeared on the mesa, where he who was lying in wait joined them. The three, whipped by the wind, speaking not a word, sank again into the place from whence they had arisen, into the broad, rustling, whispering shadow.
But they reappeared the following midnight and the scene was repeated without any variation. It was on the third night that events occurred in a different manner. One of the soldiers happened to leave the hut at the moment that three loaded mules, led by a man, were passing along the road. And believing he heard footsteps, from habit and without any idea of what was awaiting him, he called out a "Halt!" and, as the footsteps did not cease, advanced at a run. Near the road and in the darkness he ran into a man who seemed to be fleeing and he grappled with him. The man gave a tremendous shout and tried to free himself from the soldier, striking at him. But the latter did not loosen his hold, only shouted, "José José!"

His voice vibrated, spreading out like an electric wave through the night, irradiating valor, anxiety, and anguish.

"What d'you want?" the other soldier answered appearing in the door of the hut.

"Bring the...!" he exclaimed struggling, unable to finish the sentence, for a violent blow filled his mouth with blood. But the other understood what was happening and for what he was asking and, seizing the guns, rushed toward the spot whence came the call. There the man grappled with him also and an instant later the three were struggling in the dark, uttering insults, spitting curses, until one of the soldiers retreated a few steps and, threatening the rebel with his gun, cried "Surrender in the name of the law!"

The man stepped back too and, arms raised, exclaimed in a surprised tone, "What! Is it the law that's fighting with me? Why didn't you say so before? I thought you were highway men. Put the gun down, partner; I
They took charge of him, leading him to the hut. A shove forced him within and he entered like a gust of wind, entangling himself in the sacking on the doorway. When señora Mercedes saw him she breathed a little scream, for the man with his bloody face and clothing torn in the scuffle, his hair tousled, panting, livid in color and terrible of glance, had a terrifying aspect. Florisa slipped behind the partition wall and don Floridor, even if he made no gesture nor a single movement, felt his heart pound.

"Why did you defend yourself so hard?" threateningly asked he who was called José.

The other soldier was wiping away the blood that was flowing from his torn mouth. Unintimidated, the questioned one answered, "And why shouldn't I defend myself? I am going peacefully along the road and I hear some one tell me to halt without saying why. Believing that it's a bandit I want to get away, and he throws himself on me, beats me, I defend myself--I'm not a cripple--, but he calls another man and between the two of them they almost stunned me with blows. Was I going to stand there with my arms folded? It isn't my fault, it's yours and his--why I don't know which one of you was the first to corner me--for not telling me who he was."

"And you never imagined that we were guards?"

"How could I? In the dark? Rather you seemed like ruffians."

The man's voice was vigorous and deep, unhesitating as of one who speaks the truth, and the guards were somewhat disconcerted. But they reacted immediately.
"Why were you passing so quietly?"

"Can't one go along quietly? Each goes as he wants to. I'm not used to singing when I'm driving..."

He had taken out a large, red kerchief and was cleaning away the sweat and blood. As he did it, while the kerchief covered his face from the front, he darted a few rapidly inquiring glances about. One of them clashed with that of old Floridor, who felt pierced by that look like a flashing steel blade.

The guards got no information from him. He was an honest muleteer who was coming from Argentina bringing three packmules with merchandise, of what kind he did not know. He was Chilean and for a long time had not traveled along this road. His name was Cupertino Morales. Nothing more.

"Why not let me go after my mules? They will get lost," he begged when the questioning was finished.

"No."

"But why are you holding me? I'm an honest man."

"So you say, but we don't believe you. You hit pretty hard. When it's daylight we'll go to the guard station and there the sergeant will decide."

"Why don't we go right now?" the man asked with an innocent air.

"Why such a hurry? Let's wait a while. Do you know this man?" the guard asked don Floridor.

"No, I don't know him," old Carmona lied.

Seeing the uselessness of his pleading the man seemed to resign himself and become absorbed in thought, remaining motionless, his eyelids half closed. The guards watched him with distrust, for, in spite of his excellent
explanations, in spite of the sincerity expressed by his words, they had not believed a single one of them. There flowed from his person something restless and disturbing, and it seemed that suddenly he would rise up and cry out in a surprising voice, make some extraordinary move. However, neither his figure nor his attitude, now of repose, could presage such a thing. He was a man of ordinary appearance, brawny, dressed like any mountain muleteer, a dark, almost black face, curly hair, frizzled mustache, teeth like a healthy wild beast.

His black eyes were very alive, shining out from between his lashes like lights in the night. His movements were resolute and exact, and his body resilient in making them. His voice was unhesitating, uninteresting, filling the ears like cold water and allowing no other sound besides itself to be heard. It was all this, and his attitude of fearless waiting, and his answers, which, rather than being of a man who was telling the truth, were those of a man accustomed to giving them in other identical situations, that made them suspicious and fearful of him. Besides, he fought very fiercely, as honest, mild men do not usually fight. And the guards, still feeling the blows of his hard fists on their ribs and faces, suspected him because of the bruising they had received.

"I cannot staunch the blood," said the first guard. "Give me a cup of rum, don Floridor."

He emptied the liquor into his mouth, washed it about within like a live coal, and swallowed it, making a fearful grimace, while the stranger smiled behind his black mustache. The hut remained in silence. Doña Mercedes, pretending to be tired and sleepy, went to bed, and they heard her behind
The partition sighing and turning sleeplessly. The guards fell into deep meditation and don Floridor, seated near the carbide lamp that lighted the hut, nervously smoked cigarette after cigarette, a bitter dryness in his mouth, glancing as suddenly at the stranger as at the guards. He was thinking. Of all who were there he was the only one who knew that man. If the wind blowing without was the spirit of the mountains, Black Isidor was the demon of them. The demon, indeed! And on saying the word he felt his belly freeze with fear. Always present and not to be found, mocker of the wisest and most patient officers of the frontier, smuggler and cattle thief, valiant to desperation, such a man was he. Floridor had known him as a child, since he was a native of the region, and had followed his career as a mountain demon step by step, deed by deed, exploit by exploit. Black Isidor now belonged to legend, and there was no man in the region who might recognize him, even by hearsay. Even the soldiers themselves who were guarding him with such indifference must have heard his name many times on the lips of the sergeant. Sergeant Urriola! What a surprise the next day if his soldiers brought him Black Isidor! He would dance with joy perhaps.

"Fine!" exclaimed the prisoner suddenly as if awakening. The soldiers jumped at hearing his voice and old Carmona nearly fell off his seat. But he cast a calm glance about and seeing a glass full of wine on the table seized it and drank it after saying, "Excuse me, mister."

Then he fell again into repose and muteness and even seemed to be asleep. But he was not sleeping, no indeed. All his senses were stretched like an arc toward the outside, toward the shadow, where the night rolled by
like a river driven by the wind, and from whence came small noises, whispers, soft slippings, noises that his ears gathered in, separating them from the loud shriek of the wind to differentiate and recognize them. Each minute that came and went, slowly or rapidly, for all minutes are not the same, was driving his life toward deliverance or toward death. And he was awaiting them anxiously, believing each one of them would bring the longed-for event. But that night the minutes of Black Isidor's life fell like dry nuts into the saddlebags of the great muleteer of the world, Time.

* * * * *

At last the night departed and with it the wind. For a while the world remained empty, undecided as to its fate, not knowing what to do or how to fill the solitude left by the night and the wind. A lightless clarity, opaque, misty, issued forth from the earth and from the mountain tops, floating in space like lifeless, stagnant water, without a shimmer, a ripple. But dawn began to spread its fingers over the world. Suddenly the atmosphere took on a warmer color than that of the raw mist of early morning and a gust of wind brought a flight of mountain doves. An eagle slipped fairly from the stay-ropes of the air, and along his invisible track the day began to case its new hours.

"Let's be on our way," said one of the soldiers. All of them were pale, faces shining, hands damp. The man stretched himself, yawning noisily, calling into action muscles numb with inertia. The soldier nearer the door announced, "The pack mules have disappeared."

"See? What did I tell you?" said the man with a smile, for the disappearance of the mules told him his companions knew what had happened,
which was one more chance for him.

But the disappearance of the animals increased the suspicion in the minds of the soldiers, who resolved to carry him off tied. "You seem happy because the mules have disappeared and that's a funny thing for a muleteer. Just in case something happens we are going to tie you up to take you. Nobody knows who he's dealing with in the mountains."

The man judged it useless to resist and let them tie his hands. There still remained hope for him. One of the soldiers took from his saddle a little rope some four meters long, fastened Black Isidor's hands with one end, and tied the other end to a ring on his saddle. This done, they mounted and the three went off, the soldiers apparently tranquil, Black Isidor raging and cursing under the surface. When they reached the road he looked about him in every direction, but there was no one. Then he judged he must no longer hope, that he was abandoned, that he must trust to his own ability, courage, and strength to save his life. It was essential that he not reach headquarters alive, for he feared Sergeant Urriola as much as he would have feared himself if he were an honest man and there existed in the world someone whom they called Black Isidor. The sergeant would have no consideration for him.

The three passed a turn in the road, and old Floridor watched them disappear, his heart filled with fear and courage at the same time. He could not believe that his son had abandoned Black Isidor to his fate. No, sir, and although he was his son and he loved him very much, he would prefer to see him dead rather than know he was a coward. Furious, he entered the hut talking to himself, frightening his wife and daughter with his cursings. He
tried to explain, to tell them what was the matter with him and what he wanted at that moment. But a rifle-shot left him open-mouthed.

"Ave María, they have killed Black Isidor!"

But Black Isidor was not dead. He was hanging over the precipice, his face red with anger, his hands livid from the pressure of the rope, while the soldier standing at the edge of the abyss was making fun of him.

"Well, you devil! Did you think the rope was going to break? No, sir, it's strong for bandits like you. We were just saying you weren't one of those low-flying birds. Here you are!"

He leveled the gun at him. Black Isidor yelled, "Kill me, coward!"

But the shot passed far from the prisoner's head, for the guard had no intention of wounding him. He only wanted to frighten him. The other soldier, on horseback, was laughing at the words of his companion.

"Aren't you afraid of bullets?"

"Afraid? Others braver than you couldn't kill me. Shoot me. . . ."

"You want. . . . ?" the guard started to ask, but a crashing shot thundered forth and he shrank back and let go of his gun, which fell over the precipice. The shot had broken his arm.

"Now, by my life!" shouted Black Isidor in excitement.

A new shot resounded and the bullet passed whistling just over his head. The soldier with the broken arm, unable to fight, fled along the trail, the other covering his retreat. Both reached the wide road; the wounded one continued on his way, and the other, dismounting, hid behind a rock. But from there he saw nothing nor heard anything but shots. In despair he looked toward the guard station and saw three men, the sergeant and the other two
soldiers, coming along the road on horseback. The wounded man continued his wavering march, one shoulder drawn up.

Meanwhile, hanging over the abyss, Black Isidor was shouting, "This way, this way, boys!"

He had succeeded in planting his feet on the wall of the precipice and supported by the rope hung almost horizontal in space. But soon the horse of the wounded soldier, to whose saddle the other end of the rope was tied, frightened by the shots, began to move, and he went face downward against the rocks. The blow made him lose consciousness. As the horse did not stop, it dragged him, the harsh grating on the rocks skinning his face, so that when Black Isidor's body reached the road, his face was but a bright, bloody spot deeply incrusted with little pieces of stone. Two of his comrades untied him while the third, his face hidden by a kerchief, continued firing.

"Come on, let's go!" his friends yelled at him, shaking him to revive him.

"I can't see, I can't see," he murmured in anguish.

Blood and dirt had blinded him.

"By the...!"

"Bring me my horse and get out of here."

"What are you thinking of! Come on, walk."

They took him by the arms leading him to the mesa. There were the horses hidden behind the rocks. They gave him his and he mounted in a leap.

"Guide me! Go on ahead!"

They crossed the mesa at a quick run and reached the edge of the
declivity at the moment that a shot from the soldiers thundered out upon the morning air.

"Here is the descent! Let go!"

He clamped his knees with all his might, spurred his horse vigorously, and blindly, his hair standing on end from the wind that rumpled it, and face bleeding, he launched himself down the mountain like a torrent, clinging fast to the animal that slid almost on its haunches down the slope, hearing about him the cries of his companions and the ring of other horses' hoofs.

When the soldiers reached the edge of the mesa the smugglers were racing through the narrows of the gorge a good distance away.

* * * * *

The following day old Carmona was dislodged from the hut, his wordy argument powerless to stop it. Sergeant Urriola said to him, "I'm not blaming you for anything, but you have to go, for it's the fault of your business that what happened did happen. Obey me if you don't want me to put you out by force, old Carmona."

And don Floridor had no recourse but to pack up his household goods and depart with his wife and daughter. As he was leaving he exclaimed, "A lot of pain it gives me to leave this filthy place! For what I gained here... You're left alone, old wreck."

In reality he left without a regret. He knew that at the old place Davy would be waiting for him with his pockets full of banknotes and a smile on his wide, fresh mouth. Before the turn in the road he looked back toward the hut and saw that, abandoned once more, it stood with dark
doorway open as in a gesture of surprise.

Salvador Reyes

The garden lies melting in the afternoon,
Dripping golden drops into its mossy, golden pool
A tree shoots forth bow-like its swallow arrows
Toward the South. Knowest thou the South,
Where days that o'er-ripened
Burst forth their richness on the earth?
Thine almond eyes are smiling; in thy mouth
Is arched the knowledge of kisses,
And thy hands
Quiver the half-light in which so soon
Our countenances will be surprised too pale.
Draw near to me that we may sink united,
Bathed in the afternoon which hourly
Consumes yet more our hearts.
Draw near to me, shade of my soul, maid of mist,
Evanescent over the seas,
Rippling before the altars of Brahma and Astarte.
Draw near to me, time falls in heavy drops
Upon my temples, and I long for sleep.
Open that book—Lord Dunsany, Farrere, Conan Doyle.
It would not amaze me that the desert
Extends beyond that window
And that a tiger lurks in yonder bushes,
It would not amaze me if the Man from Haschisch
Would disembark here from the Korosko
And Timur and Hon-Kop would hie them
To relate to us their history.
Thou, wert thou born in Bombay or in Cairo?
How long since thou hast journeyed on a camel?
What means this gesture?
Ahi—All is forgotten!
All is forgotten! . . . It matters not—
Nor can I recall my ancient dwelling-places.
And yet our hands clasp lovingly and thou
Knowest to kiss.
Perhaps we are but a little of shadow
Among the shadows that engulf the garden.
Leonidas N. Yerovi

Mandolinade

Titina, titina, titine,  
Oh thou fragrant breath of jasmine,  
Thou voice like a silver bell's chime,  
At thy window appear, thankless maid,  
And list while I thee serenade  
With mandoline music sublime.

Oh, hark to the merry refrain,  
Oh, hear thou my ballad's sweet strain,  
That steals all thy heart's calm repose;  
Ope the blind that thy window doth screen  
And glean from the night, my fair queen,  
Of my lilting song the echoes.

Oh, I am the decadent bard  
Whose inspiration's never marred,  
Who lives--knowing not why or when  
Nor whom--but one with melodies  
And rhythms quasi--Japanese  
I learned from the poet Rubén.

With my cantata nocturne  
Of thy heart the sacred, chaste urn  
I long to perfume, so alone  
With my coffer of incense I wait,  
With lacquer and myrrh consecrate,  
Kindly lent me by Fiansón.

Thy locks are a smooth, flaxen silk,  
Thy brow has the paleness of milk,  
No marble so white and so pure;  
As two votive lights are thine eyes,  
Like cherries thy lips carmine dyes,  
Thy profile of Grecian sculpture.

* * * *

Titina, titina little fool,  
Being as thou art a fair jewel,  
Thus and so as thou seemest to be  
O thankless one, why not appear  
And to my serenade lend an ear  
Or pay some attention to me?
Is it true that there is an old man
Who by your papa's little plan
Your dotard husband will be?
Can it be that yourself you will sell
And all other offerings repel
But those that old blade makes to thee?

Tutina, but that's horrible
Indecent and incredible
To sell yourself for highest price.
To obey any other behest
Than love's in such a request
For a young lady is not nice.

That which you really need
As one may see clearly indeed
Is no old millionaire, certainly,
But a troubadour with loving words,
A poet who sings like the birds,
In short, just a fellow like me.

* * * *

But if my advice you won't take
And think you'll find in that old rake,
In his cash, your enjoyment—well, then
Go on and may Lucifer perplex you
And your old husband, e'er vex you
And last you a century! Amen.

Clorinda Matto De Turner

MAN TO MAN

Peru reached her majority and asked for emancipation in order to
establish an independent domain. But far from giving consent with a mater-
nal embrace, the mother country frowned austerely like a step-mother—and
from that gesture arose the struggle in which heroes were born.

San Martín's sword reflected the rays of the sun of the Incas; the
renowned general, Arenales, commenced his campaign at Ica on the twenty-
first of October, 1820, with a thousand resolute patriots.
Arenales began his march in an hour of fortune, for the "passage of the victors" was unmarked by interruption from the taking of Guamanga, the thirty-first of October; of Huanta on November sixth; Jauja the twenty-first, and Tarma the twenty-third, the expedition being suspended when Lieutenant Colonel Don Andrés Santa Cruz was a prisoner in the encampment of Major Lavalle.

During those forays which were giving prestige in the north to the armies of independence, in Cuzco considerable re-enforcements were being organized for the royalists. There the famous Santalla was making a show of his physical prowess, and hiding his terror of battlefields and the odor of gunpowder bearing death. A fair resident of Cuzco undertook the charge of correcting Santalla's sinful vanity, though not by miracle, such as had cured Saint Eloy, patron saint of blacksmiths, over whose door this sign used to hang:

"Eloy, King of Kings,  
Lord of lords,  
Master of blacksmiths."

One afternoon, we are told, a horseman mounted on a fiery steed as white as a ball of cotton stopped at the door of the smithy and asked the master for a couple of nails to fasten a shoe that was beginning to clatter.

The blacksmith argued that it would be better to change the shoe entirely, but giving little weight to his opinion and first turning back the visor of his helmet, the gentleman drew off the animal's foot and laid it on the anvil to do the riveting.

In a daze, Eloy began to tremble like a guilty culprit, but his customer gave him new courage with a sweet and tranquil look.
The nails affixed, the foot was put back in place by the rider, who mounted once more and remarked, "Eloy, take down your sign. 'King of Kings' is he only who can remove and replace a foot." And he departed speedily, his fine heavenly blue cape rippling in the wind, leaving behind an aroma of spikenard, giving off a mysterious light.

Eloy fell on his knees. He realized that he had been host to the Saviour of the World, who had wished to cure personally the sin of vanity in his servant, whose soul was stained by this alone. At once he removed the placard, continued to work in his smithy, and afterwards became known as Saint Eloy.

The tradition that I point out is more modest, but it bears the timbre and redolence of Christian authenticity, with eye-witnesses who still disturb the dust of the by-paths in the city of the sun.

II

Antonio Jobaja was a poor blacksmith who lived in San Sebastian in a shack near by to the spot where they shot the distinguished Peruvian leader Don Mariano de La Torre at the foot of an apple-tree.

The blacksmith beat out his iron without much monetary profit; but to balance his troubles and enforced fasting he had a daughter who was a regal maiden, not only in face and figure, but in sublimity of soul and in domestic virtues, that crown beyond price, the best adornment of womankind.

Santalla arrived at the aforementioned town with a detachment of cavalry to winter in the abundant fields and pastures round about San Sebastian. After a few hours in his new location he became acquainted with Mariquita, thus the blacksmith called his offspring, and without any preliminary effort
lost his head like any sinner and began angling, however with the firm intention of escaping before the church was reached. Therefore he went every evening to keep his eye on the smithy and for an excuse for his daily presence in the shop he ordered the blacksmith to make a hundred sets of horseshoes for the cavalry horses.

Before relating the main part of the tradition, and while the blacksmith makes the shoes, let us ascertain the peculiarities that distinguish Santalla, the verification of which deserves a separate chapter.

III

A contemporary writer relates that the lieutenant colonel, Santalla, was noteworthy for his physical strength, his cruelty, and his cowardice. The first was proved by the manner in which he took a pack of cards and tore it, putting the bits together and tearing them even the third time, with the following words,

"Forty cards? Zas! Many do this."

"Eighty? Zas! A few do this."

"A hundred and sixty? Tarr-r-um! Only Santalla does this!"

Now you see that tearing one hundred sixty little pieces of cards in a pack was not by far the same as cracking nuts in a game of forgeits. So it is that Santalla had not only admirers, but there were also those who feared his strength, for a punch of his on the ribs of the fellow next him could be as bad as a severe beating.

In his cunning and strength this clever fellow was confident of giving Mariquita the surprise which I am about to relate.
Some days after the order for the horseshoes, there took place in the smithy the following conversation between Santalla and Mariquita.

She placed an enormous bag of horseshoes on the counter. "Colonel, here is your order. Here are a hundred sets of horseshoes of a temper without equal."

Santalla picked some shoes and examined them. "A fine temper this, Mariquita! If your heart is like this, I'll break it!" And he began to bend out the shoes, leaving them in bits and bars of straightened iron.

The blacksmith's daughter, instead of being amazed, gave a whistle and answered, "That temper is very poor, indeed. But don't break up any more. My daddy will fix them up by adding some more iron, and you can come back tomorrow, soldier."

When Santalla returned to the smithy the following day, the shoes were ready, reenforced by new welding and double calks, ready to be nailed on, and satisfactory. Whether to interest Mariquita or because he wanted to repay the double labor of the blacksmith, he paid in silver pesos of the king. Then the blacksmith's daughter picked up the coins and chided Santalla in a haughty voice, "What? This silver won't do! Do you think you're so foxy that you can fool us?" And taking coin after coin she began to bend them double in her fingers.

Astounded, Santalla cried out, "By Atocha's Virgin! That indeed is Man to Man! Enough, Mariquita, I'll concede your revenge."

To which the smith's daughter only replied, "Be on your way this
minute, soldier, and don't come back around here where you're nothing but a nuisance; and don't think you're so unique--the Almighty made plenty of you, although few get caught, and around here he who goes out a wolf often comes back a shorn lamb."

**BOLIVIA**

Ricardo Jaimes Freyre

**SAD VOICES**

Over the whitened steppes  
The sled slips onward,  
A distant howling of wolves  
Is blended with the sled-dogs' wearied panting.

It snows.  
All space seems to be wrapped within a veil  
Dotted with snowy fleur-de-lis  
On the wings of the north wind.

Infinite whiteness. . . .

O'er the vast desert floats  
A vague sense of anguish,  
Of utter abandonment, of deep and gloomy melancholy.

A solitary pine  
Stands out in the distance  
Against the depths of fog and snow  
Like a gaunt skeleton.

Between the two blankets  
Of earth and heaven  
Out of the east now creeps  
The frozen twilight of winter. . .

**COLOMBIA**

Jose María Garavito

**TOMORROW I'LL BE HERE**
I

"Farewell! Farewell! Oh bright star of my heaven,"
Whispered a soldier standing by the window,
"I go... but do not weep, soul of my soul,
Tomorrow I'll be here.
See how appears there the bright morning star
And in the east the dawn is newly pale
In garrison the drums and bugles now
Sound the reveille clear."

II

When hours have sped and depths of blackest night
The field of battle shroud in mourning drear,
By light of bivouac fire dismal and pale
A soldier young lay dying;
And to the sentry watching by his side
He murmured low some thoughts of her, that made
The watcher turn away and brush his eyes
Lest some one see him crying.

III

While in this day the timid people tell
How when the dawn shows faintly in the east
And drums and bugles from the garrison
Sound the reveille clear,
Mysteriously a shadow wanders forth
And stops beneath the window as of old
To murmur, "Do not weep, soul of my soul,
Tomorrow I'll be here."

VENEZUELA

Rufino Blanco Fombona

THE DELIVERERS

Crispín Luz, his wife María, and Juanita Pérez, half friend, half servant of the latter, had gone to spend a few weeks at Cantaura, country property of the Luz family. It was done in an attempt to see if Crispin, a victim of tuberculosis, would improve in the mountains.

The eldest Luz, Joaquin, was the manager of the plantation. He
lodged his brother in the old house of the hacienda, fifteen or twenty minutes distant from the new house where he dwelt with his wife and children. Early every morning Joaquin came over to visit his sick brother.

One morning Joaquin Luz appeared on horseback earlier than usual, excited and shouting, "María! Crispin!"

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"You must prepare to leave immediately."

"Leave? But, why?"

"War has just broken out. General Hache began an uprising last night in Guarico."

"But us--why do we have to leave?" Crispin asked, amazed at his brother's behavior and haste. "Why must we go when everything is quiet here and will be for a long time?"

"Crispin, for God's sake! You don't know what you're saying. Listen--I've just received a communication and definite orders from the Revolutionary Committee of Caracas. Tomorrow, at daybreak, I start an outbreak here."

"You! In Cantaura? But are you mad? Your wife? And your children?"

Crispin could visualize the coffee berries, red and ripe, dangling on the bushes, on the eve of harvest. He could not understand this foolish abandonment of the plantation and with his common sense in alarm he scolded his brother.

"This is criminal, Joaquin. The crop, the plantation, everything will be lost. It's criminal. When we might get on our feet with the sale of the coffee and a little economy...we'll be ruined. It's madness!"

"And your family, Joaquin?" Maria asked in dismay.
"They leave today for Caracas. You will be ready to fly also. I ought to begin the outbreak this very day; such are my orders. But it is impossible to gather the people. It will be night fall or daybreak. Get yourselves ready to take the afternoon train."

Whirling his horse, he disappeared down the lane between the coffee groves.

María began to pack in haste and terror, seeing guns pointed at her breast in every direction, or swords ready to slash her throat. Juanita Pérez was screaming. Crispín was raging. When everything was going so well in Cantaura! A shame! That damned revolution! And no one had breathed a word about war.

Joaquin had left with them the proclamation of the leader of the insurrection, published in Caracas and no doubt by now scattered throughout the country. A printed proclamation, circulated in anticipation of the uprising, bombastic like a good subversive document, swearing to overthrow tyranny, save the fatherland, and—with a clean bayonet—spread happiness abroad. Every Venezuelan was invited, with all the grandiloquence of our grandiloquent political phraseology, to fulfill the tremendous task of liberation; every Venezuelan, without difference of faction, every willing man, without partisans or restrictions. Deliverers, these rebels called themselves. And the revolution was grotesquely entitled, the Revolution of Deliverance.

At last it was settled that both families would depart the following day, since it was impossible to undertake the journey in the haste that Joaquin desired.

It was scarcely dark that night when the Deliverers began arriving to
muster in. They were poor devils of peons and neighboring farmers, impromptu cannon-fodder, victims-to-be, incapable even of deciphering the proclamation of war, that complicated document which excited so much enthusiasm, though why, they could not say. They presented themselves stealthily, one by one or in groups, with the precautions of conspirators on the stage, weapons concealed under blanket or manta. They gathered in the corridors or the patios of the manor house on La Trilla. The most cautious hid themselves among the trees to sleep.

By the time it was dawn several yoke of oxen had been butchered and three hundred mountaineers were roasting their chunks of meat on sticks over open fires. The most prudent ate a piece and put away the remainder for provisions in knapsack or even in muslin bag, that was already grimy. The majority wore trousers and shirt, a wide-brimmed straw hat, and rough shoes. Some were in their shirtsleeves, but others had overcoats. They wore heavy belts, in which they kept their money, if they had any, or some wore a simple strap from which hung a leather bag. From strap or belt of every man hung a sheathed mountaineer's knife, varying in length, and some belts held revolvers and daggers. The most foresighted had twisted themselves a rope, which they wore over the shoulder, at whose end hung a gourd of rum or coffee, according to the temperance or preference of the bearer.

* * * * * * *

Finally Joaquin Luz appeared on horseback, followed by eight or ten other horsemen, his general staff, carrying swords and new Winchesters. Joaquin Luz was unquestionably a fine figure of a fellow, of manly appearance, broad shoulders, erect head, and graceful bearing.
At sight one comprehended that this person, so superior to the horde, must be the leader. He wore a shirt of navy blue cashmere. His trousers were the same color and over them up to the knee he wore worn leather leggings with metal buckles. He was riding a spirited chestnut horse.

Both families were at the big house tying up the last bundles in order to depart that very morning. Joaquin came up to the group in the corridor without dismounting. He pushed back his broad-brimmed beaver hat and leaned from his saddle. He said something in his wife's ear, who was weeping like a Dolorosa, and kissed his children, whom the servant Jiran lifted up to their father's lips. He embraced Crispin, said farewell to María and Juanita Pérez, to Juana, the cook, to Juan, to everyone. Then suddenly, after a last goodbye, he whirled his horse to the patio and spoke frankly to his people like a good comrade.

"Boys," he said to them, "I hope everyone is going gladly. Let no one go against his will. He who doesn't want to go with me, say so—there is yet time."

Those nearest to the new-made party leader answered, "You bet we want to."

"All of us want to."

Someone even shouted, "Viva our chief!"

"Viva-a-a-a!" replied the chorus.

Joaquin's wife was weeping bitterly. His children, the oldest of them, overcome by their father's importance, burst into sobs too.

Excited by the vivas and the submission of his host, rising in his stirrups, Joaquin harangued them.
"Fine, comrades. Off we go to war. Our cause demands it. Our country needs us. Let us abandon our homes, let us sacrifice our lives to overthrow tyranny and establish law and justice. The enemy has arms. Take them away from them. Viva the Revolution!"

One could hear a single, sonorous, ardent, enthusiastic shout, "Vivaaa!"

The leader spurred his horse and disappeared among the trees followed by horsemen and peons. The insurrectionist's wife, embracing her first-born, continued to weep.

"Poor Joaquin!" she sighed.

"Poor Venezuela," said Crispin with emphasis. "Not him. He is happy. Don't you see how the crowd follows wherever he leads, to fortune, to evil, to death? He's like a feudal lord."

Two hours after Joaquin had departed, a new tumult of troops was heard. One of the children going out to the patio said guilelessly, "It must be Papa coming back."

But no, it was not Papa coming back. It was a troop of regulars, forces of the government encamped at Los Teques, who had just found out about the uprising in Cantaura and came running to smother the insurrection.

"Run, Juan, before they catch you," yelled the old cook at her son, the only pair of pants besides Crispin on the place. He had remained behind to move the family and watch over the farm.

He ran, but not so fast but that they saw him.

"There goes a stray," observed a lieutenant.

"Halt, friend," they shouted at him.
And when the fugitive did not stop, there was a discharge: poum, poum, poum!

Fortunately Juan ran like a deer and reached the woods near his own plot of land. The soldiers pursued him.

The commander of the force, meanwhile, very attentively and respectfully was calming the family, who were victims of a fearful anguish. There was no reason to be alarmed. He was no executioner. But he advised the trip to Caracas as speedily as possible. Malefactors increased in war times.

Juana, the cook, desirous of winning the good will of the officer, made him a cup of coffee, which he began to consume with the greatest confidence.

The soldiers, searching the premises, went in and out everywhere. Juanita Perez offered mental promises to Santa Rita, that advocate of impossibilities, if she would get her out of that crisis alive. Crispin was cursing the war. The leader's wife pretended serenity. The children were weeping. The officer sipped his coffee.

All at once a racket and a blaze in the distance attracted attention. The soldiers had burned a straw hut next-door to La Trilla.

In a moment the soldiers came dragging a body. It was Juan, dying, riddled with bullets.

The old cook, poor mother, seeing her son bloody and lifeless burst into screams.

"That's nothing, old woman," said a soldier.

Fear forgotten, raging and desperately defiant, the poor old woman
brandished a clenched fist and roared, "Assassins!"

Another soldier addressed the dying man, as if he were fit for jesting, with an idiotic leer, "Go on, my fine fellow, get up and serve your country."

Hearing him, the old woman snarled in desperation, "His country! May it be eternally damned!"

His weak body shaking, Crispin berated the soldiers in a fury of anger. But the effort and excitement made him fall panting and pale and wet with perspiration into a chair.

The soldiers finally departed, each one carrying a hen, a pair of pants, a pillow, a water jug, saucepans from the kitchen, anything they could lay hands on.

In passing they shook the coffee trees savagely. The odorous ripe red berries fell to the ground to be lost in a useless shower of burning round corals.

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